

PERIS5-03

Scrambled Eggs

An Introductory D&D Living Greyhawk® Perrenland Introductory Adventure

Version 2.5

Round 1

by David Monk Fraser Adams

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Edited by Bruce Paris

Das Drache Getragenes, otherwise known as The Dragonborn Register, is a society dedicated to providing shelter and training for goodly people with the blood of dragons in their veins. Das Drache Tabellierprogramme Conclave is their malevolent counterpart, ensuring that those with evil dragon blood prosper. An agent of the Getragenes has a special task for a group of brave souls which might swing the balance of the internal war between the two guilds. Make your mark amongst your fellow adventurers and help out a good person in need, but keep a level head or the yolk might be on you! An introductory module designed for characters of first level and set in the Concatenated Cantons of Perrenland.

Based on the original DUNGEONS & DRAGONS® rules created by E. Gary Gygax and Dave Arneson and the new DUNGEONS & DRAGONS game designed by Jonathan Tweet, Monte Cook, Skip Williams, Richard Baker, and Peter Adkison.

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Most likely you ordered this adventure as part of an RPGA even from the RPGA website, or you received it from your senior gamemaster. To play this adventure as part of the *Living Greyhawk*[™] campaign—a worldwide, ongoing D&D campaign set in the *Greyhawk* setting—you must sanction it as part of an RPGA event. This event could be as elaborate as a big convention, or as simple as a group of friends meeting at the DM's house.

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This adventure retires from RPGA-sanctioned play on December 31, 2006.

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PLAYERS READ NO FARTHER

If you are planning on playing this adventure, stop reading now. The rest of the information in this adventure is for the DM only. If you read farther than this section, you'll know too much about its challenges, which kills the fun. Also, if you're playing this adventure as part of an RPGA-sanctioned event, reading beyond this point makes you ineligible to do so.

PREPARING FOR PLAY

To get the most out of this adventure, you need copies of the following D&D books: *Player's Handbook*, *Dungeon Master's Guide*, and the *Monster Manual*.

Throughout this adventure, text in ***bold italics*** provides player information for you to paraphrase or read aloud when appropriate. Sidebars contain important information for you, including special instruction on running the adventure. Information on nonplayer characters (NPCs) and monsters appear in abbreviated form in the adventure text. Full information on NPCs and monsters are given in Appendix 1.

Along with this adventure you'll find a RPGA Table Tracking sheet. If you're playing this adventure as part of an RPGA-sanctioned event, complete and turn in this sheet to your senior GM directly after play. You'll also find a *Living Greyhawk Adventure Record* (AR).

LIVING GREYHAWK LEVELS OF PLAY

Because players bring their own characters to *Living Greyhawk* games, this adventure's challenges are proportionate to the modified average character level of the PCs participating in the adventure. To determine this modified Average Party Level (APL) follow the steps below:

1. Determine the character level for each of the PCs participating in the adventure.
2. If PCs bring animals that have been trained for combat (most likely dogs trained for war), other than those brought by virtue of a class ability (such as animal companions, familiars paladin's mounts) or the warhorse of a character with the Mounted Combat feat, use the sidebar chart to determine the number of levels you add to the sum of step one. Add each character's animals separately. A single PC may only bring four or fewer animals of this type, and animals with different CRs are added separately.
3. Sum the results of step 1 and 2, and divide by the number of characters playing in the adventure. Round up to the nearest whole number.
4. If you are running a table of six PCs, add one to that average.

TIME UNITS AND UPKEEP

Mundane Animals Effect on APL		# of Animals			
		1	2	3	4
CR of Animal	1/4 & 1/6	0	0	0	1
	1/3 & 1/2	0	0	1	1
	1	1	1	2	3
	2	2	3	4	5
	3	3	4	5	6
	4	4	6	7	8
	5	5	7	8	9
	6	6	8	9	10
	7	7	9	10	11

Throughout this adventure, APLs categorize the level of challenge the PCs face. APLs are given in even-numbered increments. If the APL of your group falls on an odd number, ask them before the adventure begins whether they would like to play a harder or easier adventure. Based on their choice, use either the higher or the lower adjacent APL.

APL also affects the amount of experience and gold a PC can gain at the end of the adventure. If a player character is three character levels or more either higher or lower than the APL at which this adventure is being played, that character receives only one-half of the experience points and gold for the adventure. This simulates the fact that either the PC was not challenged as much as normal or relied on help by higher-level characters to reach the objectives.

Furthermore, a PC who is four or more levels higher than the highest APL supported by the adventure may not play the adventure.

Living Greyhawk adventures are designed for APL 2 and higher. Four or five 1st-level characters may find the challenge of an APL 2 adventure difficult. Suggest the following to these groups to help increase their chances of success:

1. Enlist a sixth player.
2. Advise characters to buy riding dogs to help protect them, and fight for them.

This is a standard one round Introductory adventure, set in Perrenland. Characters native to Perrenland pay one Time Unit per round, all others pay two Time Units per round.

Adventurer's Standard Upkeep costs 12gp per Time Unit. Rich Upkeep costs 50gp per Time Unit. Luxury Upkeep costs 100gp per Time Unit. Characters that fail to pay at least Standard Upkeep will retain temporary ability damage until the next adventure, must buy new spell component pouches and healer's kits, and may suffer other in-game penalties (or possibly gain in-game benefits) as may be detailed in this scenario.

A character that does not pay for at least Standard Upkeep may also avoid the above-described penalties by living off the wild. If the character possesses four or more ranks in the Survival skill and succeeds at a DC 20 Survival check, the character will heal temporary ability damage as if he or she paid for Standard Upkeep, may refill spell component pouches and healer's kits, and may restock up to 20 arrows or bolts if the character has at least four ranks in Craft (bowmaking). The player is allowed to Take 10 on this roll.

More information about Lifestyle and Upkeep can be found in the "Lifestyle and Upkeep" section of Chapter 3 of the *LIVING GREYHAWK Campaign Sourcebook*.

ADVENTURE BACKGROUND

Thil'ixianadoriameia the Red (pronounced thil-ix-a-na-door-ee-a-me-a) has lived in the Yatil mountains for many centuries, protecting her clutch of eggs and awaiting the day when the foul spawn would hatch. All was going well, until a paladin of Heironeous stumbled upon her lair.

He was an agent of Das Drache Getragenese, and he was scouting for the lair of a very young white dragon reported in the area. But he was woefully unprepared (he had protection from *cold*, not *fire*) when the mighty red finally appeared. Although the human was quickly roasted in his armour (and provided a nice snack when combined with a side of garlic), Thil'ixianadoriameia knew that once you killed one paladin, more were sure to follow. Thus, her days in the Yatils were numbered.

For a dragon of her size would not be able to move about freely, especially with her precious eggs! Each of them would have to be moved

individually! So, she devised a scheme. She would trick some adventurers, playing upon their spirit of “fairness” and “honour” and all that other rubbish and get them to do her dirty work for her. Each group would take one of her eggs to a safe location, where agents of Das Drache Tabellierprogramme Conclave would be able to secure their safety and find the evil creatures a new home. This is where the players come in...

ADVENTURE SUMMARY

The players begin the adventure in the city of Krestible (Southern Perrenland), and are staying at one of the local inns. Thil'ixianadoriameia the Red is also in that city that night, although she is shapeshifted into the form of a halfling. She knows how gullible adventurers are, so she takes a form which would give subtle hints to them that they should trust her. She finds the adventurers and begs them to take her eggs to what she calls an outpost of the goodly dragons. However, only one egg is real- the rest are fakes. Of the one that is real it is, naturally, a red dragon egg.

Her plan is as follows: when the adventurers are well on their way, Thil'ixianadoriameia will reveal herself outside the city and draw the agents of the Getragene away from the eggs. Meanwhile, the adventurers carry them safely to a secluded outpost of Das Drache Tabellierprogramme Conclave south of Krestible. Once the adventurers deliver the eggs to the monastery and are safe, the dragoness (with the one real egg in her possession) teleport away. Then, her goons finish off the PC's and nobody is the wiser!

However, the schemes of evil madmen (and madwomen) rarely go to plan. At one juncture, the PC's may discover that the cargo they carry are, in fact, red dragon eggs. This may lead them to one of three possible courses of action. They may return the egg(s) to the dragonborn, they may continue on towards the appointed meeting place, or they may break open the eggs. Either course of action is valid.

PREPARATION FOR PLAY

There are several things you should do in preparation for playing *Scrambled Eggs*. In rough order, you should:

- Unless you're a very experienced GM, you should play the module as a player first. This gives you the valuable perspective of a player and will help you be a better Game Master.

- Read the module from cover to cover. This is very important. Your players may be completely new to the *Greyhawk* setting, or even *Dungeons & Dragons* in general- you want to make a good impression! Also, this module can be complicated- it's good to know it well.
- Think about each NPC and how their persona should affect how you 'play' them. As a player you're only playing one character- as a GM you're playing half a dozen or more! Each should seem different and individual to your players.
- Remember to start your game a little earlier than with normal games so that you have time to ensure that everyone at the table is familiar with the basic rules of *Dungeons & Dragons* and are a little familiar with some of the customs of Perrenland. Large amounts of familiarization are not necessary- it's an introductory scenario, after all, so don't worry too much about it. Just make sure that nobody feels left out or embarrassed to ask questions.
- Read and understand the flow of the module. Although this module is relatively linear, it breaks off into three distinct paths after Encounter Two. This means that the players have three choices, each of which will end the module in a different way. These paths are labeled using letters; path A, path B, etc. As a player, you may only follow one path- but the group you run might do things another way.

