



Overview



Moonshaen Runners

Need list:

Location description

Caer Corwell - [Caer Corwell | Forgotten Realms Wiki](#)

Obsidian password: vA_gH%A2Xdi*QNd

Vault Password: nerdyB1rds

Google table with enemy, columns with each spell/spell slots

- Wind token and urn west

Sources

 **Forgotten Realms Lore - Moonshae Isles**

[Moonshae Isles | Forgotten Realms Wiki](#)

[Moonshae Isles Geographic Location in The Forgotten Realms | World Anvil](#)

[NPC Generator](#) - Names, description and backstory

[D&D Name Generator - Male Human - Kassoona.com](#)

[List of D&D Encounters by Terrain](#)

[Donjon](#) - Random EVERYTHING generator

[D&D 5e Statblock Generator](#)



Objectives

Brewing Trouble

Isaluna Iardi has entrusted you with a high-stakes business venture: to revive her great-great-grandfather's legendary Moonshaen brew and run it out of the region to Waterdeep. This magical and potent drink, which hasn't been made in years, requires rare and specific ingredients, some of which are scattered across the Moonshae Isles.

Your main objectives are clear: *gather the ingredients, ensure their safe delivery, and transport the final product to Neverwinter.*

Along the way, you'll face challenges and side objectives that may test your resourcefulness:

Main Objectives - Gather Ingredients

Corn from O'Malley (Corwell): Kael Wildwood, a farmer near Corwell, grows the best corn for Moonshaen. However, Kael is secretly a lycanthrope, and his neighbor, [Harkon Stonewood](#), has been gathering evidence against him. Will you be able to clear Kael's name or stop Harkon's investigation?

Sugar from the Sugar Cane Leshys: These wandering, neutral spirits are the key to acquiring the sugar needed for the brew. You'll need to track down a pack of these creatures in the Glade of the Cat Lord, either capturing or befriending one to establish a steady source of sugar.

Peat from Meirig: In the wilds of Meirig, you must recover peat, which can be used to create yeast for the brew's distinct flavor. Beware of beasts, including lycanthropes, that protect the area.

Special Ingredient from Snowdown: Deep within the Blue Dragon's lair lies Canthrax's Tears—an elusive ingredient guarded by lichens. Will you dare enter the dragon-shaped cave to retrieve it?

Secondary Objective

Secure a Boat for Tyco: To move your supplies and Moonshaen safely, you'll need to acquire the "Starlight Wind" ferry boat for Tyco. It will serve as your means of transport for both ingredients and finished products.

Final Objective

After collecting all the necessary ingredients, your last task is to successfully run the Moonshaen out of the region and deliver it to Neverwinter, where your joint business venture will flourish.

Can you handle the brewing process, navigate the political and supernatural challenges, and make it to Waterdeep with the brew intact? Time will tell.



Loot / Rewards

Party Hooks / Loot Ideas

- Bard -
- Sorcerer -
- Warlock -
- Wizard -
- Cleric -
- Druid -
- Paladin -
- Fighter -
- Monk -
- Ranger -
- Rogue -
- Barbarian -



Chapters



Encounter Size Calculator: [donjon](#); 5e [Encounter Size Calculator](#)

Roll D8	Travel Encounter Table						
	Water	Callidyr	Meirig	O'Malley / Corwell	Snowdown	Glade of Cat Lord	Canthrax's Lair
1	Pirates	Bandits	Snakes	Wolves	Spiders	Will-o-Wisps	Spiders
2	Merfolk	Guards	Wolves	Bears	Drow	Spiders	Snakes
3	Octopi	Bandits	Frogs	Vampires	Vampires	Snakes	Giant Spiders
4	Killer Whale	Bandits	Bandits	Bandits	Orc	Lions	Bears
5	Air Elemental	Guards	Pirates	Pirates	Ogres	Earth Elemental	Skeletons
6	Water Elemental	Bandits	Crabs	Druids	Bandits	Unicorn	Ghouls
7	Giant Octopus	Bandits	Spiders	Spiders	Pirates	Tigers	Minotaur Skeleton
8	Sea Hag	Bandits	Crocodiles	Snakes	Skeletons	Hippogriffs	Ghosts

Campaign Introduction: **Moonshaen Runners**

Campaign Introduction: Moonshaen Runners

The party has successfully captured an easy bounty you discovered posted on the guild hall's bounty board in Phandalin, a bit of a surprise given how far it had traveled. The bounty was listed under the name Isaluna lardi, all the way from the Moonshae Isles, a place about a day or two's journey by ship, due west of Waterdeep. It seemed unusual for a bounty to have traveled so far, which led your group to believe that the woman must have significant influence if the bounty on her bandit had crossed the entire Sword Coast.

Isaluna's bounty was straightforward—she demanded the bandit be returned alive, with no exceptions, along with any stolen items in his possession. She also noted that she could be found at the lardi Ferry House in Callidyrr.

After successfully capturing the bandit and recovering the stolen goods, your group made its way to Neverwinter. From there, you chartered a boat with the Rockseekers to cross the Sea of Swords toward Alaron in the Moonshae Isles. Now, you're nearing the harbor of Callidyrr, ready to fulfill the bounty's terms.

Setting:

As you draw closer to Whitefish Bay, the familiar salty scent of the sea begins to mingle with the more pungent aromas of the city: the scent of cooked meat, wet earth, and the unmistakable stench of dead fish fills the air. In the distance, the faint toll of a bell rings out—ding, ding, ding. The deep emerald waters of the bay shimmer under the sunlight like black diamonds, their gentle waves lapping against the dark sand. The alabaster walls of the city rise higher and higher as your ship nears the shore. The rooftops, painted in various colors, grow larger, and the imposing castle at the top of the mountains looms protectively over the city, like a silent sentinel.

On this journey, you brought a prisoner with you—a young goliath man you apprehended in Phandalin after responding to a bounty posted at the guild hall. The bounty promised gold and hinted at a "very lucrative business venture," which intrigued your group. It was signed by a woman named Isaluna lardi, and the notice specifically instructed that the bounty was to be claimed at the lardi Ferry House in the Dock Quarter of Callidyrr. Her instructions were clear: the man was to be brought back alive, all items he carried must be returned, and discretion was a must.

Eager for an easy bounty and a break, your party accepted the job, especially with the promise of profit.

As you near the Dock Quarter, the ship's captain steers toward the end of the longest dock. "You'll have to forgive me," the captain grumbles. "I'm not getting any closer to that cursed place. I've heard all sorts of tales about these islands. I'm dropping you off here. Hope you don't mind... though, I don't care if you do."

As your party disembarks, you walk down the long dock toward what appears to be a bustling market. The sounds of chatter grow louder, mixing with the cries of a merchant hawking his catch of the day—5 silver per fish. Two children race past, laughing. Just as you're about to step off the gangway and onto the dock, an older folk man hurries toward you, pushing a cart full of goods. He

nearly sends you tumbling into the salty waters below (Dexterity Check 10, possibly at disadvantage due to sea legs).

You guide your prisoner, along with the satchel containing the recovered stolen items, through the market. Your eyes scan the area for the Iardi Ferry House, hoping to finally collect your bounty.

On the edge of the bay, at the end of a small private dock, you spot the Iardi Ferry House. The two-story building has a sturdy stone foundation, and as you approach, you can't help but feel a sense of finality. You open the door and step inside.

The smell of coffee, grain, and wet wood greets you. To the left, a cozy sitting area is furnished with benches, armchairs, and a modest library. To the right, a small store offers various goods—rope, fabrics, grains, and other non-perishables. In the center of the room, in front of a staircase, sits a polished brown wood desk.

Behind the desk is an older folk woman with fiery red hair, her skin tanned and weathered as if from years at sea. When she sees you, her face lights up, and her voice is full of energy.

"I can't believe you found him! Thank the Earthmother! And the book—please tell me you found the book?"

On the boat ride from Phandalin, you had examined the book. It was bound in blue leather, with delicate gold trim and a seashell affixed to the cover. Inside, it was mostly empty, except for a yellowed map of Callidyrr taped to one of the pages. It looked like it had been stored on a ship for years, rather than sitting on a shelf.

One of your party members hands her the book, along with a small coin purse. Isaluna's joy erupts into a loud, feral cheer. "Oh, my book! Thank you, thank you! Oh, my stars, thank you!"

She jumps around in circles, clutching the book to her chest, her energy undiminished by her age. Then, as if suddenly remembering her surroundings, she catches herself, looking embarrassed.

"Oh! I forgot. You're all staring at me like I've lost my mind. This book is..." She lowers her voice, scanning the room as if making sure no one is listening. "It's magic." Her fingers brush the shell on the cover, and she whispers something to it, turning her body away from you. The smell of seaweed fills the air around you, as if you were standing on a reef.

She turns back and presents the book once more. As she flips through the pages, ink begins to appear, as if by magic, etching itself onto the sea-stained pages. "This," she says proudly, "is the Iardi Family Book of Seacrets."

You see various writings, drawings, and notes on the pages, but before you can fully absorb it all, she slams the book shut. The name "F. Iardi" is written in ink on the front page, and as she sets the book back on the desk, the ink fades, and the sea scent dissipates.

"Well, now what are we going to do with you?" she says, turning to the man you brought with you—the target of the bounty. "Carlton, you idiot. What were you going to do with my book, huh? Sell it? No one would even be able to read it! It looks like a rotten old thing. This is exactly why I didn't let you take the Wind out by yourself. Ah!"

She bangs her fist on the desk, then smooths it out, her face softening. "I'm sorry, I didn't mean to call you an idiot. You're just... well, you are sometimes. I should've been kinder about it."

She walks over and kisses the top of his lowered head, then turns back to you. "So, how much was in that coin pouch?"

When you hand it to her, she empties it out onto the desk—1 platinum, 47 gold, and 80 silver.

"So, you stole about 50 gold from me, huh? Well, you'll work it off. No pay until you do, and your board's coming out of what you owe me." She grabs his hand, and with a strange blue light emanating from her grip, a rune appears on his skin. He recoils with a shout, but she holds him fast.

"Get upstairs and clean yourself up. Tomorrow, you'll be cleaning barnacles off the dock. So, you'd better be ready for dinner when I call for you, and after that, straight to bed, so you can start work first thing tomorrow."

He lowers his head, defeated, and slinks toward the stairs, looking like a chastised child despite his size.

Isaluna gathers the coin and adds a platinum piece from a box under the desk. She slides it across to you.

"For your trouble," she says. "He's not a bad kid, just a little lost. I found him when he was a child, barely clinging to a broken piece of shipwreck near Baldur's Gate. He probably lost his whole crew. Poor thing. He's got a couple boards loose, if you catch my drift."

She smiles and continues, "" she says, as she laughs deeply.

She leads you upstairs to a guest room, which holds two double beds and a chaise lounge. The large window overlooks the street, where foot traffic is beginning to head toward the center of town as the sun sets.

After a short rest, feeling refreshed from the long journey, you head downstairs for dinner. The kitchen smells of herbs and gamey stew. A large pot simmers on the stove, and the hearty aroma fills the room.

You sit down at a long table with benches, just as Isaluna calls, "Carlton! Dinner!" Moments later, heavy footsteps echo down the stairs, and the young goliath stumbles into the room. He plops down, grabs his bowl, and begins slurping loudly.

"Manners!" Isaluna scolds, and Carlton picks up his spoon, eating more carefully.

Between bites, she says, "So, I've been thinking. I need some help around here. Ever since Carlton went off and left me alone, I've realized how much I have to do. Here's the deal: stay here for a bit and help with a few things. Real simple. I'm not doing many long ferry trips anymore, so I've got a spare room. I'd love some company, and I'll pay you! Just for a week or so, no pressure."

Her mischievous smile spreads as she adds, "And I'll even show you what's in my book."

Full from the stew, and exhausted from the journey, your party retires for the night.

The next morning, you wake in the unfamiliar room and prepare for the day. When you head downstairs, Isaluna greets you with a fresh tankard of coffee, the steam rising from the stove as she boils water for more.

“Morning!” she says. “Hope you slept well! Gets a little chilly in the mornings around here. Sorry about that!” She places a spread of bread, fruits, and cheese on the table. “Help yourselves!”

After breakfast, she speaks up. “So, if you’re still interested, I’ve got a couple of things I need help with. One of my boats on the nearby dock needs a bit of a look-over, and I need someone to take some goods to a few people in town. I’m not asking for too much, just some light work to pass the time.”

Side Job: Midnight Delivery

Encounter: Midnight Delivery

Setup:

Isaluna Iardi has tasked the party with delivering two wooden crates filled with magical items to the Midnight Market, held only once every ten-day in the shadows of Callidyr's Low Quarter. The journey is fraught with risks: the streets of Callidyr are winding and treacherous at night, magic is forbidden, and the Low Quarter brims with opportunistic thieves and prying eyes. With a small handcart to transport their cargo, the party must navigate the city carefully, avoiding guards and suspicious locals who could jeopardize the mission.

Encounter Structure:

First Challenge: Narrow Alleys and Suspicion

The quickest route to the Low Quarter leads through a tight alleyway filled with unsavory types and wandering drunks. The players must choose how to navigate this gauntlet of suspicion.

Skill Check Options:

- **Stealth (DC 14):** The party sticks to the shadows, keeping the crates out of sight and slipping past unnoticed.
 - **Success:** The group avoids any attention and moves through the alley unnoticed.
 - **Failure:** They accidentally knock the cart against a wall, creating noise and drawing curious looks.
- **Persuasion (DC 13):** The party casually deflects attention, blending in with the crowd and claiming they're moving mundane goods.
 - **Success:** Passersby lose interest, and the party moves through unchallenged.
 - **Failure:** A nosy onlooker, [Aric](#) the petty thief, takes interest and offers to "guard" the crates—for a fee. If not handled, Aric may tip off the city guards, [Sargent Oren](#).

Final Challenge: Navigating the Low Quarter to the Midnight Market

The chaotic streets of the Low Quarter make finding the hidden Midnight Market difficult. The market's entrance shifts each Sixthday, and this week, Isaluna has directed them to look for a tannery ruin.

Skill Check Options:

- **Investigation (DC 13):** Searching carefully, the party spots the magical crescent moon symbol etched into a nearby wall, marking the secret entrance.
 - **Success:** They find the entrance quickly and avoid unwanted attention.
 - **Failure:** They wander too long, drawing the interest of local thieves or nosy locals.

- **Survival (DC 12):** Using Isaluna's directions and natural instincts, the party navigates the twisted streets and finds the tannery ruins.
 - **Success:** They locate the market entrance efficiently.
 - **Failure:** They become turned around, attracting the attention of a small band of thieves who attempt to rob them.

Conclusion: Arrival at the Midnight Market

The party finally arrives at the secretive Midnight Market, where [Cassius Caskbow](#) greets them. After a brief inspection of the crates, he nods approvingly.

"You've done well," he says, handing over a small pouch of gold and a crescent moon token. "Next time, keep your heads down—these streets aren't what they used to be. Show this token, and you'll find doors opening where others see only walls."

Rewards:

- **Gold Reward:** (Amount at DM's discretion, suggested: 50-100 gp).
- **Crescent Moon Token:** A magical token granting future access to the Midnight Market and potential discounts with vendors.



Side Job: Starlight Security

Side Job: Starlight Security

Setting

Isaluna has asked the party to test the security of her ferry boat, the **Starlight Wind**. The boat is powered by an automaton, but since magic is not allowed in the area, it is dressed up to look like a wooden paddle steamer boat. Isaluna wants the party to look around the boat and try to find and open any secret compartments, and also see if you can find the automaton.

The Task

The party boards the **Starlight Wind** to begin the search. Isaluna provided an operational overview of how the boat works before you had dispatched, and stated your party needs to find three hidden compartments to the boat.

Encounter Structure

Clue 1: The Floorboard in the Cargo Hold

As they search the board under the **captain's chair**, the players notice something odd. One section of the floor seems slightly uneven, just a fraction higher than the rest.

- **Investigation (DC 12):** A successful check reveals that the captain's chair can be spun like a safe door, allowing access to the hidden lower compartment.

Clue 2: The Wall Panel in the Captain's Quarters

Downstairs in the **sitting lounge**, the wooden walls seem perfectly aligned—almost too perfect. One section of the paneling catches the light differently.

- **Perception (DC 14):** A successful check allows the party to discover that this panel is not solid. Pressing a hidden latch causes it to slide open, revealing a second, more secure compartment. This one is enchanted, possibly for storing magical items that require extra protection.

Clue 3: The Automaton's Hatch

The final compartment is connected to the **automaton** itself. The magical power source that drives the boat is hidden in a compartment within the boat, cleverly concealed.

- **Arcana (DC 15):** A successful check reveals that the automaton is housed within the third compartment, and is obscured by an arcane lock. By carefully manipulating the magical energy flowing through the lock, they can open the hidden hatch down to the lower compartment of the boat in front of the paddles, to reveal the automaton behind the boat's operation.

Puzzle: Sequence to Open the Compartments

The compartments are secured by a **sequence** connected to the automaton's magical power source. The party must figure out how to disengage the security mechanism in the right order.

- The compartments are connected to the boat's essential systems: **Steering, Propulsion, and Power.**
- **Hint:** The compartments open in the order the boat functions:
 1. **Propulsion** (Flip lever to engage the paddles)
 2. **Steering** (Place the map stone on the arcane mapboard)
 3. **Power** (Touch the water stone)

If the players activate the automaton's controls in this order, the compartments will open without issue.

Conclusion

Once all three hidden compartments are found and the puzzle solved, the party confirms that the boat's security is indeed solid—though they might report back with a suggestion or two for improvement. Isaluna will be pleased with their findings, satisfied that the **Starlight Wind** is well-guarded for now.



Main Story: Moonshaen Makers

Main Story Introduction: Moonshae Makers

Setup

She ushers you into the main sitting room, placing her book on the desk beside her. She glances out the front window and scans the store room, ensuring there's no one around to overhear.

"Alright, here's the deal," she begins, her voice low but eager. "This book here holds an old family recipe for something called Moonshaen. It's a drink stronger than ale, with the unique twist of being both hot and cold at the same time. It'll get you where you need to go, and then some! Ha!"

She taps the book affectionately. "My great-great-grandfather, Furlong Iardi, invented this recipe during his travels across the Isles. He picked up a bit of this and a bit of that, then ran it all through a special boiler he designed. Presto! You get Moonshaen—moon juice, as he liked to call it."

Isaluna pauses, the excitement in her eyes dimming slightly. "The problem is, making it requires some very specific ingredients—ones that haven't been available for a long time. Granddad pissed off the Leshys and couldn't get any more sugar, and he couldn't afford to ship it from the coast after the war. Without the sugar and the other supplies, his brewing days kind of dried up."

She stands, walking to the window for a moment before turning back to you. "But, I told myself if I ever got this book back, I'd bring Moonshaen back too—and maybe make a little profit while I'm at it. That's where you come in. Help me gather the ingredients and get this all set up, and I'll sell it to specialty clients. Halia mentioned you've got something brewing over in Neverwinter, and I'd be happy to sell it through your shop on commission. 50/50 split. What do you say?"

After agreeing to the terms—or negotiating your own—Isaluna leans back and offers a practical solution.

"I'll even let you borrow my old ferry boat. The one you checked earlier? It's a damn fine little steamer, though it's not big enough to haul supplies for the Wolf Quarter or fit for the charter runs I've been doing for the Garden Quarter folks. But she's perfect for what we need—and she's familiar, so no one asks too many questions. You know how it is, the Iardi family's always had a bit of a pirate streak, just a little more subtle than most. Ha!"

Her voice lowers, becoming more serious. "One thing though. That boat has a bit of magic to it. People 'round here don't take kindly to magic—at all. If the guards catch wind of it, they'll throw you in the dungeon, thinking you're some kind of threat. So be careful with it. I don't use it much anymore for that very reason, but you can borrow it, so long as you keep a low profile."

She holds the book to her lips and whispers again into the shell, turning her body away from you. The air thickens with the scent of seaweed, and you hear her lightly whisper, "West on the wind."

The familiar ink appears on the pages of the book as she opens it again.

"Here's what we need. First, corn. And a lot of it—about 60 ears to start. Over in Gwynneth, there's a place called Corwell, and they've got the best corn this side of the Sword Sea. Probably because it's the only place that grows corn here, ha! But no matter. We'll need to strike a deal with one of their farmers."

She flips the page and eyes you with a knowing smile. "There's a farmer there named Kael Wildwood. He runs a pretty decent farm on the edge of town. Travel over there, see if you can make an arrangement with him to trade for the corn. Let him know I can get him anything he might need. And, if he seems alright, throw him a big ol' wink when you say it. Ha!"

She flips to a map page. "It's just a short hop to the south side of Corwell. I'll send my pigeon with a note, so he'll know you're coming tomorrow. That way, your colorful group doesn't spook him too much. Folks around here don't take kindly to outsiders. He might think you're a bunch of pirates. Ha!"

Once she finishes with the book, the ink fades, and the salty air dissipates. She carefully stows the book back in its drawer, locking it with a key she pulls from her pocket. "Can't trust that boy as far as I can throw him, but I can't help but love him. Come on, let's check on Carlton before you head out to O'Malley tomorrow."

