



Introduction

A TTRPG adventure compatible with Dungeons and Dragons 5e adventure for a party of level 14 characters.

The Final push to save their realm from the full power of a Devil, the forgotten duke of Hell from ages past. The party has to rush through a collapsing dimension as time and the sand under their feet literally drift away like sand in an hourglass.

But there is more to this dimension and a final piece of the puzzle that Andrasa has formed where only a band of heroes can provide the missing ingredient to the final sealing ritual - time.

Will the party be able to stop the duke of hell or will they, like so many others, perish and turn to dust.

The Pocket Dimension

Trek through the lands



The moments following the party waking up were a hazy blur. An ethereal figure began to form as wisps of energy coalesced to form the shape of a tall humanoid, yet devoid of humanity in its piercing eyes. The room itself seemed to shift as the creature started to gather energy to pull itself from its place of holding, a dimension that Andrasa had created to contain the creature. As the figure formed attacks, magical or otherwise passed through it and caused the creature to grin.

"Finally the time has come. Soon my energy and being will be freed from this prison the witch Andrasa has sealed me within and I will be free once more. Grovel and cower now for when I am whole again you will be chaff in the wind. Gone in a flash like a candle in a storm." the creature called during bouts of laughter as its strength and power was slowly trickling from the deep dark, a portal to the sealed dimension into a physical form on the material plane.

The next few moments were spent quickly coming up with a plan and coming to the conclusion that once the creature was at full strength it would be too late. If the creature was physically bound in the other dimension and was slowly transferring its power and essence to this one through the weakening of the seals and the ritual its servant had performed. Then perhaps there was a moment where the creature was weak physically in the other dimension as its power and strength were in this one.

Viktira, Qistra and Morali had somehow stabilised the portal that the deep dark sealed enough for a glimpse of the dimension on the other side. Dark fog filled the air with light shed from the silvery moon that hung on the horizon. Tall barren cliffs and rock outcrops lined the surface of this dimension which provided no shelter nor places to set your bearings.

Looking back at where they had fought their last momentous battle and where they were heading too now they were a long way from being finished of this last task from Andrasa, but perhaps they were the heroes the world needed now in order to prevent the re-emergence of a dark power which once took the greatest wizard the old world had known to seal.

Determining, with the aid of the priestesses, that the dimension was likely to collapse and spew forth its contents within the next day regardless of their involvement or not the party watched as the fiend continued to gain power, long wings now appearing on its otherwise large humanoid form. The portal would be one way and sealed after to ensure that they would not let the creature out, but regardless if they were successful or not they would

probably find themselves back in the material plane shortly if the dimension was collapsing... probably.

Stepping through the portal wasn't the weirdest thing, even the change in gravity where movement felt odd as they floated and bounced across the ground. Nor was it the creatures that dwelled here, strange oddities that appeared to have no reason for being other than to confuse who witnessed them. No, the strangest thing was the sense of being watched and the scattered images of battles that were fought once upon a time.

Every few minutes another set of mirages, broken images of people would appear. A man wielding a great hammer, a dwarf throwing bolts of light, an elf firing arrows from the flank and a human casting spell after spell after spell. Each attack was flung towards a winged creature that parried, dodged or endured the strike before lashing back. The images were scattered as if the battle was captured by magic and it was failing, fragments of the images were present at times and the fight was brief and sporadic.

Note: Now the fragments of reality, the mirage images should appear like scenes from an epic battle. These should be described as such and they should appear in the direction the party are travelling - We, they, don't have time for them to guess wrong and go in a different direction so when they are going a bit off track we should have a mirage appear pointing and firing arrows, or mid-sprint in a certain direction. Battle damage on rocky mesa's would also be a good sign that we are on the right path to where the party should go.

The winged creature appeared most broken as if the magic wouldn't dare to capture its form except for the vague human appearance and the great set of wings that sprouted from its shoulders. Other creatures appeared in the fight occasionally, mostly lesser fiends, as they rushed at the man, dwarf, elf and human before being obliterated by hammer, axe, arrow or magic.

