



Introduction

A TTRPG adventure compatible with Dungeons and Dragons 5e adventure for a party of level 1-5 characters.

The party enters the city of Oakspire, a city that was built from the oak trees from the Mystwood forest many centuries ago after a village, Myr, expanded from a population of a few dozen to a town of a few hundred overnight due to war. The progression attracted the unwanted attention of the undead for a few years due to the ruins within the woods themselves and as such the religion of Kelemvor settled deep roots within the burgeoning city. As befitting the churchdom of Kelemvor longevity of life isn't uncommon and the head of this church, High Priest Richard Spiritbane, has been in power since nearly the birth of the city as we find it today. However as he approaches his three hundredth birthday the clergy deem that the celebration; more so a night of rituals to give thanks and seek Kelemvor's approval and blessing for the longevity of his most devout priests, needs the silent and watchful hand of hired bodyguards as they have reason to believe that the High Priest's life is in danger.

The party now having travelled from Strumden, a small peaceful half-way village to Oakspire city to lend their services to the protection of the high priest. And that is where we find our party, outside the gates of Oakspire city, looking for the oldest man in the oldest building.

Bodyguard Duties

Strumden



Work was never a real issue as the people of these lands always found themselves in need of adventurers like themselves. But the last few weeks had proven to be the exception of the rule and the party had rocked up to Strumden, a small village of no real consequence with a below average Inn. The Tickled Brownie housed the normal rabble that would be expected in a small country village such as this one except that it had five roads leading out of it. A half-way town where travellers came in and workers left.

As the party had just ordered their meal and lunch; the same average fare that wouldn't be anything to remember after a week, their hopes were answered. A man clad in the robes of Kelemvor walked into the inn and approached the barkeeper, a gnome with an extraordinarily long, ginger moustache. After a few moments the gnome nodded a few times, pointed towards the party and began fixing a tray full of drinks.

The Priest of the god of death walked over to the table and cleared his throat. "Excuse me. I have been told that you may be the just the kind of people I am looking for. If I may, can I take a seat?" then gestured towards an empty spot at the table.

Without waiting for a response he picked up a heavy oaken chair and placed it next to the table and sat down. The barkeeper brought over a drink each for the party, what they were already drinking, and disappeared with a polite bow, muttering "I wish you find the peace you seek

brother" before heading back to be behind the bar, cleaning a tankard with a rag.

"I have a business proposition that will pay quite well at the end of it." he started as he brought out a folded piece of parchment.

NPC's:

- Brother Mobius

Encounter: Social - Job Offer.

Creature: Mobius

Map - N/A

Mobius goes through the details of the job. Explaining that they would be the last of several adventuring parties that would act as a hidden bodyguard for the High Priest of Kelemvor as he prepares for the rituals that will grant him another life of extended life from their god.

The party can roll **Arcana (DC12)** or **Religion (DC10)** to know that Kelemvor normally stands against the extension of life as is seen as unnatural. **See lore.**

Mobius explains that he will head back to Oakspire but if willing the party will be paid a small chest of gold for their effort. The party will need to be in Oakspire City, which is about three days of travel in four days' time. This gives them one day to settle any business here in Strumden before leaving. If they agree Mobius will give them the letter and tell them to seek out himself or Brother Tobias at the temple of Kelemvor in Oakspire city, he reassures them that it's nearly impossible to miss.

The Road to Oakspire

The road to Oakspire was quiet as the roads were well maintained, frequented by merchants with guards and the occasional heavily armoured guard wagon heading past the Mystwood forest to take prisoners to the prison in the mountains. The weather was fair and there was little to be said or done on the road.

NPC's:

- N/A

Encounter: Random Encounter

Creature: A pack of animals, Goblins or bandits may attack.

Map - N/A

A suitable amount of creatures based on the composition of the party.

Level 1: 200~300 xp encounter

Level 2: 400-600 xp encounter

Level 3: 600-900 xp encounter

Level 4: 1000-1500 xp encounter

Level 5: 2000-3000 xp encounter

OakSpire City

Entering the City



The party greet the guards politely as they move on foot through the large gates. The smells of people, animals and refuse greet them first as they enter the Grand City of Oakspire – not an uncommon occurrence they muse. The buildings beyond the gate are lively. Stables, inns, bars and merchants that focus on goods for travellers line the street.

The alleyways and street are hurriedly being shovelled and mucked by street sweepers as they seek to earn their copper for the day cleaning refuse from horses and people. The alleyways are busy with people rushing through or into with goods to side doors and hatches. But beyond the busyness of commerce the din of the lesser districts can be seen with tall, thin, worn down buildings nearly stacked upon each other. The city itself sprawls outside the gates with farmhouses and poorer housing outside the wall but it's evident to see that it spills out from nearest the wall at some stage.

Seeking directions to the church of Kelemvor was met with a knowing nod and kindness from all in

the city. Even the roughest of people bowed their heads with respect and gave the party directions, offering a blessing that they find the peace they seek. As the party wove themselves deeper into the city they were greeted by the gradual change in the buildings as it evolved to business of better repute, mercantile and the merchants seemed to live here between the houses of the workers of the city, and those who were born rich.