INTRODUCTION

The adventure begins in the city of Krestible in Perrenland. Ask if the players wish to purchase any items before the game begins. Ensure that all the players have a miniature to represent their character and enough dice to play (one d4, one d6, one d8, one or two d10, one d12, one d20). A *Monster Manual*, *Dungeon Masters' Guide* and at least two *Players' Handbooks* should be on hand to provide reference material for players and the GM. Although this module uses a large amount of text from the *Draconomicon*, that book is not required as the relevant information within that book is reproduced within this module. Other sourcebooks may be needed if the players have base classes not contained within the *Players' Handbook* such as the *Warmage* or *Favored Soul*. The players do not need to own these books

themselves as long as a copy is about somewhere.

ABOUT THE ROTGAT

The *Rotgat* tavern was first mentioned in the Perrenland adventure *Wild Goose Chase* (retired adventure, 2003).

Once everyone (including you) are ready to begin, read the following paragraph:

Krestible, a town in southern Perrenland, is quiet this time of year. To put it lightly the Rotgat tavern is dodgy; even in the eyes of adventurers. It is mostly empty, apart from a few heavily intoxicated dwarves sitting at the far corner of the Inn, bragging loudly about their respective skill at something or other. Strangely, you have found yourselves at a table with fellow adventurers. You have a mug in your hand and a life of excitement ahead of you!

The week, so far, has been quiet ... but it seems fate is about to change all that. Without so much as a word of introduction, a halfling with shining golden eyes slips over to your table, pulls up a seat and sits down with fluid grace and elegance.

"I am Lloria the Gold," she states, her voice strained and nervous, "And ... you're adventurers, hmm?"

Let the PC's introduce themselves. If the PC's ask for a description of the halfling, the following may be of help. Otherwise, skip the next paragraph.

The short woman is an almost unnaturally beautiful creature with flowing blond hair and pale skin which seems to have a light yellowish hue. She wears a shining silvery breastplate which bears the symbol of a fist clutching several silvery bolts of lightning. The metal gleams with the care and dedication of hours of polish. However, the most attention grabbing feature of the little woman are her eyes – eyes which are strange, haunting, and bright gold in colour, with slit pupils.

The players will probably generally answer in the affirmative. Otherwise, she will insist that her sense for these things doesn't lie. Conversation will generally flow here. Answer as Thil'ixianadoriameia would, playing her role as Lloria, servant of Heironeous. Remember, she's doing her best to appear goodly and honest.

ALL ABOUT LLORIA

Lloria the Gold is, of course, Thil'ixianadoriameia in disguise (*polymorphed* into this form using her

ring, to be precise). Although *Scrambled Eggs* is for First Level characters only, some PC's (such as Paladins) may have the ability to *detect evil* at will, *detect magic*, or to see through illusions. Two hours previous to this encounter, Lloria quaffed a potion of *undetectable alignment* (caster level 3rd), so any attempt to *detect evil* should simply be answered with "You detect no evil." Also, as Lloria is *polymorphed* into the form of a halfling (as per the spell), her whole body radiates strong transmutation magic. If questioned specifically about this, she simply explains that it is part of her disguise (which is true). Note that her form is an actual polymorph, not an illusion. Any attempt to see through illusions does not break the disguise. If the PC's attempt to dispel her polymorph, then the caster level of her polymorph is 4th with a DC of 14 to dispel.

It should also be noted that Thil'ixianadoriameia/Lloria is statted (see the combat appendix). Do not reasonably allow the PC's to fight her. They have no reason to and this is a really stupid course of action. However, if they absolutely insist, try to scare and warn them a little first. Lloria does not want a fight yet if they press the point...

Players may make the following rolls to discover some information about Lloria. Where several rolls of the same type are listed, such as Knowledge (arcana), the PC's gain all of information up to the DC they achieve, including any lower DC's. Remember that anyone can make an untrained Intelligence check when the DC for a Knowledge check is below 10.

- Knowledge (religion) DC 5:

The symbol on Lloria's chest is that of Heironeous the arch-paladin.

This information is automatically known to any followers of Heironeous at the table.

- Knowledge (arcana) DC 12:

Her eyes are very strange, although such things are apparently common among those with draconian heritage.

- Knowledge (arcana) DC 14:

The discolouration of the eyes is definitely a draconian taint. The blood of the dragonkind is strong within this one. She is probably only three or four generations away from her draconian progenitor.

If conversation stalls or just doesn't start, just skip to the next paragraph.

Lloria the Gold shuffles nervously, then speaks again. "I need you to perform a very ... very ... important task for me. I need you to ... take care of my children!"

The players will probably be confused or even amused with this particular response and have further questions. Some sample questions and answers are provided below.

- Why the need to be so secret?

I am being pursued by a determined enemy! They have their eyes and ears everywhere! I have to be careful, for my children's' sake!

- Why are your children in danger?

"Evil men wish to destroy them simply for who they are! Or, more correctly, who they will become!"

- Who's after your children?

"It is the Drache Tabellierprogramme Conclave, a group dedicated to helping those who have the blood of evil dragons flowing through their veins. The Conclave seek to destroy my children, for they represent a power of goodness and righteousness that these evil men cannot abide. My faith in the Invincible Lord of Valour shall keep me strong, however, and protect my children in their time of need."

- How can we help?

"I will explain more, but first you must swear an oath to The Invincible that you will help me and not give me up to my enemies! I would prefer, of course, The Invincible, but whichever goodly deity you hold close to your heart will do equally well, as long as they are honest and true."

- What... exactly ... are your children?

"I cannot say. Not unless you are prepared to swear on the holy righteous power of The Invincible ... or whatever deity you keep close to your heart ... that you'll help me and not give me up to my enemies."

If the PC's press Lloria for more information, but do not swear an oath, Lloria caves in after a little pressure. Move onto the next set of questions and answers, however, do not allow Lloria to lead the PC's to the eggs until they have sworn to help her. If the PC's then don't go, or refuse to help her, begin handing out ARs and look very sad, giving your players your best puppy-dog eyes. Give them one last chance to take the plot-hook, explaining

that, sometimes, module writers must have the players to get into the game somehow. If they really, really don't want to- then sign the ARs and head down to the nearest pub for some drinks. I recommend vodka with lemon and lime all around.

LLORIA'S OATH

Generally speaking, Lloria's oaths do not require much. All the PC's have to do is promise to not betray her, and make that oath on the name of any good or neutral deity. The details should be left up to the individual players themselves, or they can just say, "I swear." There is no need to get bogged down in the technicalities and wording of a particular oath, unless of course, the players wish to.

Once the oaths are sworn, then Lloria will agree to tell them what they are really protecting.

Read the following paragraph.

"Very well, then. Your oaths satisfy me. Here, I will show you." Lloria then glances about for a moment, and motions for you all to follow her. "My children await on Rosban road, just outside the city. Come, I'll take you to them!"

Lloria leads the PC's away to the gates of Krestible. Once there, read the following.

Lloria leads you all out of the tavern and down Koperstrat road, turning right into Rosban. After a few more minutes travel, a large fully-enclosed carriage can be seen resting by a pair of stout looking mules. The halfling climbs up the little steps, opens the door and shows you the inside. Within the small, wooden enclosure is a large, square burning brazier full of hot coals. Within this rests four round, oval-shaped objects. Lloria reaches into the fire, although doesn't appear to get burned, and retrieves something ... something about a foot long, golden and oval shaped. An egg! Lloria cradles it protectively, smiling down at the unhatched creature. "There are four others. This is Galadoriamiazial (Ga-la-door-ee-a-me-a-zael) ... and as you may have guessed ... I am not quite the halfling which I appear to be."

No doubt the PCs will have yet more questions for the 'halfling'. Lloria plays her part beautifully. She's extremely intelligent, very skilled and very motivated after all. Some questions and answers:

- What are you?! Who are you really?

"I would have thought that'd be obvious. I'm a dragon! A relatively young one, by the way. This is my first clutch! They are my pride and joy!"

- Where are you from?

"I've lived in the Yatil mountains for centuries now, undisturbed. I've just been looking after my eggs and occasionally shifting to this form in order to come down and right a wrong or two in this city. But now it is I who must seek out help. It seems no good deed goes unpunished, after all."

- What happened?

"Three days ago, agents of Das Drache Tabellierprogramme Conclave divined my location and set out to destroy me! Now I must find a new home, deeper in the Yatils, south of here ... with what's left of my eggs." Lloria looks away for a moment, saddened.

- How many eggs are there?

"Six originally, but I was only able to save four. I took as many as I could carry, but I was too late for two of them. My poor babies! Who knows what's become of them now? If the Lord of Valour is merciful they will ... they will be dead and would not have suffered."

- A dragon that worships Heironeous? I would have thought Bahamut...

"The Dragon Lord holds some sway over my heart, that is true... but I follow the Archpaladin above all others. It is just my personal calling, I suppose."

- We don't believe you. Prove you're a dragon!

Lloria blinks a few times. "Look at this egg. Last I checked, halflings didn't lay eggs. I can't shape back to normal form here, as it is too near to the city! It would start a panic. You must believe me when I say that I am what I say I am!"

- What do you want us to do?

"Help safeguard my children! Take these eggs! Protect them and keep them safe! You must leave Krestible and take them to a safe location. There is a small, secluded monastery ninety miles west of here, near Oskindal. But it is not so close that it would attract undue attention. It is run by the faithful of The Invincible. It should provide adequate shelter until I arrive. Then I will move the precious eggs to a different, safe, location where they will never be disturbed again. I will give you a magical compass which shall always point you in the right direction ... once I am sure I can trust you, that is ..."

- What kind of resistance might we encounter?

Lloria sighs gently. "I wish I could tell you. I doubt you will encounter anything more than snow and ice, although naturally there may be hazards on the way. Agents of the Conclave may be about. If you encounter them, do not trust a word they say! They will lie and confuse you, and their unique heritage will make them very persuasive. In my flight northwest I will buy you as much time as I can and if I can escape, I will meet you back at the monastery."

- What will you do while we carry the eggs?