Continuing further into the dimension the images began to tell a more frantic tale. The Elf was no longer appearing in the replaying battles and the dwarf appeared to be gravely injured. The man fought with a ferocity that seemed to tell of its wounds not slowing it down but the hammer was

cracked, the armour was shredded and they witnessed as claw, blade and beak tore into him. The mage continued to occasionally blast creatures with spells but was otherwise standing still and channelling a spell.

NPC's:

- Qistra Melarn
- Morali O'Lorun
- Umnel Melarn
- Vikтира Bronlock

Encounter: Ambushing Fiends

Creature: 3 Barbed Devils or 1 Chain devil

Map - N/A

Periodically, and if the party are not moving stealthily they may be ambushed by either a group of barbed devils or a chain devil. They should have two encounters before they reach the shrine as a way of making the environment feel more hostile. But these creatures, luck prevailing, should not cause that much drama for the party.

The Shrine to Heroes Forgotten

Following the fragmented images they came to a stone shrine which was bathed in a calming warm glow. A broken Hammer, a holy symbol to the god Tyr and a jagged dagger lay on the altar along with their names "Bjorne, Grumbar, Carasedrieth" under each item. The fallen combatants that they had seen in the images had been laid to rest here and a shrine erected to commemorate their sacrifice.

"Hello. I was certain this day would come but I was hoping it wouldn't have occurred for centuries more," a voice said from nearby, distorted as if talking through a door or pane of glass. "But it appears that my seals have eroded away and the final stages of the fiends release are here. I believe that there was another from the material plane that has assisted the fiend, consciously or otherwise I am not sure but that matters not now. I am Andrasa, well a shade of what I was. In order to keep the creature here I poured my magic, my knowledge, latent power and connection to the weave into a ritual that was self-sustaining for a while. But it appears that the Giant Oskarg and the tribe that

guarded the well of souls have fallen and so the seals were broken. A Pity"

The speaker of the voice was another mirage, but this one clearer, stronger and more defined. The magic that saturated this image was clear and still strong, yet fragments of the image floated away from the main body – as if the source of its power was failing. "The creature, a fiend of considerable power, will be free soon and it will raise its legions once again. I have kept it bound here, well my arcane essence – my astral form has powered the seal here for as long as I can. But the creature has overpowered my wards. I have a failsafe that when the ritual would completely fail that I would collapse this dimension and all that it contains. But it would only work if the magic within the ritual was stronger than the creature. Currently the creature is more powerful, a byproduct of consuming souls from the material plane I would imagine." a thoughtful look appeared on the image of Andrasa's face.

"If we could weaken the creature, defeat it so it's on death's door I could collapse the dimension and take it with me. But we would need luck on our side. I can complete the final components of the ritual if you can deal a killing blow to the creature."
Andrasa's form stopped and looked towards a crater not far from where she and the shrine was. "We don't have much time as it calls the shades of its legions to its side as we speak. What say you, do you want to save the world?"

NPC's:

- Andrasa

Encounter: Rest at the Shrine

Creature: Andrasa

Map - N/A

A few moments to talk to Andrasa to get to know the lore stored in the past few months of adventures. Gives an element of role play to this otherwise fight/slog fest which could be appreciated for the party.

The Final Battle

Lucile could feel her consciousness waning once more. She was not sure if she was dreaming or if this was her reality. Some moments she collapsed on

the cavern floor within an opaque dome and others she was watching the adventurers moving across a strange land. Her vision and what she experienced changes depending on where she was looking but something was not right.

She had memories of a voice that had called to her beyond the deep dark which she had struggled to resist. She remembers approaching the portal before realising what it really was but that is where her memories had stopped. She could still feel the presence compelling her to complete a spell; a ritual that she did not realise she had read in Andrasa's notes, one that weakened the seals to release a creature that was stored within.

Velmore

The fiend watched the adventurers within the sanctified shrine and waited patiently. It would not be long before they realised it was too late to stop him from completing the ritual through the human - a mere puppet now. Despite the seal still being active he could feel its bonds waning and the strength of the spells failing, but there was also something that was concerning.