Here guards were posted at several street corners sporting black cloaks, their weapons sheathed but not out of reach as they watched all those who walked by with calculating stares. The merchants here did not holler and call to the passers by but smiled and bowed politely to those who crossed in a nearly sombre way. Their expressions a mixture of welcoming and sympathy which the party were beginning to see on the looks of all but the guards faces.

As they were pointed away from the noble-born district by a pair of guards who saw them approaching they were nearly surprised to see that the Church of Kelemvor was away from the nobles houses and sat, alone, next to what appeared to be the barracks, the cities wall and the edge of the working districts houses. But that did not shock the party as much as the hundreds of people that lined the street towards the church.

Movement was slow through the crowd but the people of the city merely bowed their heads and wished that they find their peace as they progressed, painfully slow to the church. Many people were dressed in black and sported the symbol of Kelemvor on their clothing or as an amulet, ring or other accessory. Some merchants and noblemen and noblewomen held books which appeared to be prayer books to Kelemvor. As they stood and muttered prayers in the streets everyone, poor, wealthy and noble alike, took small steps when they could to get closer to the church.

As the party approached the church a ring of guards prevented people from walking up the large grey stone steps unless in single file and only the letter they had received from their employer let them pass as a group. Everyone bowed respectfully as they walked the steps that were covered in a large dark

carpet that cascaded down from the large, heavy oaken doors of the place of worship.

Entering the doors the party was stopped by young guards dressed in black robes who took their name and one look at the letter before moving off to seek out a brother of the order. The party could see a hall lit with hundreds of candles within and at the far side of the church lay an altar, surrounded by imagery and symbols of Kelemvor. Upon the altar a body lay draped in black cloth, candles surrounded the altar and with every visitor another candle was placed upon the steps leading to the deceased. Within the minute the guard came back with a priest of Kelemvor.

"Welcome, blessings upon you and thanks for travelling. I would wish that you find the peace you seek but I must ask you to follow me first." The man's face was kind and welcoming but there was a pain behind his eyes. As they followed him through the church the man greeted other people paying their respects to the deceased but didn't answer any questions the party had. All he provided was "Follow me if you will, we have much to discuss and I trust that I will be able to answer all your questions in due time."

As they walked past the altar a human man appeared to be in his eighties lay there amongst the black fabric and candles and the party began to feel a weight settle in their stomach. Passing through a door that the priest held open for them the party found themselves in a small room, big enough for them to sit or stand but not much else.

NPC's:

- Brother Tobias Weatherborn

Encounter: Job Offer

Creature: Brother Tobias Weatherborn

Map - N/A

"Now before you ask any more questions I have to ask for your forgiveness as the letter you have, the job detailed within is no longer required. But I have another for you if you are willing," the priest said, his face still unreadable mixtures of emotions.

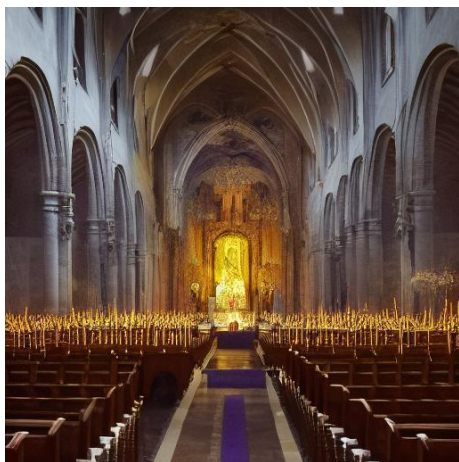
"During the initial rituals to sanctify the church the entire congregation was visited by an image of Kelemvor. Our lord then proclaimed that the High Priest Richard Spiritbane would not be granted

another year of extended life by our lord and within the hour he died." The priest moved to the door and checked outside quickly before returning.

"As you can imagine it was quite shocking but as it was the will of our god, the guardian of the living and the dead of this city his word is lore. But myself, and a few other brothers and sisters, do not believe that we were visited by our lord. In all the recordings and teachings of our order never has the decision of the extension of his grace to his followers been declared prior to the day of the rituals, which is two days from now. We few believe that there is a foul play at foot and I pray that you can help uncover the truth. Only myself knows about this deal, for the rest of the city you are just once-bodyguards but now you join the mourners." he finished as he licked his lips.

"What say you, will you be able to assist us and help us find the peace that the high priest deserves?"

Church of Kelemvor



NPC's:

- Brother Tobias Weatherborn
- Haster Reart
- Brother Kindred Ucklethorn

Encounter: Investigations

Creature: NPCs + Varied

Map - 401ThTChOre

Stage 1 - the party can talk to anyone they want. They may be pointed out to Brother Kindred who is one of the higher ranking priests now in the order who will be standing with Haster and a few other priests and talking amongst themselves.

They will all deny any knowledge of what happened, Kindred being the most sure that the decision for Kelemvor to end his support - the extension of the Highpriests life was the sign of an era of peace where the Doomguide could now rest.

An **Insight check (DC 15)** - would reveal that he does know more about it - but believes his own words.

