

Bleak Levels of Supplies - 442SuBLeSu

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The supplies are running low, dangerously slow and in a last ditch attempt a small band head out to find food, arrows and other key supplies to keep their operation continuing. However, as with any quest where both a small fortune of gold and an actual fortune of supplies is on the line it tends to catch the eye of those looking for a meal ticket.

Although not all is lost as the party stride onwards through the dusty plains of the Fester Plateau; a vast stretch of flat terrain amongst the rocky mountains. With the experience these adventurers brought there is surely nothing that would pose a problem for them, surely...

DM: (The party needs to get to Orcherweld to retrieve supplies and return them to The Bleak - their keep. However bandits are preying on the travellers into and out of the city using the chaos of a wyvern reporting to their benefit.)



Supplies are running low at the party's home base of operations, a **bastion** of sorts, and the closest established route to purchase supplies is in the **Orchreweld**, a sprawling desert city of traders. The staff at **The Bleak**, their keep, have established trade connections in the city and have organised the desert trader **Var'Snikk** to provide the party goods. However complications have arisen as there are rumours of a great beast, a wyvern, that

has begun to prey on the travellers through Fester Chasm, a large scar on the earth where great spires of stone rose out of the ground forming a twisting chasm-like valley where traders could get respite from the sun and dust storms for at least some of the day.

DM: (The party is to travel through the Fester Chasm, a valley between the fester peaks, to get to Orchreweld. They will encounter friendly but superstitious desert folk who are generally dressed in many layers of thin cloth and have spears and crossbows. They all share with the party a warning of the large flying creature that has appeared above these lands, a wyvern, and wish them luck on their travels through to the city. Refer to **428MoSyQu**)

The first sign of the sandstorm came in the sudden rush of a series of two legged, large bird like creatures who dashed past the party and their horses. The City of Orchreweld could be seen with its tall imposing rock-hewn walls and towers with brown and red flags clearly now and it



looked like quite a great number of people were fleeing inwards. 'A Sandstorms on the way. You best move those cloven-feet if you want to make it to Orchreweld!' a strange man, more insect than human, called out as he reached where the party was. 'Follow me if you want to make it through the gates and hurry!' he called as he urged a large locust-like mount to jump and flitter a hundred feet. Needing nothing more than that, the sound of the storm

behind them, coming from the Fester chasm, motivated them and their steeds to get through the gates quickly. An assortment of men watched them from the gate and stopped them out front. 'Halt. Reason for visiting Orchreweld.' one of the guards, a tabaxi, said with a cheeky flick of his tail. 'Cut that out Tomiaus, there's a sandstorm coming, what more do they need. You can hold them once they are out of the storm.' The insectoid man snapped at him as he thundered past the frustrated looking guards. 'He's right you know captain... that is the protocol for sand storm.' said the second guard, a younger looking human.



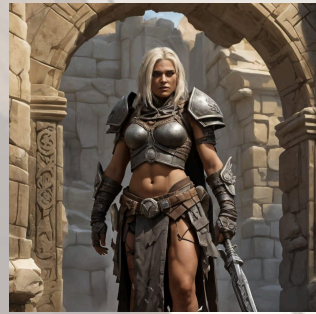
'Yes. Thank you Yason.' said the tabaxi as he gestured inside. 'Enter the stables on the left and see the guards there for checking in.' The insectoid man flashed a terrifying smile as he bounced off deeper into the city.

The guards in the stables are much nicer and shortly they find the same insectoid man beckoning them over as they leave the stables. He introduces himself as Var'snikk and quickly realises that they are from The Bleak. After talking business

for a few minutes he suggests a tavern nearby where they can get a good night or two of rest before they make it back to the keep.

DM: (The tavern is called the Jade Scorpion and it happens to be in a rough part of the city. However the innkeeper is tough and the Tavern appears to be a regular place for some strong mercenaries. Refer to **442TuMeMe**)

The Jade Scorpion was quiet yet comfortable and as they settled down for a meal the Innkeeper, Barthos, offered them tankards of refreshing ale as he kept an eye on a group of mercenaries in the corner. Two of the three women were Orcs who evidently spent a lot of time in the sun with how



their skin had fared and the other was a solid looking human that was decked in a lot of steel. As they chorused for more ale they discussed how their latest job appeared to be little more than a ruse to ambush them.

Pralu, one of the Orcs, called back to the barkeep as he confirmed the incoming rounds of ale. 'Not good. Zaroh and Yazmin have some doubts about this contract. Something smells fishy and it looks like it may be the raiders who are a plague in the Fester.'

DM: (Barthos then suggests that these three, the Orchreweld Bleached steel company would be a good guard for them heading back through the Fester, the chasm

and beyond. He explains that they are veterans at hunting in the sands and could really bolster their forces on the way home. (refer to **442TuMeMe**).



After the party had shopped for their own personal supplies, rested and prepared for the journey back. Var'Snikk was talking to Pralu, Zaroh and Yazmin as if they were old friends, companions in fact. As they saddled up with their new escort, and Var'Snikk who insisted on seeing his wares get through the Fester safely they were warned about bandits from the Ochre city guard. It wasn't long until they noticed signs of their presence. As the convoy formed a defensive wall from the bandits who obviously bluffed by threatening to summon a tamed wyvern a real roar echoed through the chasm, calling out a challenge to any and all to flee. Moment by moment the beating of wings heralded the arrival of the ruler of these sands, an adult blue dragon. The moment the creature's glittering blue scales could be seen in the sky the bandits fled and the convoy quickly raced to get to a more favourable position. The party managed to board the wagons as they raced past the panicked would-be slavers now attempting to escape something far more dangerous.**DM:**(Refer to **442WeBaBeWi**, This encounter should be a **very challenging** encounter, Refer to **442FrTa**, against a blue dragon that will attempt to attack with its breath weapon when available and pin down on an exposed individual when fighting multiple opponents. It harnesses the sand storms and will use it to his advantage constantly Refer to map on next page and **442WeBaBeWi**)

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