

The Collector's Quest

(The drawings provided you need to use. If it is not provided in context with the story.
The DM can draw it however they would like the scene to look.)

Intro: Sormvir

The party finds themselves traveling to the northern lands of Sormvir; an old land. It was originally settled by elves; now it is wild, riddled with mountains and deep forests. You find yourselves lost in an ancient forest. Your guide Tehlmor has the party camped at an old religious site. Twelve once-white stones the size of small houses surround the camp in a perfect circle, except for a large gate decorated with runes in ancient elvish. Outside the gate is a worn path surrounded by trees taller than the eye can see. The trees are so tall and so dense with branches, that you can't even see the Thermai Mountains that lay to the north. The air seems much thicker than usual, and smells only of the dark green moss blanketing the forest like fresh snow. The air is so heavy that the fog is pushed down flat at your ankles. It's dense enough that you cannot see your feet if you stand still long enough, and every step creates a plume; like stepping in sand underwater.

A shout breaks the silence with a thick accent, "Get off your arses ye bloody inbreads!"

In through the gate waltzes a skinny figure standing about average height with short white hair, a patchy white beard, yellow eyes and a stupid teathy grin.

"Tehlmor needs oudda dis cursed forest!"

Once the camp is cleared, the party and the impish guide Tehlmor venture deeper into the mystic forest.

For hours upon hours Tehlmor has led the party down the narrow path. The thick air makes everyone a bit delirious and thirsty. The forest is nicknamed the Dimwood, as local lore says a great battle had taken place there between ancient elves and goblins. The goblins led a force into elvish territory down from the mountains, and outnumbered the elves five to one. After weeks of grueling battle, the hope of elvish victory hung by a thread. The leader of the elves, Caestar was speared in the chest by a goblin warrior. The wound was deep and even the strongest healers did not have the power to save him. Legend says that very night, as Caestar lay in his deathbed, he was miraculously healed by his infant daughter. The elves managed to repel the attack, and the leader's daughter became the legend known as 'lyth Ath Teuivae' or the Child of Moonlight. Sadly, soon after the war, a plague derived from goblins wiped out the elves in the Dimwood; leaving only traces of their existence in Sormvir and an evil curse on the

forest. The party would have preferred to not travel through the Dimwood, but the forest stretches for hundreds of miles in every direction. The only way through to the mountains is through the Dimwood. Some time passes.

The Town of Shambles:

It is hard to tell how long the party has been walking today, but you'd guess that it is about dinner time. The air doesn't seem as dense now, and the fog decided to retreat. Tehlmor has been non stop jabbering for hours about his experiences as a guide, and all of the stories are highly exaggerated. Suddenly, Tehlmor abruptly shut his trap mid story. Everyone in the party scrambled for their weapons.

He shouts excitedly, "I reckon de town's not much farther up dis 'ere path!"

This wasn't the first time that Tehlmor has claimed he found a way out of the forest. However much to your delight, there is a hint of smoke in the air.

"Wait here, my friends!" Tehlmor exclaims and skips off in the direction of the smoke. "I tolds ye I'm de best guide in all of nort'!"

You catch up to Tehlmor resting on a stump in a farmer's field gasping for air. "Welcome to de village of Shambles."

The town is built on the edge of the forest, and at the foot of the great Thermai Mountains. The town is small, surrounded by farmer's fields, and at the center is an ancient elvish temple, run down due to age. You notice the smoke isn't coming from the chimneys of the houses. Many of the buildings in the town are charred and smouldering for what may have been days. As you near the village, you notice more evidence of a raid. The people are nowhere to be found. Tehlmor has been unnaturally quiet as the group explores the outskirts of the wasted town.

Explore the town? Or Head to the Temple?

Yes, Roll for this encounter, highest perception roll wins

You circle the town examining the wreckage. There are no people to be found. You notice a beautiful moon-white horse laying on the ground, one of its legs is shattered and broken. Its whinnies pierce the air, eerily standing your hairs on end. It frantically frolics on its side and its eyes are wide with pain. You pull a blade from its sheath and raise it above the beast's chest. You begin to contemplate the deed.

Put it out of its misery?

Yes

You plunge the blade down into its heart, and the horse stiffens, and relaxes as you feel the life drain from its body. A tear rolls down Tehlmor's cheek and he places a hand on your shoulder.

"You's a braver one den me. I found dis in de grass n'rby."