The other Priests will be cut off when Kindred is nearby - him coming to talk on their behalf as long as he can see and hear the party talking to the other priests. Hater however can be found at the Inn the party stays at and with a drink or two may slip up about the trip to the Chamber of Remembrance.

Stage 2 -

Level 1 or 2 party - Tobias will admit the party into the chamber after praying for some moments - asking Kelemvor for approval. He asks that they not disturb anything from the walls as he will be aware if anyone not blessed by Kelemvor touches the unholy relics below. He warns them that they are all corrupted by powerful necromantic magic and that they are not to be touched.

The party will find two things with time (or a **successful DC14 investigation** check) - there is a broken tomb which looks relatively new (based on disturbed dust near the tomb) and that there was a disturbance in the Chamber itself (the last level). If they go down there is a momentary force of cold that makes them feel deeply uncomfortable (fearful) - but after a brief moment a spreading warmth comes from their core. IF they were unsuccessful in the investigation check they will be surprised by the skeletons below - if they were successful then they noticed these things before the skeletons rose.

The final chamber has 3-4 Skeletons in it. On the way out there are 2 Zombies that have come down the stairs.

Through the darkness and chill a creaking noise could be heard from the alcove around the corner. As the party drew near and the hung magical lanterns flickered in their attempt to banish the dark, the shadows played tricks on the row of burial tombs. As the party turned the corner and looked deeper into the darkness, the large statue in front of them stood imposing yet still, its stone eyes staring down at them as if judging and welcoming in the same glance.

The first sounds of feet on stone other than theirs came with the thud of something heavy in the chamber behind them. Then it echoed in the chamber guarded by the statue of Kelemvor and the sound of scratching on feet and creaking could be heard coming from both rooms, and getting closer. Backing out of the doorway the flickering lantern light revealed two skeletons as they ambled out of the rooms. A shriek of pain echoed down the stairs and into the chamber causing the skeletons to look up before charging at the party.

A few minutes later on the descent up the stairs the tangy smell of blood wafted down and guards stood at the entrance of the stairs, vigilant for intruders coming into the crypts. But as the party approached they realised too late that the guards shields hung loosely at the wrist and that the spears rested against the walls or stairs and were not held firmly by the guards. Turning around great tears in their armour, tunics and flesh revealed oozing intestines and the lightless eyes of the undead.

When they reach the top of the stairs they find that the other adventurers that Brother Tobias had mentioned were engaged in some battle, a few wounded or dead priests of Kelemvor lay about the room, the temples hall, and there are rotten creatures, the body of a mutilated (and stitched together) Brother Kindred lay next to a old gnome man who smelt like rotting flesh.

Level 3 or 4 party - The party talks to brother Tobias who mentions that he had noticed that Kindred and some of the other brothers were in

the crypts beneath and he thought they were just paying their respects - which is common. Before he could say more he is interrupted by Haster who looks nervously at the party and whispers before they all disappear. The party then notices brother Kindred talking to someone by a side door. He looks shiftily backwards before disappearing out the door. The party can choose to tail him, in which case they eventually witness the below section in the lore (**The full price**) at which point they hear the priests within the halls start to shout. Brother Tobias is wearing his armour and is rushing around but Haster and a few others approach the party.

Tobias notices what is about to happen and runs over to the party. "You, I am glad I found you. I can sense something is amiss. Please can you check and guard the chambers below - I believe there is a necromancer in the city if not these walls. Do not let them get into the Chamber of Remembrance." he asks, turning to Haster "You and your men. Form a line - we will defend the temple here. Prepare for the worst."

The next scene is the same as the Level 1-2 scouting below except they hear noises below in the crypt. When they ascend the stairs though they find the priests wounded and weary and already fighting zombies in the main hall.

Here use "mage" - necromancer, and have the same stat-block as the OGREZOMBIE - which is the creation the gnome wizard made using Kindred and fused body parts. Meanwhile, the room filled with priests fighting zombies but not interfering with the party attacking the necromancer of ZOMBIE OGRE.

Level 5 party - This is the same as level 3-4 but instead of being asked to go down, or Tobias stopping Haster, they are attacked by Haster.

"You lot, Stop. What have you done? I knew that there was something off about you. Men take them into custody, with force if required!" yelled an older priest.

There is 1 priest and 5 'cultists' (just the stat block - not the evil-ness)

The battle is quick, the priest and cultists use non-lethal blows where required and try to subdue the party. However after 3 rounds the temple doors shake and burst open revealing a massive ogre-sized undead creation. Its head is Brother Kindreds but it has several arms and it stumbles forward - a stitched together monstrosity

The priests of Kelemvor rallied and charged upon the interlopers. Slinging spells, prayers and swinging maces they crashed upon those the church had deemed enemies. The hum of magic bristled through the air as the battle raged on, blow for blow, spell for spell and blood for more blood. Soon the priests' fervour dwindled as they looked upon their enemy, their prayers no longer being answered by their god and a foul feeling wafted into the hall.

A dark and powerful force like the smell of baking rotten flesh washed over the combatants and at once they turned towards the hulking form of a brutish creature leading the way for a pack of newly made undead. Somewhere in the room a voice laughed, calling out and mocking the priests for their betrayal, the head of one of their own was thrown at their feet, recognition registering on their face as slowly the warrior priests understood what was happening here.

