

The Secret of Oki Island



Made for 5e

A solo adventure of swashbuckling exploration, open seas, and hidden treasure, set in a world as whimsical as it is deadly.



OBVIOUS
MIMIC

The Secret of Oki Island



*For Cutler, Dan, Hodge, Lydia & Wes
The best fellow crew members a goblin could ask for*

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OBVIOUS MIMIC SOLO ADVENTURE RULES

Dear Player,

Thank you for setting sail with us on our third solo adventure. We're excited to take to the high seas in *The Secret of Oki Island*.

This solo adventure is designed to play as your own *Dungeons & Dragons: 5th Edition* character. It is an interactive story where you, as the player, make the choices that decide how the story unfolds. Overcome real challenges with real consequences to your character and others.

This solo adventure was successfully crowdfunded on Kickstarter in 2024 by more than 2000 backers from all corners of the world. We are deeply grateful to the Kickstarter community for backing our project and funding its development.

H.L. Truslove is the author of this original solo adventure. H.L. has been nagging their friends into playing RPGs with them for over ten years. They have a passion for writing with a BA and MA in English & Writing from the University of Winchester to prove it. Their first gamebook, *Wasteland*, came out in early 2024.

Kai Wloka is the producer and editor for *The Secret of Oki Island*. He is a co-founder of Obvious Mimic and has brought his love of all things gaming to guide the story, build a fun experience, and get it out the door.

Daniel Howard is also producer and editor of this solo adventure. As the other co-founder of Obvious Mimic, he put decades of writing and DMing experience to work to help put the finishing touches on *The Secret of Oki Island*.

Thank you very much for joining us on this amazing voyage!



INTRODUCTION

The solo adventure you are about to enjoy is an interactive narrative where you get to be the hero of the story. Through your character's abilities and your choices as the player, you can make progress through the various challenges set before you.

This version is based on the rules of *Dungeons & Dragons: 5th Edition* (either the 2014 or 2024 ruleset). If you're already familiar with the basic mechanics of this game system, most of the rules here in the following sections will be a review (though you may want to check out the **What's Different?** section before moving on).

If you're not familiar with the rules of *Dungeons & Dragons: 5th Edition*, then we suggest you review

them here: dndbeyond.com/sources/basic-rules

THE GOAL

Though the exact goal of each Obvious Mimic solo adventure will vary based on the story, your goal as the player will always be to reach the end of the adventure in one piece.

We understand that digital piracy is a reality of the time and inevitable. Therefore, we are releasing this solo adventure without DRM knowing full well it's going to travel.

We just want to remind all players that we do this for a living and this adventure and others like it supports a whole team of writers, artists, editors, and more. So if you truly can't afford it, then we genuinely hope that you enjoy the experience.

But if you can, we'd appreciate your support on our website (obviousmimic.com) or via our Patreon page (patreon.com/obviousmimic). Thank you and enjoy!

Know that there will be obstacles and hazards in your path that will challenge (or even kill) your character.

You will have to use your character's abilities - and your own wits - to overcome them and reach the story's end.

WHAT YOU'LL NEED

To play this solo adventure, you'll need the following:

- A Tier 1 5e character (of level 1 to 4)
- A set of dice
- This book

OPTIONAL ENCOUNTER MATERIALS

This solo adventure is designed to work on its own, but we understand advanced players may want to run encounters more like a traditional tabletop experience. So we also provide self-DM materials as an optional PDF. **Again, this is not necessary to enjoy the solo adventure but it is an option for players to also enjoy.**

You can get the self-DM content for free here: obviousmimic.com/pages/self-dm-packs

This solo adventure will work with the pencil-and-paper version and physical dice if that's how you roll (pun intended). Or you could use a digital solution like **D&D Beyond** where you can create your character, roll your dice, and look up rules all on your device (phone, tablet, or computer).

ABOUT YOU

You are the hero of this solo adventure. But who are you? We honestly don't know.

That's because Obvious Mimic solo adventures are written for you to play whatever character you want. There are no restrictions. That means you could play a new character just getting started, or you could use this adventure as a DM-approved downtime activity between sessions.

The story has been crafted in such a way that any character can succeed. Of course, some adventures will be easier or harder based on your character, but your choices as the player will help guide your character through their challenges.

The only real restriction we include is that our stories lean towards heroism. We don't even run evil campaigns at our real-world tables. Your choices within the story will generally be of good and neutral alignments.

The Secret of Oki Island has been written for Tier 1 (levels 1 to 4) characters to play. This means that certain parts will be challenging for a level 1 character but most will be very easy for a level 4 character.

HOW TO PLAY

As you read, you will have to follow the prompts to progress through the story toward your goal. The adventure is broken down into numbered sections that have been randomized within chapters. On your journey, you'll face choices like this:

You can take either the corridor on the left ([go to 175](#)) or the corridor on the right ([go to 19](#)).

To move forward, you would either flip to the section you've chosen (your only option if you're reading the physical book) or click on the [go to #](#) link to jump straight to that section (available in the digital versions).

ROLLING DICE IN THE TEXT

Many sections don't give you the choice but instead require you to roll some kind of check (usually a skill check). It might look something like this:

Roll a Strength (Athletics) check. If you get 10 or more, [go to 192](#). If you get under 10, [go to 33](#).

In this case, your choice is based on the results of a skill check. So in the example above, you would roll a 20-sided die (d20) and then add your Athletics skill bonus as it appears on your character sheet. If the result is 10 or more, you pass and go to section 192 to find out the results of your success. If you roll less than 10, you fail and go to section 33 to find out the results of the failure.

Other situations may call on you to roll dice for random effects like saving throws against negative effects, being damaged by your environment, or randomizing certain events in the story. These will be prompted as needed.

ADVANTAGE AND DISADVANTAGE

Some effects apply Advantage or Disadvantage to your d20 dice rolls. In both, you roll the d20 two times. When you have Advantage, you choose the better result of the two. Conversely, Disadvantage forces you to choose the worse result of the two.

COMBAT ENCOUNTERS

Like any good adventure, you can expect to engage in combat with monsters and villains.

BUTTERCUP

Medium Beast, Neutral

Armor Class 12

Hit Points 5

Speed 40 ft.

Initiative +2

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
13 (+1)	14 (+2)	12 (+1)	4 (-3)	12 (+1)	7 (-2)

ACTIONS

Bite. *Melee Attack:* +3 to hit. *Hit:* 4 (1d6 + 1) piercing damage. If you are hit, roll a DC 11 Strength saving throw or be knocked prone.



When you start a combat encounter you follow these steps:

- Read the block because some creatures will take special actions before attacking.
- Roll Initiative for you and your opponent (d20 plus Initiative modifier) to determine turn order. Higher goes first.
- Choose an action: attack or use an ability (class ability, spell, etc.).
- If you're attacking, roll attack rolls (d20 plus Attack Modifier) against AC. If the attack roll is equal to or higher than the defender's AC, then the attacker hits.
- Roll damage rolled on the dice given by the attack plus any damage modifiers. A creature's attack damage is equal to their Hit. If a creature has a Hit: 4 (1d6 + 1), that means it deals 4 damage to the player character whenever their attack successfully hits. Alternatively, you may want to roll one d6 and add 1 for their attack instead of the usual 4, as seen in the example inside the brackets. That way, enemy attacks may be slightly different each turn.
- Repeat until either you or your opponent are reduced to 0 hp and then go to the given section.

WHAT'S DIFFERENT?

There are a number of things that are going to be a little different. This game is meant to capture the fun of a tabletop roleplaying game (TTRPG), but it is still its own medium. Here are a few things that work differently.

MOVEMENT

If you're working with some of our self-DM resources like maps, etc. then you can run combat encounters and explore environments like a traditional tabletop game.

However, the game has been designed in such a way that movement is assumed throughout both the story and combat to simplify the game experience.

INSPIRATION

Because there's no DM to give personalized rewards for your actions, this adventure hands out Inspiration

when you're on the right track. (In *Dungeons & Dragons: 5th Edition*, Inspiration is a single-use point that allows you to apply advantage to one d20 roll.)

Optional Rule: Since you are playing alone without the benefit of a party to support you, you can help offset the challenge by saving multiple Inspiration.

TAKING ACTIONS OUTSIDE THE STORY

This solo adventure is a static work and it cannot truly replace the imaginative creativity of a group session run by a Game Master. So how do you resolve actions "off the page?"

Some examples - like buffs or debuffs and healing - are easy to resolve. Apply the bonus or the effect to events in the story. For example, you could cast the cantrip *guidance* before a skill check to increase your chance of passing that check. Or drink a healing potion whenever it makes sense to recover hit points.

But what about open-ended spells like illusions or enchantments? How do these resolve in the story?

And the answer is that it's up to you. Based on the open-ended effect you've applied, you can determine for yourself how it affects the story and your options.

So here are a few examples of what this could mean:

- Applying the charmed effect might let you automatically pass all skill checks when interacting with another character.
- Casting a distracting illusion on an opponent might mean they take no action for one turn.
- A special movement action in combat - like flying or teleporting - gives you an extra turn.
- Long-term effects (e.g. *barkskin* lasting 1 hour) last as long as you think is reasonable given the events of the story.

Note that **short rests, long rests, and gaining levels or XP** are part of the story and not "off the page" actions.

For more ideas or guidance, you can join **Obvious Mimic's Discord server** [here](#).

AFTER THE ADVENTURE

Over the course of this adventure, your character will receive various rewards in terms of treasure, items, and experience. These rewards are designed in such a way that you can then take them on to another solo adventure or even join a tabletop session if your DM allows.

Your character's adventure doesn't have to end here, but instead treat this solo adventure as just one part of your epic journey.

Whichever direction you take when you're done, your character can keep whatever levels and treasure you've found along the way.

FOR THE DUNGEON MASTERS

We have created an info pack for DMs who haven't read *The Secret of Oki Island* to integrate its results into their campaign. You can find all this content here: obviousmimic.com/pages/solo-adventure-references-for-dms

This includes a summary of the events of the story, the rewards a player character might have received, and some ideas on how to use this story as part of your campaign with adventure hooks, lore, and recurring NPCs. *The DM reference guide carries strong spoiler warnings.*

For more on the rules, including updates to the rules, an FAQ, and a community to ask questions you can visit obviousmimic.com/pages/solo-adventure-rules or join our **Discord server** [here](#).

CHAPTER 1: THE GOOD SHIP SUNDANCER

People are crammed into the streets of Port Plenty like fat sardines. Thieves are slipping in and out the alleys like sharks, preying on the bloated merchants bobbing through the crowds like agitated pufferfish.

The city has become rich in recent years and it's as if the city planners didn't realize how quickly the population would grow—or how quickly the people themselves would grow. Many of the alleyways have gotten too narrow for the better-fed pedestrians.

Rather than spreading outwards—which would have been practical considering the puffy population—architects instead decided to build *up*, packing stories on top of stories to create the decadent structures that surround you. Walkways get thinner and more rickety the higher they are, with the city's greengrocers being located far above the slow-moving crowds below. The street-level commerce is dominated by eateries and restaurants serving everything the sea provides, battered and fried.

To match its busy architecture, Port Plenty is a lively place. Your time here has been short but you've already been swept along with its energy: bustled as you made your way through the alley markets, full of boisterous shopkeepers hawking their wares, all the while overwhelmed with the scents of fresh salt and old fish and the harbor muck churned up by ships coming and going. Now you're squeezing your way into one of the most tightly packed docks that you've ever seen.



Busy crewmembers walk down gangplanks, arms bulging with muscles and baskets of shellfish and crates of goods. Some of the fish they carry have grown to such an enormous size that they require a barrage of men to bring them onshore. As you're jostled left and right by busy sailors with no time for bystanders, you catch a glimpse of bright red fabric between bodies and head toward it without delay.

The crowd clears and you spy a figure that can only be Captain Solaris. He wore that you'd know him by his coat, a rich brown with gold epaulets. As it turns out, he's also rail-thin with a prodigious mustache that he twitches in the direction of each Port Plenty citizen who waddles past.

The captain has made himself busy at a crate set up as a makeshift desk. Hydrographic charts are neatly arrayed in front of him and, as you close the distance, you pick up the scent of old paper. His golden sextant is catching the early morning sun as he absently polishes it with a white linen handkerchief.

He does not hear you as you approach, so you have to call out his name to make yourself known. The captain glances up and his facial hair breaks into an easy smile as he sees you.

"How can I assist you on this fine day?" he says brightly (**go to 25**).

2

The *Sundancer* below deck is dark with standing pools of salt water visible every few steps. The door to Sapphira's cabin is obvious by its fresh paint and signs of recent repairs. It is also the only door that you can see.

She stops at the door and waits. After a few seconds, she starts tapping the hard leather sole of her shoe on the floor. A moment longer, and she loudly clears her throat and nods at the door.

If you open it for her, **go to 17**. If you do not, **go to 38**.

3

As the lady's valet accompanies her belongings to her quarters, the captain approaches you and your charge. Captain Solaris and Lady Sapphira nod to one another and engage in some elaborate dance of status and pomp.

He bows low enough that the bristles of his mustache stir up a little puff of dust on the deck. She snaps a fan and raises her nose so high she's three inches taller. It reminds you of some misguided exotic bird species.

"Madam, if I may," the captain says, "I would like to take you on a tour of our fine vessel and all the wonderful amenities it has to offer."

"That would be... adequate," Sapphira replies. Then she turns to you. "Come along. You will attend me."

"You will not require security, of course, my lady," the captain says. Then he turns to you. "However, it would behoove you to also know the ship. So come along, indeed."

The captain steps lightly into the lead of your little trio, stepping gracefully out of the way of crewmembers and rigging.

"Our first addition to the ship is our health and wellness area," he says. "To the far north I believe they call this a 'spa'. Its restorative powers will no doubt be of interest to you, my lady."

The captain pushes through the last thronging sailors to present with a flourish... a tub.

Looking like just a large barrel of watertight slats, the basin is currently half full. Crewmembers are dropping buckets over the side and slopping seawater into the tub. One stops to dip a finger into the blue-green water and taste it with a nod of approval.

"You see, the water warms in the sun all day," the captain explains, "providing us well into the evening in which to relax away the stresses of the day. The water pump is currently broken but I can tell you, I have bathed in this water myself just this morning and it is delightful."

Solaris turns to you both, beaming with pride. Sapphira, on the other hand, looks ashen with horror.

"And we are to... bathe? In that?" She seems faint.

"Indeed," the captain says, standing up straighter. "And that is just the beginning! This way."

You can try to fix the pump (**go to 39**). Otherwise, you could leave the water alone and follow the "tour" (**go to 50**).

4

You continue to make idle chit-chat with the captain and Sapphira. As you talk, the goblin Randy appears at the table again. He has a whitish cloth draped over his arm and he goes about offering to collect plates, starting with the Lady Sapphira.

Whether it's the new heave and ho of the ocean or the food itself, the aristocrat has barely touched her meal. You see Randy rub his hands with glee before taking the plate away.

"Randy!" the captain barks. The deckhand jumps and turns, his face smeared with rice and fish grease. "Won't you clear all the plates?"

"Of course, captain," he says. He wipes his face with a sleeve that leaves it dirtier rather than cleaner. "On my way."

He chews loudly, cheeks bulging and grains of rice falling on the floor around his feet. "So captain, I've been wondering..."

"Time for wondering means not enough work to do," the captain says.

"Idle hands, active mind, sir," Randy jabs back. "Or maybe the opposite. So what about Brigand's Bay? What do we do about the pirates?"

"Pirates?" Sapphira's head shoots up and she leans forward. "What's this about pirates?"

"Nothing to worry about, my lady," the captain says sweetly, but he is glaring at Randy. "Don't you have something better to do? Besides frightening our guests?"

"Indeed I do, sir!" He sweeps a low bow to Sapphira, nods at the captain, and winks at you.

You see Randy leaving with Sapphira's half-full plate. The rest of the empty ones are still on the head table. On his way out, he accidentally drops a fork but with a precise jab of his foot, flips the utensil back onto the plate he's emptying as he leaves.

"Pay him no mind, madam," the captain says to his passenger. "The so-called citizens of Brigand's Bay don't attack ships willy-nilly. They only aim for merchant vessels, which we are not. We will be perfectly fine."

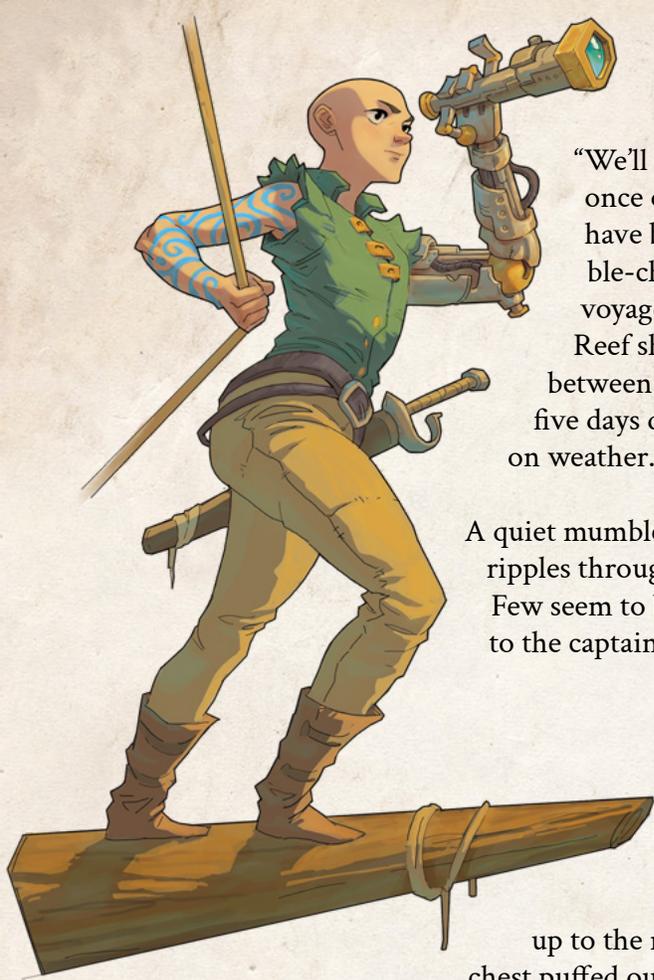
Roll an Intelligence (History) check. If you get 12 or more, **go to 31**. If you get less than 12, **go to 20**.

Or roll a Wisdom (Insight) check. If you get 15 or more, **go to 27**. If you get less than 15, **go to 49**.

5

With a huff, Sapphira takes her cradled egg back to her cabin, while the crew finishes stowing, battening, and other ship-related activities. It's only a few more minutes before the pace begins to slow in a sure sign that most tasks are complete.

Solaris must sense his crew is no longer working at peak efficiency, so he turns to those milling around and claps. Magic sparks at his fingers and a spell enhances his voice to echo all around the deck. A couple of people not working fall silent and draw near him expectantly.



"We'll cast off once our supplies have been double-checked. Our voyage to Razor Reef should take between three and five days depending on weather."

A quiet mumbled "aye" ripples through the crew. Few seem to be listening to the captain.

"Raine!" he shouts up to the rigging, chest puffed out against his splendid uniform. "Release the sails. The rest of you, get ready to weigh anchor—we set out as soon as the supplies are secured!"

You follow his eyeline up to one of the masts, and spot Raine looking down. Though they might be looking at the captain, you feel the weight of their solemn gaze.

Catching the fact you're looking at them even from this distance, they throw you a final glance before getting back to work. You can see the mechanical arm ratchet into place around a rope as Raine splits into multiple versions of themselves.

At last, you're setting out (**go to 40**)!

6

You ask what Ribcage did to deserve his isolation.

"He got cheated by a crewmate," the captain says. "Chess hustling, if I recall."

Sapphira's eyes go wide and she slowly turns to look at Solaris.

"Oh, not to worry," the captain reassures her. "The crewmate is much better now. He should be walking by the end of the week. Our ship doctor is quite impressive. He was top of his class in veterinary school."

You glance at Ribcage where he stares at your group from his cell. He has not moved, and you suspect he won't until he's good and ready (**go to 10**).

7

"Ah, a peculiar name, isn't it? The place has been somewhat difficult to get to due to the sharp corals that surround it so close to the waterline. Ships try to sail to shore and end up breaking their hulls open on the reefs instead. I've heard the new settlers are working on chipping some of it away so people have an easier time docking. The machines they use to carve a way through are a sight to behold, apparently— as you will see when we get there!"

"That sounds exceedingly dangerous," Sapphira says as she picks listlessly at her food.

"We'll be fine," Solaris says. "There's not been a shipwreck there for months. Turns out they've found a rich vein of gold running through a mountain not too far away. Having a port there means they'll be able to ship it out for use more easily, because gods know the island itself is tiny. It has the potential to be a thriving community though, from what I've heard. Maybe even as lively as Port Plenty one day."

"My great-aunt's second cousin's ex-husband owns a holiday home there," Sapphira says. "It's supposed to be lovely and rustic. Only six bedrooms," she adds, with a grimace.

At this point, Randy sidles closer with his wine. He tops up Sapphira's glass with a wink, which causes her to shudder with undisguised horror.