"I intend to shapeshift back to my natural form and make a break for the northwest, to lead them off your trail. If I am slain, it is of little consequence, as long as the eggs survive! I will buy you as much time as I can and, if I can escape, I will meet you back at the monastery."

- How long will it take to get there?

"About a week, by my guess."

- Can you help us in any way? Dragons are known for their love of magical items and gold...

"I cannot help you very much. I did not bring any gold or magic with me. I was forced out of my den by Conclave members. I was lucky to have grabbed most of my eggs, though I was too late for two of them! My poor babies! Who knows what's become of them now. If the Lord of Valour is merciful they will ... they will be dead and would not have suffered."

- We will help you!

Lloria seems elated. Her eyes flash a bright yellow, then settle as she regains her composure, replacing the egg in the fire. "Thank the Archpaladin!" She hops up and gives each of you a tight hug, as best she's able, positively bubbling over with joy.

After that, Lloria reaches into her pocket, pulling out a small compass on a metal chain. She rests it up on the door to the carriage. "This will lead you in the direction you wish to go, always," she says, her voice beginning to crack and break. Then she begins to cry softly, with something akin to a look of sadness and resolution on her face. She manages a weak smile. "May the speed of The Invincible be with you. I will hopefully see you ... soon... if that is His will." With that, she turns and strolls back into the city, humming a sad tune. She fades into the crowd and is gone.

ABOUT THE COMPASS

The compass is simply a magical trinket with a Find the Path spell placed upon it. The magic works as long as the PC's are working for Lloria, or until a week has passed, whichever comes first.

ABOUT THE CARRIAGE

In case it becomes relevant, the carriage is a Large object with AC 3, Hardness 5, 25 hit points and a move speed of 10. Each individual wheel (and the door) has AC 3, Hardness 5 and 10 hit points. The flames inside are not close enough to harm the carriage as it has been enchanted to have resistance to fire 10. If touched, the flames deal 1d6 points of damage a round. The mules are from the *Monster Manual* v3.5, pg 276.

ABOUT THE EGGS

Only one egg is real. The others are all fakes. The one actual egg has been affected by an undetectable alignment spell which Lloria has cast upon it using an appropriate scroll. Further, all eggs (including the fakes) have been dipped in (molten) pure gold make them appear as Gold Dragon eggs and have been affected by a nystul's magic aura spell to make them all radiate strong divination magic. Each of the eggs has AC 3, Hardness 5 and 10 hit points. Should an egg be broken, immediately proceed to **Encounter 3C:**

Eggspetitious Retreat."

Lloria moves away from the players to a safe house which she has kept for decades in the city of Krestible. There, she waits a moment and checks around to make sure she hasn't been followed, then permits herself a well earned cackle. All is going to plan...

Permit the PCs to do any shopping they wish to do before leaving the city, or perform any other tasks which they wish. Remind the PC's that the Yatil Mountains are very cold this time of year and that they may purchase cold weather gear. Once they are ready, go to **Encounter One: Eggscessive Eggspectations**

Creatures:

Thil'ixianadoriameia the Red: See Combat Appendix.

ENCOUNTER 1: EGGSCESIVE EGGSPECTATIONS

The sun shines brightly as you depart from the gates of Krestible. Lloria is true to her word, and the compass points unerringly west-southwest, no matter which way it is turned.

Birds soar overhead as you trek into the Yatil mountains, following the lead of the compass.

The first day passes without event, but as you march onwards, the air about you becomes colder and colder. It almost seems as though you will reach the monastery without incident ... almost.

On the afternoon of the second day, following the lead of the compass, you find yourself inside a deep ravine many miles long, and sandwiched in-between two mountains. Even the most inexperienced amongst you know your group is very exposed here. Tales of dangerous and terrible creatures which dwell in the Yatils are suddenly a little closer to home than you would like...

Allow the PC's to make any kind of changes to their marching order or anything else they would like before reading the next passage. When the PC's choose to continue, read the following:

You press on. It is almost dusk when you hear the faint howl of a wolf in the distance, followed soon after by another. An hour later, night falls.

The PCs have been stalked by a wolf pack intent on grabbing a meal of tenderized adventurer for their dinner. The PCs have several hours to prepare, however, and night falls before they arrive.

Read the box text, then roll 1d6. That is how many hours it is before the wolves arrive (from nightfall). When they do, any players who are awake may make a Spot, Survival, or Knowledge (nature) check (DC 10) to notice that the wolves are thin, weak and starving.

Creatures:

Alpha Wolf (1): Male wolf, see *Monster Manual* 3.5 pg 283.

Wolf Pack Members (3): Two female dogs, one male dog, see *Monster Manual* 3.5 pg 271.

DM's Note: Although wolves are wolves, due to the pack's starvation and general ill health the stats for dogs have been used instead of wolves.

Tactics: The terrain is flat, so simply allow the PCs to set up their miniatures and then place two pack members 75ft. to the left of the PCs and the alpha and another member 75ft. to the right of the PCs. Although wolves do not normally attack bipeds, they may do so when threatened or starving. This particular pack is the latter. Despite their starvation, they will make do with one small

meal and don't want anything too large or too much risk. If there are any small creatures (unmounted gnomes or halflings) in the group, they will target those first (attacking together as a group) to the exclusion of all others and will not willingly engage anyone else.

If the PCs have set up camp and are resting, the wolves use stealth to creep into their camp and attack the easiest target. With their loud barking they awake the rest of the camp as they begin to drag off their victim. Otherwise, they use speed and rush towards the nearest and best target, barking wildly. The alpha wolf will attempt to use his or her natural trip attacks to down their target, then initiate a grapple and drag (at half movement) the unlucky target away to be killed and devoured.

If a PC, or animal companion or mount is dragged off in this manner, once they are 75ft. away from the nearest PC they are considered slain (via coup-de-grace) and, if the dragging wolves are not chased down, messily devoured. If there are no unmounted halflings or gnomes, then they will use the above tactics against any small/medium animal companions or unmanned riding dogs they can get at. Failing *that*, they will attack the shortest and least perceived threat. They do not fight to the death- if a wolf is brought to half health then it turns and flees the combat. If three of the four wolves flee or are killed then they all retreat (except any wolves dragging or grappling dragged prey).

ALTERNATIVE TO COMBAT

Smart PCs will throw some of their rations out at the wolves or otherwise provide the creatures with food. If enough food is given (approximately three day's rations), the wolves retreat (taking the food with them and releasing any target they are dragging). PC druids, rangers or any else with the *wild empathy* class feature may attempt to calm these animals to 'unfriendly', at which point they can be hand-fed safely, although they will not release any target they have until they are all fed. They cease dragging, however, simply holding their target and observing. If they are calmed but not fed, in 1d6 minutes they become hostile again. Further attempts to calm them fail. Calmed wolves do their best to indicate their desire for food- sniffing and pawing at PC backpacks, whimpering and scratching at belt pouches containing food, etc. Calming one wolf counts as the whole pack calmed, but if any calmed wolf is attacked then they become hostile again. Further attempts to calm the pack fail.

Treasure:

Although the wolf pelts could normally be skinned and sold, these are so mangy and ill kept that they are not suitable for sale.

Loot – 0 gp, Coin – 0 gp.

AFTER THIS ENCOUNTER

Allow the PCs to rest the night, unhindered. They will regain spells and (possibly) some lost hit points.

ENCOUNTER 2: UNEGGSPECTED EGGCOUNTER

As you trek further up the mountains snow begins to fall, and it is a mixed blessing for you. It is colder and wetter, but the snow should help provide you with some cover against those who might have their eyes upon you and your precious cargo. Still, that proves little comfort against the day's glaring brightness and the night's howling wind. The compass still points unerringly towards your goal and it seems as though you are drawing closer. At least, few intelligent beings would be so foolish as to live out their lives in a place any less hospitable than this, so your destination could not be any more than a days journey away, or two at the most.

Once again, allow the PC's to make any kind of changes to their marching order or anything else they would like before reading the next passage.

When the PC's choose to continue, read the following:

On the morning of the third day, only hours into today's march, in the distance, three black specks in a nearby valley signal the approach of a group of mounted men galloping towards you at a furious pace. Although visible, they are about an hour behind you.

Tell your players to set out their miniatures. This area is open land, so a flat, plain battle map will suffice. The PCs have one hour game time to make whatever preparations they wish. They may elect to cast some spells just before the horsemen arrive, draw weapons or move out to a more tactical position. The horsemen are two warriors-in-training along with one leader. If he is dispatched, the lead rider, Jan Hawkrend, carries a note (**Player Handout #1**).

These are scouts sent by the Getragenes to intercept the bearers of the red dragon eggs, (which are the unwitting PCs). They believe that

the PCs are willingly carrying red dragon eggs, and they are not exactly in the mood for talk. However, if the PC's engage the riders in conversation (before or after combat, assuming the NPC's are not slain), then a Knowledge roll and two Diplomacy rolls may be made (see later). The first roll is to even get the NPC's to listen, and the second to get them to believe and accept the PC's story.

DM's Note: If a discussion takes place after the riders have been subdued in combat (and are alive, of course), then the PC's may attempt these rolls again if they had previously failed them.

- Knowledge (local) DC 25: *(DC 15 for any PC member who is a certified member of the Perrenland dragonborn metaorganisation).*

The lead rider's tabard bears a small symbol which is usually associated with members of the Getragenes, the goodly Dragonborn, who are working undercover.

- Diplomacy check (DC 15):

The riders will listen to the story of the PC's, but are still skeptical and still believe that they are liars. If the PC's beat the DC by 5 or more, they gain a +2 bonus on the roll below to convince the riders that they are innocent.

