

PREQUEL

THE SALT SPRAY STINGS YOUR FACES as the longship grinds against the icy pier of Palebank Village. The groan of splintering ice mixes with the cries of gulls and the shouts of dockworkers bundled in furs. Palebank Village greets you with a blast of frigid air, a stark contrast to the relative warmth of the southern seas you've left behind. The sky above is a perpetual grey, heavy with the promise of more snow.

You've endured weeks at sea, braving treacherous currents and icy squalls aboard the *Frostwind*, a sturdy, if somewhat cramped, longship captained by a weathered and taciturn dwarf. The journey itself proved more than just a test of sea legs; it was during those long, monotonous days and nights that your paths first crossed. Over shared meals of salted fish and hardtack, huddled around the meager warmth of the ship's brazier, you discovered a shared purpose beneath your disparate backgrounds. Perhaps it was a whispered conversation overheard in the galley, a chance encounter on deck under the pale moonlight, or a late-night debate in the cramped crew quarters, but you each realized you were drawn north by the same alluring whispers: the rediscovery of Aeorian ruins, remnants of a lost civilization swallowed by the Frostfell. Tales of lost cities and powerful artifacts have spread like wildfire, carried on the winds and traded in taverns from the Menagerie Coast to the shores of Wildemount. These stories have lured explorers, scholars, and fortune-seekers alike to this desolate land, and fate, or perhaps something more, has brought you together on this shared voyage.

Palebank Village, a ramshackle collection of wooden buildings huddled against the harsh landscape, serves as the primary gateway to the frozen Island of Eiselcross to the North. Here, amidst the bustle of fur traders, fisherfolk, grizzled explorers, shady mercenaries and hopeful fortune-seekers, you disembark.

The air is thick with anticipation, a palpable sense of excitement mixed with a healthy dose of apprehension. The promise of uncovering lost knowledge, powerful magic, and perhaps even unimaginable wealth hangs heavy in the air, a beacon in this frozen wilderness. But the frozen shores of Eiselcross hold many secrets, and the ruins of Aeor are guarded by more than just ice and snow. Ancient dangers stir beneath the frozen surface, and the secrets you seek may come at a terrible price. Your journey into the heart of Eiselcross begins now, the moment your boots touch the frozen ground.

WELCOME TO PALEBANK VILLAGE

IN THE FROSTY EXPANSE OF THE colder reaches of Wildemount, in the Greying Wildlands south of the Islands of Eiselcross, lies the haphazard cluster known as Palebank Village. It is a place more cobbled together than planned, with just over a hundred cabins and shacks pressed against the northern cliffs that rise a mere fifteen feet against the lapping rhythms of the icy harbor waves. The docks, busy with the absence of departing ships, whisper tales of neglect and wariness.

On this frigid day, the village is subdued, gathered in mournful procession for the unfortunate Urgon, a dwarven adventurer whose final journey is to the graveyard west of the harbor. There, encased in a casket more suitable for a relic than a beloved friend, he lies suspended in a state of frozen eternity. Villagers whisper tales of his return from a year-long venture into Eiselcross, burdened with treasures and a chilling affliction. Despite countless efforts, Urgon was never able to find warmth. Eventually, blue streaks marred his pallor, snaking through his veins, until his entire being succumbed to the grip of frost.

The adventurers follow the procession, taking note of the landscape dotted with quaint inns and supply shops. Amongst the mourners stands a weathered elf adorned with the insignia of a “Glassblade.” Introducing himself as Elro, he shares that the usual voyages to Aeor have ceased, a silent testament to the mystery shrouding Urgon’s demise. Elro seeks their help in unveiling the source of this insidious curse, admitting that Urgon’s home remains unexplored.

Word reaches the adventurers quickly that another villager named Tulgi shows similar symptoms— her fate seemingly entwined with Urgon’s. Fortuitously, their cabins stand in proximity.

BEER WITH THE LOCALS

In the heart of the village, a jovial dwarf Arl Bortock tends bar at the local tavern. Elara, ever inquisitive, engages Arl in conversation about Urgon’s recent exploits. A night’s rest is negotiated— two rooms for eight silver pieces— before the adventurers are served beer by the bucket and a meal of squid rolls.

Bill, a stalwart Glassblade at one of the tavern tables, emphasizes that due to the danger of the curse, all boats are being warned off from Palebank’s docks. Meanwhile, the adventurers learn Tulgi is a solitary trapper, her life a mystery to most.

THE CABINS OF URGON AND TULGI

With this knowledge, they venture to Urgon’s cabin where another Glassblade vigilantly stands post. Halite leads them inside, where chaos has left its mark. The mounted head of a snowy beast with grey horns seems to oversee the search. Books are strewn about, gear tossed aside as if someone has desperately sought something. Scarlet’s keen eyes catch sight of a grappling hook, swiftly claiming it. Meanwhile, with a sharp mind for details, Halite discovers a receipt within a book. Dated two months prior, it records the sale of Aeorian items at the local Pelc’s Curiosities for a handsome sum of one thousand gold pieces. Among the items: a dagger, a scroll case, a jade statue, a quiver of arrows, a jasper-set silver ring, and two blue glass vials.

Their eyes trace tracks leading to Tulgi Lutan’s snow-burdened cabin. The warmth of a fierce fire belies the untouched exterior and shuttered windows. Scarlet’s knock brings a curt response, followed by Elara’s soft words which coax the door open. Tulgi’s face, marked

by the same blue streaks that have doomed Urgan, is a testament to her shared affliction. She admits her illness, confessing that she and her sister Hulil, newcomers from Shadycreek Run, are in league with a crime syndicate. They have been sent to pilfer Aeorian treasures. It is they who have ransacked Urgan's home, and Tulgi now surrenders a finely wrought dagger into Kragor's keeping.

She says that her sister Hulil holds the remainder of the treasures in Croaker Cave, though Tulgi has not seen her in weeks.

ONWARD

With their next destination clear, the adventurers hike to Pelc's Curiosities. They find the shop marked by a dragon-gilded "P," where the front door sags invitingly open, beckoning them into the next chapter of this unfolding tale.

PELC'S CURIOSITIES

THE PARTY STANDS OUTSIDE PELC'S Curiosities, the door slightly ajar. Suspecting intruders, Whisper closes her eyes while softly purring "Maiores et Fortiores". The air around her shimmers momentarily as she draws on her inner ki in concentration. She then peers into the doors and the windows of the building. Despite her efforts, she cannot make out very much, though she hears enough rustling to make her hairs bristle. It sounds as though there are several inside ransacking the place. Scarlet joins Whisper's investigation, attempting to divine whether the noises might simply be animals, yet she senses no wildlife inside.

Preparing for potential conflict, Kragor stands up straight and stretches out his arms as if to grasp a weapon. In a loud yet distant voice he exclaims "Malleum Evoco". Suddenly ethereal shadows stream in from all directions and coalesce into an obsidian black war hammer with an angular and brutal head. Its every surface is etched with subtle twisting runes. Kragor hefts the weapon with both hands, then widens his stance with feet planted firmly on the ground.

The goliath Halite likewise readies himself, his massive frame towering above even Kragor. With deliberate, practiced movements, he adjusts his gleaming bronze shield, its surface etched with intricate clan markings. In one enormous hand he carefully grips his trident, its three wickedly barbed prongs designed not just to pierce, but to tear and rend flesh. The trident promises not just death, but a savage, lingering demise.

SURPRISE

Inside Pelc's Curiosities lie the answers to the freezing curse. Anxious for action, Elara takes a deep breath, tapping into her well of magic. Her fingers trace the air, summoning the rhythm of a battle drum. Her magic ignites, sending an illusory racket echoing from

within the shop's shadowed walls. Startled into silence, the adversaries within hold their breath, their schemes momentarily unraveled. As Whisper crouches beside her, she senses the tension mounting. Without warning, a crossbow bolt whistles past, narrowly missing her. Elara's calculated ruse works, urging their foes to react blindly. The door slams shut, a temporary barrier between them and danger.

"So much for the element of surprise," mutters Kragor.

Undeterred, Elara shoulders the door open again. Darkness seeped around her like ink in water, yet her keen eyes, accustomed to shadow, discerned the outlines of two startled bandits amid the cluttered ruins of the shop. Ancient relics lay strewn about like casualties of an invisible war; toppled bookshelves and shattered relics spoke of a hasty, chaotic search.

The bandits, their nerves frayed by Elara's eerie magic, released their crossbow bolts in a jittery frenzy. The bolts missed their marks, striking harmlessly against worn brick and aged wood. Assessing the chaotic tableau before her, Elara hesitated; caution whispered in her ear, suggesting a withdrawal from direct assault into strategic retreat.

INSPIRATION AND FOG

She retreated to her waiting comrades, her mind spinning a fresh tapestry of strategy. Checking again her surroundings, Kragor meets her gaze with a blend of curiosity and gruff admiration. Her eyes locked with his, and in that silent exchange, understanding was born. Elara struck her hand drum, each beat a pulse of power transmitted through the air, wrapping around Kragor like a cloak of inspiration. The rhythmic symphony reignited his focus, sharpening his spirit for the clash ahead.

But as this is happening, Scarlet quickly reacts. “Voco Nubes!” she bellows while raising her gnarled staff to the sky. Her eyes close in concentration as she summons nature’s veil. Wisps of mist curl around her fingers before surging toward the building. The vapor seeps through cracks and under doorways, expanding rapidly into a dense, swirling fog that blankets the room. The once-clear space becomes an opaque, ethereal haze, obscuring vision and muffling sound. The druid smiles, knowing the shrouded interior will confound any occupants, granting her allies the advantage they seek within the murky cover of the fog cloud. She wastes no time taking advantage of it herself: she sneaks into the building and hugs the wall, moving to the right. She can hear others moving inside as well, but can make out nothing through the fog.

FIRST BLOOD

Watching one of his allies attacked and another diving into the fog and what must certainly be mortal danger, Kragor strains to think. He feels like a sitting duck outside with obscured enemies inside, ready to make a pincushion out of him with their crossbow bolts. Taking a deep breath to overcome his fear, he too rushes through the doorway into the shrouding fog, gripping his massive conjured war hammer tightly. Unable to see, he positions himself protectively before where he believes Scarlet to be, straining to detect any threats hidden in the mist. A sudden noise to his left spurs him into action. He swings wildly, the war hammer arcing through the air, and feels a heavy impact followed by a muffled crunch. The enemy’s body collapses to the ground with a lifeless thud.

THE ROOF

Outside, Whisper’s sharp tabaxi senses are attuned to every movement around her. As her gaze sweeps upward, it catches upon an unexpected anomaly: a crouched form perched on the rooftop. Though the figure’s features are obscured by distance, their posture is a

tapestry of uncertainty, a riddle waiting to be unraveled. Without hesitation, Whisper draws upon her innate agility, launching herself up the building’s facade, her movements a dance of precision and power. Within moments, she alights upon the roof beside the puzzled figure. As she closes in, a momentary clumsiness intrudes upon her fluid motion; her limbs entangle with the figure in a grapple that is awkward but surprisingly effective. Despite the ungraceful tangle of arms and legs, her determination holds fast, securing her quarry beneath the vast blue sky. The figure, now clearly a rogue based on their dark attire and tools of the trade hanging from their belt, desperately attempts to free themselves from Whisper’s grasp, to no effect.

COUNTERATTACK

Halite now grasps the perilous choice the party has made in their recklessness. With a fierce resolve etched in the hard lines of his goliath visage, he charges through the fog-choked doorway, instinctively veering left to secure the flank opposite Scarlet and Kragor. The mist clings to him, a shroud of uncertainty, yet he moves with the confidence of one accustomed to the unseen. A bandit lunges at him, the attack a mere whisper of danger that dissolves into emptiness. Seizing the opportunity, Halite’s fingers tighten around his trident, that harbinger of despair. With an expert thrust, the weapon slices through the fog, hungry for blood. It strikes true, embedding itself deep within the bandit with a sickening resistance, as though the weapon savored its work. Halite has to struggle to wrench it free from the bandit with raw power, the action accompanied by a dreadful noise that the fog quickly absorbs.

While recovering his favored weapon, Halite hears the “whoosh” of a crossbow bolt. He flinches, but he is not the target. He hears Kragor cry out in desperate pain.

The bolt had struck Kragor just below the collarbone, close to his heart. Blood flows unchecked, staining his leather armor.

Seconds later, another bolt pierces Scarlet and a sharp pain flares beneath her ribs. Blood seeps into her cloak, mingling with the forest's earthy scent.

ROGUE FALL

Whisper, poised at the edge of the rooftop's precipice, maintains a firm hold on the rogue. Despite the rogue's cunning and agility, he struggles to free an arm to launch a counterattack with his dagger. Nevertheless, Whisper's sharp claws and expert grip keep him securely restrained. Beneath her, the store's chaos swirls, a symphony of survival and sorcery; each cry, each clash a note struck sharp in the chord of battle below. Her decision solidifies with the clarity of ice forming, abandoning subtlety for swiftness. With a sudden, fluid ferocity, she thrusts the entangled rogue from the roof, the figure plummeting and landing with a sickening thud upon the hard earth. The world contracts around her as she vaults down, feline grace reclaiming momentum in mid-air, her heart a steady drumbeat beneath her silken fur. She lands silently, flowing through the doorway like a stream of midnight water into the tempest of friend and foe, ready once more to thread her prowess into the weaving of combat's fierce tapestry. The thrown rogue, battered and broken, lies forgotten amidst the rubble.

Elara is startled by Whisper's sudden reappearance. Despite this, she remains focused on the building, her senses registering enough to grasp that her companions are in grave danger. She urgently calls out to Scarlet, telling her to dispel the fog cloud, which Scarlet promptly does. Without hesitation, Elara rushes to join her and Kragor inside. Whisper follows but pauses in the doorway, alert for threats inside or out.

MEDIC!

Surveying Scarlet and Kragor's injuries, she quickly assesses that Kragor's condition is more critical. She places her hands gently on the grievous puncture wound left by the

crossbow bolt, her touch glowing with divine energy. The healing light rapidly closes the wound, restoring vitality to his mottled green-gray skin. Kragor, caught off guard yet deeply appreciative, meets Elara's kind gaze, and a silent bond is forged between the orc and the aasimar.

FINAL BLOWS

As Elara is tending to Kragor, Scarlet runs towards a nearby bandit that is just now orienting themselves after the fog dispersed. Eyes glowing with untamed magic, Scarlet calls upon nature's wrath. With a fierce, primal incantation, her fingertips elongate into razor-sharp claws, dripping with corrosive acid. In a swift motion, she lashes out, and her savage strike lands true. The bandit staggers back, pain etched across their face as the toxic claws rend through leather and flesh, leaving a searing wound. The druid's usually gentle demeanor is momentarily overshadowed by raw, feral power, as the bandit teeters on the brink of defeat, humbled by nature's unforgiving might.

Halite steps forward with a grim determination, his massive form casting a foreboding shadow over the bandit struggling to stay upright from Scarlet's fierce attack. With a swift and fluid motion defying his immense size, Halite shifts his weight back, then lunges forward with an uppercut trajectory. It pierces through the air with a whistling sound, meeting the bandit's chest in a visceral collision. The force of the jab lifts the bandit off his feet momentarily, his final gasp cut short by the weapon's deadly embrace. Life flickers out of his eyes, and the limp body slides down the trident's length. Halite grimaces, more out of reflex than malice, as he shakes the bandit free with a swift, practiced motion, the lifeless form dropping to the ground with a thud.

Now sufficiently recovered to rejoin the battle, Kragor focuses his attention on the bandit far across the room that he suspects of shooting him. Although he can't be sure of the bandit's guilt, he raises his war hammer toward his

target and shouts, “Te Exsecro!” The air shimmers with malevolent energy as a cold, dark aura coils around the bandit like an invisible serpent. Without hesitation, Kragor follows with another spell, yelling “Dolor,” and unleashes a surge of eldritch energy from his war hammer that strikes the bandit square in the chest. The impact of the blast results in an ugly wound. Immediately, shadowy tendrils twist and curl over the shredded flesh causing it to blacken and crumble, leaving the bandit teetering on the brink of death.

SURRENDER

Halite, his towering form casting an imposing shadow across the cluttered interior of the ransacked antique shop, moved with purpose toward Kragor’s target: a bandit whose bravado had been seared away by the crackling energy of the orc warlock’s magic. The air still shimmered with the fading traces of arcane power, and the bandit, already on the brink of collapse, could only watch as the goliath fighter closed the distance between them like an inexorable force of nature.

The trident in Halite’s grip gleamed with an unsettling menace, its barbed points promising a swift and painful end should it be called upon to deliver one. The bandit, a mere lithe elf in the presence of such formidable warriors, felt the weight of his own mortality for what seemed like the first time. His sword clattered to the wooden floor, a hollow sound that resonated through the shop, punctuating his surrender.

“I yield,” the bandit croaked, his voice strained with fear and desperation. He raised his hands, palms open and empty, a universal sign of capitulation. His eyes darted to his remaining comrade, wide with silent urging.

The last standing bandit, who had watched the battle unfold with growing dread, knew the odds all too well. He had witnessed the fate of their fallen companions—three already dispatched with ruthless efficiency by the duo of Kragor and Halite. The decision was not a

difficult one.

He dropped his own weapon, a well-worn crossbow, to the floor and raised his hands above his head in submission. “We don’t want anymore trouble,” he said, his voice carrying a tremor that matched the frantic beating of his heart.

Kragor surveyed the scene, his eyes, glowing faintly with residual magical energy, meeting Halite’s. An unspoken understanding passed between them—this victory, as hard-fought as it was, did not need to claim further lives.

With the tension of combat beginning to ebb, the antique shop’s air felt still, though the echoes of the skirmish lingered. Surrounded by overturned furniture and scattered relics of a bygone era, the bandits’ surrender marked the end of the struggle, their lives spared by the mercy of those far mightier than they.

Whisper, having ensured the rogue she tossed from the roof was no longer a threat, finally entered the antique shop and closed the door behind her. As she did, the rogue moved to a crouched position around the corner, relieved that his theatrics had been successful. Intending to enter the building when the coast was truly clear, he remained vigilant, pressing his ear to the cool glass of the window to eavesdrop on the victorious adventurers.

INTERROGATION

Elara and Scarlet eyed the bandits with intensity, their curiosity piqued by the confession of surrender. “Who are you and what were you doing here?” Elara demanded, her voice steady yet demanding answers.

The first bandit, regaining a bit of composure but still visibly shaken, replied, “We were sent by Hulil, a priestess of Tiamat. She instructed us to search this place. Two months ago, there was a robbery here, and now Hulil’s got this strange freezing sickness. She hoped we might find a clue here in the shop. But we found nothing.”

Scarlet’s gaze remained firm as she pressed

further, “Then why did you attack us?”

A hint of embarrassment colored the bandit’s cheeks. “We were spooked. We heard some weird noise, then you guys barged in. Especially that chick with a horn on her head,” he gestured toward Elara. “We panicked. We’re not used to dealing with people like you.”

In the meantime, the rogue outside, crouching below the window, absorbed the exchange, piecing together the dynamics at play.

Scarlet produced a weathered receipt with notations about Aeorian artifacts and presented it to the bandits. “Have you seen these items?”

“They’re with Hulil,” the bandit admitted reluctantly, his eyes on the documentation with evident recognition. “She’s at Croaker’s Cave,” confirming what the party had already learned from Hulil’s sister, Tulgi.

Satisfied with the information, Kragor dismissed the subdued bandits in no uncertain terms: “Leave everything and get out.” Seizing their chance, the bandits quickly discarded their weapons and coins before hurrying for the door, the rogue outside remaining concealed until the coast was truly clear.

LOOT

After searching the bandits’ leavings and their late compatriots’ bodies, the party tallied the loot: 14 gold pieces, eight silver pieces, five crossbows, 30 bolts, five scimitars, and a dwarf-sized shirt blazoned with “Scanlan Shorthalt — The Meat Man Cometh”. (Elara judged this last item to be a rare find and might fetch as much as two gold pieces.)

The party then turned to the antique shop, assessing the chaos that engulfed it. The room was in disarray, bookshelves overturned and trinkets strewn about. Amidst the disorder, they stumbled upon a chilling sight—a frozen elf lying lifeless in bed. It was Verla Pelc, and the grim discovery confirmed that the place had not seen tidiness for weeks.

In a thorough inspection of both the shop and the dead bandits’ belongings, they discovered two bows and various odds and ends. Deciding a respite was in order, they planned to rest before heading to Croaker Cave.

WHO IS THIS GUY?

Unbeknownst to the adventurers, the rogue remained vigilant, listening to their intentions and preparing to bide his time until they left.

SECRETS OF CROAKER CAVE

THE PARTY RETRACES THEIR STEPS to the *Jolly Dwarf*, where warmth greets them like an old friend. As the tavern's door swings open, hearth light flickers along the walls, merging with murmurs and the clinking of mugs. After a day of skirmishes, they retire to modest rooms, voices still echoing with plans.

Morning in Palebank Village dawns with a crisp, biting air. Frost clings to windows, and the adventurers rise at half-past seven. Below, a kettle hisses, and the aroma of breakfast fills the inn. Unusually quiet due to the port's closure, the inn hosts only one other group—a family, a weary pair of men with twin tiefling girls. And even they soon depart, the door framing their retreat in the morning light.

Arl, the innkeeper, greets them cheerily. “Elro was around last night, looking for you lot,” he says, “He’ll be back soon for news.”

As Halite asks about Croaker Cave, Arl's expression shifts subtly to one of caution. “Croaker Cave, you say? They call it that for good reason—the croaks of giant ice frogs echo from there, a sound that'd chill your bones if the cold hadn't already. None of the village folk dare set foot inside. They know where to find it, sure, but it's an unspoken rule here: no one goes into that cave.”

Taking a seat, the party enjoys breakfast—warm bread, stew, and fish; a bargain at only five silver pieces—while Kragor inquires about Hulil, Tulgi's sister. Arl scratches his beard thoughtfully, his eyes narrowing as he sifts through what bits of information he possesses. “Ah, Tulgi,” he begins slowly, weighing his words. “Can't say I knew she has a sister. These folks from Shadycreek Run—always a tangled web with them. Their kin aren't exactly welcome in Palebank. Suspicion tends to follow their kind.”

Ever the pragmatic, Kragor poses another question: “What about healing potions? Do

you know where we might procure some?”

Arl advises, “Try the docks. There's an old elf woman, Gramini, she sells them. Pricey, but worth it.”

As breakfast concludes, Elro joins them, concern in his eyes. Scarlet updates him on their findings: connections between Tulgi, Hulil, and the village's affliction, and the tragic fate of Verla from Pelc's Curiosities. Elro nods, confirming suspicions about the Shadycreek Run families. News of dispatched bandits lightens his demeanor. “Less to worry about,” he says, intending to send his men over to the shop to clean up.

Still curious about their next venture, Whisper inquires, “What makes Croaker Cave particularly dangerous?” Elro turns towards her, his gaze steady. “It's the giant ice frogs. Those are the reason folks steer clear.”

Scarlet, drawing from her vast trove of natural knowledge, leans forward. “How large are these frogs?” she asks.

“About the size of a large wolf,” Elro replies, conjuring a vivid image in their minds.

Scarlet nods, familiar with their temperate climate counterparts. She addresses the party. “I recall they aren't venomous, but they can certainly swallow a person whole. Their stomach acid dissolves their prey, and while they're smarter than regular frogs, they're not what you would call cunning. I knew a teacher once who kept one as a pet.”

Before departing, Elro implores, “Root out those Shadycreek folks. The village would owe you greatly.”

The party, girded by Elro's trust and responsibility, reflects on the tapestry they are unraveling—a tapestry that now leads them to the hidden depths of Croaker Cave and the shadows lurking within.

ADVENTURING IS HARD, LET'S GO SHOPPING

Braving the biting cold, our adventurers reach the docks— a sprawling network of paths and shanties, each whispering tales of a bygone era. They navigate these lanes, finding the shack they seek: a dilapidated structure with an askew “Goods for Sale” sign dangling overhead.

Elara steps forward as the negotiator. Halite opens the door, releasing the tinny clang of a bell. Inside, flickering firelight reveals shelves groaning under the weight of indescribable trinkets. Behind the counter emerges a wizened elf whose blue scarf and loose coat defy the chill that seeps through the shack’s walls. Her eyes, sharp despite her age, study the newcomers with cautious curiosity.

“Well, well, what’s this? Adventurers, by the look of you.” Her voice, both raspy and warm, mirrors the fire’s flicker. “What brings you here? Looking for trinkets, or is it something more substantial?”

Elara approaches, broaching the need for potions. “You must be Gramini. We seek anything to combat the freezing illness cursing this village.”

The woman’s expression shifts, a glint of sympathy mixing with practicality. “Ah, if you mean Urgan’s ailment, that mystery is beyond my humble potions. But I have supplies for those brave enough to venture to Eiselcross. Dangerous place, that is.”

She presents four health potions. “Usually 60 gold apiece, but business has been slow lately. I’ll sell them for 50 each.”

Seeing an opening, Elara leans in. “Could you let them go for 30 each? The road ahead is perilous.”

Gramini chuckles, a sound steeped in kindness and shrewdness. “Below cost, Sweetie? But you’ve got charm, I’ll give you that. Alright,

48 each. A gesture of goodwill.”