Calling out for Kelemvor's blessing they rallied around their wounded brethren and prepared for the battle that they had trained for. The purging of undead, the opposition of corruption and the perseverance of the natural cycle of life.

End of Battle

After the fighting is done and the Necromancer is dead Tobias takes the wand and looks at Haster. Haster immediately tells him what Kindred did, the plan and the Gnome Wizard who was meant to reveal the truth. They suspect that the Gnome Wizard was behind some of it, but the death of Richard seemed natural enough. Perhaps it was a coincidence.

True to the job reward the party receives payment (20gp per level per character), a box of healing potions (5 healing potions).

Lore & NPCs

Brother Tobias Weatherborn

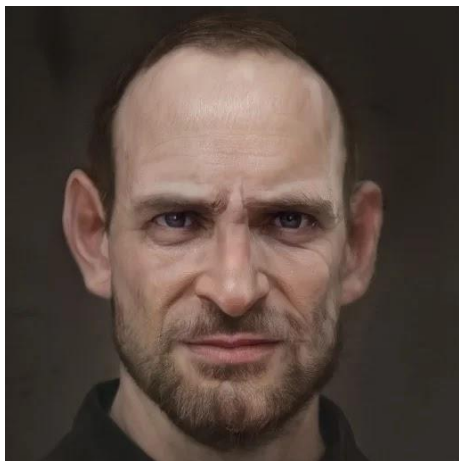


Brother Tobias Weatherborn was a curiosity in the city where death was revered. As a child he was found with a necromancer and used as a living energy buffer. The High priest himself disposed of the necromancer and when he turned his great-blade to the child he simply saw an innocent being used. Taking the boy in he sought to try and give him the life he deserved.

However it wasn't long until the boy showed promise in hunting out the undead and evil. Being used as a conduit of power for quite some time left him sensitive to dark magics and he thwarted many attempts at stealing the unholy artefacts that were buried in the Chamber of Remembrance. As he came of age his power blossomed and he was indoctrinated into the priesthood of Kelemvor.

Appointed as a brother to the priesthood Brother Tobias guards the crypts to ensure that the faithful and devout to Kelemvor, his greatest warriors lie undisturbed. His secondary duty is to seek truth as evil uses lies as a weapon against the faithful. He was instituted as the Cryptguard and since then not a single emissary of the unholy arts has made it past his watchful gaze, or his blade.

Haster Reart



On the path to becoming a brother, Haster has not yet been sworn into the clergy nor has he been favoured by Kelemvor. Loyal to the brothers to a fault his mentor and warden, Brother Kindred, has helped Haster learn the tenets as well as the beliefs and rituals that a priest of Kelemvor would need to know.

Brother Kindred Ucklethorn



Strong and devout to Kelemvor, Kindred is a rising beacon in the order. Kindred is believed to be on the path to being ushered into the ranks of the Doomguide and as such has a small group who he teaches and instructs.

Receiving his orders from either the High priest, Richard, or Kelemvor himself, Kindred is a faithful man who knows the tenets of Kelemvor.

However he follows the code too closely and has been thought of as zealous before in the way he handles his duties. He believes that he is the only one willing to do what is required in the name of the lord of death even when the answer is obvious. A young man by halfling standards, perhaps 40 at most, he has a long to learn and despite his passion and knowledge of the Kelemvor faith he is still a long way from becoming a Doomguide.

High Priest Richard Spiritbane



The late Richard Spiritbane was born three centuries ago, nearly to the date of his death. As the first priest of Kelemvor in Oakspire he was responsible for rooting out the undead in the Mystwood forest. His name was granted to him from Kelemvor after the source of undead was discovered to be a conclave of Banshees which himself, and a handful of his brethren dispatched and silenced.

The undead have risen a few times over the centuries as the growing city required more materials which they sources locally, as all good cities do. However the more sources of undead that Richard disposed of the more of his brethren he lost and the more unholy relics they uncovered. Soon the Chamber of Remembrance, a crypt beneath the church of Kelemvor, was built to not only store those who had passed but also encase the unholy relics that the priests had died to rid the world of.

The sanctified lands and ever watchful gaze of not only Richard but the other Shepherds of the dead kept the unholy energies from corrupting the bodies encased in stone beneath the hallowed halls.

However this now flowing treasure trove of unholy relics attracted all kinds of foul and tainted beings and as the risk increased something must be done. That is when Kelemvor first extended the life of one of his priests, Richard Spiritbane. Appearing on the birthday of the high priest the deity of death proclaimed that he would grant a measure of temporary immortality to Richard, extending his natural life by another year upon which the god would again determine whether he would extend his blessing. This reoccurred for another two hundred and twenty years and during this time Richard trained a venerable army of the warrior priests to defend the halls beneath and the lands above and beyond the walls of the city of Oakspire.

Lore - Kindreds Belief

The halls were quiet leading up to the day of rituals for Richard Spiritbane and for those who are trained for the smallest noise in their hallowed noise that's how the figures stalking the halls wanted it. Cloaked in a veil of silence and shadow the priests walked towards the crypt entrance, muttering a prayer to Kelemvor as they descended the hallowed steps.