A buildup of magic that seemed to come from the shrine. The adventurers had seemed to trigger something and this could only be a bad sign for him. Soon his form in this area would be significantly weakened but in order to shift out of this prison he needed to stay in the zone that had been prepared. His centuries of planning and scheming now down to the next few hours and he was not about to let some mortals stop him from seizing his freedom.

No he will not let these mortals stop him. Calling the shades, mere shadows of his legion to his side he started forcing energy into them to give them a physical form. If he can hold them off long enough he may be able to escape and then nothing or no one will be able to stop him.

NPC's:

- Velmore Angelbane

Encounter: Velmore

Creature: Velmore, Several Lemure

Map - 347ThTFiSh

Velmore is a forgotten Duke of hell who dared to confront the material plane to bring his hell to earth. However Andrasa and her band of heroes stopped him and banished him in a place that no one could find. Well nearly no one.

Velmore is kitted out with some strong spells and abilities that should be a challenge for any party. However, let's address the elephant-shaped dust pile in the room. Disintegrate. Now Velmore isn't stupid and will likely save this for the perfect situation. Removing a barrier, destroying a magical item/artefact or something that will end him. OR, removing the biggest threat. As such he would be unlikely to use it against a party member immediately but will calculate for a few rounds before revealing this trump card.

Where possible He will start with having used 'Summon Fiends' to have bodyguards, the lore that I have produced this week also suggests this as well. He uses these as body doubles (up to twice a round really). I would have the Summon Lemures look like Velmore but static and obviously just hollow shells – nothing but a puppet without the strings attached. That is until he swaps places with them. Now these creatures, the Lemure, will stand still and look like Velmore - but if the party gets close to them they will attempt to grapple them. That's it really - they are body doubles for Velmore.

Flight or Death



As Velmore collapsed a pulse of energy erupted from where his body hit the ground. The

remaining fiendish forms at the edge of the battlefield disintegrated into dust and were quickly blown away by a gust of wind that came from behind them. A voice carried across the wind “the ritual is commencing, now that his physical form is dead I can seal away his immortal form. But you don’t have long, the dimension is collapsing.” Andrasa’s voice was broken and disjointed but audible enough.

Hurrying past the shrine, as fast as their wounds would allow them to, they head back in the direction they believe they came through. But even as they searched for the next familiar landmark a splitting sound could be heard as a towering rocky mountain split into several shards which began to rupture into the sky away from where they were. All around them signs of the dimension collapsing could be seen as the land itself began to tear itself apart and great rifts in the sky could be seen.

Gone was the purple hued sky replaced by large black tears in the sky where the grey clouds were slowly being drawn into the void beyond. Chunks of rock and earth that were dislodged were slowly floating towards the rifts as well and occasionally a moment of anti-gravity would see the party losing their footing and floating through the air for a moment before being pushed back into the ground. Racing across the shattered landscape they hurried in a direction they thought was correct but doubt started to eat at their confidence.

But, in the distance a blue ring of darkness hung above the ground like a suspended mirror. The twisted cavern of the underdark could be seen on the other side and they knew they were on the home stretch now. Urging their tired bodies onwards they rushed towards the portal out of this dimension even as the ground around them started to shift and dislodge around them.

NPC's:

- N/A

Encounter: Respite and a momentary breather

Creature: NPC's

Map - N/A

A few skill checks to avoid some of the debris of common side effects of a destabilising dimension would be recommended here. Things like **athletics** to jump over to a floating chunk of rock where the ground ripped apart or a **strength saving throw** to avoid being sucked up into the sky. **Acrobatics** or a **dexterity saving throw** to dodge a pillar or lose debris from hitting them and the like. It's meant to be thematic not lethal though so keep that in mind.

If the party has a plan, object, spell or ability to avoid it then that is fine - it's their moment to shine.

As they neared the portal the ground collapsed entirely which saw them pushing off loose floating earth. Jumping they lunged towards the portal home as the final conjunction of ritual and the collapse of the dimension collided. A forceful gust of wind collided with their backs as they started to float into the sky mere feet from the portal, a voice carried on the wind.