- Diplomacy check (DC 20):

The riders will accept the PC's story and believe they are innocent. They explain that they were sent by the Getragenes, the goodly Dragonborn, to intercept smuggled red dragon eggs. The description they were given matches the description of the party and the carriage! They then advise the PC's on two choices regarding the dragons eggs. Read the following:

One of the riders speaks. *“Look, you basically have two choices here: you can take the eggs back to our headquarters in Krestible for safe disposal, or you can destroy them right here, right now. It's up to you. I suppose you could also take them to Thil'ixianadoriameia and check out this monastery of hers ... although personally, I think that's suicide. What are you going to do? Turn up and politely let her know that you've murdered her children? I'm sure she'll take that reeeeeally well.”*

The PC's essentially have three main choices at this point: either destroy the eggs themselves, or take them back to Krestible for safe disposal, or journey on to the meeting point with Lloria. Either option is risky, the latter far more so.

- If the PC's choose to journey onwards to the mother dragon, go to **Encounter 3A: The Basilisk's Lair (AKA There Is No Egg Pun For This Encounter)**.

Note that if the PC's chose this route the riders refuse to come with the PC's and unless physically restrained will return to Krestible.

- If the PC's choose to deliver the eggs to Krestible, go to **Encounter 3B: Eggsacerbately Problematic**.
- If the PC's choose to destroy the eggs themselves, go to **Encounter 3C: Eggspetitious Retreat**.

NPCs:

Jan Hawkrend: See combat appendix.

Millian Helia: See combat appendix.

Zaraphale Jun: See combat appendix.

3x Light Warhorse: CR 1/3 each, see *Monster Manual*.

DM's Note: The riders never attempt to make attacks with their horses, so the CR of these mounts is reduced accordingly.

Tactics: Place three large creature markers representing the mounted men on the battlefield, 60 feet away from the PCs. The three warriors begin the combat mounted. If combat begins, the horsemen charge into combat if possible, otherwise, simply attack, attempting to get flanking where possible.

If it looks like the riders may be defeated, they do not fight to the death and instead they break off and flee the combat, taking their wounded and fallen with them if practical.

Treasure:

Loot: 40 gp, Coin: 140 gp.

ENCOUNTER 3A: THE BASILISKS' LAIR (AKA THERE IS NO EGG PUN FOR THIS ENCOUNTER)

Night falls on the fourth day as you trudge through the Yatils, your journey somewhat delayed by the weather and an impassable range of mountains which seem determined to cut off your passage to the south. But out of sheer luck, following the compass has lead

you to an impressive pass in the mountains, which seems to be the only way.

In better conditions you would have been at your destination already, but a heavy storm set in during the morning and only abated during the last few hours. Still, progress is fast and it looks as though your group will not be overly delayed.

As you press onwards, the mountains gradually move in from both sides. This could be a narrow passage in between the impassable mountain range or a box gully, with an equal chance of both. As you make your way up a small rise in the land a curious sight greets your eyes; a humanoid-shaped hand juts out of the snow only thirty feet away, partially open as though reaching up to the sky. It appears to have been buried in the recent snowstorm.

- Profession (stonemason) or Knowledge (arcana) (DC 15):

Upon closer inspection the hand is clearly made out of stone, although the craftsmanship is amazing. There appear to be pores on the skin and, curiously enough, even finely detailed individual hairs. No craftsman could possibly create work this detailed- it must be magically created.

Note: Any stone-related skill, but not Dungeoneering, can be used in place of Stonemason. Also, any PC's with the Stonecutting racial or class feature may gain the following information without rolling.

If the PCs choose to excavate the statue or otherwise investigate, then read the following:

Brushing away the snow reveals that the hand is attached to an arm, which is in turn attached to a whole person. Once again the craftsmanship is amazing. Apart from the obvious stony colour of his flesh, the statue appears exactly like a young male human dressed in studded leather armour. A shortsword and sheath, a matching but empty sheath, several daggers and a light mace hang from his belt, although those are stone, too. The expression on his face is distorted in an angry cry and his other hand holds a shortsword. Clearly, the statue is of a warrior of some description.

There is little else to be found here. The statue is of a petrified 3rd level rogue, but it has no treasure as it's all stone. Any damage to the stone deals equal damage to the trapped person, who has 20

hit points. If the statue is destroyed, then the rogue is dead. If the players have some way of returning him to life, either by a break enchantment or stone to flesh, he relates that he was fighting a local basilisk when he was apparently turned to stone. He asks what year it is and is shocked to learn that it's the year 595 CY (as he believes it is still year 585 CY). He then leaves to forge his own way, having no desire to fight the basilisk again.

The PCs may choose to journey onward at this point. Some may have an inkling that there might be a basilisk nearby- but there are no tracks about to suggest that it was here recently. Assuming they head in roughly the same direction they were heading before, read the next text:

You proceed on your way. After two hours journey, you crest another ridge and come across a macabre sight: thousands of stone statues, identical to those found earlier, dot this small valley in various poses. There is no order to their arrangement, although they tend to be clustered in groups and most appear to be armed. A large cave leads into the base of the mountain just ahead of you, around which the statues grow more dense and in tighter concentration.

If the PCs choose to go back, inform them that there is no other way to go pass this massive mountain range. Finding another way could take months. If they really, really insist, remind them that they stand to lose four or more TUs from a month's travel. If they do this regardless, then mark off four TUs from their ARs and go to the third encounter.

Progress through the field of statues is oddly saddening. Some are wielding weapons, some wear mirrored shields, others are dressed in the robes of the clergy while others grasp spell component pouches. Some appear to be commoners, their faces frozen in fear; others are armed nobles, their visage grim. Some are prone, shielding themselves with their hands, others are in combat stances. There are humans, elves, halflings, gnomes, dwarves, kobolds, orcs and gnolls: all, however, are stone. As you approach the cave, you see the huge, skeletal form of a dragon-like creature slumped over a rock, several rusty spears protruding from its' body. It seems that whatever turned these people into statues has been slain many years ago. Beside the body of the giant beast lies a rotten canvas tent, half covered in snow, along with a partially buried humanoid skeleton.

This skeleton is the body of Adaria Whistlethorn, a female human fighter who was part of an expedition to hunt down and destroy the basilisk which had been terrorizing the region. A search of her body and the basilisk reveals the following treasure and her journal, **Player Handout #2**.

The following skill checks may be made here:

- Heal (DC 10)
The woman has been dead for almost six years- although the cold has mostly preserved and mummified her body, so it is mostly intact.
- Heal (DC 15)
It seems likely that the woman has been dead for approximately 10 years.
- Heal (DC 20)
Although... it would probably be closer to nine, when you think about it a bit more.
- Appraise (DC 12)
The camping supplies could be worth about sixty gold pieces to most general stores.

It should be noted that the same information, regarding year of death, could be gathered by checking the year on the diary if the players were smart enough to pick up on it.

Once the players have gained all they wish from this encounter, proceed to **Encounter Four (A), Eggstraction**.

Treasure:

The basilisk has no treasure to speak of, although the body of Adaria Whistlethorn contains a pouch with sixty gold coins, along with the surviving camping provisions which seem to be worth something. There is no further treasure here as all of the possessions of the statues are stone too. If the players have some way to restore them to life, then they all thank the players then make their way back to civilization, paying them the cost of any material components and giving a fair reward (10 gold per person freed). If the PC's have unlimited methods of returning the folk to life, essentially this brings the PCs up to gold cap.

Loot – 60 gp, Coin – 60 gp.

ENCOUNTER 3B: EGGSACERBATELY PROBLEMATIC

Night falls on the fourth day as you trudge back towards Krestible. The magic on the compass stopped working yesterday so you and your group have been navigating without it. Despite this, aside from some backtracking earlier on the group has made good progress.

But on noon of the forth day, as you crest the a small ridge on the grassy, rolling earth a group of four strangers: an elf, a half-elf, a human and a dwarf are waiting for you. They stand comfortably, weapons and spell component pouches in hand. As you draw close, the dwarf grins broadly. "Now, now. What 'ave we 'ere then, eh Jaelia? A bunch 'o wussies ready fur' a poundin', by my guess." The elf flicks her rapier with contempt. "I'm disappointed, Xael. Thil'ixianadoriameia promised us a challenge," she complains in a whiny, high pitched voice, "But I guess this'll have to do." The half-elf waves pair of swords at your group, grinning maniacally. "By Tiamat's breath, you talk too much. C'mon, Klaus- let's gut these worthless fools!"

These are agents of Thil'ixianadoriameia, sent to slaughter the PC's and take back the eggs. Their heritage is mixed, with plenty of draconian blood of various sorts mixed in there. If captured, none of the NPC's reveal anything except that they are members of the Das Drache Tabellierprogramme Conclave and the inane, megalomaniacal babbling of a twisted, dark mind.

Allow the PC's to set up their miniatures how they wish, then arrange the four NPC's together 40ft. ahead of the group. They attack immediately, using the tactics specified below.

Once this combat is resolved, move to **Encounter 4B, Eggcelent Work, Old Chap**.

Creatures:

Klaus Brenner: See combat appendix.

Jaelia Bromiam: See combat appendix.

Xael Stonefist: See combat appendix.

Ll'aire Portsmouth: See combat appendix.

Tactics:

Klaus hangs to the rear of the combat, using his Acid Splash spells to maximum effect as his first level spells are non-combat orientated. When he

has exhausted his 0th level slots, he draws his dagger and enters the fray. Klaus possesses black dragon heritage.

Jaelia takes a careful approach to combat, avoiding being flanked and drawing attacks of opportunity if she can possibly avoid it. She uses her combat expertise to aid her armour class by one point, fighting defensively unless a risk-free opportunity to attack presents itself. Jaelia possesses white dragon heritage.

L'aire tries to flank with Xael, using the powerful dwarf to act as her effective meat shield. She fights using her two shortwords, trying to get her sneak attack damage in wherever possible. L'aire possesses green dragon heritage.

Xael charges into battle the moment combat has begun, swinging wildly with his axe, targeting those who are a worthy challenge to him and ignoring any whom he considers weak (primarily spellcasters). He particularly favors any dwarves, half-orcs, barbarians or fighters. Xael possesses blue dragon heritage.

