Player Character Info

Chris

**Calder Mannix**

(Variant) Human Rogue/Cleric

True neutral

Five personality traits: Disillusioned, Curious, Confident, Judgemental, Suspicious

Quirk: Trust issues, suspicious with everyone

Trinket: A vest with one hundred tiny pockets

Backstory:

Ever since I can remember, I could read people. I could read faces like a book. Easier, even; you need schooling to read a book, but people came natural. You might imagine that would be advantageous to a young man growing up in the slums of Baldur's Gate, and sure, being able to spot a liar or violent intent came in handy at keeping my alive, it turns out that spotting everybody’s bullshit and calling them out on it is no way to make friends.

But stay alive I did, and as soon as I was old enough to hold my own, I found a vocation that made use of particular skill set. I started doing private investigator jobs; turns out knowing who to talk to and being able to tell if they’re lying is all you need to find most people. I started taking private contracts, tracking down runaways, cheating spouses, and even a few escaped criminals when the local guard didn’t have a clue (which they never did). But after years on the job, I was getting restless. It’s lonely work, I was getting sick of hiking through back alleys looking for lowlifes, and the jobs weren’t paying well enough to get the hell out of dodge.

So, when the dame walked through my front door last week, even though I knew right from the start she was nothing but trouble, I welcomed it. Something new, I thought. She was blonde, bold, and beautiful, with a fiery passion in her eyes and a deep blue cloak. There was definitely some elven blood in there as well. What I thought were odd freckles on her face turned out to be patches of golden dragon scales when she lowered her hood and stepped into the light. She told me to call her Xandala, and she had a small, cat-like dragon perched on her shoulders that she called Summerwise.

She said she had a job that would pay enough to get me out of town and then some; a simple missing person gig: find her missing father, a man named Artus Cimber. The name struck a nerve; it was hard to avoid to The Harpers in this city, and Cimber used to some kind of bigwig adventurer with them till he disappeared a decade ago, and none of their fancy magics could find him again. It was enough to go on; there were leaks in the Harpers, and I knew just where to squeeze to make them pour. I eventually came up with the name of an island; Chult. I’d heard of it, and I knew it was bad news. The man-eating dinosaur kind of bad news.

But the pay was still too tempting, and Xandala was ecstatic at the development, offering to book my passage out of pocket. Should of known the dame was too good to be true; the next morning, she was gone. Turns out she’d gone straight from me to the docks, and hopped a boat to Chult, with neither a goodbye nor a coin of payment sent in my direction. I was angry, but I was also determined; the broad wasn’t gonna cheat me. I’d find her father first, and then she’d pay me what she promised. So now, I find myself looking for passage to an island that will probably kill me, to chase a lead that’s been cold for a decade, for a client that doesn’t want my services. On the plus side, I could use the sun.

Personal Quest: The Ring of Winter

Roll a d100 for the mysterious item you found that may be tied to Cimber.

Connections:

Xandala (half-elf mage met at shipwreck) is also looking for Artus Cimber, but she’s lying about her connections and intentions.

Artus Cimber (human ranger) bears the Ring of Winter, hiding out in Chult.

Frost Giants are also searching for the Ring of Winter

Quest Reward: Transform his hundred pocket vest into a Vest of Useful Items (DMG 195)

Heather

**Khaless**

Chaotic neutral

Half-drow Rogue/Monk

Five Personality Traits: Invisibile, Proud, Predatory, Obedient, Discrete

Quirk: 61, mispronounces words to seem smart

Trinkets: A small packet filled with pink dust

Backstory:

Several weeks ago: A half-drow moves with mechanical precision, dragging a young woman into an arcane circle. Once she would have called her friend, but in truth they were both thralls of the mistress. The woman pleads but the half-drow’s face shows no emotion as she steps backward.

A wizened old mage in blood red robes stands within another magical circle. She spreads her arms wide, arcane power crackling all around her. The young woman screams as the circles thrum with energy. Seconds tick by, the screams echoing inside the half-drow’s head.

A transformation begins to take place. As the screams become fainter, the older woman’s flesh begins to smooth, the wrinkles fading away, her posture straightening.

In just the briefest of moments the mistress loses her hold. The half-drow looks down at her hands and flexes them. She doesn’t hesitate after that, moving at the speed of darkness she grabs a dagger and hurls it into the circle, ending her friend’s suffering. The mistress screams in anguish, the transformation only half-complete. The arcane circle explodes outward, knocking everyone back.