He hands you a worn silver bracelet with a crescent charm, discolored from its original polished pearl white to a silvery grey.

No

You turn away, sheathing your blade. You hear the plunging of a dagger and the horse stiffens to a relaxed state. You turn back around to see Tehlmor pull his blade from the steed, wiping the blood off on his battered grey tunic.

"Poor bastard. And you's were gonna let 'em twitch around like dat? Huh? Why are all ye adventurers so spineless dese days?" Tehlmor said as he shook his head in disappointment.

To the Temple:

As you approach the temple at the center of the town, you notice the main door is shut. The temple is white marble and looks like three rectangle boxes stacked on one another; each rectangle getting smaller as it goes up. The main door opens at your approach and you are met by a well-built man dressed in a white cloak, chain mail, white furs, and a large silver medallion of a crescent moon hung low on his chest.

"I apologize for our inhospitable welcome travellers. Our village is devastated. We have no shelter, we're running out of food, and the people are dying from sickness. Our priestess was kidnapped and her father Chieftain has gone. Please help us....." The man in white continues, "We can't defend ourselves against *his* cruelty. He does what *he* pleases. *His* collection is ever growing. Until he has everything, *The Collector* will not stop."

Ask for more information

You hear a lady exclaim “I’ve only heard stories, I thought they were told to scare the little ones. The Collector is a god among men. I hear he is obsessed with the ancient artifacts of Sormvir”

And hear another person say “Where is the chieftain? Our town is destroyed and he is nowhere to be found.”

Tehlmor steps forward and says the first intellectual thing he has said on this entire trip. “De chieftain will know where to look for De Collector. Finda chief, find da god.”

As Tehlmor finishes, a deep horn sounds, followed by the galloping of approaching horses. The chieftain and his guardsmen approach on beautiful white horses. Their legs splattered with blood. They sport angular moon inspired armour, bright white with moon sigils on their shields and long steel lances. A silk silver cape lined with fur hung off the chieftain’s shoulders all the way to his horse’s tail. He also wore a silver moon amulet, that matched the colour of his long hair and overly bushy brows. He steps from his horse and begins to speak, “My people, I know that we have lost everything. But we will lose even more, my precious daughter, our beautiful, talented priestess, and the soul of our village. She has been taken by the Collector and his minions. If she is not to return, this village will succumb to the sickness and grief of our loss. My guards have tracked the minions back to his lair deep into the mountains. But we dare not enter for fear of our lives. We need a group to go out and find the Collector; to bring back the precious Ilyana.”

Tehlmor looks at your group excited to break the tension and with a wicked grin whispers, “De Collector hmm? I suppose ‘eis de real o’deal.”

The chief turns to the party and the hair falls off his pointed ears, “You, adventurers. You will be rewarded handsomely in return for Ilyana... more than you can know... Please, you may rest up as you look weary from your travels through the forest.”

What will the group do next?

Starting the Adventure into the Mountains

Upon agreeing as a group that you want to find Ilyana and defeat The Collector, you go to talk to the chieftain.

“Travelers! I am relieved that you wish to save our town! Please retrieve our beloved Ilyana. Be weary as you travel as the mountains are riddled with wild beasts and tribes.

The Collector's lair is in a valley between the mountains about two days' travel by horse. May the moon guide you."

He says, and presents the group an odd crescent shaped dagger.

"This enchanted dagger belonged to the elves that settled in this land. She is a bit picky with her wielder, but one of you surely is worthy. Please take it with you, may it serve you well."

The handle was simple, made of worn leather, but the blade was very unique. It was the shape of a crescent, silver, and shimmered in the light. The dagger reminded you of a scythe, only the blade had a steep curve that ended just past the bottom of the handle. The dagger was ice-cold to touch, almost as if it was siphoning your soul.

Hand it to each party member to see if anyone can wield it

It was too cold for anyone to wield, except for the one that earned the moonlight bracelet. (do not make this clear)

The Mountains

The party and Tehlmor set out to make their way through the mountains. There is a clear path made in the forests at the base of the mountain from the marching of The Collector's forces, so it would seem hard to get lost. Tehlmor still finds ways to waste time, and the group must backtrack often.

At night, wild animals can be heard howling, but cautiously avoid the camp. Tonight is a full moon. Just outside camp, there are mysterious lights hovering through the forest. Groups of glowing white moths dodge in and out of the trees grouping into small clearings where the moonlight is the strongest. In the camp clearing, hundreds of moths dance on the cold night wind; seamlessly among the stars. The group takes a rest for the night.