The walls were lined with the Doomguides that preceded them, warriors all and not all of them had honoured their god by preserving the natural order of things. However the shadows and bubble of silence hugged the priests closer as they descended deeper into the crypts hoping that not even the bones of their predecessors would cast a judgemental gaze towards them. For what they were doing tonight could be misinterpreted as treason and the perversion of the natural order. As they reached a chamber at the bottom of the steps the silence and shadows slowly slunk back from the figures within.

"Are you sure about this Brother?" Haster asked as he looked towards his superior. "If Kelemvor is granting the High Priest an extended life then surely it's the blessing as it is claimed?" he continued looking around nervously. If Brother Tobias found them down here he wouldn't hesitate

to mete out the justice of Kelemvor for what they were discussing. What made matters worse is that Brother Kindred wouldn't let him and they would have another dead brother in the chamber of remembrance.

The halfling man to the right of Haster looked between him and those gathered around him. "You yourself have found it suspicious Haster that the lord of the dead who's tenants is preservation of the natural order of life and death would willingly go against what he stands for. The extension of life is perverse and an affront to Kelemvor himself and I fear that the clergy is rotten to the core. There are those few, us, amongst our church who believe that no man, woman or child should be treated differently when it comes to Kelemvors' beliefs.

Brother Kindred looked up at the gathered priests, fewer than he had wanted. "With a small price we can dig out this evil and ensure that it never takes root again. With a smidge of power contained within these walls, the relics our brethren gave their natural lives to protect, we will start a new order. One that isn't corrupt, which won't twist the words and will of Kelemvor." Spittle flew from his mouth as he spoke. How could the others disagree with his viewpoint at this stage? It was only logical, the only correct course of action.

Walking over to an entombed skeleton, one of his brothers, he smashed through the stone with the head of his mace. Reaching in he plucked out a length of ebony wood, a wand, one that thrummed with Necromantic energies. "This is the price of the bargain. Fret not brothers for once the truth is revealed and the correct course is set then it will be easy to retrieve this unholy relic and return it to the chamber of remembrance. "

The other priests looked from one another, a mixture of anxious energy, of hope and of belief swirled amongst them. Tomorrow before the rites could begin the truth would be revealed by the wizard and the perversion of Kelemvors' word will be stopped at its core. The High Priest must not live past his three hundredth birthday.

Lore - Kindreds Deal

The priests moved through the city, smiled and blessed any and all who greeted them – ignoring the hot pulsating aura that came from the length of wood and bone tucked under one of their robes. The wizard had promised them the ability to root out the truth behind the ritual that always extended the high priest's life.

He, a gnomish man who smiled warmly and smelt like warm biscuits, had assured them that with some borrowed power he would be able to pull forth the truth and prevent corruption. A divination ritual he claimed it was – but he was short on a focus. He claimed the ritual he would take would need a powerful focus to be able to draw down from the weave and harness its raw power.

So Brother Kindred had found such a relic in the catacombs and crypts beneath the temple. Guided by his belief and zeal that he was the wrong thing for the right reason he had also convinced those amongst the order that his course of action was alright. Emboldened by their faith in him he had made the deal, stolen the unholy relic – a bone wand that was taken from the still twitching corpse of a necromancer, and we're now on the way to the wizard.

“Are you sure Brother, Kindred,” Haster asked as they turned down the street to meet the wizard at the Green Fairy – an inn that was famous for its strong gnomish spirits. “This relic, I can feel its unholy power from here. I have my doubts...” he began.

“Easy Haster. The relic isn't the thing that commits evil, it's the person. The gnomish wizard is willing to help us root out evil and this foul scheme. That can only be an act of good can it not?” Kindred began smiling and grasping his brother affectionately. “The relic itself is not evil – it is merely power to be controlled and bent. It would not matter if it was something from our temple, something from the street or dug up from a grave. If the wielder is good then the outcome shall be.” Smiling Haster nodded, “I believe you brother, sorry for my doubt.”

“Do not apologise Brother Haster, to doubt is human but to believe and trust is what entrusts us to the right course of action. Fear not all will be well.” Brother Kindred said as he opened the door and walked into the inn.

The exchange went off without a hitch and soon the brothers of Kelemvor were back at their temple and there they witnessed the determination of Kelemvor themselves.

The full Price

A few days after Richards death the body was ready to be sealed within the Chamber of Remembrance. The brothers that believed and stood with Kindred had been shocked, like him (but maybe more so) , that the High Priest had been found dead on the day of his three hundredth birthday. But they were happy to see the natural cycle of life and death continue.

Sometime during the day they had noticed a group of outsiders to Oakspire, two in fact, who had been around the church giving thanks, paying respect and trying to learn more about the order. Kindred had caught them on the odd occasion asking questions about the late priest and asking if there were suspicious actions leading up. Kindred had to buy in for his brothers who were still in shock and recovering from the rapid determination after the ritual had been completed.

These outsiders were asking more questions and had even been granted permission to examine the catacombs themselves. They would not be granted admittance to the Chamber of Remembrance as that was Kelemvors will – he was sure, but there was a spark of doubt. They were even down in the Crypt now, well one group was anyway learning about their order and their history.