Encounter: Secrets in the Cornfield

Encounter: Secrets in the Cornfield

Setting

The party begins aboard their ship, navigating the jagged coastline of Gwynneth. Their destination is the small, weather-beaten city of Caer Corwell, nestled along the Corwell Firth. Near Corwell is the village of O'Malley-- a peaceful, rural farming community known for its bountiful corn harvest. Your party has been tasked with collecting corn from Kael Wildwood, a local farmer, but things are not as simple as they seem. Kael has a dark secret—he's a lycanthrope, and one of his neighbors, Harkon Stonewood, is suspicious and has been gathering evidence.

Scene Start

The party arrives at Kael Wildwood's farm, set against the backdrop of golden cornfields swaying gently in the breeze. Kael, a gruff but friendly man in his 50s with a weathered appearance and a nervous edge, welcomes the adventurers. He seems preoccupied but agrees to trade his corn supply for a small favor: he needs their help stopping Harkon Stonewood, who is growing more vocal in his suspicions about Kael's true nature.

Objective

Kael will request the party either **convince Harkon** that he is no threat, or **destroy the evidence** that Harkon has collected.

Key Characters

- **Kael Wildwood:**
 - Human male, 70s. A skilled farmer, calm on the surface but with a wild glint in his eye.
 - Secretly a lycanthrope (werewolf). Kael is ashamed of his condition but has it under control.
 - He doesn't want trouble, just to live in peace, but is afraid that if the village finds out, they'll kill him or drive him away.
 - **Motivation:** He desperately wants to stay hidden and avoid violence but will defend himself if pushed.
- **Harkon Stonewood:**
 - Human male, 40-50s. Gruff, suspicious, and untrusting of Kael.
 - A nosy neighbor who has been watching Kael's farm for months, convinced that something is wrong.
 - **Motivation:** He believes it's his duty to protect O'Malley from the "monster" he thinks Kael is.

Encounter Structure

Arrival at Kael's Farm

The party is greeted by Kael, who seems on edge. He explains the situation:

- "I know what people are whispering about me. Harkon's been poking around, sneaking onto my land at night. I need you to stop him—either talk him out of this nonsense or... make sure no one believes him."
- Kael will admit to his lycanthropy if the party pushes him (Persuasion 15), explaining that he's never harmed anyone and is in full control of the curse.

Investigating Harkon

The party can choose to:

- **Speak to Harkon** directly (skill challenges with Persuasion/Intimidation, Insight to gauge his motives).
- **Sneak into Harkon's house** to steal/destroy his evidence (Stealth, Sleight of Hand, or deception-based checks).
- **Confront Harkon aggressively**, either scaring him off or threatening him (combat or intimidation).

The Evidence

Harkon has gathered various pieces of circumstantial evidence:

- A **journal** documenting strange noises and movements at night from Kael's farm.
- Some **tracks** that appear like large animal prints (Kael in werewolf form).
- A **silver amulet** that Harkon has been saving for a confrontation.

The party can attempt to:

- Convince Harkon that the evidence is flawed or not enough to condemn Kael.
- Destroy or steal the journal and tracks.
- Persuade or intimidate Harkon to abandon his pursuit.

Confrontation with Harkon

If the party chooses to talk to Harkon, he'll be found at his own farm, not far from Kael's.

- **Dialogue Hooks:**
 - “I’ve seen him at night, skulking about like some beast! He’s hiding something, I know it.”
 - “I ain’t afraid of him. Someone’s gotta protect this village, even if the others turn a blind eye.”
- **Persuasion/Deception checks:** Can convince him to back off if the party promises that Kael is harmless or that they’ve investigated and found no danger.
- **Intimidation checks:** They can make him too scared to pursue it further.
- **Combat Option:** If Harkon feels truly threatened or the party attacks, he may fight back (though not a tough opponent, he may have traps set on his property).

Twist/Optional Complication

Unbeknownst to Kael, **Harkon himself** was cursed with lycanthropy long ago but has suppressed the transformation through sheer force of will and doesn’t realize his suspicions of Kael are rooted in his own instincts. If the party digs deep enough (NAT 20 - Arcana/Nature checks, or Detect Magic), they may uncover this truth, leading to a potential role reversal.

Conclusion

If the party convinces Harkon to back off or destroys his evidence, Kael will be relieved and reward the party with a **corn supply** as well as some **gold** or a unique item (perhaps something lycanthrope-themed, like a potion or charm related to lycanthropy).

If they fail to stop Harkon, he will eventually expose Kael to the village, leading to a potential witch hunt where the party must either help Kael flee or defend him from an angry mob.

Rewards

- A large corn supply for their original quest.
- **Gold (50-100 gp)** from Kael as thanks for helping him.
- An **amulet of lycanthrope protection** (or other magic item, tied to the lycanthropy theme).



Travel: To Glade of the Cat Lord

Travel: Gwynneth's Shore to the Glade of the Cat Lord

The party embarks on a journey to Gwynneth, leaving Callidyrr and crossing the Strait of Alaron, before landing on the rugged shores near the Isle of Gwynneth.

As the Starlight Wind drops anchor off the coast of the Llyrath Forest, the crew helps lower the party into a rowboat, guiding them through shallow waves until they reach the dark sands of the shore. The dense, humid air of the forest wafts over them, carrying the scent of damp earth and rich foliage. Before them lies a sprawling jungle, thick with lush greenery and towering trees with massive, twisted roots that grip the forest floor. Their goal is to traverse the dense, fey-touched woods to reach the mystical Glade of the Cat Lord.

Travel Mechanics:

- **Speed/Distance:**
 - **Sailing:** The trip from Callidyrr to Gwynneth takes 12 hours, assuming calm seas and favorable winds.
 - **Forest Travel:** Once on land, the party must navigate 8 miles of forested terrain, which takes about 6 hours at a moderate pace.
- **Travel Checks:**
 - **Sea Travel:** Make a DC 14 Survival or Navigator's Tools check every 3 hours to maintain course and avoid hazards like storms or reefs.
 - **Forest Travel:** Make a DC 12 Perception or Survival check every 2 hours to avoid becoming lost in the dense Llyrath Forest. Failing a check adds 1 hour to travel time.
- **Encounters:**

Roll a D8 for each travel segment (at sea and in the forest). On a roll of 5 or higher, the party encounters an event or creature. Refer to the encounter tables for the specific area.

Environmental Effects:

Effect

- **(Sea):** Sudden changes in weather, from calm seas to violent storms, can alter the pace of travel or impose skill challenges.
- **(Forest):** The dense canopy creates dim light, making Perception checks more difficult (DC +2).

Wildlife

- **(Sea):** Dolphins and seabirds occasionally accompany the ship, providing fleeting moments of peace.

- **(Forest):** The forest teems with life, from chirping birds to unseen predators watching from the shadows.



Encounter: The Wandering Leshy

Encounter: The Wandering Leshy

Setting

After a journey through the dense, mystical expanse of the Llyrath Forest, your party arrives at the edge of the Glade of the Cat Lord. The jungle opens up slightly to reveal a verdant, yet mysterious village. Vines drape from the trees, and beams of sunlight pierce through the thick canopy, casting dappled shadows on the ground below. The air here is rich with the scent of greenery, tinged with a faint sweetness—perhaps a sign of the elusive Sugar Cane Leshy.

Scene Start

As you step into the glade, you notice feline eyes watching from the shadows. Small cats appear and disappear, weaving through the underbrush as if guiding your way deeper into the village. Ahead, a figure materializes: a tall, lean being with dark skin and piercing eyes, clad in flowing, forest-green robes and a mane of white hair. This is the Cat Lord, guardian of the glade and mysterious overseer of its creatures, and the guardian of the Leshy.

The Cat Lord speaks, his voice soft yet commanding, with a hint of a purr. "You seek the Sugar Cane Leshy, don't you? They are... elusive, wary of strangers, yet drawn to those who come in peace. Tell me, travelers, what is your intent with my kin?"

Key Characters

- [Sweetstalk "Big Sugar" Sirocco](#)
 - Sugar Cane Leshy leader
- [The Cat Lord:](#)
 - Leader of all feline creatures, and guardian of their hidden home, the Glade.

Player Choice & Interaction

Befriending the Cat Lord and the Leshy:

- The party explains their need for a sustainable source of sugar and their intent to form a respectful partnership. The Cat Lord considers this, his gaze intense. After a moment, he smiles approvingly and beckons the party to follow him.
- "The Leshy are proud spirits of the glade," he says. "But approach them with care, for they value their freedom above all. Prove yourselves friends, and they may help you willingly."
- With the Cat Lord's guidance, the party is led to a small clearing where the Leshy have recently passed. Sweetstalk Sirocco, a sugar cane leshy known as "Big Sugar," stands among the others, eyeing the newcomers curiously.

- If the party treats Sirocco with respect and offers fair terms, he will agree to a partnership, promising to supply sugar as long as the glade is not harmed and the Leshy's freedom is preserved. In return, he may even gift them a small pouch of enchanted sugar as a token of goodwill.

Capturing a Leshy for Farming:

- If the party reveals intentions of capturing a Leshy to take back to Isaluna, the Cat Lord's demeanor grows cold, his feline eyes narrowing. He warns the party that the Leshy are not to be taken against their will and that doing so would disrupt the balance of the glade.
- Ignoring his warning and attempting to capture a Leshy will result in a tense encounter. The Leshy use their plant-based magic to resist capture, summoning vines and thorns to entangle the party, while the Cat Lord's cats encircle them, hissing and swiping to drive them back.
- Successfully capturing a Leshy may yield the desired sugar, but the glade itself turns hostile, with future visits fraught with danger, as the Cat Lord and his feline followers will remember this transgression.

Conclusion

The party's decision here will shape their relationship with the Glade of the Cat Lord. Befriending the Leshy and respecting their autonomy will grant the party a valuable resource and an ally in the jungle, while attempting to capture them may sour their standing with the glade and its powerful guardian. Either way, the encounter leaves them with a deeper respect for the mystique and magic of the glade and its protector.

Rewards

- (Optional) The Cat Lord is aging, and looking for a new champion to protect and care for the Glade. He is looking for a tabaxi, a druid, or a changeling of any pure heart that would consider becoming his successor.

Travel: Journey to the Meirig Peatlands

Travel: Journey to the Meirig Peatlands

Setup

The party sets out along a winding trail that descends into the lowlands. The path skirts the edge of the **Shrouded Lands**, a dense and eerie forest, before opening up to the vast expanse of the **Meirig Peatlands**. The air grows heavy with moisture, and the earthy scent of peat and decaying vegetation fills their nostrils. Mist clings to the ground, curling around gnarled roots and reeds, as the calls of unseen creatures echo through the swamp.

Travel Mechanics:

- **Speed/Distance:**
Once out of the Llyrath Forest, the party must navigate 8 miles of marshy, swampy terrain, which takes about 8 hours at a moderate pace.
- **Travel Checks:**
Make a DC 12 Perception or Survival check every 4 hours to avoid becoming lost in the dense Shrouded Lands. Failing a check adds 1 hour to travel time, and possibility for another encounter.

Enemy Encounters:

At designated intervals, roll a D8 to determine if the party encounters any threats on their path through the marshy landscape. The results from the user's table will dictate if enemies appear and the nature of the encounter.

Arrival in the Meirig Peatlands

The party emerges into the heart of the swamp, with a small village in the distance, Meirig. The party must choose to enter the village cautiously, or try and gather the necessary ingredient without being detected by the locals.



Encounter: Two Kinds of Packs

Encounter: Two Kinds of Packs

Setting

The boggy region of Meirig is known for its unique peat, rich in nutrients and valuable for brewing. When used in the fermentation process, this peat can create a special strain of yeast, resulting in drinks with a distinctive and sought-after flavor. The party has been tasked with safely recovering this peat and delivering it to Isaluna. However, the marshlands of Meirig are teeming with dangers: beasts lurk in the fog, and lycanthropes are rumored to roam the area, making this no simple foraging mission.

Key Elements

- **Peat of Meirig:**
 - A highly sought-after, dark, spongy material found in the Meirig marshlands. When refined, it can be used to create special yeast for brewing.
 - The peat needs to be harvested and packaged carefully and in sufficient quantities, which will require either a few successful skill checks or precise actions.
- **Lycanthropes & Beasts:**
 - The bog is home to natural predators, including feral beasts and lycanthropes. These lycanthropes have a strong connection to the swamp and will become hostile if they feel their territory is being violated.
 - The party will need to navigate their presence, either by stealth or by force.

Key Characters

- [Varnic Wildclaw](#) (Lycanthrope Leader):
 - Varnic is a lycanthrope in the form of a massive, dark-furred werewolf. He speaks in low, growling tones, with an air of authority over the marshlands.
 - He and his pack are more guardians than monsters, but their definition of "trespassing" is broad. They view the party as invaders.
 - Varnic is fiercely protective of the marshlands and its resources. He might be willing to negotiate if the party can convince him they mean no harm, but he's quick to defend his territory if provoked.

Encounter Structure

Arrival in Meirig Marshlands:

- As the party approaches the marsh, they are greeted by dense fog, a heavy scent of decaying plant matter, and the eerie calls of unseen creatures. The terrain is treacherous and filled with pools of murky water.
- **Survival checks** to find safe paths through the marsh and avoid natural hazards such as quicksand, hidden pits, or unstable ground. The marsh itself should feel like an entity working against the party's progress.

Gathering the Peat:

- Once the party locates the peat, they'll need to harvest it. This can be a careful process, as some of the best peat is hidden beneath deeper sections of the bog or near areas inhabited by beasts.
- **Skill Challenge:**
 - **Nature or Survival Checks** to identify the highest-quality peat and determine how much they need to gather.
 - **Strength or Athletics Checks** to physically pull the heavy, waterlogged peat from the marshy ground without sinking into the muck.
 - **Stealth Checks** if the party wants to avoid drawing attention from local wildlife or lycanthropes.

The Lycanthrope's Warning:

- As the party delves deeper into the marsh, they may hear low, guttural growls or catch fleeting glimpses of humanoid figures moving swiftly through the mist. These are the **lycanthropes**—territorial creatures who guard Meirig from intruders.
- The leader of the lycanthrope pack, **Varnic Wildclaw**, will appear if the party lingers too long or gathers too much peat. He's not immediately hostile but will warn the party to leave, claiming the marsh belongs to him and his kin.
 - **Dialogue Example:**
 - "You're trespassing. The marsh answers to us, not to those who come to plunder it. Leave now, or you won't leave at all."
 - The party can choose to:
 - **Negotiate with Varnic** using **Persuasion** or **Deception** checks. They might convince him they only need a small amount of peat or offer a trade for safe passage.
 - **Fight Varnic and his pack**, but this will be dangerous, as the lycanthropes are fierce fighters. Combat will likely attract more attention from the swamp's predators.
 - **Outwit or flee** from Varnic's pack by using the environment to their advantage, such as leading them into difficult terrain or creating a diversion.

Conclusion:

If the party successfully gathers the peat and navigates their way out of Meirig. If the party harms the lycanthropes or doesn't respect Varnic's warning, the lycanthropes may stalk them as they exit the marsh, leading to a dangerous final confrontation.

Rewards

- **Peat and Yeast:**
 - The party successfully retrieves the peat and stores it for delivery to Isaluna.
 - Be rewarded with gold and valuable potions, magical brews, or special alcoholic beverages with unique properties.
 - Gain access to the distinct **yeast strain**, allowing the party to create their own signature brew or potion with the potential for added effects (e.g., a temporary boost to Strength or Constitution when consumed).
- **Lycanthrope's Favor:**
 - If the party negotiates with or helps Varnic, they might gain the favor of the lycanthropes, securing safe passage through the marsh in the future or access to lycanthrope-related abilities or items.



Travel: To Caer Westfall

Travel Encounter: Callidyrr to Caer Westphal

Setup:

The party embarks on a short voyage from the bustling port of Callidyrr to the desolate shores of Snowdown. The journey takes them across the straits between Alaron and Snowdown, with a clear view of the Moonshae Isles' shifting landscapes. Despite the calm seas, Snowdown's shadowy reputation looms ahead, and the distant sight of Caer Westphal, Lady Erliza's domain, reminds the party of the oppressive grip she holds over the island.

Travel Mechanics:

- **Speed/Distance:** The voyage takes approximately half a day by ship, assuming favorable winds and calm waters.
- **Travel Check:** No specific checks are required unless the DM introduces a storm or other complications.

Encounters:

- Roll a d6 every 2 hours of travel:
 - 1–2: **A Calm Journey.** The sea is smooth, and the journey is uneventful.
 - 3–4: **Curious Dolphins.** A pod of dolphins swims alongside the ship, leaping playfully from the waves. They seem to bring an air of calm, but a Perception check (DC 12) might reveal something shimmering in the water beneath them—an abandoned treasure chest or a mysterious glowing plant.
 - 5–6: **Foul Winds.** The winds grow unpredictable, slowing progress and causing the ship to veer slightly off course. A Survival check (DC 14) is needed to correct the route.

Environmental Effects:

- **The Caress of Snowdown:** As the ship approaches Snowdown's coastline, the air grows colder and more oppressive. The scent of brine and decay becomes noticeable, reflecting the island's polluted state under Lady Erliza's rule.
- **Wildlife:** Sea birds circle overhead, but as they near Snowdown, they seem to grow more wary, their cries echoing like warnings.

Conclusion:

As the ship nears the shore, the sight of **Caer Westphal** rises on the horizon. Its dark stone walls are stark against the pale cliffs, and the ominous castle looms like a sentinel over the coastline. The

waters here are murky, with patches of black sludge bobbing on the surface. The party's ship anchors in the shadow of Snowdown's dismal beauty, ready to disembark and face whatever dangers await on the corrupted island.



Travel: Snowdown Wastes

Travel: Traversing the Snowdown Wastes

Setup:

As the party steps off their boat onto the bleak shores of Snowdown just outside the city of Cael Westphal, they're met with a land stripped of life. The once-lush island has been ravaged—torn woodlands, barren fields, and murky waterlogged trenches dominate the horizon. Dead trees stand as skeletal reminders of a long-lost forest, and a sour stench lingers in the air, likely from nearby poisoned streams clogged with refuse.

The journey to the rumored cave, known ominously as **The Lair of Canthraxis**, begins heading northeast on the Snowdown Ride. Visibility is limited by a low-hanging smog that makes it difficult to breathe comfortably. The sun struggles to pierce the haze, casting an unnatural dimness even at midday.

The eerie silence is occasionally broken by distant, faint whispers or the scurry of unseen creatures. This land feels hostile, as if Lady Erliza's cruelty lingers in the very soil. Every so often, a rotted tree or blackened boulder provides a moment's respite from the desolation, though they seem to hold dark secrets of their own.

Breaking off the main road through a winding path of cracked earth and exposed roots, the party will need to trek through the Maloren Sods, searching towards the cliffs, seeking mysterious and secretive lair.

Travel Mechanics: Snowdown Ride

- **Speed/Distance:** Normal Pace
- **Travel Check:** Make a DC 12 Perception or Survival check every hour to stay on course. Failing a check results in the party becoming disoriented, adding an additional hour to their journey.
- **Stealth DC Increase:** Due to the barren landscape, a higher DC (Stealth 18) for stealth will be required to remain out of sight. Combat may be unavoidable.

Travel Mechanics: Maloren Sods

- **Speed/Distance:** Slow Pace
- **Travel Check:** Make a DC 12 Perception or Survival check every hour to stay on course. Failing a check results in the party becoming disoriented, adding an additional hour to their journey.

Enemy Encounters:

At designated intervals, roll a D8 to determine if the party encounters any threats on their path through Snowdown's wastelands. The results from the user's table will dictate if enemies appear and the nature of the encounter. The terrain offers minimal cover, so stealth is a challenge, and combat may be unavoidable.

Environmental Effects:

- The poisonous air stings their skin, and the ground is swampy and difficult to traverse, with **movement being halved periodically**.
- Along the way, they encounter harsh terrain and possibly wild beasts or magical guardians that may attempt to delay their approach.

Arrival at the Cave Entrance

After a grueling trek, the party eventually reaches an opening in the edge of the cliff, flanked by charred vegetation and odd, claw-like rocks that jut up from the ground. The entrance to *Canthraxis' Lair* looms ahead, a dark and foreboding portal into the depths of Snowdown's desecrated landscape.



Encounter: Canthraxis'

Lair

Encounter: Harvesting Canthraxis' Tears

Setting:

Legends speak of "Canthraxis' Tears," precious mineral fragments formed from the tears of the mighty dragon Canthraxis, who was slain many decades before. These tears are believed to carry remnants of the dragon's essence, granting them mystical properties. The cavern was once a secret pirate hideout, where a crew of raiders sought to mine the Tears for their own gain. Now, their undead forms linger, cursed to guard the treasures they once plundered.

Key Characters

- [The Lich Guardian](#)
 - A powerful undead sorcerer who was once the leader of the pirate crew.
 - The lich, bound to Canthraxis' Tears, has remained here for centuries, greedily guarding the dragon's essence.
 - The party does not know, but the Lich was formerly Furlong Iardi.

Encounter Structure

Entrance Chamber (Topmost Room)

- The party enters to find a stream cutting through the rocky terrain, with a creaky wooden bridge spanning it. Lanterns cast dim light, barely enough to illuminate the shadowed corners.
- **Atmosphere:** A chilling breeze flows from deeper within the cave, carrying faint whispers and the metallic scent of ancient blood. The occasional rattle of chains or clinking of metal echoes faintly, though it's hard to determine its source.
- **Skill Check (Perception or Investigation):** A successful check reveals old pirate symbols carved into the walls, along with faint claw marks and scorch marks on the stone—signs of a long-forgotten battle.