The negotiation leaves Elara hopeful. With business nearing conclusion, curiosity tickles her again. “Heard any tales or warnings of late, Gramini?”

Leaning back, the old elf sighs. “Troubling times, indeed. The port’s closed— no ships. Palebank seems to hold its breath, waiting for a storm to pass.” Her voice drops to a whisper, eyes locking with Elara’s. “That freezing disease, eating at the core. Aeor is where its dark magic likely thrives. Everything from that land carries a cost, mark my words.”

Elara then suggests, “We’re short on coin... Perhaps a barter?”

Kragor, catching on, brandishes a shirt emblazoned with the name Scanlan Shorthalt. Gramini’s eyes gleam with recognition. “Him! I’ve seen him perform.” Fond remembrance softens her demeanor.

She proposes, “I’ll give you 15 gold off the potions for that.”

Donning the bard’s shirt with delight, Gramini is transformed into a giddy teenager for a few moments. “Scanlan was so charming!” Her laughter chimes like a song, sealing the deal.

As the party exits, spirits buoyed, Gramini’s unexpected joy lingers, a beacon against the looming shadows.

DOCTOR PEPE

As the party approaches Croaker Cave, they note smoke spiraling upward from a natural chimney, etching the sky with its ashen tendrils. Despite the spectral warning, the front opening of the cave appears unguarded.

Unbeknownst to them, the rogue that Whisper had previously encountered lies in wait, having shadowed the party from Palebank. As they draw nearer, he steps free of the forest’s embrace, his presence a sudden ripple in the serene tableau.

“Hail, Friends! I mean you no harm,” he calls

out, raising his hands in a gesture of peace. “I have something I believe you need to know.”

Scarlet and Whisper exchange glances before fixing their gazes upon the rogue. Recognition flickers in Whisper’s eyes, a soft chuckle escaping her lips as she recalls their prior exchange on the rooftops of Pelc’s Curiosities. Scarlet’s expression is more guarded as she steps forward, her tone firm yet open. “Who are you?” she demands, her eyes narrowing with a blend of caution and curiosity. “And what do you want?”

The rogue spreads his arms in a gesture of openness. “Let me introduce myself. I am called Doctor Pepe,” he announces. “I assure you, I was not a party to the bandits you encountered before. Like you, I’ve been drawn into the orbit of this mystery, investigating the source of this debilitating disease afflicting the village.”

Kragor steps forward, his bearing equal parts caution and curiosity. “Well met, Doctor Pepe. What do you know of this cave?”

“Just before daybreak, I witnessed three cloaked figures enter the cave— a dwarf and two elves, if I’m not mistaken.” Doctor Pepe’s eyes, sharp and perceptive, scan the adventurers’ faces, gauging their reaction. “Whatever transpires within, it may well relate to the affliction that has beset Palebank.”

The party exchanges thoughtful glances. After weighing their options, the adventurers come to a shared conclusion. Offering the rogue a nod of acceptance, Kragor extends the group’s unspoken consensus. “Then let us consider you an ally, Doctor Pepe. Together, we may better contend with whatever lies within the heart of Croaker Cave.”

TREPIDATION’S THRESHOLD

As the party assesses the scene at the cave entrance, Elara’s sharp eyes catch sight of myriad footprints— heavy and light, large and

small— tracing paths both in and out of the cavern’s yawning mouth.

Gathering in a tight circle, they weigh their options and decide on a reconnaissance mission. It is swiftly determined that Doctor Pepe, with his keen investigative insights, and Whisper, with her silent grace, will venture in to scout the darkness and report back to the group.

To aid them in the shadowy depths, Elara steps forward and gently strums her harp, weaving magic through its strings. She sings, “Sol invictus,” and with her melody, a spare dagger that Doctor Pepe holds aloft begins to glow. The light emanating from the blade now serves as both a beacon and a ward against the shadows lurking within the cave.

As Doctor Pepe and Whisper step cautiously into the cave, the world narrows around them to the soft glow of magical light. The air grows cooler, the dampness clinging to their skin like an insistent whisper. About ten feet in, they encounter a pool of water, its murky depths disturbed only by the occasional ripple from droplets falling from above.

Whisper, pausing to scan the area, notes that the ceiling, though ten feet high, bristles with stalactites, reducing the navigable space to eight feet. The constant drip of water echoes in the chamber, joined intermittently by the deep croaks of unseen amphibians. These sounds seem to resonate with the very bones of the cave, sending a shiver across her fur.

Doctor Pepe, moving with deliberate quiet, approaches the pool’s edge to gain a better vantage. He squints across the still water, and on the far side, he discerns the tip of a wooden beam jutting slightly from the shadows. Suddenly he recalls that the three figures he saw entering the cave earlier were carrying a beam: this must be the way across.

AMBUSH

Whisper’s usual grace falters when she hits a jagged stalagmite, unleashing a sharp hiss that pierces the cave’s silence. Instantly, the murky

pool erupts, and two mastiff-sized blue frogs emerge, their slick bodies glinting ominously.

One frog leaps at Doctor Pepe, its jaw snapping with ferocious hunger. His reflexes, sharp from experience, save him; he sidesteps as its maw closes on empty air. But the second frog's attention locks onto Whisper. With a sudden lurch, it fastens its jaws around her, seriously wounding her. Its coarse tongue feels rough against her fur as it pins her with a vice-like grip. Whisper's world constricts around the raw strength of the creature, her body momentarily immobilized by the force of its bite.

Her once luxurious fur matted with blood and frost, her breath shallow and labored, Whisper summons her inner strength to claw free, leaving shallow crimson trails across the frog's blue skin in retaliation.

Outside, Elara leads the party at the cave entrance. "They're in trouble," she asserts, urgency lacing her voice. "We need to move!"

Within, the rhythmic echo of boots suggests more danger is approaching, but out of necessity, Doctor Pepe and Whisper remain focused on the immediate threat. Doctor Pepe turns his attention to the wounded frog threatening Whisper. His shortsword pierces its slick flesh, and his dagger follows, sinking deep into its massive head. The creature shudders, momentarily stunned. It recovers but has had enough, and slinks back into the pool, dodging a strike from Whisper's claws.

The second giant ice frog snaps at Doctor Pepe, its powerful jaws gripping him tightly. He grunts in pain, fighting against its hold.

Fighting through the pain of her wounds, Whisper turns to help Doctor Pepe, her claws slashing his assailant and drawing blood. Realizing she can't endure another attack, she makes a calculated retreat, slipping gracefully back to the cave's entrance, trusting that Doctor Pepe can handle the encroaching threat momentarily.

REINFORCEMENTS

As Whisper emerges from the cave, Halite quickly gauges the peril, his resolve igniting. With swift strides, he charges inside, his trident a formidable comfort.

He finds Doctor Pepe still struggling against the frog's relentless grip. Halite drives his trident into the creature's side, but its hold does not falter. Observing the struggle, Elara weaves a melody with her harp, instilling Doctor Pepe with courage. "Remember your agility and cunning!" she calls, the sound of her voice and the vibrations of her harp soothing. She then summons the power of the stars, launching a mote of radiant energy with precision. The frog releases a guttural croak, convulsing under the assault before it releases Doctor Pepe and collapses lifelessly into the pool.

Grateful and relieved, Doctor Pepe quickly regains his composure. Meanwhile, Kragor taps into his ancestral power, muscles tensing with readiness. Yet danger lurks in the shadows. Suddenly, a crossbow bolt strikes Doctor Pepe, drawing a pained cry. Another bolt narrowly misses Halite, while a third strikes him, but only bruises his resilient skin.

Halite spots the assailants: a dwarf and two elves across the pool, crossbows poised. Outside, Scarlet rushes to Whisper's aid, healing her with soothing energy. Renewed, Whisper re-enters the cave, her sling delivering a precise blow to one of the elves before she again retreats gracefully.

Inside, Doctor Pepe, undeterred by pain, fires back with his crossbow but misses. Halite steps forward, throwing a javelin that fells the injured elf with precision. Elara, considering but deciding against leaping across the pool, channels more divine energy, striking the second elf squarely. Kragor whispers a curse, dark power seeping from his words, then unleashes tendrils of energy that knock the remaining life out of the elf. The body plunges into the pool's depths.

Frustrated and fearful, the remaining dwarf curses, raising his crossbow in desperation. He takes aim at Elara, embedding a bolt into her thigh. She gasps, momentarily swaying, her focus clouded by the sting.

Retreating further into the cave's depths, the dwarf's footsteps echo and fade, leaving only the rhythmic drip of water and the murmur of unseen currents.

CROSSING THE POOL

Faced with the challenge of pursuing a dwarf across a frigid pool, the party assesses their options. The wooden beam that seems to have been used by the bandits sits tantalizingly across the water.

Scarlet throws the grappling hook she found at Pelc's in an attempt to catch the beam, but misses. As she draws the hook back in for another throw, it snags something underwater. Halite steps in to help, and together they haul up a mass: a dead bandit and a distressed but living frog!

Kragor, sensing danger, hexes the frog and targets it with an eldritch blast. The frog disintegrates under the force of the blast.

Elara, steadying herself, heals her thigh wound with divine magic. Scarlet mirrors her, healing Doctor Pepe with nature's energies.

Their reprieve is brief. The dwarf reappears, firing a bolt that bounces off Halite's armor. "Damn it," Doctor Pepe grumbles, frustration etched into his features. "We need to see!" He hurls his enchanted dagger, and it thuds into the beam, revealing the far shore with its glow.

Driven by urgency, Whisper leaps onto the wall, climbing swiftly and landing silently on the far side, her eyes finding the dwarf hidden in shadows.

With a flick of his wrist, Halite takes a turn throwing the grappling hook, and this time it secures the beam. He pulls it towards him until it rests fully across the pool, then charges confidently across, joining Whisper. Kragor

and the rest of the party follow, anticipation fueling each stride.

Scarlet conjures a flame to illuminate their path. Doctor Pepe retrieves his glowing dagger, its light warding off the gloom, as he brings up the rear.

Seeing them approach, the dwarf panics, firing wildly. The bolt clatters harmlessly off stone.

INTERROGATION IN THE DEPTHS

In the dim cave light, Whisper, poised and predatory, lunges at the dwarf, her speed a shadowy blur. Yet the dwarf's shield deflects her strike with a resonant thud that shakes the cavern. Halite follows swiftly, his javelin piercing the dwarf with deadly precision, bringing him to his knees.

Elara arrives, agile and commanding, her voice sharp with authority. "Tell us the secrets of this place."

Despite his pain, the dwarf's eyes remain dull and silent. Kragor steps forward, his voice echoing with Elara's urgency. "When a lady speaks, you damn well better listen."

"What family are you with?" Halite's voice booms.

"The Uttolot family," the dwarf finally admits, defiance lacing his words.

Halite's massive frame looms over him. "And what are you doing in this cave?"

The dwarf swallows hard. "We... we feed the frogs," the dwarf confesses. "I work here. For Hulil. Train them to carry us. They used to eat more— whatever Hulil wanted."

Scarlet's eyebrow arches. "More what?" The dwarf squirms. "Bats, small game, even people. Hulil trained them."

Doctor Pepe notices a bucket... on closer examination, it is full of dead bats.

"Interesting. These bats could distract the frogs— a tactical edge."

Halite's gaze darkens. "Tell us about Hulil." The dwarf blanches. "She's sick. Sent several of us to town for a clue to the disease— but none returned. She plans to sell Tulgi's loot in Shadycreek Run. Hoping for a cure."

Whisper leans in. "Are there traps here? Tell us what you know."

The dwarf nods toward the sleeping quarters. "A pit, covered by a bedroll."

Halite growls, "You'll live. For now." The dwarf's resigned eyes hint at fear of what's to come. Doctor Pepe binds the dwarf with rope from his pack. Halite stands guard, an imposing sentinel.

The others turn their attention to the grim task of searching their fallen adversaries. Kragor retrieves a crossbow. "Still serviceable," he notes.

Scarlet counts out coins from a waterlogged purse. "Seven gold, ten silver," she reports, the metal catching the dim light with a dull gleam. "Not exactly a king's ransom."

DUNGEON CRAWL

In the cave, the prisoner shuffles under Halite's stern watch, boots scraping the stone floor. They reach a makeshift camp, a fire pit in the center. Whisper conjures a flame with a soft "Lux naturae," illuminating the scene.

Doctor Pepe's keen eyes catch a bedroll lying suspiciously flat. "It's the pit trap of which the dwarf spoke," he warns, pointing to the hidden danger.

Scarlet uncovers an unopened bottle amongst the camp supplies. "Bald Dwarf whiskey," she notes, smirking. "Made by elves."

"Elves making dwarf whiskey? A fine tale," Kragor chuckles.

"Nice. That might fetch as much as 25 gold pieces," Doctor Pepe notes, his rogue's mind already calculating potential value.

The party's attention shifts to two corridors leading away from the campsite. Halite

suggests exploring one, with Doctor Pepe following. The corridor gradually widens, opening into a larger cavern. As their eyes adjust to the dim light, they realize they are surrounded by hanging bats.

Suddenly, the bats stir. Their collective movement creates a rustle of wings that fills the cavern with an ominous sound. Halite, startled, begins stabbing wildly with his trident. The weapon misses the bats entirely, instead striking a nearby stalagmite with a sharp crack.

"We need to go!" Doctor Pepe insists.

The two of them retreat, joining the others who are exploring the second corridor. "Bats," Halite explains simply.

OLD CROAKER

Kragor is the first to notice the expansive underground pool, its dark waters stretching beyond the reach of their light. The cavern seems to breathe with subterranean stillness, broken only by the occasional drip of water from unseen stalactites.

"What's across there?" Kragor demands, turning to the wounded dwarf. "How do we get over?"

The dwarf's eyes dart nervously across the water. "Well," he says, his voice trembling slightly, "Old Croaker ferries people across."

Before anyone can ask who or what Old Croaker is, a massive shape begins to emerge from the murky depths. Even among giant frogs, this creature is truly enormous— easily the size of a small boat, its skin a mottled green and blue, eyes like dark pools of ancient malevolence.

Scarlet steps forward, her movements calm and deliberate. In her hand, she holds one of the dead bats from their earlier discovery. "Easy now," she murmurs, her voice a soothing melody of nature's own language.

With extraordinary skill, Scarlet reaches out with her hand, gently stroking its massive head.

To everyone's amazement, the creature seems to relax under her touch, its previous menace transforming into something almost docile. "We need to cross," she tells it softly. Old Croaker, understanding, moves to the pool's edge.

"Well," Elara says, stepping forward with a mixture of excitement and trepidation, "I'll go first." She carefully climbs onto the frog's broad back, her movements careful but confident. Old Croaker begins to swim across the underground pool, Elara perched atop it like an unlikely queen of this subterranean realm.

TIAMAT'S PRIESTESS

Elara clings to Old Croaker's back as they glide across the underground pool. Dismounting with practiced grace, her sharp eyes survey the cavern. An enormous fire illuminates a scene of unsettling drama—shadows dance across stone, cast by two robed figures kneeling before a tapestry depicting a fearsome multi-headed dragon.

The robes of the dwarf woman and the male elf match the tapestry's hues. The dwarf's blued skin betrays the creeping freezing disease.

Pressing against the cavern wall, Elara watches as Old Croaker swims back for her companions: Halite, Doctor Pepe, Kragor, and Scarlet. Whisper stays behind, guarding their captured dwarf informant.

When the party finally joins Elara on the far shore, Scarlet studies the tapestry with a scholar's precision. "Tiamat," she murmurs, more to herself than to her companions. "The scaled tyrant. Embodiment of greed. One of the betrayer gods, sworn enemy of Bahamut, the Platinum Dragon."

"A betrayer god?!", exclaims Elara.

Startled, the robed figures turn. Their fire-cast shadows loom monstrosly. The dwarf is undoubtedly Hulil Lutan, Tiamat's priestess.

"Halt!" Hulil barks, her voice crackling with

authority. Her diseased skin gleams with those telltale blue streaks. "Who dares approach our sacred space? Drop your weapons and explain yourselves!"

Elara steps forward, her diplomatic mask sliding into place. "We are sent by the dragons," she says smoothly, "to understand the origin of this disease."

Elara's deception falls flat, and Hulil lets out a sharp, mirthless laugh. "Lies! You're nothing but intruders!"

Kragor responds, a sickening glow crackling as he hexes the elf. From his outstretched hand a purple shock of darkness blasts forward but misses and strikes stone harmlessly.

Scarlet charges, swinging her quarterstaff fueled by druidic power, but misses the elf by inches. On the other hand, Doctor Pepe's crossbow bolt finds the elf's neck, silencing him forever.

Halite throws his javelin with horrifying force and it pierces Hulil's hip, pain twisting her features. "Flee!" she commands in response, magical compulsion threading her words. But Halite's will remains unbroken.

A spectral sword materializes, its pommel shaped like a dragon's claw. It swings at Halite, missing him by a hairsbreadth.

Elara's shortbow sings, her arrow finding Hulil's shoulder. The dwarf winces but remains standing.

Kragor now turns his hex on Hulil, firing another eldritch blast that goes wildly off-target.

Doctor Pepe's next shot is solid, sinking deep into Hulil's shoulder and driving her back momentarily.

Hulil's hand summons a sickly green, jagged blade. She swings it at Halite, but his armor deflects the strike. Then, with practiced motion, she pulls out a potion and drinks. Instantly, her wounds begin to heal.

In the dimly lit cavern, Elara's fingers dance

over her shimmering harp. Hulil pauses as the chilling notes paint vivid fears across her mind, yet, fortified by sheer willpower, she resists the full force of the arcane assault.

With a gesture imbued with ancient malevolence, Kragor again unleashes his eldritch blast, a tendril of otherworldly light that tears through the fabric of reality, wrapped in the chill embrace of necrotic energies. This time the blast impacts Hulil, and it seethes with the whispers of forgotten realms, unraveling her very essence beneath a suffocating miasma of decay. The force spreads like a dark plague, methodically consuming vitality and sowing despair in its wake, leaving naught but a hollow echo of cosmic dread.

Allowing no time for Hulil to recover, Scarlet channels natural energy through her quarterstaff, its wood shimmering with an ethereal glow. As the staff connects with Hulil's jaw, Scarlet's druidic power amplifies the force of the strike, delivering a bone-jarring impact that crackles with mystical energy.

Hulil staggers to her feet, fury and agony blazing in her eyes like twin infernos. Doctor Pepe, with ice-cold precision, discharges another bolt, tearing into the dwarf priestess's abdomen.

Nearby, Halite hears a splash behind him but remains steadfast. With a swift motion, he plunges his javelin into Hulil's heart. Her eyes wide, the fire within them slowly extinguishing as she collapses, she rasps a final curse: "May you be consumed by endless desire... let your victories sow only tyranny and ruin... may all... you covet... turn to ash in your grasp."

BEAST GONNA FEAST

Meanwhile, hearing the sounds of battle echoing across the cavern, Whisper knocks out the bound dwarf. Determined to join the fray, she attempts to scamper across the cave wall. Instead, she slips and falls with a splash into the water.

Old Croaker startles at the sudden disturbance.

The massive frog's head snaps toward Whisper, jaws wide, but miraculously misses. Whisper swims away from the predatory amphibian and begins climbing the wall again.

Old Croaker leaps at Whisper but cannot quite reach her, its massive form creating waves in the underground pool.

Elara attempts to calm the massive frog. "O magnificent amphibian, if you take us back across," she offers, "we'll give you more food." But Old Croaker has other ideas. "Kitten sandwich," the frog seems to communicate, eyeing Whisper with hungry intent.

Kragor hexes the frog and attempts to blast it with eldritch energy. "Damn it!" he curses as the blast goes wide.

Doctor Pepe also shoots wildly into the darkness, his bolt disappearing without effect.

"Who needs enemies with friends like these," Elara sighs.

Whisper manages to scramble away into the main cavern, and drops to the floor. "Fucking frog!" she mutters.

Halite surveys the aftermath of battle, a grim idea forming. With raw, brutal strength, he reaches down to the fallen elf and— with a sickening tear— removes a hand from the corpse. He tosses it to Elara, who catches it with a mixture of horror and fascination.

Old Croaker lurches toward Elara, its massive form seeking a meal. The frog's jaws snap, but miraculously miss her. Elara, her stomach turning, holds out the elf's hand. The massive amphibian sits back, mouth opening like an oversized baby bird expecting a treat.

"Lovely," she mutters. She tosses the hand into the frog's waiting maw. Old Croaker catches it with frightening efficiency, then silently slips back into the pool, leaving nothing but ripples in its wake.

WHAT LIES WITHIN

The party scans the room. Beyond the bodies and the imposing altar, a single chest sits conspicuously against the cavern wall. The massive Tiamat tapestry looms overhead, its multi-headed dragon seeming to watch their every move.

A quick search of the bodies yields eight gold pieces and five silver pieces, but no keys.

Doctor Pepe approaches the chest, his rogue's eye immediately drawn to its unusual lock. Shaped like a dragon's head, the lock bristles with intrigue. Small pin holes pepper its surface, each filled with a fine blue powder. "Interesting," he mutters, carefully examining the mechanism.

Using a leather pouch to protect his hand, he begins to extract the blue powder. It's abundant, but his practiced fingers manage to contain most of it within the pouch.

Scarlet steps forward to examine the chest. She closes her eyes and murmurs, "Revela nocuit et morbus." As the words weave through the air, a soft luminous aura emanates from her hands, casting an ethereal glow.

"There's magical contagion in the pouch," she warns. "And in the chest itself." She pauses, her gaze shifting. "Oh, and Old Croaker? Definitely venomous."

Working together with Elara, Doctor Pepe carefully picks the lock. The chest opens with a soft click, revealing its treasures: a gilded scroll case, a jade statuette of a storm giant, a quiver with six clearly magical arrows, a silver ring set with a jasper stone, 800–900 coins, and an old notebook.

"These," Doctor Pepe says, "match the items on Urgan's receipt. Except the two blue vials are missing."

Doctor Pepe beckons the others closer. With meticulous care, he removes the chest's contents, ensuring no blue powder is disturbed. He begins to count the coins, his fingers moving methodically. "Let's see," he mutters.

"415 copper pieces, 234 silver pieces, 43 electrum pieces, and 112 gold pieces."

Halite takes the notebook, his massive hands carefully turning the pages. His eyes narrow as he reads Hulil's journal. "This is interesting," he says. "Hulil was trying to collect funds to purchase a cure for her disease. She sold one of the blue vials to someone named Irven Liel."

The party exchanges knowing glances, the weight of their discovery hanging in the air like a promise of deeper mysteries yet to be unraveled.

With nothing more to explore, and exhausted from the morning's events, they decide to leave. They coax Old Croaker once more with bat treats, using the massive frog to ferry them back across the underground pool. Retracing their steps, they exit the cavern.

As they step outside, they find the sun high in the sky, its warm light a stark contrast to the damp, dark world they've just left behind.

Whisper looks back at the cave entrance. "Fucking frog," she mutters under her breath.

FRIGID WOE



AS THE SUN SETS OVER PALEBANK Village, casting a warm glow, the adventurers return to Gramini's shop. Seeking answers about the mysterious blue powder, they notice a familiar sight—their own traded t-shirt featuring Scanlan Shorthalt, now framed above a lipstick-stained autographed card, and priced at 500 gold pieces. Unfortunately, Gramini has no insight to offer, but does recommend speaking to Elro and to a retired wizard named Westeroff.

On the way back to the Jolly Dwarf, the party encounters Elro. "Hail, my friends. What news do you bring?" he asks.

Elara explains all that has happened in the cavern: the bandits, the frogs—especially Old Croaker, and Hulil's role as the leader. Elro responds, "That explains the deranged dwarf our Glassblades caught running by town with his hands bound. He's now in jail. I thank you for ridding our village of the scum. There was a bounty on that gang: 75 gold pieces. You've earned it."

Kragor blurts out, "Have you heard the name Irven Liel?"

"No," responds Elro. "Should I have?"

"I don't know. But we found a journal of Hulil's, and it recorded that she sold an Aeorian artifact—a blue vial—to one Irven Liel. We believe this vial is connected to the sickness." Kragor goes on to explain Hulil's condition, the blue powder seen in the chest, and the vials.

"That does seem consequential. I will post a message to Syrinlya about this. It's an outpost of Uthodurn on Foren, one of the Isles of Eiselcross—perhaps they can make something of your tale," says Elro. "Meanwhile, I suggest you ask about town for this Liel fellow."

THE LIEL-TETHWICKS

Once the party arrives at the Jolly Dwarf, Elara approaches the bar with a knowing smile. "We'd love to get some dinner, Arl," she requests smoothly, sliding six silver pieces across the counter. "Coming right up," Arl replies, flashing a grin as he pockets the coins.

Once seated, Elara's gaze lingers on a nearby family she recognizes from earlier. They seem a motley bunch: two adult men and twin tiefling girls. Curiosity piqued, she leans closer and asks Arl, "Who's the family over there?"

Arl scratches his beard. "Oh, them? That's the Liel-Tethwicks. Irven there is a bookseller, traveling far and wide. On their way to Uthodurn, they are."