"Live well. We need heroes in the material plane to be ready for when the hells breach the surface again. Be well my friends" and with Andrasa's last words they were flung through the portal, collapsing onto the rough calcified webs of the great cavern.

Stepping through the portal as the connection and presence left her mind Lucile stumbled towards the figures waiting on the calcified webs. She recognised Alex instantly and had seen Viktira once or twice before but she didn't know the drow. That was until one of them, Qistra, walked at her with a blade drawn. A coin dropped in her mind and she could see the resemblance to the head of the Melarn family - wealthy silk merchants who did business with the surface world occasionally. But the young drow quickly changed her pace as she saw Lucile. A look of worry appeared and then hesitation as she stopped completely. "What happened to you? You look horrible." Qistra said. "I don't remember much," Lucile began before a wave of tiredness took over her. "I remember following a voice that called me to the deep dark and then finding myself in a trance in another space. The chanting I was doing was in a language that I didn't know but it left a foulness in my mouth that it must have been infernal or abyssal.

But I feel fine now, just a bit tired. I think the presence lost interest in me. Where are the adventurers that were with you? I must warn them..." she began before being cut off. "They went in to stop you releasing whatever was trapped in there. Last we saw them the portal closed and they were hurrying across the fields in the other dimension. But you don't look fine, were you attacked or touched by the fiend or a creature in there?" Viktira said as she approached Alex. "Lucile, you better look at yourself." Alex said as he fished out a mirror from a bag. Lucile looked down at her reflection and couldn't believe her eyes. She had aged significantly. It was like she had had her youth, drained by a ghost or spectre. Her youthful face was wrinkled and sunken, her eyes were cloudy and the colour from her hair was receding. The hair she could fix easily enough but the rest she just simply couldn't believe. "I guess, this is the price of power. I got too close to real power and it took all that it could and now I have to live with the consequences." she said as she touched the image in the mirror. Somewhere behind her the portal shimmered as a battle raged on in the dimension and the visage of a fiend flickered and wavered as the heroes that Andrasa found fought for their lives, and the future of all.

After the party came through the portal and back to the material plane were a blur. The people of both Kalehgrul and Duraegis needed a lot of help securing the defences of the cities and repelling attacks from rival cities. But soon the rumours of what the party members had accomplished the cities stopped being targeted by the attacks.

Lucile stayed with the drow in Kalehgrul after negotiating a business deal with Qistra Melarn for her family's silk and with Morali O'lorun to assist with transportation of other underdark goods. The merchants discussed trade and agreements for weeks but the surrounding lands were still not safe enough to transport the goods. A steadfast guard would be needed to pass through safely. But, with the defeat of the fiend, Larituron, nothing was preying on the creatures of the underdark. Mercenaries and travellers started to report stronger creatures that were prowling the roads and caverns. Some of the creatures were showing a level of distress that was not normal for their species and some were very rarely seen at the best of times. Many rumours started to circulate

around what could be causing these incidents and many of them fell on a rival city forcing them out of their normal habitats and towards Kalehgrul and Duraegis. The other theory was more terrifying. Something was invading the lairs of these creatures and forcing them out.

The party rested where they could but it was evident that they would not be in want for work as long as they stuck around in the underdark.

Lore & NPCs

Andrasa (Mirage)



As part of Andrasa's fail safe on her spells she embodied her astral self and a few years of magical energy to keep a magical substitution of herself there to cast the final ritual. If the Seal was to fail then the failsafe would kick in - the issue was that she could never have foretold that the duke of hell would have had assistance from the outside world in getting out.

So when the party came through she could tell that they would be able to defeat Velmore and weaken him to the point that her stored magical energy would be enough to seal him once and for good.