Treasure:

Loot – 60 gp, Coin – 60 gp.

ENCOUNTER 3C: EGGSPETITIOUS RETREAT

Read the following if it's appropriate, otherwise skip this paragraph. But first, determine exactly where the PC's are going to break the eggs- outside the carriage, inside, etc. Also, if the PC's attempt to kill the eggs by any other means (immersion in cold snow, etc) then it's the DM's call as to whether the dragon inside could survive that. If not, the PC's get full experience anyway (they defeated the encounter) otherwise, have the dragon catch up to them and fight them in a similar manner to the encounter below.

If you wanna do something right, you've gotta do it yourself. As the final blow lands, the eggshell splits, revealing the fully formed body of a tiny, red draconian creature. The little wyrm stretches out, emits a loud screech- then climbs up to its' claws. You could swear it was angry; until it speaks, and then you're sure. "And just who in the hells are you?!" he hisses, blowing clouds of smoke out through his nostrils and jumping away angrily, giving a sickly cough. "My name is Galadoriamiazial (Ga-la-door-ee-a-me-a-zael) the Red, son of Thil'ixianadoriameia the Red, and you've hatched me earlier than nature intended! Get ready, because I think you'll find..."

Galadoriamiazial coughs again, then straightens, "... find that, even as a hatchling I'm far stronger than any meat bag biped! By the breath of Tiamat, your flesh will be my first meal in this world!"

The PC's have cracked open one of the dragons eggs. Since they were about to hatch, this has effectively 'birthed' the creature inside prematurely. It's still a difficult challenge, however, but weaker than it otherwise might be.

Allow the PC's to set up their miniatures how they wish, then arrange one medium sized miniature for the dragon hatchling. Take note of the tactics listed for Galadoriamiazial, which are listed below, as otherwise this can be a overly difficult encounter.

Once the egg has been broken, the magical disguise placed around the eggs disappears, revealing that the other three eggs are simply crude fakes disguised by magic.

Once this combat is resolved, move to **Encounter 4C, Eggspect the UnEggspected?**.

Creatures:

Galadoriamiazial the Red: See combat appendix.

Tactics:

Galadoriamiazial is angry at being hatched early (and who wouldn't be), but his heart really isn't into a long fight. He opens using his breath weapon on the toughest, most physically capable member of the group- and then tries to engage various members of the party in melee combat, seemingly at random. Inexperienced at combat, he doesn't plan out his full-attacks properly and mainly just charges from target to target, drawing attacks of opportunity when applicable. However, he doesn't want to die. When dropped to below 15 hit points, he attempts to flee via the most direct route possible. If he cannot outrun or out fly the party, then he turns around and continues to fight until slain.

Treasure:

Loot – 120 gp, Coin – 0 gp. (From the sale of Galadoriamiazial's baby horns. Dragon-bits are valuable to people!)

ENCOUNTER 4A: EGGSTRACTION

The journey through the tunnel is a walk in the park compared to the howling blizzard which has developed outside. The only real issue is

the complete lack of any form of wildlife or animals here, including spiders, ants or rats. The passage is completely desolate, probably due to the presence of the beast observed earlier. Fortunately for you, the tunnel through the mountain is sheltered from the wind and sleet, although occasional breaks to the surface allow you to appreciate the storms' power. It almost seems as if the gods had waited until you had set foot into this place to unleash their full fury, which is probably just as well, for even the most skilled druid or ranger would be hard pressed to find the outside tempest tolerable.

Although the tunnel travels through the inside of two mountains, its mostly direct route has shaved considerable time off your journey and you arrive at the surface in just a days travel. By now the storm has subsided and the skies are clear and calm. Such is the weather in the unpredictable Yatil mountains. In the distance, several hours journey away, a imposing tower almost a hundred feet tall lies covered in snow and ice. The compass points unerringly towards it. It appears your final destination is close by.

This is the Conclave Outpost where Thil'ixianadoriameia and some of her cronies await for the PCs to arrive with her eggs. The PCs will probably want to get there as soon as possible, and by this stage they are several days late. Fortunately, Thil'ixianadoriameia has some scrying spells active at the exit to the tunnel, so she knows that the PCs are coming and can set an appropriate stage for their arrival. Once the PCs are at the outpost, read the following text.

As you approach the tower a set of large double doors become clear, marking the entrance. Before you reach them, however, a tallish Flan man with dark black hair opens them and makes his way towards you at a swift jog. As he nears you he calls, "Oh, praise the gods! We thought you'd been killed in that terrible blizzard. You must come quickly, there's no time to waste. The Conclave is almost upon us now. We need to get the eggs and take them to a new place, a safe place- and you as well!"

The man is Klaus Brenner, a sorcerer with black dragon heritage, although apart from his hair it's not overly obvious that he's not whom he says he is. If questioned about his links to the Dragonborn, he simply comments that he helps them as best he can but has no draconic blood himself. Of course, he's in on the plot and

Thil'ixianadoria-meia has given him extensive coaching on what to say and how to act. PCs may make a sense motive roll against his bluff, failure indicating that he's probably not telling the truth regarding his draconic blood. Still, this is not a terribly bad lie as some sorcerers disguise the source of their power.

The following boxed text should be read, although modify it if the PCs have already questioned Klaus regarding his origins.

The man leads you the rest of the way to the tower. He introduces himself as Klaus Brenner, a sorcerer who has volunteered to assist the Dragonborn, although he himself is not a member. He leads you through the set of doors, closing them on his way through, then up a long spiral staircase to the very top of the tower. The view here is impressive- from this vantage point you can see out for miles and miles over the snow covered earth, although due to the towers' sheltered position at the centre of a valley between two mountains, the view isn't unlimited.

Despite the hauntingly beautiful scenery and the lack of any form of safety should one stray too close to the ledge, there are more pressing matters at hand- Lloria the 'halfling' is here, her golden face streaked with tears, along with three other men and women who appear to be trying to comfort her. However, she is having none of it. She cries miserably, flailing away with her small fists at the dwarf who holds her in a firm embrace.

"There there, lass," the dwarf coos in a gentle tone, "Ye can be having some more eggs in the next season, aye? 'm sure 'ole, uh, whatizname will nae mind as soon as ye heat season comes around 'gain..."

But as you enter, Llorias' sharp ears perk at the sounds of many booted feet. With a squeak, she jumps away from the dwarf, running over towards you as fast as her little legs will carry her. "You're back! Oh, thank The Invincible! I thought you'd been killed! We all did! You have my eggs, right? Oh, please say they're safe!"

The PCs now have a chance to return Lloria's eggs. If for some reason they claim not to have them, Lloria casts a *detect magic* spell. The magic of the *undetectable alignment* placed upon the eggs will reveal them to her (if they are present) and she will angrily demand them once more. If the eggs are not present, or if the eggs are present but not given to her, then she goes

ballistic ... screaming that she will be forced to kill the PCs if they're not turned over. The rest of the people around her ready weapons, holy symbols and spell pouches as though to do battle. If the PCs still do not turn over her eggs, then proceed to the combat section of this encounter- but Thil'ixianadoriameia does not enter the fray unless directly attacked, ends her polymorph and assumes her natural form. She does not attack unless the PC's REALLY annoy her.

Once the PC's have defeated her goons, and the eggs are not present, she flies away cursing the names of every one of the PC's and swearing revenge. If the eggs are present, she attacks the PC's in melee for subdual damage until all are disabled, takes her eggs, then leaves. Otherwise, read the next paragraph.

Llorias' relief is palpable as you hand over all of her precious eggs. However, strangely, she only selects one- holding onto it tight. "The others were fakes," she explains, smiling sheepishly, "Other groups just like yours will transport my other eggs. I just couldn't take the chance..." Lloria gives the egg a fond kiss then pulls out a spell scroll. She reads from it and then, in a few moments, she and the egg begin to fade away. But just before she vanishes, she turns to the black haired man who led you in, grinning maniacally. "Klaus? Kill them." The four others nearby draw weapons and spell component pouches, moving menacingly towards you.

Now would be a good time to arrange miniatures on the battlemat. The tower itself is shaped like a regular hexagon, with each side being thirty feet long. A five-foot square set of stairs descends into the tower, ten feet from the south most edge.

If captured, none of the NPC's reveal anything except that they are members of the Das Drache Tabellierprogramme Conclave and the inane babblings of a twisted, dark mind.

Once this combat has been completed, Go to **Conclusion (B)**.

Creatures:

Klaus Brenner: See combat appendix.

Jaelia Bromiam: See combat appendix.

Xael Stonefist: See combat appendix.

Ll'aire Portsmouth: See combat appendix.

Tactics:

Klaus hangs to the rear of the combat, using his Acid Splash spells to maximum effect as his first

level spells are non-combat orientated. When he has exhausted his 0th level slots, he draws his dagger and enters the fray. Klaus possesses black dragon heritage.

Jaelia takes a careful approach to combat, avoiding being flanked and drawing attacks of opportunity if she can possibly avoid it. She uses her combat expertise to aid her armour class by one point, fighting defensively unless a risk-free opportunity to attack presents itself. Jaelia possesses white dragon heritage.

Ll'aire tries to flank with Xael, using the powerful dwarf to act as her effective meat shield. She fights using her two shortwords, trying to get her sneak attack damage in wherever possible. Ll'aire possesses green dragon heritage.

Xael charges into battle the moment combat has begun, swinging wildly with his axe, targeting those who are a worthy challenge to him and ignoring any whom he considers weak (primarily spellcasters). He particularly favors any dwarves, half-orcs, barbarians or fighters. Xael possesses blue dragon heritage.

Treasure:

Loot – 60 gp, Coin – 90 gp.