Halite perks up at the mention of books. "A bookseller? Fancy myself a reader," he comments, a hint of enthusiasm in his voice.

Irven Liel, overhearing, turns to them with a friendly wave. "Indeed, we are booksellers," he confirms. "Irven Liel, at your service. This is my dearest husband, Fenton Tethwick; and our two lovely daughters, Honor & Magic. We take orders and ship to stores from here to Uthodurn—wholesalers. Even Gramini is planning to stock some of our best sellers."

Recognizing the name "Irven Liel" from Hulil's journal, Whisper, ever the blunt one, asks outright, "How about vials?"

Irven's expression briefly turns guarded. "Uh, who have you been talking to? I don't know about any vials."

"What kind of books do you sell?" Elara asks, trying to avoid spooking the merchant before having the chance to get his whole story.

Irven, his caution momentarily set aside, says "Oh, 'Feather Leather' is flying off the shelf these days." He laughs at his own joke.

Halite gives a good-natured sigh, a touch disappointed that Irven isn't in retail business directly. "Shame you're not a typical bookseller; could have browsed all afternoon."

Elara leans in, her voice lowered and serious. "We're on a quest to solve the popsicle sickness affecting the village. We came across some blue vials, and your name is connected to them."

Irven swallows visibly, his glance darting to one of his daughters before he replies, "The vial... I hope it has nothing to do with the sickness." His voice gains a note of concern.

Halite, sensing a deeper conversation is needed, suggests, "Perhaps we should speak privately." Irven nods, then turns to his husband. "Fenton, could you keep an eye on the girls?" To the tieflings, he says, "Daddy's just going to discuss book business with these fine folk."

Fenton Tethwick nods in understanding and begins talking animatedly with the twins, keeping them distracted.

In a quieter corner of the tavern, Irven reveals a small blue vial from his coat, a hairline crack marring its otherwise perfect surface. "I bought this from a woman named Hulil who needed quick money. Met her on the road," he explains, a touch of defensiveness creeping into his tone. "Is this related to the disease? She claimed it was a magical artifact from Aeor, something that would fetch a high price. I paid 40 gold with the intent of selling it for much more."

Whisper, sensing the urgency of the situation, interjects gently, "Perhaps you'd allow Scarlet to check for the disease?"

Irven nods hesitantly, his anxiety clear. "My whole family has touched this..." he confesses, fear evident in his eyes.

Scarlet focuses, fetching something from her pouch and murmuring an incantation under her breath. A soft glow emanates from her hands as she confirms, "It's the same magical contagion, just like in the chest we found." She gives Irven a serious look. "I think you should

spend some quality time with your children," she advises. Irven blanches. His shoulders slump, his fear for his family's safety evident in his eyes. Doctor Pepe takes the fragile vial into his pouch with extreme care, remarking, "Best not to touch this further."

Halite adds, "Anyone in the family showing any symptoms? Blue streaks of the skin? Inner chill? Slowed movements?" Irven shakes his head, his relief tempered by worry.

Elara gives him a hopeful smile. "Don't lose hope. You've met the right people. We'll find a cure and return."

Irven does his best to smile, gratitude momentarily overshadowing his anxiety. "Thank you. If nothing else, perhaps I can get you a signed copy of 'Feather Leather' when this is over."

Their conversation concluded, the party returns to their table, now laden with an evening meal of salt fish, squid, and bread. As they eat, Whisper suggests, "Maybe we should talk Arl into a deep clean of the area, just in case."

Halite calls Arl over, his voice bearing the gravity of their findings. "Arl, we suspect that some of the items linked to this accursed disease might have been handled here. A thorough cleaning is advisable to ensure safety."

The dwarf's eyes widen, the jovial air around him dissipating like mist in the morning sun. His hands flutter nervously. "You're saying... here? In my inn? By the gods, what if it's already spread?"

Sensing his rising panic, Elara steps in smoothly, her voice a balm of reassurance. "Arl, take a deep breath. We've caught this early enough, and with some care, we can prevent any further trouble. Trust us, we're on top of this."

Arl nods, though his brow remains furrowed with concern. "Right, right. I'm on it. I'll have the place spick and span before the next round of guests even consider laying a foot in

here!” His voice quivers with determination as he hurries off toward the back. But before he retreats entirely, he turns back toward the adventurers, his eyes pleading yet grateful. “Make sure Elro knows what you’ve uncovered. If anyone can coordinate the village through this, it’s him. And thank you... truly.” He disappears into the back of the inn, leaving the party in the flickering warmth of the common room.

THE CAUSE AND THE CURE

The lingering warmth of the Jolly Dwarf fades as the adventurers step into the chill evening air, the glow of lamps casting long shadows across the path. They gird themselves for another trek in the icy wilderness, but the promise of knowledge draws them toward the dwelling of the wizard Westeroff.

Just as they’re about to depart, Elro approaches with hurried steps, his breath visible in the cold as he greets them. “Ah, just in time,” he says, voice laced with urgency. “I’ve received word from my contacts. They’ve confirmed some crucial details about this disease— called the Frigid Woe.”

The party gathers closer, attentive. “Frigid Woe?” Elara echoes, eyes wide.

“Yes,” Elro affirms, nodding gravely. “It is a weapon that originates from Aeor, and it is familiar to the folks of Eiselcross. But there is hope— a cure exists, stored in golden vials by the Aeorians— a milky white liquid. Wherever Urgon found the blue vials, that might be our best hope of finding a cure.”

Kragor scratches his chin thoughtfully. “And you believe the Aeorians created this... to fight the gods?”

Elro nods. “Precisely. They despised the gods, and Frigid Woe might have been some experimental weapon against them.” He reaches into his satchel, producing a small pouch and extending it to them. “This is

100 gold pieces. Your reward for solving the mystery of this sickness.”

Before anyone can respond, he inquires, “Have you accounted for all of the powder?”

Doctor Pepe steps forward, “We’ve managed to gather all we could, from both of the vials that Urgon found.”

Elro continues, “I want to hire you to travel to Foren and retrieve this cure. There’s a ship, the Remorhaz, that will take you there. Find the cure, use of it what you need, but the rest... At Syrinlya, you’ll find an elf, an Uthordurnian, that goes by the moniker ‘The Buyer’. Give the cure to him, and he can teleport it back here to Palebank. Do this, and you will be rewarded 200 gold.”

Elara, ever the bargain hunter, stirs the conversation. “Considering the journey’s danger, perhaps we require a bit more compensation for our troubles...”

Elro gives her an appraising look, recognizing the negotiation for what it is. “I’ll tell you what— securing these blue vials is vital. We can’t risk any more exposure. I’ll give you 200 gold now for the both of them.”

Satisfied with the transaction, Elara turns to less mercantile matters. “What about Irvén’s family, Elro? They’ve handled the powder.”

Understanding the weight of her concern, Elro promises, “I’ll see to it that they’re looked after.” The sincerity in his eyes reflect his commitment to his people. “But their best chance is for you to find the cure. Join the Remorhaz at the docks tomorrow morning, and godspeed in your search.”

NOVICES BECOME ADEPTS

As night casts its velvet cloak over Palebank Village, the adventurers decide to postpone their errands until the next day. They return to the warmth of the Jolly Dwarf, each contemplating the challenges to come, and each

preparing to rise to meet them in their own way.

ELARA'S MELODIES

Elara sits cross-legged, her harp resting in her lap. Her fingers begin a gentle dance across the strings, pulling forth harmonies that weave enchantments into the air. Each note is a thread of light, etching new incantations into her soul. She breathes deeply, and with each exhale, she unlocks a melody for healing, soothing as a lullaby carried on a gentle breeze.

Her focus deepens as the harp sings secrets and tales untold. A profound understanding blossoms within her—an unfolding of expertise perfectly attuned to performance and persuasion. The music whispers of connections, of influence, and suddenly, untapped potentials reveal themselves. She feels an unexpected strength, as though no skill is beyond her grasp.

As the final chord fades like a promise into the air, Elara stands, her heart ready to enchant the world beyond the tavern's doors. Her melody is an invitation to the stories waiting for her.

WHISPER'S SILENT GROWTH

In a shadowed corner of the bustling tavern, Whisper meditates, her eyes closed to the revelry around her. The scent of ale and roasting meat drifts past, unnoticed. Deep within her, a soft glow emanates, invisible among the clamor. She envisions her paws moving with blinding speed, imagining a flurry of precise blows. Her mind crafts a dance of agility, untouchable and swift.

Her meditation grows deeper, unlocking secrets of uncanny resilience. An internal wellspring reveals itself, capable of conjuring healing warmth in times of need. The tavern's noise recedes as strength flows through her veins. Whisper opens her eyes, calm and recharged, ready to step into the world beyond with renewed vigor.

SCARLET'S COMMUNION WITH NATURE

Scarlet stands by an open window, the night air alive with the scent of pines. She surrenders to the rhythm of the earth, her pulse syncing with the heartbeat of the soil. Against the swirling snow, an owl materializes from the darkness, its eyes twin moons reflecting wild mysteries. It lands on her shoulder, bringing with it an aura of calm authority.

In that silent exchange, Scarlet absorbs knowledge and guidance from the owl, feeling its ancient wisdom permeate her. She learns to embrace the forms of earthly creatures, realizing that these shapes are not mere disguises but expressions of the natural world's spirit.

Her mind envisions herself as a lithe wolf leaping through snow, a spider weaving webs, a silent rat, a charging boar. With her companion perched beside her, Scarlet feels ready to delve into nature's mysteries, newly emboldened by the owl's presence.

HALITE'S MARTIAL RESOLVE

By the hearth, Halite sits enveloped in the glow of crackling fire. Snowflakes strike the frosted windows, whispering secrets of distant mountains. His mind drifts back to battles past, his tactical acumen sharpened over countless conflicts.

With the heat of the meal and hearth, a shift occurs within him. His warrior spirit thrums louder than the winter winds, power tingling through his veins. He imagines the battlefield where, when stakes are highest, he might unleash two brutal strikes in a heartbeat.

His strategic mind sharpens, foreseeing paths to success even in uncertainty, channeling physical and mental stamina into piercing clarity. Halite rises, his eyes gleaming with the promise of battles yet to come, thankful for the land's icy gifts shaping his destiny.

KRAGOR'S ARCANES RESONANCE

The wind howls as Kragor sits alone, tracing patterns in the frosty air. He dwells on the night before— a restless night as if he had nightmares he could not remember. Upon waking he'd found his fingernails cracked and caked with mud, despite recalling his fastidious evening routine. Lost in these thoughts, an arcane potential vibrates in the air unnoticed.

As he absent-mindedly mutters an incantation, the cosmic swirl of his thoughts unlocks a hidden door. An esoteric rite unfolds, and to his astonishment, a warm surge of magic fills him, restoring some of the energy he expended earlier— a tether to a newfound reservoir of power.

Kragor feels further pulses of unfamiliar eldritch energy. Tentatively, he pulls at invisible strands of weave, knitting a protective cocoon around his form. As the surge reaches its zenith, he senses new ferocity in his ability to blast foes with beams of crackling energy. This agonizing blast will now carry his own formidable willpower in every cast, more impactful than ever before.

Empowered, Kragor contemplates this new reality, still alone yet invigorated, clutching these gifts like lifelines against the cold.

DOCTOR PEPE'S SUBTLE MASTERY

In the dancing shadows, Doctor Pepe reclines near the hearth, his mind whirring through possibilities. As a rogue, his path is a tapestry of subtlety and effectiveness, and tonight, he seeks to enhance these skills further.

Sipping spiced cider, an internal shift sharpens his senses. Every sound— the clink of tankards, the creak of floorboards— crystalizes into focus. He realizes time yields to his will, revealing an ability to exploit the lulls between heartbeats.

Grinning, he tests this newfound quickness, running a stealthy route between tables up to the rooms, completely undetected.

Each moment forms with unclouded insight, readying him to weave through shadows, more agile than swirling snow.

As night deepens, each adventurer, transformed by their experiences within the Jolly Dwarf, readies for the unknowns awaiting on Foren. Outside, whispers of snow and secrecy abound, but with increasing potential, each one braces for the stories and trials of tomorrow.

PREPARE FOR DEPARTURE

The next morning, the adventurers awake well-rested and invigorated. The warmth of the inn lingers like an inviting blanket, fortifying them against the chill that awaits outside. After a hearty breakfast and a few shared laughs, their eyes are set on the tasks ahead.

Their path leads first to Mathias's Stuff, an establishment with all the disarrayed charm of a barn filled with a collector's treasures. There the party quickly trades with the harried elf proprietor Mathias to procure equipment and provisions for their expedition: a quarterstaff for Whisper, a few javelins for Halite, bolts and arrows for Doctor Pepe and Elara, a unique two-billed olive drab hat for Doctor Pepe, and a month's provisions. They more than offset their purchases by selling the scimitars and crossbows they acquired from the defeated bandits.

Thanks to Kragor's curiosity, they also learn a useful tidbit about Eiselcross from Mathias. The lands are inhabited by "wild folk" who largely keep to themselves, except for one group among them: a violent group whose members have black streaks across their faces.

Anxious to discover as much as they might of the Aeorian artifacts Urgan found, they make their next stop the home of Westeroff, the retired wizard mentioned by Gramini. But, they learn little to help them: Westeroff is not a fan of music; a spellcasting costing them five gold reveals the dagger is magical; and the remaining items are mundane although

valuable.

During the discussions, Halite eyes a crystal appropriate for arcane focus. He is taken by it, although he is no spellcaster himself, and agrees to pay ten gold for it from his own stash.

Surreptitiously, Doctor Pepe slips aside with Westeroff to identify the properties of a garnet he has been concealing, the exchange of five gold pieces masked beneath the party's ongoing conversation. Whatever he learns, he keeps to himself.

Errands concluded, the six depart to meet their ship and begin their journey to Eiselcross.

THE REMORHAZ

The docks of Palebank Village are beginning to bustle as the adventurers approach the sleek silhouette of the Remorhaz, its sails furled and ready. The icy wind nips at their cheeks, adding a rosy hue to faces already aglow with anticipation. Elro greets the party, his presence a reassuring anchor amidst the chaos of departure preparations.

"When you arrive," Elro instructs, "find Orvo Mustave in Syrinlya. He knows the lay of the land. Remember, send back the cure once you've secured it—the Buyer can teleport it directly to us."

Kragor nods, his grave expression matching the gravity of their mission. "Snowshoes—are they useful for the ice?" he inquires. Elro chuckles dryly. "On Foren, where lava sometimes flows under a thin veneer of ice, yes, they'll come in handy."

"How big is this Syrinlya? And how long will our trip be?" Scarlet asks.

"Oh, I'd say there's about 250 souls there. And the trip is not too long. I expect you'll arrive about four days hence," replies Elro.

Whisper surveys the Remorhaz as the party is brought on board. It is a small ship with three sails, armed with two ballistas, one fore

and one aft. "A fast ship meant as a scout and message courier," she thinks to herself.

Aboard, Captain Stonebeard presents a polished performance. His eyes twinkle with exaggerated warmth as Elro steps aboard, each syllable dripping with supplication. "Ah, welcome to the Remorhaz, Master Elro," he croons, offering a low bow as if addressing nobility. The captain's voice is rich as cream, his deferential tone almost theatrical.

Elro acknowledges him with a nod, the hint of a smile touching his lips. "I trust you'll see them safely to Syrinlya, Captain. Their mission is of utmost importance." Stonebeard gestures expansively around the ship, his posture rigidly respectful. "But of course, Master Elro. We are honored to have them."

Even as they talk of weather patterns and navigation routes, Stonebeard's demeanour remains flawless. His subordinates echo his pleasantries with subtle nods and murmurs of agreement. The atmosphere is one of airbrushed civility—concealing the practical grittiness essential to life at sea.

However, the moment the Remorhaz pushes past the harbor's mouth and Palebank diminishes into a mere silhouette against the frosty horizon, a discernible shift occurs, like the release of a drawn bowstring.

Captain Stonebeard's genial façade melts away, replaced by the steely visage of a seasoned mariner. "Alright, enough pandering," he declares brusquely, rolling his shoulders as if shedding a constrictive garment. "This ship won't sail itself, and there's work to be done."

The party exchanges looks of mild surprise, prompting Stonebeard to offer a half-smile. "Don't look so shocked," he rumbles. "Out here, we run a tight ship, which means everybody pitches in."

Whisper, ever the quick study, steps forward. "What can I do? I have... some experience at sea," she says humbly.

Stonebeard appraises her lithely efficient frame.

“Help Haldor with the rigging. Keep those sails tight.”

Whisper nods and springs into action, her tabaxi agility well-suited to the task. The ropes hum under her deft hands as she climbs, earning an appreciative nod from Haldor.

Meanwhile, the rest of the crew— First Mate Ironfist, navigator Mera, chef Ingrid, and various deckhands— move about the deck with practiced ease.

Ingrid leans over the galley’s entrance, her voice booming, “Who among you knows their way around a kitchen?”

Scarlet raises a hand with a grin. “Cooking up something warm sounds perfect right now.”

Halite joins Scarlet in the kitchen, exchanging pleasantries with Ingrid as they prepare a hearty stew, the aroma rich with spices mingling in the cold air.

THE SNOWY PLOVER

Doctor Pepe, Elara, and Kragor set out to fish off the stern, each facing the sea’s challenge in their own way. Doctor Pepe excels, deftly handling his rod, while Kragor grumbles over his struggles, recalling the scarcity of such opportunities in Bladegarden.

Elara’s net returns empty, sparkling with only water. She muses, “The ocean guards its treasures today.” Kragor, undeterred, hauls in his net with effort, a mystery weighing it down. “I’ve got something... big!” he exclaims, sweat betraying the cold air.

Haldor helps him retrieve the load, revealing an ancient, barnacle-encrusted anchor inscribed with faded letters, “.he .lowy plover.” Whisper’s eyes light up with recognition. “The Snowy Plover!” she gasps, recalling tales of a privateer’s elusive ship. Captain Stonebeard, intrigued, examines it, seeing a storied addition to the Remorhaz.

Meanwhile, Doctor Pepe succeeds in bringing in an abundant catch, his net teeming with fish. The captain, pleased, acknowledges

their efforts. “A week’s provisions,” he claps, satisfied with both Pepe’s skill and their stroke of oceanic luck.

THE UNEXPECTED GOURMET CHEF

Below deck, Chef Ingrid commands the kitchen with precision, a moon-and-rune amulet around her neck softly clinking. She casts an appraising gaze at Halite. “We will teach you to cook,” she declares, and he nods with curiosity.

The galley buzzes with warmth and laughter as Ingrid demonstrates her ritualistic cooking methods. “Here, like this,” she instructs, guiding Halite through chopping vegetables with tactical precision.

“Start a restaurant when this is over!” Scarlet jokes, sparking a twinkle in Ingrid’s eyes. As Halite presents their culinary creation, the table transforms into a feast: roasted fish glistening with oils, spiced vegetables, and golden bread.

A reverent silence follows the first taste. Elara’s eyes widen in delight. “By the stars, what sorcery is this?” she exclaims. Kragor, usually stoic, is awed. “This could rival any feast in Bladegarden,” he admits. Agreement ripples through the adventurers.

Whisper purrs contentedly while Doctor Pepe grins roguishly. “Ingrid,” he proclaims with a fork’s flourish, “your cooking is divine ambrosia.”

Ingrid, though gruff, smiles slightly, her amulet flickering like a secret torchbearer. “Serviceable, then?” she asks, already knowing the answer.

Scarlet ceremoniously reaches for seconds. “I could believe this meal holds a druid’s magic,” she chuckles.

THE BARD PERFORMS

After the meal, the night sky sprawls over the ship like a grand tapestry spun from a dark

magician's loom, stars embedded in the fabric in shimmering constellations that dance in tune with the gentle swells of the sea below. The vessel cuts a silent path through the water, its sails billowing like the unfurled wings of a great celestial bird.

Halite stands towering and firm, with broad shoulders reminiscent of his mountain home. In his gentle hand, he lifts Elara, who now wears an ensemble similar to the garb of dryads and nymphs. She spins, her skirts capturing echoes of ancient songs, her voice a melody above the waves captivating all aboard. Her feet barely graze the timbers, yet it seems the deck itself moves to the rhythm of her bewitching performance.

The seasoned crew, hardened by the sea, find themselves enchanted, moving as if under a benevolent spell, their feet tapping and bodies swaying in time with the bard's ethereal dance. Even the ship's wheel turns with newfound joy.

At the helm is Mera, the usually stern navigator, now smiling widely, her eyes twinkling. She joins in, clapping to Elara's tune, her warm voice breaking the night's rhythm with laughter.

"You," Mera announces, "are the liveliest group we've ever shared this deck with!"

Amidst this spellbound camaraderie, sea and sky blur, the ship an island of revelry on endless waters. The adventurers and crew retire well-fed, sleep coming easily... for most.

A FLUMPH FEVER DREAM

Scarlet drifts into a fevered dream, where she transforms into a flumph in a surreal Underdark kitchen. Her halfling form dissolves, and her senses morph— colors become emotions, and telepathic whispers surround her.

As a flumph, Scarlet floats through this otherworldly kitchen, propelled by gentle bursts of gas that emit soft notes harmonizing

with her thoughts. Her new perspective reveals the flavors of the Underdark: savory spores from glowing mushrooms, earthy cave lichens, and the briny essence of an underground spring.

Scarlet uses her tendrils to sense psychic vibrations from ingredients, uncovering their essence in waves of color and emotion. She crafts dishes with instinctive precision, her mind orchestrating each task like a conductor.

Communicating with ingredients via telepathy, Scarlet coaxes out hidden qualities and balances flavors into a dance on the palate. She infuses each dish with psychic energy, transforming the meal into a nourishing, enlightening experience.

As the fever dream weaves its finale, Scarlet's consciousness begins to ebb back to reality, her experience as a flumph leaving an indelible mark on her aspirations and inspirations. Awakening with a start, she finds herself back in the familiar surroundings, her halfling body reclaimed but her gastronomic spirit forever expanded by the echoes of her uncanny adventure in the Underdark.

IRON CHEF

The day dawns dull and gray, with flurries meeting the sea's gentle waves. High above the decks on the Remorhaz, Whisper and Haldor bond against the ship's soft creaks. "I've never known a day without snow," Haldor admits, his fingers tracing the ropes.

"Truly? Not once?" Whisper asks, intrigued.

"Born in it," he replies. "Though fishing runs in my veins. Glassblades pay well, but the peace of fishing is unmatched. Everyone should learn to fish."

Whisper nods, recalling her warm southern seas where the sun dances lazily on the waves. "The water there welcomes you like an old friend," she says.

Haldor listens, enchanted by the idea of warm seas and ... swimming! "Sounds wonderful," he

says longingly. “I must learn of these waters.” He shows Whisper how to tackle stubborn ice frozen into the ropes, his fingers deft from life in icy lands.

Kragor steps onto the deck, shivering but focused, and casts his net into the sea. As he hauls it back, he’s caught by surprise—not just fish but a barnacle-crusting brass oil lamp lands in his hand. “There’s something to polish,” he murmurs, weighing it in his palm, assessing the worth—a silver’s gain, perhaps.

Elara joins the hunt as well, casting her net into the swirling depths. But it is met with cruel resistance, and the fibers rend and tear. Undeterred, Elara rallies a few seasoned crew hands to help her mend and weave the net whole once more.

Halite’s and Scarlet’s efforts pay off as their nets bring up a writhing mass of fish, including an iridescent marlin, tuna, and musk flounder, making quite an impression with the crew.

With the day’s catch secured, the adventurers gather in the ship’s warm galley. Chef Ingrid, eyes bright with pride, welcomes them with a smile.

“Gather ’round, friends! The sea has blessed us, and I invite you to craft a feast worthy of our journey,” she announces, gesturing to the array of fresh fish. “I’ll share the secrets of a meal so fine, even the gods would envy us.”

The galley buzzes as the adventurers gather around Ingrid, each busy with chopping and seasoning under her watchful eye. Three particularly adept students catch her attention: Kragor, Halite, and Doctor Pepe.

Kragor, with surprising delicacy, carefully fillets a fish. “Didn’t know I’d be good at anything more than swinging a war hammer,” he mused.

Ingrid nods, adjusting his grip. “Precision is key, Kragor, whether in the kitchen or on the battlefield.”

Halite, assessing spices for his rub, observes, “It’s like a strategic battle plan. Each

seasoning has its purpose.”

“Well said, Halite,” Ingrid replies, admiring his work. “Strategy is both simple and bold, in combat and flavor.”

Nearby, Doctor Pepe peels vegetables with the finesse of a master thief. “Cooking is like planning a perfect heist,” he jokes. “But the treasure’s tastier.”

Ingrid chuckles. “You’ve certainly stolen the show, Doctor Pepe.”

As the meal’s aroma fills the galley, Ingrid gathers them around the table. “Feast your eyes and senses,” she declares. “This is more than food—it’s the fruit of your labor.”

Each adventurer basks in a warm glow of satisfaction. Their hearts are as full as their bellies; the bonds between them strengthen with shared laughter and the subtle symphony of clinking plates. Chef Ingrid, her eyes twinkling with a mixture of pride and mischief, approaches Kragor, Halite, and Doctor Pepe. With a flourish as grand as any mage’s spell, she unfurls a satchel of gleaming cooking utensils before them.