To continue the conversation, **go to 23**.

8

You hang back at the captain's side, joining him in watching the crew. They work together as a well-oiled machine. All, that is, except for one especially squeaky wheel: anytime a crewmember passes the goblin deckhand scrubbing the boards, he interrupts their work.

Sometimes it's with a question or a quip, then a joke and a josh. Eventually he tries to get his crewmates to join him in a bawdy sea shanty whose lyrics make the captain blush.

"That deck won't scrub itself, seaman!" Solaris barks, mustache bristling up around his red cheeks. Several crewmembers jump, and the sudden break of decorum even startles you.

The only one who seems unperturbed is the goblin, who lifts a couple fingers in a lazy salute before returning to his task. The captain mumbles an apology to you and turns away from the cheeky crewmember.

The goblin looks up to see you watching and fires you a wink and a grin speckled with glittering gold teeth ([go to 15](#)).

9

As you approach, another figure makes a beeline for the pair. Looking to see who else might be interrupting, you see that it's *also* Raine. Only this one doesn't have the mechanical prosthetic.

The twin strides quickly toward the one talking to the captain and the two bodies shimmer as they merge: Raine blinks and turns to look at you with sudden realization. In the process, the young sailor sees the rest of the gathered crew watching the argument ([go to 55](#)).

10

"And that concludes the tour," the captain says. "Please follow me above deck."

"Wait, that's it?" Sapphira says as she snaps out of her trance, but the captain strides away. She casts a nervous glance at you and you both follow.

"Captain," Sapphira says, her imperious tone sounding a bit shaky, "aren't you going to show me to *my* quarters?"

"Of course, madam," Solaris says with the first half of an exasperated sigh. He beckons you to join him and leans in close to speak under his voice to you. "The Lady Sapphira is your charge. Please escort her to her cabin down those stairs."

You open the door at the top of the stairs leading into the dank darkness below and turn to see that Sapphira's nose is turned up in disgust. She looks at you as if it's your fault and holds out her hand to you.

Shake her hand and introduce yourself ([go to 44](#)), kiss the back of her hand elegantly ([go to 22](#)), or help her down the stairs ([go to 35](#)).

11

With a patter of feet so light there's barely a sound, the startled crewmember reaches the door in a heartbeat. Of course, there's nowhere to hide on a ship for long.

But given the alternative is speaking to Sapphira again, you chase the small figure back onto the deck ([go to 21](#)).

12

The goblin deckhand points and asks, “This what you’re looking for maybe?”

All eyes turn toward him as he reaches behind a water barrel and pulls out the pale blue egg. He caresses it for a moment before seeming to realize where he is. He purses his lips and looks around. All eyes are on him.

He hands the priceless egg back to Sapphira with a sigh. She snatches it from him (**go to 5**).

13

“I’m afraid not,” the captain says as he pulls a sour face. “You see, I simply cannot have you splashing your wealth around this crew. They’re new, truth be told.”

He looks in either direction before leaning closer to you. “They’re still on probation. If they heard that you were getting full pay up front, I’d have a mutiny on my hands. Or at the very least some sternly worded letters. No, I can’t have that.”

Add 50 gp to your inventory.



“Now, if you don’t mind, let us board,” the captain says (**go to 19**).

14

You grab hold of the interloper, but the flesh in your hand seems insubstantial. Somehow, the terrified crewmember slips from your grasp and sprints lightly down the passage for the door leading on deck.

You look at your hand, but you see nothing amiss before you follow at a sprint (**go to 21**).

15

“Solaris! You were meant to arrive this morning. I was beginning to think that your little boat had been swallowed by the sea,” a voice snaps, a voice like nails on a chalkboard.

All eyes turn toward the source of the grating sound. A woman in thick skirts and a ludicrously wide sun hat rearranges her fur collar. She narrows her icy blue eyes at the captain before staring up at the *Sundancer*.



"Is this *it*? The way that you spoke in your letters I was expecting a galleon, not something like this tawdry little tub. I can't believe I have to be seen traveling in this pathetic excuse for a ship..."

"Ah, Lady Sapphira," Captain Solaris beams. "So good of you to sail with us today. Please come aboard."

"You heard the man," the lady snaps. "Bring my things aboard."

The gangplank teems as the crew begins to move her very many large suitcases and chests onto the *Sundancer*. You watch this laborious process from afar, rather glad that you're just in charge of her security when she begins to shout at them to be careful with her things.

The things that are being moved do not seem particularly interesting: valises that appear to be full of clothes, leather trunks, assorted personal items, and at least four pieces of furniture. However, one thing does catch your eye.

A small but sturdy chest is trimmed in solid gold. It can't be more than two feet wide and half as deep, but there is no mistaking the material that it's made from. The valet carrying it clutches it tightly to his chest as he heads to the lower decks, heaving from the effort of lugging the thing.

"Wait!" Sapphira calls to the valet, scurrying up to him. "Let me check on my darling, hmm? Open the chest up for me. Quick now."

The surprisingly strapping old man stifles a groan as he wrestles with the locks, but is eventually able to open the lid for Sapphira to glimpse inside.



It's an egg.

Well, not *just* an egg. Sitting in the chest, nestled on a bed of velvet to keep it safe and padded, is a *jeweled* egg. And not just encrusted with them like any old jeweled egg, but actually made of a single huge

stone. It looks even more brilliant than the chest itself, if possible, and is about seven inches long—any gem that large must be worth a small fortune. As if aware it is being looked at, the thing suddenly begins to shake violently, possibly trying to escape its bindings. Sapphira leaps back in surprise and giggles.

"Silly thing, you need to calm down! Mummy's right here to keep you safe from all the grotty sailors," she titters, cooing as if the pale blue egg is a child.

"All right, Francis," she says, returning to her apparently normal acerbic tone. "Get my baby to my cabin. And be quick about it, old man!" She comes to stand near you on the deck, keeping a watchful eye on the sailors still bringing her many belongings on board ([go to 3](#)).

16

You, Sapphira, and Francis are the last to arrive for dinner. The crew is sitting at the long tables waiting to eat. Patiently, it seems, because of the repulsive slop they see in their bowls. It's a glistening black mess with unidentifiable chunks of other foodstuffs of seemingly random shape and size.

"Squid stew again," you hear one sailor mumble to another. "One more night of this and I'll have enough ink in me to write with my—"

"Ah, you're here!" the captain cries out from the head table. He beckons you and makes a show of pulling out a chair for Lady Sapphira. "Please, please. Come and eat."

You sit as invited at the head table which is draped with a slightly moth-eaten tablecloth and has several storm lanterns set out as candlesticks. Your meal is considerably different from the regular crew. Yours is a lovely piece of pan-fried fish, a steamed vegetable medley, and little packets of rice tied in neat ribbons of dried seaweed. It is also still sitting on top of its takeaway wrapper labeled Port Plenty Fine foods in addition to the chipped porcelain plate underneath.

17

"We do not dine privately?" Sapphira asks. She does not quite hide how aghast she is at this.

"Indeed not," the captain says. "We feel it adds to the ambiance to dine with the crew. And we have no private dining room."

"What about your private quarters?" Sapphira says, eyeing the food dubiously.

"Far too small for entertaining," the captain explains. "Too small even to fully lie down, I'm afraid. My posture has suffered dreadfully."

He stands with such ramrod straightness that a mop handle seems crooked by comparison, but any chance to respond is interrupted by the goblin deckhand with a bottle of what looks like wine (but smells more like vinegar).

"Hello, hello," he says as he sets about filling the grimy stemmed glasses in front of each diner. "Tonight's vintage comes from a very good week. Would anyone like to smell the bottle cap?"

"That's quite all right, Randy," the captain says as the goblin pours the liquid mostly into the glasses. When he leaves, the captain turns to you and Sapphira. "So, do you have any questions for me as your humble host about our destination, Razor Reef?"

Ask about Razor Reef ([go to 7](#)) or ask about something else ([go to 23](#)).

You reach out and open the door for the lady, and she huffs.

"Finally," she says. As the door swings open, her aged valet is standing there. His neat white mustache sags nearly as low as the skin under his eyes. "Ah, there you are, Francis. Tip the porter."

She nods at him and snaps in your direction. Francis steps forward and presses something into your hand.

Add 1 sp to your inventory.

"Buy beer or candy or whatever it is you spend money on," she says to you over her shoulder ([go to 48](#)).

18

You greet Ribcage but stop short of offering your hand to shake.

He just stares at you in response.

"He's not much of a talker," the captain says, "but as fine a sailor as I have ever met. Handy in a fight, too. Just benefits from a little quiet time here and there."

Ribcage's blank stare continues ([go to 10](#)).

19

“Right,” says the captain with an air of finality, gathering up the nautical maps he was looking over before you found him. “Ready to see the ship which will be your home for the next couple of weeks?”

You nod, and Solaris begins to lead you up the gangplank. As you ascend from the hustle and bustle on the dock, you actually manage to get a decent look at the ship itself.

The *Sundancer* obviously was a fine vessel at some point, but she has certainly seen better days. Her name is written in gold along her bow, three masts standing proudly against the warmth of the ocean sun, the sails furled tight and high before you leave port. A lone sailor is up in the rigging, beginning the task of preparing the sails for departure. The sunlight glints off one of the figure’s arms, which appears to be mechanical and entirely made of metal, though from this distance you can’t see more details.

Crewmembers are busy stocking all sorts of barrels and crates on board, mostly supplies for the journey but what appear to be a couple of trading goods too; you spot the name “Razor Reef” stamped on the side of a few. The smell of salted beef wafts up from a box as a woman passes you, and you hear muttering about the fact she’s not looking forward to ship rations on the journey.

Offer to pitch in with the crew ([go to 33](#)) or stay with the captain ([go to 8](#)).

20

You don’t recognize Brigand’s Bay and ask Solaris.

“Nothing to worry about,” he says, but more to Sapphira than to you. “It’s a motley little encampment of... well... brigands that have taken over a former trading port out there. They’re so busy robbing and killing each other that they rarely attack passing ships.” ([go to 37](#))



21

You emerge into the sunlight and it takes your eyes a moment to adjust to the glare.

Preparations to set sail are well underway, and the crew goes about their duties with the sharp, confident movement of crabs on the beach.

You spy your quarry from below deck engaged in a heated conversation with Captain Solaris.

“Captain,” the young sailor says, “we really need to change our route into Razor Reef. This route takes us through Lightning Shoals. And it’s storm season, which means the lightning elementals will be active.”

The captain sighs. “And I’ll say it again, Raine. This is the shortest path to our destination. What you’re proposing adds two more days to the journey.”

“Aye, again. Because you cut me off every time I try to speak!” The crewmember confusingly throws up two arms, one real and one made out of metal.

“Raine, please, just calm down—” Solaris begs. The captain seems exhausted, as if this is a conversation which he is tired of repeating. It is the first true glimpse of a less-than-amicable Solaris that you’ve seen, but Raine isn’t having it.

“You know it’s called Razor Reef, don’t you? If we time the tides wrong, the shoals along this route will tear our hull to pieces! On top of that you want to risk being attacked by elementals?”

Heads pop up around on deck as those privy to the conversation hear the hazards. A murmur like a flock of seagulls in the distance goes up among the crew.

You can approach the pair to confront Raine about what happened below deck ([go to 9](#)) or wait for the conversation to finish ([go to 47](#)).

22

You gingerly take Sapphira’s gloved hand and plant a gentle kiss on the back.

“What on earth are you doing?” she demands. “I shall have to burn these. And they were my second favorite silk sailing gloves!”

She heaves a sigh in your direction before she allows you to lead the way down the stairs below deck ([go to 2](#)).

23

You say that there is little else you want to know about Razor Reef, but ask if there’s something else you could all discuss.

“What do you think of the *Sundancer* so far?” the captain asks eagerly. “We are so happy with the recent refurbishments. How do you feel about your stay?”

“Fabulous,” Sapphira says. The sarcasm is so thick you could use it to butter toast. “The best vessel I have ever set foot upon.”

“Ah!” cries Solaris triumphantly. “And I was under the impression this was your first voyage by sea!”

Sapphira opens her mouth as if unsheathing a sword, but you jump in with a question of your own first.

Ask about the history of the *Sundancer* ([go to 52](#)), learn more about the crew ([go to 46](#)), or try to push the conversation forward without more talk of boats ([go to 4](#)).

You emerge onto deck just in time to catch a spectacular sunset. As the sun dips below the horizon, it splashes oranges and golds across the sky and edges wisps of cloud with reds and pinks. The eastern sky is already dark, the first few stars visible with a wide band of purple between the end of day and the start of night.

The natural beauty you see with your eyes is suddenly marred by a horrible sound. At first you think it's a seagull—if that seagull was being eaten while suffering from intestinal problems.

Looking about deck, however, all you see is Randy, the deckhand, with both hands cupped around his mouth. In the fading light, you see Raine descending quickly from the rigging overhead, their mechanical arm hissing against the rope in its grip. As they land, two duplicates emerge from the shadows to merge with the original.

Randy hooks a finger at the young sailor to lean in closer as they have a quiet conversation.

Roll a Wisdom (Perception) check to hear what they're saying. If you get 18 or more, **go to 26**. If you get less than 18, **go to 45**.

Or attempt to sneak closer. Roll a Dexterity (Stealth) check to approach. If you get 13 or more, **go to 51**. If you get less than 13, **go to 34**.

Or, if you don't want to eavesdrop, keep watching the sunset until they've finished their conversation (**go to 53**).

If you're able to read lips, you automatically succeed on the Wisdom (Perception) check.

The captain smiles and you're immediately put at ease.

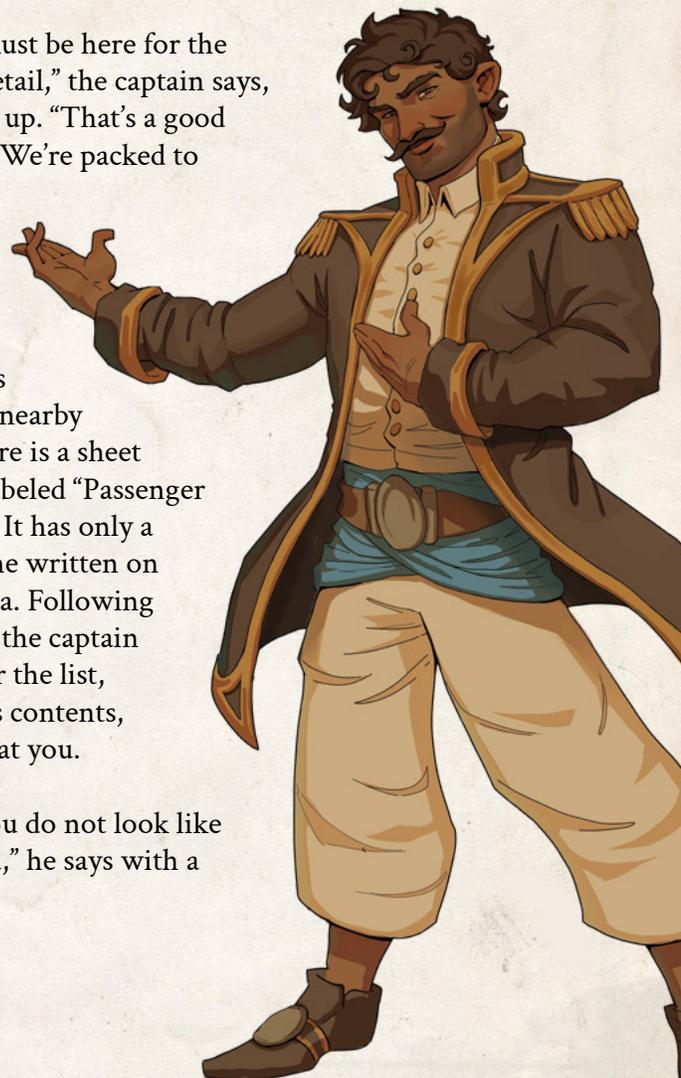
"Pleased to meet you. I'm Tango Solaris, captain of the *Sundancer*," he says with a wide smile. "I'm afraid that we're fully booked for this voyage. Can I interest you in pre-booking a future luxury cruise from Port Plenty to Razor Reef?"

You've not yet met Solaris, as all of your correspondence has been via letter, but in person this man is every inch the archetypal captain: a proud bearing, a determined set to his jaw, and a mustache for the ages. When he says his ship's name you can hear the honor in his voice, reassuring you that the impression he gave when writing—of a hard-working, nose-to-the-grindstone type—is sincere. Although there is a hint of worry in his eyes. You mention that you have already been in touch about work aboard the ship.

"Ah, you must be here for the security detail," the captain says, sizing you up. "That's a good thing too. We're packed to the brim."

Atop the maps and documents piled on a nearby barrel, there is a sheet of paper labeled "Passenger Manifest." It has only a single name written on it: Sapphira. Following your gaze, the captain reaches for the list, looks at its contents, then back at you.

"Indeed, you do not look like a Sapphira," he says with a firm nod.



You say that you are a professional adventurer trying out your sea legs, or something to that effect. You don't mention the unspoken wish that everybody in the region shares: to come across an uncharted treasure island and be able to retire from the adventuring life, at least for a little while.

"Ever the adventurer," Solaris says with a grin and a wink. "I'd wager you've seen your share of trouble already. Cleared out a bandit camp maybe? Oh, or solved a murder! No, no. You have the look of an explorer about you, so you've rediscovered a lost civilization, haven't you?"

As you hesitate to respond to the captain's ramblings, his prodigious facial hair droops with disappointment.

"Fine, keep your secrets then," he says. "Anyway, this is for you. An advance on your fee."

If you want to get the whole payment up front, roll a Charisma (Persuasion) check. If you get 12 or more, **go to 42**. If you get less than 12, **go to 13**.

Or you can accept the payment as offered (**go to 54**).

26

Luckily for you, Randy and Raine need to speak louder than a whisper to be heard over the splash of waves against the hull and snap of wind in the sails. Even luckier, it seems Randy struggles with his inside voice.

"The excursion is tomorrow," Randy says to Raine. "Is everything ready for the Captain? And for Lady Sapphira?"

"Yes," Raine says, their voice uncertain. "And what about the bodyguard?"

"What we have ready should be enough," Randy says. "We ought to arrive at the beach sometime before noon."

Raine looks like they are trying to remember something. "So, I've prepared the picnic, the rowboat, and the fireworks."

"Ah, the fireworks," Randy says. "That's good. Will it be enough to light up the sky at noon?"

Raine shrugs.

"Good enough for me. I just hope our guest enjoys it," Randy says. "Good night, Raine. You did well today. See you tomorrow."

Randy pats Raine's mechanical arm as he leaves them and starts walking in your direction. He sparks up a lamplighter's wick. Meanwhile, Raine scrambles monkey-like up a nearby rope and then the mast (**go to 53**).

27

You see that Randy had some ulterior motive here. While he is definitely showing some interest in Lady Sapphira, he clearly knows more than he lets on. The way he said "pirates" had a certain familiarity, even an affection.

The captain seems oblivious that Randy knows far more about the pirates that prowl these waters than he is letting on, however, and glowers at the goblin as he swaggers away. Sapphira also seems intrigued (**go to 37**).

28

"Please follow me," he then says. You do indeed follow him as he gingerly—but firmly—carries the egg back to his mistress's quarters.

As you approach, you hear Sapphira long before you see her, letting loose a stream of very unladylike curses. Poor Francis grows redder with each step as he approaches. When you arrive at the door, you see that she has torn her room apart searching for the errant egg.

"Madam, we have found—"

She wordlessly rushes forward and snatches the egg from him before placing it lovingly into its case. She buckles it in place, slams the chest shut, locks it with a brass key, and drops it down the bodice of her dress.

Disheveled with wild eyes, Sapphira turns to meet your gaze. “What do you want?” she demands.

You inform her that dinner is ready ([go to 16](#)).

29

In the split second it takes your eyes to adjust, you see that the caged bugbear has produced an elegant hairbrush from somewhere on his person. He starts brushing his fur—starting with the hair on his head and working down—while making uncomfortably hard eye contact with you.

He remains silent, however, no matter what you do. His eyes just follow you in the dark.

Eventually, you climb into your hammock for a full night’s rest ([go to 57](#)).

30

The captain continues the tour. Sapphira seems to be in a state of shock and shambles along behind him. He brightly explains your surroundings as he leads you both to another location below deck.

He points out dry rot and says that it lightens the ship and speeds their progress. He introduces several rodents by name and outlines their relationship to each other. He is very proud of some shiny new lamps that have been hastily lashed to the bulkheads with moldy rope.

“And here we are,” he says to you. “Your new home. A bed and storage for your things.”

Water sloshes slightly over the floor with the motion of the ship and the captain points to a hammock and cargo net hanging from the beams on the left-hand side of the room.

He does not point out that the right-hand side of the room is a cell currently occupied by an enormous hulk of a bugbear. He stares out from behind the bars with a flat expression that is somehow aggressive in its complete lack of emotion.

“And this charming fellow is Ribcage,” the captain explains. “He is here on what we call a ‘mandatory meditation retreat.’”