Pirate's Den (Center Rooms)

- The next chambers are filled with piles of treasure, including old chests, dusty bottles of rum, and tarnished gold coins.
- **Enemy Encounter:** The cursed spirits of the pirates, bound to the Tears of Canthraxis, rise to defend their loot. These undead pirates wield rusted cutlasses and bear grim, spectral faces.
- **Loot Opportunity:** After defeating the undead, the party may find small shards of Canthraxis' Tears embedded in the walls or dropped among the pirate loot.

Dragon's Pools (Rooms with Water Features)

- The path leads to a series of shimmering pools, their waters tinted blue by the essence of Canthraxis' Tears. This is where the dragon's tears are richest, and the energy within the pools is almost palpable.
- **Enemy Encounter:** As the party disturbs the area, ghostly pirates rise from the pools. Their hollow eyes burn with a desire to protect what they see as their plunder.
- **Skill Challenge:** Extracting the tears from the pools requires stealth and skill. Players who succeed in a series of checks (Dexterity/Stealth and Wisdom/Nature) can gather the Tears without alerting additional spirits.

The Lich's Lair (Bottom Chamber)

- The final chamber is grand and foreboding, with a massive central pool where the largest of Canthraxis' Tears gleams. At the far end, an ancient stone altar bears a spectral carving of Canthraxis, and in front of it stands a lich—a powerful undead sorcerer who was once the leader of the pirate crew.
- **Final Encounter:** The lich, bound to Canthraxis' Tears, has remained here for centuries, greedily guarding the dragon's essence. Upon seeing the party, it unleashes dark magic, summoning skeletal hands from the ground and manipulating the pools' magic.
- **Tactical Element:** During the fight, the lich commands the cavern to tremble, causing stalactites to fall and waves to rise from the pools. The Tears' magic enhances the lich's abilities, making it a challenging foe.
- **Reward:** If the players defeat the lich, they can collect larger shards of Canthraxis' Tears from the altar and the surrounding pools. The altar conceals a hidden compartment containing an ancient map leading to Canthraxis' legendary treasure hoard.

Conclusion

Having defeated the lich and gathered the precious Tears, the party can decide what to do with their prize. Will they keep these fragments of Canthraxis' essence, or leave them to rest, knowing that disturbing the Tears might bring other ancient guardians to defend them once more?

Rewards

- Greater Canthraxis' Tears
- Lich's Bone Staff: A necromantic staff that allows the wielder to cast *Animate Dead* and *Cone of Cold* once per day.
- Ancient Dragonbone Armor: A set of armor found within the cave, made from the bones of Canthraxis himself, offering resistance to cold damage and improved AC.



Side Job: Brewing Blues

Side Job: Brewing Blues

Scene Start

The party has gathered the ingredients necessary to create a unique moonshine, a potent spirit known as Moonshaen, which has a distinct flavor thanks to the special ingredients they've acquired from across the land: peat from Meirig, sugar from the Sugar Cane Leshy, and a hint of rare blue gem dust from Canthraxis' Tears to give it a shimmering appearance. The brewing takes place in a hidden distillery in Callidyrr, where they must carefully mix the ingredients and infuse them with the subtle magic that gives Moonshaen its signature allure.

Encounter Structure

The Process:

The distillery in Isaluna's basement is dimly lit, and the air is thick with the earthy scent of peat, the sweetness of cane, and the sharp edge of alcohol vapor. The Moonshaen brew is volatile, and each step must be carefully executed to ensure the spirit doesn't turn into something toxic or even flammable. The party must work together to balance each element in a precise ritual.

- **Mashing the Peat:** The peat from Meirig is dense and must be ground and mashed before it can be added. This process requires care, as the wrong pressure could release an overpowering odor that might ruin the balance of the brew.
 - **Strength Check (DC 12):** A successful check allows the party to grind the peat to the perfect consistency.
 - **On a Failure:** The peat gets crushed too finely, and the distillery fills with an intense, earthy odor, forcing the party to ventilate the room or risk contamination.
- **Dissolving the Cane Sugar:** The next step involves melting the cane sugar from the Leshy's glade, which must dissolve slowly over low heat. The sugar gives Moonshaen its subtle sweetness and magical allure.
 - **Dexterity (Sleight of Hand) Check (DC 13):** A steady hand is needed to stir the sugar evenly as it dissolves, avoiding any scorching.
 - **On a Failure:** The sugar scorches slightly, adding a faint bitterness. This won't ruin the batch but will give it a harsher taste.
- **Adding the Gem Dust:** Finally, they add a tiny pinch of **Canthraxis' Tears** to the mash, infusing the moonshine with a soft, blue shimmer. This requires a delicate touch, as too much dust would make the brew dangerous to drink.
 - **Arcana Check (DC 15):** A successful check allows the party to add just the right amount of gem dust, imbuing the Moonshaen with a subtle, magical glow.
 - **On a Failure:** The gem dust disperses unevenly, causing the drink to shimmer erratically, a sign of an unstable magical effect.

The Brewing Ritual:

After combining the ingredients, the party must perform a short **ritual** to infuse the mixture with the ambient energy of the Moonshaes. This part of the process channels the natural magic of the Isles, bringing out the essence of the land in the final product.

- **Performance or Nature Check (DC 14):** The party can chant, invoke the spirits of the Isles, or simply work in unison to complete the ritual.
 - **Success:** The Moonshaen takes on a rich, luminous blue hue, its surface swirling with hints of silver and deep green, resembling the waters of the Moonshaes under starlight.
 - **Failure:** The brew lacks the full essence, and while drinkable, it's not quite as potent as it could be, losing some of its magic.

Tasting the Moonshaen:

With the brew complete, the party samples a small cup of Moonshaen. The drink is smooth and warming, with a flavor that's earthy, sweet, and faintly mystical, carrying a hint of the Isle's wild magic. Successfully brewed, this batch of Moonshaen is potent, leaving a pleasant, lingering warmth and the faintest shimmer in the air around them.

Twist/Optional Complication

As the party celebrates their successful brew, someone notices a faint crackling sound coming from the still—a magical side effect of the Canthrax gem dust. They must quickly adjust the setup to avoid a small magical burst that could ruin the batch or, worse, draw unwanted attention!

Conclusion

The Moonshaen is ready, a unique blend of the Isles' finest and most elusive ingredients. With this batch, they'll have an offering that could impress powerful figures or even fetch a high price on the black market of Callidyr, though the spirit's magical glow might attract curious eyes wherever it's served.



Final Delivery: **Neverwinter**

Final Delivery: Neverwinter

Setting:

The party is tasked with delivering a carefully brewed batch of **Moonshaen** to the shop in Neverwinter. The journey will take several days across the Trackless Sea, and they're traveling aboard the **Starlight Wind**, a magical paddle steamer powered by a sturdy automaton. Although the ship is built for stability, the open sea is unpredictable, and they must ensure the precious cargo reaches its destination undamaged and undetected.

Scene Start

The Starlight Wind cuts smoothly through the waters as the paddles churn and the automaton hums below deck. The moonlit waves glitter around the boat, casting a serene ambiance, but as the Isle of Alaron fades behind them, the sea reveals its harsher side.

Encounter Structure

Encounter 1: Rough Seas

Two days out from the Moonshaes, dark clouds gather, and the sea grows choppy. Waves start to rock the boat, and if they aren't careful, the Moonshaen could spill or be damaged by the constant sway.

- **Dexterity (Acrobatics) Check (DC 12):** The party must secure the cargo, carefully adjusting the crates so they remain steady despite the waves.
 - **Success:** The crates are secured, and they ride out the storm without issue.
 - **Failure:** The boat lurches suddenly, causing one crate to slide dangerously close to the edge of the cargo hold. The party has one chance to grab it before it tips.

Encounter 2: Sea Hag's Charm

As the skies clear, the Starlight Wind encounters a dense patch of fog. From within the mist, a strange voice calls out, seemingly enchanting. A **sea hag** tries to charm the crew into tossing the cargo overboard, calling it "unholy moonfire" and offering safe passage if they comply.

- **Wisdom Saving Throw (DC 14):** The party must resist the hag's charm, as she tries to manipulate their thoughts with illusions and promises of smooth sailing.

- **Success:** They recognize the enchantment for what it is and ignore the hag's whispers.
- **Failure:** A charmed party member moves toward the cargo, preparing to throw it overboard before their companions can stop them.

Encounter 3: The Automaton Malfunction

On the fifth night, nearing the Sword Coast, a strange buzzing sound rises from below deck, where the automaton powers the paddles. It seems a piece of debris from the sea has gotten tangled in the mechanism, causing the paddles to seize up.

- **Intelligence (Arcana) Check (DC 15):** The party must carefully remove the debris without disrupting the magical circuits that power the automaton.
 - **Success:** They dislodge the debris, and the Starlight Wind resumes its steady course.
 - **Failure:** The automaton's power flickers, causing a brief blackout on the ship. They'll need to perform a quick manual repair or face delays.

Conclusion

Finally, the Starlight Wind glides into the misty harbor of **Neverwinter** just as dawn breaks. The party can see the city's lights reflecting on the water as they prepare to dock. They've managed to keep the cargo safe and intact, ensuring that the Moonshaen is delivered safely to Hallwinter Oddities.

With some quick thinking and clever navigation, the party successfully delivers the Moonshaen, gaining Isaluna's gratitude and a new product to sell at Hallwinter Oddities, and gives you the boat for future travels to the Moonshae Isles and the Sword Coast.

Rewards

- Moonshaen Supply -- 50% Profits
- Starlight Wind
- Mystic Ship-in-a-Bottle -- one time use bottle with a small ship inside. Can be broken to produce a small rowboat with two oars. The boat is large enough to seat 6 people.



Locations



Locations



Callidyrr

Caer Callidyrr

Caer Callidyrr, the capital city of Alaron and the seat of the High King of the Ffolk, stands as a symbol of resilience and leadership in the Moonshae Isles. Despite its population halving due to the ongoing war, the city remains a bastion of human civilization, culture, and power. The alabaster spires of Caer Callidyrr's castle dominate the skyline, perched atop the Fairheight Range foothills and overlooking the bustling capital. Within its high stone walls, the city is a patchwork of distinct quarters, each reflecting the diversity and history of its people.

Defenses and Infrastructure

The city is surrounded by towering walls of pale stone, with several guard towers positioned along the perimeter. These defenses are bolstered by soldiers loyal to High King Kendrick, who maintain vigilance against threats both mundane and magical.

The harbor is protected by a natural rock outcrop and a man-made breakwater, ensuring safe passage for incoming ships. Roads leading into the city are well-maintained, with merchant caravans regularly moving goods between Callidyrr and outlying settlements.

Daily Life & Inhabitants:

- **Population:** ~20,000
- **Majority Ethnicities:** Ffolk humans, with a small number of dwarves and halflings.
- **Social Class Distribution:** While those within the walls live relatively comfortably, significant poverty exists in the surrounding settlements like Walltown.
- Magic is forbidden, and anyone using magical effects or items can be jailed.

Despite the hardships brought on by the war, life inside the walls of Caer Callidyrr offers security and a measure of prosperity. The **Plains Quarter** bustles with the business of governance, while the **Garden Quarter** provides respite in its cultural and spiritual offerings. Outside the walls, however, life is harsher.

Settlements Outside Cael Callidyrr:

- **Walltown:**
On the western outskirts of the city walls lies Walltown, an impoverished settlement serving as an unofficial extension of the Low Quarter. It houses laborers, dockhands, and refugees from the war. The narrow, muddy streets are lined with ramshackle homes, and the air is heavy with smoke from cooking fires.
- **Hilltown:**
Located a short distance south of the city, Hilltown is a halfling community nestled among

rolling hills. Its charming burrows, neat gardens, and cozy shops provide a stark contrast to the rest of the city. Though technically separate from Callidyrr, its residents enjoy friendly relations with the capital, and Hilltown has its own elected mayor.

- **Seatown:**

On the rocky coastline near the docks, Seatown is home to sailors, fishers, and shipwrights. Here, the buildings are small and functional, made of sturdy timber reinforced with stone. The people of Seatown pride themselves on their independence and their vital role in Callidyrr's survival.

Culture & Atmosphere:

Caer Callidyrr is a city of contrasts: its alabaster castle and thriving quarters speak to a proud history, while its shrinking population and struggling outskirts hint at the toll of conflict. Within the walls, there is an air of determination as its people cling to their traditions and sense of unity under the leadership of High King Derid Kendrick. Beyond the city, the war's scars are felt more keenly, but even here, the resilience of the Ffolk shines through.

Sources:

[Caer Callidyrr | Forgotten Realms Wiki](#)

[Caer Callidyrr Settlement in Soldiers of the Sword Coast | World Anvil](#)

 Callidyrr Map.png

😎 Low Quarter

The Low Quarter of Callidyrr

Located in the southernmost part of the city, the Low Quarter of Callidyrr is a dense, labyrinthine district where the streets are narrow, winding, and often cloaked in shadows. The low-income residents of Callidyrr make their homes here, and it's where the city's more dubious dealings take place, nestled against the city's massive stone walls. In contrast to the grandeur of the northern and central quarters, the Low Quarter is a patchwork of overcrowded buildings, muddy streets, and a constant air of hustle and survival.

The Low Quarter is the underbelly of Callidyrr, a place where both danger and opportunity coexist. It's where adventurers can find both allies and enemies, and where the fate of the city's poorest residents is often decided in the shadows.

Architecture & Streets:

- **Buildings:** The buildings here are crammed close together, many with multiple floors teetering above cramped alleyways. These structures are constructed from old timber and rough-hewn stone, with sagging rooftops and crumbling facades. Smoke from hearths and forges stains the walls, and broken shutters flap in the wind. Some houses are practically stacked on top of one another, creating a vertical sprawl.
- **Streets:** The streets are narrow, irregularly cobbled, and often filled with puddles of dirty water. Livestock roam freely, dodging carts and foot traffic, while stray dogs scavenge among the trash. The alleys, particularly near the outer walls, are treacherous places where shadows linger a little too long and where many know better than to walk alone after dusk.

Daily Life & Inhabitants:

- **Residents:** The inhabitants of the Low Quarter are a mix of hardworking laborers, struggling artisans, and opportunistic criminals. They endure harsh conditions, often living several families to a house. Many residents work in the **Dock Quarter** or as servants to the wealthier citizens in other parts of the city. There's also a thriving undercurrent of black-market trade, with smugglers, fences, and shady merchants often using the alleys to ply their trade.
- **Crime & Law:** The City Watch rarely patrols here unless in large numbers. This part of town is known for its lawlessness, and while outright violence is uncommon due to the fear of retaliation from gangs, petty crime is rampant. The **Thieves' Guild** is rumored to have strong influence here, and residents often settle disputes themselves, rather than relying on city authorities.

Notable Features:

1. The Lower Lantern Tavern:

- One of the few places offering a warm meal and drink, the Lower Lantern is a low-ceilinged, smoke-filled tavern lit by flickering lanterns that cast long, shifting shadows. It's a meeting spot for sailors, dockworkers, and those looking to make back-alley deals. The barkeep, [Garrus Stoneswill](#), is well-connected, always willing to trade rumors or information—for a price.

2. The Ruined Chapel:

- At the edge of the Low Quarter stands the skeleton of an old chapel, long since abandoned and half-collapsed. Some say it was once a temple to a forgotten deity, while others believe it to have been cursed. It's a place where few dare venture after dark, as strange sounds are said to echo from within the cracked walls. It's also a favorite hideout for fugitives and secret meetings.

3. The Midnight Market:

- Ran by [Cassius Caskbow](#), and held in the twisting alleys deep within the quarter, the **Midnight Market** is where smugglers and thieves sell their wares. Magical contraband, rare relics, and items of dubious origin can all be found for those willing to navigate the risks. The market shifts locations frequently to avoid detection, and it's said that if you can find the right contact, you can buy anything.

Culture & Atmosphere:

- **Tough & Resilient:** Life in the Low Quarter is a test of endurance. The residents here are tough, hardened by years of hardship, and know how to fend for themselves. Community bonds are strong, and those who live here rely on one another for protection and support.
- **Tension:** There is a simmering tension between the Low Quarter and the rest of the city. The people here feel neglected by the nobles and the ruling powers in the **Castle Quarter**, and whispers of rebellion or unrest are not uncommon, though few dare to act openly.
- **Vibrant Undercurrent:** Despite the grime and poverty, the Low Quarter is alive with energy. Street performers, fortune tellers, and wandering peddlers line the streets, bringing color to the gray facades. Festivals and celebrations, though smaller and rougher, bring the community together for music, food, and camaraderie.

Plot Hooks & Rumors:

1. **A Rising Leader:** A charismatic figure has started to gain influence in the Low Quarter, speaking out against the unfair treatment of its residents. Some believe he could lead an uprising, while others think he's just looking for power himself. The party might be approached by either side to help manage the growing unrest.
2. **The Forgotten Relic:** There's talk of an ancient, powerful relic hidden within the old ruined chapel at the edge of the Low Quarter. Several groups are now interested in recovering it, including the City Watch, the Thieves' Guild, and even foreign agents. The party might be tasked with finding the relic first—or stopping others from claiming it.

Sources:



Wolf Quarter

The Wolf Quarter of Callidyrr (After the Madness)

The **Wolf Quarter** of Callidyrr, once a sanctuary of druidic tradition and spiritual reverence, now lies in **disrepair** after the catastrophic events known as "**The Madness**." This period of chaos swept through the city, leaving the quarter and its people broken and uncertain. While the residents still cling to their ancient beliefs, the quarter itself has become a shadow of its former self, the wounds of the past still fresh and festering. The **Madness** not only physically devastated the district but also fractured the trust between its people and the rest of the city, deepening an already-present divide.

In its current state, the **Wolf Quarter** is a district teetering on the brink of ruin, but with the potential for **rebirth**. The people are fractured and uncertain, their beliefs challenged and their homes left in disrepair. However, amid the despair, there is a faint glimmer of hope—whispers of **restoration**, of **cleansing**, and of reuniting with the **Earthmother** to heal both the land and the people. For adventurers, the Wolf Quarter offers a chance to uncover the truth behind the Madness and play a role in either its ultimate collapse or its resurgence.

Architecture & Streets:

- **Ruins & Rubble:** The once-proud homes and gathering places of the **Wolf Quarter** now stand in disrepair. Buildings are **partially collapsed**, with shattered windows and walls scorched by fire or marked with deep claw marks from the chaos that tore through the district. Crumbling stone circles and ruined totems can be found in public spaces, some reduced to little more than broken fragments of their former selves. Ivy, once carefully tended to adorn homes, now overgrows in tangled messes, overtaking what remains.
- **Haunting Silence:** The once-bustling streets of the **Wolf Quarter** have become eerily quiet. **Hushed whispers** replace the lively conversations that used to fill the air. Many of the denizens remain indoors, fearful or mourning the loss of loved ones taken by the Madness. Empty homes and shops stand as grim reminders of those who disappeared or perished during the chaos. Even the **great stone totem of the wolf** at the center of the district is cracked and weathered, with some locals believing the fracture represents the spiritual rupture within their community.
- **Neglected Gardens:** The once-beautiful gardens and green spaces of the quarter are now **overgrown and untended**, left to the whims of nature. What used to be carefully cultivated herbal plots and communal gardens are now wild patches of weeds. The streets, once lined with ancient oak trees and thriving plant life, are now a mixture of natural beauty and decay. The balance between civilization and nature that the Wolf Quarter had once maintained has slipped into disarray.

Daily Life & Culture:

- **Fractured Community:** The Madness has left the **people of the Wolf Quarter divided**. Some believe that the chaos was a **punishment from the Earthmother** for abandoning their ways, while others blame external forces, particularly the city's elite and those in the

Castle and Plains Quarters. Infighting is not uncommon, as clans and families accuse each other of wrongdoing, either during or after the events of the Madness. The community, once known for its close-knit bonds, is now riddled with mistrust.

- **Loss of Leadership:** Many of the **elders and druids** who once guided the quarter spiritually and kept the community together are now either dead or missing. The **Wolfmother's Shrine**, once a central place of worship and ceremony, stands **abandoned**, its offerings left to rot. The absence of these key leaders has left a power vacuum, with a few ambitious individuals trying to fill the void, but none able to command the same respect.
- **Despair & Resilience:** Despite the devastation, not all is lost. There are still some within the quarter who cling to the hope of **rebuilding** and **restoring** their community. A few remaining healers and herbalists have continued their work, offering aid to those suffering physically or mentally from the Madness. Some of the young druids and rangers, though less experienced than their predecessors, are determined to reestablish the connection to the Earthmother, believing that through ritual and unity, they can heal their shattered home.
- **Superstitions & Fear:** Fear lingers heavily over the quarter. Some of the surviving residents speak of **strange occurrences** since the Madness—dark omens, unnatural howls in the night, and sightings of spectral wolves. Many believe the spirits of those lost during the chaos wander restlessly, and that the Madness has left an **unnatural taint** upon the land. Others fear that the city's authorities will not only ignore their plight but may also see the weakened state of the quarter as an opportunity to further isolate or even remove it entirely.

Notable Features:

1. The Cracked Wolf Totem:

- The **great stone totem** at the heart of the Wolf Quarter, once a proud symbol of protection and guidance, now stands fractured. The split down the middle is seen as a metaphor for the state of the quarter itself—a people divided, spiritually torn, and in need of healing. Locals have debated whether to leave it as it is, as a **reminder** of their fall, or to **repair** it as a sign of hope for restoration.