“Behold,” she declares, her voice a melodic lilt that dances on the evening breeze, “for you have not merely consumed a feast of meals, but of knowledge. You have stirred the cauldron of curiosity, seasoned your souls, and now, you too are alchemists of flavor. May these tools guide your hands as you concoct dishes that rival the nectar of the gods themselves.”

As he admires their handiwork and their instructor, Kragor’s curiosity is piqued by the amulet dangling from Chef Ingrid’s neck. It is a grand silver talisman of a crescent moon alongside an array of arcane runes. His deep voice gruff yet oddly gentle, he asks “Chef Ingrid, what is that shiny thing around your neck? Looks... important.”

Ingrid replies, her gaze distant, anchored yet free. “Ah, a trifle,” she murmurs, the moon’s silver glow reflected softly within her eyes. “It is a simple reminder of my connection to the

moon, nothing more.”

Kragor nodded slowly, satisfied with the simple explanation. “Ah, nice. Moon is... nice.”

Ingrid chuckles softly, her eyes momentarily distant as if recalling secrets long kept. But with Kragor content and unlikely to probe further, the moment passes.

THE CRICK QUEEN’S CALL

After the splendid meal, the crew gathers on the main deck, their camaraderie warming the cool sea air. The formal atmosphere dissolves into laughter, drifting alongside seabirds’ cries. Captain Stonebeard, usually stoic, joins them, a rare smile on his lips.

Mera, the navigator, clears a space among the tarps and rigging, revealing a makeshift table from wooden crates. “Shall we play ‘The Crick Queen’s Call’?” she proposes, her tone promising intrigue.

Whisper, perched aloft in the rigging, casts a disinterested glance, her paws busy with knots.

Players gather, each contributing a silver piece to the pot. Mera’s eyes gleam with competitive fire as she begins the opening move. Kragor grins, tusks gleaming as he raises the stakes, challenging with a clink of silver.

Elara, Doctor Pepe, and Halite accept the challenge, sliding their tokens forward. The game is a tapestry of glances, strategies, and the jangle of coins.

Scarlet leans back, watching the tides of fortune. “Some hands aren’t worth playing,” she says, folding.

Elara, graceful as in her musical performances, reveals “The Even Hand,” drawing groans and applause. “I hope you’re not always this lucky,” Kragor grumbles, amused.

Coins shift toward Elara, but Doctor Pepe grins, eyes gleaming. “Time for a rematch,” he challenges. Another round, with spirits

undeterred.

This time, Doctor Pepe’s luck turns, his hand a bounty of surprise. Applause follows his victory.

“Kept a few tricks hidden, rogue?” Elara teases, recognizing shared cunning.

As night deepens, the game winds down, and players and crew retreat to their bunks, content with the day’s camaraderie.

SHAPES SHIFT IN THE NIGHT

In the heart of night, Halite and Kragor awaken to a cacophony of crashing and banging, immediately vigilant as they identify the disturbance as emanating from the kitchen. Within moments, they nudge Elara and Scarlet into wakefulness.

Alert and battle-ready, Halite takes point, leading the quartet down the narrow, creaking passageway to the kitchen. There, as the lamplight spills through the doorway, they behold First Mate Ironfist and Haldor, both wide-eyed and tense with faces set like stone, confronting an icy-furred adversary—a fearsome winter wolf with eyes burning frost-blue.

Kragor’s gaze darts about, landing on Ingrid’s amulet, discarded and glinting forlornly on the floor beside one of the bunks. His brows furrow in recognition and curiosity. Without hesitation, he whispers a few arcane words, summoning a protective embrace of magical frost that envelops him, shimmering with power.

Next, Kragor conjures a spectral, floating hand and sends it rushing past the wolf in an attempt to use the ethereal appendage as a distraction. The wolf, however, remains undeterred, its focus shifting toward Ironfist with almost predatory tunnel vision, yet restraint holds its posture for the moment.

Sensing a chance for diplomacy, Elara plucks a

few strings of her harp and chants “Vobiscum natura loquor”. Her voice then rings soft yet authoritative, seeking connection. “Calm, my friend, we mean you no harm. How can we help you?” But the wolf regards her with unwavering silence— this creature is not born of mere wild instinct. Tension thrums through the air as it seems moments away from lunging.

Scarlet withdraws a yew leaf from her pouch. She presses it to her forehead, eyes closing as if to draw insight from ages past. Her arm extends gracefully, and in a swift flick of her wrist, she casts the energy outward. Her voice resonates through the cabin: “Oculi Naturae, aperite ad veritatem; quod latent, patefaciat.” A subtle gleam envelops her, the spell woven, as she opens her senses to all signs of poison and disease. She finds a darker truth beneath fur and fang: lycanthropy dances along the wolf’s essence, a curse as old as time.

The commotion draws more of the crew, Captain Stonebeard included. “What the hey??” he exclaims.

Understanding dawns as suspicion edges Scarlet’s voice: “I think... that... That’s Chef Ingrid!”

Whisper, earlier roused by the clamor, stealthily emerges, taking stock of the escalating scene. She moves with feline grace, fluidly dodging her companions to retrieve the amulet. She pivots, holding out the amulet and asking Haldor with uncertainty, “This should be with Ingrid, shouldn’t it?”

Haldor glances at the amulet, confusion clouding his features. “Ingrid holds that dearer than anything,” he says, clearly puzzled. “She’d never be without it willingly.”

Whisper attempts to withdraw and take the amulet to safety, but the startled wolf lunges, its jaws closing around her arm with a merciless bite. Agony explodes through her senses, and she collapses to the floorboards, desperately clawing for traction to right herself.

In the chaos, Halite takes swift action. With practiced precision, he hurls his net, ensnaring the wild beast in a tangle of coarse fibers.

Kragor sprints forward, snatching the gleaming amulet from Whisper’s trembling grasp. Intent on his objective, he attempts to fasten it around the wolf’s neck, yet the snaring net hinders his movements. Even as he wrestles with the tangled mess, the wolf thrashes free, its eyes ablaze with the primal instinct to flee. It stands cornered, frantic and dangerous.

Amidst the tumult, Elara approaches with an uncanny tranquility. With a deft and unwavering hand, she settles the amulet upon the wolf’s neck. As its fangs snap perilously close to her, an ancient magic unfurls; the transformation is violent and beautiful. Muscles ripple and contort beneath the sleek fur, bones audibly crack and reform with a sickening yet mesmerizing fluidity. The lupine snout retracts painfully back into a familiar dwarven face, eyes flicker from feral to intelligent with startling clarity. The wolf’s savage growls fade into anguished cries as claws withdraw into slender fingers. In mere moments, the fearsome beast dissolves to reveal Ingrid, collapsed and vulnerable, her form shivering under the strain of the metamorphosis.

Silence reins as Ingrid stands, sheepish and shivering, caught between fear and relief. Elara, compassion in her heart, drapes a blanket over the chef’s shoulders. Captain Stonebeard, with weary authority and a tone brooking no argument, commands, “Everyone back to bed! Nothing to see here!”

As the adventurers retreat upstairs, faintly echoing behind them is the Captain’s low voice, tinged with inevitable frustration, “Well why the hells didn’t you tell me before??”

JOURNEY TO EISELCROSS

RAGOR JOLTS AWAKE. FOR THE moment, he is entombed in silent, crushing blue ice. His heart beats sluggishly, almost still. His limbs are heavy, unresponsive, locked in glacial stasis he cannot break. He senses immense weight, groaning sighs of unimaginable pressure, almost imperceptible cracking echoing through the endless blue tomb.

Then, he gasps, back in the Remorhaz's cabin, the phantom cold clinging to him. His hands feel... gritty. Confused, his mind thick with the memory of ice, he raises them into the faint moonlight. Dirt. Dark, loamy earth is packed beneath his fingernails.

Where did this come from? He swings his legs out of the bunk, scanning the cramped space. His bunk is as he left it; nothing is disturbed. Still bewildered, he settles back and begins a slow ritual to attune himself to the presence of magic, desperate for an explanation. Extending his arcane senses, he scans the cabin. Enchanted auras bloom nearby: the dagger Doctor Pepe carries... but also something else he does not recognize. Further away, Ingrid's lycanthropy-suppressing amulet. He checks his bunk, his gear, himself. Nothing. No trace of sorcery explains the vivid nightmare or the impossible dirt. He stares at his hands, the earthy grit a stubborn, unsettling riddle.

Dawn breaks on the fourth day of the adventurer's journey across the Frigid Depths. A thick fog stretches endlessly before the Remorhaz, reducing the world to a spectral canvas of grays and whites. Visibility collapses to a mere fifty feet, transforming the sea into a claustrophobic realm where sound becomes more reliable than sight.

Chef Ingrid prepares a feast of gratitude. Massive platters of smoked fish, hearty breads, and steaming porridge cover the galley table, a culinary apology wrapped in steam and seasoning.

Pulling Whisper aside, Ingrid's voice is soft, almost apologetic. "Sorry about the little nip," she murmurs. "In that form, control is... challenging. I just like to chase cats." A plate of poke appears, raw fish marinated in vibrant seasonings, offered as both peace offering and cultural delicacy.

Captain Stonebeard's voice cuts through the morning calm. "We need all eyes on deck!" The ship's bell rings, a sonic marker declaring their position to potential listeners in this spectral seascape. "Passengers," he commands, "keep your eyes over the rail. Raise the alarm if you spot anything that could lead to collision!"

Whisper and Haldor ascend to the crow's nest, their keen eyes scanning the milk-white horizon. Distant sounds tantalize but remain uncertain, ghosts of noise within the fog.

The Remorhaz tracks southwest, meticulously avoiding island channels. Mera's navigation is a dance of caution, each movement calculated to preserve their safety.

By noon, the crew strains to discern waves against distant shorelines, sound becoming their primary navigation tool. Stonebeard's call for ballista expertise finds Halite ready, positioning himself with two other crew members, prepared for any potential threats.

They reduce speed, approaching with heightened vigilance. Then—a bell, clear and sharp at first, then suddenly silenced.

Screams follow. Yelling. Shouted commands.

Sounds of crunching. Of cracking.

"Everyone! Eyes open!" Stonebeard roars.

Wreckage begins floating past—splintered wood, broken timbers. A massive mast segment drifts into view, three desperate souls clinging to its bulk.

And rising from the depths, a nightmare incarnate: a giant squid, tentacles reaching

hungrily toward the survivors.

The Frigid Depths have claimed another ship as victim— and the Remorhaz stands between potential salvation and certain doom.

The battlefield erupts in a symphony of magical and martial action, each crew member responding to the giant squid's threat with their unique talents.

Kragor chants arcane words, "Mactē virtutē". As the last word is uttered, a sudden chill surges through the air. A shimmering, icy aura begins to emanate from his form, enveloping him in a protective shell of frost. He then moves quickly to the ballista, grabs a large bolt, and loads it. Scarlet then springs to the weapon, her aim sharp and focused on the writhing tentacled horror.

While Scarlet tries to get a bead on the beast, a miraculous scene unfolds near the wreckage: one of the shipwrecked survivors lifts his companion, a ring sparkling eerily on his finger before he inexplicably sprints across the water's surface, defying natural law.

Elara, quick-witted and creative, strums her harp to conjure a minor illusion— a tantalizing, hopefully seductive squid-form designed to confuse their monstrous attacker. As the form fully materializes, her harp strings continue to vibrate with an inspiring melody, empowering Halite with courage and skill.

"Shoot the bastard!" bellows Captain Stonebeard, commanding the crew. He raises his crossbow, but his shot goes wildly wide, sailing harmlessly into the fog.

Doctor Pepe, steadier of hand, takes aim and strikes true. His bolt finds purchase, drawing first blood and scoring a solid hit against the creature.

"I'll bring us broadside!" Mera shouts, maneuvering the ship to attempt a rescue.

From below, Ingrid's voice drifts up incongruously: "Anyone want a sandwich?"

The squid, momentarily confused by Elara's

illusion, probes it with a tentative appendage. Confused, it swings a large tentacle, but the attack passes right through the squid-that-is-not-there. Finally realizing the deception, it shifts focus and savagely attacks the boat, its powerful beak tearing into the hull with devastating force.

Benefiting from the inspiration Elara granted earlier, Halite fires the ballista, a devastating shot that tears into the squid's massive form. The bolt rips through its flesh, but the creature remains terrifyingly active.

Whisper descends from the rigging to join the others on deck, and throws her javelin with deadly precision. The creature writhes under the assault but doesn't slow.

"Two in the water!" Ironfist shouts, attempting to throw a rescue rope to the figure strangely running across the water's surface with another slung over his shoulder. The rope falls pathetically short, landing uselessly in the churning waves. Nonetheless, the water-walking sailor closes the distance, and he and the companion he was carrying clamber up the rope onto the deck. As soon as he steadies himself, his eyes narrow, fixing on the squid with predatory intensity. A crimson thread of arcane energy faintly traces a trail to his chosen prey, marking it with an ethereal brand that he knows will make his every subsequent strike deadly.

Another human suddenly materializes on deck, adding to the chaotic battle... the third survivor of the shipwreck. By his garb, he is clearly a wizard. "By the gods, I'm glad you showed up!" he shouts to the crew. He reaches into his robes and pulls out a small dart along with something slimy looking. He rubs them together and suddenly a sickly shimmering green arrow streaks towards the squid. It lands just short of the mark, yet it splashes and the squid flinches as its skin sizzles where it is touched by the corrosive magic.

Kragor stands firm upon the wooden deck, veins throbbing with dark energy. Sinister tendrils of unearthly mist coil and writhe

from his fingers, weaving through the air like serpents drawn to their prey. An invisible curse ensnares the colossal squid, making its gaze falter, its monstrous tentacles flinch with an unseen dread. “Dolor!” screams Kragor, as a pulsating orb of crackling energy leaps from his war hammer, tearing through the air with a piercing whistle. It collides with the massive squid’s hide, the impact causing the creature to recoil, its tentacles thrashing violently as the energy sizzles and singes them.

Mera maneuvers the ship into a better firing position. Scarlet’s slender fingers trace intricate patterns in the air, drawing forth a mote of pure elemental fire that dances and trembles above her open palm—a spark of primal energy, bright and hungry. With a fluid motion born of wilderness training, she hurls the flame toward the squid’s writhing mass, the blazing projectile arcing through salt-laden wind before striking the creature’s membranous hide, erupting into a consuming conflagration that sears and blisters its pallid flesh.

“Get ready to aim and fire!” Captain Stonebeard bellows as he rapidly reloads the ballista. In that fleeting moment, Doctor Pepe emerges like a phantom, his crossbow bolt striking true into the squid’s vulnerable flank. The beast roars in pain, its thick, dark flesh quivering from the impact.

Enraged and wounded, the colossal squid reacts with malignant fury. Its writhing tentacles thrash through the salt-laden air, and one particularly vicious limb finds its mark on Elara, ensnaring her. Her hands clutch at the slick, unyielding surface of the creature. The harp at her side falls silent as she struggles, caught in the squid’s vice-like grip.

Another abrupt strike from the squid’s beak leaves a gaping wound in the ship’s hull. Thick splinters and dislodged timbers bear silent witness to the beast’s brutal might. Amid the clamor of battle, Ingrid’s voice wafts upward from below, barely registering over the cacophony of combat: “Are you sure you wouldn’t like a sandwich?”

Halite’s broad arm hurls a javelin that whistles through the frigid air, colliding with one of the squid’s thick tentacles. The impact reverberates—a flash of victory as the creature recoils, wounded by the force of his strike. At the same moment, Whisper dashes to Elara’s aid. With feline agility, she slashes at the slimy appendage constricting her, her claws raking into its flesh. A burst of raw determination follows as she unleashes a flurry of attacks that loosen the tentacle’s grip enough for Elara to breathe, but not enough for her to escape.

Across the chaotic deck, Ironfist steadies himself and lines up the ballista, the massive weapon creaking as he aims it squarely at the disordered beast. Not far away, the wiry wizard, face alight with fervor and exhaustion, summons a bolt of shimmering blue energy. The air crackles with ozone as a sustained electric arc connects with the squid, sapping its monstrous vitality.

Kragor charges, hammer raised high in a wild swing, but his blow misses, clanging uselessly against the ship’s railing. Scarlet seizes the moment: she maneuvers nimble fingers over the ballista’s trigger, and its bolt flies ahead, striking home into the beast’s pulsating flesh with a resounding crash. Gerhard then finds his focus. His longbow sings as an arrow arcs through the gloom, finding its target in one of the squid’s unblinking eyes.

Under the relentless assault, the colossal creature falters, its thrashing slowing until it releases Elara and finally sinks into the inky depths. After a gasp of relief, Elara calls out over the din to Ingrid below deck, her voice lilting and defiant, “Sandwiches for everyone!” A surreal endnote to the turmoil—a promise of warmth and camaraderie amid the unforgiving cold.

GERHARD

The crew methodically surveys the damage. The squid’s beak has carved a gaping maw in the ship’s hull, and the task of repair falls heavily on the remaining hands.

Whisper, nimble even in the lingering fear, takes to the rigging, aiding in the salvage operation. She peers into the depths, her vision unnervingly clear, but the fog obscures the scene.

“Keep wits sharp and hearts steadfast,” the captain’s voice cuts through the hush aboard the Remorhaz, a floating island of survival. On decks slick with salt and battle-scrap, weary heroes meet the newcomers: Gerhard, former captain of the lost ship; Rorik, his young crewman; and Bret, a passenger.

“Well met,” Halite says, his voice crisp. “What brings you so far out?”

Gerhard, weathered and mid-thirties, steps forward, brown eyes reflecting relief and deep caution. “Thank you,” he breathes, voice tight with gratitude and disbelief. “The Frostfang... my ship... gone. That squid! I thought I was dead. Ran across the water, carrying Rorik. This family heirloom saved me.” He gestures wildly. “And that aasimar... almost killed! What the hell!”

Rorik, barely seventeen, watches his captain, wide-eyed. Halite, however, stands rigid, scrutinizing Gerhard. Suspicion cuts sharper than the chill air; Halite knows survivors don’t

always bear honest scars.

At the rail, Bret’s robed figure steps forward. Kragor recognizes the sigils: a symbolic design of three inward-pointing diamond shapes with eight curling spires underneath. This wizard is a member of the Cerberus Assembly, a powerful conclave of mages in the Dwendalian Empire. The wizard nods solemnly to Gerhard. “The sea tests us all,” Bret intones. “Perhaps misfortune portends a greater journey.”

Halite’s gaze narrows on Gerhard, pressing. “Specifically, what were you doing out here?”

Gerhard’s breath clouds the frigid air. “My kin have always plied these waters. Fishing... crabbing, mostly.” He falters, eyes darting across the ravaged deck. “But we found a new source of income. Ferrying passengers, mostly one way to Eiselcross.” He gestures toward Bret. “That mage offered a fortune in gold for his transport there and back again.”

Bret stands nearby, clearly agitated, his words laced with a demanding edge. “I require passage to Icehaven, Captain,” he declares, his voice tight with urgency. “I bear tidings of utmost import. Our vessel is lost; I must deliver my news without delay. I will provide recompense for diverting your ship.”



Stonebeard remains unmoved. “Such a course is impossible,” he rumbles, his voice a deep echo of the sea. “My obligations lie with the Glassblades; my route must be followed. You may remain aboard. After completing our appointed rounds, we shall deposit you at Palebank Village. Another vessel can convey you to Icehaven from there. I am heartened we rescued you, fortunate you remain living. But expect no more than offered.” His gaze fixes upon the traveler with steely resolve. “Assist cleaning the foredeck. There is work to be done.”

LAND HO

The afternoon fog clings suffocatingly to the Remorhaz, smothering the sea and reducing the ship to a cautious crawl. In this soup, dead reckoning is Mera’s only guide. Scarlet summons Sparky, her owl companion, a flash of gold against the gray. “Fly up, Sparky,” she commands, voice tight. “Find the sun. Tell me how long it takes. And look for land.”

Sparky beats upward, swallowed instantly by the milky expanse. The crew watches, hope and anxiety warring on their faces. Three minutes pass. Four. The wingbeats fade into silence. Five minutes stretch into six, then seven, then eight.

Suddenly, a spectral shape wheels out of the gray. Sparky circles, settling onto Scarlet’s shoulder. The connection flares, and she sees through the owl’s eyes. “Took a while to break through,” Scarlet reports, her voice hushed, barely carrying over the creak of timbers. “Up there... just clouds. A sea of gray, stretching forever. No land.”

A small, wry chuckle escapes her. “Sparky did mention seeing tentacles in the water, though. Said they smelled bad... like farts.”

A collective sigh escapes the crew, a shared breath of weary disappointment. Hope is a fragile commodity here. The Remorhaz creeps onward, the search continuing within the fog’s suffocating embrace.

The galley bustles with activity, Chef Ingrid impressed with our tale of the giant squid, her moon-and-rune amulet glinting in the lamplight. Despite the chaos, a sense of camaraderie pulses through the ship as the crew gathers— survivors and newcomers alike.

Kragor, brow furrowed, leans towards the wizard Bret, peppering him with questions. Bret, clearly burdened by secrets, folds his hands cautiously. “I am bound by oaths,” he states, his tone careful, “to maintain discretion regarding my objectives within Eiselcross.” His eyes dart around the galley.

Kragor persists. “But passage to Icehaven? You mentioned tidings of utmost import. Surely, some details for fellow adventurers?”

Bret sighs, shoulders slumping. “We uncovered valuable information and encountered... Aeorian constructs in the wastes. It is vital that I reach Icehaven. And soon.”

“Seen any gold vials?” Kragor pushes, relentless.

Bret’s face remains impassive. “The antidote for the Frigid Woe? No. Fortunately, we did not encounter that dreadful affliction.”

Sensing the rising tension, Elara raises her glass with a bright smile. “To new beginnings,” she declares, her voice ringing with cheer, “and to surviving giant squids!”

Laughter erupts, instantly easing the weight of suspicion. The crew celebrates, reveling in their shared survival. Though fog still clings thick to the Remorhaz outside, a warmth begins to bloom within the ship, where adventurers share a meal among friends.

Below decks, Ingrid’s promised feast wafts upwards— smoked fish and steaming bread, a comforting aroma cutting through the lingering brine and stench left by their monstrous assailant. The three shipwreck survivors— Gerhard, Rorik, and Bret— are formally integrated into the temporary community forged by shared peril. Gerhard still looks stunned, his eyes periodically flicking towards

the deck as if expecting the shattered Frostfang to reappear from the mist. Rorik, barely a man in years, sticks close, while Bret, the wizard, observes the adventurers with guarded curiosity.

Scarlet approaches Gerhard, her expression sympathetic but gaze direct. “Gerhard, you said your family sailed these waters long? Your family name?”

He pulls his attention from the grey void beyond the porthole. “Eisner,” he replies, rubbing a hand over his burgeoning beard. “Of Icehaven. Fishermen for generations. Crabs, mostly. That boat... she was everything.” He gestures vaguely towards Rorik. “My life, his livelihood... gone.” He sighs, a plume of condensation in the cool air. “We’d only recently started ferrying passengers. Trying a new way. Bret here offered good coin.”

“Is there somewhere... we might rest?” Gerhard asks, looking towards Captain Stonebeard, who surveys the gathered company, his face grim but resolute.

“Aye,” Stonebeard nods curtly. “Bunks enough. You earned your place.”

As the survivors find spots at the galley table, laden with Ingrid’s platters, conversation turns to the adventurers’ quest. Halite, Kragor, and Elara briefly explain their mission: the Frigid Woe spreading from Palebank Village, stolen Aeorian artifacts, Hulil’s desperation, and their current journey to Eiselcross seeking the cure Elro described—the milky liquid in golden vials. Gerhard and Rorik listen intently, their own recent brush with death making the tale resonate deeply. Bret listens too, his face impassive, betraying nothing.

Mera, the navigator, consults her charts, brow furrowed. “With this fog and the delay... we lost time,” she announces. “But if the weather clears, we could reach Syrinlya by tomorrow afternoon.”

A collective sigh ripples through the crew. Landfall is close.

Dinner is subdued, a recounting of the battle punctuated by shared relief. Later, mugs refilled, Elara retrieves her harp. Small against the vast, fog-bound sea, the instrument sings under her fingers, a melody of quiet longing and resilient hope filling the galley. The notes hang, fragile beauty against their harsh reality. Even Bret seems softened, gaze distant. When the song ends, respectful silence yields to appreciative murmurs.

As evening deepens, the ship’s routine returns. Watches are assigned: Scarlet first, senses alert to wind and timber, Sparky a silent, feathered presence beside her. Whisper follows, melting into deck shadows, eyes piercing the gloom. Gerhard takes the third watch, grateful for the normalcy. Captain Stonebeard joins him near the helm, leaning on the rail, fog swirling like ghosts.

“Sorry about your vessel, Gerhard,” Stonebeard says, voice low. “Hard thing, losing your ship.”

Gerhard nods, staring into the white abyss. “Aye. Good boat. Fast. Grew up on her. Dad taught me fishing there.” He pauses. “Good thing I have insurance.”

Stonebeard raises an eyebrow. “Insurance?”