Greet your new roommate warmly ([go to 18](#)), ask the captain what Ribcage did to earn this retreat ([go to 6](#)), or question the intelligence of this arrangement ([go to 36](#)).

31

Brigand’s Bay. Yes, that rings a bell. It’s a name you heard pop up a few times on your way to Port Plenty, mentioned with even more regularity when you got into the city. However, it was not spoken aloud like neighboring cities along your route. Instead it was muttered under breaths, people constantly slinging a look over their shoulder as if saying the very name itself was a curse.

From what you’ve gathered it is an infamous place, a self-appointed “pirate capital.” A land of violence and lawlessness populated by vicious ne’er-do-wells, which the law has simply chosen to overlook. It is a town—formerly a trading outpost with a naturally sheltered harbor—taken over by rogues, pirates, and scoundrels. The original inhabitants left and now there is no governing the ungovernable. You overheard someone say that an honest man might walk into Brigand’s Bay, but he’ll not walk out again ([go to 37](#)).

32

There does not appear to be any danger, but in the inky blackness you cannot tell for sure. You manage to fumble your way into your hammock with nothing but a sense of touch and the red dots of light that are Ribcage’s eyes.

Anything you say into the darkness is met by silence. Well, near silence, broken only by the rhythmic hissing noise.

You climb into the hammock and roll away from Ribcage and his faintly glowing eyes. You eventually find sleep thanks to the rocking of the ship, but not helped by whatever noise that is in the dark ([go to 57](#)).

33

You saunter over to the crew and offer to help with loading supplies. At first they mistake you for a passenger slumming with the crew and only give you small things to move into place. A single potted plant. A skull turning brown with age. A rubber chicken that is stowed among the ropes and rigging.

But once they realize you're on the payroll as well, the real work begins and you start hauling crates, tying things down, and then covering it all with a neatly folded tarp.

"Can't let the guests see how a ship really works," says a voice at your knee. You look down to see a goblin deckhand kneeling over a brush, scrubbing at the boards. "It would be a real shame to accidentally make a sailor of you."

The goblin looks up from his task to meet your eyes with a wink and a smile. The sun glints off several gold teeth.

"Randy!" Solaris yells at the crewmember. "The deck's not about to scrub itself! I swear I should have hired a flock of seagulls instead of you! Adventurer, a moment please?"

The goblin cuts a look at the captain and returns to his task as you join Solaris (**go to 15**).

34

You try to sneak closer to the pair, but you accidentally knock a docking hook loose off its bracket. It clatters to the ground as you duck behind a crate. Peeking around the corner, you see that Randy and Raine have continued their conversation, but quicker and more quietly than before.

Roll a Wisdom (Perception) check with disadvantage. If you get 15 or more, **go to 26**. If you get less than 15, **go to 45**.

35

Gain Inspiration.

You hold your hand out to Sapphira and she rests her own hand on it, light as a swallow.

"Finally, someone with a little manners," she says as she descends the steps to the floor below. Her leather shoes tap, tap, tap, until they reach the planks of the below deck.

"Now, if you please, show me to my room," she commands.

While you could point out that you are also new aboard, the way forward is clear so you take the lead down the single passageway (**go to 2**).

36

You ask the captain if it's safe for you to stay in the same room as Ribcage.

"Finally, someone is speaking some sense!" Sapphira cries out. "Indeed, captain, is any of what happens on this ship going to start making sense?"

"We are all just working with what we have, madam," Solaris says, suddenly serious.

"Well, this is simply unacceptable," Sapphira replies. Her back straightens as she builds momentum in her grievances. "Surely you can do better."

"Not everything works out as we plan, but this is the path we're on," the captain says. "I'll have you know that I wanted to be an accountant, but became a world-traveling ship's captain to please my dear old mother."

A wistful expression passes over his face. Ribcage blinks sagely from his cage (**go to 10**).

37

“Oh, heavens! Pirates!” Sapphira snaps open a fan and wafts it in her face. “Do you hear that, Francis? We’re at risk of meeting pirates!”

She turns to look over her shoulder for her valet, but he isn’t there. You scan the crew-crowded mess and spot him sitting among the common sailors. His cheeks are flushed and he’s grinning an ink-stained smile as a group of sailors clap him on the back. Three empty bowls of squid stew litter the table in front of him.

“Francis!” Sapphira shouts. He looks up from his new friends and leaps to his feet with impressive speed given his apparent age.

“Is it time to retire, ma’am?” he asks, skidding to an undignified stop at the head table.

“It is,” she says. “Let’s return to the... erm... cabin.”

She bids you and the captain goodnight, and leaves with the valet. As soon as Sapphira leaves, a groan goes up around the crew.

“That’s it lads,” Randy says from atop a table. “Show’s over! Time to hit the hammock! The sea is unforgiving, and doubly so to the weary!”

The captain scowls at the little goblin who just waggles his eyebrows and jumps down among the crew.

“It is time for me to also retire,” the captain says. “And don’t tell him I said so, but the deckhand is right. A sleepy hand at the helm sinks ships.”

The captain also leaves, leaving you alone in the mess with a few stragglers bent over mugs and a lot of dirty dishes.

But it’s been a full day, and you are almost ready to get some rest, just after going back on deck to get an idea of the ship’s progress (**go to 24**).

38

She makes a series of disappointed noises that quickly escalate, but you do not move to open the door.

Finally, with a show of monumental effort, Sapphira reaches for the handle herself. At that moment, the door swings open to reveal her elderly valet standing at attention.

“Ah, Francis,” she sighs, relief evident. She quickly returns to herself. “Move.” (**go to 48**)

39

The rusty bilge pump that should change the old, murky water left over from the captain’s morning bath squeaks terribly as you try to use it, resisting any significant movement.

Roll a Strength (Athletics) check. If you get 10 or more, the water starts flowing and the tub clears. If you get less than 10, continue on the tour without succeeding in changing the water.

Either way, **go to 50**.

If you succeed in changing the water, gain Inspiration.

If you have a spell or ability that can create or purify water, you may use it to automatically succeed on this check.

40

Calls ricochet back and forth between the crew of the *Sundancer* and the plump dockworkers on the quay-side. The ship’s sails drop with a snap like a thousand tablecloths being pulled away, leaving the plates and glasses in place. It pulls away from its mooring and into the harbor. Ships of various sizes cut through what’s clearly a busy waterway.

The *Sundancer* glides easily through the waves as it departs Port Plenty. It goes from a towering city to a silhouette of tall buildings, and soon is swallowed up by the horizon completely.

The smell of salt water stings your nostrils at first but you quickly become accustomed to its presence. Soon it is quite frankly refreshing, sweet sea air filling your lungs and renewing your vigor. Standing at the railing, you listen to the sounds of the crew busying themselves, their instructions friendly and confident as they sail the ship into deeper water.

Footsteps come up behind you, and you find that the captain has once again sought you out. He gives you a weary smile.

“Apologies for that little spat with Raine earlier. They’re a good sailor but incredibly strong-willed at times, not to mention a little paranoid. They protect the ship like it’s theirs.” The captain grimaces, but quickly finds his humor again. “Anyway, I realize it’s about time for dinner. Would you mind fetching Lady Sapphira?”

He turns away from you and makes himself look busy by gazing into the sky with unusual intensity.

You go below deck toward Sapphira’s cabin. Rolling toward you in the corridor, however, is the jeweled egg the lady is so taken with.

You intercept the egg and scoop it up. It seems unusually heavy for a split second after you pick it up, but it could have just been your imagination.

You turn the egg over, looking at its various sides. It seems to be made of a milky blue stone that you don’t recognize. It’s not terribly heavy, much like an actual egg, but its surface is as smooth and unyielding as a stone.



On what you assume is the bottom of the egg, you can see an old engraving that seems to have faded with age.

“If lost, return to Oki Island.”

As you approach the cabin, the door flies open and you hear Sapphira screaming from within that her egg is missing again. Francis emerges taking quick little steps as he looks under and on top of everything, making kissing noises with his lips.

The elderly valet skids to a stop in front of you. Then he sees the egg in your hand, sighs with relief and holds his gloved hands out for the bauble. As you return it, he says, “Oh, thank you. You have saved me from her ladyship’s wrath once again.” (**go to 28**)

41

The cabin is plunged into complete darkness. The only light you see are two reddish pinpricks that you assume are Ribcage’s eyes shining in the dark.

A strange hissing or scratching noise comes from the dark. The eyes shining in the inky blackness bob slightly with each sound, but you don’t sense any danger.

If you want to ignite some light source you have, **go to 56**. If you want to go to bed anyway, **go to 57**.

42

“I suppose there’s no harm in paying you your fee up front,” the captain says, producing a second purse. “Just don’t lose it all gambling with the crew!”

Add 100 gp to your inventory.



“But in all seriousness, don’t lose it all to the crew,” the captain says more quietly as he leans in close. “I’ve already lost so many crewmembers to scurvy, mange, and what have you. I can’t have them jumping ship at the next port to drink away your money.”

He gives you what he clearly feels is a very serious look before straightening and gesturing up the gangplank to the ship (**go to 19**).

43

You immediately spot the egg near where it was loaded onto the ship, rolling around on the deck. While the ship is rocking slightly against its moorings, the

egg's movement seems more exaggerated than the light rise and fall you're feeling would explain.

You step forward and retrieve the egg. It is smooth and hard, definitely made of a single enormous precious stone. But it is also warm to the touch and seems to vibrate slightly as you pick it up. It may just be your imagination, however, because it stays completely still in your hands as you return it to Sapphira ([go to 5](#)).

44

You take the lady's glove—which is impressively soft—and pump it in a firm handshake. She regards you with an expression of abject horror.

“What on earth are you doing, you ruffian?” she demands. “Help me down the stairs into the belly of this rotting hulk!”

You apologize and take her by the hand to help her down the steps on the other side of the door. The aristocrat regards you with lips pursed into a bow and shakes her head once more. She stalks off down the hall and you shuffle to catch up in front of a freshly painted wooden door ([go to 2](#)).

45

You strain in the fading light to hear what the two crewmembers are talking about, but you can't quite catch it. Randy seems very animated about what he's saying, however, making big motions toward the sky.

Raine, on the other hand, seems still to the point of being sullen. They just nod at whatever Randy is saying and then part ways, with Raine making their way back up toward the crow's nest above and Randy coming in your direction with a lamplighter lit ([go to 53](#)).

46

“My crew?” he repeats, eyebrows raised. “They're all experts, let me assure you. I don't take anyone onto my ship without confirmation that they're a fine sailor. Most of them have been with me for many years now, and I'd not trade them for the world...”

He trails off for a moment, eyes scanning up the rest of the crew gathered in the mess, where he settles his gaze on Raine. You can both see that they're busy oiling the gears in their arm instead of eating their squid stew.

“They're my newest recruit, Raine. Only had them on board for a couple of weeks, but they're a dab hand with any machinery, and I've never seen anyone get up the ratlines quicker. Not very talkative, though. And a sharp tongue when they do open their mouth. Ah well, they'll come around, I'm sure. We can crack even the toughest nut on this vessel.”

“These scoundrels?” asks Sapphira with a sharp laugh. “I wouldn't trust them as far as I could throw them and I doubt they've had two baths this year between them.”

If you want to also know more about the ship, [go to 52](#). Otherwise, you can try to push the conversation forward ([go to 4](#)).

47

You hang back politely waiting for the conversation to end before you confront the slim young sailor with an artificial arm. As you wait, however, an exact duplicate (only without the prosthetic) emerges from among crates stacked on deck and approaches the argument.

No one else seems to notice—or at least not to care—about the second identical sailor. You're about to call out when the twin speeds up and reaches for the one speaking to Solaris. The two bodies collide and shimmer as they merge. Raine blinks and turns to look at you with sudden realization ([go to 55](#)).

48

As Sapphira pushes past her manservant into her quarters, you get a good look at the room.

The walls are draped with curtains upon curtains. The bed is obviously a rough-hewn single mattress, but someone has set up posts by extending each of its legs with a pole nailed to it. Between the tacked-on bedposts, yet more curtains form a crude canopy.

A threadbare rug covers much of the room, which is good because all the visible flooring could give you splinters just from looking at it. A painting of a sad dolphin hangs above the headboard of the bed. A single lantern sputters on a hook beside a bank of windows so smeared with soot they might as well be more wall.

Sapphira surveys the room with a queasy look on her face. She whispers, "How long is the voyage to Razor Reef?"

"Three days, madam," Francis says sharply. "Oh dear, madam. Are you feeling alright?"

"Three days?" she belches genteelly. "Three days like this?"

"Do you require a decoction of valerian?" Francis asks with parental concern. "A tincture of adder's tongue? A chamomile tea?"

"Brandy," she says. "And show me my baby. Where's my beautiful egg?"



"Here, madam," Francis says as he gestures toward the golden chest. His mistress's face lights up before she notices you still standing there.

"Haven't you something better to do?" she snaps. "If not, go stand outside until you're needed. And shut the door behind you!"

You step outside and find yourself face to face with the one-armed crewmember from the rigging, who gasps in fright and tries to dash back the way you came into the ship without a word. You see that the mechanical arm is missing now, making the slim sailor's gait a little unbalanced.

Reach out and grab the remaining arm (**go to 14**) or let them go (**go to 11**).

49

Though it's clear Randy is hiding something, you can't tell what that might be. Your dinner companions watch him walk away, with only the captain's annoyance being obvious (**go to 37**).

50

The captain's strides briskly below deck. Sapphira follows, though her enthusiasm for the tour is not as apparent.

"What luxury voyage would be complete without a superb culinary experience?" Solaris says. "Between you and me, I'm a bit of a foodie myself. And our chef de cuisine never fails to surprise us aboard the *Sundancer*."

As you watch, a scruffy rat scampers along a table, sniffs at some leftovers, pulls a face and then continues on its way leaving the meal untouched. Fortunately, the captain has already led Sapphira away to examine the kitchen.

"...the freshness makes all the difference," he says loudly to the now-traumatized noble as something behind him clatters and smashes.

A potbellied chef stumbles out of the kitchen, his face has been enveloped in the tentacles of a very unhappy cuttlefish.

You peel the peeved cephalopod off the ship cook's face with a pop and a squeal. The cook immediately snatches the sea creature from him and pins it to the table with a huge knife.

"A worthy foe," he says finally to the beast as it stops wriggling. Then he hacks it up and throws the bits into a pot of boiling water. The steam that wafts out of that pot is pungent beyond description. Sapphira covers her nose with a handkerchief and gestures to leave (**go to 30**).

51

You crouch down and creep closer to the pair. You overhear the words "excursion" and "Sapphira" for sure but strain to hear the rest.

Roll a Wisdom (Perception) check with advantage. If you get 12 or more, **go to 26**. If you get less than 12, **go to 45**.

52

The captain lights up at the question. This is clearly a point of pride for him.

"I've had her for about ten years now. She's a fine barque with a loyal crew. You'll never find better sailors than the hands that work for me." He gets a far-off look in his eyes and continues sentimentally, "I named her that because, when I first bought her, it looked like she was dancing on the ocean as the sun set. Best purchase of my life."

"Clearly, that's not the end of the story," Sapphira says, with a pointed look at her surroundings.

"Indeed not," says the captain, growing somber. "Business dried up at one point, and I was forced to take on a partner. The ship is now majority owned by the Chester and Sons Shipping Company. And you are our first passenger under our new charter!"

Though there is real pain in the captain's eyes, he maintains a stiff upper lip under the flop of his mustache.

If you want to also know more about the crew, **go to 46**. Otherwise, you can try to push the conversation forward (**go to 4**).

53

Randy is lighting lamps as he passes down the ship. He sees you and nods.

"Can't see the stars so well with the lamps lit," he says. "Seems a bit short-sighted, you know? Seeing what you're doing but not seeing where you're going. But that's the captain's orders."

He taps his brow with the lamplighter as he continues on his chores.

You then go to your own cabin. Your roommate—Ribcage the bugbear—looks out at you from his cell. His preferred method of greeting appears to be a flat stare. A small candle flickers next to him on the ground, the only light source in the room.

As you climb into your hammock, you see what must be the previous occupant's things. Mostly clothing and other personal goods, but you spot the flash of metal. Reaching into the pile, you pull out what appears to be a scuffed compass made of brass with a small slot in the top. It still works and is pointing north.

As you start to handle it, something rattles in it. You just see a gold coin fall into its slot and vanish. The needle turns and points instead toward you, specifically to your coin purse still bulging with your pay from the captain. It seems you have found a Miser's Luck.

You may add Miser's Luck to your inventory.

But before you can truly appreciate your good fortune—and the bad luck of whoever left it behind, seemingly in a hurry—Ribcage huffs and blows the candle out. The room is plunged into darkness.

If you have darkvision, **go to 29**. If not, **go to 41**.

MISER'S LUCK

Uncommon, Wondrous Item



A Miser's Luck is a plain-looking brass compass that functions normally until activated.

The Miser's Luck can be activated to point toward the largest deposit of silver, gold, or platinum within 100 yards. To activate the item, you must feed a coin of the same metal into the slot on top of the compass. The coin is consumed in the process.

54

You accept the advance and place it among your belongings, the captain studiously looking away from where you have stowed your money.

Add 50 gp to your inventory.



"Now that the pleasantries are out of the way," the captain says, "please join me aboard the *Sundancer*." (**go to 19**)

55

With a small gulp, Raine abruptly ends the conversation and scrambles up the rigging.

Solaris turns to you, an apology obvious in the set of his shoulders and the droop of his mustache before he even opens his mouth.

"And that would be Raine," the captain says, pointing upward. "They joined up in Cerulean Bay and have been an incredible asset, helping with refurbishment in port and keeping the rigging clear like no other sailor I've ever met."

He looks up and, following his gaze, you see not one or two identical figures in the rigging but half a dozen, all moving smoothly despite most of them doing their work with only one arm.

"The extra hands are also helpful," the captain says, a little sheepishly. "Especially for a single sailor's pay."

"There you are!" Sapphira screeches as she half-runs, half-falls over her skirts onto deck. Francis the valet follows smoothly, disentangling her from various obstacles as he follows in her path. "Didn't you hear me calling? My egg is missing!"

Roll a Wisdom (Perception) check. If you get 15 or more, **go to 43**. If you get less than 15, **go to 12**.

56

You ignite a light source and look around the room for the source of the strange sound. It stops for a moment, and you turn to see Ribcage blinking against the sudden glare.

Then he continues what he was doing: methodically brushing his fur with a sterling silver hairbrush. He continues staring blankly at you as he does so.

He gives the distinct impression he has no interest in speaking and there will likely be consequences to trying.

So you climb into your hammock and roll away from Ribcage to get some sleep. It comes quickly as you are tired from your first day aboard the *Sundancer* and soothed by the rocking of the ship (**go to 57**).

CHAPTER 2: A DAY AT THE BEACH

57

Gain the benefits of a long rest.

A brass bell above deck rings to wake the crew, jerking you out of your slumber as well. You roll out of your hammock to the bugbear staring at you in the morning light.

After a quick bowl of flavorless porridge in the mess hall, you ask around to find where the captain spends his mornings. You're directed to the prow of the ship. As you make your way there, you notice how few crewmembers are around, but it may be that their duties are elsewhere.

But then you find the captain, and it's clear why the crew is occupying themselves.

He is sitting in the wellness pool up to his chest. His mustache is still immaculate and his hair looks as if it has been painted on, but you have no idea what's going on beneath the murky green-blue water of the tub.

"Ah, adventurer," he says when he sees you. "I enjoy a good soak in the morning. I'd ask you to join me, but it will be a busy day, I'm afraid. We are planning an excursion to Cerulean Bay and there's much to prepare."

Before you can get your task list, however, you hear the rapping of hard-soled shoes on the deck behind you.

"I'm told that fool captain is around here somewhere," you hear someone muttering in time with the footsteps. "Ah, you. Have you seen the—?"

You turn to see Sapphira with her mouth hanging agape with horror and all blood drained from her face. Her impassive valet regards the scene calmly while holding a parasol over his employer.

"Ah, milady," says the captain. He shifts his weight and some bubbles float up from beneath him. "I was told

you were still abed, otherwise I would have invited you to join me. Care for a dip?"

She makes a strangled noise instead of a spoken response and the captain shrugs. He turns to you.

"Please go to the longboats," the captain says to you. "They are loading the supplies for the pavilion. We have quite the luxury event ahead."

You turn to go, passing the frozen Sapphira as you do so. She is dressed in a different outfit than the day before, but its skirts and petticoats are no more practical aboard the ship.

"Oh heavens, I'm getting all wrinkly. Time to get out." You hear a splash from the tub behind you, and Sapphira's pretty face twists up with revulsion.

But the ever-ready Francis claps a gloved hand over her eyes, and the three of you hustle away to let the captain dry off ([go to 74](#)).

58

The longboat is fully stocked and several sailors are smiling and nodding at how nicely they managed to pack the day's supplies.

Amid the hubbub, the captain—now impeccably dressed in his red coat—accompanies a still-traumatized Sapphira to the longboats.

"And as you can see here, my lady," he says with a flourish, "we have prepared a lovely day."

"Does it get me off this dreadful ship?" she asks flatly. "And away from the smell?"