2. The Wolfmother's Shrine (Abandoned):

- Once the most sacred site in the quarter, **the Wolfmother's Shrine** is now covered in overgrown vegetation, its altar toppled and its offerings left untouched. It has become a place of sorrow, where residents come to **mourn** those lost to the Madness. Some still leave tokens or make quiet prayers for guidance, but the shrine no longer carries the life and vibrancy it once had. A few brave souls have begun to whisper about **restoring the shrine**, though doing so would likely involve some form of ritual to **cleanse** the land and spirits.

3. The Shattered Council Hall:

- The **Council Hall**, where the leaders of the quarter once met to make decisions for the community, now lies in ruins. Its walls are **collapsed**, and its once-grand hearth is filled with cold ashes. The hall is a **symbol** of the broken leadership within the quarter and the loss of communal decision-making. Without strong leaders, factions have formed, each claiming to know the right way forward for the Wolf Quarter, but none have succeeded in uniting the people.

4. **The Fang's Rest Inn (Refuge):**

- Though much of the quarter has fallen into despair, the **Fang's Rest Inn** still functions, though now it serves more as a place of **refuge** than a community hub. Its owner, **Garwin Stonefang**, has allowed displaced families to stay in the common rooms, and the hearth, though modest, burns continuously to provide warmth and solace. It has become a **shelter** for those who lost their homes or loved ones during the Madness, though its atmosphere is somber and quiet, unlike the lively gathering place it once was.

Plot Hooks & Rumors:

1. **The Source of the Madness:** Though the city refers to the event as the Madness, no one is truly certain what caused it. Some in the Wolf Quarter claim that a **cursed artifact** or ancient magic was awakened during the chaos. Others believe that the Madness was a **punishment** from the Earthmother herself, for the city's growing corruption and the people's failure to uphold their connection to the land. There are whispers that hidden within the quarter is a key to understanding—and possibly reversing—the lingering effects of the Madness.
2. **The Hidden Druid Circle:** Some surviving druids have gone into hiding, operating in secret to **restore** the spiritual power of the quarter. They fear that openly practicing their ways will draw the ire of the city's authorities, especially as magic remains forbidden. Adventurers may be drawn into their clandestine efforts, helping to recover lost artifacts or defend the druids from enemies both within and outside the quarter.
3. **The Wolf's Call:** A strange **howl** has been heard echoing through the ruined streets of the Wolf Quarter at night, unsettling the already anxious residents. Some say it's the **Wolfmother's spirit**, crying out in grief, while others believe a **werewolf** may be stalking the quarter's survivors. Adventurers could be tasked with investigating the source of the howls, determining whether it is a spiritual omen or a deadly predator.

Sources:



Forest Quarter

The Forest Quarter of Callidyrr

The Forest Quarter is a bustling and industrious district located near the outer edges of Callidyrr. True to its name, the quarter is surrounded by and infused with the essence of nature, as many of its streets are shaded by towering oaks and lined with ivy-covered walls. The scent of freshly hewn wood and the faint tang of metalworking hang in the air, as the quarter is home to a thriving artisan community. Workshops and storefronts dominate the streets, with goods ranging from finely crafted furniture and textiles to weapons, tools, and intricate jewelry.

Unlike the refined elegance of the Garden Quarter, the Forest Quarter has a more practical and grounded atmosphere. Its middle-class residents, a mix of skilled artisans, merchants, and tradesfolk, live in modest yet comfortable homes built with timber and stone. The sounds of hammers, saws, and busy markets fill the air, reflecting the vibrant energy of daily life here.

Architecture & Streets:

- The district's vibrant energy is complemented by its connection to nature.
- Many workshops incorporate natural materials like wood and stone into their designs, and small gardens or green spaces are tucked between homes and shops. This connection to the land reflects the Ffolk's deep-rooted reverence for the natural world.

Key NPCs

- **Morgran Anvilarm:** A skilled dwarven blacksmith with a brusque demeanor but a deep love for his craft. He is highly respected and serves as an unofficial leader among the artisans.
- **Liera Fenweave:** A young and ambitious textile artisan specializing in intricate tapestries. Her work has begun to attract attention even from the nobility.
- **Callan Woodshade:** A middle-aged carpenter who runs the Oakwright Guildhall. He is patient and encouraging, mentoring the younger generation of woodworkers with care and wisdom.

Daily Life & Inhabitants:

- The Forest Quarter thrives on craftsmanship and community. Its residents are known for their hard work and camaraderie, often collaborating on large projects or trading goods and services amongst themselves. The artisans take great pride in their trades, many of which have been passed down through generations, and the quarter is a destination for those seeking quality craftsmanship from across the Moonshaes.
- The Forest Quarter is the beating heart of Callidyrr's artisan community, where creativity and practicality intertwine to shape both the district and the city itself. It stands as a

testament to the skill and ingenuity of the Ffolk, a place where the beauty of nature and the artistry of craftsmanship come together in harmony.

Notable Features:

1. **The Oakwright Guildhall:** The central hub for carpenters, woodworkers, and furniture makers in Callidyrr. This grand timber building is both a workspace and a training ground for apprentices, showcasing the mastery of the guild's members.
2. **The Forgeworks of Morgran Anvilarm:** A sprawling blacksmith shop owned by a gruff but talented dwarf named Morgran. Known for producing some of the finest weapons and tools in Callidyrr, his forge is a cornerstone of the quarter.
3. **The Weaver's Pavilion:** A cooperative workspace for weavers and textile artisans. Brightly colored fabrics and tapestries are often displayed outside, creating a kaleidoscope of hues along the street.
4. **The Artisan's Green:** A communal open space where artisans gather to display their creations in an informal market. It is also used for festivals and contests, such as wood carving competitions or blacksmithing exhibitions.

Sources:



Garden Quarter

The Garden Quarter of Callidyrr

The Garden Quarter is a tranquil and refined district of Callidyrr, known for its well-kept cobblestone streets, manicured gardens, and elegant townhouses. It is a place of cultural and spiritual significance, and The Garden Quarter remains a haven for cultural preservation and spiritual reflection. Its beauty and grace serve as a reminder of the enduring spirit of the Ffolk.

Architecture & Streets:

- The Garden Quarters houses a variety of temples dedicated to the gods of the Ffolk and other deities venerated across the Moonshaes.
- The air is perfumed with the scents of blooming flowers from its numerous parks and private gardens, lending the district its serene charm.
- Ornate lamp posts line the streets, their wrought-iron designs depicting vines and flowers, illuminating the paths with a warm, golden glow during the evenings.
- The architecture reflects a mix of Ffolk traditions and Amnian influences, with stone facades adorned with floral carvings and colorful stained-glass windows.

Daily Life & Inhabitants:

- The Garden Quarter is home to many upper-middle-class residents, including merchants, scholars, and clerics who take pride in the district's peaceful ambiance and cultural prominence.

Key NPCs

- **High Priestess Valenne Myrial:** The devoted leader of the Temple of Chauntea, Valenne is a middle-aged Ffolk woman with a calm demeanor and an unwavering dedication to her faith.
- **Professor Osgar Drenn:** A curator at the Moonshae Cultural Conservatory, Osgar is a jovial, older man with a passion for storytelling and an encyclopedic knowledge of the isles' history.
- **Izel Raynwater:** A skilled herbalist and florist who runs a stall at the Petal Market, Izel is well-loved by the community for her gentle personality and knowledge of medicinal plants.

Notable Features:

1. **The Temple of Chauntea:** A grand temple dedicated to the goddess of agriculture, Chauntea, featuring sprawling gardens and a central fountain surrounded by flowering

trees. It serves as both a place of worship and a community gathering space for festivals and ceremonies.

2. **The Moonshae Cultural Conservatory:** A stately building that houses a collection of art, artifacts, and historical documents significant to the Moonshaes. Scholars and artists frequent the conservatory to study or contribute to its growing collection.
3. **The Shrine of Selûne:** A smaller but beautifully crafted shrine dedicated to the Moonmaiden, nestled among the quarter's quiet streets. Its silver-domed roof gleams under the moonlight, and its serene atmosphere draws in those seeking guidance or solace.
4. **The Petal Market:** A weekly market held in the Garden Square, where residents sell locally grown flowers, herbs, and handcrafted goods. It is a vibrant event that attracts both locals and visitors.

Culture & Atmosphere:

- The residents of the Garden Quarter take pride in their refined lifestyle and strong sense of community. The district is known for its frequent festivals and celebrations, often centered around its temples and cultural landmarks. Music and art thrive here, with street performances and gallery openings regularly drawing crowds.
- While the quarter is generally peaceful, its residents maintain a subtle distance from the lower classes of the Low Quarter and remain cautious of the political tensions brewing under Lady Erliza's rule. Despite this, the Garden Quarter stands as a beacon of hope and beauty amidst the challenges facing Callidyrr.

Sources:



Plains Quarter

The Plains Quarter of Callidyrr

*The **Plains Quarter** is a beacon of prestige and influence within Callidyrr, home to the city's administrative heart and its wealthiest inhabitants.*

Architecture & Streets:

- Broad, meticulously maintained streets lined with manicured hedges and flowering trees define the district, giving it an air of refinement and order.
- Elegant stone buildings with tall, arching windows dominate the landscape, many adorned with intricate carvings and banners bearing the crest of the High King.

Daily Life & Inhabitants:

- The Plains Quarter houses Callidyrr's wealthiest and most influential citizens, including prominent noble families, wealthy merchants, and high-ranking officials.
- The quarter is also home to some of the finest artisans who cater exclusively to the upper class, creating opulent furniture, jewelry, and tailored garments.
- Servants and guards are a common sight, attending to the estates or patrolling the streets to maintain order.

Notable Features:

1. **Hall of Governance:** A grand, stately building at the quarter's center, this is where High King Derid Kendrick and his advisors manage the kingdom's affairs. Its marble halls echo with the voices of bureaucrats, diplomats, and noble petitioners.
2. **The Council Chamber:** A smaller administrative building adjacent to the Hall of Governance, used for meetings with Callidyrr's prominent guild leaders, military officials, and ambassadors.
3. **The Platinum Pavilion:** An exclusive dining club for the city's elite, where nobles gather to discuss politics, broker deals, and flaunt their wealth.

Culture & Atmosphere:

- The Plains Quarter exudes opulence and privilege.
- The sound of horse-drawn carriages on cobblestone streets blends with the distant hum of dignitaries discussing matters of state.
- The air is perfumed by the flowers of private gardens, and the buildings' polished facades reflect the sun, emphasizing the district's wealth and prestige.

Plot Hooks & Rumors:

1. The Plains Quarter serves as a hub for political intrigue and royal affairs. It is a place where alliances are forged, secrets are traded, and decisions that shape the Moonshaes are made.
2. For adventurers, gaining access to this district may require influence, subtlety, or a royal invitation. It is a place of power, but also of veiled danger, where every interaction could have far-reaching consequences.

Sources:



Dock Quarter

The Dock Quarter of Callidyrr

The Dock Quarter of Callidyrr is a bustling hub of trade, travel, and maritime life, nestled along the southwestern edge of the city. The scents of saltwater, fish, and tar mingle in the air, carried by the ever-present sea breeze. Here, ships from across the Moonshae Isles and beyond dock to unload goods, passengers, and stories from distant lands. This quarter serves as the lifeblood of Callidyrr's economy, its energy ebbing and flowing with the tides.

The Dock Quarter serves as Callidyrr's gateway to the rest of the Moonshaes and beyond. It's a place where new arrivals step ashore, where exotic goods change hands, and where whispered rumors can spark grand adventures. Whether seeking transport, tracking a smuggler, or simply soaking in the vibrant energy of the city, the Dock Quarter offers endless opportunities for intrigue and exploration.

Architecture & Streets:

The Dock Quarter is alive with constant movement and noise. Dockhands shout to one another as they haul crates of fish, spices, lumber, and exotic wares. Chains clink, waves crash against the docks, and gulls screech overhead, diving for scraps. The streets are lined with warehouses, alehouses, and merchant stalls, their stone and wood facades weathered by years of salty winds and sea spray. Signs creak in the breeze, advertising ship supplies, provisions, and lodging. Some inns cater to travelers, while others are known for their rough clientele and questionable dealings.

Daily Life & Inhabitants:

- The Dock Quarter's residents are as varied as its goods; fishermen, dockworkers, merchants, and sailors dominate the streets, their lives intertwined with the rhythms of the sea.
- Many live modestly, occupying cramped but sturdy homes near the waterfront.
- Though not wealthy, the people here are resourceful, resilient, and fiercely protective of their community.

Notable Features:

- **The Iardi Ferry House**
At the heart of the Dock Quarter lies the Iardi Ferry House, a weathered yet grand structure that has served Callidyrr for generations. Its timber-framed architecture, white plaster walls, and ivy-clad stone foundation make it a prominent landmark. The Iardi Ferry House facilitates safe passage for both passengers and goods across the Moonshae Isles. Flags bearing the Iardi family crest flutter from its rooftop, a symbol of trust and reliability. It is run by Isaluna Iardi, a fiery and respected woman known for her sharp wit and her

family's legendary Book of Seacrets, which chronicles lore and hidden truths of the Moonshaes.

- **Salt & Sail Tavern**

A rowdy and dimly lit establishment just a short walk from the docks, the Salt & Sail Tavern is a favorite haunt for sailors, dockworkers, and adventurers. The tavern is known for its strong ales, hearty meals, and lively sea shanties performed nightly. Its back rooms, however, are rumored to be a meeting place for smugglers, mercenaries, and other shadowy figures.

- **Shipwright's Guildhall**

Situated on the eastern edge of the quarter, the Shipwright's Guildhall is the headquarters of Callidyr's renowned shipbuilders. The grand building is adorned with carvings of ships and waves, a testament to the craftsmanship within. Commissioning a ship here is expensive and time-consuming, but the results are second to none.

- **Market Square by the Sea**

An open-air market near the waterfront, this square teems with vendors selling everything from fresh seafood and leather goods to scrimshaw carvings and rough textiles. On occasion, merchants from other regions bring exotic wares, drawing crowds of locals and travelers alike.

- **Fishmonger's Alley**

A narrow, pungent street lined with fish stalls, Fishmonger's Alley is the go-to spot for fresh catches. Fishermen and merchants shout over one another to advertise their wares, offering everything from clams and crabs to smoked herring and dried seaweed.

Culture & Atmosphere:

Despite its grit, the Dock Quarter exudes an undeniable vibrancy. Sailors swap tales in taverns, merchants haggle over goods, and curious travelers explore its many nooks and crannies. It's a melting pot of cultures, where accents from the Isles mingle with those of faraway lands.

However, the Dock Quarter is also a place of shadows—where smugglers, thieves, and black-market traders ply their trade, often right under the noses of the city's guards.

Plot Hooks & Rumors:

1. Despite the open hustle and bustle, the Dock Quarter holds its share of secrets. The city's strict ban on magic forces many enchanted goods to be smuggled into the quarter under the guise of mundane cargo. A discerning eye and the right connections can uncover hidden treasures or dangerous contraband.
2. Adventurers might find themselves drawn into the Dock Quarter's underworld, whether to disrupt illicit activities or take advantage of its opportunities.

Sources:





Castle Quarter

The Castle Quarter of Callidyrr

The Castle Quarter stands as the historic and symbolic heart of Callidyrr, dominated by the imposing presence of Caer Callidyrr. This alabaster fortress, the tallest structure in the Moonshaes, rises majestically atop a foothill at the base of the Fairheight Range. Visible from nearly every corner of the city and beyond, the castle serves as both the High King's residence and the ultimate bastion of power and security for the kingdom.

Architecture & Streets:

- **Buildings:** Lorem ipsum dolor sit amet, consectetur adipiscing elit, sed do eiusmod tempor incididunt ut labore et dolore magna aliqua. Ut enim ad minim veniam, quis nostrud exercitation ullamco laboris nisi ut aliquip ex ea commodo consequat.
- **Streets:** Lorem ipsum dolor sit amet, consectetur adipiscing elit, sed do eiusmod tempor incididunt ut labore et dolore magna aliqua. Ut enim ad minim veniam, quis nostrud exercitation ullamco laboris nisi ut aliquip ex ea commodo consequat.

Daily Life & Inhabitants:

The Castle Quarter is home to a mix of people, from influential city administrators and esteemed merchants to humble families who have lived in the old stone homes for generations. The residents here are not the wealthiest but are often those with strong ties to the city's governance and mercantile activities. This diversity creates a lively, grounded atmosphere despite its proximity to royal power.

Notable Features:

- **Caer Callidyrr:** The towering fortress at the heart of the quarter is an awe-inspiring sight, with high alabaster walls, imposing towers, and grand battlements. Inside, the halls echo with the footsteps of nobles, advisors, and guards, as High King Derid Kendrick governs the realm.
- **Mercantile Hall:** A bustling center for trade and commerce, where merchants gather to discuss business, negotiate deals, and settle disputes. This building also houses the headquarters of Callidyrr's merchant guilds.
- **The Old Streets:** The oldest residential area in the city lies in the shadow of the castle. These narrow, winding streets are lined with small stone homes, their weathered facades telling tales of the city's rich history.
- **Knight's Rest Barracks:** A fortified building near the castle walls, housing the city's elite guard and knights sworn to protect the High King.

Atmosphere:

The Castle Quarter blends grandeur with an air of quiet tradition. The streets are often bustling with activity as merchants haul goods to and from the Mercantile Hall, and guards patrol in steady rotations, their armor gleaming in the sunlight. The hum of voices, the ring of a blacksmith's hammer, and the toll of the castle bell punctuate the air. At night, the castle's walls glow faintly under the moonlight, casting long shadows over the winding streets below.

Plot Hooks & Rumors:

The Castle Quarter is a place where the threads of commerce, governance, and tradition intertwine. Adventurers visiting this quarter might seek an audience with the High King, investigate dealings in the Mercantile Hall, or uncover long-buried secrets in the district's ancient streets. It is a district of contrasts—loyalty and ambition, humility and grandeur—and one that offers countless opportunities for intrigue and adventure.

Sources:



Snowdown

The Kingdom of Snowdown

Once a temperate haven of rolling hills and fertile landscapes, Snowdown has become a shadow of its former self. Situated in the southern Moonshae Isles, this island is now marred by the scars of Amnian occupation, its natural beauty suffocated beneath the weight of exploitation. The capital city, Caer Westphal, serves as the oppressive heart of Lady Erliza Daressin's vampiric rule.

Trade & Exploitation

Snowdown's fertile lands and abundant resources were once the pride of the Moonshaes, exporting agricultural goods and serving as a vital trading hub. Under Amnian control, its forests have been decimated, its mines stripped bare, and its waterways poisoned. The once-thriving export of kiwis and other produce has been reduced to a trickle, with most goods now shipped to Amn to line the coffers of foreign cartels.

The Rule of Lady Erliza

Lady Erliza Daressin, the vampiric viceroy of Caer Westphal, governs with an iron grip. Her undead thralls and mercenary enforcers terrorize the population, enforcing curfews and suppressing dissent. Rumors swirl of secret blood rituals performed in the halls of her keep, fueling fear and superstition among the already oppressed Ffolk.

Inhabitants:

The population is a bitter mix of native Ffolk and foreign settlers, primarily Amnians. The Ffolk, once proud stewards of their land, are now oppressed laborers forced to toil for the benefit of Amnian merchant cartels. The influx of mercenaries, including drow, orcs, goblinoids, and cambions, has created a volatile and hostile social climate, with the native Ffolk often outnumbered and overshadowed by these foreign interlopers.

Landmarks:

- **Andover Heights:** These rugged hills dominate the island's western side, offering breathtaking views marred by deforestation and scars from mining operations.
- **Mal Feargal, Mal Sul, and Harloch:** The three prominent lakes of Snowdown, once sources of pristine water and fish, are now choked with refuse from mining and logging activities. The forested shores near **Mal Sul** conceal the island's single remaining Moonwell, a sanctuary fiercely protected by the dwindling druids of the Earthmother.

- **The Maloren Sods:** A sprawling marshland in the east, it's a treacherous maze of bogs and sinking ground, dotted with the remnants of destroyed villages. The region teems with mercenaries, wild beasts, and rebel Ffolk hiding from Amnian patrols.
- **Snowdown Ride:** A well-maintained but heavily patrolled road connecting the settlements of **Pengram**, **Harloch**, **Llandrain**, and the isolated village of **Brannoch**. Travelers risk harassment by mercenaries or attack by desperate rebels.

Culture & Atmosphere:

Snowdown feels oppressive and polluted, its air thick with the acrid stench of industry and decay. Once-vibrant landscapes are now muted and barren, with lifeless trees and contaminated rivers painting a grim picture of the island's future. The sounds of hammering, shouting, and the occasional rebel skirmish echo across the island, a constant reminder of its plight

Despite their hardships, the Ffolk of Snowdown hold fast to their traditions, secretly honoring the Earthmother and preserving their ancient songs and stories. Rebellions against Amnian rule are common but often brutally crushed by mercenary forces loyal to Lady Erliza. Tensions simmer as support from Alaron trickles in, fueling whispers of a larger uprising.