When the dust clears you are gone. Zagmira’s face is a ruin, half of it appearing as a young woman, the other half retains its wrinkled age. Her fury ignites the room with crackling energy as she stands, guards and slaves rushing into the room. “Find her!”

Personal Quest: Rags to Liches

Roll a d100 as the one item you swiped from the Red Wizards when you fled.

Connections:

Zagmira (lead mage Red Wizard in Omu team) was her mistress. May know some of the others.

Orvix?

Other Red Wizards?

Quest Reward: Bloodrinker - +1 attack/damage. Upon a killing below, gain 2d6 temporary hit points (THP don’t stack). Can choose to channel own life force into blade to deal additional damage, starting at 1d6 up to 4d6 (wielder deals that much damage to themselves and their opponent).

Rachelle

**Gillian Flounderson**

Lawful Good

Triton Bard

Personality Traits: Pompous, kind-hearted, philosophical, tenacious, socialite

Quirk: dramatically swears vengeance on every foe.

Background: Noble

Trinket: A glass jar containing lard with a label that reads, “Griffon Grease”

Backstory:

A decade ago the triton-controlled oceans near the Sword Coast were invaded by an army of deep sea monstrosities lead by the kraken, Slarkrethel, chosen of Umberlee. A young brother and sister from a noble family of tritons became of age during this bloody conflict, of which the surface world was never even aware of.

The siblings were well-loved by their people and were especially adept at dealing with passing ships and surface folk.

They were sent along with a diplomatic envoy to a large ship that had entered their waters. Its name was the Bitch Queen, named after Umberlee, the dark goddess of the sea, and it was a floating temple filled with her devout followers. The triton envoy’s mission was to broker a peace and drive them out of the area with words instead of steel. The leader was a charismatic cleric of Umberlee named Sahretha.

After a few days and nights of socializing and politics, the triton envoy was ambushed by acolytes in the night and slaughtered. The young siblings managed to escape the blades and spells, but were separated when a violent storm tossed the ship around, as if Umberlee herself were enjoying the massacre.

The sister escaped back into the sea, but lost sight of the ship and her brother, Siburrath. She wanted to track it down and find him, swearing a ferocious vengeance on those who wronged her, but the war raged worse than ever, and her people needed her at home.

The opportunity finally arrived when the kraken was dealt a serious blow during the war of the giants. The kraken and his armies finally retreated back into the depths. You were finally given leave to pursue the enemies who nearly killed you, and hopefully find your long-lost brother.

Personal Quest: Curse of The Bitch Queen

Roll a d100 for an object that belonged to your brother that you keep with you as a memento.

Connections:

Siburrath (ghost in Dangwaru) was her brother. He fell for Sahretha’s charm and ultimately lead to the downfall of the envoy. Part of the deal was sparing he and his sister, but she had escaped.

Sahretha (cursed cleric in Dangwaru) was the head cleric on the boat

Caldos (sea priest with Laskilar)

Quest Reward: Gillian’s brother can inhabit her jar of lard! Grants some kind of effect or enhancement.

Raymond

**Giorgiano “George”**

Lawful Good

Outlander

Tortle Fighter

Personality trait: clumsy, confident, naive, kind-hearted, loyal

Quirk: Clean freak, hates being dirty and gross.

Trinket: A purple handkerchief embroidered with the name of a powerful Archmage.

Backstory:

Several months ago a young warrior has defeated every man and beast on his small island of mostly fishermen and merchants.

The young warrior seeks out a remote hut on the other side of the island, finding the eldest tortle warrior, from an old clan of tortle fighters who have been all but forgotten. Mudgraw, is dismissive, and blunt, but he is a seasoned veteran who has survived many an expedition into the mainland of Chult. He sees a promising talent in the student, imbuing him with discipline, strength, and knowledge over the weeks, but the true test was yet to come.

At the behest of his mentor, The young warrior is sent away from everything and everyone he knows. He journeys far to the Sword Coast, where he meets people and fights creatures he’d only ever seen in picture books. He lives by the master’s code, lending his strength to those who need it, and never selling his sword for gold or power.

Just when you begin to think the old man was simply trying to get rid of you, you get some surprising news: a message from your mentor: “I have heard tales of your deeds, you have done well. If you truly have what it takes to become an Advanced Age Ninja Tortle, come to Chult, meet me in Port Nyanzaru to complete your training.”