A passing sailor within earshot sniffs his armpit. He gags and nods in agreement.

"Indeed! A day of luxury on the beautiful white sands of—"

“When do we leave?” Sapphira sighs as she snaps at her valet. Francis switches which hand grips the parasol overhead, and produces a paper fan that he wafts in Sapphira’s direction.

“The crew shall go on ahead to set up and we will follow shortly after,” the captain says. “Can I get you anything while you wait?”

Sapphira ignores him and he turns to you to make conversation. He begins with idle chit-chat, but seems to flounder. As he mentions the weather for the third time, Randy passes by with an armload of loose tools.

“Ask him about Oki Island,” the goblin says to you over his shoulder. “That always gets him going.”

The captain’s mustache crinkles around a frown and his cheeks redden with anger. Solaris turns with what he clearly believes is a sharp retort, but the deckhand has already vanished over the rail into a longboat.

“Oh, it’s just some old sailor’s tale,” the captain says finally. “Something about a hidden island and a treasure. Like any sailor’s yarn, you’ll hear a different version from each different mouth. Randy has mentioned it at least once a day since he came aboard. That’s all I know.”

You can either press the captain for more information (**go to 84**) or let it go (**go to 79**).

You accompany Randy back to the ship, though his errand seems the farthest thing from the little goblin’s mind. You both take up an oar and begin rowing back to the ship together.

“You know, I like you,” he says to you as the longboat rows out. “I think you have a future aboard the *Sundancer*. Terrible name for a ship, of course, but I’m sure the next owner will think of something better.”

The longboat pulls up alongside the ship and you climb aboard. You hear a trilling whistle from above. Looking up, you see Raine hanging from their mechanical arm in the rigging of the main mast and looking at the deck below. The young sailor looks queasy, their mouth drawn tight in some effort.

As you board, you see duplicates of Raine working half a dozen stations around the *Sundancer*. They move particularly sluggishly and have only the single arm, but they seem to be preparing the ship for departure.

Randy nods to Raine—the original one up in the rigging—and winks at you as he goes to the rail facing the beach. The sails then drop with a rumble and a snap and fill with wind. The ship lurches forward as Randy dashes to the helm and points the *Sundancer* out to sea with a surprisingly sure hand.

Question Randy about what’s going on (**go to 93**), try to stop whatever is happening (**go to 109**), or wait and see what happens (**go to 75**).



The entire ship creaks and groans as it starts to pull away. The bow swings around to point at the open ocean, but progress is slow. Then it stops altogether.

You feel the deck tremble and at first you think you've run aground. But then a shaggy figure appears at the door leading below deck and stoops to step out on deck.

"Nice to see you out and about, Ribcage," Randy says brightly with a wave. "Did you bring in the starboard anchor?"



The bugbear nods with a deadpan look on his face. Randy pinches the bridge of his long nose. "Did you bring in the port anchor?"

Ribcage shakes his head with the same expression. Randy waits for a moment, and then Ribcage stomps off below deck to raise the port anchor.

"See what I have to work with?" Randy says to you. He goes back to the rail. "If he wasn't my cousin on Mama Black Spot's side, I'd have left him on that beach, too."

You follow Randy's gaze out to the beach where there is some commotion. The captain, the remaining crew, Sapphira, and Francis are all rushing across the sand toward the remaining longboat.

Sapphira trips on her skirts and falls. You can hear her shouted curses from here. Attempting to assist her, the captain slips and falls into the morass of her dress. Francis helps both of them up and shoves them toward the boat as the remaining crew man the oars and begin rowing back to the ship with urgency.

"Let's pick up the pace, you numbskulls," Randy yells. "The captain's on his way!"

"Anchor up!" comes a cry from Raine above. Randy grins and waves at the captain's longboat starting to recede in the *Sundancer's* wake.

Then there's a splash to starboard and another cry from above. "Anchor down! Who put the anchor down?"

The ship shudders to a stop. Randy simply grips the rails with whitening knuckles as the captain's longboat approaches ([go to 67](#)).

61

“Wait!” Randy cries out, reaching between the bars. “I just have to know... What happened? Why did the anchor drop?”

Ribcage and Raine both show studied indifference, but their curiosity is almost another person in the brig.

You can tell the mutineers about the egg jammed into the windlass (**go to 91**) or tell them nothing and leave (**go to 71**).

62

“Ah, of course!” Randy says, slapping his forehead. He rummages around in a crate for a moment before producing a small wooden box with a rich, dark stain and brass fittings.

The little goblin waltzes the box over to the table, clearing room among the food with wide sweeps of his arm. It’s a miracle none of the buffet tumbles off the edges. He then sets the box down in the space and gives a deep bow and a flourish.

“That will be all, Randall,” Captain Solaris says. “Milady Sapphira, if you would join me please. I have a special treat for us all.”

The noble steels herself with a sigh and rises from her seat. Francis follows at her elbow, still carrying a plate of snacks. The captain gestures for you to take a place behind the wooden box.

“For your delight, madam,” he says grandly with a flourish and a flick of his glorious facial hair. “I have procured starglitter wine from the elves of the northern sea. Said to make the lame walk and the blind see, its flavor can only be described as indescribable. Only four bottles are produced each year, and this one’s for you.”

The captain signals you and you open the box, everchill flask ready. But the satin cushion in the box is empty.

Finally looking contrite, Randy approaches and leans in close to the captain. “I... may have forgotten your fancy wine aboard ship, captain. I had it stowed for safekeeping, sir. Shall I go get it?”

The captain’s face turns bright red and he nods. Randy backs away, collecting a few other crew members to row him back to the ship.

“I almost thought he wasn’t an idiot,” Sapphira says to no one in particular. “But not quite.”

“I’ll need the adventurer as well, cap’n,” the goblin says, looking at his feet. “I may’ve given your special bottle to Ribcage for safe keeping. Back before he was locked up, of course. Might need some help convincing him to give it up.”

Roll a Wisdom (Insight) check. If you get 12 or more, **go to 106**. If you get less than 12, **go to 90**.

63

Hoping for the best, you sprint for the railing and dive over into the ocean. Behind you the elemental shrieks and you feel the fuzziness of its crackling energy approach, but the wind-ruffled water below rushes up to meet you first (**go to 81**).

64

You do your best to slip away and hear Solaris intercept the raging Sapphira. You make your way below deck as quickly as you can. You still overhear the words “protect me,” “danger,” and an unimaginable number of variations on “idiot.”

You duck into the quiet darkness of the space below the ship, letting Tropical Storm Sapphira rage overhead unheard (**go to 103**).

65

With the elemental's death, it explodes in a concussive blast that knocks you overboard.

"Very well done!" a voice says from above when you surface. You look up and see Randy standing by the railing of the *Sundancer* next to the imposingly shaggy Ribcage. "A delight to watch! What a spectacle! And so glad it was you rather than me. Now, if you wouldn't mind, Raine?"

Looking in all directions, you finally spot Raine's two doubles in the crossbeam of the main mast. Or slightly below the crossbeam as they are descending with a net strung between them. You have no opportunity to dodge out of the way. You're trapped like the catch of the day.

"Look at what we caught!" Randy's voice carries a slightly manic edge. "Get in here, adventurer."

Someone enormous hauls at the net, pulling you in like fresh tuna. You struggle to breathe, especially after your exhausting ordeal with the elemental. Once Ribcage has pulled you on deck, you scramble to your feet looking for your next opponent. But exhaustion drags you down into a pile of torn sail stinking of damp and seagull droppings. As the world goes dark, you don't even mind the smell (**go to 111**).

66

Across the deck, you notice the goblin deck hand rubbing his hands together with glee as he peers into an open crate. As you join him, he chuckles to himself.

"Going to be a good show," he says. "It'll light up the sky for miles. It'll be a shame to miss it."

He looks up, sees you, and jumps back with a cry.

"Where'd you come from?" He presses a hand to his chest dramatically. "Wait, no. Don't answer that with some flippant remark like 'from the same font of creation as all other things.' I don't have the time."

The goblin turns his attention back to the crate in front of him. You now see it's full of fireworks. Randy gazes at it adoringly.

"Ah! Grand, aren't they?" Randy says. Then he continues more wistfully. "We would even be able to see them from the ship. Could even be a show for any other passing vessel. Captain spared no expense, eh? Good thing, too."

With a gold-toothed grin, Randy hands you the crate, excuses himself to some other task, and leaves you to deliver the fireworks to the longboat (**go to 82**).

67

Ribcage lumbers back above deck to find Randy pacing and cursing. Raine rappels down from the main mast as one of their duplicates merges back with the original.

"The starboard anchor is jammed," they say. "We're not going anywhere."

The sound of the captain's oars are now audible even over him shouting out-of-time, "Stroke! Stroke! Stroke!"

"Think! Think! Think!" Randy says. He bangs his forehead with a fist. "You two have any ideas?"

Raine and Ribcage look at each other blankly then back to Randy.

"You should count yourself lucky I've lasted this long," Raine says. "I've never had this many of me at once."

As they speak, one of the duplicates drops to the deck and fades away into tendrils of mist. Raine winces.

"Plan C it is!" Randy shouts.

"Wait, what was plan B?" Raine asks.

"This was it! Plan A was asking the captain nicely to give me the ship. That didn't work either." Randy spins and points at you. "You are plan C!"

And he waits. You hear the longboat draw up alongside the *Sundancer* below and a dozen sailors pull themselves up onto the deck.

You can quietly agree to help Randy, Raine, and Ribcage ([go to 97](#)), you can try to take the mutineers into custody ([go to 87](#)), or you can say nothing at all and wait for the captain to arrive ([go to 77](#)).

68

After looking over the deck, you see nothing useful, leaving you with only two alternatives: engaging the elemental directly ([go to 108](#)) or escaping by diving overboard ([go to 63](#)).

69

You turn to Raine and ask about their missing limb. They are startled to be addressed so directly and they avoid your eye as they search for an answer.

“Go ahead,” Randy says, his tone surprisingly gentle. “It’s fine.”

“I was in a shipwreck,” Raine says slowly. “A storm rushed out at us from clear skies. And at the center of the storm— In the middle of all that rain and wind, the thunder and lightning, something came aboard. I don’t know if you’ve ever smelled a lightning strike, but that’s what it smelled like. Whatever it was... It grabbed me and it was like the world lit up. Then it went dark.”

Raine lowers their head for a moment.

“And I woke up on some scabby little dinghy, looking up at this.” Raine jerks a thumb at Randy, who purses his lips in a parody of handsomeness. Raine also includes Ribcage. “And this hairy oaf. They nursed me back to health and helped me cobble this together from spare parts and a stolen alchemist’s kit.”

“Raine has a real gift for the mechanical,” Randy says. “Less so with people. Luckily, that’s where I shine.”

Clearly spent from saying so much to you, Raine sits on the floor next to Ribcage with their knees against their chest. The bugbear shifts to block the young sailor from view.

If you haven’t done so yet, you can ask Randy about what he’d planned for the crew ([go to 83](#)) or ask why he gave up so easily ([go to 76](#)).

Or if you have nothing else to say to the prisoners, you can leave ([go to 61](#)).

70

You remain above deck, taking up a spot by the railing to be alone with the horizon and your thoughts. And it’s nice while it lasts.

Before long, you feel a presence at your side. It’s Francis, Sapphira’s elderly valet. He has his eyes fixed on the distant horizon as well.

“I’ve always imagined the life of a sailor is one of freedom,” he says, though it’s unclear if he’s speaking to you. “Going where the wind takes you, exploring new ports of call, and never having to dodge a thrown tiara. It’s beautiful, isn’t it?”

Francis doesn’t seem to listen to your reply, but he nods in time with your words.

“The world is a bigger place than I could have ever imagined,” he says. “My father was a butler to Sapphira’s grandfather, my mother a chambermaid to her grandmother. I have served three generations of her family. And never seen anything like this.”

You follow his gaze to where the sun is dropping into the ocean, setting the water on fire with reds, yellows, and oranges. Wispy clouds above the horizon are rimmed with a burning pink below and a cool purple above. A distant flock of seabirds passes squawking through the brilliance.

“But I’ve never seen anything like that either,” Francis says. Hearing the fear in his voice, you turn around.

From behind you, a thick wall of dark storm clouds seems to boil out of the ocean itself and rush toward the ship. Lightning flickers within the cloud and thunder rumbles like boulders rolling down mountainsides. A harsh gust of wind blows out of the growing cloud front, staggering you with both its force and its strong smell of ozone.

Francis calls out for help, but a massive peal of thunder drowns him out. And then the sudden storm slams into the ship, rocking it like a child's bath toy. You barely keep yourself from being thrown overboard.

Then the storm rages around you (**go to 96**).

71

You refuse to tell the prisoners what foiled their hijacking of the ship. You don't believe that the egg itself somehow dropped the anchor, but no one else was aboard. So the question keeps going around in your head: how did the egg lodge itself in the anchor release?

"This is cruel and unusual punishment, you know!" Randy calls out from behind you as you leave (**go to 102**).

72

Gain Inspiration.

You tell the captain that the goblin is hiding something and isn't to be trusted.

"Oh nonsense. He's far too dull to be any danger to us or the ship."

The captain waves a hand at Randy who is smiling at you, gold teeth glittering in the sun.

"But if you're truly so concerned, you can keep an eye on him. That will be all."

"Come on, mate," Randy says, beckoning you to go with him. "The tide waits for no man. Or goblin. Or anyone else for that matter. We really should just say 'the tide doesn't wait for anybody', shouldn't we?"

The captain turns away from you to bore Sapphira. Apparently dismissed, you follow Randy to the longboat (**go to 59**).

73

You scan the deck nearby for somewhere to hide and get a better view of the creature attacking the *Sundancer*.

Roll a Dexterity (Stealth) check. If you get 15 or more, **go to 99**. If you get less than 15, **go to 86**.

74

You find crewmembers loading a longboat with poles and canvas. As you approach, you can hear them bellyaching to one another.

"Nice of the captain to put together this little shindig for the crew," says one of the sailors. "Your last skipper do the same?"

"Never," says another sailor with a grunt of effort. He shifts his load into the longboat. "And don't be thinkin' this is for our benefit. It's all for the hoity-toity lady and we're just window dressing."

The two of them take either end of another heavy-looking bundle, sweat beading on their brows.

"Ribcage'd be able to load this whole lot in a single armful," one of them says to the other. "Had to go and get himself caught."

"What'd he do again?" the man at the other end of the bundle says. "I was ashore."

"Insubordination, I heard," says the first. "Cap'n Fancy Pants didn't like his tone."

"But he don't talk!"

“Must’ve been his tone of face then, right?” They slam the poles into the longboat before noticing you. “Ah, the lady’s champion, here to help out?”

The men snicker good-naturedly at you and start directing what needs to be loaded. All the sailors banter with each other while they load and lash down what seem to be the makings of a large whitish tent.

“Could you pick up the pace?” one sailor asks another, as she continues, “I once met a dog smarter than you.”

“He must have taught you everything you know!” fires back the second crewman.

The pair grin at one another and pick up short bamboo poles from the pile. They drop into mock fencing stances with their sticks.

“Your moves are as predictable as the tides!” says the woman with dramatic flair.

“At least I know how to keep afloat!”

“Your breath could wilt a flower!”

“And your face could scare a mirror!”

The crew who have gathered to watch the spar bursts out into laughter again.

Now all eyes turn toward you to see what barb you have at the ready.

Roll a Charisma (Intimidation, Performance, or Persuasion) check to join in. If you get 10 or more, **go to 89**. If you get less than 10, **go to 104**.

75

You hold off judgment to see what happens next. Randy watches you watching him. You watch him watching you. And around it goes until the wind pushes the ship into motion.

You can either question Randy about what’s going on (**go to 93**) or do nothing and see how things unfold (**go to 60**).

You point out that Randy seems to have given up pretty quickly given how much effort he put into his ruse.

“Well, you know what they say,” he says, getting a faraway look in his eyes. “It’s better to live to steal another day than to die on a boat that doesn’t belong to you. Yet.”

Ribcage gives an almost imperceptible nod and Raine smirks. “Yet?”

“What can I say, every cloud has a platinum lining,” Randy says with a grin.

If you haven’t done so yet, you can ask Randy about what he’d planned for the crew (**go to 83**) or ask Raine about their artificial limb (**go to 69**).

Or if you’re done with the conversation, you can say goodbye to the prisoners (**go to 61**).



You maintain your silence. Randy's face seems to twitch as he grows more and more impatient. Ribcage nods his own (also silent) approval of your tactics.

"So the strong silent thing is already taken by my cousin here," Randy says. "I really don't need another one."

He tries again to wait on your response. As he stands there with a strained smile, Raine staggers for a moment, but one of their own duplicates appears at their side to help. It re-joins the original, and more soon follow. In a matter of moments, it's just you and the three mutineers standing alone on deck.

"Fine, you win!" Randy says. "You win! Take us in!"

He holds up his arms in surrender. Ribcage utters a wordless—but still questioning—grumble and Raine starts to say Randy's name.

"Just do it," he hisses. The other two mutineers look askance at each other, but then do the same.

The moment everyone's arms are up, there is a bang at the side of the *Sundancer*. Several sailors clamber back onto the ship brandishing whatever they could find on shore: tarnished silverware, table legs, and a brass candelabra. The captain follows and draws an ornamental but still very pointy sword.

"What... What is going on here?"

"We surrender, cap'n!" Randy yells. "Take us in before this monster does something terrible!"

The goblin deck hand points at you. The captain looks at you, eyes wide in budding fear. You shake your head, but still maintain your silence.

"Take them away then?" Captain Solaris says to his crew. The sailors shrug and comply, binding the mutineers' hands in chains ([go to 107](#)).

You knock the lightning elemental off balance and stun it momentarily, as the creature sails a graceful arc into the ocean.

In a flash and a bang, its electrical energies discharge. The air around the ship stills almost immediately and the sky begins to clear. The sharp tang of ozone hangs heavy in the air, when suddenly you feel a heavy blow to the back of your head that knocks you overboard and as the water rushes up to greet you, everything goes dark ([go to 111](#)).

"We're ready for you, cap'n!" A sailor's head has popped up at the gunwale like some nautical gopher. "We can take you in now."

Solaris invites you and Sapphira to join him along with the first mate and cook. A few crew members are loitering around the boat, chatting in low tones and laughing, but they snap to attention when the captain approaches. Then seeing Sapphira, a scuffle breaks out about who will assist her. In the melee, the captain steps up to offer his hand to the noblewoman, but she climbs in unaided, wrestling with her skirts the entire time.

After a grumble and a groan, the crew pile into the longboat and take up the oars. They row the three of you to the beach. The whole scene plays out in reverse at the other end of the journey, with Sapphira simply hiking up her skirts and plopping into the surf.

Somehow, Francis is already at her side with an open parasol as the noblewoman leads the charge up the beach and marches toward the white canvas pavilion. You, the captain, and the crew cross the beach toward the tent that has been set up beyond the tidemark ([go to 85](#)).

80

You see the mainsail has a thick boom of heavy wood swinging back and forth at the same height as the elemental hovering above deck. You should be able to use the boom to slam into the elemental, possibly knocking it into the ocean.

If you use the boom to attack the elemental indirectly, **go to 101**. If you decide to engage it directly anyway, **go to 108**. Or if you decide to escape into the sea, **go to 63**.

81

The wind and rain stirred up by the lightning elemental have made the sea choppy and uneven. Between the conditions on the surface and the pull of the currents, it's difficult to keep your head above water.

Moreover, the crew is nowhere to be seen. The longboats seem to have long ago disappeared into the fog kicked up by the elemental's presence and the roar of the wind makes it impossible to hear the oars as they escape.

If you have a swim speed as part of a spell or ability, **go to 92**. If you do not have a swim speed, **go to 105**.

82

Once you've dropped off the fireworks, the crew stow it aboard the longboat and you're sent on the last task of your to-do list. Apparently, there's some food in the galley that also needs to be brought.

You find it still in as bad a state as when you saw it yesterday, though it's impossible to tell if it's the same mess or a new one. The chef is crashing around, obviously annoyed about something, while occasionally stopping to stir a pot simmering and plopping over a flame.

"Ye're here for the cap'n's picnic, aye?" he says to you when you arrive. "Could've made him something but no... had to have some of them fancy Port Plenty victuals. The basket there."

He points a stained and dripping wooden spoon at a new-looking basket. With a huff he turns his back on you.

You can examine the contents (**go to 100**) or simply take the basket up to the longboat to load (**go to 58**).

83

You ask what Randy had planned for the rest of the crew stranded on the island.

"What more could you ask of me?" He huffs. "They had shelter. I left them food and water that you would have found after a minute in the picnic basket. I even left them with enough fireworks that they could signal a passing ship."

Raine lays a sympathetic hand on the goblin's shoulder. Ribcage remains silent and impassive.

"I may be a thief, but I'm not a monster." Randy looks at his green hands and then up at the bugbear. "No offense."

If you haven't done so yet, you can ask Randy why he gave up so easily (**go to 76**), or ask Raine what happened to their arm (**go to 69**).

Or, if you're done questioning them, bid the prisoners goodbye (**go to 61**).