That's when Kindred heard the knocking. Alone Kelemvor went to the door to find the gnomish wizard there in dark green robes. “Good evening Brother, I hope I find you well?” the old gnome asked, smiling in a friendly way.

“Yes Master Girten, I am pleased that the natural order has been reestablished and that we are moving forward with what is right.” He answered the gnome's question. “Can I help you, Girten?” he asked curiously.

“Yes actually, I have trouble lifting something, can you help me lift something that is in a cart just over there.” he said and pointed to a cloth covered cart near a hold tanners building that had closed. “I

fear that I am not as strong as I used to be... Not that I was ever strong mind you!" he laughed as he walked slowly over to the cart.

Kindred obliged and walked to the cart, following the old man. When he got there he saw that there were a few dirt covered sacks, some that appeared to be wet and some that were much drier. "These should be light enough. But there are quite a few." he began as he reached for the first bag, a dirty moist bag. The dirty, dank smell from the tannery was strong next to it and the smell of rot and the unclean mingled with the contents of the bags which made him nearly retch.

"What is in these might I ask?" Kindred asked the old gnome as he hefted out the first one, the bags were heavy and his hands were getting damp and tacky with moving them. A faint pink-red moisture was sticking to his fingers.

"Oh just some reagents for the finalisation of the ritual I promised you. Herbs and hard to come by components that's all." Girten replied from nearby. Kindred continued to unload the bags into the old tannery before moving to the cart – the tacky substance on his hand disturbed him and the smell was nearly unbearable.

"These reagents are repugnant are they not?" he asked with a laugh as he turned to look at them. "I don't know how you can work with them," he added.

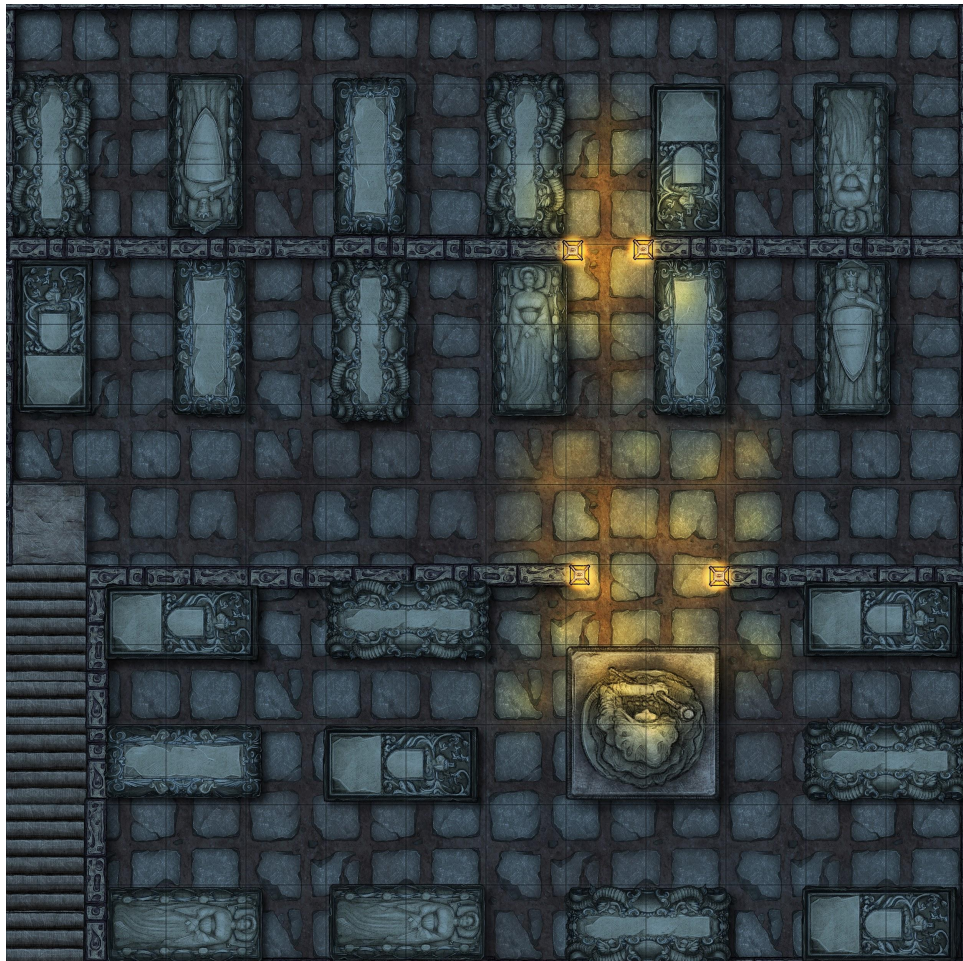
"Oh you get used to them." Girten replied as he stepped up to the halfling priest. "Oh I have one more request if you have some time to spare..." Girten asked, his hand on the shoulder of the halfling.

Kindred was looking from the bags to his hands, something was not right. He looked at the bag as his mind registered the question. "Sure I can – what is it? Also..." he looked harder at one of the wetter, dirtier bags. "Girten, is that a hand?"