Lucile

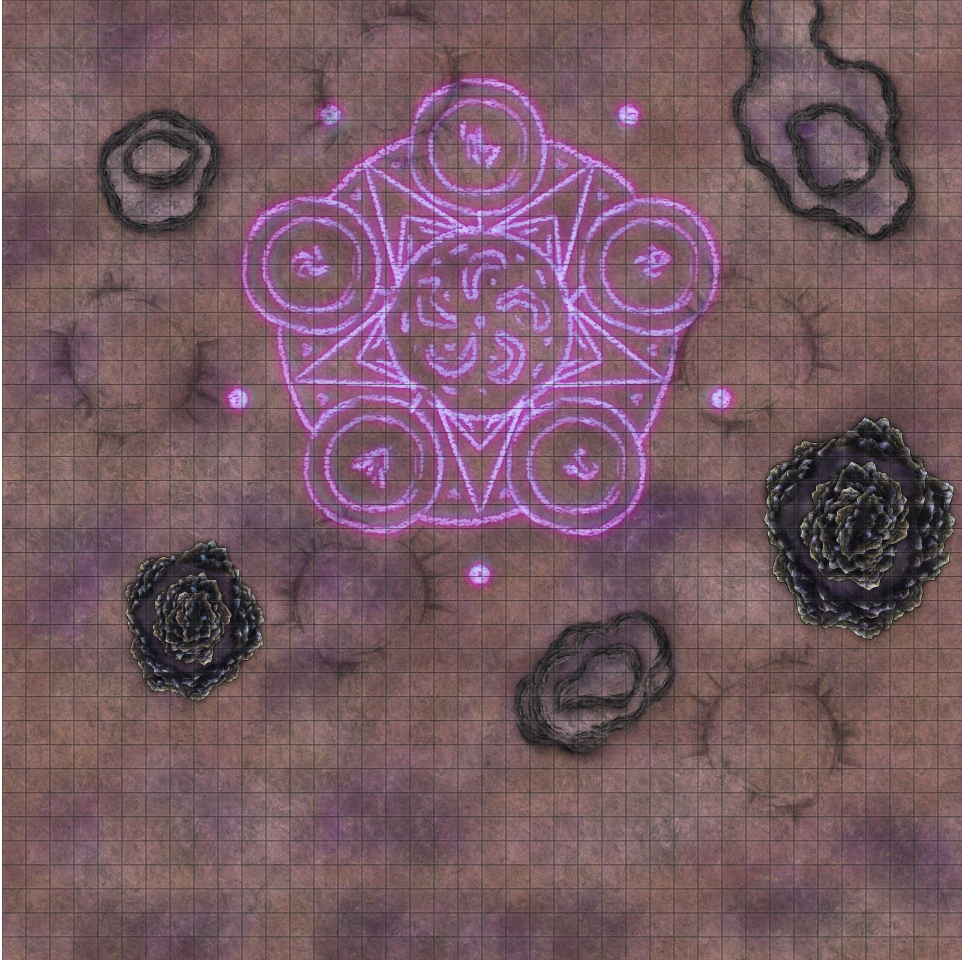


Lucile was used by Velmore to open the portal to drain enough energy for Velmore to regain his strength to come through. This ritual she cast was, to her knowledge, to restore the seals but she was deceived. Only once she was no longer needed by Velmore was she released and she found herself in Larituron's Pit. Whether she was there or she was through the portal it matters not really as this part happens when the party isn't around.

The cost of her ritual was significant because it aged her decades. Still an attractive lady she is now appearing much older, more tired with some of the night and vibrancy gone from her eyes. Perhaps she will seek a cure and maybe this would need the help of the party to complete?

Maps

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Monsters

Adventure Encounters

Barbed Devil

BARBED DEVIL

Medium Fiend (devil), lawful evil

Armor Class 15 (natural armor)

Hit Points 110 (13d8 + 52)

Speed 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
16 (+3)	17 (+3)	18 (+4)	12 (+1)	14 (+2)	14 (+2)

Saving Throws Str +6, Con +7, Wis +5, Cha +5

Skills Deception +5, Insight +5, Perception +8

Damage Resistances cold; bludgeoning, piercing, and slashing from nonmagical attacks not made with silvered weapons

Damage Immunities fire, poison

Condition Immunities poisoned

Senses darkvision 120 ft., passive Perception 18

Languages Infernal, telepathy 120 ft.

Challenge 5 (1,800 XP)

Barbed Hide. At the start of each of its turns, the barbed devil deals 5 (1d10) piercing damage to any creature grappling it.