Tehlmor wakes the group as he usually does, "Get off your arses ye bloody inbreds!"

The group finally passes over the next mountain, into the valley of The Collector. An old goblin castle nestles itself in the mountain across the valley. It has six black towers; five in the shape of a pentagram, with one large tower at the center.

"Spooky! Da Collector's place is up ahead." Tehlmor says while pointing at it.

After a couple more hours of travel, the castle is very close. The party must come up with a plan to rescue Ilyana.

(regardless of plan)

As the adventurers come up with a plan, The Collector's minions circle around their camp. They capture everyone, and are blindfolded and bound.

The Collector's Lair

The party wakes up in a cell made of dark stone with an iron bar door. A symmetric cell stands across the hall. The cell smells of decay, and you realize that there is another person in your party's cell, or should I say, thing. A figure skulks in the corner with clawed bird feet sprouting out the bottom of a long hooded cloak. A curved black beak peaks out of its hood.

"...A Kenku...half human half raven" Tehlmor explains.

"His collection grows..." says the kenku prophetically. "Skean... is my name. Why... did you come? Apologies, I can... see things..."

You explain to him that you have come to save Ilyana. The instant her name is mentioned, his expression saddens.

"Ilyana... was my daughter's name. She was a mere hatchling when The.... Collector destroyed... my village." His feathers gain a red tint as he speaks and his tone rasps.

He removes his hood and you notice an odd mark on his forehead. It glows faintly blue and resembles a pentagram with a circle around it. The party continues to speak with Skean and you learn a lot more about The Collector. You learn that he is a halfling, half elf, half man. Not only does he collect magical artifacts, he collects beings. Specifically, gifted beings of all races with unique abilities. But above collecting, he LOVES to make deals. He is known to always stand by his word. He also practices control magic, which explains the mark on Skean's forehead. His control magic allows him to bend the will of his subjects, but the conditions are unclear. You also learn what will become of the party. The Collector plans to test your abilities.

"How do de test work?" Tehlmor worryingly asks.

Skean whispers sadly, "There was once five of us kenku imprisoned here... I am the only one that survived the test..."

You hear a low, raspy voice from across the hall in the other cell block, “Yesssss the girl bird wasss very tassstey.”

Skean’s feathers flair a fiery red as he flocks to the cell door and angrily screeches something in his native language. The goblin guard knocks Skean back with the butt of his spear. The blow was harsh, and Skean hit his head hard against the cell wall, knocking him out. Another guard calls down from the corridor, saying it's time for the trial. A group of guards come and blindfold the party, and take you away to another section of the lair.

Your blindfolds are removed. You find yourselves in a very large and open room with tall ceilings. Your party is with you, and on the other side of the room are some other prisoners. A booming voice from above echoes in the room.

“FIGHT OR DIE! SHOW ME YOUR WORTH!”

You look up to see a man dressed in silk robes lined with gold trim. His head is shaven and tattoos cover every inch. From his neck hangs countless medallions, and his wrists and fingers gleam from his jewelry. You look around the arena and spot the pile of your party's weapons. You also notice another group of prisoners across from you, one for each member in your party.

Battle vs one Blood Thirsty Prisoner and enough Berserkers to even the teams with the party (DM’s Choice)

Before a full battle ensues, Tehlmor is immediately struck down by the carnivorous man that used invisibility to appear and stab him through the chest with a dagger.

The party looks over, very upset about the death of Tehlmor. Begins to prepare for the fight.

After battle the party loots the enemies rewarding them with a one time use potion of invisibility

“I am quite surprised how strong this new lot is. You made quick work of the opposition, showing no mercy. That’s just my style. You all deserve my blessing, and more! Much, much, more! Heal them my pet”

A beautiful woman enters the arena, dressed in a long white gown. Her silvery hair is braided behind pointed ears and nearly drags on the floor as she walks. The Collector's rune glows on her forehead. The entire party is in awe of her beauty.

She takes a special interest in the party member with the Crescent blade. She whispers to them, "Please, release me from his spell. Make a pact with him, it is the only way. If you must battle, use the bracelet and the crescent dagger."

The party must attempt to barter a deal for the girl

The Collector fails to budge on an impossible deal because he does not see the party's potential. He says he will make a deal if one of you can defeat his right hand knight Rujo the Reaper.