“Aye. Have you never found a wizard willing to take a few gold a month against the value of your hull? Got a good rate from an Empire fellow. If she sinks, he buys me a new one. Family’s done it a long time.” He shrugs. “Still... devastating. But we’re not bankrupt.”

Stonebeard grunts, filing the information away. “Boats are expensive. Taken many voyages myself.” He shifts his weight. “Given the circumstances, saving your lives, there’s no charge for passage to Palebank Village.”

Gerhard turns, surprise, perhaps offense, flickering in his eyes. “No charge? Captain, with respect, that’s naval etiquette. Rescued souls aren’t passengers for fare.”

Stonebeard meets his gaze steadily. “My apologies. Correct, of course. Force of habit.” He sighs wearily. “Long few days.” He gestures

vaguely below deck towards where Bret presumably sleeps. “That squid... seemed focused. Like it was after your passenger.”

Gerhard shivers, though perhaps not entirely from the cold. “Never seen the like. Thirty years sailing these waters. Seen krakens, sure. But never one going after a ship, after someone, like that. Not even for a hold full of my crabs.”

The two captains stand silent awhile, solitary figures keeping vigil against the vast, uncaring sea and spectral fog.

Elara takes the fourth watch, relieving Gerhard. Settling near the bow, harp resting beside her, she resolves to stay alert, but the battle, the song, the journey’s weight... it all presses down. The rhythmic slap of waves against the hull becomes a lullaby. Her eyelids grow heavy. One moment she scans the impenetrable white wall ahead; the next...

She jerks awake with a start. Grey dawn light filters through thinning fog. Guilt floods her—she slept. Heart pounding, she scrambles up, frantically scanning the deck, the sea. Nothing. No alarms, no disturbances. The Remorhaz sails on, undisturbed. Relief wars with embarrassment; apparently, the Frigid Depths granted her unguarded peace.

As the morning progresses, the pale sun burns away the fog. By noon, visibility stretches for ten miles across choppy, grey-green waves under a brightening sky. And there, rising from the sea to the south, is the unmistakable shape of land—jagged, snow-dusted peaks against the horizon.

A shout goes up from the crow’s nest, echoed by murmurs on deck. Captain Stonebeard strides to the railing, squinting. A rare grin splits his beard. “Ah, Kaltsel to the south!” After a brief conference with the navigator, he adds “Mera puts us two hours out from Syrinlya!” He turns, voice booming across the deck, energized. “Alright, you lot! Look alive! Pack your gear and prepare for landfall! The Frigid Depths haven’t beaten us yet!”

The salt spray now freezes almost instantly upon hitting the deck. Since leaving Palebank Village, the world has steadily bled color and warmth, surrendering to an encroaching reign of ice. The air bites with a ferocity that makes the fog-chilled waters seem almost temperate by comparison. Under the finally clear, brittle sky, the Remorhaz glides towards a coastline that looks like the jagged teeth of some immense, frost-covered beast, its peaks clawing at the sky.

Mera’s calculations prove precise. As the sun begins its slow descent, casting long, pale shadows across the waves, the ramshackle outpost of Syrinlya comes into view. It’s less a town and more a temporary scar upon the landscape—a sprawling camp of fur-lined yurts huddled against the relentless wind, smoke whipping horizontally from their capped peaks. Figures bundled against the cold—mostly dwarves and elves, judging by their builds—move between the structures.

Stonebeard brings the Remorhaz expertly alongside a crude dock fashioned from timber and ice. “Alright, Syrinlya!” he bellows, his voice carrying over the wind’s howl. “We’ll unload cargo, then take on whatever’s heading back south. We depart for Palebank Village in three days. Plenty of time for you lot to find your contact.” He gives a curt nod to the adventurers. “Mind the ice.”

SYRINLYA

The wind assaults the party as they step onto frozen ground, driving needles of snow into exposed skin. Kragor pulls his cloak tighter, muttering about unnatural cold. A stout, weathered dwarf woman with a wild mane of shaggy grey hair approaches, stamping heavily booted feet.

“Morgo Delwur, at yer service!” she declares, her voice rasping through the gale. “Heard you were comin’. Lookin’ for Orvo Mustave?” She gestures vaguely inland. “His yurt’s over there. And the Buyer?” She points to a larger, well-maintained yurt. “That’s his place. Fancy.”

She sweeps an arm around the disparate groups of adventurers milling about near sputtering fires. “Everyone’s here for the same thing, eh? Aeorian treasure. Big risks, big rewards... or just frozen toes.”

Halite asks, “Can you point us towards provisions? Snowshoes, perhaps?”

Morgo nods. “Aye, plenty o’ folk lookin’ to sell you gear. Some make more coin tradin’ than diggin’. Follow me.” She leads them through the camp to another large, fur-lined yurt. “You can bunk here. Belonged to some rich elf lordling. Came lookin’ for adventure, poor sod. Got himself eaten by a sabre-tooth tiger his first day out.”

Scarlet’s eyes widen. “In the yurt?!”

“Gods, no, lass!” Morgo barks a laugh. “We don’t let the big cats wander camp! Nah, he went out, didn’t listen to his guides. They found his boots and... well, not much else. His loss, your gain.”

Inside, the yurt is surprisingly spacious and less frigid. A stone fire pit sits centrally; thick, fur-lined hammocks hang from sturdy poles. “Right then,” Scarlet steps to the pit, whispers an incantation. A small flame springs to life, instantly pushing back the chill.

Gerhard, utterly lost and overwhelmed, drifts away from the nascent fire, staring blankly at a fur-lined wall. Elara approaches the bereaved captain. “Gerhard,” she says softly, her voice warm despite the chill. “It’s... a lot to take in. But you’re safe now.”

Scarlet steps closer to the crackling flames. “She’s right. You survived something terrible. You’re stronger than you think. And you’re welcome here.”

He manages a weak, haunted smile. “Thank you... my boat... everything...” Rubbing his face, he trails off. “I... I think I need rest.” He finds an unoccupied hammock and climbs in, pulling a fur blanket over himself.

While Gerhard settles, Kragor spots an open wooden crate. Curiosity piqued, he investigates.

Inside lies a trove: weeks of trail rations, fifty feet of fine silk rope, a thick woolen blanket, another grappling hook, a sturdy miner’s pick, and, tucked beneath it all, a small, leather-bound book.

Kragor picks it up. The gold-leaf title reads: “Adventure Sexy: Impress Potential Lovers with Great Deeds”, by Scanlan Shorthalt.

He grunts, holding it aloft. “Looks like our elf wasn’t just after treasure.”

Elara peers at it. “Oh, Scanlan again. So popular... I’ll have a following like that someday.” She winks.

Whisper sniffs disdainfully. “More useful than poetry, perhaps,” she eyes the silk rope with interest.

“Miner’s pick?” Halite rumbles, taking the tool from the crate and testing its weight. “Could be useful.”

Morgo nods at the fire. “Right then. Shelter’s sorted. Provisions are sold near The Buyer’s place. Meself, I’ll be heading on an expedition west tomorrow.” She cracks her knuckles. “Any final questions?”

“Thank you for your hospitality, Morgo,” Halite says with a respectful nod.

“Aye, thanks for the yurt,” Kragor adds, tossing the Scanlan Shorthalt book dismissively into its crate. Elara quickly retrieves it with a thoughtful hum.

Morgo gives them a final nod. “Stay warm. Stay sharp. Don’t get eaten.” She turns and vanishes into the swirling snow.

Inside the yurt, the fire crackles against the wind’s mournful Eiselcross howl. It’s late afternoon, their fifth day since leaving Palebank Village. Syrinlya is harsh, potentially deadly, but they have shelter, supplies, and a lead.

ORVO

“Alright,” Halite says, hefting the miner’s pick. “Let’s find this Orvo Mustave. Then we’ll see

about snowshoes and other provisions.”

Whisper interjects, “It’s getting late. Best split up: some get supplies, others find Orvo.”

They agree. Whisper, Scarlet, and Doctor Pepe head for the provision yurts near The Buyer’s large dwelling, the spot Morgo indicated. Wind tugs their cloaks as they navigate snow-dusted paths between structures.

Meanwhile, Kragor, Halite, Elara, and a subdued Gerhard seek Orvo Mustave’s yurt. They find it slightly apart, smaller than theirs, smoke rising bravely against the grey sky. Before it, a modest campfire struggles against the cold. A young dwarf sits beside the flames, shortsword across his lap. His dark, relatively short beard frames a face marked by a prominent scar— three ragged lines, like a claw mark dragged across his cheek. He looks up as they approach, warming his hands.

“Oh, hey,” he calls out, his voice rough but friendly enough. “How y’all doing?”

Halite steps forward, his bulk casting a long shadow in the afternoon light. “Well met. We seek Orvo Mustave. Elro of the Glassblades sent us from Palebank Village.”

The dwarf nods, pushing himself up slightly from his resting spot. “I’m Orvo. Elro sent word you’d be coming. Heard you came with the Remorhaz.” He squints at the disparate group before him. “Quite the collection. Where are you folks from?”

Kragor pulls his cloak tighter against the wind whipping off the ice. “Bladegarden.”

Orvo whistles softly. “Bladegarden? Long way. Caught between the Empire and the Dynasty there, eh?”

Halite gestures vaguely south. “The Menagerie Coast is my home.”

“Ah, the Menagerie,” Orvo nods. “Heard it’s warmer.” He turns his gaze to Elara, who beams, her celestial heritage almost palpable even bundled in furs. “And you, lass?”

Elara steps forward, eyes sparkling like distant

stars. “Me? Oh, I’m from the stars! Just landed here recently.”

Orvo blinks, then chuckles, a low rumble in his chest. “From the stars, eh? Okay then. That’s... different. Welcome to Syrinlya, Star-Lass.” His gaze shifts to Gerhard, who seems braced for the attention.

Gerhard clears his throat, his voice quiet, almost rough from disuse or emotion.

“Gerhard Eisner. My family... we’re from the Greying Wildlands, north of the Empire. We... fished these waters. Generations of us.” He gestures vaguely out towards the frozen sea, his expression momentarily shadowed by unspoken loss.

Orvo nods slowly, his expression softening with understanding. “Greying Wildlands? Know the coast. Tough folk live up there. And fishing these waters... takes grit.” Sensing Gerhard’s recent hardship, he doesn’t press, turning back to the group. “Well, welcome to Syrinlya. You all came a long way. What can I do for you? Elro’s message just said you were looking for something.”

Elara clasps her hands together. “We are on a quest! A most urgent one. We seek... a cure! A milky liquid, held within vials of gold. Have you seen such wonders?”

Orvo scratches his scarred cheek, looking genuinely puzzled. “Gold vials? Milky liquid? Can’t say I have. Sounds fancy.”

“Familiar with the Frigid Woe?” Halite asks directly, his tone sharp. “The freezing sickness?”

Orvo’s expression darkens. “Aye. Nasty business. Came across the... source material... out with Urgan.” He pauses, brow furrowed. “Wait, you know Urgan? My buddy?”

Kragor steps forward, switching smoothly to Dwarvish, his voice low and somber. “Orvo... we have bad news about Urgan.”

Orvo’s eyes widen slightly. “Bad news? What... what happened?”

"He contracted the Frigid Woe," Kragor states plainly. "From one of the blue vials you recovered. He... did not survive. Died back in Palebank Village."

The dwarf stares, comprehension dawning slowly. His gaze drops to the struggling fire; he kicks absently at a chunk of ice near his boot. "Ah, hells. Urgon..." He shakes his head, the movement sluggish with disbelief. "Damn it. Knew that stuff was dangerous. He... could be a real jerk, but... he was my mate." Looking up, grief and anger cloud his eyes. He switches back to Common, his voice thick. "That bloody sickness. Did... did you handle those blue vials?"

"We secured the ones Hulil Lutan had," Halite confirms. "She got them from Urgon, it seems. Did you keep any?"

Orvo shakes his head again. "Nah. Sold my share to The Buyer right after the dig. Needed coin. Told Urgon to be careful." He sighs, a ragged sound. "So the cure... the gold vials you're after... you think they're out where we found the blue ones?"

"Elro believes so," Elara confirms urgently. "Where did you find them, Orvo? People are still sick back in Palebank Village."

"Right, right." Orvo gathers his thoughts. "The place is called Salsvault." He gestures northwest. "About two hundred miles that way, in the Thin Sheets. The ice there gets treacherous, shifting. The ruin itself is... odd. Better shape than most. Feels like something's holding it together, maybe magic from the city's fall."

"Two hundred miles?" Kragor's brow creases as he calculates. "How long does that take?"

"Depends on your pace," Orvo replies. "Normal speed, maybe eight or nine days— twenty-four miles a day, give or take. Push it to thirty, but you risk exhaustion. Or slow it down, safer at eighteen miles a day, easier to spot trouble." He rubs his hands near the fire. "Trouble like the Ice Mephits. Elemental pests drawn to the magic keeping the place intact."

"Mephits?" Elara asks, intrigued. "Are they aggressive?"

"Oh aye," Orvo nods grimly. "Saw a few lurking outside. We thought we were clever sneaking past them. The real trouble was inside. Looked like a lab. We barely made it into the third chamber before these animated suits of armor came alive and chased us out. Not as big as you," he glances at Halite, "but still big enough. We snatched what we could—the vials and a few other bits— and didn't look back."

"So you didn't find any gold vials?" Halite presses.

"Nah. Didn't know what the blue ones held then, just that they seemed valuable." Orvo sighs, regret heavy in his voice. "Poor Urgon. If I'd known..."

"Is there no faster way to Salsvault?" Kragor asks. "Horses? Sled dogs?"

Orvo snorts. "Horses? They'd freeze or break a leg in an hour. Dogs, maybe, if you find a trained team willing to risk it. Most folks stick to snowshoes. Best bet, really."

"Where can we acquire those?" Halite asks.

"No proper shops here," Orvo confirms. "It's all trade and salvage. Folks pick gear off expeditions that... don't come back complete. Try asking around near The Buyer's yurt. Fellow named Javel, might have some. Three yurts over from the big one, towards the ice cliffs. But expect to pay. Supply and demand, eh? Probably run you two gold a pair, maybe more if he thinks you're desperate."

As Orvo finishes speaking, the rest of the party approaches, emerging from the maze of yurts. Scarlet brushes snow from her cloak, Whisper moves with silent steps, and Doctor Pepe offers a curt nod.

"We struck out on supplies," Scarlet admits reluctantly. "However!" she holds up a small, grease-stained paper bag. "Scones. Apparently, someone here bakes."

Doctor Pepe eyes the bag. “Are they gluten-free?”

“They’re squid-based,” Whisper announces, her voice flat but her eyes betraying an eagerness to try them.

Orvo looks between the two groups, then back towards the bleak, frozen wilderness stretching away to the northwest. “Right then. Looks like you’re all set to talk gear. Salsvault ain’t goin’ anywhere. But those suits of armor... watch yourselves. They freaked me right out.” He gives them a final, weary nod. “Good luck. Hope you find what you’re lookin’ for. For Urgan’s sake, too.”

The wind howls a dirge through Syrinlya’s haphazard sprawl of yurts as the reunited party stands outside Orvo Mustave’s modest dwelling. The dwarf offers a weary nod before retreating to the warmth of his fire, leaving the adventurers to the biting cold. Snow swirls around their boots, stinging exposed cheeks.

JAVEL

“Right,” Halite rumbles. “Snowshoes. Orvo mentioned a trader named Javel, three yurts over from The Buyer’s place.”

Whisper nods, her tail twitching beneath her cloak. “Near the ice cliffs. Let’s not waste time.”

They trudge through the deepening snow, the crunch of their boots muffled by the wind. Bundled figures pass by, faces obscured by scarves, gazes cast downward against the elements. The air smells sharp and cold. Gerhard follows silently, haunted by memories of his lost ship.

Following Orvo’s directions, they locate the specified yurt—a larger structure with smoke curling from its central vent. A rough-hewn sign hangs beside the entrance, depicting a crossed pickaxe and snowshoe.

Elara, ever the diplomat, pushes the flap aside and steps inside, the others close behind. The immediate change is palpable; the wind’s roar

diminishes, and though the air is cold, it lacks the vicious bite of outside. The interior is cluttered yet organized, filled with furs, ropes, and adventuring gear. Near a sputtering fire pit sits a dwarf so ancient his braided beard pools around his feet. He looks up, watery eyes blinking in the gloom, and lets out a series of rattling coughs.

“Good day, Master Dwarf! I’ve heard good things about your shop.” Elara chirps, her voice bright in the dim, smoky yurt. She steps forward, radiating warmth despite the chill. The old dwarf squints at her.

“Eh? What’s this now?” he rasps. “Well now... yer a sight. What in the Nine Hells are ya? Is that... a horn on yer head?”

Elara smiles, a dimple appearing in her cheek. “Some say it’s horny.”

The dwarf lets out a wheezing cough that could be a chuckle. “Heh. What can I do for ya?”

“We’re new here,” Elara says, pulling a small, worn leather-bound book from her pack. “Hoping you might help us. By the way, your cough sounds dreadful. I don’t have any herbs, but I find this book helps during... downtime.” She offers it to him.

The dwarf’s eyes widen slightly as he takes the book with a trembling hand. “Tusk Love? Gods... have ya read Chapter Three?”

“Oh, it was so good,” Elara gushes, clasping her hands. “The size of those hands! And the tentacles! My horn was horny when I read that chapter!”

“Aye!” The dwarf nods vigorously, another cough rattling him. “Best thing to read when yer laid up. Just lay back and read Tusk Love.” He sets the book aside and pulls out a long pipe, tamping something into the bowl. “A woman after me own heart. So, what brings this fine company to ol’ Javel’s Emporium? I’d guess me boyish good looks, or yer lookin’ for gear.”

“Well,” Elara leans in conspiratorially, “we

definitely noticed the boyish good looks.”

“Ho ho!” Javel chuckles, a sound like rocks tumbling. “Yer not wrong there! But I suspect gear’s the main order o’ business. What do ye need? Snowshoes?”

“Indeed,” Halite confirms. “Seven pairs. We’re on an urgent mission—to stop a... popsicle sickness.”

Javel raises an eyebrow. “Popsicle sickness? Ah, the Frigid Woe. Nasty business. Commendable you want to stop it.” He studies the party. “Goliath, Tabaxi, Orc, Halfling... you lot come in all shapes, eh? Let me see what I got.” With a groan, he rises, his beard trailing the packed-earth floor, and disappears into the shadows of the yurt.

They hear him muttering, coughing, and the unmistakable shuffle of gear, occasionally interrupted by a clatter and a dwarven curse. Halite shifts his weight, scanning the yurt’s contents. His thoughts drift beyond the immediate dangers of Salsvault—Eiselcross, Aeor... ancient magic, lost knowledge. Perhaps there are secrets here beyond just a cure. A seed of ambition takes root: survive this, find the cure, yes, but also learn. Bring back more than just stories to his people.

Javel reappears, dragging several pairs of snowshoes. “Right then. Got yer sizes, I reckon.” He sorts through them. “Goliath... these’ll do.” He tosses a large pair towards Halite. “Orc, Tabaxi, the rest of ya. Oh and erm, Halfling...” He pauses, holding up a pair stained dark red. He glances at Scarlet. “Yours... uh... well, they’re red. Ignore that.”

He piles the seven pairs together. “Normally, fifteen gold for the lot. But... I like yer horn, lass. And yer taste in literature.” He winks at Elara. “Twelve gold pieces for the lot. That’s like getting three pairs free, considerin’ the goliath tax.”

“How about ten gold?” Elara counters smoothly. “Chapter Eight was quite illuminating. Those pixies! Glitter me, that’s all I have to say.”

Javel strokes his beard, considering. Elara beams hopefully. He shakes his head. “Twelve’s fair. But... seein’ as yer on a noble quest...” He rummages behind a pile of furs. “I’ll throw in these four ice hammers ... and,” he holds up a finger indicating a pause, and rummages around. He then produces a few sturdy climbing hammers along with a quartet of waxed leather pouches, each roughly the size of a grown man’s fist. “... Oil. That’s a whole lot—seven pairs o’ shoes, four hammers, four pounds of oil—thirteen gold pieces. Final offer. Won’t find better in Syrinlya, guaranteed.”

Scarlet steps closer, eyeing the red snowshoes Javel set aside. In Dwarvish, she asks, “Why are the snowshoes red?”

Javel leans in, lowering his voice. “Ah. Pre-owned, ye see. Prime condition, but... belonged to a halfling.”

“And the color?” Kragor interjects.

Javel glances at the yurt flap, conspiratorial. “Keep yer eyes open for Yetis out there.”

“Are they partial to halflings?” Scarlet asks dryly.

“Depends how hungry they are,” Javel grunts. “But the red... aye. That’s bloodstain. Couldn’t quite scrub it all out.”

Nearby, Gerhard listens in on the Dwarvish conversation, and summarizes for Halite in a murmur, “Sounds like a Yeti ate the last owner.”

Scarlet inspects the snowshoes more closely. Years of reading nature’s signs allow her to identify the stains with chilling certainty. It’s old blood, soaked deep into the hide. She wrinkles her nose but nods. “They’ll do. Thirteen gold.”

As the party pools their coins, Javel grunts with satisfaction, tucking the gold into a pouch. “Pleasure doin’ business with ya.” He reaches under some furs and pulls out a dusty bottle of amber liquid. “And before ye go... welcome to Syrinlya.” He hands it to Elara. “On the house.

Sandkeg's High. Not the fancy stuff, but it'll warm yer bones."

"Why thank you, generous soul!" Elara replies, taking the whiskey.

"Right then," Kragor says, eyeing the bottle. "After fighting a giant squid and learning we're facing an eight-day trek through Yeti territory, I think a drink's in order."

"Agreed," Halite nods. "Let's head back to the yurt. We need to plan."

They thank Javel and step out into the relentless wind, clutching their new gear. The evening sky darkens, the cold deepening as the prospect of their journey looms large. Back at the elf-lord's abandoned yurt, with Gerhard huddled miserably in a hammock and the whiskey making the rounds, they face the stark reality of Eiselcross. They have gear and a destination, but the path ahead is long, cold, and fraught with unknown perils.

INTERMISSION



HE YURT'S INTERIOR GLOWS WITH a warm, flickering light from the central fire pit, a defiant warmth against the relentless Syrinlya wind that howls outside like a wounded beast. Doctor Pepe is the first to notice a message from Captain Stonebeard left on the yurt's only table: the Remorhaz requires weeks of repair before it might be able to make another crossing of the Frigid Depths. The clock ticks mercilessly for the Liel-Tethwick family, with Salsvault 200 miles away and the Frigid Woe's icy grip threatening to claim their lives. It had already been five days since they had left Palebank Village, and the adventurers knew that they must set out immediately.

Elara, her celestial nature radiating with optimism, sets about lifting their spirits. Her hand drum sets a vibrant rhythm, a defiant heartbeat against the wind's relentless howl. Her eyes gleam with an almost manic energy as she launches into a quick, lively beat.

Gerhard sits hunched, a man broken by loss. The *Frostfang*, his life's work, now exists only in memory. Rorik's placement aboard the Remorhaz feels like salt in an open wound. "What's-his-name is dead to me," he mutters, his voice cracking with unshed grief, whisky sloshing in a trembling hand.

Scarlet moves closer, her presence as grounding as the earth itself. "Even after the fiercest blizzard, the smallest shoot can still find the sun. Even when the great beasts tear through the forest, life finds a way to grow back, sometimes stronger, sometimes in a new and unexpected form," she says to Gerhard. "You've lost much, yes, but you're still here. And your skills, your knowledge of this unforgiving land... they're not lost. They're waiting. Our quest isn't just for some glittering bauble, though treasure does have its uses. We're seeking a cure, a way to mend what's broken in the world, much like you might one day find a way to mend the loss

within you."

Her words are a balm, cutting through Gerhard's fog of despair. He looks up, really sees the faces around him for the first time. Something shifts in his eyes— a spark of possibility rekindling. Finally, he lets out a shaky sigh. "Well, what the hell. There's really nothing I can do, stranded here with no boat and no crew. I might as well go with you lot. May I find a fortune while keeping you out of trouble."

Halite claps him on the back, the impact nearly knocking Gerhard off balance. "Welcome aboard," he rumbles with a genuine smile. Whisper offers a small, encouraging nod. The others add words of encouragement as well, all of them welcoming the skills Gerhard brings to the team.

Elara, sensing the shift in mood, launches into a rambunctious rendition of "A Troll's Grin and a Fairy's Hand," her hand drum accompanying her voice as she celebrates their new collaboration. Her lilting song fills the yurt, promising adventure and companionship, drowning out the wind's mournful song.

KRAGOR SPEAKS UP

Kragor has remained uncharacteristically silent, lost in thought. Subdued. But as Elara's last note fades, he abruptly stands. He draws a deep breath, his chest visibly expanding.

"Alright. Listen up. I got something to say," he begins, his voice raw, almost hesitant. He begins the story of his initiation into the arcane, and as the party leans in, the walls of the yurt seem to melt away, replaced by the cold, dark streets of Bladegarden.

"I've made it no secret that I get my magic from ... somewhere from without our realm. But I never told you how, or why I came here. To the north. My business is my own. Yet now... things are getting weird. Bad weird.

And I fear keeping secrets too close might bring you to your doom. And then I die too, 'cause we're stuck together now."