Devil's Sight. Magical darkness doesn't impede the devil's darkvision.

Magic Resistance. The devil has advantage on saving throws against spells and other magical effects.

ACTIONS

Multiattack. The devil makes three melee attacks: one with its tail and two with its claws. Alternatively, it can use Hurl Flame twice.

Claw. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +6 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 6 (1d6 + 3) piercing damage.

Tail. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +6 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 10 (2d6 + 3) piercing damage.

Hurl Flame. *Ranged Spell Attack:* +5 to hit, range 150 ft., one target. *Hit:* 10 (3d6) fire damage. If the target is a flammable object that isn't being worn or carried, it also catches fire.

Chain Devil

CHAIN DEVIL

Medium Fiend (devil), lawful evil

Armor Class 16 (natural armor)

Hit Points 85 (10d8 + 40)

Speed 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
18 (+4)	15 (+2)	18 (+4)	11 (+0)	12 (+1)	14 (+2)

Damage Resistances cold; bludgeoning, piercing, and slashing from nonmagical attacks not made with silvered weapons

Damage Immunities fire, poison

Condition Immunities poisoned

Senses darkvision 120 ft., passive Perception 11

Languages Infernal, telepathy 120 ft.

Challenge 11 (7,200 XP)

Devil's Sight. Magical darkness doesn't impede the devil's darkvision.

Magic Resistance. The devil has advantage on saving throws against spells and other magical effects.

ACTIONS

Multiattack. The devil makes two attacks with its chains.

Chain. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +8 to hit, reach 10 ft., one target. *Hit:* 11 (2d6 + 4) slashing damage. The target is grappled (escape DC 14) if the devil isn't already grappling a creature. Until this grapple ends, the target is restrained and takes 7 (2d6) piercing damage at the start of each of its turns.

Animate Chains (Recharges after a Short or Long Rest). Up to four chains the devil can see within 60 feet of it magically sprout razor-edged barbs and animate under the devil's control, provided that the chains aren't being worn or carried.

Each animated chain is an object with AC 20, 20 hit points, resistance to piercing damage, and immunity to psychic and thunder damage. When the devil uses Multiattack on its turn, it can use each animated chain to make one additional chain attack. An animated chain can grapple one creature of its own but can't make attacks while grappling. An animated chain reverts to its inanimate state if reduced to 0 hit points or if the devil is incapacitated or dies.

REACTIONS

Unnerving Mask. When a creature the devil can see starts its turn within 30 feet of the devil, the devil can create the illusion that it looks like one of the creature's departed loved ones or bitter enemies. If the creature can see the devil, it must succeed on a DC 14 Wisdom saving throw or be frightened until the end of its turn.

Lemure

LEMURE

Medium Fiend (devil), lawful evil

Armor Class 7

Hit Points 13 (3d8)

Speed 15 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
10 (+0)	5 (-3)	11 (+0)	1 (-5)	11 (+0)	3 (-4)

Damage Resistances cold

Damage Immunities fire, poison

Condition Immunities charmed, frightened, poisoned

Senses darkvision 120 ft., passive Perception 10

Languages understands infernal but can't speak

Challenge 0 (10 XP)

Devil's Sight. Magical darkness doesn't impede the lemure's darkvision.

Hellish Rejuvenation. A lemure that dies in the Nine Hells comes back to life with all its hit points in 1d10 days unless it is killed by a good-aligned creature with a bless spell cast on that creature or its remains are sprinkled with holy water.

ACTIONS

Fist. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +3 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 2 (1d4) bludgeoning damage.

Velmore Angelbane

VELMORE ANGELBANE

Medium Fiend (devil), lawful evil

Armor Class 20 (natural armor)

Hit Points 127 (17d8 + 51)

Speed 40 ft., fly 40 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
16 (+3)	18 (+4)	17 (+3)	24 (+7)	20 (+5)	22 (+6)

Saving Throws Dex +9, Con +8, Wis +10, Cha +11

Skills Arcana +12, Deception +16, History +12, Intimidation +16, Persuasion +16

Damage Resistances acid, lightning; bludgeoning, piercing, and slashing from nonmagical attacks not made with silvered weapons

Damage Immunities fire, poison

Condition Immunities poisoned

Senses blindsight 60 ft., darkvision 120 ft., passive Perception 15

Languages Common, Infernal, telepathy 120 ft.