Sources:

[Snowdown | Forgotten Realms Wiki](#)

Lady [Erliza Daressin](#), a [vampire](#), and Viceroy of [Caer Westphal](#)
[Canthraxis | Forgotten Realms Wiki](#)



Caer Westphal

Caer Westphal

Caer Westphal, the capital city of Snowdown, stands as a grim monument to Amnian control and vampiric tyranny. Situated near the western coastline, the city was once a bustling hub of trade and culture for the Ffolk. Now, it is a bleak, heavily militarized stronghold where wealth and power flow upward, leaving the common folk in destitution. Looming above the city is Caer Daressin, the imposing fortress that serves as the seat of power for Lady Erliza Daressin, the vampire viceroy.

Architecture & Streets:

- **The Shadow Market:** This bustling central marketplace is a shadow of its former self. Once a vibrant hub for local goods, it now primarily sells overpriced imports and Amnian luxuries. Beneath the surface, a dangerous black market thrives, dealing in contraband, stolen goods, and whispers of rebellion.
- **The Sprawl:** A sprawling maze of crowded, rundown tenements housing the city's working-class Ffolk. Narrow alleys and dilapidated buildings dominate this district, where disease and despair run rampant. Mercenary patrols are frequent, but enforcement is erratic.
- **The Amnian Quarter:** An exclusive district where Amnian settlers, merchants, and mercenaries reside in relative luxury. Gilded townhouses, private courtyards, and guarded manors contrast starkly with the squalor of the Sprawl.
- **The Docks:** Caer Westphal's port is a vital artery for the Amnian occupation. Large cargo ships frequently dock to export the island's resources to Amn. The area reeks of tar, salt, and decay, with Amnian naval vessels enforcing a strict blockade.
- **Caer Daressin:** Perched on a rocky hill overlooking the city, this fortress is both a symbol of Amnian dominance and a source of dread. Its blackened stone walls and jagged spires seem to drink in the moonlight, while rumors persist of unspeakable horrors lurking within.

Daily Life & Inhabitants:

The people of Caer Westphal are a mix of desperate laborers, opportunistic merchants, and defiant rebels. Tensions simmer just beneath the surface, with resistance movements quietly growing despite the ever-watchful eyes of the Amnian occupiers and Lady Erliza's undead spies.

Notable NPCs

- **[Lady Erliza Daressin](#):** The vampiric viceroy of Snowdown and ruler of Caer Westphal. Regal, cunning, and utterly ruthless, Lady Erliza maintains a tight grip on the city through fear and manipulation. Her hunger for power—and blood—is insatiable.

- [Captain Bertram Gorrick](#): The brutal commander of the mercenary forces stationed in Caer Westphal. Known for his cruelty and tactical prowess, Gorrick relishes enforcing Lady Erliza's will.
- [Eadric Moor](#): Owner of The Withered Hearth and a secret ally of the Ffolk resistance. Though gruff and wary, Eadric is a source of valuable information and safe haven for those in need.
- [Arwen Fairhearth](#): A young Ffolk healer who operates in the Sprawl, treating the sick and injured despite the scarcity of resources. Her quiet bravery has made her a symbol of hope for many.

Notable Features:

- **The Crimson Chalice Inn**: A high-end tavern and inn located in the Amnian Quarter, catering exclusively to Amnian merchants and military officers. The inn is known for its blood-red wines and extravagant dishes, imported at the expense of the Ffolk.
- **The Withered Hearth**: A modest tavern on the edge of the Sprawl, frequented by dockworkers, rebels, and the desperate. Its owner, **Eadric Moor**, is a grizzled Ffolk loyalist who quietly aids the resistance.
- **The Silent Chapel**: A crumbling temple once dedicated to the Earthmother, now abandoned and overgrown. The site serves as a hidden meeting place for rebellious Ffolk and druids.
- **The Whispering Tunnels**: A network of subterranean tunnels running beneath the city, used by smugglers, rebels, and anyone desperate to escape Lady Erliza's gaze.

Culture & Atmosphere:

Life in Caer Westphal is harsh and oppressive. The streets are lined with watchful mercenaries, their presence a constant reminder of Amnian control. While the Amnian Quarter thrives, the Ffolk live in squalor, toiling endlessly to support the city's demands. At night, the city grows eerily quiet, save for the faint echoes of suffering and the occasional howl from Caer Daressin.

Medieval capital city, standing as a grim monument to Amnian control and vampiric tyranny. Situated near the western coastline, the city was once a bustling hub of trade and culture for the Ffolk. Looming above the city is the imposing fortress that serves as the seat of power for **Lady Erliza Daressin**, the vampire viceroy.

Sources:



Meirig

The Meirig Peatlands was a large swamp located on the island of Gwynneth within the Moonshae Isles

The village of Meirig is a small, isolated settlement nestled deep within the marshy peat bogs of the region, a place where the land seems more water than earth. Set against a landscape of mist-covered pools and black, spongy ground, Meirig is a hardy, resourceful community that has adapted to its unique surroundings. The village is often shrouded in a thick, cool fog, with the distant calls of marsh birds and the croaking of frogs echoing over the still waters.

Architecture & Streets:

Meirig's buildings are a mix of old stone foundations and timber walls, most raised on stilts or wooden platforms to keep them above the perpetually soggy ground. Thatched roofs of reeds and grasses, harvested from the marsh, slope steeply to prevent rainwater from accumulating. Narrow wooden walkways connect the houses, and the few dirt paths that exist are constantly in need of repair, as the bog has a way of reclaiming whatever is built upon it.

Daily Life & Inhabitants:

The villagers themselves are practical and sturdy folk, their clothes often muddied and damp from working the marsh. Life in Meirig revolves around the **harvesting of peat**, which the villagers use for fuel and trade. Massive stacks of the dark, damp material line the outskirts of the village, drying in the open air. The smell of wet earth and rotting plant matter is ever-present, though to the locals, it's the smell of survival and commerce.

Trades and Skills: Most villagers work as peat harvesters, while others specialize in marsh hunting, trapping, or fishing. A few skilled alchemists and brewers use the unique properties of the peat to create special brews, tonics, or potions.

Notable Features:

- **Peat Fields:**
 - Surrounding the village, the **peat fields** stretch out like a patchwork of dark, waterlogged land. Villagers use long, hooked tools to cut into the ground, hauling out chunks of the dense, water-soaked peat. The work is slow and backbreaking, and many of the villagers' hands are stained black from years of labor.
 - Small wooden sheds dot the fields, where villagers take shelter from the frequent rains or store their tools. Some of these sheds have been abandoned, overtaken by the marsh as the land shifts beneath them.
- **The Marsh Road:**

- The only true "road" into Meirig is a winding, uneven path raised slightly above the bog on a foundation of logs and stone. Travelers must navigate with care, as the road is often slick and partially submerged in places. The further into the village one goes, the less reliable the path becomes, until it fades entirely into the surrounding marsh.
- Along the road are scattered wooden markers, simple posts carved with runes or charms meant to ward off ill omens and guide lost travelers.
- **Village Shrine:**
 - At the edge of Meirig stands a small **shrine** to the spirits of the marsh. Built from stone and overgrown with moss, the shrine is dedicated to both the local gods and fey beings that the villagers believe watch over them. The offerings here often include simple things—bundles of marsh grass, animal bones, or clay bowls filled with bog water.
 - Some say that when the fog is thickest, strange lights can be seen near the shrine, and the spirits of the marsh walk among the villagers.
- **The Sinking Step Inn:**
 - The **Sinking Step** is a small, dimly lit tavern and inn, a gathering place for locals after long days of labor. A single large hearth burns peat in the center, filling the room with warmth and the distinct, earthy smell of burning peat.
 - The inn's owner, **Brynna**, is a sharp-tongued, middle-aged woman with a keen sense of business. She makes a decent living serving thick, warming stews and ale brewed with water from the marsh (a taste some travelers find... unique).
- **The Swamp's Edge:**
 - The outer edges of Meirig give way to the deep, dark marshes, where the water is deepest and the fog never fully lifts. Here, trees with gnarled roots rise out of the water like ancient sentinels, their branches draped with hanging moss. This area is dangerous, home to wild beasts, and where some claim to have seen strange, inhuman figures moving through the mist—possibly the lycanthropes that are said to inhabit the region.
 - Villagers rarely venture this far unless it's for specific tasks, like gathering rare herbs or checking the traps they've set for marsh game.
- **Peat House:**
 - The **Peat House** serves as the central hub for peat drying and processing in the village. It's a large, barn-like structure where workers pile freshly harvested peat in rows to dry. The building smells of damp earth and wood smoke. Here, the villagers also maintain the tools they use for digging in the bog.
 - Local superstition holds that if peat is left unattended overnight, spirits of the marsh might curse it, so someone is always present to watch over the drying process.

Atmosphere & Culture:

The **constant drip of water** from the marsh and the occasional creaking of wood are ever-present in Meirig. The village feels quiet, with life moving at the pace of the surrounding swamp—slow, steady, and unchanging.

Mists roll in during the early mornings and evenings, thick enough that villagers rarely venture out without a lantern or guide.

The **air smells of wet moss, decaying plants, and wood smoke** from burning peat, a scent that clings to everything and everyone in the village. When the peat dries, it emits a faint earthy fragrance mixed with an almost sweet, smoky undertone.

The people of Meirig are used to hardship and isolation. They live simple lives, but their connection to the marsh runs deep. Many hold strong superstitions, believing the bog is alive with unseen forces. It's said that only those who respect the swamp can survive here long-term.

Plot Hooks & Rumors:

1. **Marsh Lore:** The people of Meirig are familiar with the dangers of the marsh—wild beasts, treacherous terrain, and the rumors of lycanthropes that roam deeper in the bog. Stories of travelers who vanish into the mist, never to return, are often told at night in front of the fire.

Sources:





[Meirig Peatlands | Forgotten Realms Wiki](#)



The Kingdom of Corwell

A storied realm in the southern region of Gwynneth, Corwell is the cradle of the Ffolk and the birthplace of their oldest kingdom. Its landscape is one of contrasts, from the thick expanse of the **Llyrath Forest** to the towering peaks of the **Cambro Mountains**. The kingdom's coastal plains meet the tides of the **Corwell Firth**, where its communities thrive in harmony with the land's ancient, mystical essence.

Architecture & Streets

Buildings:

Corwell's settlements, whether small villages or larger towns like **Caer Corwell**, are simple yet sturdy. Structures are built primarily of timber and stone, reflecting the practical needs of the Ffolk. Roofs are often thatched, though wealthier buildings may use slate. Larger towns feature stone keeps, palisades, and timber-framed halls, adorned with carvings of animals and mythical figures that symbolize strength and protection.

Streets:

Paths and roads in Corwell are rough-hewn dirt trails in rural areas, with cobblestone streets reserved for larger settlements like **Caer Corwell**. The streets are bustling during the day with traders, farmers, and fisherfolk, but quiet and peaceful by night, often illuminated by lanterns hung on tall wooden posts.

Daily Life & Inhabitants

Daily life in Corwell revolves around community and subsistence. Villagers tend to farms, hunt in the woods, and fish along the coastline. Druidic traditions are deeply respected, with the **Moonwells** serving as spiritual centers where ceremonies are held.

The Ffolk of Corwell are proud and self-reliant, often gathering in longhouses for meals and storytelling. Each community is tightly knit, united by their shared history and reverence for their land. Warriors train in local militia groups, preparing to defend their homes from raiders or beasts that occasionally threaten their borders.

Notable Features

- **Caer Corwell:** The fortified heart of the kingdom, perched atop cliffs overlooking the Corwell Firth. Its keep and village green are the cultural and administrative hubs of the realm.
- **Llyrath Forest:** A sprawling forest that blankets much of the kingdom, home to druids, ancient oaks, and the **Glade of the Cat Lord**.

- **The Cambro Mountains:** Rugged peaks that serve as a natural boundary to the north, offering both protection and isolation.
- **O'Malley:** A rural village known for its rich farmlands and history of skirmishes with firbolg raiders.

Culture & Atmosphere

Feature: Corwell's people are steeped in tradition, honoring the land and their ancestors through festivals, music, and oral storytelling. Druids hold a revered place in society, as keepers of the natural balance and spiritual guides.

Feature: The atmosphere of Corwell is one of quiet resilience. Life may be harsh, but the people are steadfast, bound by their connection to each other and the land.

Plot Hooks & Rumors

- **Call of the Highlands:** Strange lights have been seen near the Cambro Mountains, and a druid claims they foretell a coming danger.
- **Secrets Beneath Llyrath:** An ancient Ffolk burial site was uncovered deep in the forest, sparking interest—and dread—among locals.
- **The Silent Port:** The harbor of a nearby fishing village has fallen silent, with no boats returning and eerie sounds echoing from the water at night.



Caer Corwell

Caer Corwell

Overview

Caer Corwell is a small but historically significant city and castle on the isle of Gwynneth. It sits perched atop a rocky cliff overlooking the lush common fields of Corwell and the waters of Corwell Firth. Once the seat of power for the Kendrick family, the settlement is steeped in the traditions of the Ffolk, blending natural beauty with simple architectural charm.

Architecture & Streets

Buildings:

The castle, surrounded by a sturdy wooden palisade and a formidable stone gatehouse, dominates the skyline. Its high parapeted towers display the Kendrick family banner, a silver bear on a black field. Inside, the grand hall features great oak tables and a roaring fireplace, a reflection of the Kendrick family's strength and hospitality.

Below the castle lies a village green, its centerpiece a sacred druidic grove surrounded by ancient oak trees. This grove is home to a Moonwell, a symbol of the deep spiritual roots of the Ffolk. The city's wooden buildings cluster around the harbor, forming a picturesque and practical coastal community.

Streets:

The city streets are cobbled in some areas, dirt-packed in others, and bustling with life. The harbor is a hub of activity, its wooden docks hosting fishing boats and Calishite trading vessels. Nearby storage buildings and market stalls cater to the daily needs of the populace, while the winding pathways lead toward cozy inns like The Boar's Tusk and The Red Stag.

Daily Life & Inhabitants

The people of Caer Corwell, mostly Ffolk, live simple lives steeped in tradition. Fishermen mend their nets, traders bargain over exotic wares, and druids tend to the grove and Moonwell. The city has a quiet rhythm punctuated by seasonal festivals and rites dedicated to nature and the gods of the Ffolk.

Visitors might enjoy hearty meals at The Boar's Tusk, a lively tavern run by the grizzled hunter Garek, or the quieter ambiance of The Red Stag, where Miriam, a former Waterdhavian barmaid, serves savory food to travelers and locals alike. Life here is tightly knit, with communal ties fostering a sense of security and shared purpose.

Notable Features

1. **Caer Corwell Castle:**
A symbol of the Kendrick family's authority, this fortified castle is both a defensive structure and a home to Corwell's rulers.
2. **The Boar's Tusk:** A lively and rugged inn, The Boar's Tusk caters to hunters, sailors, and travelers seeking hearty meals and stronger drinks. The dimly lit common room is filled with the scent of roasted game and the sounds of boisterous conversations. Rough-hewn wooden beams and hunting trophies, including a massive boar's head mounted above the hearth, dominate the decor. Run by Garek, a grizzled former hunter, the inn has a mostly male clientele and serves as a gathering place for tales of adventure and daring.
3. **The Red Stag:** The Red Stag offers a quieter, more refined atmosphere. Its warm, inviting interior is adorned with rustic charm—polished wooden furniture, soft candlelight, and tapestries depicting woodland scenes. Run by Miriam, a former Waterdhavian barmaid, the inn specializes in savory dishes and comfortable lodgings. It is a favored spot for travelers who prefer a peaceful respite, making it an ideal choice for families and weary merchants. The inn exudes a sense of care and warmth, reflecting Miriam's own hospitality.
4. **Druid's Grove and Moonwell:**
Sacred to the Ffolk, this ancient grove serves as a spiritual center for the community. Its towering oaks and magical Moonwell are revered as gifts from the gods.
5. **The Harbor:**
A bustling point of trade and livelihood, where fishermen and merchants ply their trades.

Culture & Atmosphere

- **Feature:** The settlement reflects the traditions of the Ffolk, with deep reverence for nature and harmony with the land. The presence of the Moonwell reinforces the community's spiritual connection to the natural world.
- **Feature:** Caer Corwell has an air of resilience, embodying the strength and simplicity of its people. Though modest, the city feels alive with purpose and pride.

Plot Hooks & Rumors

- **The Kendrick Legacy:** A long-lost heirloom of the Kendrick family is said to be hidden in the castle's ruins. Locals whisper of ghosts protecting the treasure.
- **The Druid's Warning:** Strange omens observed at the Moonwell suggest that something dark stirs beneath Corwell Firth. The druids seek heroes to investigate.
- **The Boar's Tusk Mystery:** Garek, the tavern owner, claims to have seen shadowy figures near the harbor at night. Are they smugglers or something more sinister?



O'Malley

O'Malley

O'Malley is a rustic farming village located on the fertile plains of Gwynneth within the Moonshae Isles. Despite its serene appearance, the village bears scars from a tumultuous history of firbolg raids. While resilient, the people of O'Malley hold grim traditions born of necessity, blending a strong sense of community with a steely resolve to defend their home. The village thrives on its agriculture, with vast fields of wheat, barley, and vegetables stretching to the horizon. Flocks of sheep and herds of cattle roam freely, tended by hardworking farmers whose families have lived in O'Malley for generations.

The village is surrounded by golden wheat fields and rolling pastures that stretch toward the distant Llyrath Forest. Dirt paths wind between the cottages, leading to both the wild forest and the roads that connect O'Malley to the rest of Gwynneth. While the scenery is picturesque, the proximity to the forest is a constant reminder of the lurking dangers.

O'Malley exudes a sense of peace and resilience, though its residents remain wary of the dangers that lurk in the wilds of Gwynneth. At night, the village grows quiet, save for the occasional howl of wolves or rustling in the forest. Despite these fears, the people of O'Malley are known for their warmth and generosity, quick to welcome travelers and share stories of their ancestral land.

This idyllic yet cautious existence paints O'Malley as a place of both charm and mystery, where the mundane meets the magical at the edge of the wilderness.

Architecture & Streets:

- O'Malley's buildings are crafted from locally sourced timber and stone, designed with practicality over aesthetics. The homes are sturdy but simple, with thatched roofs and reinforced walls to withstand harsh winters and potential attacks.
- Some older structures bear scars of past raids—chipped stone, scorched beams, and hastily patched roofs—while newer buildings display slight improvements, such as tiled roofs or small glass-paned windows for those who can afford them.
- The village's streets are a mix of uneven cobblestones and well-trodden dirt paths. Narrow alleys weave between tightly clustered homes, while broader paths connect to the village square, a central gathering place for trade, announcements, and celebrations.
- The square features a raised wooden platform for speeches and a large communal well, a vital resource for the townsfolk.

Daily Life & Inhabitants:

- Life in O'Malley revolves around hard labor and community survival.
- The inhabitants are predominantly farmers, hunters, and craftsmen, working from dawn to dusk to provide for their families and neighbors.
- The fields yield a mix of hardy crops suited to the island's climate, while livestock such as sheep and goats are common.

- Hunters venture into the surrounding forests to bring back game, though they must remain vigilant for lurking predators—or worse, raiding parties.

Notable Features:

- **The Edges of the Llyrath Forest:** Though picturesque, the nearby forest casts a long shadow over the village. Villagers speak in hushed tones of strange sounds and eerie lights that sometimes appear at night, and travelers are warned not to stray too far from the main paths.
- **Firbolg's Folly (Inn & Tavern):** A popular gathering spot for locals and travelers, this cozy timbered inn offers hearty food, strong drink, and a warm hearth. Its walls display trophies and mementos of past battles against firbolg raiders, a grim reminder of O'Malley's troubled past.
- **Arla's Provisions (General Store):** This well-stocked shop, run by [Arla Renshield](#), serves as the go-to source for essentials, farming tools, and the occasional rare item. Arla, known for her shrewd business sense, is also a trusted confidante among the villagers.
- **Earthmother's Hearth (Chapel):** A modest stone chapel dedicated to Chauntea, the Earthmother. This spiritual haven is where farmers come to pray for abundant harvests and protection from the dangers of the wild.
- **Harkon's Home:** On the village's outskirts, Harkon's home is a humble yet welcoming farmhouse surrounded by fields. His residence is well-known in O'Malley, a comforting landmark on the road toward the forest.

Culture & Atmosphere:

- Firbolg raiders from the nearby forests have long been a threat to O'Malley. Though attacks have waned in recent years, the villagers still vividly remember the battles fought to protect their homes.
- Victories over these raiders are commemorated in a macabre tradition of mounting firbolg heads on spikes and celebrating with defiant dances—a practice that outsiders often find unsettling.
- Despite this, O'Malley is not a dark or unwelcoming place. Its people are proud of their resilience and united by shared hardships.
- They find solace in simple joys: the bustling market in the square, evenings at the tavern, and festivals that honor the Earthmother's blessings.

Plot Hooks & Rumors:

- **Secrets in the Cornfield:** This is the location of the encounter to help Kael with his troubles with Harkon Stonewood.
- **Missing Livestock** - Farmers in O'Malley report that their livestock have gone missing, with no signs of struggle. Some blame local predators, while others suspect something

supernatural. A villager swears they saw a shadowy figure leading the animals into the woods.

- **Raiders at the Gate** - A firbolg raiding party was spotted near the outskirts of the village, and tensions are rising. The villagers prepare for another attack, but Kael suspects the firbolgs are looking for something specific in O'Malley, rather than just causing havoc.