Battler must have the bracelet and dagger

Once either Rujo or the battler get to half health. Go to the next line.

The battle is impossible, but just before the final blows are induced, something mysterious happens

Just as Rujo makes an attack, the bracelet begins to glow faintly, a silvery shield appears around the adventurer and deflects the attack. The aura shatters and sticks to Rujo, the next attack is empowered by the user enough to empty Rujo's hp.

The crescent shaped dagger is then dropped from the battler's hand and cannot be picked up anymore. Everyone in the party is unable to wield the dagger.

The Collector is dumbfounded with Rujo's defeat. But he begins to rejoice.

"Travelers! My new favorites! I will grant any wish you like, all in exchange for one simple task! Fetch me the egg of the ancient dragon of Sormvir and I will set you and the elf free!"

He gives you rest, equipment, horses, and control marks so you cannot run away. He allows you to take Ilyana but places a special mark on her back that contains her power. However Skean cannot come with the party.

The Quest for the Ancient White Dragon:

Upon leaving the Collectors prison you set out on foot to find the Ancient Dragon's lair. The Collector has sent out many different prisoners to try and collect the prize that he wants. None of them have returned. The Collector knows that the Dragon is somewhere

in the ice glacial plains, north of his prison. After walking for some amount of hours, you begin to feel the temperature drop as it becomes night fall. It starts to snow over what was once the vast grassland. You all begin to sit/lay down, ready for some good rest.

Time for a perception check.

If you lose perception:

Out of nowhere, suddenly in the treeline, 2 trolls come out. Since you are laying down, they have the combat advantage. They immediately look to attack.

If you win perception:

As the group begins to relax, you notice rustling in the treeline. Everyone in the group can hear it, and everyone stands ready. You begin to see 2 Trolls coming out. Knowing that trolls will attack on site if they see you, what will you do next? You will have the combat advantage if you choose to fight. Does the group want to fight?

If the group choose not to fight the trolls:

The Trolls that came out of the treeline, decide to turn around and see the entire group. Very lucky indeed. They look to attack. Roll for battle order.

After the fight with the trolls, the group is extremely fatigued. The group will need to rest in order to let Ilyana survive her extreme fatigue. Will you rest now?

After your rest, the group heads North towards the glacial plains. Not much surprise, but it begins to heavily snow, and it seems like you are beginning to get closer to the glacial mountains. A blizzard ensues, it blinds your group to the point where you can only see about 5 feet in front of you. However, off in the distance you hear a loud screech overhead, the winds begin to increase and the snow lightens. You see an Ice Phoenix screech overhead. Any form of a Phoenix is rare to see, let alone seeing the majestic creature in flight. It has seen you but doesn't seem to take any interest in your group because Phoenix never want to fight. What will you do next? Attack the Phoenix or let the beautiful creature fly past.

After fighting the Phoenix:

Fighting the phoenix, was not the smartest choice by your group. Since once it is slain. Its body explodes in such a violent detonation that destroys much of the surroundings and in your case all of the party members. The trip was all for not, and you didn't even make it to the dragon's lair or save Ilyana. However, you all awake lying on the ground. Everyone is okay and alive. To your surprise, Ilyana has some sort of mysterious barrier

around the group. Her special power has saved the entire group from death. (Skip to “Moving towards the Dragon’s Lair”).

Not fighting the Phoenix:

A very smart idea indeed from the group, because killing a Phoenix would result in the bird exploding the large area around killing the entire group. You watch as the majestic bird flies overhead, it clears the area of snowfall and flies off farther north, as you watch it fade into the distance you begin to see a huge mountain with a ginormous hole in the side of it. “That most certainly has to be the Dragon’s Lair” Ilyana says. (Skip to “Entering the Dragon’s Lair”).

Moving towards the Dragon’s Lair:

Ilyana begins to feel really weak, she says that it’s because of the cold. The snow lightens, and you begin to finally see the ice glacial plains. You continue along the main path till you see a ginormous hole on the side of a mountain that definity is the place where the Ancient Dragon is. Will your party enter the cave now?

Entering the Dragon's Lair:

Right before you enter the cave, Ilyana says “I will not be able help with this battle with the dragon, I feel too weak. So I will not be going into the lair.” Upon entering the Dragon’s lair, you are met with a damp feeling, you don’t hear anything in the cave yet, but the cave is dark and will need to be lit up in order to go deep into it. What will the team do next?