Challenge 14 (11,500 XP)

Devil's Sight. Magical darkness doesn't impede Velmore's darkvision.

Magic Resistance. Velmore has advantage on saving throws against spells and other magical effects.

Legendary Resistance (3/day). If Velmore fails a saving throw, he can choose to succeed instead.

Innate Spellcasting. Velmore's innate spellcasting ability is Charisma (spell save DC 19), +12 to hit with spell attacks). He can innately cast the following spells, requiring no material components:

(At will): *chaos bolt*, *alter self*, *bestow curse*, *sending*, *suggestion*, *modify memory*, *nondetection*
 3/day each: *confusion*, *counter spell*, *greater invisibility* (self only), *misty step*,
 2/day each: *fire shield*, *dominate person*
 1/day each: *bigby's hand*, *disintegrate*

Magic Weapons. Velmore's weapon attacks are magical

Regeneration. Velmore regains 10 hit points at the start of his turn. If he takes cold or radiant damage, this trait doesn't function at the start of his next turn. Velmore dies only if he starts his turn with 0 hit points and doesn't regenerate.

ACTIONS

Multiattack. The devil makes three attacks: two with its claws and one with Blightshard, or it casts one spell from its innate spellcasting trait and makes one attack with Blightshard.

Blightshard, whisperer of suffering. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +10 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 9 (1d8 + 5) slashing damage, or 10 (1d10 + 5) slashing damage if used with two hands, plus 10 (3d6) poison damage. If the target is a creature, it must succeed on a DC 16 Constitution Saving throw or be poisoned for 1 minute. The poisoned target can repeat the saving throw at the end of each of its turns, ending the effect on itself on a success.

Claws. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +10 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 10 (2d4 + 5) slashing damage plus 10 (3d6) cold damage.

Frightful Word. Velmore targets one creature he can see within 10 feet of him. The Target must succeed on a DC 19 wisdom saving throw or become frightened of him for 1 minute. While frightened this way, the target must take the dash action and move away from Velmore by the safest available route on each of its turns, unless there is nowhere to move, in which case it needn't take the Dash action. The Target can repeat the saving throw at the end of each of its turns, ending the effect on itself on a success. A creature that succeeds on the saving throw is immune to Velmore's Frightful Word for 24 hours.

Summon fiends (2/day). Velmore can summon 3d6 Lureme's to appear within 60 feet in an unoccupied place he can see within range.

REACTIONS

Substitute. Velmore picks 1 friendly creature that he can see and teleports himself to their position and them to his. If he was the target of an attack or spell the attack or spell targets creature that was teleported to his position.

LEGENDARY ACTIONS

Velmore can take 3 legendary actions, choosing from the options below. Only one legendary action option can be used at a time and only at the end of another creature's turn. Velmore regains spent legendary actions at the start of its turn.

Unyielding attack (costs 2 actions). Velmore attacks with his Blightshard

Kneel. Velmore casts suggestion on a target within 10 feet (and can only tell the creature to kneel or grovel)

Exchange of life. Velmore uses his Substitution ability

Blight Shard

Blightshard ▲

Weapon (longsword), very rare (requires attunement)

The attuned wielder of the weapon can elect to spend at least 1 hit dice to empower the blade at which point it gains the below ability.

When the user of the sword hits successfully with this sword it deals an additional 4 (1d6 +) poison damage. If the target is a creature, it must succeed on a DC 13 Constitution Saving throw or be poisoned for 1 minute. The poisoned target can repeat the saving throw at the end of each of its turns, ending the effect on itself on a success.

For each 2 additional hit dice (3, 5, 7, 9) that the attuned user elects to spend increase the damage by 4 (1d6 +) and the Save DC by 1.

Proficiency with a longsword allows you to add your proficiency bonus to the attack roll for any attack you make with it.

Notes: Damage, Combat, Versatile