ENCOUNTER 4B: EGGSCELENT WORK, OLD CHAP

Note: The following boxed text assumes that Jan Hawkrend survived the possible combat with the PC's. If he did not, simply substitute Zaraphale Jun or Millian Helia into the places where his name is listed.

The gates of the city of Krestible appear as a welcome sight. Although you arrive in the middle of the night, the city is still alive and active, with torches lining the streets and glowing lights in many windows. Jan Hawkrend leads you into the city gates, carriage in tow, as you navigate the busy streets of Krestible. After many minutes travel, he stops outside a dilapidated, run down house in the slums of the city.

"This is a meeting spot for members of our organization," he explains, "And you're in a very lucky position today. By sheer chance, someone very sympathetic to our cause is in the city. We thought we may have need of her, well, talents, so we asked if she would meet

with us on this day. Luckily you're here, and you have the 'cargo', this would be the perfect time to hand the eggs over to her- she's the perfect ... person ... to take care of them. Just I beg you ... be silent while she is here and let me do the talking. I do not wish to risk offense to her. Her help is vital to us."

The PC's may have questions for Jan. Some sample questions are given below.

- Who are we meeting?

"I shall be honest with you. To tell you her real name would compromise her position within this city- but you can call her Ealep (A-El-Up), Your Shiny Friend In High Places."

- Can we trust her?

"She can be trusted with your life; I surely trust her with mine. Fear not, she will ensure that the eggs are dealt with."

Clever and observant players might notice that Ealep is Pelae spelt backwards. Pelae is a silver dragon who lives in the city of Krestible. More information about Pelae, for the curious, can be found on the Perrenland website at http://perrenland.lythia.com/download/krestible_project.pdf

Have Jan answer any other reasonable question the PC's have. If they're being too invasive with their questioning, or once the PC's are done asking questions, read the following:

A hunched, old human woman steps out of the shadows, dressed in a hood and a simple peasant's robe. She appears unarmed, her head down, silvery hair falling about her shoulders. She moves up to Jan, her body language tense. "You know I hate this," she hisses quietly, glancing about as if expecting a horde of assassins to jump out and attack her at any moment, "I'm not here to interfere, to probe into the business of others..." Jan bows respectfully, keeping his head down. "I'm sorry, My Lady," he offers humbly, "But this is such a serious matter... we thought you should know." The woman nods. "Very well, then. I will help you this once and this once only, but you have exhausted all favor with me by doing so."

Jan nods his head. "I understand." Then, the woman moves forward, taking a small bag from a pouch in her robe. This bag is elaborately decorated, seeming in stark

contrast with the dirty, simple robe of it's owner. The woman opens the door of the carriage and steps inside. Moments later, she leaves, tucking the bag away in her robes once more. "I'll make sure it's done," she says quietly, "Now leave." With that, she turns about and walks into the shadows, disappearing as mysteriously as she came.

If the PC's interrupt the boxed text, the woman ignores any requests or questions by the PC's.

If the PC's begin to make a serious fuss, Jan makes every effort to get them to behave- but obtaining the eggs is paramount to the stranger, so she does her best to.

If the PC's attempt to fight her, pull off her hood (or otherwise seek her identity), physically restrain her, accuse her of being Thil'ixianadoriameia or significantly disrupt the proceedings she mutters a quick spell- and vanishes. Jan and the others go to sell the wagon and the eggs are never delivered to their rightful owner. Go to **Conclusion (C)**.

Jan seems relieved that the meeting is over. Once the woman is gone, he smiles lightly, stretching out. "Well, I'm glad that'd done," he says with a sigh, "I'm always nervous when I meet with that one." He offers a chuckle, then turns back towards the carriage. "Well, we better get rid of this thing first. It should be worth a pretty penny- how about we sell it, eh? The mules, too. I'm sure we can find a buyer and I think together they'll form adequate payment for our troubles. But let's get it out of here, first."

Let the PC's talk about their reward if they want, or the best way to sell off the wagon. But before they get on with anything...

However, as you're standing there discussing this, a hunched, old woman steps out of the shadows, dressed in a hood and a simple peasant's robe. She appears unarmed, her head down, silvery hair falling about her shoulders. She moves up to Jan, her body language tense. "You know I hate this," she hisses quietly, glancing about as if expecting a horde of assassins to jump out and attack her at any moment, "I'm not here to interfere, to probe into the business of others..."

The PC's might be surprised at this turn of events. If they have something compelling to do, then let them- otherwise, let Jan do his thing. Alternatively, the PC's may say something like, 'We just had that boxed text...' assure them that it's the right one.

With a start, Jan rocks back on his heels. "My Lady?" he asks curiously, "What do you mean? Why have you come back...?"

"Come back?" the woman echoes, her voice confused, "What do you mean?"

"You were just here," Jan exclaims, "Just a few minutes ago!"

The woman looks up. Under her hood, you can see her features harden. "It would seem... that Thil'ixianadoriameia got her eggs after all. We were tricked. Jan- we will discuss this further. I must leave you; it's too dangerous for me to stay here." With that, she turns and runs off into the night.

Go to **Conclusion (B)**.

Creatures:

L'l'aire Portsmouth: See combat appendix.

Treasure:

Loot – 0 gp, Coin – 150 gp.

ENCOUNTER 4C: EGGSPLECT THE UNEGGSPLECTED?

The journey back to Krestible is much easier without those blasted eggs- the carriage moves much faster, too. In fact- everything seems to be going your way. There are no troublesome problems on the way back, everything seems smooth and easy- so you spend the next few days relaxing and having a good time, doing whatever you fancy.

Ask the PC's what it is they're going to do, roughly, over the next few days. How they answer doesn't really matter.

As typically happens in a city such as Krestible, rumors come to your ears from the various taverns and streets regarding the escalating war between the two halves of the Dragonborn guild. It seems that an outpost some days west of Krestible was attacked by a large silver dragon several days ago and razed to the ground. Further details are sketchy, but they say that some influential members of the sour half of the Dragonborn were killed during the raid- and that faction has lost significant power and influence. Although nothing in confirmed, it would seem that those who would help 'Lloria' got their just desserts after all...

Go to **Conclusion (C)**.

Treasure:

Loot – 0 gp, Coin – 150 gp.

CONCLUSION (A)

With the last of your attackers slain you begin the grim task of looting their bodies, a practice which has come to be known as 'Greyhawking' due to the frequency in which it occurs in these violent lands. Of Lloria there is no sign, and strangely, no corpse lies broken at the base of the tower as one might expect. Her motivations and true identity remain a mystery, as do her whereabouts. You are left with a vague feeling of betrayal, as though Lloria abused your good nature to her own strange ends.

Still, not all the news is bad, and a substantial amount of gold has been recovered from the bodies of your attackers, something which is always in short supply for adventurers. Perhaps you might use it to purchase a more powerful weapon to defend yourself, further your arcane research or buy your home town the largest barrel of skillet ale Oerth has ever seen. Whatever your choice, the gold is yours, rightly earned.

Go to **After the Adventure**.

CONCLUSION (B)

Well. So much for that! Whoever the imposer was, he or she is long gone. It might have even been Thil'ixianadoriameia herself, although it seems unlikely. Perhaps the crimson dragon has more allies in this city, and the goodly Dragonborn more infested with spies, than anyone ever imagined. With these thoughts on your mind, Jan arranges a buyer for the carriage- and he pays a very tidy sum, as well.

Go to **After the Adventure**.

CONCLUSION (C)

You spend this day just as you've spent hundreds before it- on the road, enjoying the life of an adventurer. You check into an inn for the night, then prepare for some rest. But just as you begin to prepare for some shuteye, there is a knock at the door of your room. "Package for you," says a short, freckled human who thrusts a heavy pouch at you and then scurries away. Opening it reveals a small number of gold coins, although no mention of who sent it to you, or why.

Go to **After the Adventure**.

AFTER THE ADVENTURE

Many days later you find yourself back in the city of Krestible, your belly full of delicious food and your purse equally full with well earned coin. As you walk through the crowded marketplace, a rather portly human man with silvery hair bumps against you apparently by accident- even after you'd moved out of his way. The incident is forgotten, although later that day you find a strange note slipped into one of your pockets.

If the PC's came to this encounter from Conclusion A or B, show the PC's **Player Handout #3**, or read it aloud yourself. Otherwise, show them **Player Handout #4**. Then read the following;

Somehow, you do not think you have seen the last of 'Lloria' quite yet...

The End

DM's Note: If you are running this adventure before the 5st of February 2005, please e-mail the author at u2552331@anu.edu.au with the subject "Scrambled Eggs Conclusion". Include in the message body which conclusion path (A, B or C) your group reaches, along with any other relevant information, so that any possible sequels or follow on events can be planned.

EXPERIENCE POINT SUMMARY

To award experience for this adventure, add up the values for the objectives accomplished. Then assign the experience award. Award the total value (objectives plus roleplaying) to each character.

Introduction

Experience objective: Accept the quest for Lloria

APL2 30 xp

Encounter One

Experience objective: Defend yourselves.

APL2 90 xp

Encounter Two

Experience objective: Defend yourselves.

APL2 120 xp

Encounter Three

Experience objective: Investigate the Basilisks' den OR Defend yourselves.

APL2 30 xp

Encounter Four

Experience objective: Defend yourselves OR Observe the strange meeting OR Bum around! Do nothing!

APL2 150 xp

Story Award

Objective(s) met: Discovering the true identity of Lloria the Gold.

APL2 30 xp

Total possible experience:

APL2 450 xp

TREASURE SUMMARY

During an adventure, characters encounter treasure, usually finding it in the possession of their foes. Every encounter that features treasure has a "treasure" section within the encounter description, giving information about the loot, coins, and magic items that make up the encounter's treasure.