He stares beyond the yurt's walls, his eyes unfocused, lost in a memory that transcends time and space. He shares the story of the past, and, as he does, his listeners are able to see the world in the same bleak way that he does.

"My journey began after many, many moons of strange sleep as I lived on the streets of Bladegarden. Hearing whispers. Bad dreams full of dark shapes that called my name. Visions of stars falling, and huge dark shapes just beyond reach. And something there, watching. Always watching." He pauses, as if trying to grasp the memories. "Then, on a very dark night, some man-whelps tried to kill me. But I refused to die like a nobody. Just another forgotten orc, fatherless trash. I was scared and nearly dead. So I yelled into darkness... I gave up to... whatever the watcher was."

His eyes blaze with an inner fire as he describes the moment of transformation. "Then I felt it!" he says. "Cold like night but... nice. It wrapped around me like black smoke. It whispered secrets in a strange tongue I do not know. Then, power filled me! A war hammer appeared in my fist from nowhere. I felt no remorse when I smashed in my attacker's stupid face right then and there, then blasted the other scum with dark crackling magic that sent them running like scared rabbits."

Whisper glances at Halite, a silent question in her eyes: "Where is this going?"

Kragor's eyes harden as he adds, "But I know such magic comes at a cost. The dreams kept coming, mostly nonsensical. Gradually, they formed some thought— a command and a promise for greater power. 'Go north. Cross the frozen north. To Foren in Eiselcross.' Don't know why exactly. Maybe to find something. Maybe to smash something.

"But comrades... I've new dreams now. Worse

dreams. More than dreams." The orc shifts uneasily from one foot to another, a gesture of worry that his companions are not used to seeing. "Back at that tavern, the Jolly Dwarf, some night I slept bad. Couldn't remember what I dreamed, but when I woke up... my fingers had dirt under the nails. Broken nails. It made no senses! I am clean ... fastidious! And then on the Remorhaz, while crossing the ice sea, I woke up in the night. But I was not in my bed! I was... somewhere else. Couldn't move. Felt like mountains of ice pressing down on me. Hearing ice cracking. For a long time, I couldn't even feel myself breathing. Couldn't scream. This was no dream. It felt like I was locked away, buried under ice. Then, snap! Back in my bunk. And again, dirt under my nails! Dirt that should not be there... could not be there!"

Kragor shudders, a chill running down his spine that has nothing to do with the icy wind. "Whatever got its claws in me... it's doing something with my body when I'm sleeping. And that ain't good for any of us."

As Kragor's story ends, a stillness falls over the yurt as the companions ponder the implications.

Elara is the first to break the silence, her voice soft but resolute. "We should stay close," she says, looking directly at Kragor. "I'll bunk near you, keep watch. Maybe we can understand what's happening."

Whisper's tail twitches nervously. "Tie him up?" she suggests, her feline eyes narrowing.

"No," Halite rumbles, shaking his head. "We may need Kragor's powers if we encounter trouble. Restraints could slow us down."

Doctor Pepe leans forward, stroking his chin. "Interesting predicament. Sounds like a magical possession, or perhaps something more sinister."

Scarlet closes her eyes, communing silently with the natural energies around them. "There's something... off. A presence. But I can't quite identify it."

As the discussion continues, Elara retrieves her harp. Her fingers dance across the strings, weaving a gentle lullaby that seems to soften the harsh edges of their conversation. The melody speaks of protection, of peaceful rest, of guardianship against unknown threats.

Gerhard, still haunted but feeling more connected to the group, volunteers for first watch. The night passes quietly, save for the discovery that someone in the group snores with the thunderous intensity of a winter storm.

Halite takes the second watch. The camp remains still, with occasional sounds of people moving to relieve themselves against the bitter cold. The wind whispers secrets outside, but nothing disturbs their rest.

Elara's watch is marked by intense focus. Her eyes never leave Kragor, watching for any sign of movement, any hint of the strange nocturnal activity he described. But the orc remains motionless, his breathing steady and deep.

As Scarlet takes the final watch, the first hints of dawn begin to paint the sky. The sounds of the camp slowly come to life—the rustling of sleeping bags, the soft clanking of cooking utensils, the preparatory movements of travelers readying for a day's journey.

Morning arrives, and Kragor's nails are clean. No mud, no dirt—nothing to suggest mysterious events.

THE JOURNEY BEGINS

The party decides on a measured pace, hoping to cover approximately 24 miles each day without undue risk. Gerhard, drawing on years of wilderness experience, prepares their rations. His hands move with practiced efficiency,

Scarlet sends Sparky, her faithful owl companion, to scout ahead. But the bird, more accustomed to wooded landscapes, seems perplexed by the endless expanse of snow. There are no trees, no rocks—just an infinite

white canvas stretching to the horizon.

As night falls, they make camp beneath a half-moon of Catha, the Moon Weaver. Ruidus, the small moon, hangs full—a celestial harbinger of ill tidings that sends a collective shiver through the group.

During Whisper's watch, a bright light streaks across the sky from east to west. She makes note of it but waits until morning to mention the anomaly.

The second day out from Syrinlya brings challenges. A steep cliff face looms before them, its icy surface treacherous and unforgiving. Halite steps forward, his massive frame a testament to strength and determination as he swings the grappling hook up and over the edge of the cliff. With the grappling hook secured, he scales the cliff with surprising grace, creating a lifeline for his companions. One by one, they traverse the obstacle, each movement calculated and precise.

As evening approaches, clouds gather, muting the landscape into shades of gray and white. The cold is relentless, but they sleep soundly—except for one.

During her watch, Elara notices Kragor's restlessness. He curls into a tight ball, his massive frame seeming to shrink. Unable to wake him, she watches him intently as he oscillates between struggle and paralysis. When morning finally comes, his fingernails are once again caked with mud—impossible in this frozen wasteland of ice and snow.

On the third day, as they trudge forward, the monotonous white landscape is interrupted by two rock formations, standing like silent sentinels approximately ten feet tall. Their sudden appearance is both a relief and a source of renewed tension, breaking the endless white with their dark, weathered surfaces.

Something is watching. Something is waiting.

THE FROZEN PATH

RISING IN THE DISTANCE ARE jagged mountains that begin at the rock formations. The biting wind seems to hold its breath for a fleeting moment, leaving the frigid air unnaturally clear. Sunlight, thin and pale, glints off the endless snowfields.

Suddenly, a sound rips through the stillness—a distant cry, chilling and sharp—the yip of a wolf, twisting into a shriek of raw agony. Then, as abruptly as it began, it ceases. Gerhard and Scarlet, their senses honed by the wilderness, exchange a wary glance.

Far across the pristine expanse, a flicker of white catches the eye. A large wolf, its fur blending seamlessly with the snow, streaks across the landscape, glancing desperately behind it. A sudden cloud of steam erupts from the snow—a phantom geyser—and the wolf, engulfed, vanishes. Its pained yelp echoes once more, then is swallowed by the silence.

Elara, ever quick to react, instinctively draws upon the subtle, earthy magic she learned during her time among the druids. A faint, almost imperceptible shimmer, like a fleeting forest whisper, settles upon Doctor Pepe, imbuing him with a quiet moment of clarity. She then melts into the shadows of a nearby outcropping, her lithe form disappearing against the grey stone.

Scarlet, her own connection to the natural world immediate, releases Sparky to scout. The owl, a golden dart against the pale sky, spirals upward. Through Sparky's keen eyes, Scarlet sees the steaming rupture in the snow—a localized column, a small cylinder of superheated vapor, rising perhaps ten feet high, with something disturbingly blue shimmering within its heart. The earth where the wolf had been is scalded and bare.

Kragor, his massive conjured war hammer already clutched in his frost-rimed gloves, takes a position alongside Elara, his glowing eyes

fixed on the boiling cloud. He readies some of his eldritch power, raw and untamed, preparing to blast whatever horror emerges. Similarly, Doctor Pepe, moving with the preternatural swiftness of a seasoned rogue, finds a hollow in the terrain and vanishes, becoming one with the contours of the frozen earth. He loads his crossbow and is ready to fire at the first sign of danger.

Just as he begins to feel settled, Doctor Pepe registers a flicker. Whisper is but a fleeting impression of tawny fur and controlled power. Her inherent tabaxi agility, honed by years of monastic discipline and fueled by ki, allows her to cover the ground with impossible speed as she darts to the sheltering embrace of another craggy outcropping. She presses herself against its cold stone, her lithe body blending into the jagged lines, becoming almost invisible to the untrained eye.

Halite, a towering force of muscle and granite, rushes forward, his massive bronze shield held ready. He plants himself on the other side of Whisper's outcropping, his trident gleaming.

Meanwhile, the cloud of steam they've been watching begins to dissipate, thinning into mere wisps that dance on the wind. Just as the last tendrils of steam vanish, a sudden shout rips from Gerhard's lips. His eyes, fixed on the unfolding horror, widen with dawning recognition. "Remorhaz!" he bellows, his voice raw with ancient dread. The name, heavy with arctic menace, carries across the plains to Whisper, Elara, and Kragor, a stark warning of the monstrous threat. Scarlet, too, recognizes the terrifying implication of Gerhard's cry: an aggressive predator that devours any animal matter, including humanoids (they have even been known to attack frost giants), with a furnace burning inside—a creature of ice and fire, a living engine of destructive heat.

Elara, with a flash of inspired cunning, brings her hand drum to bear, focusing her bardic

magic into its taut skin. A low, rhythmic thumping sound, deep and resonant like the ponderous, ground-shaking steps of some immense, warm-blooded beast struggling through deep snow, manifests ten feet beyond Halite's position. It is an illusory lure, a sonic beacon designed to draw the creature's fury.

Whisper, with an almost imperceptible shift, stows her snowshoes. Then, with the fluid grace of a creature born to defy gravity, she begins to climb the rough face of the outcropping, finding purchase ten feet above the snow.

Suddenly, a tremor shakes the ground. The snow around Elara's illusory thumper erupts, showering the air with crystalline fragments. From the earth, immense and terrible, rises the remorhaz. Its segmented body, a nightmare of chitinous plates, glistens with superheated ice, steam roiling from its carapace. A wave of oppressive heat washes over Halite, the air burning. The tip of his nose, caught in the sudden thermal blast, turns an alarming red.

From his hidden vantage, Doctor Pepe's crossbow twangs. The bolt streaks across the snow, finds its mark, and pierces the remorhaz's armored hide. The bolt sinks more than halfway into the creature's flesh before it ignites and burns away to nothing—consumed by the beast's internal furnace.

Then Kragor's moment arrives. With a snarl of raw power, he unleashes a crackling beam of dark, purple-red energy ripping through the air. It tears a smoking wound into the remorhaz's armored side. The colossal worm, its primal fury ignited by these affronts, lets out a deafening shriek of rage, its many legs churning the snow.

Halite, recognizing the creature's unbridled wrath, makes a tactical retreat, moving twenty-five feet back, placing himself closer to Elara. With a powerful grunt, he hurls his javelin. The weapon spins through the air, impales the remorhaz, and bites deep. But like Doctor Pepe's bolt, the javelin is swiftly consumed by the creature's inner fire, incinerating on

contact. Still, the blow tells; the remorhaz's furious charge falters.

Gerhard, his eyes keen despite the danger, yells, "*Mors certa!*" and a faint, glowing sigil appears upon its segmented hide. His longbow twangs, and an arrow, guided by his mark, flies true, striking the base of one of the remorhaz's many antennae. Elara, her shortbow singing its own song of defiance, fires an arrow that finds purchase between chitinous plates. The bloodied remorhaz's fury becomes desperation as it starts to regret its choice of prey.

With a quick glance towards Scarlet, Elara beats her drum, a pulse of inspiration flowing into the druid, urging her to action. Scarlet, empowered, thrusts her hands forward. Vines, thick and green, burst from the ground, lashing out at the remorhaz, briefly coiling around its immense form. But the creature's infernal heat is too great; the nascent flora sizzles, blackens, and burns away in an instant.

The party continues the onslaught. Kragor, seeing the beast's injuries, doubles down on his assault. He extends a hand towards the colossal worm, and a dark pallor settles over its carapace. Then, with a grunt of exertion, he unleashes another blast of fuchsia energy, delivering a crash of searing pain into the remorhaz. Doctor Pepe, from his hidden vantage, fires again. His crossbow bolt finds its mark, sinking deep into the creature's flesh, causing it to emit a strange, blood-curdling screech of agony. He slips back into concealment, a shadow among shadows. Whisper, a blur of motion, pops out from her perch. Her sling whirls, a stone singing through the air, hitting the remorhaz with a sharp crack before she melts back into hiding.

The remorhaz, heavily wounded and frenzied, shifts its terrible focus. It rushes toward Halite, its massive, heat-shimmering maw opening in a bid to snap off the goliath's head. But through its haste and pain, it misjudges Halite's height. The fiery bite snaps shut on empty air. Halite, momentarily distracted by the oppressive heat radiating from the creature, swings his

trident, but his aim is off; the attack misses. With a guttural roar, he calls upon his inner reserves of strength, power surging through his muscles. His trident becomes a blur as it strikes again. This time the blow lands with devastating force and accuracy. Halite's hands, arms, and body scream with the fiery agony of the beast's heat. The triple-barbed head of the weapon thrusts deep into the remorhaz's final body segment, all three prongs puncture its head, piercing its brain and eyes. The creature gurgles, a last, dying spasm shaking its colossal frame.

The remorhaz, mighty and terrible, lies dead, its monstrous form cooling into a massive, steaming corpse on the frigid plains. The adventurers cheer Halite's killing blow, relief that the surprise encounter is finished flowing over them like balm.

Examining the carcass, Gerhard and Scarlet now recognize the beast as a juvenile. "Thank the gods this was but a young one, and let us hope the mother is nowhere near!" Gerhard says.

Scarlet approaches the fallen beast, her naturalist's eye already assessing its unique properties. The halfling notes the thick, iridescent scales, realizing they hold the secret

to fire resistance— thrym, a potent protection against the very element that once animated the creature. But extracting the scales is a perilous task. The remorhaz still radiates latent heat, and its glands, even in death, remain volatile. Undeterred, Scarlet sets to work. With precise, careful movements, she manages to remove three of the prime scales. Yet, in her meticulous effort, her hand slips. She nicks a heat gland, and a searing burst of residual fire erupts, searing her upper arm. She hisses at the pain, but holds fast to her prize.

With the immediate threat neutralized, Whisper's keen eyes scan the surrounding mountains. Her gaze falls upon a promising formation— a deep, winding niche, carved into the sheer stone face. It is high above the snowline, offering a perfect, windless shelter. A natural sanctuary.

The day's grim victory leaves them with a new sense of the land's dangers, but also a formidable prize. They have covered a total of seventy-two miles, their path steadily leading them deeper into the icy heart of Foren, a journey fraught with both peril and potential. Exhausted, the party rests well— with one exception. Kragor is again tormented as he is split apart, one body fitfully turning in his



bedroll, one body captured deep under ice.

THE ORPHAN EGG

The fourth dawn on Foren broke with a deceptive clarity, yet Kragor's scouting mage hand proved insufficient to keep the party from hazards. Halite plunged through treacherous snow, vanishing up to his neck. Half the precious day was spent in a desperate excavation, clawing him free from the frozen earth.

Day five dawned under bruised clouds, the wind blustery and disorienting. Whisper, usually a master of navigation, found her keen senses baffled by the featureless expanse. Despite her efforts, their tracks merely circled back upon themselves. True progress felt elusive as the spirit of their journey momentarily lost its way.

The sixth day echoed the fifth, grim and grey. But Elara, a spark of celestial defiance against the encroaching despair, refused to yield. Her hand drum thrummed with a vibrant, defiant rhythm, weaving a spirited marching song into the biting air. An uncanny alchemy occurred; their steps, once leaden, found new purpose, each synchronized movement a part of an impossible, fluid dance across the snow.

Day seven brought an urgent clarity. Doctor Pepe, moving like a phantom, scouted ahead, discerning the most efficient path. Soon, a bright orange ribbon snaked across the landscape—a river of molten lava, the River Inferno, a fiery serpent across the snowy landscape.

As twilight fell, a griffin descended, its sharp beak pecking desperately at a wounded wing. Scarlet, attuned to nature, felt its pain. She used her druidic magic to communicate with the griffin, and learned of the arrow behind the wounded wing. With practiced hands, she removed the projectile and healed the magnificent beast. The griffin offered her a ride in gratitude, and warned her of towering giants to the far north. For the next few days, Scarlet ascended with the friendly mount, scouting

from above.

The eighth day was a blur of wind and snow, visibility drastically reduced. Yet, with the griffin as their tireless guide, the party maintained their impressive pace. Before long, the party had covered one hundred and fifty-six miles across Foren.

The ninth day since departing Syrinlya dawns under a bruised, leaden sky. The wind, a constant, sneering companion, claws at their faces, driving needle-fine ice into any exposed skin. Visibility shrinks to a mere dozen feet, the world a suffocating shroud of white where earth and sky blend into an indistinct, endless canvas.

As the grey light begins to wane, the griffin circles once more overhead. It descends with a graceful, unhurried landing beside Scarlet, its keen eyes meeting hers with an ancient understanding. The bond formed between them, forged in gratitude, finds its natural end. The magnificent creature has fulfilled its obligation, the debt of its healing paid in full. With a final, majestic spread of its wings, the griffin launches itself skyward, a silent, feathered arrow against the bleak, fading light. The party watches it go, a collective sigh of farewell breathed into the biting wind. The vast, empty sky reclaims its magnificent child, leaving the adventurers alone once more with the silence and the cold.

The grim ritual of making camp begins. Movements, practiced and efficient, cut through the fading light. Each adventurer scans the unforgiving landscape, their vigilant gaze sweeping for subtle shifts. Halite's gaze, however, snags on... something. Beyond the relentless swirling snow, a faint, almost otherworldly glimmer catches his eye.

He strides forward, his heavy boots biting into the packed snow. And then he sees it: a massive egg. It stands almost three feet tall, a perfect, gleaming sentinel. A stark monument against the endless white. Its surface, purest white alabaster, impossibly smooth, radiates a subtle cold. A cold that mocks the very air

around it.

“What in the frozen hells do you have there, Halite?” Kragor’s voice rumbles.

“An egg,” Halite replies. “And I have a truly abysmal feeling about it. I think we should leave it to whatever unholy parent spawned it.” Halite’s appetite for unpleasant surprises remains thoroughly sated after the remorhaz incident and his subsequent near-burial in the snow pit.

Kragor, whose curiosity is less a trait than a chronic, terminal affliction, lumbers forward. His heavy war hammer lies carelessly abandoned in the snow. He circles the egg, extends a massive hand, poised to prod its impossibly smooth surface. He inhales deeply, apparently attempting to glean its cosmic secrets by means most olfactory. A low grunt escapes his lips.

Then, driven by an impulse born less of instinct and more of outright, unmitigated madness, Kragor licks the unyielding surface of the colossal shell.

A sharp, wet gasp rips from his throat. His tongue, a splash of pink-red against the pristine white, instantly adheres to the frozen shell. A searing pain, like a thousand needles of ice, blossoms across his mouth. He yelps, struggles, a pathetic dance of desperation, to pull free. But the cold binds him, unrelenting. A quick, brutal yank, and his tongue detaches with a sickening, wet tear. Frigid pain lances through him, a stark, undeniable reminder of Foren’s unforgiving, utterly unsympathetic nature.

“Fool,” Whisper hisses, her tail twitching with a barely concealed, exasperated amusement.

Scarlet, her druidic senses a finely-tuned instrument of dread, approaches cautiously. Her eyes, wide as craters, fixate on the pristine shell. An unmistakable aura pulsates from it.

“A white dragon egg,” she breathes, the words a hushed blend of awe and horror. “And it’s... distressingly far along. Close to hatching.” She

estimates its gestation, a mere matter of weeks before the scaled terror rips its way into this desolate world.

Kragor, still massaging the raw, violated ruin of his tongue, stares at the colossal object of his self-mutilation. *Is this what has been calling me here? Causing my entombed dreams?* His glowing eyes soften. A rare vulnerability crosses his harsh features. “It’s an orphan,” he mutters, the words heavy with a strange, almost personal resonance. “Like me. An unwanted, misunderstood bastard left to face the world alone.”

A decision, swift and unyielding as a glacier, hardens in his gaze. He reaches out, not to repeat his oral folly, but to *embrace* the chilling alabaster. “I shall take it,” he declares, his voice a decree from some forgotten, frozen god. He begins to scrape away the snow around the massive egg, preparing to shoulder its hefty weight.

A ripple of unease washes over the rest of the party. Halite’s brow furrows, a canvas of quiet exasperation. Doctor Pepe eyes the egg with a professional curiosity that warps quickly into naked apprehension; his hand instinctively seeks the comforting, lethal weight of his concealed dagger. Elara’s celestial glow, usually a beacon, seems to dim a shade, a hint of genuine concern clouding her normally bright demeanor.

A white dragon, even a mewling hatchling, is a creature of chaotic danger and volatile unpredictability. To willingly invite such a volatile force into their already desperate, life-threatening quest... it’s a special kind of madness.

But Kragor, his mind set with the immovable stubbornness of a frozen mountain, is beyond dissuasion. He lifts the egg, its chilling weight a grim, impossible promise of the unknown. The others exchange wary, resigned glances. Their journey, already fraught with ancient horrors and elemental dangers, has just gained a new, undeniably chilling companion.

WHERE IS LUCIEN?

The tenth day on Foren dawns with brutal clarity, sun stripping away the shroud of perpetual fog. Sparky, ever watchful, soars high above, a silent sentinel against the endless white. As the day wanes, Doctor Pepe's keen eyes snag on a lone figure, a dark mote against the horizon, walking with unnerving precision toward the river of molten earth.

Most of the party melts into the snow, seeking to avoid contact, but Doctor Pepe, drawn by a rogue's instinct, creeps closer for a better look. Within a hundred feet, the figure veers, its sightless gaze fixed on them. Kragor, sensing potential danger, fingers his war hammer and mutters "*Mactē virtutē*". A shield of ice crackles around his body.

The creature halts, not twenty feet from Scarlet. "Where is Lucien?" it rasps, voice like grinding stone. Kragor and Elara close in, a bardic melody empowering Scarlet as she lies, pointing eastward. "Balenpost," she offers, a fabricated beacon of hope. The thing turns, a singular purpose driving it, and strides away, leaving only silence and the chilling echo of its question.

"What in the name of the six approved gods was that?" queries a stunned Gerhard.

Scarlet shrugs. "Undead. A one-track mind. I'm hoping the thing incinerates itself attempting to cross the River Inferno." And indeed, the figure of decaying and emaciated flesh marches in a straight line towards Balenpost, and thus towards the river of lava.

With a collective shrug, the party continues until they find a suitable location to set up camp. Having now crossed two hundred four miles into the island, they know they will soon find Salsvalt.

THE COLD WELCOME

The eleventh dawn breaks over Foren, a cruel, indifferent sun struggling to pierce the leaden

sky. The wind scours the endless snowfield, carrying with it the fine dust of shattered ice.

Whisper, her keen tabaxi senses always alert, moves with fluid grace beside Elara. Together, their combined navigational instincts—Whisper's innate connection to the earth, Elara's celestial guidance—cut a precise path through the featureless expanse. The miles, once agonizingly slow, now fall beneath their snowshoes with a renewed, almost desperate urgency.

Then, Doctor Pepe, ever watchful, stiffens. His eyes, narrowed against the glare, discern subtle disturbances in the shimmering distance. Not a drift, not a mirage, but *movement*. Three tiny, flickering motes of azure against the infinite white, too deliberate for natural phenomena. Two hundred, perhaps three hundred feet away, they hover and dart like malevolent gnats. Suddenly, recognition dawns. "Ice mephits," barks Doctor Pepe brusquely.

This must be it. The long, brutal march finds its end, or perhaps its true beginning. The presence of the elemental pests, just as described by Orvo, can only mean one thing: Salsvault.

The space between them and the mephits closes swiftly, each crunch of snow beneath their boots swallowed by the vast silence. Sixty feet separate them when the creatures, like shards of living ice, suddenly surge forward.

Scarlet, her staff already half-raised, acts with the swiftness of a winter storm. "*Radices glaciei!*" she chants, invoking the ancient power of the frigid earth. From the ground, spectral, icy tendrils erupt, snaking outward with horrifying speed. Two of the mephits, caught in the unexpected tangle, shriek as they are ensnared, their ethereal forms struggling against the binding magic. The third, a blur of malevolent blue, darts free.

Halite charges forward, unstoppable as an avalanche, and closes half the distance to the one mephit that escaped Scarlet's icy vines. His powerful arm whirls, and a javelin,

a dark streak against the snow, flies true. It strikes the mephit with a sickening *thunk*, biting deep into its crystalline form. The creature, struggling to maintain its erratic flight, wobbles precariously in the air. Doctor Pepe advances, quick as a winter fox, his crossbow already rising. The bolt snaps forward, *thwack!*, burying itself into the same wounded mephit. The creature shudders, a faint, desperate whine escaping its form, barely audible over the wind. Elara's shortbow sings its defiance, an arrow arcing through the crisp air. It finds the injured mephit, striking with precision. With a brittle *pop* and a soft shower of ice shards, the creature explodes, its essence dissipating into the freezing air like a breath on a cold morning.