84

The captain's sighs and expands on—he asserts—the entirely fictional island that simply doesn't exist.

An old legend of an ancient king whose great power gave him the ability to take on the shape of anything he wished. Through various means (that vary based on the version of the tale), the king had amassed such a great wealth that he began to jealously guard it on an island only whispered of in dark waterfront taprooms and sailors' knitting circles.

The captain trails off, leaving you waiting for an uncomfortably long time (**go to 79**).

Sapphira approaches the pavilion with sand clinging to the wet hem of her skirts. Her face is set into a grimace of disappointment before she enters the canvas tent, but then she gasps with shock when she enters.

And delight.

You follow behind her and meet Randy in full waiter regalia, complete with a black bow at his neck and no fewer than two stains on his white shirt. He has a tray with three glasses chilled to the point of condensation.

The captain and Sapphira collect their glasses before gawking at the rest of your surroundings. The sand beneath your feet is soft and white with tables and chairs set into it. The walls of the tent are nearly invisible beneath luxurious wall-hangings, even a pair of paintings. A chilled metal basin on the table contains a half-dozen bottles of wine keeping cool.

Sunlight streams in the main entrance of the pavilion until Randy claps his hands. Sailors in all four corners hoist pulleys in unison and the walls roll up and away from the ground like window blinds.

“This is incredible, and so delightfully cool,” says Sapphira, finishing her glass in an unladylike chug. “Fetch me another.”

She holds the glass out to you. Francis is across the pavilion by the bowl, sneaking a cool drink for himself and surreptitiously picking at the captain’s luxury picnic spread, so you stand to refill your charge’s beverage.

“Quite the spread,” the captain says. “I really would like to compliment Randall on his fine work. This was all his idea you know.”

You make small talk with the captain for a few minutes before he gets to the point.

“I’m sure you’re wondering how we got the drinks so cold, eh?” he says with a wink and a nudge. “Let me show you.”

He produces a heavy-looking crystal flask and hands it to you. It is made of smoky, semi-opaque crystal and is cold to the touch, but not uncomfortably so. You can feel liquid sloshing around inside it. Unstopping it causes cold vapor to flow out of its mouth.

“A little trinket I picked up at Port Plenty,” the captain says, pulling at his mustache. “An everchill flask. Height of luxury. Keeps your food fresh and your drinks cold. And I’d like you to hold onto it for me.”

Add Everchill Flask to your inventory.

“We are about to make a presentation of a very special bottle of spirits,” Solaris continues. “When I give you the signal, I want you to pour the contents over the bottle and chill its contents for the Lady Sapphira. She’ll love it, I’m certain!”

You look over at the noblewoman whose initial pleasure at the luxury picnic seems to be waning. Francis holds a small plate of finger foods for her as she disinterestedly picks at them.

The captain waves at Randy.

Then he snaps.

Then he hisses, and the goblin crewmember still does not look around.

“Randall!” the captain barks finally, and the deckhand lazily responds (**go to 62**).

EVERCHILL FLASK

Wondrous Item, uncommon



The everchill flask starts with 3 charges that can be used to create various effects. Each day at dawn, it regains 1d4 charges up to its maximum number of charges.

Cool Off (1 charge): By using one charge, you can pour some of the flask's contents out to keep something cool that would otherwise be too warm. This allows you to preserve perishable items and avoid spoilage.

Keep Cool (2 charges): By using 2 charges, you drink some of the liquid inside to protect yourself from heat. You no longer suffer the environmental effects of heat until your next long rest and also gain resistance to fire for 10 minutes.

Freeze (3 charges): By consuming 3 charges, you pour the liquid inside the everchill flask into another container. The liquid either becomes a gallon of ice or freezes up to 5 gallons of water. The freeze deals no damage, but it traps anything in the water until the ice is broken or melts.

86

You try to jump behind some supplies stacked on board the ship, but you lose your footing on the slick boards below you. You fall with a thud and the elemental swivels toward you with a shriek.

The creature of wind and rain and lightning charges you across the deck in a relentless attack ([go to 108](#)).

87

You tell Randy that you can't help him and that you're going to turn him in. Ribcage growls and cracks his knuckles, but Randy shakes his head.

"It's alright, cousin," he says. "The adventurer has made a decision. Not sure I'd make a different one if given the same choice. All right. Have it your way."

Ribcage and the original Raine look at each other but nod. Raine's duplicates stop what they're doing and rejoin the original standing next to Ribcage. Once each copy has merged back with Raine, they sigh and seem to recover somewhat.

"You've caught us, adventurer," Randy says. "Good job. And no hard feelings."

Randy puts his hands up and backs away to join his compatriots. Below the railing of the ship, you hear the captain's voice raised in anger.

"Get my ship back!" he yells. Even more sailors clamber back onto the ship armed with whatever they could find on shore: tarnished silverware, table legs, a brass candelabra. The captain follows and draws an ornamental but still very pointy sword.

He looks at you standing alone and the three mutineers. Randy puts his hands behind his head. After a moment's hesitation, Raine and Ribcage do the same.

There's a murmur of disappointment among the crew who had stormed the *Sundancer* in such dramatic fashion, but Captain Solaris lowers his sword.

"Well then," he says. "Um... Clap them in irons? And good work to you."

He pats you three times on the shoulder as the crew find manacles for the prisoners ([go to 107](#)).

88

"You!" Sapphira yells as she approaches and waves a manicured finger in your face. "I thought it was your job to protect me! How dare you leave me alone with those ruffians?"

"Excuse me, ma'am," says Solaris softly. "If the adventurer hadn't been on board the ship, the mutineers would have succeeded. We would still be on the beach."

She deflates a little.

"Would I still be on the beach? For how long?"

"Days, milady," the captain says carefully. "Maybe even weeks. Until we would have been able to flag down a passing ship to rescue us."

"Days. Weeks." Sapphira gazes at the beach of milling sailors. Many are lying shirtless in the sun waiting for a longboat to return them to the *Sundancer*. Others are arguing at such volume that they can be clearly heard from here. The horror that she has escaped becomes clear for a moment, but she quickly shakes it off. "Well, you're still idiots."

She stalks off toward her cabin demanding Francis be sent to her as soon as he's back on board, while you go below to investigate ([go to 103](#)).

89

You join in the fun with the sailors packed around the boat as you pitch in to help. Before long, you're all laughing and carrying on while the two sailors with sticks continue to fence.

"You fight like a chicken farmer!"

"How appropriate! You fight like a c—"

The clack of wood drowns out the insult, but a chorus of rough laughter rises up around the crew at work. Finally, the mirth seems to have run its course for now. With everyone chuckling under their breath, you and the crew quickly complete your tasks.

"We're about done here," says a crewmember in the boat. "Go find Randy, would ye? He's got some stuff for the show."

She points over to where the goblin is examining the contents of a crate with a potentially concerning level of excitement ([go to 66](#)).

90

There's something strange about Randy's behavior, but you can't figure out what it is. Though you haven't known him very long, shame or guilt like you've just seen does not seem in character for the deckhand.

The captain doesn't seem to pick up on anything amiss, however, and directs you to go with Randy to help him with whatever he might need ([go to 59](#)).

91

You tell the prisoners that you found Sapphira's jeweled egg jammed into the anchor mechanism in such a way that it seems to have locked the anchor in place.

"The egg?" asks Randy. "Did you take it? You?" Both Ribcage and Raine shake their heads.

The goblin stares off into the middle distance. "But that's impossible. Ribcage pulled in the anchor. We were at full sail on our way out to sea. So who dropped anchor?"

Raine shrugs and gives a wry smile. "Someone stealing the egg did it?"

"... the egg did it..." Randy mumbles, scratching at the tuft of hair on his chin.

The goblin falls silent, lost in thought. Raine and Ribcage stare at each other. You take it as your cue to leave ([go to 102](#)).

92

The seas are rough and tug at you repeatedly, but you manage to stay afloat if just barely. While the lightning elemental aboard the *Sundancer* is a concern as it scans the water for you, the issue quickly becomes moot.

From the water, you see three figures appear on deck to engage the lightning elemental. And it quickly becomes more than three figures.

On the one hand, you hear the lightning elemental's wrathful shriek, but at the same time a maniacal laugh that could only belong to Randy. There's no way to climb aboard to help in the rough seas, but they don't seem to need your help.

With a roar that you imagine can only come from Ribcage, the lightning elemental in a mass of clouds and lightning sails a perfect arc over the rail of the ship and into the ocean. When it hits the water, it immediately disperses in a boom and crackle of discharged electric energy.

"Look! There!" You feel eyes on you and gazing upwards you see Raine—complete with mechanical arm—looking down at you. Randy and Ribcage glance down to see you treading water alongside the heaving ship.

"Ribcage, be a dear and go get our friend down there," Randy says, handing the bugbear a rope. Without hesitation, Ribcage grabs one end of the line and dives into the water to collect you.

His aim is uncanny and he lands on top of you, stunning you for a moment. Before you know what's happening, you're dangling in the air as Ribcage hauls you aboard.

Planting you dripping on deck, he takes a moment to shake the seawater from his fur. Randy's face twists with distaste.

"Glad to have you with us," Randy says. "I hope you'll understand."

From behind you, one of Raine's duplicates covers your head with a coarse canvas sack. As you struggle by reflex, something hard strikes you in the side of the head and you lose consciousness (**go to 111**).

93

You ask Randy what's happening with the ship. He looks at you with a crooked smile, a gold tooth glinting in the sun.

"Well, it seems that the ship is sailing away, doesn't it?" Randy drawls. "What are you going to do about it, hmm?"

Demand that Randy stop what he's doing (**go to 109**) or do nothing (**go to 60**).

94

You look around the deck for something you can do to distract or otherwise defeat the lightning elemental wreaking havoc on the *Sundancer*.

Roll a Wisdom (Perception) check. If you get 10 or more, **go to 80**. If you get less than 10, **go to 68**.

95

You descend to see what's on the menu for tonight. As you look for a seat, there are none available except at the captain's table. Luckily, he beckons you to join him.

As you move through the ranks of sailors at their benches, you hear the men grumbling about the cook's fare compared to the snacks on the beach. Some lament that they ever had to leave those golden sands. Others gag down the goop in their bowls. You try not to listen and breathe through your nose.

The captain sits alone at the head table when you join him. There are three place settings with plates and glassware. Each contains a whole fried fish—one with a hook and line still in its mouth—a neat mound of rice with flakes of dried seaweed, and a side of boiled vegetables again.

As you sit, the captain points at the seat next to you. “The Lady Sapphira has opted to dine in her cabin today. I hope you’ll deliver her meal when dinner is over.”

Captain Solaris then rises and chimes his knife against his glass. He has to repeat the action several times before the crew finally quiets and turns their attention to him.

“Thank you all for your part in our wonderfully successful first excursion of the voyage,” he says brightly to a chorus of grumbles and even a few boos. “And while we have room for improvement on the next outing—like not having an attempted mutiny—I’m delighted with the final result.”

He raises his glass in a toast to the crew. As they half-heartedly raise their mugs back to him, a massive peal of thunder rips through the air and the whole ship lurches violently to starboard.

Many sailors—and their foul-smelling dinners—are thrown to the floor. Fortunately, you are propped up by the captain, who falls to the floor instead.

A gust of wind blasts through the mess hall starting from the door leading above deck. You take to your feet and rush back through the crew to emerge into the open air under rapidly darkening skies ([go to 96](#)).

96

Thunder crashes and lightning splits the suddenly darkened sky. You try to get to your feet but find the ship roiling on the waves. It takes you a moment to find your balance on the unwieldy ship, steadying yourself enough to search out the source of this unnatural storm.

Wind and rain whip your face so sharply you need to check to see if your cheek is bleeding. A crack of thunder, loud enough that you feel it rattle your very bones, booms as lightning illuminates the scene.

“Lightning elemental off the starboard bow!” cries a panicked voice.

A vaguely humanoid figure hovers in the air just off the railing. It seems to be made of the very storm itself, a body of connected circling tempests flashing and shimmering with silver clouds. It approaches the *Sundancer* and alights on the deck. Arcs of lightning land smoking on the wooden planks and flicker across the sea spray puddling there.

The crew pours out of the belly of the ship and freezes at the sight of the creature casting a menacing gaze over the deck.



"Nope!" One of them yells. "That's it! I'm done!"

The lone sailor sprints for the longboat, and his good sense shakes his crewmates loose of their shock. They scatter like roaches in lamplight to leave Captain Solaris standing alone to realize for himself what's happening. In moments, you hear the splash of the longboats over the gale and shouts receding out over the open ocean.

"Lady Sapphira!" he yells before sprinting back the way he came.

His cry draws the attention of the elemental who starts floating over the deck toward where the captain disappeared below.

Engage the elemental directly (**go to 108**), look for a way to distract the beast (**go to 94**), find a place on deck to hide and bide your time (**go to 73**), or escape into the water (**go to 63**).

97

You consider Randy's offer and agree to help. He slaps his knee and whoops.

"That's what I'm talking about! Plan C!" He looks to his fellow mutineers then back to you looking for a reaction. He's disappointed on that front, but thrilled you're willing to help.

"So here's what we're going to do next," he says, leaning in. Raine and Ribcage follow suit. "Now we're going to get caught!"

Ribcage jerks up straight with a grunt. Raine and all their duplicates stop to stare in shock. Randy just nods.

"Just follow my lead," Randy says. "Trust me."

Though no one trustworthy has ever said "trust me," it seems none of you have much choice in the matter. Solaris and a boatful of his sailors have just reached the ship and are beginning to climb aboard.

Several sailors clamber back onto the ship armed with whatever they could find on shore: tarnished

silverware, table legs, and a brass candelabra. The captain follows and draws an ornamental but still very pointy sword.

"What is going on here?" the captain demands.

"Your intrepid employee here was just about to put us in chains," Randy says. "Commendable commitment to duty. Really."

"Do as he says," Captain Solaris says. Then, as he must have just realized how that sounded, "I mean, place the prisoners into custody."

The captain eyes you with suspicion for a moment, but when his sailors come up to you and commend you for your bravery, he turns his attention to other things (**go to 107**).

98

"Well, then," Captain Solaris says loudly to no one in particular. "That concludes our first successful outing of the voyage! Once the rest of the crew has come aboard, we shall set sail for our destination again."

Crew members look at each other and mutter about whether the captain attended the same event, but Solaris is either oblivious or opts to ignore them. He approaches you and nervously interlaces his fingers.

"That was a disaster," he says quietly. "A complete disaster. Please, I need you to check on the prisoners to make sure nothing else is going wrong."

You nod and return to your cabin where you have new companions already locked in Ribcage's cell. You enter in the middle of Randy expounding.

"...and some sources say that the treasure is a dragon-pirate's hoard piled high in a live volcano. Others report a villainous giant who steals the faces of sailors unfortunate enough to wash up on its shores to assume their shape. Or there's the real conspiracy theory, that it's the headquarters of some magical bureau that spreads its influence throughout the nearby islands. Maybe the world!"

“But as I’ve told you every single time,” Raine says with a long-suffering sigh, “there is no map, no record, no account at all of Oki Island. I’m telling you that it doesn’t exist.”

Ribcage is the first to notice you, and he alerts his cellmates to your presence. Raine shuts their mouth, but Randy grins at you with his multi-colored teeth.

“Hey there, bunkmate!” he says. “Can’t say this is much worse than the berth. At least we don’t have to deal with Ishmael’s gas or Robby talking in his sleep. And if I collect all Ribcage’s shed fur, I can make myself a nice little nest.”

“I don’t know what you see in this one,” Raine says to Randy. “Doesn’t seem trustworthy to me.”

“Well, I’m an excellent judge of character,” Randy replies. Then to you he asks, “So what can we do for you?”

You can ask your new roommates what they intended to do with the marooned crew ([go to 83](#)), why Randy gave up so easily ([go to 76](#)), or you can ask Raine about their mechanical arm and what it can do ([go to 69](#)).

99

You duck out of sight before the elemental has a chance to spot you. The elemental’s electrical discharges ground themselves regularly into the deck around it. You also notice the attacker is ideally placed to be struck with a boom controlling the mainsail.

If you want to engage the elemental in either combat or with the mainsail boom, [go to 108](#) and take an action before rolling initiative. Or if you want to escape the whole situation by jumping overboard, [go to 63](#).

100

The chef watches as you open the basket to see what it contains. You find a number of parcels wrapped neatly inside. A quick sniff suggests that they include spiced sausages, dried fruit, some soft-feeling sweets, at least one whole roasted bird of some kind, and one cheese whose pungent aroma makes you dizzy.

You continue looking through the basket as the chef grumbles and leaves the kitchen.

Beneath the finer fare, there is a tightly bound cloth that is strangely lumpy. Peeling it back you find an oil cloth containing ship’s biscuits, some dried meat of unknown source, and a few limes. There are also several waterskins, one of which is leaking, so you press it shut.

This is much more than is needed for a day at the beach. In fact, there’s enough here for the crew to live on for days, if not weeks.

The simpler fare seems out of place among the luxury goods at the top of the basket, but you re-pack the basket and bring it out to the longboat ([go to 58](#)).

101

Dodging past, you try to wrestle with the boom, using it as a battering ram to slam the elemental off of its feet. The ropes have all been whipped together into a knot, so it’s a mad dash for you to try and pick out the correct one which will help.

You will benefit from brute strength, nimble fingers, or an on-the-fly assessment to get the mainmast boom to swing into the elemental.

Make a Strength, Dexterity, or Intelligence check. If you have a background in sailing or you are proficient in ships or boats as a vehicle, you can roll with advantage. If you get 15 or higher, [go to 78](#). If you got less than 15, [return to 108](#) for the elemental to take its turn.

You may try each ability check only once. If you fail and return to this section, choose a different ability check to roll than you have previously tried.

102

As you emerge from the conversation with the prisoners below deck, the crew is making final preparations to weigh anchor and resume your journey.

Everything is working properly without your input. The captain is at the helm, Sapphira nowhere to be seen, and Francis seems to be learning a simple knot from a sailor as they sit cross-legged on the deck. You finally have a chance to lean against the gunwale, let the salt spray hit your face, and watch the sun set into the ocean in a splash of color as bright as any tropical fish.

Gain the benefits of a short rest.

Before the sun's color has fully left the sky, dinner is called out and all nonessential crew members leave their posts and go down into the mess hall.

You can follow the crew ([go to 95](#)) or skip dinner and remain above deck ([go to 70](#)).

103

You search the rooms and holds below decks and find nothing but signs of Raine's clumsy duplicates. It seems that it was impossible to make so many copies and keep them competent.

Working from stern to bow, you end up in the windlass room where there are two machines constructed of pulleys, chains, and various interlocking parts. The huge chains attached to the anchors leave through holes in the hull.

The port side seems to be working fine and you see nothing wrong. At first glance, you can't see anything amiss with the starboard side either, but as you circle around to the back something glints in the muted sunlight shining through the gaps in the deck above.

You approach cautiously, expecting to uncover some booby trap left by the mutineers. Instead, you find Sapphira's jeweled egg jammed firmly into the cogs of one of the gears. You grip it and prepare to yank it from the mechanism, but it comes away with just the slightest effort.

Warm and heavy in your hands, the egg does not seem to have been damaged by its ordeal. How it got there is not apparent as no one was on board except the three mutineers.

You take the egg and go above deck. You emerge from one direction while Sapphira bursts back onto the deck like a shrill typhoon.

"It's gone! The egg is gone! They've stolen my baby!" She screams each sentence into the face of a new, stunned sailor. "Captain! They've stolen my most treasured possession!"

The captain descends from where he was speaking to the helmsman and tries to calm down the hysterical noblewoman.

He makes an announcement to the crew, casting his voice enhancement spell again. "All right, crew. We will not be weighing anchor until the egg is found. So unless you want to swim back to port, find it!"

Sapphira nods emphatically in response and the crew start looking wherever they happen to be standing.

Before you can consider what to do, there is a heavy thud on the deck beside you.

The egg has fallen onto the floor somehow and now it's rolling around at your feet with the sway of the ship. You grab for it but not fast enough. The captain swoops in and scoops it off the deck.

"Ah, the adventurer's found it!" calls the captain brightly. "And now we can be on our way once again."

He hands the treasured object back to Sapphira, who snatches it thanklessly and storms off to her cabin ([go to 98](#)).

104

You prepare your best barbs and let rip.

“Yeah and... My enemies fall trembling at my feet!”

“That’s because... Your hair is very neat!” you say back.

Your attempt to join in with the fun is met with a prolonged silence. You think you’re going to hear your joke splash into the sea below.

With a groan, the crewmembers around you return to loading the longboat quietly. Occasionally, they look at you with an expression of disappointment. You are left just trying to figure out what you said that dragged the mood down so quickly.

“Well then,” a sailor says as he approaches you. “Now’d be a good time to find Randy over there. He’s loading up for the show.”

You look over to where he’s pointing. The goblin deckhand is examining the contents of a crate with a potentially concerning level of excitement. You bid the crewmembers goodbye and go see what has Randy so excited ([go to 66](#)).

105

The ocean pulls you under. Between the buffeting winds and the powerful current, you eventually succumb to the power of the ocean. However, you glimpse three figures on the deck of the *Sundancer* as the water covers your head. One is small, another lean, and the third huge and hairy.