Sources:

[O'Malley | Forgotten Realms Wiki](#)



Harkon's Home

Harkon's Home

Harkon's home in the small farming village of O'Malley is a modest, stone-walled cottage, tucked away at the edge of a field. The stone walls are rough-hewn, speckled with moss and ivy that creep up the sides, giving the home an ancient and lived-in feel. The thatched roof slants at a gentle angle, thick and insulating against the elements, and the timber framework beneath it is dark and weathered, hinting at years of use.

A single chimney rises from the center of the cottage, often puffing out a thin, lazy stream of smoke, suggesting warmth within. In the evenings, the glow from candlelight can be seen through small, leaded-glass windows, casting a soft, amber light into the cool night. Just outside, a small porch with a lean-to roof offers a resting place with a rickety chair and a couple of well-used baskets, hinting at Harkon's life as a gatherer and peddler.

The path leading up to Harkon's door is uneven, with stones that seem almost purposefully disorganized, winding through patches of tall grass and hardy wildflowers. Wooden fencing surrounds the cottage in a casual, haphazard way, more for marking the property than for keeping anything in or out.

At night, the cottage has an air of quiet solitude, standing under the vast starry sky, with fields stretching in every direction. Though unremarkable at first glance, Harkon's home feels inviting, a place of comfort and hard-earned rest, nestled within the peaceful embrace of O'Malley's countryside.

Sources:



Llyrath Forest

Llyrath Forest

Llyrath Forest

Llyrath Forest is a sprawling, dense woodland that covers much of central Gwynneth in the Moonshae Isles. The forest is ancient, its towering trees stretching skyward, their thick canopies interwoven to create a perpetual twilight beneath. A carpet of moss and fallen leaves muffled footsteps, and the air is rich with the earthy scent of pine and damp soil.

Architecture & Streets:

Buildings: Llyrath Forest has no formal architecture, though small, makeshift camps or abandoned hunter's shelters can occasionally be found nestled between the trees. These structures are often camouflaged, blending into the forest's natural aesthetic.

Streets: Narrow, winding game trails serve as the main thoroughfares for those brave enough to navigate the forest. Overgrown roots and brambles frequently encroach on these paths, making travel slow and cautious.

Daily Life & Inhabitants:

The forest is home to a mix of wildlife, from harmless woodland creatures to dangerous predators like wolves or giant spiders. Druids, rangers, and fey creatures are said to roam its depths, while small bands of travelers pass through, often wary of the forest's many unknowns.

Notable Features:

- The Glade of the Cat Lord: A mystical clearing revered by the followers of the Cat Lord.
- Old Oak Grove: A cluster of ancient oaks said to hold druidic significance.
- Silverbrook: A sparkling stream that cuts through the forest, its waters rumored to have healing properties.

Culture & Atmosphere:

- Llyrath Forest exudes a quiet, timeless majesty, with its whispering leaves and gentle breezes.
- The forest carries a subtle air of danger, as if unseen eyes are watching from every shadow.

Plot Hooks & Rumors:

- "The Forgotten Altar": Deep within Llyrath Forest lies a ruined altar dedicated to an old, forgotten god. It is said that those who pray there may receive cryptic visions.
- "Missing Caravan": A merchant caravan vanished while attempting to cross the forest, leaving only scattered belongings in its wake.

Sources:



Glade of the Cat Lord

Glade of the Cat Lord

The Glade of the Cat Lord is a sanctuary of serenity and mystery, hidden deep within the ancient expanse of Llyrath Forest on the island of Gwynneth. This secluded settlement blends seamlessly with its surroundings, reflecting the quiet grace and enigmatic allure of the Cat Lord, its guardian deity. Those who find it do so either by fate or the guidance of the forest's many feline inhabitants.

Appearance

The village is a masterpiece of natural architecture, with homes built into and around towering trees. Wooden platforms and spiral staircases wrap around thick trunks, while rope bridges sway gently between branches, creating a layered community that rises high above the forest floor. Every structure is adorned with carvings of feline motifs—paws, tails, and watchful eyes etched into wood, hinting at the reverence for the Cat Lord. Lanterns filled with bioluminescent fungi glow softly at night, casting the village in a soothing, otherworldly light.

On the forest floor, moss carpets the ground, broken only by clusters of brightly colored wildflowers and winding pathways lined with stones. Cats of all shapes and sizes lounge on branches, prowl along rooftops, or dart across the paths, always observing with quiet intensity.

Daily Life & Inhabitants

- The Glade is home to a close-knit yet independent people who value self-sufficiency, cunning, and harmony with nature. Its inhabitants are predominantly druids who embody the traits of the Cat Lord—agility, adaptability, and a touch of playful curiosity, as well as many different species of feline creatures. The inhabitants are welcoming but reserved, often speaking in riddles or offering cryptic advice.
- Visitors are rare but treated with cautious hospitality. Those who demonstrate respect for the forest and its inhabitants often leave with gifts of wisdom, minor enchantments, or a deeper understanding of their own path. Those who disrespect the glade or harm its balance are not seen again.

Notable Features

- **The Central Glade**
 - At the heart of the village is a circular clearing used for communal gatherings, storytelling, and rituals dedicated to the Cat Lord. A large, smooth stone altar stands at the center, draped in offerings of feathers, flowers, and small animal bones. Surrounding this platform are simple wooden benches and fire pits, where the community comes together to share tales or seek guidance.
- **Feline Guardians**
 - Cats are everywhere, their behavior often taken as omens. A cat blocking a path may signal danger ahead, while one leading the way is considered a blessing.

- **Echoes of the Lord**
 - Occasionally, visitors report hearing soft whispers or seeing fleeting visions of the Cat Lord, though these experiences are never fully explained.
- **Living Altars**
 - The small altars throughout the village are said to resonate with subtle magical energy, rewarding offerings with small blessings like sharpened senses or uncanny balance.

Notable NPCs

- **The Cat Lord**
 - The Cat Lord is the enigmatic protector of the glade, revered as a symbol of independence, agility, and mystery.
 - The deity is believed to watch over the glade in both visible and invisible forms—sometimes as a sleek white cat with piercing blue eyes, other times as a subtle whisper of movement in the trees.
- **Sweetstalk “Big Sugar” Sirocco**
 - Sugar cane leshy, and leader of his wandering tribe of Leshy.
 - They coexist peacefully and travel around the Glade of The Cat Lord to ensure the safety of the inhabitants, as well as provide them an isolated place to play and roam.

Culture & Atmosphere

The Glade exudes a tranquil, dreamlike quality, with the constant rustle of leaves and distant birdsong creating a soothing backdrop. Visitors often feel an immediate sense of calm, though there is an undeniable presence of watchfulness. Whispers of wind through the leaves sometimes sound like faint purring, and it’s said that the Cat Lord’s influence is palpable in the air, offering protection to those who respect the glade’s balance.

Plot Hooks & Rumors

The Glade of the Cat Lord is an ideal location for encounters tied to mystery, nature, or divine intervention. It offers a safe haven for the party to rest and gather information, but also introduces deeper lore and moral dilemmas. Whether seeking the Cat Lord’s aid, unraveling the glade’s secrets, or facing consequences for upsetting its delicate harmony, the glade challenges characters to balance curiosity with respect.

Sources:

General Glade of the Cat Lord Lore: [Isle of Gwynneth](#)



Starlight Wind



The Starlight Wind

[Keelboat - Vehicles - D&D Beyond](#) Stats

The *Starlight Wind* is a charmingly quaint, steam-powered vessel with a touch of magic woven into its very boards and beams. It resembles a sturdy riverboat, crafted from rich, dark woods that gleam with a warm, polished sheen. Its smokestack puffs out a constant stream of silvery smoke that sparkles faintly, disappearing into the air like fading stars.

The boat's windows are fitted with delicate, leaded glass, and a soft, golden light glows from within, casting inviting warmth over the cool waters. Inside, the furnishings are plush and comfortable, with deep seats and well-worn wooden floors that hum faintly, as though the ship itself breathes with a gentle life force. Lanterns are strung along the railings, each containing an ever-burning candle that radiates a soft, star-like glow.

While it may appear as a common riverboat, closer inspection reveals its finer details: intricate carvings of constellations etched into the railings and the wheel, small metalwork charms in the shape of moons and stars hanging from the mast, and runes subtly inlaid along the hull. The boat has a gentle, rhythmic creak as it moves, almost as if it's humming an ancient lullaby from ages past.

The boat is powered by an automaton hidden within the vessel, and the smoke is produced from the "smoke stone". This stone is an enchanted piece of sulfur that when touched, makes a thaumaturgy-effect smoke cloud to help the boat appear non-magical. The smoke will periodically have a slight yellow tinge to it, and produces an odor of sulfur.

The *Starlight Wind* cuts smoothly through water, gliding with a grace that defies its modest size and weight, a testament to the magic imbued within it. It has an undeniable presence—though unassuming at first glance, it emanates a quiet, mystical energy that draws the attention of those sensitive to the supernatural, as if it holds secrets of the night sky within its very core.



NPC's



NPC's



Isaluna Iardi



Isaluna Iardi

Appearance

Isaluna Iardi is a sturdy woman with fiery red hair that cascades in wild, loose curls, streaked with silver that speaks to her years of experience and determination. Her weathered face is framed by deep lines etched by countless days spent braving the salty sea air, yet her sharp green eyes gleam with the wisdom and wit of a life well-lived. She carries herself with a commanding presence, her posture straight and unyielding, dressed in a deep blue dress beneath a faded, practical brown apron. Her sea-weathered hands are strong and capable, the kind that speak of hauling ropes, scrubbing decks, and steering through storms.

Personality

Isaluna is charismatic and no-nonsense, a woman who's seen enough of life's storms to weather anything thrown her way. Her warmth and fierce loyalty make her a respected figure among her peers, though she's not one to suffer fools lightly. A natural storyteller, her voice carries the cadence of old sea tales, captivating listeners even as she delivers blunt truths. Beneath her stern demeanor lies a heart deeply committed to her community, offering guidance and a safe harbor to those in need.

Isaluna values integrity above all else. She is fiercely protective of her reputation and her business, and betrayal is something she neither forgets nor forgives. Despite her stern exterior, she has a soft spot for underdogs and those who show genuine grit and determination.

Motivations and Fears

Isaluna is motivated by the legacy of her family and her desire to maintain the Ferry House as a cornerstone of the community. She takes great pride in her reputation for reliability and discretion. However, she fears losing the respect she has worked so hard to earn, whether through betrayal or failure, and is deeply wary of those who might seek to undermine her business or her name.

Skills and Abilities

- **Experienced Navigator:** Isaluna is intimately familiar with the waters surrounding Gwynneth and the Moonshae Isles, making her ferry routes fast and efficient.

- Charismatic Leader: Her presence commands respect, and her words often inspire trust and loyalty among her crew and clients.
- Discreet Smuggler: With years of transporting sensitive goods under the radar, she knows how to avoid unwanted attention from authorities.
- Sea Lore and Strategy: Her knowledge of tides, weather patterns, and local legends make her an invaluable source of information for adventurers.
- Book of Seacrets: A mysterious book of family secrets about the Moonshae Isles, how to navigate them, and also how to make the magical Moonshaen.

Quirks

- Isaluna has a habit of whistling old sea shanties as she works, her tune changing with her mood.
- She keeps a small locket tucked beneath her dress, containing a faded sketch of her late husband, though she rarely speaks of him.
- Her temper flares when people disrespect the sea, often resulting in stern lectures about its power and unpredictability.

Role in the Story

Isaluna serves as a reliable ally and guide for adventurers seeking safe passage across Gwynneth's waterways or discreet transport of goods. Her deep knowledge of the region and its people makes her an excellent source of information, and her fiery determination ensures she won't back down from a challenge. However, her fierce loyalty to her values means she won't hesitate to cut ties with those who betray her trust.

Quote

"The sea's a cruel mistress, but she's fair—unlike the people who think they own her. You cross me, or you cross her, and you'll find out how relentless we both can be."

"The sea keeps her secrets, but a wise soul knows how to listen. Lucky for you, I've got a few of them written down."



Kael Wildwood



Kael Wildwood

Appearance

Kael Wildwood is a weathered human man in his seventies, his tanned skin deeply lined from decades of labor under the sun. His frame, though lean, still carries the wiry strength of a man accustomed to hard work. His silvery hair falls just past his ears, framing a face that speaks of wisdom and endurance. His eyes, a sharp hazel, often seem distant, as though burdened by thoughts he dares not share. Despite his unassuming appearance, a faint, almost feral energy lurks beneath his calm exterior—a subtle hint at his hidden nature.

Kael's attire is simple and practical: a loose, earth-toned tunic, sturdy boots, and a wide-brimmed hat that shields his face from the elements. He carries a carved wooden walking stick, more a habit than a necessity, though its grip shows signs of being tightly clutched during moments of unease.

Personality

Kael is quiet and introspective, preferring the solitude of his modest farmstead to the bustling life of the village. He speaks in measured tones, choosing his words with care, but there's an undeniable warmth in his voice when he talks of nature or simple joys like the changing seasons. Beneath his calm demeanor lies a deep-seated fear and shame over his lycanthropic curse, which he has painstakingly kept hidden from the village.

Kael is deeply compassionate, especially toward animals and those he perceives as outcasts or misunderstood. However, his self-imposed isolation has made him somewhat wary of others, fearing that any bond might lead to the discovery of his secret.

Motivations and Fears

Kael longs for a quiet, peaceful life, free from the shadows of his curse. He is motivated by the desire to protect his home and the people of the village, even if it means keeping his distance. His greatest fear is losing control of his lycanthropy or having his secret revealed, knowing the village might respond with fear and violence.

Backstory & Relationships:

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Skills and Abilities

- **Skilled Farmer:** Kael is adept at cultivating crops and tending to livestock, ensuring his self-sufficiency.
- **Beastly Instincts:** Though he keeps them suppressed, Kael's heightened senses and physical abilities from his lycanthropy remain intact, giving him acute perception and surprising strength.
- **Woodsman Knowledge:** Years of living near the wilds have made Kael an expert in tracking, foraging, and surviving in the wilderness.
- **Control over the Curse:** Through sheer willpower and practice, Kael has learned to suppress his transformations, though the effort is taxing.

Quirks

- Kael often hums old lullabies while working, a habit from his youth.
- He avoids eye contact when he feels cornered or anxious, a telltale sign of his inner turmoil.
- Always keeps a sprig of wolfsbane tucked into his hatband, a subtle safeguard and reminder of his curse.

Plot Hooks / Interactions / Role in Story

Kael Wildwood is both a potential ally and a source of intrigue for adventurers. His quiet knowledge of the land and its secrets can guide the party, especially if they earn his trust. However, his lycanthropy presents a moral dilemma if discovered—should the party support him or expose him to a village that might not show mercy?

Quote

“Life’s simpler when you keep to the earth—tend it, respect it, and it’ll provide. People... they’re not so simple. They see things they fear, and they act without thought. That’s why I keep my distance.”



Cat Lord



The Cat Lord

Appearance

The Cat Lord is a tall, elegant figure with dark, flawless skin that seems to shimmer faintly under the light, exuding an aura of mystique. His long, white hair flows like a silken cascade, framing a face of striking beauty and otherworldly refinement. Piercing amber eyes, sharp as a blade, glint with both intelligence and a hint of mischief. He is always impeccably dressed in a sleek tan robe adorned with intricate gold embroidery that shifts subtly with the light, evoking the image of feline fluidity. Every movement he makes is graceful, calculated, and poised, commanding attention without uttering a word.

In his alternate form, he takes on the appearance of a sleek, white cat. This form retains the same mesmerizing amber eyes, and his movements become even more fluid and predatory, blending seamlessly into the environment around him.

Personality

The Cat Lord is enigmatic and aloof, with a charm that is both disarming and unnerving. He possesses a quick wit and a cunning mind, often staying several steps ahead of those who seek to understand his motives. Though approachable and charismatic, his intentions are rarely clear, and he thrives on keeping others guessing. Despite this, he exhibits a deep respect and affection for the creatures of his domain, particularly cats and leshy spirits.

Motivations and Fears

The Cat Lord seeks to maintain the delicate balance of life within the Glade of the Cat Lord, protecting it from outside interference. He harbors a deep mistrust of those who exploit or harm the natural world. While confident and composed, he fears losing control over his domain or having its sanctity violated by greed or violence.

Skills and Abilities

- Masterful manipulator and negotiator, skilled at reading people and turning situations to his favor.
- Magical control over the creatures of the Glade, able to summon and command animals and spirits at will.
- Shape-shifting between his humanoid and feline forms, allowing him to move undetected or avoid danger.
- Exceptional knowledge of arcane secrets and natural lore.

Quirks

- The Cat Lord often purrs softly when deep in thought, a habit he carries into both forms.
- He has an uncanny ability to appear and disappear from a room without anyone noticing.
- Plays with trinkets, strings, or other small objects while talking, a reminder of his feline nature.

Plot Hooks / Interactions / Role in Story

As the guardian and ruler of the **Glade of the Cat Lord**, he serves as both an ally and a potential obstacle for the party. Adventurers may seek his guidance or aid in locating elusive leshy spirits or navigating the mystical dangers of the glade. While he may help, his assistance often comes with conditions that align with his own inscrutable goals.

Quote

“You tread upon sacred ground, mortals. Tread lightly, or the claws of this forest will find you. Now, what is it you seek—and why should I care to grant it?”

Sources

[Cat lord | Forgotten Realms Wiki](#)

[Kittenlord | Forgotten Realms Wiki](#)

[Cat Lord | Dungeons & Dragons Lore Wiki](#)

\$ Cassius Caskbow



Cassius Caskbow

Appearance

Cassius Caskbow is a peculiar but well-loved vendor in Callidyrr's Low Quarter, known for his shop, *The Wondrous Brew*. At 65, he's got the look of a seasoned trader, with long, straight grey hair. His deep-set yellowed eyes are glazed and milky, but still have a mischievous sparkle. His white skin is weathered and rough, hinting at years spent on the road or braving the harsher parts of Callidyrr's streets. Standing at 5'6", Cassius has a slight, wiry frame and a pronounced limp that forces him to rely on an old walking stick.

Though he has a somewhat eerie appearance, with an angular, almost skeletal face, Cassius exudes kindness to those who step into his shop. Among the general wares lining his shelves are oddities and baubles that could catch any adventurer's eye, but for those who know the ways of the city's underbelly, *The Wondrous Brew* holds much more. Show him the symbol of the Midnight Market, and Cassius will discreetly reveal hidden, enchanted items—kept safely away from the eyes of the Callidyrr authorities who forbid magic. Friendly but shrewd, he values his connections and always expects a fair price, especially for those seeking his more... unconventional wares.

Personality

Cassius is eccentric but kind, known for his peculiar humor and disarming charm. Despite his creepy demeanor, he exudes a surprising warmth, drawing in even the most cautious patrons. Ever resourceful, he has a knack for remembering faces and conversations, which makes him both a helpful merchant and a discreet confidant.

Motivations and Fears

Cassius is deeply motivated by curiosity and a desire to keep his shop, the **Wondrous Brew**, thriving amid the chaos of Callidyrr's Low Quarter. He fears losing his livelihood and the trust of his secretive clientele, especially if his dealings with magical items were to be discovered by authorities.

Backstory & Relationships:

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Skills and Abilities

Cassius has an uncanny ability to appraise the value of any item, magical or mundane. His years of experience have also made him adept at smuggling, concealing goods, and navigating the complex web of Callidyrr's black markets. He's no fighter, but his quick wit and sharp mind often see him through sticky situations.

Quirks

- Cassius talks to his wares, claiming they "speak to him" when touched.
- He hums old Ffolk ballads while he works, his voice low and gravelly.
- Often adjusts his cane unnecessarily when nervous, as if seeking stability.

Plot Hooks / Interactions / Role in Story

Cassius runs the **Wondrous Brew**, a general wares shop that serves as a front for his more discreet dealings in magical items. By flashing the symbol of the Midnight Market, adventurers can unlock his hidden stock of rare and enchanted goods. As a trusted yet cautious ally, he may offer tips or assistance to those he deems trustworthy.

Quote

- **Catchphrase:**
 - "What you see isn't always what you get... sometimes, it's something far more interesting."
- **Sample Dialogue:**
 - "Oh, I may just be a humble peddler, but I've been known to carry... special items for those in need. You look like someone in need."
 - "Careful now, don't let the wrong folks see you handling that. Some things are best kept out of sight, you understand?"



Garrus Stoneswill



Garrus Stoneswill

Appearance

Garrus is a tall, lean man with a weathered face that speaks to years spent in smoky taverns and rough company. His sunken eyes are a piercing gray, with dark circles hinting at late nights and an unyielding vigilance. His graying, scruffy hair frames a strong, angular face, and a thin scar runs along his left cheek, a memento from a time he doesn't talk about. Garrus' hands are rough and calloused, a sign of a man who's used to lifting barrels and breaking up brawls with equal ease.

He wears a simple, well-worn tunic and a leather vest, with sleeves often rolled up to reveal forearms marked by faded bruises and small cuts, reminders of his sometimes rowdy patrons. His gaze is sharp, always assessing, and he moves with the quiet confidence of someone who knows he's in control of his surroundings. Garrus doesn't need to raise his voice to command attention; his presence alone is enough to quiet a crowd when things get out of hand.