Whisper, her movements a blur of feline grace, dashes across the snow, ignoring the lingering shivers of the mephit's demise. She reaches one of the entangled mephits, its struggles futile against Scarlet's magic, and with a series of impossibly deft movements, binds its ephemeral limbs with a length of rope from her pack. Kragor, his war hammer blazing with radiant energy, curses under his breath as fuchsia energy leaps forth but screams wide of his target, vanishing harmlessly into the infinite white.

Gerhard, however, takes careful aim, and with arcane focus releases an arrow toward the mephit that is not subject to Whisper's ministrations. It rips through the air and buries itself deep into the creature's form.

The bound mephit, though restrained, is not yet defeated. It gathers its icy fury, and a blast of frigid air erupts from its spectral maw, slamming into Whisper. Her fur freezes, and frostbite spreads across the skin of her upper arm. The second mephit likewise exhales, and a shroud of dense, swirling fog descends, clinging to the ground and obscuring all sight. The world shrinks to a claustrophobic white.

Halite, a silhouette in the sudden gloom, throws a second javelin. It vanishes into the swirling mist, guided by sheer will and years

of honed instinct. A wet *thud* echoes from the fog, followed by a faint, brittle *pop*. Then, as abruptly as it appeared, the fog cloud thins, then dissipates entirely, revealing the mephit dissolved into vapor and ice.

Doctor Pepe, his senses unhindered by the fleeting mist, lines up his shot. His crossbow twangs, and the bolt screams forward with unnerving speed. It strikes the remaining, struggling mephit with a sickening *thwack!* The mephit shivers, a pathetic wail escaping its form. Elara's follow-up arrow strikes, the driving deep into the creature. It sways, its form dimming, barely holding itself together. Whisper attempts to knock out the mephit, launching a flurry of unarmed blows. Her first attack, a precise jab, glances off its form, but her second, fueled by an almost exasperated urgency, connects and inadvertently takes its head off. The body of the mephit wobbles, then with another brittle *pop*, it explodes, scattering shards of ice that sting Whisper.

The silence that follows is absolute, broken only by the wind's eternal sigh. The battle is over.

Beyond the scattered ice dust, almost lost in the vast, white expanse, a structure is visible. A building, sloped and ancient, partially swallowed by the snow, its strange architecture hinting at Aeorian origins. But even as they watch, a fresh tremor shakes the ground. The structure, scarred by time and impact, begins to slip further, slowly, inexorably, beneath the surface of the frozen, unyielding earth. The entrance to Salsvault, it seems, is not merely guarded, but actively sinking into the depths.

APPENDIX A — PARTY INVENTORY

Purse

Currency	Amount
Gold	1,004
Electrum	18
Silver	166
Copper	36

Inventory Adjustments

Who	What
Doctor Pepe	130 crossbow bolts
Doctor Pepe	Æorian Dagger, +1
Doctor Pepe	Cook's utensils
Doctor Pepe	Grappling hook
Doctor Pepe	Ice hammer
Doctor Pepe	Olive drab deerstalker
Doctor Pepe	Snowshoes
Gerhard	Ice hammer
Gerhard	Snowshoes
Halite	Cook's utensils
Halite	Miner's Pick
Halite	Snowshoes
Halite	one javelin lost while fighting squid
Halite	another lost fighting remorhaz
Scarlet	Snowshoes

Equipment

Count	Item
1	Bottle of Bald Dwarf
1	Gilded Scroll Case
1	Jade Statuette of a Storm Giant
1	Journal of Hulil Lutan
1	Silver Ring (50gp)
2	Potions of Healing
3	months of provisions

ADVENTURE SEXY

Book, uncommon

Penned by the illustrious, if not always entirely humble, bard Scanlan Shorthalt, this exquisite leather-bound tome with its full title

“Adventure Sexy: Impress Potential Lovers with Great Deeds” emblazoned in glittering gold leaf is less a guide to genuine heroism and more a compendium of dramatically (and often exaggerated) retold exploits, carefully curated for maximum romantic appeal.

While it contains questionable advice on actual adventuring, “Adventure Sexy” is filled with Scanlan’s unique brand of bravado, wit, and selective memory, offering numerous examples of how to creatively (and sometimes stretching the truth) present one’s deeds to potential romantic interests. It’s more a testament to Scanlan’s ego and showmanship than a source of arcane power.

ÆORIAN DAGGER, +1

Weapon, uncommon

A finely wrought dagger previously sold to Pelc’s Curiosities, pilfered by Tulgi Lutan, and surrendered by same to Kragor Grimstride. With the rest of the party’s blessing, Kragor ultimately gifted the dagger to Doctor Pepe.

You have a +1 bonus to attack and damage rolls made with this magic weapon.

This weapon has the following mastery property. To use this property, you must have a feature that lets you use it.

Nick. When you make the extra attack of the **Light** property, you can make it as part of the Attack action instead of as a Bonus Action. You can make this extra attack only once per turn.

ARROWS, +1

Weapon, uncommon

You have a +1 bonus to attack and damage rolls made with this piece of magic ammunition. Once it hits a target, the ammunition is no longer magical.

BALD DWARF WHISKY

Consumable, uncommon

An Uthodurnian specialty spirit, with an estimated value of 25 gp.

GILDED SCROLL CASE

Gear

A finely crafted mahogany container adorned with gold filigree and inlaid gemstones, providing both beauty and protection for the scrolls inside. It features runes that offer magical safeguarding against damage, making it ideal for keeping valuable parchments secure.

ICE HAMMER

Gear

A specialized tool for navigating treacherous icy and snowy environments, an ice hammer features a sharp pick on one side of its head and a hammer on the other, mounted on a sturdy haft, with a looped cord for securing to the wrist. It is primarily used for cutting into ice to create handholds or anchor points, and for balance.

Climbing. When you are climbing on ice or snow and are using an ice hammer in one or both hands, you can use your reaction when you would fall to attempt a DC 10 Strength (Athletics) check to stop your fall. On a success, your fall is arrested, and you remain clinging to the surface.

An ice hammer provides advantage on Strength (Athletics) checks made to climb surfaces of ice or packed snow that offer suitable purchase for the pick.

Ice breaking. An ice hammer can also be used to break through thin ice. You can use an action to strike a surface of ice. For every inch of ice thickness, this requires a successful DC 10 Strength check. On a success, you break through up to 1 inch of ice.

JADE STATUETTE OF A STORM GIANT

Miscellaneous

A meticulously carved figurine, standing approximately eight inches tall, depicting a storm giant in mid-roar, with intricate details capturing the raw power and majesty of its kind. The deep green jade shimmers with veins of gold, suggesting latent magical energies, and when held during a lightning storm, the statuette seems to vibrate softly, as if resonating with the storm's fury. Ancient runes inscribed at the base suggest it could be used in rituals to commune with primal forces of nature, potentially granting temporary insight or power related to storms.

SILVER RING

Jewelry

A silver ring with an inset jasper stone, valued at 50 gold pieces.

SNOWSHOES

Gear

These sturdy snowshoes are constructed with a wooden frame, strung with durable babiche (rawhide lacing) for the webbing. Animal hide straps and bindings secure them firmly to your boots. The underside features a series of sharp, durable metal spikes and edges (crampons) to bite into icy surfaces. They are designed to withstand the harsh, cold environment and provide reliable, non-magical assistance on the ice and snow. They are specifically adapted for the varied and often treacherous conditions of the Thin Sheets, though they require careful handling.

Speed. While wearing these snowshoes, you ignore difficult terrain caused by deep snow and non-slippery ice. Your speed is reduced by 10 feet when not moving on ice or snow.

Distributed weight. The snowshoes' design helps to distribute your weight slightly. When moving across thin ice, you gain a +2 bonus

to the DC of any check to see if the ice breaks under you.

OIL

Gear

You can douse a creature, object, or space with Oil or use it as fuel, as detailed below.

Dousing a Creature or an Object. When you take the Attack action, you can replace one of your attacks with throwing an Oil flask. Target one creature or object within 20 feet of yourself. The target must succeed on a Dexterity saving throw (DC 8 plus your Dexterity modifier and Proficiency Bonus) or be covered in oil. If the target takes Fire damage before the oil dries (after 1 minute), the target takes an extra 5 Fire damage from burning oil.

Dousing a Space. You can take the Utilize action to pour an Oil flask on level ground to cover a 5-foot-square area within 5 feet of yourself. If lit, the oil burns until the end of the turn 2 rounds from when the oil was lit (or 12 seconds) and deals 5 Fire damage to any creature that enters the area or ends its turn there. A creature can take this damage only once per turn.

Fuel. Oil serves as fuel for Lamps and Lanterns. Once lit, a flask of Oil burns for 6 hours in a Lamp or Lantern. That duration doesn't need to be consecutive; you can extinguish the burning Oil (as a Utilize action) and rekindle it again until it has burned for a total of 6 hours.

HULIL'S JOURNAL

Book, common

Hulil Lutan's journal, mentioning that she sold a vial of blue powder to Irven Liel.

APPENDIX B — DRAMATIS PERSONAE

1. **Adventurers:** The primary group consisting of Elara, Halite, Kragor, Scarlet, Whisper, Doctor Pepe, and— more recently— Gehard. Brought together by the shared quest to unravel the mystery of the Frigid Woe, they have journeyed from Palebank Village to the icy shores of Eiselcross aboard the *Remorhaz*. Each member is undergoing personal growth, honing their unique skills and deepening their bonds through shared adversity and unexpected moments of camaraderie (and cooking lessons).
2. **Arl Bortock:** A jovial dwarf who tends bar at the *Jolly Dwarf* in Palebank Village. He provides the adventurers with lodging, refreshments, local insights, and identifies the Liel-Tethwick family. He later promises a thorough cleaning of his inn upon learning of potential contamination.
3. **Bandits (Croaker Cave):** Followers of Hulil Lutan, tasked with defending her operations within Croaker Cave. They battled the adventurers, resulting in casualties and one captured dwarf (associated with the Uttolot family) who provided intelligence before being knocked out.
4. **Bandits (Pelc's Curiosities):** Followers of Hulil Lutan, encountered ransacking the shop searching for clues to cure Hulil's Frigid Woe. They engaged the adventurers in combat but surrendered after several were defeated, revealing Hulil's location and affliction.
5. **Bill:** A Glassblade in Palebank Village, encountered at the *Jolly Dwarf*, providing warnings about the dangers of the Frigid Woe and the port closure.
6. **Bret:** A human wizard and member of the Cerberus Assembly, rescued by the *Remorhaz* the *Frostfang*, on which he had purchased passage, was destroyed by a giant squid. He was travelling as a passenger under Captain Gerhard Eisner and seeks urgent passage to Icehaven in Eiselcross, carrying vital news about Aeorian constructs encountered in the wastes. Captain Stonebeard has denied his request for diversion.
7. **The Buyer:** An enigmatic figure residing in a large, well-maintained yurt in Syrinlya. Elro has instructed the party to deliver the Frigid Woe cure to this individual for teleportation back to Palebank Village. Orvo Mustave sold his share of the Salsvault artifacts to this person.
8. **Doctor Pepe:** Initially a mysterious rogue observing the adventurers, he formally joined their quest at Croaker Cave. He contributes sharp investigative skills, stealth, crossbow proficiency, and lock-picking abilities. He is proving adept at fishing and cooking, receiving special utensils from Chef Ingrid, and has shown skill at cards.
9. **Elara:** An aasimar bard whose musical talents and spellcasting bolster the party. She excels at negotiation, inspiration, healing, and illusions. She discovered the Scanlan Shorthalt shirt, negotiated potion prices with Gramini, interrogated bandits, attempted diplomacy with Hulil, fed Old Croaker, identified Irven Liel, interacted with Javel over *Tusk Love*, performed enchantingly aboard the *Remorhaz*, played cards skillfully, and subdued the wolf-form Ingrid with the amulet. She is mastering new melodies and enchantments, enhancing her performance and persuasion. Fell asleep briefly during her watch after the squid attack.
10. **Elro Aldataur:** A Glassblade leader in Palebank Village. He introduces the adventurers to the Frigid Woe mystery, confirms the disease's name and Aeorian origins, explains the cure (milky liquid in golden vials), hires the party to retrieve the

cure from Eiselcross, provides payment and bounty, arranges passage on the *Remorhaz*, and identifies Orvo Mustave and “The Buyer” as contacts in Syrinlya.

11. **Fenton Tethwick:** Irven Liel’s husband, traveling with Irven and their twin tiefling daughters (Honor & Magic). He helps care for the children while Irven discusses sensitive matters.
12. **Gerhard Eisner:** The former captain of the *Frostfang*, rescued alongside his crewman Rorik and passenger Bret. Hails from Icehaven, from a family of fishermen who recently began ferrying passengers. He possesses a magical ring allowing him to walk on water. Deeply affected by the loss of his ship, he is travelling with the party for now, seeking rest and direction. He carries ship insurance procured from an Empire contact.
13. **Giant Squid:** A colossal cephalopod encountered in the fog-laden Frigid Depths. It destroyed the *Frostfang* and attacked the *Remorhaz* before being slain by the combined efforts of the adventurers and crew. Sparky reported its remains smelled like farts.
14. **Gramini:** An elderly elf potion vendor at the Palebank Village docks. She sells the party healing potions, trades for a Scanlan Shorthalt shirt (which she frames and prices highly), and offers initial advice about Westeroff.
15. **Haldor:** A deck hand on the *Remorhaz*, born and raised in snowy lands but with a love for fishing. He confronts the winter wolf in the kitchen with Ironfist and later bonds with Whisper while working the rigging, sharing stories of their respective homes.
16. **Halite:** A goliath fighter known for his strength, tactical mind, and mastery of the trident and javelin. He actively participates in interrogations and combat strategy. He has discovered a surprising aptitude and interest in cooking under Chef Ingrid’s tutelage, receiving special utensils. He acquired an arcane crystal focus from Westeroff and a miner’s pick in Syrinlya.
17. **Hulil Lutan:** A dwarf priestess of Tiamat and sister of Tulgi. Afflicted with Frigid Woe, she led criminal operations from Croaker Cave, seeking Aeorian artifacts and a cure. Defeated by the party, her journal revealed the sale of a blue vial to Irven Liel.
18. **Ingrid:** The skilled, if gruff, dwarven chef aboard the *Remorhaz*. She is revealed to be a lycanthrope (winter wolf), her transformation tied to a moon-and-rune amulet. She mentors several party members in cooking, gifting utensils to Kragor, Halite, and Doctor Pepe in recognition of their talent. She apologized to Whisper for biting her while transformed.
19. **Ironfist:** The First Mate of the *Remorhaz*. He confronts the winter wolf in the kitchen with Haldor and participates actively in the battle against the giant squid, manning a ballista.
20. **Irven Liel:** A traveling bookseller heading to Uthodurn with his husband Fenton and their twin tiefling daughters. He purchased a cracked blue vial containing Frigid Woe contagion from Hulil Lutan as an investment. He cooperates with the party, allowing Scarlet to confirm the danger, and now relies on them finding the cure for him and his entire family.
21. **Javel:** An ancient, coughing dwarf trader operating out of a yurt in Syrinlya. He sells the party snowshoes and ice hammers, bonding with Elara over a shared appreciation for the novel *Tusk Love* and gifting her a bottle of Sandkeg’s High whiskey. He warns them about Yetis.
22. **Kragor:** An orc warlock from Bladegarden wielding eldritch power and a conjured war hammer. He actively uses hexes and blasts in combat, interrogates prisoners, and provides tactical spellcasting. He has discovered a talent for cooking under Chef

Ingrid's tutelage, receiving special utensils. He questioned Bret about his mission and Ingrid about her amulet. His arcane abilities are growing, allowing him to recover energy and enhance his eldritch blasts.

23. **The Liel-Tethwicks:** The traveling family consisting of Irven Liel, his husband Fenton Tethwick, and their twin tiefling daughters, Honor and Magic. They become entangled in the Frigid Woe mystery due to Irven's purchase of a contaminated vial.
24. **Mathias:** The harried elf proprietor of "Mathias's Stuff" in Palebank Village, where the party buys supplies and sells bandit gear. He provides a warning about violent "wild folk" with black streaks on their faces in Eiselcross.
25. **Mera:** The skilled navigator of the *Remorhaz*. She participates in the card game, expertly pilots the ship through fog and during the squid attack, and calculates their position and arrival time in Syrinlya.
26. **Morgo Delwur:** A stout, weathered dwarf woman acting as an informal guide or contact in Syrinlya. She directs the party to Orvo and The Buyer, offers them the yurt of a deceased elf lordling, and mentions local dangers like sabre-tooth tigers before heading off on her own expedition.
27. **Old Croaker:** A giant ice frog of unusual size dwelling in Croaker Cave. Used by Hulil's bandits (and later the party) for transport across an underground pool, motivated by treats (bats, elf hands). It attacked Whisper when startled. Scarlet confirmed it is venomous.
28. **Orvo Mustave:** A dwarf adventurer in Syrinlya and friend of the deceased Urgan, identified by a distinctive three-line scar on his cheek. He accompanied Urgan on the expedition where the blue vials were found in the Salsvault ruins (located in the Thin Sheets region). He provides the party with directions, details about the ruin's dangers (Ice Mephits, animated armor), confirms he sold his share of artifacts to The Buyer, and directs them to Javel for snowshoes. He is saddened and angered by Urgan's death.
29. **Rorik:** A young human crewman from the *Frostfang*, rescued alongside Captain Gerhard Eisner and Bret. He seems loyal to Gerhard.
30. **Scarlet:** A halfling druid deeply connected to nature. She uses her knowledge, healing magic, and combat spells to aid the party. She identified Verla Pelc's cause of death, tested the blue vial for contagion, identified Old Croaker's venom, and diagnosed Ingrid's lycanthropy. She has gained an owl companion ("Sparky") used for scouting and has shown skill with the ballista. She acquired blood-stained snowshoes from Javel.
31. **Stonebeard:** The seasoned captain of the *Remorhaz*. Initially deferential to Elro, he reveals a pragmatic, no-nonsense command style once at sea. He oversees ship operations, directs the crew during crises (the lycanthropy incident and the squid attack), interacts with the rescued survivors, and safely navigates to Syrinlya.
32. **Tulgi Lutan:** A solitary trapper in Palebank Village and sister of Hulil. Afflicted with Frigid Woe, she confessed her and Hulil's criminal activities and theft from Urgan, revealing Hulil's location in Croaker Cave.
33. **Urgan Wenth:** A dwarven adventurer whose return from Eiselcross afflicted with Frigid Woe and subsequent death sparked the story's central mystery. He recovered Aeorian artifacts, including the blue vials containing the contagion, from the Salsvault ruins alongside Orvo Mustave.
34. **Verla Pelc:** The owner of Pelc's Curiosities in Palebank Village. Found frozen dead in her shop by the adventurers, a victim of the Frigid Woe after purchasing the blue vials from Urgan and handling them.
35. **Westeroff:** A retired wizard in Palebank

Village. He provides limited magical identification services, confirms Urgan's dagger is magical, sells Halite a crystal focus, and identifies a garnet for Doctor Pepe.

36. **Whisper:** A tabaxi monk known for exceptional agility, stealth, and scouting. She often takes point, gathers information, and utilizes her claws and thrown weapons in combat. She survived being partially swallowed by an ice frog and later bitten by Ingrid in wolf form. She has enhanced resilience and self-healing capabilities. She worked the rigging aboard the *Remorhaz*, bonded with Haldor, and excelled in the squid battle.

APPENDIX C — THE VANQUISHED

1. **First Bandit (Pelc's Curiosities)** — *Kragor* crushed the elf's head with a single blow of his war hammer in the fog-clouded Pelc's Curiosities.
2. **Second Bandit (Pelc's Curiosities)** — *Halite* skewered the elf's jaw with an uppercut from his trident, after *Scarlet* had initially injured him with her acid-laden, elongated claws.
3. **Third Bandit (Pelc's Curiosities)** — *Kragor's* hex and Eldritch Blast left the elf on the brink of death. The bandit surrendered.
4. **Fourth Bandit (Pelc's Curiosities)** — In the shadow of *Halite's* imposing stature, the final elf surrendered.
5. **First Giant Ice Frog (Croaker Cave)** — *Kragor's* hex and blast combo disintegrated this ice frog, which had previously retreated into the pool with severe wounds from *Doctor Pepe* and *Whisper*.
6. **Second Giant Ice Frog (Croaker Cave)** — *Elara* destroyed the frog with a radiant mote of energy, after it was initially injured by *Halite's* trident.
7. **Fifth Bandit (Croaker Cave)** — The elf was felled by *Halite's* javelin after it was wounded by *Whisper's* sling.
8. **Sixth Bandit (Croaker Cave)** — Pulverized by *Kragor's* Eldritch Blast after *Elara's* starry wisp scorched the elf.
9. **Seventh Bandit (Croaker Cave)** — *Halite* pierced the dwarf bandit with deadly precision, after which the dwarf surrendered and was bound.
10. **Acolyte (Croaker Cave)** — Slaughtered by a bolt to the neck from *Doctor Pepe's* crossbow.
11. **Hulil Lutan (Croaker Cave)** — *Halite's* javelin punctured the dwarf's heart, ending her after having been worn down by a first javelin, two bolts from *Doctor Pepe*, an arrow and Dissonant Whispers from *Elara*, *Kragor's* hex and Eldritch Blast, and *Scarlet's* shillelagh.
12. **Giant Squid (Frigid Depths)** — Overwhelmed by a combined assault from the party and the crew of the *Remorhaz*. Key strikes included multiple crossbow bolts from *Doctor Pepe*, ballista shots from *Halite* and *Scarlet*, javelins from *Halite* and *Whisper*, *Kragor's* hex and Eldritch Blast, *Scarlet's* flame projectile, and supporting attacks from the *Remorhaz* crew and the rescued wizard Bret. The killing blow was an arrow to the eye from the rescued captain, Gerhard.
13. **Young Remorhaz (Foren)** — *Halite's* trident pierced the creature's brain with a critical hit after it was wounded by *Kragor's* eldritch blasts, *Doctor Pepe's* bolts, *Gerhard's* and *Elara's* arrows, and *Whisper's* sling bullet.
14. **First Ice Mephit (Salsvalt)** — Pierced and popped by *Elara's* arrow after it was wounded by *Halite's* javelin and *Doctor Pepe's* bolt.
15. **Second Ice Mephit (Salsvalt)** — *Halite's* javelin destroyed this mephit after it was restrained by *Scarlet's* magic vines and seriously wounded by *Gerhard's* arrow.
16. **Third Ice Mephit (Salsvalt)** — Decapitated by *Whisper's* claws while it was restrained by *Scarlet's* magic vines, bound by *Whisper's* rope bindings, pierced with *Doctor Pepe's* bolt and *Elara's* arrow.

APPENDIX D — ADDITIONAL RULES

This appendix collects rules that are not included in the *Player's Handbook* or are only partially included.

TOOL PROFICIENCIES

Sources: Player's Handbook and Xanathar's Guide to Everything

CARTOGRAPHER'S TOOLS

Using cartographer's tools, you can create accurate maps to make travel easier for yourself and those who come after you. These maps can range from large-scale depictions of mountain ranges to diagrams that show the layout of a dungeon level.

Ability: Wisdom.

Crafting: Map.

Components. Cartographer's tools consist of a quill, ink, parchment, a pair of compasses, calipers, and a ruler.

Arcana, History, Religion. You can use your knowledge of maps and locations to unearth more detailed information when you use these skills. For instance, you might spot hidden messages in a map, identify when the map was made to determine if geographical features have changed since then, and so forth.

Nature. Your familiarity with physical geography makes it easier for you to answer questions or solve issues relating to the terrain around you.

Survival. Your understanding of geography makes it easier to find paths to civilization, to predict areas where villages or towns might be found, and to avoid becoming lost. You have studied so many maps that common patterns, such as how trade routes evolve and where settlements arise in relation to geographic locations, are familiar to you.

Craft a Map. While traveling, you can draw a map as you go in addition to engaging in

other activity.

Activity	DC
Determine a map's age and origin	10
Draft a map of a small area	15
Estimate direction and distance to a landmark	15
Discern that a map is fake	15
Fill in a missing part of a map	20

CARPENTER'S TOOLS

Skill at carpentry enables a character to construct wooden structures. A carpenter can build a house, a shack, a wooden cabinet, or similar items.

Ability: Wisdom.

Crafting: Club, Greatclub, Quarterstaff, Barrel, Chest, Ladder, Pole, Portable Ram, Torch.

Components. Carpenter's tools include a saw, a hammer, nails, a hatchet, a square, a ruler, an adze, a plane, and a chisel.

History. This tool proficiency aids you in identifying the use and the origin of wooden buildings and other large wooden objects.

Investigation. You gain additional insight when inspecting areas within wooden structures, because you know tricks of construction that can conceal areas from discovery.

Perception. You can spot irregularities in wooden walls or floors, making it easier to find trap doors and secret passages.

Stealth. You can quickly assess the weak spots in a wooden floor, making it easier to avoid the places that creak and groan when they're stepped on.

Fortify. With 1 minute of work and raw materials, you can make a door or window harder to force open. Increase the DC needed to open it by 5.