The Ancient Dragon Battle:

The group slowly enters the cave, (which is enormous inside) and begins to look for some sign of the Dragon or it’s egg. Roll for perception check.

Bad rolls:

As your group moves further into the cave, you don’t realize that there are many boulders in the cave. The party becomes very unlucky as a huge rock falls from the ceiling and hits the ground. This awakens the Ancient Dragon, it screeches and immediately uses a fire breathing spell on the area, damaging the entire party of 2 hit points. Now roll for battle order.

Good Roll:

You notice many different rocks and a stream in the cave, as you get in deeper the stream becomes icier and frozen. The stream leads you straight to the Dragon and the prized Dragon's egg. The dragon catches the eye of your group with it's Darkvision. And begins to screech as guard for battle. Role for the battle order.

The Defeated Dragon:

As the Dragon takes its last breath, it screeches and drops to the ground. You have defeated the Ancient Dragon! Right next to where the Dragon has been defeated is the Egg. Your party grabs the Egg and immediately heads back towards the prison. Taking only one stop for a short rest, the group has no encounters and makes it back to the Collectors prison safely.

The Collector's Broken Promise

Once reaching the prison you are immediately met by The Collector and the last few of his elite soldiers, along with numerous other prisoners. "I have no doubt you managed to get the Egg? No one returns to me empty handed." As your party pulls out the Egg, he immediately snatches it from your hands. "Now I have the Egg, there is no one that will be able to stop me. Your merry little group is now going to be stuck here for the rest of your days." One of the soldiers grabs Ilyana and starts dragging her to The Collector.

Off in the background you hear a snarl, it's Skean the Kenku. "You made a deal, Collector, you said you never go back on your deals. How can you live with yourself anymore."

"What I have done, cannot be undone. Your family was worthless, Skean. And as for the rest of you, you are all just too powerful to lose from my collection." The Collector exclaims.

Skean's body language has completely changed, his feathers flair a fiery red. You can visibly see built up anger after the years of being trapped. Skean puts his hood up and turns away from The Collector. You notice the Collector's rune is no longer on his forehead.

"Don't you walk away from me now Skean, you know what type of beating you will get. "The Collector begins screaming, "LOOK ME IN THE FACE BOY."

Skean doesn't move, you begin to see his arms cross and slowly begins whispering something.

The Collector then orders his soldiers to attack Skean. As they charge forward Skean begins to levitate slowly then disappear. The Collector confused says "What---"

His sentence is cut short as you see a crescent shaped dagger appear through his chest. As The Collector looks down he gasps and slowly cries for his life, but it is much too late. The soldiers gasp, as Skean reappears holding the dagger from behind The Collector.

Skean has so much built up hatred, he calmly says, "I am the dagger of darkness". Then moves the dagger upward so forcefully that it goes from The Collector's chest to his head. Skean twirls the dagger, and reappears at the spot he once was.

The remaining body of The Collector falls to the ground.

Silence.

The soldiers don't know what to do, Skean turns to them and they immediately put down all of their weapons.

Skean takes a long look at the dagger, then licks the blood from it. "What i have done... cannot be undone."

Your party all exhales in relief. You all rush over to Skean. Who looks at your entire group.

Ilyana says, "How am I all forever in your debt. Thank you. And Skean, may you possess that dagger as a token of my gratitude."

As Ilyana bows to Skean, he says to your group, "Thank you for giving me the opportunity to avenge my family. And for getting all of us out of this hell hole. It would be an honor to fight alongside you all some day. But I must get going, there is much more for me to do now." Skean disappears into the shadows.

Ilyana begins to break down, "My poor father and the City of Shambles. We need to get back to it now. But first, I think that you all should take the Dragon Egg. Perhaps you can sell it for a substantial amount of money, or you could even choose to raise it. The choice is yours! But let's head back there now."

Amazed by what all has transpired throughout this journey, your group feels a lot more connected. As each of you look at each other you can't help but just smile and appreciate one another. To achieve killing an Ancient Dragon and being able to live to tell the story. As you begin to head towards the Town of Shambles, Ilyana states "I will make sure to tell all the neighboring towns about you all."

Ilyana finally looks relieved for the first time since meeting her and your group can finally move onto the next adventure.

Dedicated to Tehlmor. Gone too soon.