

# Felkirk's Fallen - 527SaFeFa

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The metallic scent of the blood soaked docks would have been a welcome change for the smell that blew down Merchants Way as the party rushed towards the castle. Undead had claimed the street now with a mixture of mercenaries, city guards and the citizens that made this town a bustling trade centre forming the bulk of the corpses.

However there were older corpses that had risen from their resting places to fight against the party. Much older in fact with markings that set them aside from those brutally slain in Felkirk. These were prepared, and for a number of months if not years by the state of the bodies. Bloating by water, ritualistically bound and branded and risen again to fight against the living on strange shores. Something dark was heading towards the castle and the party may be the only thing standing in its way.

**DM:** (The large scale plan of the attackers was to sew chaos, cut off their access to the port then use their own citizens against them with their powerful arch necromancer commanding the final attack. This is that final attack.)



As the party's boots thud onto the wooden planks of the slick docks, the smoke of the burning galley curled into the air behind them. Bunker and Cinella rushed forward, faces lit with awe and disbelief. The docks are eerily quiet now, the chaos of battle replaced with the hush of aftermath.

Cinella's voice trembles with relief as she praises the party's handiwork, revealing that they'd braced to hold the enemy until reinforcements from the castle arrived, reinforcements that never came. When the enemy began spilling out, aflame and broken, it became clear; the party had turned the tide alone. Bunker, ever the scrappy optimist, flashes a grin, proudly recalling how he got the party onto the docks through the warehouse lift in the first place.

But the moment of triumph is cut short. A soldier, breath ragged from running, stumbles toward the group and reports grim news from the castle, one of their own men sent to seek aid. As he returned he collapsed, muttering fragments about the dead and something called Merchants Way. Cinella's tone sharpens. They can spare men, but mercenaries still prowl the area, and there's no telling what awaits up the road that leads directly to the king's doorstep. She barks orders to ready the best fighters once they've rested, then turns back to the party. Her words carry both desperation and resolve: will the party be the city's last hope a second time? .

**DM:** (The man saw slain merchants and commoners rising from the dead and fled, he actually abandoned his patrol as he fled and didn't even turn back when he heard the sound of battle. Refer to 527MoDeMe)



Each step the party took toward Merchants Way tightened the grip of unease around them. The street was soaked in blood, walls marked by claw and blade, but not a single corpse lay among the ruin. Drag marks and smeared trails suggested the fallen had been dragged away en masse. All signs pointed uphill, toward the castle. Cries of alarm echoed faintly in the distance, guiding the party forward through the wreckage of shattered carts, broken doorframes, and the scattered remnants of battle. Pressing on with Cinella, Bunker, and a few stout-hearted soldiers, the party finally saw where the missing had gone.

From the alleys, the undead surged, not in chaos, but with cruel strategy. They moved to encircle and isolate, forcing a desperate stand.

**DM:** (Refer to 527TuGhPa. A minor conflict should happen here. The battle should be trivial - moderate and involve a few zombie swarms (lesser and normal). Refer to 527FrBaMeWa)

Steel rang out, spells flared, and the party carved through the horde with grim determination. Yet as the battle raged, a deeper horror surfaced. Half of the undead bore the faces of Felkirk's citizens, while the others were older, with sunken features and ancient wounds. These were not just the newly risen. They were a buried force prepared in advance, shock troops of rot and bone. The party's grim realization was punctuated by a raven's cry overhead, circling before darting up the street toward the castle. Somewhere nearby, a necromancer wielding great power watched their approach, and Felkirk's fate was far from sealed. With no time to waste, the party bound wounds and pushed onward into whatever darkness lay ahead.



Boots pounded against blood-slicked stone as the party and their allies surged up Merchants Way. Though the carnage persisted, it was clear they were drawing closer to the heart of the

battle. The strewn remnants of undead littered the street; limbs torn, skulls crushed, torsos twisted in unnatural angles. Fewer signs of slaughter marked the ground, but the growing number of fallen corpses painted a grim picture of the conflict ahead. Near the castle, volleys of fire-tipped arrows arced into a writhing throng of undead besieging the gates, their bodies piling against the walls and surrounding buildings in a relentless press. Standing back from the front line was a robed figure, hurling spells at the defenders without heed for the collateral damage to their own forces. Shrouded in tattered garments that clung like torn feathers, the mage remained veiled behind a ceaseless wave of the dead.

The party's presence did not go unnoticed for long. A rustle above and the rhythmic clack of claw on slate drew their eyes to a nearby rooftop, where ravens, dozens of them, watched in eerie silence. Their bodies bore signs of decay, cracked bones and withered feathers betraying their undead state. It was now evident that they had been scouts, eyes of the mage who now turned attention their way. Below, a fresh knot of zombies began to gather, slowly forming another blockade between the mage and the party. Yet just as that wall began to rise, fire erupted along the enemy line. Explosions tore rifts in the advancing horde, forcing the mage to divert focus and command. In those fractured moments, the massing undead faltered, their lines disorganised and porous. A narrow window had opened. If the party moved swiftly and with purpose, they might yet reach the spellcaster before the path was lost again.

**DM:**(Refer to 527WeBoBr. This is the big conflict. This should be **very challenging to deadly in difficulty** but the main foe here is zombies (swarms/hordes) that rush at them as the necromancer commands it. Every second round the necromancer will attack the castle walls and not focus on the party - that is until they start attacking him directly. Refer to the map on the next page as well as 527ThMeWa. Refer to 527FrBaMeWa for the encounter.)



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