Temporary Shelter. As part of a long rest, you can construct a lean-to or a similar shelter to keep your group dry and in the shade for the duration of the rest. Because it was fashioned quickly from whatever wood was available, the shelter collapses 1d3 days after being assembled.

Activity	DC
Build a simple wooden structure	10
Design a complex wooden structure	15
Find a weak point in a wooden wall	15
Seal or pry open a door or container	20

COOK'S UTENSILS

Adventuring is a hard life. With a cook along on the journey, your meals will be much better than the typical mix of hardtack and dried fruit.

Ability: Wisdom.

Crafting: Rations.

Components. Cook's utensils include a metal pot, knives, forks, a stirring spoon, and a ladle.

History. Your knowledge of cooking techniques allows you to assess the social patterns involved in a culture's eating habits.

Medicine. When administering treatment, you can transform medicine that is bitter or sour into a pleasing concoction.

Survival. When foraging for food, you can make do with ingredients you scavenge that others would be unable to transform into nourishing meals.

Prepare Meals. As part of a short rest, you can prepare a tasty meal that helps your companions regain their strength. You and up to five creatures of your choice regain 1 extra hit point per Hit Die spent during a short rest, provided you have access to your cook's utensils and sufficient food.

Activity	DC
Create a typical meal	10
Duplicate a meal	10
Improve food's flavor	10
Spot poison or impurities in food	15
Create a gourmet meal	15

GAMING SET

Proficiency with a gaming set applies to one type of game, such as Three-Dragon Ante or games of chance that use dice.

Ability: Wisdom.

Components. A gaming set has all the pieces needed to play a specific game or type of game, such as a complete deck of cards or a board and tokens.

History. Your mastery of a game includes knowledge of its history, as well as of important events it was connected to or prominent historical figures involved with it.

Insight. Playing games with someone is a good way to gain understanding of their personality, granting you a better ability to discern their lies from their truths and read their mood.

Sleight of Hand. Sleight of Hand is a useful skill for cheating at a game, as it allows you to swap pieces, palm cards, or alter a die roll. Alternatively, engrossing a target in a game by manipulating the components with dexterous movements is a great distraction for a pickpocketing attempt.

Activity	DC
Discern whether someone is cheating	10
Gain insight into an opponent's personality	15
Win the game	20

HERBALISM KIT

Proficiency with an herbalism kit allows you to identify plants and safely collect their useful elements.

Ability: Intelligence.

Crafting: Antitoxin, Candle, Healer's Kit, Potion of Healing.

Components. An herbalism kit includes pouches to store herbs, clippers and leather gloves for collecting plants, a mortar and pestle, and several glass jars.

Arcana. Your knowledge of the nature and uses of herbs can add insight to your magical studies that deal with plants and your attempts to identify potions.

Investigation. When you inspect an area overgrown with plants, your proficiency can help you pick out details and clues that others might miss.

Medicine. Your mastery of herbalism improves your ability to treat illnesses and wounds by augmenting your methods of care with medicinal plants.

Nature and Survival. When you travel in the wild, your skill in herbalism makes it easier to identify plants and spot sources of food that others might overlook.

Identify Plants. You can identify most plants with a quick inspection of their appearance and smell.

Activity	DC
Identify a plant	10
Find plants	15
Identify poison	20

LEATHERWORKER'S TOOLS

Knowledge of leatherworking extends to lore concerning animal hides and their properties. It also confers knowledge of leather armor and similar goods.

Ability: Dexterity

Crafting: Sling, Whip, Hide Armor, Leather Armor, Studded Leather Armor, Backpack, Crossbow Bolt Case, Map or Scroll Case, Parchment, Pouch, Quiver, Waterskin

Components. Leatherworker's tools include a knife, a small mallet, an edger, a hole punch, thread, and leather scraps.

Arcana. Your expertise in working with leather grants you added insight when you

inspect magic items crafted from leather, such as boots and some cloaks.

Investigation. You gain added insight when studying leather items or clues related to them, as you draw on your knowledge of leather to pick out details that others would overlook.

Identify Hides. When looking at a hide or a leather item, you can determine the source of the leather and any special techniques used to treat it. For example, you can spot the difference between leather crafted using dwarven methods and leather crafted using halfling methods.

Activity	DC
Add a design to a leather item	10
Modify a leather item's appearance	10
Determine a leather item's history	20

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

Proficiency with a musical instrument indicates you are familiar with the techniques used to play it. You also have knowledge of some songs commonly performed with that instrument.

Ability: Charisma.

History. Your expertise aids you in recalling lore related to your instrument.

Performance. Your ability to put on a good show is improved when you incorporate an instrument into your act.

Compose a Tune. As part of a long rest, you can compose a new tune and lyrics for your instrument. You might use this ability to impress a noble or spread scandalous rumors with a catchy tune.

Activity	DC
Play a known tune	10
Identify a tune	10
Improvise a song	15

NAVIGATOR'S TOOLS

Proficiency with navigator's tools helps you determine a true course based on observing the

stars. It also grants you insight into charts and maps while developing your sense of direction.

Ability: Wisdom.

Components. Navigator's tools include a sextant, a compass, calipers, a ruler, parchment, ink, and a quill.

Survival. Knowledge of navigator's tools helps you avoid becoming lost and also grants you insight into the most likely location for roads and settlements.

Sighting. By taking careful measurements, you can determine your position on a nautical chart and the time of day.

Activity	DC
Plot a course	10
Discover your position on a nautical chart	15
Determine position by stargazing	15

TATTOOIST'S TOOLS

Proficiency with tattooist's tools allows you to create intricate designs on the skin of a living creature. Tattoos can be a mark of allegiance, a symbol of faith, a superstitious ward, or a personal statement.

Ability: Dexterity.

Components. Tattooist's tools include a selection of needles, a mortar and pestle for grinding pigments, ink pots, a sterilizing agent, and clean leather rags. These are typically kept in a sturdy leather case.

Arcana. Your knowledge of intricate symbols and magical script, combined with your artistic skill, can help you discern magical properties within a tattoo or identify ancient runic etchings.

History. Your knowledge of tattoos allows you to recognize traditional designs, from the markings of a remote tribe to the intricate scrollwork favored by an ancient magical order. You can identify the approximate origin or cultural significance of a tattoo.

Insight. Examining someone's tattoos can reveal much about their background,

affiliations, and personal history. You can often determine gang memberships, military service, religious devotions, or important life events from their ink.

Deception. You can create temporary tattoos or modify existing ones to help establish a false identity or allegiance, though such work fades after several days.

Medicine. Your understanding of skin, healing, and infection prevention grants you additional insight when treating wounds or skin conditions. You can use this knowledge to effectively clean and bind a wound, granting advantage on any Wisdom (Medicine) check made to stabilize a dying creature.

Apply Tattoo. You can apply a tattoo to a willing creature. The complexity and size of the tattoo determine the time and DC of the check. A successful check means the tattoo is applied cleanly and safely; a failed check might result in a poorly drawn tattoo, scarring, or a minor infection. A simple tattoo (DC 10) might take 1 to 2 hours, while an intricate or large design (DC 15+) could take 4 to 8 hours or more.

Activity	DC
Identify a common tattoo's meaning or origin	10
Create a simple, artistic tattoo	10
Cover or modify an existing tattoo	15
Create temporary tattoo for disguise	15
Discern that a tattoo is fake or altered	15
Inscribe a hidden message within a tattoo	20
Perfectly replicate a complex tattoo	20

THIEVES' TOOLS

Perhaps the most common tools used by adventurers, thieves' tools are designed for picking locks and foiling traps. Proficiency with the tools also grants you a general knowledge of traps and locks.

Components. Thieves' tools include a small file, a set of lock picks, a small mirror mounted on a metal handle, a set of narrow-bladed scissors, and a pair of pliers.

History. Your knowledge of traps grants

you insight when answering questions about locations that are renowned for their traps.

Investigation and Perception. You gain additional insight when looking for traps, because you have learned a variety of common signs that betray their presence.

Set a Trap. Just as you can disable traps, you can also set them. As part of a short rest, you can create a trap using items you have on hand. The total of your check becomes the DC for someone else's attempt to discover or disable the trap. The trap deals damage appropriate to the materials used in crafting it (such as poison or a weapon) or damage equal to half the total of your check, whichever the DM deems appropriate.

Activity	DC
Pick a lock	Varies
Disable a trap	Varies

SPELLS

PRIMAL SAVAGERY

Source: Xanathar's Guide to Everything

Transmutation Cantrip

Casting Time: 1 Action

Range/Area: Self

Components: S

Duration: Instantaneous

Attack/Save: Melee

Damage/Effect: Acid

You channel primal magic to cause your teeth or fingernails to sharpen, ready to deliver a corrosive attack. Make a melee spell attack against one creature within 5 feet of you. On a hit, the target takes 1d10 acid damage. After you make the attack, your teeth or fingernails return to normal.

The spell's damage increases by 1d10 when you reach 5th level (2d10), 11th level (3d10), and 17th level (4d10).

ZEPHYR STRIKE

Source: Xanathar's Guide to Everything

Transmutation 1

Casting Time: 1 Bonus Action

Range/Area: Self

Components: V

Duration: Concentration, up to 1 minute

Attack/Save: Melee

Damage/Effect: Buff

You move like the wind. Until the spell ends, your movement doesn't provoke opportunity attacks.

Once before the spell ends, you can give yourself advantage on one weapon attack roll on your turn. That attack deals an extra 1d8 force damage on a hit. Whether you hit or miss, your walking speed increases by 30 feet until the end of that turn.

MAGIC TATTOOS

Wondrous item (tattoo), rarity varies

Source: Tasha's Cauldron of Everything

Blending magic and artistry with ink and needles, magic tattoos imbue their bearers with wondrous abilities. Magic tattoos are initially bound to magic needles, which transfer their magic to a creature.

Once inscribed on a creature's body, damage or injury doesn't impair the tattoo's function, even if the tattoo is defaced. When applying a magic tattoo, a creature can customize the tattoo's appearance. A magic tattoo can look like a brand, scarification, a birthmark, patterns of scale, or any other cosmetic alteration.

SPELLWROUGHT TATTOO

Wondrous item (tattoo), rarity varies

Source: Tasha's Cauldron of Everything

Produced by a special needle, this magic tattoo contains a single spell of up to 5th level, wrought on your skin by a magic needle. To use the tattoo, you must hold the needle against your skin and speak the command word. The needle turns into ink that becomes

the tattoo, which appears on the skin in whatever design you like. Once the tattoo is there, you can cast its spell, requiring no material components. The tattoo glows faintly while you cast the spell and for the spell’s duration. Once the spell ends, the tattoo vanishes from your skin.

The level of the spell in the tattoo determines the spell’s saving throw DC, attack bonus, spellcasting ability modifier, and the tattoo’s rarity, as shown in the Spellwrought Tattoo table.

Spellwrought Tattoo

Spell Level	Rarity	Spellcasting Ability Mod.	Save DC	Attack Bonus
Cantrip	Common	+3	13	+5
1st	Common	+3	13	+5
2nd	Uncommon	+3	13	+5
3rd	Uncommon	+4	15	+7
4th	Rare	+4	15	+7
5th	Rare	+5	17	+9

The rarer a magic tattoo is, the more space it typically occupies on a creature’s skin. The Magic Tattoo Coverage table offers guidelines for how large a given tattoo is.

Magic Tattoo Coverage

Tattoo Rarity	Area Covered
Common	One hand or foot or a quarter of a limb
Uncommon	Half a limb or the scalp
Rare	One limb
Very Rare	Two limbs or the chest or upper back
Legendary	Two limbs and the torso

CRAFTING A SPELLWROUGHT TATTOO

Source: Player’s Handbook, Dungeon Master’s Guide, Homebrew

We use the rules for crafting spell scrolls with modifications:

To craft a *Spellwrought Tattoo*, you and any assistants must have proficiency in the *Arcana* skill. You must be proficient with *Tattooist’s Tools* and use them to create the tattoo. Any assistants must also have proficiency.

A spellcaster can transfer a spell onto a willing creature’s skin and create a *Spellwrought Tattoo*, using the rules below.

Time and Cost. Creating a tattoo takes an amount of time and money based on the level of the spell, as shown in the Spellwrought Tattoo Costs table. For each day of inscription, you must work for 8 hours. If a tattoo requires multiple days, those days needn’t be consecutive.

Prerequisites for the Tattooist. To create a tattoo, you must have proficiency in the *Arcana* skill and with *Tattooist’s Tools* and have the spell prepared on each day of the inscription. You must also have at hand any Material components required by the spell; if the spell consumes its Material components, they are consumed only when you complete the scroll. The scroll’s spell uses your spell save DC and spell attack bonus.

Cantrips. If the tattooed spell is a cantrip, the version on the scroll works as if the caster were your level.

Spellwrought Tattoo Costs

Spell Level	Time	Cost
Cantrip	1 day	15 GP
1	1 day	25 GP
2	3 days	100 GP
3	5 days	150 GP
4	10 days	1,000 GP
5	25 days	1,500 GP
6	40 days	10,000 GP

DOCTOR PEPE

A former farmer turned rogue, Doctor Pepe's motives remain unknown.

ELARA STARGLIMMER



LARA STARGLIMMER'S STORY begins with a cosmic ballet that predates her corporeal form—a celestial union between a radiant unicorn herald and a shimmering nebula, conspired by the whims of the cosmos. Her inception as a meteorite crashing into Exandria was not a harbinger of destruction but rather a seed of wonder sown in stardust, imbued with the divine potential of her celestial ancestors.

Upon impact, she emerged from the crater's heart as Awendë—the unicorn—the pure embodiment of beauty and grace. In this ethereal form, she traversed the verdant wilds, a creature of mystery and majesty who danced under the silver moonlight and conjured songs from the whispers of the wind and the rustling leaves. The primeval forests became her sanctuary, where she absorbed the narratives embedded in the earth, the flowing streams, and the ancient, moss-covered ruins that bore witness to the rise and fall of titans.

While the mortal world marveled at her rare appearances, Elara embraced the teachings of the few daring nature priests who sought her out, recognizing in them kindred spirits who honored the natural balance. These druids, whom she guided through secret trails and hidden groves, taught her the sacred rites of channeling nature's magic, augmenting her inherent celestial gifts with the primal energy of the world.

Driven by a compassionate longing to protect the fragile harmony she saw threatened by mortal folly, Elara felt an insatiable yearning to give voice to the silent serenade of the wild. Her enchanting stories and awakening melodies took human form, transforming her into a resplendent woman—a bard unparalleled in beauty and charisma.

PERSONALITY

Elara is a creature of contrasts—effortlessly poised and yet untamed. Her laughter

resonates like a rippling brook, infectious and soothing in equal measure, while her presence commands the attention of all who meet her. Although capable of deft persuasion and dazzling charm on the stage, she carries an air of mystery, her eyes often alight with mirth and quiet contemplation.

Her heart beats in time with the world's natural rhythm, perpetual melodies seeking harmony rather than discord. This drives her to seek her true calling—a purpose that aligns with her celestial legacy and the music that is her soul's perennial essence.

GOALS

Elara's journey is one of self-discovery and stewardship. She travels the lands in search of forgotten legends and hidden dangers, all while composing an opus of nature's splendor to mesmerize and educate. Her ballads, while delightful to audiences, bear an underlying message: a reminder of the delicate equilibrium that exists in nature and the constant need to nurture and protect it.

Each performance is a chance to inspire change; each ally, a potential partner in her quest to preserve her beloved wilderness. And while she values the joy of song and celebration, the threads of destiny that tie her to the cosmos beckon her to uncover the full extent of her capabilities—her truest calling as both bard and guardian of the natural realm.

GERHARD EISNER

The former captain of the *Frostfang*, rescued alongside his crewman Rorik and passenger Bret. Hails from Icehaven, from a family of fishermen who recently began ferrying passengers. He possesses a magical ring allowing him to walk on water. Deeply affected by the loss of his ship, he is travelling with the party for now, seeking rest and direction. He carries ship insurance procured from an Empire contact.

HALITE THE GOLIATH

A goliath fighter known for his strength, tactical mind, and mastery of the trident and javelin. He seeks adventure to discover knowledge to bring back to his people.

KRAGOR GRIMSTRIDE

I AM KRAGOR GRIMSTRIDE, ORPHAN of Bladegarden. My parents were proud orcs of the Righteous Brand, fallen heroes who died defending our city's walls. But hushed whispers in the alleys hinted at a darker truth—betrayal, or sacrifices made in shadows. At five years old, none of that mattered. Only the gnawing emptiness of my belly and the cold stone streets that became my home.

I was never as strong or clever as the tyrannical bullies who ruled the streets. By deception, speed, stealth, and a silver tongue I survived until adulthood. Fortunately, I was lucky enough to be taken under the wing by a grizzled, retired veteran who had learned the art of tattooing while on tour near Xhorhas. He taught me the skill, and I scrapped together a few coppers as an apprentice. But my designs... they were never truly my own. Sometimes I would take up the needle, and my hands would move with a will I did not recognize, etching abstract, strange, and unsettling glyphs. Other than myself, they interested only a few mages, those who saw something beyond the ink on skin, something that mirrored the unsettling stirrings already taking root in my own mind. My mentor, Dagmuk, who taught me how to manifest these designs on my skin and others', often said I had a "touch for the unseen." He couldn't have known how literal that would become.

Even as I navigated the tangible threats of Bladegarden and the daily grind of survival, a far more insidious struggle began to unfold in the dark expanse of my unconscious mind. I don't know why, or how, but some presence... some thing... from outside our realm began whispering in my dreams—discordant, incomprehensible words, and images of impossible geometries. For months these dreams plagued me, a subtle, creeping insinuation into the corners of my mind. The murmurs were vague at first, then became

persistent, a distant echo of a vast, alien hunger stirring far beyond my comprehension.

My darkest hour arrived one night. After earning a decent sum from tattooing a wizard, I boasted about my newfound wealth, unaware that Brother Theron and his Tuskbreakers were watching. These thugs had terrorized downtrodden orcs like me for years. I was caught off guard and struggled to fend them off, but the blows rained down, each one a hammer against my fading strength. Blood filled my mouth. The world tilted into darkness. Feeble and desperate, despising the weakness that had always plagued me, my will to live burned hotter than ever. Then the whispers exploded into a roar inside my skull—an ancient will offering power beyond imagining. I screamed and I surrendered. Eldritch energy surged through my veins; my eyes bled black. The tattooed glyphs on my arms burned with a cold light. Muscles tensed unnaturally; power crackled at my fingertips. I didn't just fight back—I unleashed a storm. I obliterated one of the thugs and sent the others scattering into the night, their screams echoing my own.

Since then dream visions continued to haunt my slumber and reveal the depth of my awakened abilities. With my war hammer raised and eldritch energy crackling at my fingertips, I fought against the street tyrants at every opportunity, protecting those they sought to exploit.

Gradually, the chaos of my dreams began to coalesce into a chilling clarity—a command, stark and undeniable, and a promise of greater power. "Go north. Cross the frozen north. To Eiselcross." The purpose remained a shrouded mystery, yet a strange, cold resolve settled deep within me. I would follow.

When I went to give Dagmuk my farewell, he was gone and his shop was empty, abandoned. His tools were scattered like forgotten

memories. A scorched parchment bore one of my glyphs. An unspoken message? A warning? I felt a pang of loss for the only person who believed in me.

I hit the road with a cover story. A Righteous Brand veteran now seeking his own fortune was a tale that opened purses and secured passage. Merchants, traders, wandering groups paid for my protection, though my true purpose was survival. Traveling alone meant certain death. Joining caravans and groups was a matter of strategic necessity.

Nights were the hardest—when the cold bit through my cloak and the whispers in my mind grew louder, reminding me I was no mere soldier. Dangerous encounters were rare, but not nonexistent. Most challenges I met with a growl and a bluff, my war hammer a sufficient deterrent. But there were moments when mere brute force wouldn't suffice—moments when I felt the cold breath of death on my neck. It was then, when my instincts screamed that head-smashing is not enough, I would unleash the alien power within me, breaking the careful illusion of a simple veteran soldier. The reactions were always the same: a mix of shock, fear, and a quick retreat as

they recognized I was something else entirely. They would scatter, leaving me to continue my calculated journey, the whispers in my mind a constant companion.

Six weeks of winding roads and vicious winds carried me through Bladegarden, Hupperdook, Nogvugrot, and Yrrosa. Icehaven finally emerged from the Zemni Fields like a promise. Once I arrived, I made bargain with the first captain who would take me. The rest you know, as we all met on board the *Frostwind* on our way to Palebank Village.

APPEARANCE

From the journal of a traveler, name unknown, recovered from a windswept road north of Saltwallow Bog:

Of all the strange and disquieting souls one is fated to meet upon the winding roads of this world, few have etched themselves into my memory with such unnerving clarity as this singular orc. To look upon him is to read a page torn from two different books, one a gutter-dweller's grimy chapbook, the other a tome bound in the skin of something that fell from the stars.

He calls himself Kragor Grimstride, a name



that tastes of iron and long marches, and he wears the part with a practiced ease. The bearing of a soldier is there, in the straightness of his spine and the way his hand rests near the haft of a war hammer that seems, upon closer inspection, a trifle too heavy for him. He is an orc, yes— the mottled, greenish-grey skin, the dark architecture of his bones, the twin tusks jutting like broken daggers from his lower lip all attest to that. He wore no mustache, but thick sideburns descended to a dark beard that framed a jaw of resolute strength. He is a tower of a man, tall enough to cast a long shadow even in this wan light.

Yet, the illusion of the common sell-sword frays at the edges. Where one expects a bulwark of muscle, a physique hewn from granite, there is instead a certain wiry tension. He lacks the brutish mass of his kin; he is built not like a battering ram, but like a coiled whip, all lean sinew and a predator's deceptive grace. His strength is not in the breadth of his shoulders, but in the quick, assessing flick of his gaze and the low, persuasive timbre of his voice. He has survived not by breaking skulls, but by turning heads and twisting words— a truth that clings to him more closely than the worn leather of his armor.

His face is a study in contradictions. The long, jet-black hair, drawn back in a severe topknot, speaks of discipline. But his eyes... his eyes are where the true madness begins to leak through. They are not the simple, brutish black or bloodshot red of his race. They are the color of a winter sea beneath a sky of impossible clarity, a startling aquamarine. And within that startling blue, flecks of gold drift like motes of dust in a sunbeam— or, if one stares too long, like the shattered script of some forgotten, cosmic alphabet. There is an unnerving depth there, a sense that one is not looking *at* his eyes, but *through* them, into a gulf of chilling, silent space.

And then, there are the tattoos.

They are not the proud clan-marks or crude battle-scrawls of a typical orc warrior. These

are things of a different order entirely. They coil around his arms and spill across his collarbones, a filigree of stark black ink upon grey-green skin. At a glance, they might seem abstract, but to the discerning eye— or to the mind already teetering on the edge of certain esoteric truths— they are a disease made manifest in ink. They are a brand of unhallowed calligraphy.

There are no dragons, no skulls, no symbols of martial pride. There are only glyphs of a maddening, alien geometry. Spirals that seem to pull the eye into a lightless void. Angles that meet in ways that make the head ache. Lines that weave into patterns that suggest the skeletal framework of things that should not exist. They are not merely on his skin; they seem a part of it, and in the shifting light of the camp fire, they sometimes appear to writhe, to shift their configuration ever so slightly when you are not looking directly at them. They whisper of a pact made not in blood, but in the currency of sanity itself.

He stands there, a charlatan of the mundane, his simple story a threadbare cloak thrown over a form scribbled with the signature of a lunatic god. He is an orphan, a veteran, a survivor. But he is also a vessel, a canvas for an artist whose studio is the void between worlds. One looks at Kragor Grimstride and sees a down-on-his-luck orc seeking his fortune, but one also feels an inexplicable chill, the same disquiet one feels when hearing a melody that is almost beautiful, but for a single, recurring, discordant note that promises only chaos and the dark.

SCARLET TANAGER



CARLET TANAGER GREW UP tangled in brambles and birdcalls, raised more by moss and moonlight than by halfling hearths. Her early days were wild — tracking foxes through the fog, mimicking bird whistles, and napping on sun-warmed roots with her owl companion Sparky perched nearby.

From the forest, she learned healing — which roots soothed pain, which fungus cured rot, which songs calmed frightened deer. But she also studied: sketching leaves in a threadbare notebook, tracking lunar cycles, deciphering glyphs etched in ancient bark.

The spirits of the land spoke to her. Not always in words, but in wind patterns and animal eyes. When she first called one forth — a shimmering elk that lingered only long enough to chase away a pack of wolves — she knew she was not just a druid. She was a Shepherd.

She's not without flaws. Scarlet's curiosity sometimes outweighs her caution. Her fingers tend to "borrow" interesting things, and while she trusts nature implicitly, she has a harder time trusting people. But she protects the wild and its creatures fiercely — and now, in Eiselcross, where magic runs old and thin beneath the ice, she listens for the voices only she can hear.

WHISPER OF MISTY VALLEY

A tabaxi sailor turned monk, known for exceptional agility, stealth, and scouting. She prefers claws and thrown weapons in combat, and will choose to grapple and securely bond given the opportunity.