Personality

Garrus is pragmatic, shrewd, and fiercely independent. He operates The Lower Lantern Tavern with an iron resolve, keeping order among his patrons while remaining a step ahead of the intrigues that weave through Callidyrr's Low Quarter. Though he appears gruff and unyielding, Garrus has a deep sense of loyalty to those he trusts and will go to great lengths to protect them. He is, however, a man of business first, valuing information as much as coin.

Motivations and Fears

Garrus is driven by a need to maintain control over his domain and stay ahead of the dangers that come with his position. He fears losing his network of connections or being betrayed by those he has helped. While he doesn't outwardly show it, he also dreads growing irrelevant in a city where power shifts like the tides.

Backstory & Relationships:

In **The Lower Lantern Tavern**, his domain, he's known for his iron resolve and his keen mind for information, trading rumors and secrets with those willing to pay the price. Garrus might look worn, but his intellect and instincts are as sharp as ever, making him one of the most well-connected individuals in Callidyr's Low Quarter.

Skills and Abilities

- **Information Broker:** Garrus has a vast network of informants and is adept at piecing together rumors and secrets.
- **Conflict Mediator:** Years of running the tavern have made him skilled at de-escalating volatile situations—or ending them with force if needed.
- **Keen Perception:** Little escapes his notice, whether it's a subtle gesture or an overheard whisper.

Quirks

- Garrus has a habit of wiping down the bar meticulously when deep in thought, even if it's already spotless.
- He can always recall a patron's drink preference, no matter how long it's been since they last visited.
- Despite his no-nonsense demeanor, Garrus has a soft spot for stray animals, often feeding them scraps behind the tavern.

Plot Hooks / Interactions / Role in Story

Garrus serves as a key contact in Callidyr's Low Quarter, offering the party information, resources, or a safe haven—if they can afford his price or earn his trust. His deep connections make him a valuable ally, but crossing him could mean losing access to critical information or drawing unwanted attention.

Quote

"Secrets are like ale: some are light, some are dark, and the good ones? They've been aged to perfection. Now, what'll it be?"



Eadric Moor

Eadric Moor

Appearance

Eadric Moor is a weathered man in his late 60s, with a stocky build and the toughened look of someone who has endured years of hardship. His graying beard is short and rough, matching his unkempt salt-and-pepper hair. Deep-set eyes of stormy blue betray a lifetime of struggle, but there's a spark of determination that refuses to fade. His hands are calloused, and his face is lined with the marks of a man who has fought his share of battles, both physical and emotional. He typically wears a stained leather apron over simple, earth-toned clothes, always ready to serve a pint or handle trouble.

Personality

Eadric is gruff and no-nonsense, with little patience for idle chatter or frivolity. However, beneath his tough exterior lies a heart fiercely loyal to the Ffolk and their cause. He is cautious by necessity, often sizing up strangers with a sharp, suspicious gaze before deciding if they're trustworthy. To those he deems allies, he offers quiet support, a safe haven, and the occasional snippet of vital information. His sense of humor is as dry as the ale he serves, but he isn't above a sardonic quip when the mood strikes.

Motivations and Fears

Eadric is deeply devoted to aiding the resistance against Lady Erliza and the Amnian occupation, though he knows the risks are great. His primary motivation is to see Snowdown free of its oppressors so the Ffolk can reclaim their heritage. He fears betrayal, particularly from desperate patrons or spies lurking in the shadows of The Withered Hearth. His greatest fear is that his actions will bring harm to his patrons or reveal his role to the mercenary patrols.

Backstory & Relationships:

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Skills and Abilities

- **Information Broker:** Eadric has an uncanny ability to overhear secrets and piece together critical intelligence from the fragmented stories of his patrons.
- **Resilient Fighter:** Though he claims to have left fighting behind, his well-worn axe, hidden behind the bar, suggests otherwise.

Quirks

He has a habit of cleaning the same mug over and over when deep in thought, even when it's already spotless.

Plot Hooks / Interactions / Role in Story

Eadric is a crucial ally for the party, offering shelter, information, and a base of operations within the dangerous Sprawl. He can direct them to key contacts in the resistance or provide subtle warnings about impending danger. However, his aid comes with a price—he insists on discretion and loyalty, as any misstep could expose his tavern and its patrons to retribution.

Quote

"Keep your head low, your voice softer, and your coin flowing. Trouble's already got a seat in this place; no need to invite more."



Arwen Fairhearth

Arwen Fairhearth

Appearance

Arwen Fairhearth is a striking young woman in her mid-20s, with deep brown skin that glows with a warmth despite the harshness of her surroundings. Golden, sun-shaped markings adorn her cheeks—faintly shimmering symbols of her connection to the Earthmother, Chauntea. Her long, dark hair falls in soft waves, often tied back with simple twine to keep it out of her way while she works. She wears a patched, earth-toned dress and an apron stained from years of treating injuries, her hands always carrying the faint scent of herbs.

Personality

Compassionate and determined, Arwen exudes a quiet strength that inspires those around her. She is soft-spoken but resolute, with a calm demeanor that can soothe even the most distraught patients. Her selflessness is tempered by a deep well of practicality—she knows the limits of her resources and is unafraid to make hard decisions for the greater good. While gentle with her words, she has an iron will when standing up for the downtrodden or defending the dignity of her people.

Motivations and Fears

Arwen's primary motivation is to ease the suffering of the Ffolk in the Sprawl, whose lives have been ravaged by poverty, disease, and mercenary brutality. She dreams of a day when her people can live free of fear and hardship. Her greatest fear is failing those who rely on her, whether due to a lack of supplies or her own limits as a healer. She also worries that her symbolic status as a beacon of hope could make her a target for the Amnian occupiers.

Skills and Abilities

- **Skilled Healer:** Arwen is adept at herbal medicine and minor divine healing, often combining her knowledge of plants with her spiritual connection to Chauntea.
- **Natural Leader:** Despite her youth, her quiet bravery inspires loyalty and hope, and many in the Sprawl see her as a guiding figure.

Quirks

She hums softly when treating patients, an old lullaby her mother used to sing to her as a child.

Plot Hooks / Interactions / Role in Story

Arwen can serve as both a healer for the party and a connection to the struggles of the Ffolk in Snowdown. She may ask the party for help acquiring rare herbs, defending her makeshift clinic, or protecting refugees from mercenary patrols. Alternatively, she might provide key insight into resistance movements or the needs of the Sprawl's inhabitants.

Quote

"Kindness is our greatest weapon. When the world forgets us, we must remember each other."



Sweetstalk Sirocco



Sweetstalk “Big Sugar” Sirocco

Appearance

Sweetstalk Sirocco, or "Big Sugar" as he's affectionately known, is a guardian of the Glade of the Cat Lord and a figure of quiet strength among his fellow sugar cane leshies. Standing around five feet tall, Sirocco's form is a blend of cane and verdant green, with sturdy, jointed limbs that resemble stalks of sugarcane, ending in root-like fingers and toes. His body shifts in hue from pale green at the base to rich caramel at his "skin," and a crown of feathery green blades tops his head like wind-swept grass.

Sirocco's face carries a calm wisdom, with deep, molasses-brown eyes that are both gentle and watchful, always aware of subtle changes in his surroundings. His voice is warm and steady, but when he speaks, listeners can hear the faint rustling of leaves, as though a gentle breeze is always at his side. He often makes metaphors about the resilience of the cane or the changing winds, revealing his deep connection to both the glade and the natural forces he draws power from.

Personality

Sirocco is known for his serene demeanor and calm wisdom, embodying a natural patience that can soothe even the most troubled souls. However, like the winds that sweep the glade, his temper can rise swiftly when his kin or land are threatened, transforming his usually peaceful countenance into a fierce, resolute guardian. Though he prefers peaceful solutions, he is not one to shy away from defending his home if need be, summoning thorned cane stalks to entangle foes or using gusts of glade-summoned wind to keep enemies at bay.

Motivations and Fears

His motivations are rooted in protecting his people and the sacred balance of the glade, and he fears the intrusion of outsiders who might corrupt or harm the natural sanctuary. Sirocco possesses a natural vulnerability to fire and intense heat, and he is particularly wary of anything that could bring these dangers close to his kin or home.

Backstory & Relationships:

Sirocco has been traveling around the Glade of the Cat Lord for as long as anyone can recall. He and his fellow spirits coexist with the feline folk of the glade, protecting each other and guarding the mysteries of the Glade.

Skills and Abilities

A master of plant magic, Sirocco is also skilled in spirit lore, understanding the unseen energies of the glade and the winds that weave through it. His peaceful nature and deep-rooted wisdom make him a cherished figure among his kin, and his unique quirks, like the sound of leaves rustling with his every word, only deepen his aura of mystery and natural grace.

Plot Hooks / Interactions / Role in Story

Sirocco's alliance or enslavement is needed for the party to successfully acquire sugar for the Moonshaen. Befriending the Leshy and respecting their autonomy will grant the party a valuable resource and an ally in the jungle, while attempting to capture them may sour their standing with the glade and its powerful guardian. Either way, encountering the Leshy leaves them with a deeper respect for the mystique and magic of the glade and its protector.

Quote

"The wind whispers, and the cane listens. Do you?"

Sources

[Sugar Cane Leshy – 5th Edition SRD](#)



Züm N. Düm

Züm N. Düm

Appearance

Züm N. Düm is a small, wiry goblin with vibrant green skin that seems to shimmer faintly in certain light. His bright yellow eyes constantly dart around, gleaming with curiosity and mischief. Standing just under 3 feet tall, his wide, toothy grin is almost a permanent feature. His patchwork attire, crafted from scraps of colorful cloth, leather, and even bits of chainmail, is adorned with trinkets and charms. Magical items dangle from his belt, and enchanted baubles are woven into his wild, unruly hair, creating the impression of a living treasure chest.

Personality

Züm N. Düm is energetic and excitable, speaking in a rapid-fire, high-pitched voice that often leaps between Common and Goblin. His words tumble over each other as he eagerly describes his wares or spins fanciful tales of their origins. While he thrives on chaotic energy, there's a shrewd merchant behind the playful facade. He delights in a good barter and loves nothing more than making deals that leave both parties scratching their heads—often in awe of his craftiness.

Motivations and Fears

Züm N. Düm is driven by an insatiable curiosity for rare and magical artifacts. He loves the thrill of discovery and the satisfaction of matching a unique item to its perfect owner. However, he harbors a deep-seated fear of the mysterious fey entity he once dealt with, always wary that it might one day come to collect on their bargain.

Skills and Abilities

- **Master Merchant:** Exceptional at bartering, always knowing the exact value of items in his inventory (and sometimes in yours).
- **Arcane Tinkerer:** Skilled in minor enchantments and can assess the properties of magical items with uncanny accuracy.
- **Unpredictable Inventory:** His wares range from valuable treasures to cursed oddities, keeping buyers on their toes.

Quirks

- Often hums an offbeat tune while rummaging through his stock.
- Sometimes interrupts himself mid-sentence to “talk” to his trinkets, as if they whisper secrets to him.
- Introduces himself with a dramatic flourish and an exaggerated bow every time he meets someone new.
- Has a habit of overexplaining the supposed origins of his items, whether true or wildly fabricated.

Role in the Story

Züm N. Düm serves as a wildcard vendor, offering the party access to unique and rare magical items when they need them most—or when they least expect it. He adds levity to tense moments and mystery to mundane ones, often hinting at deeper lore behind his acquisitions. His inventory can also introduce challenges if the party purchases a cursed or volatile item.

Quote

"Ah, you there! Yes, you with the curious look and heavier coin purse! I see you're in need of... *this!* Oh, don't ask what it does—you'll find out soon enough! Now, how about we make a deal, eh?"

Ring of Spell Storing

Ring, Rare (requires attunement)

This ring stores spells cast into it, holding them until the attuned wearer uses them. The ring can store up to 5 levels worth of spells at a time. When found, it contains 1d6 - 1 levels of stored spells chosen by the GM.

Any creature can cast a spell of 1st through 5th level into the ring by touching the ring as the spell is cast. The spell has no effect, other than to be stored in the ring. If the ring can't hold the spell, the spell is expended without effect. The level of the slot used to cast the spell determines how much space it uses.

While wearing this ring, you can cast any spell stored in it. The spell uses the slot level, spell save DC, spell attack bonus, and spellcasting ability of the original caster, but is otherwise treated as if you cast the spell. The spell cast from the ring is no longer stored in it, freeing up space.

Ring of X-ray Vision

Ring, Rare (requires attunement)

While wearing this ring, you can use an action to speak its command word. When you do so, you can see into and through solid matter for 1 minute. This vision has a radius of 30 feet. To you, solid objects within that radius appear transparent and don't prevent light from passing through them. The vision can penetrate 1 foot of stone, 1 inch of common metal, or up to 3 feet of wood or dirt. Thicker substances block the vision, as does a thin sheet of lead.

Whenever you use the ring again before taking a long rest, you must succeed on a DC 15 Constitution saving throw or gain one level of exhaustion.



Arla

Arla of Arla's Provisions

Appearance

Arla is a stout and cheery human woman in her late 40s with ruddy cheeks and an infectious smile that lights up her rounded face. Her auburn hair is always tied back in a loose bun, a few strands escaping to frame her warm hazel eyes. She dresses in practical clothes: a sturdy brown apron over a faded blue dress, her hands often dusted with flour or dirt from her work. A delicate wooden brooch, carved in the shape of a wheat sheaf, adorns her apron—a token of her family's history as farmers.

Personality

Friendly and accommodating, Arla thrives on connection and community. She is quick to offer a kind word or a hot loaf of bread to those in need. Though good-natured, she has a shrewd eye for business and knows the value of every item in her shop. She speaks with a lilting accent common to O'Malley, her voice carrying a tone of warmth and reassurance. Beneath her affable exterior, she harbors a fierce loyalty to her neighbors and will go to great lengths to protect them from harm or hardship.

Motivations and Fears

Arla is motivated by a desire to keep her shop running as a cornerstone of O'Malley's small but bustling marketplace. She dreams of seeing her children grow up in a safe, prosperous village, free from the threats of raiders or the mysterious dangers lurking in the cornfields. Her greatest fear is losing the sense of community that binds O'Malley together, and she worries deeply about the increasing tensions and strange happenings in the area.

Backstory & Relationships

A lifelong resident of O'Malley, Arla took over the provision store from her parents, who started it decades ago. She is a widow, her husband having died years ago in a raid, and she has two children: her teenage son Dain, who helps around the shop, and her younger daughter Lila, who is often found playing in the cornfields. Arla has a cordial relationship with most villagers and is known to be a trusted confidante. She holds a particular fondness for Kael Wildwood, whom she admires for his efforts to protect the village, though she keeps her distance from Harkon Stonewood, whose suspicious nature unsettles her.

Skills and Abilities

- **Provisioning Expertise:** Knows how to stock and manage goods efficiently, often sourcing rare or hard-to-find items through her network.
- **Baking & Cooking:** Famous for her hearty bread, savory pies, and preserves.
- **Community Organizer:** Excellent at bringing people together and organizing small events or charity drives.

Quirks

- Tends to hum softly while working, often an old folk tune or lullaby.
- Keeps a cat named Whisker in the shop, which she swears has a knack for spotting dishonest customers.
- Has an almost uncanny ability to remember every customer's favorite item or specific need.

Plot Hooks / Interactions / Role in Story

- **Secrets in the Cornfield:** Arla's daughter Lila mentions hearing whispers in the cornfields, adding urgency to the party's investigation.
- **Provision Supplier:** Arla can provide the party with basic supplies, local gossip, or guidance about the area.
- **Community Concerns:** She may ask for help resolving a dispute with Harkon Stonewood or protecting her store during a raid.

Quote

"Oh, you'll not leave my shop without something to fill your belly! A warm pie or a kind word can do wonders in these troubled times."



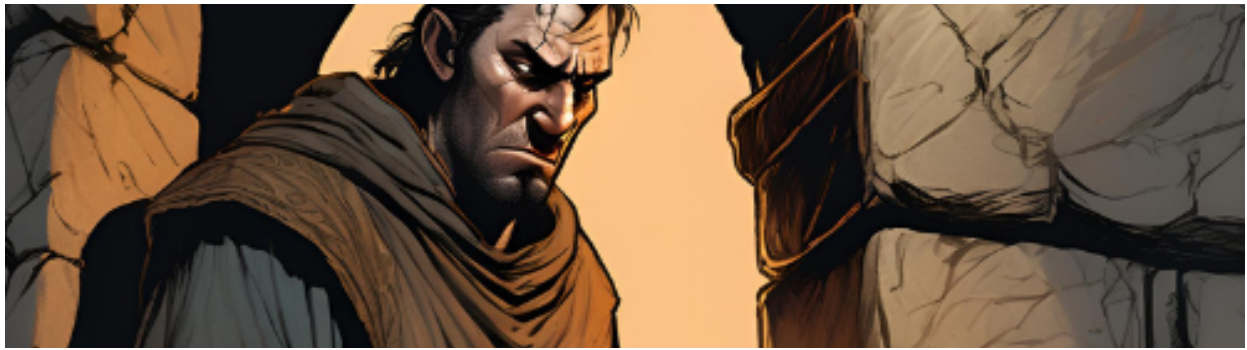
Antagonists



Antagonists



Harkon Stonewood



Harkon Stonewood

Appearance

A tall, strong, and stocky man of about 6'0", Harkon Stonewood bears the weathered look of someone who has spent decades laboring in the fields and forests of O'Malley. His graying brown hair is always tied back in a simple ponytail, and his sharp, dark eyes, often narrowed with suspicion, rarely miss a detail. A jagged scar runs down his left cheek, a souvenir of a hunting accident from his younger years, while his hands are calloused and dirt-streaked, speaking to a life of hard, honest work. Harkon wears practical leather and wool garments, with a thick fur cloak slung over his shoulders. A hunting knife hangs from his belt, and a well-worn bow is always within reach.

Personality

Gruff and distrustful, Harkon has little patience for anything or anyone he deems a threat to his community. His piercing gaze and short, clipped speech make him an intimidating presence. While deeply committed to protecting O'Malley, his methods are often invasive and heavy-handed, earning him both respect and resentment among his neighbors.

Motivations and Fears

Harkon is driven by an unyielding need to protect O'Malley, a duty he has internalized to the point of obsession. His mistrust of Kael stems from a belief that it is his responsibility to uncover the truth about the "monster" he suspects lurks in Kael's barn. Unbeknownst to him, his suspicions are fueled by his own repressed lycanthropy. Harkon fears losing control of himself and what it could mean for the village if the truth about his curse were ever revealed.

Skills and Abilities

Harkon is an experienced farmer and a skilled hunter, capable of tracking prey over difficult terrain. His sharp instincts and physical strength make him a formidable opponent, especially with his hunting bow or knife. Though unaware, his lycanthropic nature enhances his senses and resilience, giving him an edge in combat and survival.

Quirks

- Constantly fiddles with the scar on his cheek when deep in thought.
- Keeps a journal of observations about Kael, filled with half-truths and wild theories.
- Rarely sleeps through the night, patrolling the edges of O'Malley with his bow.

Plot Hooks / Interactions / Role in Story

Harkon serves as the catalyst for the "Secrets in the Cornfield" encounter, his relentless pursuit of Kael threatening to expose secrets that could divide the village—or worse. His complex motivations and hidden lycanthropy make him both an antagonist and a tragic figure, offering potential for conflict, revelation, or even redemption.

Quote

"Monsters don't just come crawling out of the woods. Sometimes they hide in plain sight, smiling and waving like they're one of us. But I see the truth—always have, always will."

HARKON STONEWOOD

Medium Humanoid (human), chaotic evil

Armor Class 11 in humanoid form, 12 (natural armor) in wolf or hybrid form

Hit Points 58 (9d8 + 18)

Speed 30 ft. (40 ft. in wolf form)

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
15 (+2)	13 (+1)	14 (+2)	10 (+0)	11 (+0)	10 (+0)

Skills Perception +4

Damage Immunities bludgeoning, piercing, and slashing from nonmagical attacks not made with silvered weapons

Senses passive Perception 14

Languages Common (can't speak in wolf form)

Challenge 3 (700 XP)

Shapechanger. The werewolf can use its action to polymorph into a wolf-humanoid hybrid or into a wolf, or back into its true form, which is humanoid. Its statistics, other than its AC, are the same in each form. Any equipment it is wearing or carrying isn't transformed. It reverts to its true form if it dies.

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

ACTIONS

Multiattack (Humanoid or Hybrid Form Only). The werewolf makes two attacks: two with its spear (humanoid form) or one with its bite and one with its claws (hybrid form).

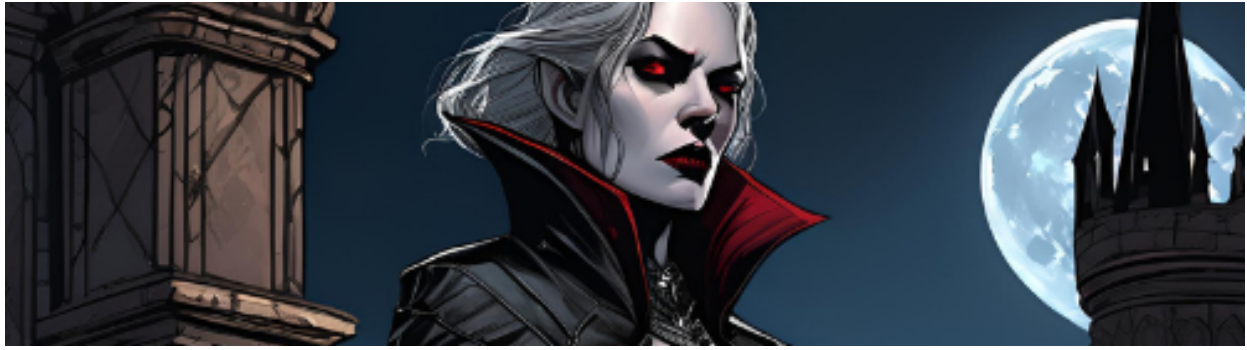
Bite (Wolf or Hybrid Form Only). *Melee Weapon Attack:* +4 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 6 (1d8 + 2) piercing damage. If the target is a humanoid, it must succeed on a DC 12 Constitution saving throw or be cursed with werewolf lycanthropy.