Then the sea is crushing you, and you’re sinking. You’re dimly aware of which way is up by the pale light of the overcast sky.

There is a single bright flash.

The current is churning you around violently. You’re dizzy, body thrown off its own calibration. You cannot see because of the sting of salt in your eyes, and it’s a miracle you haven’t started to aspirate water.

You try to kick upward but the breath you’re holding is starting to run out.

Despite it all, something catches your eye.

You go to look and even in the tossing ocean you can spot it.

Sapphira’s jeweled egg. It isn’t sinking. It isn’t rising. It’s just... floating there. As if waiting for someone to collect it. You, maybe.

The sight is so odd that you don’t notice some dark shape hurtling violently toward you from above. It collides with you so brutally you feel your consciousness start to slip away, but that could just as easily be lack of air.

It’s amazing that you’re aware enough to feel the strong arms wrap around you and pull you to safety before everything goes black ([go to 111](#)).

106

Randy is obviously lying about something. Or everything. It’s impossible to tell exactly how deep the lie goes with him, or if he has simply become the lie.

You wonder aloud how Randy could forget the piece de la resistance of the whole day.

“I wouldn’t overthink it,” Randy says. “Come on. It’ll be fun.”

You can go with Randy and the other sailors ([go to 59](#)) or voice your concerns to the captain ([go to 72](#)).

107

Randy, Raine, and Ribcage are bound and marched to the brig below, so it seems you will have more company when you turn in for the evening. As they leave, Randy smiles and winks at you, wagging a stern finger mockingly.

Meanwhile, the crew go about setting up for a departure, including breaking down the disastrous picnic and ferrying everyone else from the beach. Sapphira

is on the first boat back, though her valet seems to have stayed behind. She begins to squawk about how her life was just threatened, her voice rising to a level of shrieking that causes the seagulls in the air above to begin to cry out in response, but Solaris heads over to you. He squeezes your shoulder with gratitude, looking you in the eye like an equal.

“You got me my ship back, so I thank you,” Captain Solaris says. “For that, I am grateful, but I need another favor from you. Please search the ship for any remaining threats. It would put the crew at ease. And then please check on the anchor mechanism. It seems to have malfunctioned, but no one wants to go below decks until you’ve cleared the area.”

Sapphira comes stalking up to the captain, her hat askew and her skirts swishing wrathfully against the deck. She is also pointing at you.

You can do as the captain asks and avoid the noblewoman’s fury (**go to 64**) or stay to get an earful for yourself (**go to 88**).

108

The elemental stalks the deck, letting fly little bolts of lightning at random objects, its stormy maw flashing in fury.

You can engage the elemental directly in hand-to-hand combat. At any point in the fight, you can try to distract the elemental (**go to 94**). Or if you successfully use a spell or ability that pushes the elemental at least 10 feet, **go to 78**.

If you reduce the lightning elemental to 0 HP, **go to 65**. If you drop to 0 HP, **go to 110**.

LIGHTNING ELEMENTAL

Large Elemental, neutral

Armor Class 13

Hit Points 51 (6d10 + 18)

Speed 50 ft.

Initiative +3

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
10 (+0)	17 (+3)	16 (+3)	6 (-2)	10 (+0)	7 (-2)

Damage Resistances bludgeoning, piercing, and slashing from nonmagical attacks

Damage Immunities fire, poison

Condition Immunities exhaustion, grappled, paralyzed, petrified, poisoned, prone, restrained, unconscious

Senses darkvision 60 ft., passive Perception 10

Illumination. The elemental sheds bright light in a 30-foot radius and dim light in an additional 30 ft.

Conductive Vulnerability. If Lightning Elemental touches a significant body of water or a large conductor (e.g. a lightning rod), it will drop to 0 HP.

ACTIONS

Touch. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +5 to hit, reach 5 ft.

Hit: 5 (1d6 + 2) lightning damage. If the target is wearing metal armor, roll a Constitution save (DC 12) or be stunned for 1 round.



109

You demand that Randy stop the ship and wait for the captain. The goblin regards you carefully, maybe even thoughtfully.

“Or what?” he says. You become aware of several copies of Raine standing close behind you. No weapons are drawn, but everyone is holding their breath to see what happens next.

But then the ship lurches beneath your feet (**go to 60**).

110

Staggering back from the latest blow, you feel the darkness of death just at the edge of your perception. Dizzy and dazed, you try to gain distance from the lightning elemental advancing on you.

You vaguely feel the firmness of the rail as you back away. Off-balance and injured, you find yourself falling toward the roiling ocean below (**go to 85**).

CHAPTER 3: BRIGAND'S BAY

111

You regain consciousness slowly and in the process try to reach up and check your head for injury—but you quickly find that your hands are bound behind you around a wooden pillar. Manacles rattle and weigh your wrists down painfully. You can smell the stink of warped wood and wet hair.

Eventually, the world stops swimming around you and things slowly start to make sense.

You're in the belly of a ship. The brig, if the cage around you is anything to go by. The door to your cell seems damaged and it swings loosely open, squeaking as the ship's roll makes it move on rusted hinges. On the other side of the bars, you see a wet mess of cloth and rope that you recognize as your hammock and cargo netting. Your gear has been stowed in the cargo net again.

So you're still on the *Sundancer*.

You test your restraints again and feel that you're able to move your arms a little further than you thought. You don't have total control, but it's better than nothing. As you fidget, you become aware of a strange object wedged between your tied hands.

With some contortion, you're able to manipulate the offending item and see what's in your hands.

It's Sapphira's lustrous jewel egg, humming with heat.

It just sits there, warm, silent—then after a moment begins to rumble, as if it is aware that your attention is on it. A couple of taps to its outer shell don't give away any of its secrets, it remains just as mysterious until it settles down in your palm once again.

If you want to listen to your surroundings, **go to 128**. If you want to try to deal with the locks on the manacles, **go to 120**. If you want to try to physically break the manacles open, **go to 171**. If you want to do nothing and see what happens, **go to 138**.

112

The captain shrugs and looks out to the ocean. It's miles of nothing in every direction, no land or reprieve in sight—just open blue sea.

"If you want, but the longboats are gone. You're on your own if you do, my friend."

To ask why you owe him your life, **go to 148**. To ask why Sapphira is in her cabin, **go to 187**. If you've asked everything that you want to, **go to 190**.

113

The sun is blinding as you emerge onto deck. The bugbear lets you go but stays close behind, suggesting that any funny business is a bad idea. He has found an enormous warhammer—so large it could only belong to him—and he now carries the weapon strapped to his back.

As your eyes adjust, a familiar voice rings out across the ship, though with more authority than you thought possible.

"Well, that worked out to our advantage, Captain," Raine is saying to a small figure in a large hat. "Even though it might not have gone exactly to plan."

"A plan is simply a guess you write down. Fortune is when planning meets opportunity."

"How fortunate that we met lightning elementals on the open ocean."

"Victory is the opportunities found in problems," Randy says with a grin. "And a wise goblin will make more opportunities than he finds."

Ribcage makes a sound somewhere between a grunt and a belch, attracting the attention of Raine and the other figure on deck.

“What about our ‘passengers’?” Raine asks while nodding in your direction. “Why are we keeping them around?”

“Two reasons,” the littler figure says. “Ransom for starters. But that’s secondary. We will part the good Lady Sapphira from her egg so that it can lead us to Oki Island.”

“So then where’s the egg?”

“So many questions today, child!” Finally, the small figure on deck turns toward you. “Maybe you have some insights for us?”

Though you couldn’t believe your ears, you now must believe your eyes. The “captain” before you is Randy. You must blurt out his name because Raine is quick to correct you.



“That’s ‘Captain’ or ‘Captain Sharp Smile’ from now on,” Raine says sharply. Then more quietly to the captain, “I never could get used to calling you ‘Randy’.”

“I prefer Randall anyway,” the captain says with a smile. “So, adventurer, any idea where we find my egg? The noble lady locked in her cabin was quite distraught to find it missing. I must admit that I feel the same.”

You look around the deck between Raine, Ribcage, and Captain Sharp Smile. If you have the jeweled egg in your inventory, **go to 126**. If not, **go to 157**.

114

You’re pretty light-fingered. It’s easy to reach into pockets when heads are turned the other way. Some of these fools have more gold than they know what to do with, which seems rather dangerous in a pirate town.

Roll 2d10 and add that many gp to your inventory.

With your larcenous profits in your pocket, you can move on to some other money-making opportunity (**return to 170**).

115

You realize you have now traded places with Ribcage since you were both in this room together, with you being on the inside of the brig and him on the outside, though he gives no indication of finding this amusing.

He does raise an eyebrow at the manacles on the floor as he moves to block the broken cell door. He beckons you to go with him.

You can go with Ribcage (**go to 178**), push past him to go yourself (**go to 193**), or attack him (**go to 124**).

Watching the process—and looking at the strange board in particular—you are doubtful that this board and its process have anything to do with finding an answer. In fact, it looks like an unusually high-quality elven children's toy meant to teach diviners and clairvoyants.

You lean in to whisper this to the captain, and he just nods.

“Elidyr is a liar and a fraud in every possible way,” Randy whispers back. “But trust the process. He has something for us.”

The captain folds his arms and waits, and urges you to do the same with a look (**go to 195**).

117

Emmi rolls her eyes.

“Your captain has been a thorn in my side since I opened the place. More trouble than he's worth I think, sometimes.”

The captain grins from his table. It's strange to see him so at-ease.

“Ah, but Emmi, you forget that I keep things fun around here.”

“Fun?! I hardly call a crossbow bolt through the window every single time ‘fun!’”

She whips a dishcloth at him. He snatches it out of the air with a quick hand, grinning devilishly. Even when playful he won't be caught on the back foot.

To ask Emmi about her pub, **go to 167**. To talk about Brigand's Bay, **go to 133**. To ask about the region and any places of interest, **go to 141**.

Alternatively, you could leave the bar and go sit with Captain Sharp smile (**go to 183**).

You accompany the first mate into the apparent post office. She gives you a little explanation as she steps inside.

“Well, some of us have people we need to send things to, and we're not usually welcomed at proper post offices. This is the best we have here.”

She goes up to a bored-looking halfling behind a counter, and holds out a small parcel. You can hear it jingling slightly.

“Same as usual, Opal?”

“Thank you, Jeffrey.”

The halfling scribbles something on the brown paper of Opal's package and shoves it into a bag. She pays him a very hefty-looking fee.

“Plus tip. Make sure it gets there alright.”

“O' course.”

“And...” she hesitates a little, as if she does not want to ask the next question, “have I had anything back?”

He shakes his head. “Nope. Sorry, love.”

Opal forces a smile.

“Oh well. Let's go, then.”

To ask Opal about her parcel, make a Charisma (Persuasion) check. If you get 14 or higher, **go to 179**. If you get less than 14, **go to 142**.

If you don't want to pry into her personal story, as you're both leaving the post office she says, “I've got other things to do in town. The pub you're looking for is just across the street, by the way. See you around, mate.”

She heads off without another word, gait light and easy. As if nothing was ever on her mind at all.

Now you have your bearings, if you want to explore more of the pirate town, **go to 151**. Or if you've done everything around town that you'd like, head across the street to meet with the captain (**go to 161**).

119

Captain Sharp Smile turns the egg over in his hands, examining it from every possible angle.

"If lost, return to Oki Island," he reads aloud. Lost in thought, he still asks, "Ribcage, I take it our other guests are still in their cabin?"

The great brute nods his head. Randy doesn't say anything at first. He seems to be absorbed in staring at the egg and searching for more clues that he doesn't find. He takes off his hat for a moment and checks it for inscriptions as well, but is disappointed when he finds nothing.

"Ugh, nobles," the goblin captain says finally. "You go through all the trouble of setting them up comfortably to be ransomed off, and then they can't even be bothered to come say hello. Honestly, it's just impolite."

"Captain?" Raine says, raising an eyebrow, gently but respectfully prompting him that you're still listening.

"Right, yes. As my dutiful young charge has said, I'm the captain and in charge of this commandeered vessel to be granted a new name: the *Rapier Wit*. And you owe me your life."

To ask why you owe him your life, **go to 148**. To ask why Sapphira is in her cabin, **go to 187**. To ask if you can leave, **go to 112**. Or to skip any preamble and agree to join Randy's search for Oki Island, **go to 181**.

120

The manacles are solid, but you believe it is not impossible to break out of them. Though they weigh down on your wrists uncomfortably, you know that you have just enough wiggle room in order to work your magic.

Make a Dexterity (Sleight of Hand) check. If you get 18 or higher, or if you have a spell or ability which can open locks, **go to 144**. If you get below 18, **go to 160**.

121

It is not difficult to keep an eye on Ribcage. Even amongst some of the larger kith races—of which there are a handful of each milling around—he sticks out like a sore thumb. He is easily the tallest person in this town. Even the meanest, gruffest of pirates ducks away when they see him coming, clearly not wanting to risk his wrath just by being in his way.

Ribcage moves through the crowd like a frigate sailing among rowboats. He cuts a swath through the denizens of Brigand's Bay to make a beeline for the depths of the darkest alleys.

As you follow after him, you see why: he's heading for what is signposted as "The Fighting Pit." As you get closer, you can see it is a literal pit dug into the ground, probably ten feet deep and caked with dried blood. A crowd has formed around its perimeter and is cheering loudly as two warriors try to hack each other to pieces in the bottom.

Ribcage approaches what seems to be the organizer and has a quick chat. Ribcage's side consists of a quick grunt followed by a series of shouts from the organizer. The bugbear drops down into the pit as the unconscious body of the loser is dragged away. The pirate he's facing looks absolutely terrified. Ribcage has produced a silver hairbrush from somewhere and is brushing his fur from head to toe, maintaining steely eye contact with his opponent the whole while.

"Bets! Make your bets for Ribcage of the *Rapier Wit* verses Boris the Bloodthirsty!"

You look over to the man handling the money for the bets.

If you wish to make a bet, **go to 147**. To just watch the match, **go to 129**. If you wish to sign up to fight afterward, **go to 150**.

As you stagger deeper into the alley, you sense someone following behind, but somehow that doesn't matter. All you want to do is find a nice spot to sleep for a while. As you collapse to the ground, you're vaguely aware of fingers rifling through your things and taking all your valuables. The world goes black.

You come to on the hard deck of the *Rapier Wit* and find a concerned-looking Opal looking down at you.

"Glad to have you back with us! When I found you, I wasn't sure you'd make it."

You now have 1 HP and have lost all your money—remove it from your inventory.

Opal continues, "The captain still wants to meet you at *The Siren's Shanty*, are you good to walk there? It's not that far."

As you stagger to your feet, Opal gives you directions to the pub and makes sure you get down the gangplank before sending you off into the bustle of Brigand's Bay. It doesn't take you long to reach the pub (**go to 161**).



You intercept the grubby guard on the captain's behalf.

"Don't kill him!" the captain calls out to you. "But I encourage you to hurt him very badly!"



HARBORMASTER'S GUARD

Medium Humanoid (human), chaotic neutral

Armor Class 11 (leather armor)

Hit Points 26 (4d8 + 8)

Speed 30 ft.

Initiative +0

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

Skills Intimidation +2

Senses passive Perception 10

Sea Legs. The Harbormaster's Guard has advantage on ability checks and saving throws to avoid being knocked prone and shoved.

ACTIONS

Club. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +2 to hit, reach 5 ft.

Hit: 4 (1d4 + 2) bludgeoning damage.

REACTIONS

Aggressive Halitosis. When struck with an attack within 5 ft of Harbormaster's Guard, you must roll a Constitution save (DC 10) or be poisoned until the end of your next turn.

The guard attacks you to get to Captain Sharpshooter. If you drop to 0 HP, **go to 159**. If your opponent drops to 0 HP, **go to 174**.

124

You lunge at the big bugbear, who puts up his arms in a defensive position. On his turn, Ribcage tries to grapple you instead of attacking.

RIBCAGE

Medium Humanoid (goblinoid), chaotic evil

Armor Class 16 (hide armor, shield)

Hit Points 67 (9d8 + 27)

Speed 30 ft.

Initiative +2

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
18 (+4)	14 (+2)	16 (+3)	11 (+0)	11 (+0)	9 (-1)

Skills Athletics +6, Stealth +6, Survival +2

Senses darkvision 60 ft., passive Perception 10

Brute. A melee weapon deals one extra die of its damage when the bugbear hits with it (included in the attack).

Surprise Attack. If the bugbear surprises a creature and hits it with an attack during the first round of combat, the target takes an extra 7 (2d6) damage from the attack.

ACTIONS

Massive Hammer. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +6 to hit, reach 5 ft. *Hit:* 11 (2d6 + 4) bludgeoning damage.



If you deal damage to Ribcage, **go to 168**. If he successfully grapples you, **go to 136**.

125

You firmly refuse to join Captain Sharpssmile on his voyage. He shrugs and wishes you good luck.

Under Raine's guidance, the ship quickly pulls away from you, leaving you bobbing alone in the middle of the ocean with nothing but the hot sun and your thoughts for company.

THE END

126

You still have Sapphira's egg tucked away safely on your person. There is no way you can keep it hidden if you are searched, but it may give you some leverage.

You can hand your egg over (**go to 166**) or say nothing and keep it (**go to 140**).

127

Though he is very subtle about it, the elven jeweler Elidyr appears to be pulling a con on you all. His mannerisms are just a little too crisp, as if he's rehearsed this sort of thing. You keep a close eye on the egg itself while the jeweler continues with his fake ritual.

You quietly point this out to Captain Sharpssmile and he nods. He even smiles at Opal who rolls her eyes in the direction of Elidyr.

"Elidyr hasn't gone a day without lying his entire life," the captain says to you. "But he knows that selling fake information turns customers into enemies. Just wait."

He turns his attention back to Elidyr. Opal mouths the words "watch this" and then points (**go to 195**).

128

It's best you get a lay of the land, for certain. Though the sound of the sea beating against the side of the ship is a distraction, you listen out anyway.

You quiet your breathing as much as you can, focusing on the thrum of your own heartbeat and then quiet even that. Your ears prick up, as sensitive as they can be, hoping that you can make anything out to help clue you in on your predicament.

Make a Wisdom (Perception) check. If you get 12 or higher, **go to 152**. If you get below 12, **go to 138**.

129

You watch from the riotous crowd as Ribcage takes seconds to beat his opponent into the ground with his fists. He never even removes the warhammer from his back. It's not a long fight but the crowd goes wild for it. You hurry away before he spots you, mentally making a note not to cross him. Ever.

To explore more of the pirate town, **go to 151**. If you have done all you wish to do in town, go and meet Randy at *The Siren's Shanty* (**go to 161**).

130

Your eyes follow Ribcage as he approaches to loom over where you are tied up in the cell. A quick glance around you shows that the jeweled egg has rolled somewhere out of sight.

The hairy bugbear leans in close to you with a low groan and a curled lip. He may not say a word, but his meaning is clear. *Don't try to escape.*

He unlocks the manacles behind you and backs into the door of the cell again to block your exit. He beckons you with a finger and nods toward the door out.

You can go with Ribcage (**go to 178**), push past him to go yourself (**go to 193**), or attack him (**go to 124**).

131

It doesn't take long before you find a game of chance where you can bet your hard-earned money.

In the shade of an alley, a group of pirates have gathered to play some intense dice games. They watch with frazzled concentration as their peers throw handfuls of six-sided dice, cheering or cursing depending on the results. You approach and express an interest in joining.

A pirate, missing several of his front teeth, grins at you.

"Ten gold to enter, mate. We're playing Ship, Captain, Crew."

Remove 10 gp from your inventory.

The rules of the game are as follows. You will be playing for yourself and your opponent.

You each have three rolls per go. Roll 5d6 aiming to get a crew (4), a captain (5), and a ship (6). If you roll any of these, set those dice aside: however, they need to be rolled in order (4, 5, and then 6). When you have a crew, a captain, and a ship, you may roll the two leftover dice to see the value of your cargo. Keep taking turns until one player has succeeded in getting all these dice and cargo or, if you match, the highest cargo measures the winner.

You may reroll your cargo dice if you have a 4, 5, 6 before you've used all three rolls, but you must take the new score.

*If you win, add 20 gp to your inventory. **Win or lose, return to 170.***



Alternatively, to cheat, roll a Dexterity (Sleight of Hand) check. If you get 17 or higher, **go to 180**. If you get less than 17, **go to 145**.

132

Inside the slightly shabby building that proudly proclaims itself to be the *Second-Hand Second Hand Store*, an older gnomish gentleman is serving behind the counter. Your crewmate, Raine, is speaking to him and doesn't seem happy.

Voices are raised, but you can't quite make out what's being said. You can see them clearly through the window, however.

You can watch the transaction from outside (**go to 137**) or go into the store (**go to 155**).

“It’s been a long time since I lived anywhere else, honestly. I’ve gotten used to my life. Plus I make a pretty penny here, that’s for certain.”

“Yes,” the captain interjects, “because if anyone else tries to set up a tavern, she burns them down. Or gets her wife to sing them into the sea.”

A dreamy look crosses Emmi’s face.