The loot total is the number of gold pieces each character gains if the foes are plundered of all their earthly possessions. Looting the bodies takes at least 10 minutes per every 5 enemies, and if the characters cannot take the time to loot the bodies, they do not gain this gold. If you feel it is reasonable that characters can go back to loot the bodies, and those bodies are there (i.e., not carted off by dungeon scavengers, removed from the scene by the local watch, and so on), characters may return to retrieve loot. If the characters do not loot the body, the gold piece value for the loot is subtracted from the encounter totals given below.

The coin total is the number of gold pieces each character gains if they take the coin available. A normal adventuring party can usually gather this wealth in a round or so. If for some reason, they pass up this treasure, the coin total is subtracted from the encounter totals given below.

Next, the magic items are listed. Magic item treasure is the hardest to adjudicate, because they are varied and because characters may want to use them during the adventure. Many times characters must cast identify, analyze dweomer or similar spell to determine what the item does and how to activate it. Other times they may attempt to use the item blindly. If the magic item is

consumable (a potion, scroll, magic bolts, etc.) and the item is used before the end of the adventure, its total is subtracted from the adventure totals below.

Once you have subtracted the value for unclaimed treasure from each encounter add it up and that is the number of gold pieces a characters total and coin value increase at the end of the adventure. Write the total in the GP Gained field of the adventure certificate. Because this is a Regional scenario, characters may spend additional Time Units to practice professions or create items immediately after the adventure so this total may be modified by other circumstances.

L = Looted gear from enemy; C = Coin, Gems, Jewelry, and other valuables; M = Magic Items.

Encounter One:

L: 0 gp; C: 0 gp; M: 0 gp

Encounter Two:

L: 40 gp; C: 140 gp; M: 0 gp

Encounter Three (A):

L: 60 gp; C: 60 gp; M: 0 gp

Encounter Three (B):

L: 60 gp; C: 60 gp; M: 0 gp

Encounter Three (C):

L: 120 gp; C: 0 gp; M: 0 gp

Encounter Four (A):

L: 60 gp; C: 90 gp; M: 0 gp

Encounter Four (B):

L: 0 gp; C: 150 gp; M: 0 gp

Encounter Four (C):

L: 0 gp; C: 150 gp; M: 0 gp

Total Possible Treasure

Path A: L: 160gp; C: 290 gp; M: 0 gp - Total: 450 gp

Path B: L: 100gp; C: 350 gp; M: 0 gp - Total: 450 gp

Path C: L: 160gp; C: 290 gp; M: 0 gp - Total: 450 gp

Special

As this is an introductory scenario, there is no special access for this module.

ITEMS FOR THE ADVENTURE RECORD

Item Access

As this is an introductory scenario, there is no special access for this module.

COMBAT APPENDIX

Tactics: Munch, munch, munch.

INTRODUCTION

Thil'ixianadoriameia the Red: CR 13; Female young adult red dragon; Huge dragon (fire); HD 19d12+95; hp 218; Init +0; Spd 40ft., fly 150ft. (poor); AC 26; touch 8, flat-footed 26; Base Atk +19; Grp +37; Atk +27 melee (2d8+10, bite); Full Atk +27 melee (2d8+10, bite), +22 melee (2d6+5, 2 claws), +22 melee (1d8+5, 2 wings), +22 melee (2d6+15, tail slap); Space/Reach 15ft./10ft. (15ft with bite); SA breath weapon, crush, frightful presence, improved snatch, spell-like abilities, spells; SQ blindsense 60ft., damage reduction 5/magic, darkvision 120ft., immunity to fire, magical sleep effects, and paralysis, low light vision, spell resistance 19, vulnerability to cold; AL CE; SV Fort +16, Ref +11, Will +13; Str 31, Dex 10, Con 21, Int 14, Wis 15, Cha 14.

Skills and Feats: Appraise +21, Concentration +21, Intimidate +7, Bluff +21, Diplomacy +6, Hide -8, Jump +33, Knowledge (Arcana) +15, Knowledge (History) +15, Listen +21, Search +21, Sense Motive +7, Spellcraft +12, Spot +12; Cleave, Flyby Attack, Hover, Improved Snatch, Power Attack, Snatch, Wingover.

Equipment: Ring of polymorph (worn), potion of undetectable alignment (quaffed), scroll of teleport.

Breath Weapon (Su): 50-ft. cone, 10d10 fire, Reflex DC 24 for half.

Crush (Ex): Area 15ft by 15ft.; Small or smaller opponents take 2d8+15 points of bludgeoning damage, and must succeed on a DC 24 Reflex save or be pinned.

Frightful Presence (Ex): 150-ft. radius, HD 18 or fewer; Will DC 21 negates.

Improved Snatch (Ex): Against Medium or smaller creatures, bite for 2d8+10/round or claw for 2d6+5/round.

Spell-Like Abilities: 5/day – locate object. Caster level 5th.

Spells: As 5th-level sorcerer.

Sorcerer Spells Known: (6/7/5; save DC 12 + spell level): 0th – arcane mark, detect magic, flare, ray of frost, read magic, resistance; 1st – alarm, magic missile, protection from good, ventriloquism; 2nd – darkness, obscure object;

ENCOUNTER TWO

Jan Hawkrend: CR 1; male human(fighter 1); HD 1d10+2; hp 7; Init +2; Spd 40 ft. (mounted) 30 ft. (dismounted); AC 18, touch 12, flat-footed 16; Base Atk/Grp: +1/+3; Atk +5 melee (1d6+2, shortspear) (-1 to attack when dismounted); Full Atk +4 melee (1d6+2, shortspear); Space/Reach: 10ft. (mounted) 5ft.(dismounted) / 5ft.; AL LN; SV Fort +7, Ref +4, Will +3; Str 14, Dex 14, Con 14, Int 8, Wis 12, Cha 14.

Skills and Feats: Ride +4, Mounted Combat, Weapon Focus (shortspear), Power Attack .

Equipment: Shortspear (wielded), scale mail (worn), heavy shield (wood, worn), note (Player Handout 1).

Millian Helia: CR 1/2; female human(warrior 1); HD 1d8+2; hp 6; Init +0; Spd 40 ft. (mounted) 30 ft. (dismounted); AC 17, touch 12, flat-footed 16; Base Atk/Grp: +2/+4; Atk +3 melee (1d6+2, shortspear), (-1 to attack when dismounted); Full Atk +3 melee (1d6+2, shortspear), (-1 to attack when dismounted); Space/Reach: 10ft. (mounted) 5ft. (dismounted) /5ft.; AL LN; SV Fort +4, Ref +0, Will -1; Str 12, Dex 10, Con 14, Int 8, Wis 8, Cha 14.

Skills and Feats: Ride +4, Mounted Combat, Weapon Focus (shortspear).

Equipment: Shortspear (wielded), scale mail (worn), heavy shield (wood, worn).

Zaraphale Jun: CR 1/2; male human(warrior 1); HD 1d8+2; hp 6; Init +0; Spd 40 ft. (mounted) 30 ft. (dismounted); AC 17, touch 12, flat-footed 16; Base Atk/Grp: +2/+4; Atk +3 melee (1d6+2, shortspear), (-1 to attack when dismounted); Full Atk +3 melee (1d6+2, shortspear), (-1 to attack when dismounted); Space/Reach: 10ft. (mounted) 5ft. (dismounted) /5ft.; AL LN; SV Fort +4, Ref +0, Will -1; Str 12, Dex 10, Con 14, Int 8, Wis 8, Cha 14.

Skills and Feats: Ride +4, Mounted Combat, Weapon Focus (shortspear).

Equipment: Shortspear (wielded), scale mail (worn), heavy shield (wood, worn).

ENCOUNTER THREE (B) OR FOUR (A)

Klaus Brenner: CR 1; male human(sorcerer 1); HD 1d4+2; hp 4; Init 2; Spd 30 ft; AC 12, touch 12, flat-footed 10; Base Atk/Grp: +0/+1; Atk +1 melee (1d4+1, dagger); Full Atk +1 melee (1d4+1, dagger); Space/Reach: 5ft. /5ft.; AL CE; SV Fort +2, Ref +2, Will 1; Str 12, Dex 14, Con 14, Int 8, Wis 8, Cha 16. +1 to all saves vs acid.

Skills and Feats: Concentration 4 ranks (+6, +10 to cast defensively), Draconic Heritage (Black), Combat Casting.

Equipment: Dagger (wielded), "Acid fang" Familiar (snake).

Spells: As 1st-level sorcerer.

Sorcerer Spells Known (5/3; save DC 13 + spell level); 0—*arcane mark, dancing lights, detect magic, acid splash*; 1st—*alarm, mount*.

Jaelia Bromiam: CR 1; female high-elf(swashbuckler 1); HD 1d10+1; hp 6; Init 4; Spd 30 ft; AC 18, touch 14, flat-footed 14; Base Atk/Grp: +1/+3; Atk +5 melee (1d6+2, rapier 18-20x2); Full Atk +5 melee (1d6+2, rapier 18-20x2); Space/Reach: 5ft. /5ft.; AL NE; SV Fort +3, Ref +4, Will -1; Str 14, Dex 18, Con 12, Int 13, Wis 8, Cha 8.

Skills and Feats: Tumble 4 ranks (+7), Swim 4 ranks (+6), Balance 4 ranks (+7), Climb 4 ranks (+6), Sense Motive 4 ranks (+3), Weapon Finesse, Combat Expertise.

Equipment: Rapier (wielded), chain shirt (worn), 2x dagger.

Xael Stonefist: CR 1; male dwarf(barbarian 1); HD 1d12+8; hp 13; Init 1; Spd 30 ft; AC 17, touch 11, flat-footed 16; Base Atk/Grp: +1/+2; Atk +2 melee (1d10+1, war axe, dwarven x3); Full Atk +2 melee (1d10+1, waraxe, dwarven x3); Space/Reach: 5ft. /5ft.; AL CE; SV Fort +7, Ref +1, Will -1; Str 12, Dex 12, Con 20, Int 8, Wis 8, Cha 6.