Claws (Hybrid Form Only). *Melee Weapon Attack:* +4 to hit, reach 5 ft., one creature. *Hit:* 7 (2d4 + 2) slashing damage.

Spear (Humanoid Form Only). *Melee or Ranged Weapon Attack:* +4 to hit, reach 5 ft. or range 20/60 ft., one creature. *Hit:* 5 (1d6 + 2) piercing damage, or 6 (1d8 + 2) piercing damage if used with two hands to make a melee attack.



Lady Erliza Daressin



Lady Erliza Daressin

Vampire Viceroy of Caer Westphal

Appearance

Lady Erliza Daressin is a striking figure with alabaster skin, appearing both regal and unnervingly still. Her hair is a deep, lustrous black, perfectly styled to fall in waves down her back, and her eyes are a piercing crimson, gleaming with ancient, dangerous wisdom. Her attire is as dark as her nature, favoring elegant, high-collared gowns of midnight velvet trimmed with silver thread. She wears little jewelry except for a single pendant—a rose-shaped silver emblem that symbolizes her rule over Snowdown. The faintest scent of roses and cold iron lingers around her, adding to her haunting presence.

Personality

Lady Erliza is known for her calm and collected demeanor, hiding a deeply calculating and ruthless nature beneath her graceful exterior. She is intelligent, charming, and manipulative, using both her words and her powers to instill fear and loyalty in equal measure. Despite her cruel methods, she speaks in a soft, almost musical tone, making her threats feel unsettlingly polite. To her, power and order are paramount, and she views her subjects as pieces on a board, to be moved and sacrificed as needed.

Motivations and Fears

- **Motivations:**

Lady Erliza's primary drive is maintaining her dominion over Snowdown and ensuring her power remains unchallenged. She is fiercely devoted to the vampire coven she leads, seeing herself as the only true ruler of the region and dismissing outsiders as nuisances or potential threats. Erliza also harbors a secret fascination with lost arcane relics and lore, believing they could amplify her already considerable power. Her governance, while brutal, aims to reshape Snowdown into a realm that mirrors her vision of dark perfection.

- **Fears:**

Despite her confidence, Erliza has an underlying paranoia about betrayal, especially within her own ranks. She knows that her power is not absolute and fears rebellion or the rise of an equally cunning adversary. The notion of a well-organized resistance frightens her, particularly if led by someone who understands her weaknesses. Above all, she dreads the possibility of being exposed to sunlight or divine magic, both of which could undo her immortality in an instant.

Backstory & Influence:

The people of Snowdown fear and revere her in equal measure. Some whisper that she is seeking an artifact hidden somewhere in the Moonshae Isles that would grant her greater power, while others believe she is merely the pawn of darker forces. Regardless, no one dares to openly defy her, for those who do rarely live to tell of it.

As the Viceroy of Caer Westphal, Lady Erliza rules over Snowdown with an iron grip, serving as an extension of the Vampire Viceroy's will in the Moonshae Isles. Though few know of her full history, it is rumored that she betrayed her own family centuries ago to gain her vampiric power and position. Her rule is maintained through fear, political manipulation, and a network of loyal agents who report directly to her. Lady Erliza's reach extends far beyond the walls of Caer Westphal, with spies and informants scattered across the Isles, enforcing her will.

Skills and Abilities

- As a vampire, Lady Erliza possesses supernatural strength, agility, and the ability to charm and dominate minds, often using these powers to maintain control over her subjects.
- She can summon swarms of bats or even control beasts, such as wolves, to do her bidding.
- Though overt magic use is restricted in Snowdown by commoners, Lady Erliza knows many dark rituals and ancient curses, and she enforces her dominion with an unyielding hand.

Quirks

- Often carries a small, ornate mirror she never looks into but uses to intimidate others, holding it to their faces to "see their true reflections."
- Speaks with a disarmingly calm, melodic tone, no matter the situation, even while delivering death threats.
- Collects rare, enchanted perfumes and oils, though they're purely for aesthetic pleasure. She relishes the irony of indulging in luxuries that mask her undead scent.
- Has a habit of correcting others' grammar or etiquette, even in tense or dangerous moments.

Plot Hooks / Interactions / Role in Story

Lady Erliza serves as a formidable antagonist and a looming shadow over Snowdown. She embodies the oppressive state of the land, her rule being a direct cause of its desolation and pollution. Her presence adds a gothic tone to the campaign, offering the party a mix of high stakes and intrigue.

- She could act as a direct enemy to the party, deploying minions to harry them or confronting them herself if provoked.
- Alternatively, she could serve as a reluctant ally if the party convinces her that aiding them aligns with her goals, though her help will undoubtedly come at a cost.
- Erliza also functions as a source of deep lore about Snowdown and the wider Moonshae Isles, revealing secrets of its history and magic if the party dares to engage her diplomatically.

Quote

"Snowdown is mine, as it always was, as it always will be. You're a passing storm; I am the eternal night."

Lady Erliza Daressin					
Size classification(type), alignment					
Armor Class	15				
Hit Points	50 (10d10 + 10)				
Speed	30 ft				
STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
15 (+2)	15 (+2)	15 (+2)	15 (+2)	15 (+2)	15 (+2)
Saving Throws Con +3, Int +3, Wis +3					
Skills Insight +3					
Senses Passive Perception 11					
Languages Common					
Challenge 3 (700 XP)					

Innate Spellcasting (Psionics). The creature's innate spellcasting ability is Intelligence. It can innately cast the following spells, requiring no components:

At will: mage hand

3/day each: jump, misty step, nondetection (self only), tongues

1/day each: plane shift, telekinesis

Spellcasting. The creature is a 9th level spellcaster (spell save DC 16, +7 to hit with spell attacks). The creature has the following spells prepared:

Cantrips (at will): firebolt

1st level (4 slots): shield

2nd level (3 slots): scorching ray

3rd level (2 slots): haste*

*The creature casts these spells on itself on the first round of combat.

Another Ability. Ability description. This is a test line lorem ipsum est just to get down to this line.

ACTIONS

Multiattack. The creature makes two attacks with its weapon

Greatsword. Melee Weapon Attack: +4 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. Hit: (2d6 + 2) slashing damage plus (1d4) fire damage.

REACTIONS

REACTION NAME. Description of the reaction is here



Aric



Aric, just Aric.

Appearance

A wiry man in his mid-30s, Aric has a face defined by sharp angles and suspicion. His crooked nose—evidence of past scuffles—stands out, along with his quick, darting eyes that seem to catch every detail. His dirty blond hair is tied back in a loose knot, and his attire is a patchwork of worn leathers and dark cloth, practical for blending into shadows when discretion is required.

Personality

Aric is nosy, opportunistic, and thrives on information. His sly grin surfaces whenever he thinks he's outsmarted someone, and his voice tends to carry when sharing juicy rumors. While he's crafty and resourceful, his demeanor often tests the patience of those around him, as he constantly pries into affairs that don't concern him.

Motivations and Fears

Aric is driven by self-preservation and the thrill of staying one step ahead of those who might catch him. He fears true confrontation, preferring to flee or talk his way out of trouble. His curiosity is both his strength and his downfall, as it often lands him in precarious situations.

Skills and Abilities

- Proficient in stealth and sleight of hand, making him adept at pickpocketing and sneaking.
- An excellent liar and manipulator, skilled in reading people and exploiting weaknesses.
- Knows the layout of the Low Quarter like the back of his hand, including hidden paths and escape routes.

Quirks

- Has a habit of nervously tapping his fingers when planning or eavesdropping.

- Never outright admits to theft, often claiming, "It fell into my hands, honest!"
- Carries a small notebook filled with sketches of landmarks and cryptic notes about people he observes.

Plot Hooks / Interactions / Role in Story

Aric serves as a minor antagonist or reluctant ally in the Low Quarter, where his knowledge of secrets and shortcuts could be invaluable to the party—if they can tolerate his meddling and ensure he stays loyal. His network of information may lead to unexpected leads or complications.

Quote

"Hey, if you didn't want it taken, maybe don't leave it where *someone like me* can find it, eh?"



Sergeant Oren



Sergeant Oren

Appearance

Sergeant Oren is a commanding figure who exudes discipline and authority. Standing just over six feet tall, his imposing build is complemented by a rugged, weathered face that reflects years of service and experience. A few small scars across his cheek and brow serve as a testament to his many encounters with danger. His short-cropped hair is a dark brown peppered with gray, and a neatly groomed mustache adds to his stern and authoritative presence.

His piercing blue eyes are his most notable feature, sharp and discerning, constantly scanning his surroundings for signs of trouble. They seem to bore into anyone under scrutiny, leaving little room for deception.

Oren wears the traditional guard uniform of Caer Callidyr: reinforced leather armor with strategically placed metal plates. He has customized his attire subtly to reflect his personal history and values. A family crest—a hawk clutching an olive branch—is sewn onto his shoulder, and a polished silver clasp shaped like a hawk holds his belt. His weapons include a long, well-maintained spear he carries with practiced ease and a short sword sheathed at his side. His boots are worn but sturdy, showing the miles he's walked in service to his city.

Personality

Sergeant Oren is the epitome of a no-nonsense lawkeeper. Stern and principled, he upholds the laws of Caer Callidyr with unwavering dedication, earning both respect and fear from the city's inhabitants. He holds himself and his subordinates to a strict code of conduct, believing that discipline is the cornerstone of a just society.

Despite his gruff exterior, Oren is not without compassion. He respects honesty and diligence, showing fairness to those who follow the rules or demonstrate genuine remorse for past misdeeds. However, his patience for criminals, particularly thieves, is razor-thin, and he is known to deal with them swiftly and without hesitation.

Oren has a strong sense of duty to protect the city and its people, but he also values the traditions and history of the Ffolk, which he sees as a guiding principle in his service.

Motivations and Fears

- **Motivations:**
 - Protecting the citizens of Caer Callidyr and upholding the rule of law.
 - Maintaining the honor and discipline of the guard, ensuring they serve as a model for others.
 - Preserving the legacy of his family, represented by the crest he proudly displays.
- **Fears:**
 - The erosion of order within Caer Callidyr, particularly in the face of growing tensions and dwindling resources due to the war.
 - Failing to protect those under his watch, whether citizens or his own guards.
 - Being forced to compromise his principles in a situation where the law may conflict with what he believes is right.

Skills and Abilities

- **Combat Expertise:** Oren is a skilled fighter, proficient with both spear and sword. His training and years of field experience make him a formidable opponent.
- **Tactical Acumen:** He has a sharp mind for strategy, able to assess situations quickly and deploy his guards effectively.
- **Keen Observer:** Oren's piercing blue eyes are not just for show—he has an uncanny ability to spot lies, hidden weapons, or subtle signs of wrongdoing.
- **Leadership:** He commands respect from his subordinates and has the ability to inspire them to act with honor and determination, even in dire circumstances.

Quirks

- **Polished Weapons:** Oren takes great pride in the upkeep of his weapons and armor, often seen polishing them during quieter moments.
- **Hawk's Glare:** His sharp eyes and intense gaze often make others uncomfortable, as though he can see into their very thoughts.
- **Traditionalist:** He often quotes old Ffolk proverbs or recites passages from local history to motivate or chastise others.

Plot Hooks / Interactions / Role in Story

Sergeant Oren serves as both an enforcer of the law and a potential ally or obstacle for the party, depending on their actions. His stern but fair approach to justice means that he will deal with the party honestly if they act within the law, but he will show no mercy if they disrupt the peace or engage in criminal activity.

Oren is also deeply loyal to High King Derid Kendrick, making him a source of insight into the political climate of Caer Callidyrr. His respect must be earned, but once gained, he can be a steadfast ally who will go to great lengths to aid those he trusts.

Quote

"Order is not merely a word, but the shield that protects us from chaos. Break the law, and you break that shield. I won't let that happen on my watch."



Varnic Wildclaw



Varnic Wildclaw

Appearance

Varnic Wildclaw strikes an unforgettable figure in his lycanthropic form, standing over seven feet tall with an intimidating, muscular build. His fur is dark and bristly, rippling with subtle movements as he shifts his weight or prowls. His sharp, amber eyes gleam with intelligence and an unnerving ability to see through lies and weakness. His jagged teeth are ever-present in his half-snarl, half-smirk, and his claws glint in the moonlight like curved daggers. Despite his imposing stature, his movements are eerily quiet, a hunter who can vanish into shadow in an instant.

Varnic's voice is deep and guttural, each word deliberate and dripping with unspoken threat or wisdom. He wears minimal adornments, save for a woven leather strap around one arm, marked with runes tied to the history and lore of the marshlands he guards.

Personality

Varnic is a figure of contradictions: calm yet feral, approachable yet unyielding. He embodies the duality of his nature as both a protector and a predator. His authority over his pack is absolute, earned through years of proven strength, cunning, and devotion to the marshlands.

While deeply suspicious of outsiders, Varnic is not unreasonable. He respects those who demonstrate clarity of purpose, strength of will, or reverence for the natural world. However, his patience for deception or cowardice is nonexistent. He judges all who trespass on his land swiftly and without hesitation. Despite his intimidating demeanor, his motivations stem from a deep connection to his homeland and the creatures that call it home.

Motivations and Fears

- Motivations:
 - Varnic's primary drive is to protect the marshlands and preserve the delicate balance of life within them. He sees himself as both warden and enforcer of natural law, ensuring the survival of his kin and the safety of his territory.
 - He seeks to maintain peace and order within his pack while asserting dominance over external threats.

- The marshlands are sacred to him, and their desecration, whether by greed, negligence, or ignorance, is an unforgivable crime.
- **Fears:**
 - The encroachment of civilization into the marshlands terrifies him more than he would ever admit. He knows that unchecked expansion could destroy the land he is sworn to protect.
 - His greatest unspoken fear is the loss of control over his pack or his own beastly nature, which could jeopardize everything he has built.

Skills and Abilities

- **Lycanthropic Strength:** Varnic possesses extraordinary physical power and speed, far beyond that of a typical humanoid or wolf. He is both a devastating combatant and a relentless tracker.
- **Keen Senses:** His heightened senses allow him to detect even the faintest movement, scent, or sound. Deception is futile under his watchful gaze.
- **Leadership:** Varnic commands absolute loyalty from his pack, which numbers in the dozens. They obey his orders without question and work together with a precision that reflects his strategic mind.
- **Intimidation:** Few can stand against the raw presence of Varnic Wildclaw. His piercing stare and towering form are enough to send most intruders fleeing.
- **Nature's Ally:** He can summon aid from the marshlands themselves, calling upon its creatures to harry enemies or support his pack in times of need.

Quirks

- **Silent Hunter:** Varnic has an unnerving habit of appearing and disappearing silently, as though the shadows themselves carry him.
- **Mark of the Wild:** The runes on his leather strap glow faintly in the moonlight, an echo of ancient pacts tied to the marshlands.
- **Stoic Protector:** He often speaks in riddles or blunt declarations, rarely indulging in small talk unless it serves a purpose.

Plot Hooks / Interactions / Role in Story

Varnic Wildclaw is the guardian of the Meirig Peatlands, a territorial and fiercely loyal figure whose definition of “trespass” often puts him at odds with the party. While initially an obstacle, he can become a reluctant ally if the party proves their intentions align with his values. His pack serves as both a threat and a potential resource, depending on how the party navigates their interactions.

Whether the encounter escalates into conflict or transforms into an alliance will depend on the party's choices, but Varnic's judgment will be swift and final.

Quote

"The marsh does not forgive intruders. If you do not walk softly, it will swallow you whole—and so will I."



Captain Bertram Gorrick

Captain Bertram Gorrick

Appearance

Captain Bertram Gorrick is a pale and gaunt man whose presence demands attention and instills fear. His alabaster skin is unnervingly smooth, contrasting sharply with his piercing, blood-red eyes that seem to see through any facade. His jet-black hair is always slicked back into a low ponytail, giving him a composed, almost aristocratic appearance. He wears dark leather armor adorned with silver accents, and a crimson cloak that flows like blood in the wind. His fanged grin is both charming and predatory, a constant reminder of his vampiric nature.

Personality

Gorrick is calculating, ruthless, and unyieldingly loyal to Lady Erliza Daressin. He delights in his role as the enforcer of her rule, taking pleasure in the fear he commands. Though outwardly calm and composed, he possesses a cruel streak that surfaces in moments of conflict or punishment. To his soldiers, he is an effective but brutal leader, respected out of fear more than loyalty. To the Folk of Caer Westphal, he is a symbol of oppression and despair.

Motivations and Fears

Gorrick is driven by his desire to maintain power and prove his worth to Lady Erliza. He views himself as her right hand, enforcing her vision of a tightly controlled Snowdown. While he appears fearless, he harbors a deep, secret fear of failure and the wrath of his mistress, as well as a disdain for his reliance on blood to sustain his strength.

Skills and Abilities

- **Tactical Genius:** Gorrick is a master strategist, able to predict enemy movements and exploit weaknesses.
- **Vampiric Strength and Speed:** His undead nature grants him superhuman physical abilities, making him a terrifying opponent in battle.
- **Intimidating Presence:** Few dare to stand against Gorrick, as his aura alone can cow even the bravest souls.

Quirks

- He carries an ornate, silver-handled whip at his side, which he uses to punish insubordination or instill fear.
- Gorrick's voice is unnaturally smooth and melodic, capable of lulling enemies into a false sense of calm before he strikes.

- His left glove is stained with blood, a habit born from wiping his mouth after feeding.

Plot Hooks / Interactions / Role in Story

Gorrick serves as a central antagonist, embodying the cruelty of the Amnian occupation. He may lead patrols hunting resistance members, oversee brutal public punishments, or serve as a boss enemy in a climactic encounter. His strategic mind makes him a challenging foe, but his arrogance and thirst for power could be exploited to outmaneuver him.

Quote

"The law is clear: you obey, or you suffer. I have little patience for heroes, but plenty of room in my dungeons."



The Lich Guardian

The Lich Guardian

Appearance

A skeletal figure cloaked in tattered, salt-stained robes, faintly glowing with a ghostly green light. Its eyes burn with a cold, azure fire, and its bony hands are adorned with rings of arcane power.

Personality

Calculating, malevolent, and fiercely protective of its domain. The Lich Guardian exudes authority and disdain for the living, viewing intruders as little more than pests.

Motivations and Fears

Obsessed with preserving the essence of Canthraxis and ensuring no one disturbs the dragon's legacy. Though it fears destruction, it also clings to its identity as Furlong Iardi, buried deep within layers of undead corruption.

Backstory & Relationships

Once Furlong Iardi, a legendary pirate captain, the lich's soul was bound to Canthraxis' Tears by dark magic. Its fall into undeath was a desperate act to guard its crew's greatest treasure—the essence of Canthraxis.

Skills and Abilities

- Mastery of necromancy, capable of summoning undead minions.
- Arcane warding spells that shield the lair.
- Draconic-themed attacks, such as necrotic breath or claws.

Quirks

- Often mutters old pirate songs in a hollow, rasping voice.
- Occasionally addresses the party as if they were members of its long-dead crew.
- Keeps a rusted cutlass at its side as a relic of its past life.

Plot Hooks / Interactions / Role in Story

- The lich serves as the final guardian in Canthraxis' Lair, presenting a moral and tactical challenge to the party.
- Hidden journals or fragments of its pirate past may reveal its true identity as Furlong Iardi and its tragic fall.
- Offers cryptic warnings about unleashing the essence of Canthraxis.

Quote

"You dare trespass upon the legacy of Canthraxis? Fools. Your lives will join the tide of the lost!"

Game Notes

Name	AC	HP	Speed	INT Bonus
Nannie: Jimmifer - "Jimmy" - Wild Heart (Totem) Barbarian	12	86	40w	+1 adv on dex saves
Dennis: Boneaparte - Half Orc Psifighter	17	94	30w	+9
Sarah: Cricket - Bird Ranger/Monk	19	73	25w 50f	+5
Turner: Gavriel Bronya - Human Fighter	15	85	30w	+6
Ben: Stefan - Halfling Monk	19	51	45w	+5

Boneaparte - given +1 sword (scratched iron)

Gavriel - 1 spear (equal quality)

Audio -

<https://open.spotify.com/playlist/2Y73njm5d4enXmGuuZokdl>

Display -

 A01 - Cael Callidyrr - Low Quarter Market.png

 A01 - Cael Callidyrr - Low Quarter Lower Lantern Tavern Interior.png

Welcome to the beautiful city of Callidyrr! We are happy for your visit!



Here's a visitor's map of the city, and we will announce upcoming events!

Hail King Kendrick!

 Caer Callidyrr.png