Girten sighed. "Yes it is and that's where I need your help. I need you to die Kindred," the old wizard replied before untold pain caused its way through Kindred's body. He tasted blood in his mouth as he felt Girten's hand rip through his tunic, into his shoulder and the pain echoed through his chest. The last thing he felt was a blade, a thin slither of metal entered through his neck and slit his throat.

Maps

401ThTChORE



Dark and cold, the Chamber of Remembrance is an unpleasant place to be. Any attempt to summon magical light ends in failure and when a torch is lit a gust of wind extinguishes it. The only light comes from four lanterns that permanently shed their warm glow at the archways to help guide those back to rest.

This battle map will be the one used for the, dare I say, lower level encounter I have planned – but I don't want to give away too much on this just now. There will be another one or two to come in the Zine which will explore another aspect of this adventure.

The crypts each contain a hallowed knight, a doomguide of Kelemvor who maintains and strives to protect the natural order of things. These people were thought to be buried with the most perverse and unholy of relics however rumours are not always true.

The chamber contains many bodies and section on the wall appears to be a stone archway leading to soil and earth. A stark contrast to the other cold walls of this chamber. A statue to Kelemvor stands in the antechamber, a proud and cold gaze looking down on those who find their gaze drifting up to the imposing figure. But the Chamber of Remembrance is more than just a crypt – it is a place where it is rumoured that Kelemvor's connection to the material plane is strongest in Oakspire. Those of devout and pure intention have been called into the dark and cold to bear witness to his authority and voice, but only a few are called.

Monsters

Adventure Encounters

Skeleton

SKELETON

Medium undead, lawful evil

Armor Class 13 (armor scraps)
Hit Points 13 (2d8 + 4)
Speed 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
10 (+0)	14 (+2)	15 (+2)	6 (-2)	8 (-1)	5 (-3)

Damage Vulnerabilities bludgeoning
Condition Immunities poisoned
Senses darkvision 60 ft., passive Perception 9
Languages understands all languages it spoke in life but can't speak
Challenge 1/4 (50 XP)

ACTIONS

Shortsword. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +4 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 5 (1d6 + 2) piercing damage.

Shortbow. *Ranged Weapon Attack:* +4 to hit, range 80/320 ft., one target. *Hit:* 5 (1d6 + 2) piercing damage.

Zombie

ZOMBIE

Medium undead, neutral evil

Armor Class 8
Hit Points 22 (3d8 + 9)
Speed 20 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
13 (+1)	6 (-2)	16 (+3)	3 (-4)	6 (-2)	5 (-3)

Condition Immunities poisoned
Senses darkvision 60 ft., passive Perception 8
Languages understands the languages it knew in life but can't speak
Challenge 1/4 (50 XP)

Undead Fortitude. If damage reduces the zombie to 0 hit points, it must make a Constitution saving throw with a DC of 5+the damage taken, unless the damage is radiant or from a critical hit. On a success, the zombie drops to 1 hit point instead.

ACTIONS

Slam. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +3 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 4 (1d6 + 1) bludgeoning damage.

Mage (necromancer)

MAGE

Medium Humanoid (any race), any alignment

Armor Class 12 (15 with mage armor)
Hit Points 22 (5d8)
Speed 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
9 (-1)	14 (+2)	11 (+0)	17 (+3)	12 (+1)	11 (+0)

Saving Throws Int +5, Wis +3
Skills Arcana +5, History +5
Senses passive Perception 11
Languages any four languages
Challenge 3 (700 XP)

Spellcasting. The necromancer is a 5th-level spellcaster. Its spellcasting ability is Intelligence (spell save DC 13, +5 to hit with spell attacks). The necromancer has the following wizard spells prepared:

- * Cantrips (at will): *chill touch, light, mage hand, prestidigitation*
- * 1st level (4 slots): *cause fear, mage armor, magic missile, shield*
- * 2nd level (3 slots): *misty step, ray of enfeeblement, invisibility*
- * 3rd level (2 slots): *counterspell, animate dead, vampiric touch*

ACTIONS

Dagger. *Melee or Ranged Weapon Attack:* +5 to hit, reach 5 ft. or range 20/60 ft., one target. *Hit:* 4 (1d4 + 2) piercing damage.

Zombie Ogre (Kindred)

OGRE ZOMBIE

Large undead, neutral evil

Armor Class 8
Hit Points 85 (5d10+36)
Speed 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
19 (+4)	6 (-2)	18 (+4)	3 (-4)	6 (-2)	5 (-3)

Saving Throws Wis +0
Damage Immunities Poison
Condition Immunities Poisoned
Senses Darkvision 60 ft., passive Perception 8
Languages Understands Common And Giant But Can't Speak
Challenge 2 (450 XP)

Undead Fortitude. If damage reduces the zombie to 0 hit points, it must make a Constitution saving throw with a DC of 5+the damage taken, unless the damage is radiant or from a critical hit. On a success, the zombie drops to 1 hit point instead.

ACTIONS

Morningstar. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +6 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* (2d8 + 4) bludgeoning damage.