“Ahh, my Pearl. I miss her when the tide’s out.” Then she shrugs. “Plus, doesn’t hurt to have a monopoly on the bar business. Who needs competition when you could just keep the whole place locked down, eh?”

To ask Emmi about the pub, **go to 167**. To talk about the captain, **go to 117**. To ask about the region and any places of interest, **go to 141**.

Alternatively, you could leave the bar and go sit with Captain Sharpssmile (**go to 183**).

You stand victorious over Bitey, his chest heaving as he grins through the pain.

“Good game,” he manages, throwing you a thumbs-up. The two of you are hauled out of the pit to make way for the next match, and a small purse is pressed into your hand to congratulate you on your victory.

Add 50 gp to your inventory.



To explore more of the pirate town, **go to 151**. Or if you’ve done everything around town that you’d like, go straight to *The Siren’s Shanty* to meet with the captain (**go to 161**).



135

Unfortunately, your little performance is simply no match for the din of the town. Your voice is drowned out by the sounds of shouts and threats and hollers and hoots, and after an unsuccessful half hour you decide to pack it in. The only thing you're going to earn under these circumstances is a sore throat.

To the deafening sound of silence, you are left to consider other money-making opportunities in the town (**return to 170**).

136

The bugbear's thick arms wrap around your chest and neck and hold you tight. You continue to struggle, but Ribcage doesn't seem to mind as he lifts you off your feet and carries you up the steps toward the deck (**go to 113**).

137

It's hard to make out everything Raine is saying to the shopkeeper from outside, but you can see them gesturing to their mechanical arm, pointing out some patches. You guess that it needs repair.

After some bargaining the man behind the counter hands them a collection of bits and pieces. Raine is clearly displeased with the transaction, but you're not sure you've ever seen Raine look pleased.

As Raine turns to leave, the shopkeeper produces a package from under the counter. After a brief exchange, Raine takes it and stalks out of the store.

The young sailor bursts out of the shop and sees you. With a shake of their head and a roll of their eyes, they leave you standing on the *Second-Hand Second Hand Store's* doorstep as they vanish into the crowd.

You can skip shopping to continue to explore the town (**go to 151**), or find the captain at *The Siren's Shanty* (**go to 161**).

*If you want to go into the store, go to the **Second-Hand Second Hand Store on page 142** to see a list of wares. You can turn to the General Store at any time that you're in Brigand's Bay. Just make a note of which section you're currently on so that you can continue the adventure from there.*

138

The thrum of the ocean around you is overwhelming, and the fog has not yet lifted from your brain. You're aware that people are talking but you can't quite catch what they are saying. You accept that all you can do is wait.

The jeweled egg is an unusual addition to your time in the cell. You try to grip it, but it somehow slips from your grasp to roll around near your hands. It doesn't seem likely that your captors—whoever they are—would place such a valuable treasure within your grasp, so what is it doing here?

You're considering your situation when the light from the porthole is suddenly eclipsed.

At the door to the brig is a figure so large they barely fit beneath the ceiling. They're hunched over so as to not hit their head, meaning their face is pushed forward into yours.

You are met with the gaze of an eight-foot bugbear. It's Ribcage, and you have to wonder what's going to happen to you next (**go to 130**).

139

Without looking back, you sprint for the edge of the ship and dive overboard. The water is shockingly cold given the tropical sun, but it's better than being on that vessel. The captain peers over the edge at you and laughs.

"Well, fine. If that's what you want. And to show you I'm not completely heartless—"

A loose plank of wood is hurled off the ship and into the ocean next to you, a rough buoyancy aid. You hang onto it and begin to kick away.

"Land's in that direction!" he shouts, pointing eastwards. Then he thinks. "Or maybe it's that way... Well, swim for long enough and you'll find out!"

The goblin at the rail holds up the end of a rope. "Or if you'd prefer? It's not too late to come with us."

Ask for the rope and re-board the *Rapier Wit* ([go to 154](#)) or end your adventure bobbing on the open ocean ([go to 125](#)).

140

Gain Inspiration.

You say nothing, leaving the egg hidden on your person.

"No?" the captain asks. "That's a shame. We can't set course for Oki Island without knowing where it is. That little bauble is supposed to be the key I've been missing all these years."

At the mention of Oki Island, you feel the egg heat up and maybe even start to rock a little. That could just be the movement of the ship, however.

"Raine, if you wouldn't mind searching the ship," Captain Sharpsmile says to the younger crew member, who nods. "And Ribcage, please search our friend here."

Ribcage also nods and growls as he advances on you. He reaches one heavy hand toward you, but before you have a chance to respond there's a loud thud at your feet.

"Ah there it is!" the captain calls out. "Sneaky. You have the makings of a pirate."

Remove jeweled egg from your inventory.

Instead of grabbing you, Ribcage scoops up the egg that has somehow fallen on the deck and hands it to his captain ([go to 119](#)).

141

"Ah," she replies when you ask about the region, "I've not left the pub in many years, but Pearl tells me that the seas are beautiful and warm, and there are hundreds of islands to get shipwrecked on—none more famous, of course, than Oki Island... If it even exists, that is!"

You must show some sign of interest in the name, because she continues, "Mmm, everyone talks about it but seems like no one's ever been there. Some call it the Island of Giants. Others, the Fruit Basket of the Seas. One weird old gnome came in here once even talking about it as a 'Vault of Lies'."

"All I know is that no ship I've encountered has ever braved the hazards." Emmi clears your drink away and pours you a fresh one. "Tentacle monsters and raccoon-dogs and what-not. Sounds like a load of hooley to me, but somehow anyone who works the sea in these parts just gets rich. That's why the pirates took over Brigand's Bay originally. Used to be a merchant outpost on the trade routes."

To ask Emmi about the pub, [go to 167](#). To talk about the captain, [go to 117](#). To talk about Brigand's Bay, [go to 133](#).

Alternatively, you could leave the bar and go sit with Captain Sharpsmile ([go to 183](#)).

142

You ask her what's in the parcel and she smiles wryly.

"Ah, just... family things. Eldest daughter has financial responsibilities and all that. But what sort of pirate would I be if I gave all my secrets up that easily? And oh, watch your pockets."

You look down to see a halfling trying to reach into your coin purse. When you're done chasing him off and turn back to Opal, she's already leaving.

"The pub you're looking for is across the street!" she calls, grinning.

Now you have your bearings, if you want to explore more of the pirate town, **go to 151**. Or if you've done everything around town that you'd like, head across the street to meet with the captain (**go to 161**).

143

The crowd that had gathered to watch the fight begins to disperse. Several people step over the poor man's prone form to do so. Business as usual resumes on the dock and you assess the town.

Once the dock ends and land begins, you see Brigand's Bay has a central plaza where it seems you can easily find most of the amenities. Streets sprawl out from the hub like a spider web, interconnected by dark alleys, paved with neat cobblestones. Every now and then you see silhouettes up to shady dealings on what were once the lovely little verandas of public houses, but the wear and tear of a pirate clientele means all the buildings have seen better days.

"Ah, it's been too long since I've been to my home on dry land," the captain announces, "I'm going to go and get a drink at *The Siren's Shanty*. Opal?"

His first mate's head pops up. "Aye, captain?"

"We leave at sundown! Tell the crew! See to your own errands! And meet me back here before the sun touches the horizon."

"Aye, captain!" she calls out again with a casual little salute. She turns to speak to the crew members nearest to her, then takes her leave of them. She disembarks, eyeing you the whole time.

Stooping to whisper something in the captain's ear, you catch her looking at you. The captain nods a couple times, shakes his head a couple times, and then reaches up to pat the elf on the shoulder reassuringly. She leaves with a final glance in your direction.

As Opal walks away, Raine approaches with a furrowed brow.

"What? You're just going to let *this* one walk about unsupervised?" They gesture to you with their mechanical arm. "After everything that happened on the way here?"

"Of course," Captain Sharpnose says with a flourish. "As trustworthy as anyone else aboard the *Rapier Wit*. Except maybe you, Raine. Make sure to watch your pockets." This last part is directed at you.

"Once you're done about town," the captain continues as Raine huffs, "meet me at *The Siren's Shanty* at least half an hour before dusk. Especially if you know what's good for you. And you'd also do well to remember who's in charge here, Raine."

"...Aye, captain. Sorry," Raine admits as they go, shooting you a look of utter contempt as they pass.

"Right, be about your business. Make sure you don't do anything I wouldn't do!" the captain calls, grin returning to his face. He heads off toward town through the loud, bustling wharfside crowd.

Slowly the crew begins to disperse. It occurs to you that now may be a good time to follow some of your new cohorts. You could learn something new about them. You see Raine and Ribcage split off in two different directions, but Opal has disappeared into the crowd like smoke.

To follow Raine, **go to 173**. To follow Ribcage, **go to 121**. To look for Opal, **go to 153**. To explore Brigand's Bay on your own, **go to 151**.

144

The manacles fall to the floor behind you. You rub the feeling back into your wrists, wincing a little at the bruises they will no doubt leave.

You snatch up the jeweled egg from where it's resting on the cell floor and stow it on your person where it's unlikely to be spotted except in a full search.

Add jeweled egg to your inventory.

And then the light from the porthole is suddenly eclipsed.

At the door to the brig is a figure so large they barely fit beneath the ceiling. They're hunched over so as to not hit their head, meaning their face is pushed forward into yours.

You are met with the gaze of an eight-foot bugbear. It's Ribcage, and you have to wonder what's going to happen to you next ([go to 115](#)).

145

The pirate grabs your wrist as you go to try and fudge the dice, twisting your hand back painfully. A surge of agony runs all the way up your arm and into your shoulder. You can tell that he's used to cheats and knows how to deal with them.

"If you're trying to cheat, at least do it well enough so we don't see it. Now. Play. Properly." His breath reeks of old fish and questionable rum.

Take 2 points of bludgeoning damage.

Return to 131 and play the game as listed. You may not attempt to cheat again.

146

There's plenty of hustle and bustle going on, and the pirates seem like they'd enjoy a good singalong. You find a particularly inviting street corner, clear away some of the garbage that has gathered there, and begin your performance.

Roll a Charisma (Performance) check. If you have an instrument with you, roll with advantage. If you get 14 or higher, [go to 177](#). If you get less than 14, [go to 135](#).

147

You head over to the man taking the bets and ask what the odds are.

"Fortune's in favor of the bugbear, no surprise. But Boris might do it, you know. He's the only way you'll win any money. The bet is ten gold. So whaddya say?" If you don't want to bet and just watch the match instead, [go to 129](#). Otherwise:

Remove 10 gp from your inventory.

Place a bet on Ribcage to win ([go to 164](#)) or place a bet on Boris the Bloodthirsty to win ([go to 192](#)).

148

You ask the question, and the goblin throws his head back and laughs. It's a reedy, scratching sort of chuckle, and it reminds you of nails on a chalkboard.

"Well, you didn't climb out of the ocean—sodden and unconscious—by yourself, did you? You would have fed the fish, or worse. Turtles maybe."

You follow up with asking why Randy was on the *Sundancer* in the first place.

"Because we were going to rob you. There was a lot of treasure on this ship, wasn't there? But now I've come up with an even better idea: keep the treasure and get rid of the lady. After all, she ought to be worth a pretty penny, and with the former captain of this vessel too. I'm not actually sure you're worth anything though, so we might give you a chance on board. You're welcome."

To ask why Sapphira is in her cabin, [go to 187](#). To ask if you can leave, [go to 112](#). If you've asked everything that you want to, [go to 181](#).

The man, a gray-whiskered human, wears a coat that might have once been fine and expensive, but is now threadbare and moth-eaten. He pushes his pince-nez up the bridge of his nose.

He seems tired, but you imagine being a harbormaster in a pirate town is a thankless job. He is holding a polearm topped with a curving blade the size of a short sword. The weapon is of extraordinary craftsmanship in both the folded steel blade and once-polished ebony haft. However, the slovenly harbormaster wields it with a clumsy brutality that suggests the weapon was looted from some other, more skilled warrior. He is followed closely by a scruffy guard giving aggressive side-eyes to everyone on the wharf.

“Kyto!” the captain calls out, going down the gangplank to head the harbormaster off. “Good to see you again.”

The harbormaster steps back onto the firmer ground of the dock. “Oh no, you don’t! Don’t try that charm with me, Sharp Smile. You know that you owe me seven platinum’s worth of docking fees.”

Randy groans, hand twisting around the hilt of his rapier as if he’s heartily considering using it.

“Dear me, Kyto. Can’t we forget about that, for old time’s sake?”

“Last time we met, you stabbed me.”

“You probably deserved it then,” the captain says. “This will just be a quick visit. In and out. How about I get you next time?”

“How about I take it out of your hide?” The harbormaster snaps. His hired muscle draws a small spiked club, a more appropriate weapon for his rank, and rushes at the captain.

You can intercept the attacker ([go to 123](#)) or let the fight play out ([go to 191](#)).

You are called to drop down into the ring almost immediately. When Ribcage sees you approaching the arena, he huffs and it is difficult to tell whether it’s with respect or derision.

Your opponent drops down to face you. It’s a little kobold with a crazed look in his eye. He slashes his dagger at the air in front of you, gleefully.

“*YES! BITEY LOVES STABBING!*” he cries, and as the announcer shouts for the match to begin, he descends upon you.

BITEY

Small Humanoid (kobold), lawful evil

Armor Class 12
Hit Points 5 (2d6 - 2)
Speed 30 ft.
Initiative +2

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
7 (-2)	15 (+2)	9 (-1)	8 (-1)	7 (-2)	8 (-1)

Senses darkvision 60 ft., passive Perception 8

ACTIONS

Dagger. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +4 to hit, reach 5 ft.
Hit: 4 (1d4 + 2) piercing damage.



If you win, [go to 134](#). If he wins, [go to 172](#).



151

The town is sprawling, but rough maps of the place have been carved into the walls seemingly at random. It doesn't seem too difficult to navigate. As a pirate drunkenly slams into the wall next to you before vomiting loudly, it seems it would make sense for it to be a simple map that those imbibing could easily use to get around.

There are opportunities galore in Brigand's Bay. If you want to make yourself some coin, [go to 170](#).

Alternatively, you could go in the same direction as Raine ([go to 173](#)), look for Ribcage ([go to 121](#)), or try to find Opal ([go to 153](#)).

If you want to do some shopping, you can head to the general store, the *Second-Hand Second Hand Store* ([go to 132](#)).

Once you've explored the town to your satisfaction, you can go meet Captain Sharpshin at *The Siren's Shanty* ([go to 161](#)).

You may explore Brigand's Bay from this section, but you should only select each option once.

152

The sound of the waves may be loud, but you can still hear excited voices.

It's difficult to hear every word, but you can pick out phrases. 'Ransom' is one. 'Gold' is another. 'Oki Island' also comes up several times, and things slowly begin to fit together. The voices you hear are familiar, but you can't quite place them among the various sounds of a ship at sea.

You can now try to open the manacle locks ([go to 120](#)), break the manacles open ([go to 171](#)), or wait to see what happens next ([go to 138](#)).

153

As you head through the town, you find that you've gotten a bit lost. You're about to try to find a map crudely scraped into a wall when you hear your name being called. Opal waves at you from across the street and gestures you over.

"How are you finding the town?"

You tell her your honest answer and she grins, rows of perfect teeth shining like pearls between her full lips.

"Aye, well, it takes some getting used to. Come on, if you're going to find the captain, I'm heading there myself. Just got to pop into the post office first."

She's very light on her feet, easily sidestepping the brawling pirates that seem to appear every other street, kicking any potential pickpockets away from her purse; she is singularly focused on her path and keeps you close. You follow her to a rather run-down building with the words "POST OFFIS" and a crudely drawn envelope splattered across its sign in red. You hope that it's been written with paint.

She beckons you to follow her inside ([go to 118](#)).

154

You ask for the rope, and the captain throws it down to you with remarkable accuracy. You climb aboard to his knowing grin ([go to 181](#)).



155

Inside, an older gnomish gentleman is serving behind the counter. His gray hair is held in a high ponytail and he has a jeweler's loupe hitched up for his left eye. He smiles when he sees you.

"Ah, a new face! Welcome. I'll be with you in a moment. Please take a look around, I'm sure to have whatever you're looking for in stock. And remember, all sales are final under pain of death!"

He says that last part so cheerfully that you almost don't register that he's said it at all. When you look at him, he's grinning so wide that he shows a gold molar at the back of his mouth.

Raine glowers at you a moment before returning to their transaction as if you aren't there. Arrayed on the counter is a collection of cogs, cables, and copper tubing. "These same parts were half the price last time. I'm going to have to find a new supplier."

"Oh, no. Afraid not. People keep trying to open another general store, but the gosh darned places keep mysteriously burning down! Strange that."

He picks some ashes out from under his fingernails with the fine point of a carving knife as he says this.

With a huff, Raine tosses a little purse onto the counter and snatches up the spare parts. Without a look at you, they stomp out the door and back into the bustle of the marketplace.

"Excuse me, Raine," the shopkeeper calls just as the young sailor reaches the door. "Your captain ordered these some time back. Even paid in full."

He holds out a package stamped with the name of the shop. Raine stalks back, snatches away the package, and then makes an even less graceful exit.

"So, what can I do for you?" asks the shopkeeper.

To see a list of wares, go to the **Second-Hand Second Hand Store on page 142**. You can turn to the General Store at any time that you're in Brigand's Bay. Just make a note of which section you're currently on so that you can continue the adventure from there.

When you are done shopping, you can either continue exploring Brigand's Bay (**go to 151**) or finish up and meet Randy at *The Siren's Shanty* (**go to 161**).

156

Oh, this is the town for you. It's ever so easy to swan past unsuspecting fools and dip your hands into their pockets. At one moment you think that you might get caught, but the man you've pilfered from turns and attacks the person behind you instead.

This is too easy! Brigand's Bay is growing on you.

Roll 3d12 and add that many gp to your inventory.

With your larcenous profits in your pocket, you can move on to some other money-making opportunity (**return to 170**).

157

You admit that you don't have the egg on you and even allow Ribcage a quick search of your person.

"Nothing is ever so easy," Captain Sharpnose says with a little sigh. "Looks like we need to search the ship before making way."

"Um, Captain?" Raine says, pointing with their mechanical arm. "It might be easier than you think."

You follow Raine's pointing finger along with the captain and the bugbear. Sitting on the floor in the door leading back down below is the jeweled egg, glistening in the sun. The captain's mouth splits into a wide toothy grin and a slightly manic chuckle boils up out of him.

"But how did it get there?" Raine asks dubiously.

“Ribcage, if you would please,” he says. Then to Raine he continues, “Seems we are fated to be together, me and the egg. Best not to ask questions, but it seems the stories are true. There’s something more to this little treasure than gold and precious stones.”

The bugbear helps the captain collect his prize—surprisingly gently given his size—and the goblin takes it with reverence ([go to 119](#)).

158

With bated breath you watch the fight play out. Ribcage is vicious but Boris is *fast*, and the tide of the battle soon turns in his favor. He forces the bugbear to his knees and a cheer rings out as he wins. The man handling the bets seems flabbergasted.

“Well, I’ll be damned. He actually did it. Here’s your winnings.”

Add 50 gp to your inventory.



If you wish to sign up for the next fight, [go to 150](#).

To explore more of the pirate town, [go to 151](#). If you have done all you wish to do, go and meet the captain at *The Siren’s Shanty* ([go to 161](#)).

159

Despite your best efforts, you get a club to the side of the head. And you go down. At first you think you’re fine to keep going, but the rough wood of the dock keeps slipping out from underneath you. Little fingers of darkness close in around the edge of your vision and you feel an irresistible urge to lie down and take a little rest.

From a great distance, the last thing you hear is a small but authoritative voice: “Shame really, such potential.”

YOU DIED.

You do your best, but you just can’t get free of the manacles that bind your hands. Eventually, you have to abandon the whole attempt, settling for sitting back and conserving your remaining strength until something changes.

Behind you, the jeweled egg rolls away from your hands, likely due to the motion of the ship. You whip your head around to see where it might be now.

And then the light from the porthole is suddenly eclipsed.

At the door to the brig is a figure so large they barely fit beneath the ceiling. They’re hunched over so as to not hit their head, meaning their face is pushed forward into yours.

You are met with the gaze of an eight-foot bugbear. It’s Ribcage, and you have to wonder what’s going to happen to you next ([go to 130](#)).

161

The Siren’s Shanty is heaving with life, raucous and wild. The first thing that happens is a pirate is thrown out of the window, glass shards scattering across the pavement and creating a terrible crash.

The ejected pirate grumbles, dusts himself down, and heads back in. You follow.

It’s loud in the pub. There’s a band playing music in the corner, dodging bottles thrown in irritation or appreciation. Pirates crowded around tables gamble on cards and make merry from bottles poured into pewter tankards.

In the corner a group of people are playing a complicated-looking game with sheets of paper and dice. A ginger-haired woman rolls an icosahedron and the table cheers when it comes up as a twenty. It all seems a bit complicated to you.

Luckily, you soon spot Randy at the bar in conversation with the barkeeper. The captain and the bartender are chatting happily, but you can see a new cut across his cheekbone and a bloody knife in her hand—seems like they had a bit of an altercation before catching up.