Personal Quest: Monster Hunter

Roll a d100 for the object your mentor bestowed upon you before you left.

Connections:

Mudgraw (guide from Tortle guide) is his mentor.

Quest wants the following monster parts:

Horn of an Almiraj

Vine from Assassin Vine

Claws from a Zorbo

Snakeskin from a giant snake

Gas Gland from a Kamadan

Rainbow shell from a Flail Snail

Recipes: Horn + Vine + Claws = **Vine Sword** (+1 to dmg/attack, requires attunement. Upon close inspection this green, serrated sword is actually segmented. Use a bonus action to transform the sword into a barbed whip - and vice-versa. The Whip does the same slashing damage as the sword, but it gains a range of 30 feet, and if the attack hits vs a Large or smaller creature, you pull the creature up to 10 feet closer to you. While in Whip-mode the Vine Sword has disadvantage at 5ft melee range).

Snakeskin + gas gland + rainbow shell = **Shell Sword** (+1 to atk/dmg, +1 to AC, requires attunement), this shortsword has a reflective, translucent barrier that appears around the pommel whenever you wield it.

While wielding this sword, you have advantage on saving throws against spells and other magical effects, and spell attacks have disadvantage against you.

If you roll a natural 20 on your saving throw and the spell is 7th level or lower, you can use your reaction to reflect the spell back on the caster using the original spellcaster’s statistics.

Final Quest Reward - Bandana of Truesight (Upon wearing this bandana, your eyes lose their pupils and appear pure white. You gain Truesight out to a range of 15 ft x (WIS modifier). Trusight = see in normal and magical darkness, see invisible creatures and objects, automatically detect visual illusions and succeed on saving throws against them, and perceives the original form of a shapechanger or a creature that is transformed by magic. Furthermore, the creature can see into the Ethereal Plane.  
While wearing the Bandana of Truesight, you have the Blinded condition beyond your Truesight range. If you remove the bandana, you are blinded until you take a Short Rest.

Reese

**Therin Bristlebeard**

Neutral Good

Hill Dwarf Druid

Personality Traits: Diligent, Even-tempered, gruff, stubborn, miserly

Quirk: obsessed with undead, hates them.

Background: hermit

Trinket: A small idol depicting a nightmarish creature that gives you unsettling dreams when you sleep near it.

Wildshapes: brown bear

Backstory:

Two years ago: two dwarves stand among the hills of their sprawling homeland. They’ve been best friends since they could walk. The friends couldn’t be more different: one is brash, impulsive, proud, a paragon of dwarven virtues, while the other is calm, cautious, contemplative, a misfit among his people.

Both had big news to share to one another on this day. The brash one produces a scroll and waves it excitedly. He’s purchased the deed to a long-lost mine - nestled in the mountains of Chult of all places. He’s siphoning much of his clan’s money into funding an expedition - and he wants his friend by his side.

But the friend hesitates. He has his own news to reveal - he’s leaving their homeland and headed for a life of seclusion in the surrounding hills. He’s never felt truly comfortable at home, even among his own people. And after the near elemental apocalypse, and then the giant uprising, he’s found a calling that goes beyond his himself and his people.

The old friends argue bitterly. Fingers point and tongues lash. The brash one looks ready to fight, but the calm one turns and walks away, and the friendship is shattered.

Then, about a month ago, you receive a letter. You recognize the handwriting instantly, though it’s written in a shaky hand. It reads: “Therin. Everyone’s dead or lost. We made it to Wyrmheart Mine but the dragon <words scratched out>. I found something. Something that will make it all worthwhile. Come to Port Nyanzaru, you’re the only one I trust. We’ll make it back there together.” It’s signed, Hew Hackinstone.

Personal Quest: The Flame and the Forge

Roll a d100 for an item your friend gave you back when you were kids that you’ve cherished.

Connections:

Hew Hackinstone (Guide) is a childhood friend, though the two are recently estranged from Hew’s failed expedition.

Musharib (guide) albino dwarves claim the Forge as their ancestral home.

Quest Reward: Metal Skeleton!

Boons: +1 attack and damage while wildshaped, and 1d6 bludgeoning damaing while while shaped. +1 natural AC while while shaped.

Curses: 2d10 psychic damage when wild shaping. DC 15 WIS saving throw when taking damage while wild shaped. Failure - berserrk, must spend turn attacking (or moving toward attacker) and randomly determines target among closest. Lasts until no more creatures within 60 feet, or knocked out of wild shape form.