Priest

PRIEST

Medium Humanoid (any race), any alignment

Armor Class 13 (chain shirt)

Hit Points 27 (5d8 + 5)

Speed 25 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
10 (+0)	10 (+0)	12 (+1)	13 (+1)	16 (+3)	13 (+1)

Skills Medicine +7, Persuasion +3, Religion +5

Senses passive Perception 13

Languages any two languages

Challenge 2 (450 XP)

Divine Eminence. As a bonus action, the priest can expend a spell slot to cause its melee weapon attacks to magically deal an extra 10 (3d6) radiant damage to a target on a hit. This benefit lasts until the end of the turn. If the priest expends a spell slot of 2nd level or higher, the extra damage increases by 1d6 for each level above 1st.

Spellcasting. The priest is a 5th-level spellcaster. Its spellcasting ability is Wisdom (spell save DC 13, +5 to hit with spell attacks). The priest has the following cleric spells prepared:

- * Cantrips (at will): *light*, *sacred flame*, *thaumaturgy*
- * 1st level (4 slots): *cure wounds*, *guiding bolt*, *sanctuary*
- * 2nd level (3 slots): *lesser restoration*, *spiritual weapon*
- * 3rd level (2 slots): *dispel magic*, *spirit guardians*

ACTIONS

Mace. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +2 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 3 (1d6) bludgeoning damage.

Initiates (Priests assistants)

CULTIST

Medium Humanoid (Water Genasi), any non-good alignment

Armor Class 12 (leather armor)

Hit Points 11 (2d8 + 2)

Speed 30 ft., swim 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
11 (+0)	12 (+1)	12 (+1)	10 (+0)	12 (+1)	10 (+0)

Skills Deception +2, Religion +2

Damage Resistances acid

Senses darkvision 60 ft., passive Perception 11

Languages Additionally any one language (other than Common), Common

Challenge 1/8 (25 XP)

Dark Devotion. This cultist has advantage on saving throws against being charmed or frightened.

Amphibious. This cultist can breathe air and water.

ACTIONS

Scimitar. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +3 to hit, reach 5 ft., one creature. *Hit:* 4 (1d6 + 1) slashing damage.

Call to the Wave. This cultist knows the Acid Splash cantrip and can cast it using Wisdom (DC: 11)

Random Encounters

Goblin

GOBLIN

Small humanoid (goblinoid), neutral evil

Armor Class 15 (leather armor, shield)

Hit Points 7 (2d6)

Speed 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
8 (-1)	14 (+2)	10 (+0)	10 (+0)	8 (-1)	8 (-1)

Skills Stealth +6

Senses darkvision 60 ft., passive Perception 9

Languages Common, Goblin

Challenge 1/4 (50 XP)

Nimble Escape. The goblin can take the Disengage or Hide action as a bonus action on each of its turns.

ACTIONS

Scimitar. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +4 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 5 (1d6 + 2) slashing damage.

Shortbow. *Ranged Weapon Attack:* +4 to hit, range 80/320 ft., one target. *Hit:* 5 (1d6 + 2) piercing damage.

Bandit

BANDIT

Medium humanoid (any race), any non-lawful alignment

Armor Class 12 (leather armor)

Hit Points 11 (2d8 + 2)

Speed 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
11 (+0)	12 (+1)	12 (+1)	10 (+0)	10 (+0)	10 (+0)

Senses passive Perception 10

Languages any one language (usually Common)

Challenge 1/8 (25 XP)

ACTIONS

Scimitar. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +3 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 4 (1d6 + 1) slashing damage.

Light Crossbow. *Ranged Weapon Attack:* +3 to hit, range 80 ft./320 ft., one target. *Hit:* 5 (1d8 + 1) piercing damage.

Wolf

WOLF

Medium beast, unaligned

Armor Class 13 (natural armor)

Hit Points 11 (2d8 + 2)

Speed 40 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
12 (+1)	15 (+2)	12 (+1)	3 (-4)	12 (+1)	6 (-2)

Skills Perception +3, Stealth +4

Senses passive Perception 13

Languages —

Challenge 1/4 (50 XP)

Keen Hearing and Smell. The wolf has advantage on Wisdom (Perception) checks that rely on hearing or smell.

Pack Tactics. The wolf has advantage on an attack roll against a creature if at least one of the wolf's allies is within 5 ft. of the creature and the ally isn't incapacitated.

ACTIONS

Bite. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +4 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 7 (2d4 + 2) piercing damage. If the target is a creature, it must succeed on a DC 11 Strength saving throw or be knocked prone.

Bear

BROWN BEAR

Large beast, unaligned

Armor Class 11 (natural armor)

Hit Points 34 (4d10 + 12)

Speed 40 ft., climb 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
19 (+4)	10 (+0)	16 (+3)	2 (-4)	13 (+1)	7 (-2)

Skills Perception +3

Senses passive Perception 13

Languages —

Challenge 1 (200 XP)

Keen Smell. The bear has advantage on Wisdom (Perception) checks that rely on smell.

ACTIONS

Multitask. The bear makes two attacks: one with its bite and one with its claws.

Bite. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +6 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 8 (1d8 + 4) piercing damage.

Claws. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +6 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 11 (2d6 + 4) slashing damage.