Skills and Feats: Climb 4 ranks (+5), Swim 4 ranks (+0), Listen 4 ranks (+3), Toughness, Rage, Fast Movement.

Equipment: Dwarven waraxe (wielded), chain shirt (worn), heavy steel shield (worn) dwarven waraxe, dagger.

Ll'aire Portsmouth: CR 1; female half-elf(rogue 1); HD 1d6+2; hp 5; Init 2; Spd 30 ft; AC 17, touch 13, flat-footed 14; Base Atk/Grp: +0/+1; Atk +2 melee (1d6+2, short sword, 19-20x2, 1d6 sneak attack); Full Atk +0 2x melee (1d6+2, short sword, 19-20x2, 1d6 sneak attack); Space/Reach: 5ft. /5ft.; AL CE; SV Fort +2, Ref +5, Will -1; Str 14, Dex 16, Con 14, Int 8, Wis 8, Cha 10.

Skills and Feats: Balance 4 ranks (+7), Climb 4 ranks (+6), Disable Device 4 ranks (+3), Disguise 4 ranks (+4), Gather Information 4 ranks (+4), Spot 4 ranks (+3), Listen 4 ranks (+3), Two Weapon Fighting, Sneak attack 1d6, Trapfinding.

Equipment: 2x Short sword (wielded), chain shirt (worn), 4x dagger.

ENCOUNTER THREE(C)

Galadoriamiazial The Red: Male premature wyrmling red dragon; CR 3; Medium dragon (fire); HD 5d12; hp 30; Init +0; Spd 40ft; fly 130ft. (poor); AC 15, touch 9, flat-footed 15; Base Atk +5; Grp +10; Atk +6 melee (1d8+1, bite); Full Atk +6 melee (1d8+1, bite), +1 melee (1d4+1, 2 claws), +1 melee (1d3+1, 2 wings); Space/Reach 5ft./5ft.; SA breath weapon; SQ blindsense 60 ft., darkvision 120 ft., immunity to fire, magic sleep effects, and paralysis, low light vision, vulnerability to cold; AL CE; SV Fort +4, Ref +3, Will +4; Str 13, Dex 8, Con 11, Int 10, Wis 11, Cha 10.

Skills and Feats: Appraise +7, Bluff +5, Diplomacy +2, Intimidate +9, Jump +14, Knowledge (geography) +4, Listen +10, Search +10, Spot +10; Power Attack, Flyby Attack.

Breath Weapon (Su): 30-ft. cone, 1d6 fire, Reflex DC 13 for half.

PLAYER HANDOUT #1

My Dear Squire Hawkrend,

Your orders are to proceed to the Yatil Mountains and follow the group of adventurers we observed leaving Krestible yesterday. It was a mistake to let them go. We now suspect that they may be carrying the damn eggs! They *cannot* be allowed to escape. Think of what would happen to us if the children of that foul beast were allowed to survive. Once you obtain them, the eggs must be destroyed immediately. Obtain the adventurers' surrender if you can, but don't hesitate to slay them if they refuse.

As to what we spoke of before you left... I know this is your first time in the field, but trust in your training and you will prevail. They are only adventurers, after all! They should pose little threat. Bring along Millian and Zaraphale. Although they are not due for some time in the field yet, you are the only three we have left south of Krestible. Everyone else is trying to put the blasted mother down once and for all.

No doubt you are curious as to how we are doing. Well, unfortunately, things go poorly. The group and I have engaged the cunning beast just north of Krestible. It will sadden you to hear that your good friend, the sorceress Tainah, was killed in the battle. As she was incinerated by the beasts' flame and there was naught left of her body, we do not possess the resources to attempt a raise. This will pain you as I know you two shared intimate relations. However, her sacrifice has not been in vain- although the dragon escaped, we have wounded her greatly. We suspect that it will be only hours, a day at most, before we finally hunt her down and exterminate her cursed self once and for all.

In the name of the Dragonkin,

Borum

PLAYER HANDOUT #2

This is a section of a journal, apparently the property of one Adaria Whistlethorn, is badly damaged by frost and exposure although the later entries remain legible.

The Sixteenth Day, year 585.

Today we came close to finding the basilisk. Our ranger tracker, whom still refuses to give us his name, reported that the creature was only two days ahead of us- this comes as welcome news. Our food supplies are running desperately short and our cleric Kelador refuses to create more for us. "Moradin rewards those who help themselves," he keeps repeating over and over, much to our chagrin. We cannot liberate the lands from this menace if we starve to death on some forsaken mountain.

The Nineteenth Day, year 585.

By the Gods! We have encountered the basilisk and it has slaughtered us without mercy. We were trying to pitch camp for the night when suddenly we heard a pitched scream, suddenly cut short. I drew steel and made my way over to where I heard the sound- I came around from beside Keladors' tent only to see the beast itself, crouched over the petrified body of my husband, Xido. I cried out and charged the monster, but it laid me low with a single blow. When I awoke, Mikeen was standing over me. He told me that the beast had killed our nameless tracker, An'ariel, Kelador, Gronk and my beloved Xido. I weep now, thinking of how I could have saved him had I been at his side. We left their stone bodies under the shade of a tree- we will collect them on the way back. However, I was unable to leave Xido, so I carried him for as far as I could, but he was too heavy and I was forced to leave him out in the open. I pray to Kord that he may be kept safe.

The Twentieth Day, year 585.

Without Kelador to protect us from the cold we are in serious strife. My teeth chatter and I can hardly hold my quill. I mourn the loss of our companions constantly, especially Xido. We all knew the risks, but we somehow never thought it would come to this. The little halfling Nudiam is especially suffering from the cold. His fingers and toes are black and reek of death. There is little we can do little for the poor creature. Mikeen and I will carry him by stretcher tomorrow, although he insists on being left behind "for the group". We have sternly told him that this talk is defeatist and the product of his ill mind, however, he has a point. In our state, we three cannot be expected to fight such a mighty beast which took four of us in mere seconds.... still, we will try.

The Twenty-First Day, year 585.

Nudiam died this morning. We laid him in the snow of a ravine, although we could not spare the time to give him a proper burial. His funeral has been added to the growing list of tasks which must be done when we travel back, although Mikeen and I both know in our hearts that the chances of us returning at all are grim. Still, we keep in high spirits, talk and laugh, pressing on always towards the reported den of this monster. For Xido, I shall have his head for my mantelpiece!

The Twenty-Ninth Day, year 585.

We tracked the creature back to its' den. There were thousands of those creepy statues all about- I cried as we walked through them as each reminded me of Xido. As we reached the cave, the beast appeared- Mikeen and I had discussed our tactics at length, so I threw my spears while Mikeen plinked away with his bow. By some stroke of luck, he managed to take out one of its' eyes, which meant we could attack one side with impunity. Unfortunately, Mikeen wasn't quick enough to completely blind the beast and was petrified. Then she came for me (I remember our nameless ranger telling us that it was a she) so I drew my sword and fought for my life. I was knocked about badly- I'm sure I've lost a lot of blood- but then I thought of my Xido and swung with enough force to end the beasts' life once and for all. I'm alive, but I can't walk. The bleeding just won't stop. I try to think back to how Kelador used to do his bandages, but nothing seems to help. My only hope is to hold out tonight and hope my strength returns tomorrow.

The journal is spotted with drops of blood. This is the last entry.

PLAYER HANDOUT #3

This note was found in one of your pockets. It reads:

Friend,

The goodly Dragonborn have been dealt a hefty blow. The eggs have escaped us and will soon hatch, becoming foul servants of evil. We know of your involvement and bear no grudge- we are aware that you were tricked into helping the crimson one. The foul creature is wily, as you now know. There are rumors that she has offered a deal to the forces of the Famine Queen- she will allow her wyrmlings to serve the dark lady first as elite shock-troopers in the war against Perrenland, then as they age, as steeds for her most loyal generals. Thil'ixianadoriameia, the mother who tricked you, has agreed to this apparently in exchange for some powerful relic of unknown description. This cannot come to pass; the very future of Perrenland may hang in the balance. You and those you were with know her better than any- although it seems likely she will attempt to move her eggs many more times before they finally hatch, tricking more and more of your fellow adventurers. However, I suggest you keep your mouth shut about your deception- it would not do you any favors to claim to have been involved in the smuggling of red dragon eggs. If questioned about this incident, deny all knowledge- except to myself and those I send for you. It may take some time to track down her final destination, but in the near future we may need your assistance in dealing with this threat. When the time is right, we will contact you again.

Yours sincerely,

Your Shiny Friend In High Places

PLAYER HANDOUT #4

This note was found in one of your pockets. It reads:

Friend,

The goodly Dragonborn have been dealt a hefty blow. All but one of the eggs have escaped us and will soon hatch, becoming foul servants of evil. We know of your involvement and bear no grudge- we are aware that you were tricked into helping the crimson one for a time, and that you eventually destroyed the foul creature you were carrying. This pleases us greatly. However, the remaining eggs continue to be a problem. There are rumors that the mother has offered a deal to the forces of the Famine Queen- she will allow her surviving wyrmlings to serve the dark lady first as elite shock-troopers in the war against Perrenland, then as they age, as steeds for her most loyal generals. Thil'ixianadoriameia, the mother who tricked you, has agreed to this apparently in exchange for some powerful relic of unknown description. This cannot come to pass; the very future of Perrenland may hang in the balance. You and those you were with know her better than any- although it seems likely she will attempt to move her surviving eggs many more times before they finally hatch, tricking more and more of your fellow adventurers. However, I suggest you keep your mouth shut about your deception- it would not do you any favors to claim to have been involved in the smuggling of red dragon eggs. If questioned about this incident, deny all knowledge- except to myself and those I send for you. It may take some time to track down her final destination, but in the near future we may need your assistance in dealing with this threat. When the time is right, we will contact you again.

Yours sincerely,

Your Shiny Friend In High Places