“Ah, there you are!” the captain calls to you. “Thought the Bay might have swallowed you up. Glad to see you’re still in one piece! Emmi, a drink for our friend.”

The barmaid raises her eyes to you. She’s a burly dwarf with a beautiful copper-colored beard plaited into intricate braids. Sea glass beads are run through it to give it an eye-catching sparkle.

“Oh, and who’s this poor soul, Randy?”

“A new member. For now, anyway... Helping us make a ransom tonight.”

“Oh gods, be careful. Randy’s a bit fast and loose when it comes to plans,” Emmi sighs. He clutches at his heart, playful again.

“You wound me, Emmi,” and then, to you, “Besides that’s the old me. I have grown into a goblin who believes.”

A glass of ale is passed to you, offered along with a hand from the bartender.

“Emmi Sunderhammer, owner and proprietor of *The Siren’s Shanty*. Pleasure.”

You shake her hand and are pleasantly surprised to find that the ale isn’t watered down. Randy leaves you to get acquainted and finds himself a seat at a nearby table that just became vacant due to an unfortunate stabbing.

To talk to Emmi, **go to 184**. Or to forego any conversation with the dwarf, you can join Randy at his table (**go to 183**).

The case contains a wooden board covered with letters, numbers, and symbols that look like constellations.

“If you would pass me the egg?” Elidyr says. “If only you could sell me this bauble, I could make us all rich. Well, I would merely be richer, but you’d be rich.”

“It’s nothing compared to what we’ll find on Oki Island,” the captain says with a gleam in his eye. “What now?”

“Where do we find Oki Island?” Elidyr asks the egg. And then he places it on the board and moves it around. He produces a small piece of paper and a writing charcoal to make notes and repeats the process several times.

You can roll an Intelligence (Arcana) check. If you get 12 or more, **go to 116**. If you get less than 12, **go to 182**.

Or you can roll a Wisdom (Insight) check. If you get 15 or more, **go to 127**. If you get less than 15, **go to 182**.



163

No luck. Every time you try to snatch something from a purse, a pocket, an unsuspecting mark, you're caught. Your hand is slapped away or, in the unfortunate instance that finally dissuades you from continuing, stabbed. You cradle your injury and your pride as you back into a dark alleyway where nobody can see you.

Take 1d4 piercing damage.

If the damage reduces you to 0 HP, **go to 122**. Otherwise, you can continue to explore the money-making opportunities of Brigand's Bay (**return to 170**).

164

You put your money on your new crewmate to win.

Roll a d20. If you get 4 or more, **go to 188**. If you get less than 4, **go to 176**.

165

You return to the *Rapier Wit* to find Captain Sharpshooter and Opal speaking companionably on the deck. You also notice the name on the bow of the ship has been repainted in a slightly shaky hand, erasing the last traces of the *Sundancer*. Next to the captain and first mate, bound and gagged, are the two prisoners: ex-Captain Solaris and Lady Sapphira.

Despite the hang-dog looks of the captives, the mood aboard the *Rapier Wit* is celebratory. Knots of sailors have gathered around Raine, Ribcage, and someone who appears to be Sapphira's valet, Francis. He seems to be having a grand time despite his manacles, and his gag is hanging down around his neck, allowing him to chat to the rest of the crew.

As you reach the top of the gangplank, the clatter of hooves and wooden wheels draws your attention below. An ornate carriage drawn by two brilliant white stallions in full regalia pulls up to the docks. The jeweler Elidyr emerges wearing fine robes and glittering rings on every single finger.

"Ah, he's here! Come along you two!" The captain points at the two prisoners, who are slow to get started. Once Ribcage grabs hold of their chains, however, they move faster to avoid being dragged.

Opal nods to you and smiles broadly. "Come on. You're going to want to see this."

Elidyr approaches the gangplank as the captain jogs ahead of you to meet with the jeweler.

"Did you find what we need?" he asks eagerly. "Can you point the way to Oki Island?"

"I can," the jeweler says, holding up a dark-stained hardwood case. "But first, we must settle payment. No more IOUs, Randall."

"Of course not! Just like last time. A trade." The captain beckons Ribcage closer. Opal and Raine flank the prisoners. "We'll trade you these two hostages. One ex-Captain Tango Solaris and one Lady Sapphira. Given name unknown, as she would not even deign to share it."

"Hostages? Really? Will the ransom be worth anything this time?" Elidyr is making a show of considering the offer. "I mean, hostages can be so bothersome. And it's not like I have any cells at the manor. They would have to stay in one of the guest suites."

The more the jeweler speaks, the more frantically Sapphira and Solaris try to communicate around their gags. The captain gestures to Ribcage to remove them.

"Yes! Yes! Anything to get me off this foul, detestable ship!" Sapphira cries as soon as hers is off. "A carriage? A manor? A suite? And taking me away from this idiot? My family will reward you handsomely."

"The lady is as sharp as a marble but I'm sure someone will pay you to get her back. So we have an accord?" Captain Sharpshooter asks the elven jeweler quietly. "Two hostages to ransom in exchange for the location of Oki Island?"

“Deal,” Elidyr says with a nod. “If you would both please wait for me in the carriage?”

Randy glances at the two prisoners and shouts one last aphorism in their general direction. “We suffer more often in imagination than in reality, my lady. I hope your trip continues with no further interruption.”

Sapphira starts screaming expletives. “This is all your fault, Tango!” She jerks her head toward ex-Captain Solaris, who seems to be focused on staring despondently at his feet.

“I should never have listened to Mother,” he says, shaking his hand. “I was never cut out for the officer corps. Numbers and ledgers don’t mutiny. Now I’ll have to scrub decks on dirty trade ships forever.”

Randall looks at him almost empathetically. “No hard feelings, Tango. Remember, decks don’t scrub themselves.” He dramatically motions goodbye with a tip of his hat and a laugh. “Sayonara!”

Ribcage escorts the hostages to the carriage while Elidyr makes a show of opening up his case ([go to 162](#)).

166

You produce the egg and hand it over to Randy.

His smile grows just a little too widely toothy and his fingers crook into a claw-like grab for a moment as he reaches for the egg. Then he relaxes and takes it gently from your hands.

Remove jeweled egg from your inventory.

“That went even better than expected,” he says to Raine and Ribcage, who nod in agreement with their captain. Then to you he says, “I’m very grateful. I can’t even remember how long I’ve been searching for this piece of my life’s puzzle.” ([go to 119](#))

167

“Ahh, the tavern is named for my wife. My Pearl. She’s a mermaid so she’s in and out with the tide. You probably won’t see her today I’m afraid, but the two of us financed the building of this place off our own backs. I did smithing work around the town, she scoured the ocean floor for any sunken treasure.”

“And what she *doesn’t* tell you is that her wife was the one who sank those treasure ships in the first place,” Captain Randy shouts over, laughing. Emmi shrugs, and you can see a devious glint in her eye. She doesn’t deny the accusation.

“Aye, she’s a tempest of a woman. But I’d not trade her for the world.”

To ask Emmi about the captain, [go to 117](#). To talk about Brigand’s Bay, [go to 133](#). To ask about the region and any places of interest, [go to 141](#).

Alternatively, you could leave the bar and go sit with Randy ([go to 183](#)).

168

Ribcage lets out a roar and drops to one knee. He looks up at you from beneath bushy brows but doesn’t get back up. He bows his head and gestures toward the open door. You may collect your gear from your former sleeping quarters on the way out and Ribcage does nothing to stop you.

However, as soon as you start climbing the stairs toward the light, you hear him stomp to his feet. You continue toward the light with the bugbear walking heavily behind you... at a distance ([go to 113](#)).

169

The goblin captain bends down to his barely conscious attacker and removes a purse from the groaning man on the dock, checks its weight with a couple of tosses in his palm, and then throws it to the harbor-master who catches it surprisingly deftly.

“Consider this an installment,” the goblin says.

Checking the contents of the purse with a sneer, the harbormaster nonetheless pockets the money. “Not the first time I’ve heard that, Sharp Smile.”

“And it won’t be the last time, either.” His grin catches the light on a gold tooth and he winks up at you. “Come on. I’ve got some errands to run, and this might be your last time in port for a while.” (**go to 143**)

170

There are certainly many ways you can try and make money in a town such as this, but it depends if you want to do it morally or... not so morally. In a pirate town, it feels like anything is up for grabs. As if on cue, you see a street urchin stab someone in the thigh before unhooking their coin purse and disappearing into the crowd with a giggle.

If you wish to pickpocket, **go to 185**. If you wish to busk, **go to 146**. Or to search out a back-alley dice game, **go to 131**.

Once you’ve made all the money you can, you can continue exploring the town (**go to 151**).

You should only do each of the money-making options once, but each time you come back to this section you can choose another option you haven’t done yet.

171

Though heavy, the ship’s manacles are corroded and pocked with rust from the constant presence of seawater. You may be able to free yourself with just the application of brute strength.

Roll a Strength (Athletics) check. If you get 18 or more, **go to 186**. If you get less than 18, **go to 160**.

172

Bitey is a surprisingly vicious opponent. His knife is fast and brutal and before you know it you’re lying on your back, looking up at the very short reptilian as he stands atop your chest lauding his victory to the crowd.

The humiliation hurts the most, but the cuts and bruises are also painful.

You now have 1 HP.

To explore more of the pirate town, **go to 151**. Or if you’ve done everything around town that you’d like, go straight to *The Siren’s Shanty* to meet with the captain (**go to 161**).

173

Raine seems intriguing despite their utter disdain toward you. Who is this pirate to not trust *you*? You wait until they aren’t watching you, and then follow them at a distance. You lose them for a moment in the crowd, but after a few seconds’ searching you spot the young sailor in the marketplace.

Raine weaves through the throng of the bustling marketplace. The place is so packed with people, it’s quite difficult to keep an eye on the sailor’s slim figure as they thread through the crowd. Eventually they break from the herd and head to a small, run-down shop: *The Second-Hand Second Hand Store*.

You’re far enough away to be hidden, but close enough to get a good look at their arm. It’s a series of tubes and conduits that is far too complex for you to understand. The metal framework of it seems to be built onto their shoulder and torso, with a leather strap across their body to help keep it in place. It has only three wide fingers and a thumb but seems to operate perfectly well, tiny brass cogs ticking around every time they clench a fist, which they do a lot.

You can watch Raine from outside (**go to 137**) or go into the store (**go to 155**).

174

You drop the goon to his knees. As you are about to deliver the final blow, the captain grabs you and holds you back.

Then in the split second he buys, the captain gives the belligerent guard a jumping uppercut in the jaw. When the man falls to the ground, the goblin bares his teeth in a grin as he kicks him in the ribs once and then winds up for another go. Then he restrains himself.

“Nice work,” he says to you over the groans of the man on the dock. “We’ll make a pirate of you yet.”

As if nothing had happened, he turns back to the harbormaster ([go to 169](#)).

175

Gain the benefits of a long rest.

Your voyage is quiet with little to do. The captain spends his time reading charts and examining the egg, ignoring you and his other companions. Ribcage stands guard at the prisoners’ cabin, though as you discover this you hear the voices of Sapphira and ex-Captain Solaris raised in argument. Raine has all their concentration on the silent, one-armed duplicates working the ship and the original remains in the crow’s nest most of the time.

Luckily, the captain’s travel estimate is on the long side. Thanks to favorable winds and smooth seas, it’s less than a day before Raine calls out from the crow’s nest.

“Land ho!”

Captain Sharpsmile, Ribcage, and the original Raine congregate on the starboard deck and look out across the sea. The captain hops up onto the railing and takes out the longest spyglass that you’ve ever seen, pointing it in the direction that was hailed.

All you can see so far is a faint green line against the blue horizon, but as the ship turns toward it you can start to make out some details of your destination.

As the *Rapier Wit* approaches, you find that Brigand’s Bay seems to aggressively contradict expectations. The tile roofs are elegantly curved to meet the heavens with upturned eaves. Right by the harbor, a multi-tiered tower reaches for the sky. Even at this distance, you can see gorgeous latticework and carefully groomed rock gardens that are beautiful in their asymmetry. The whole space suggests an uncluttered minimalism.

But everything is scuffed with a thin layer of chaos. Threadbare laundry is strung between buildings haphazardly. More than a few roofs are occupied by sleeping figures making the most of their hammock-like curves. Once-bright stone is stained with soot and who-knows-what. And you can practically smell the inhabitants with your eyes.

Randy steers the ship into port and the Raine duplicates take care of the mooring lines. A gangplank is put out and it lands right at the feet of a lean, beautiful sea elf with an impatient scowl on her face.





“Do you know how hard it is to keep a pirate crew together in port, captain?” she asks.

“Opal, my first mate,” Randy says to you. He calls down the gangplank, “I imagine it’s about as easy as commandeering a ship at sea with three people, eh?”

“Something like that.” She drops the scowl into a broad smile. “Happy to see you, captain. Permission to come aboard?”

“Permission granted!” cries the captain, throwing his arms wide to embrace his first mate. He comes about to her waist.

“Captain? A word?” calls out another voice from the dock.

“Permission denied, Harbormaster!” Randy yells, but the figure advances on the *Rapier Wit* nonetheless (**go to 149**).

176

With bated breath you watch the fight play out. Ribcage is vicious but Boris is *fast*, and the tide of the battle soon turns in his favor. He forces the bugbear to his knees and a cheer rings out as he wins. The man handling the bets seems flabbergasted.

“Well, I’ll be damned. He actually did it. Tough luck.”

If you wish to sign up for the next fight, **go to 150**.

To explore more of the pirate town, **go to 151**. Or if you’ve done everything around town that you’d like, go straight to *The Siren’s Shanty* to meet with the captain (**go to 161**).

177

You begin to perform a few shanties that you’ve picked up in your time at sea. The ones sung on the *Sundancer* were tame, the ones sung on the *Rapier Wit* far bawdier. It seems that it’s the second lot of songs that really draws you a crowd.

Before long, all sorts of people have gathered around you, cheering and hollering along and, as you wind down your performance, people burst into applause and throw well-earned money at you. Some of it appears to be covered in blood but you’re sure that it will spend just as well.

Roll 1d12 and add that many gp to your inventory.

Once the applause dies down, you can move on to some other money-making opportunity (**return to 170**).

178

Ribcage allows you to collect your things but keeps a close eye on you throughout. He then gestures forward for you to go above deck and escorts you up, silent but courteous. He follows you onto deck and into the sunlight (**go to 113**).

179

You ask her about the contents of her parcel, and she sighs.

“Money. For my family. I’m the one who has to make sure the little ones have enough to eat. Gods know my mum isn’t going to do it.”

A flash of anger crosses her face, but it’s only for a moment.

“It’s tough being the eldest. Always got to look out for the next big score. Have to, when you know there’s children at home relying on you.”

You offer some words of sympathy. She hesitates before reaching out and squeezing your hand in thanks. You think she might be about to say something else, but she regains her composure and smiles.

“Families, eh? Well, doesn’t matter. I’ve got other things to do in town. The pub you’re looking for is just across the street, by the way. See you around, mate.”

She heads off without another word, gait light and easy. As if nothing was ever on her mind at all.

Now you have your bearings, if you want to explore more of the pirate town, **go to 151**. Or if you've done everything around town that you'd like, head across the street to meet with the captain (**go to 161**).

180

Time after time, the dice land exactly as you want them to. The pirates groan, frustrated, but in a game of chance they're clearly far more used to losing than winning. Just as suspicions about your good fortune are beginning to raise eyebrows, you rake in your winnings and tell them better luck next time. You scamper off before they realize what's happened.

Add 20 gp to your inventory.



You can then continue to explore the ways to make money in Brigand's Bay (**return to 170**).

181

"You're coming with us, then? Splendid!" Randy shouts, clapping his hands together. "Well, make yourself useful. We don't bite. Much. Except for Ribcage, actually, so don't irritate him."

The bugbear next to you growls. You take a side-step away.

"It's another day or two to get to the Bay. If you aren't a nuisance then it won't be a problem." The goblin's eyes glitter like the gold teeth in his wry smile, and a hand rests casually on the sword at his hip. "But if you are a nuisance, I'll gut you from neck to navel, eh? So behave."

Behind him, Ribcage folds his arms and curls a lip at you.

Captain Sharpsmile turns from you and makes his way to the helm of the ship. He caresses the wheel for a moment before calling out to Raine to weigh anchor. The ship gets underway with you and Ribcage still staring each other down on deck (**go to 175**).

182

You don't see anything unusual going on with the jeweler's little ritual, but that in itself feels like a cause for concern. It's impossible to tell what the truth of the matter actually is.

Without anything to bother you but a vague hunch, you continue watching the elf work his strange magic with the egg (**go to 195**).

183

You join the captain at his table. He's sitting quietly alone and seems content in his solitude, but he greets you as you approach.

"Funny how you can get some alone time among all of this," the goblin says, waving a slow hand at the chaos around him. "The calm little eye of the storm right here at this table."

"Randall Sharpsmile?" The captain leaps up at the voice with a startled snarl, hand going to the sword at his hip.

"Who's asking?" he demands.

"Elidyr the jeweler, sir," responds the well-dressed elf approaching the table. "Your crew sent for me to appraise some object of value?"

"Ah of course," the captain says with a wide grin. "Not appraise, but examine. Here."

Elidyr places a jeweler's loupe in one eye and smirks, clearly readying himself for some pirate trinket or stolen junk. His jaw drops when Randy produces the egg.

"That is... spectacular!" He reaches for the egg and caresses its smooth surface in awe, taking in the inscription on its bottom and nodding in a moment of understanding. Then he suddenly snatches his hand away. "Spectacularly dangerous! It is cursed!"

He hands the egg back to the captain and brushes his hands on his clothes. Randy takes the egg back uncertainly.

“Lucky for you, I have just the thing,” Elidyr says as he takes a step backward. “But I must collect it from my shop. How will you be paying for my services?”

“Trade,” Captain Sharp Smile says. “Bring the carriage for transport.”

“Of course,” Elidyr says with a bow. “I’ll meet you at the dock as soon as I’ve made arrangements.”

The elf hurries off and the captain turns to you. “What do you think of the jeweler?”

You answer that you’re not really sure what to make of him, and the captain sneers and spits on the floor.

“I wouldn’t trust him as far as I could throw him. He either knows too much or he thinks he does. But that means we know where we stand with him. Better to know we’re on shaky ground than to think it’s firm, don’t you think?”

He lets that sink in for a minute before letting you know he’s heading back to the ship. He suggests that if you have any more errands to run, you do them now. He’ll meet you aboard the ship in an hour or so.

When you’re ready, you return to the ship (**go to 165**).

*If you still want to go back to buy anything, go to the **Second-Hand Second Hand Store on page 142**. Return to this spot when you are done.*

184

You turn to the bartender for some more information about Brigand’s Bay and the captain.

To ask Emmi more about her pub, **go to 167**. To ask her what she knows about the captain, **go to 117**. To ask her if she likes Brigand’s Bay, **go to 133**. To ask about the region and any places of interest, **go to 141**.

185

Well, in a pirate town, there’s a lot of ill-gotten gold to be found. Pockets are practically overflowing with it. You’d be a fool not to indulge. In fact, you can practically feel the captain slapping you on the shoulder and encouraging you to go wild!

When in Brigand’s Bay, do as the buccaneers do...

Make a Dexterity (Sleight of Hand) check. If you feed a gold coin into the Miser’s Luck, you get advantage on this check.

If you get less than 10, **go to 163**. If you get between 10 and 15, **go to 189**. If you get between 16 and 20, **go to 114**. If you get over 20, **go to 156**.

186

You feel the manacles give way and snap open. You rub some circulation back into the muscles of your arms and shoulders, sore after your exertion but thrilled to be free.

Though your arms are tingling slightly, you deftly scoop up the jeweled egg that was with you and stow it on your person somewhere unobvious.

Add jeweled egg to your inventory.



And then the light from the porthole is suddenly eclipsed.

At the door to the brig is a figure so large they barely fit beneath the ceiling. They’re hunched over so as to not hit their head, meaning their face is pushed forward into yours.

You are met with the gaze of an eight-foot bugbear. It’s Ribcage, and you have to wonder what’s going to happen to you next (**go to 115**).

187

“Well, I can’t very well have hostages wandering around the boat, can I? The lady and former captain will make a valuable ransom in Brigand’s Bay.”

“Do you still want me to bring them some supplies, captain?” asks Raine.

“When we’re done here maybe,” Randy says. “We have nothing but ship’s rations, so let hunger be the seasoning for their next meal. I’ve no interest in one of the lady’s tantrums.”

To ask why you owe him your life, **go to 148**. To ask if you can leave, **go to 112**. If you’ve asked everything that you want to, **go to 181**.

188

The fight is short and brutal. Ribcage acts as if the man is no more than an irritating fly, swatting him with the flat side of his warhammer around the face. Boris loses both the fight and a great deal of teeth. They spray into the audience and, as if they were as valuable as pearls, people begin to fling themselves after them as prizes.

For you, winnings are winnings and you go to collect from the bookkeeper.

Add 12 gp to your inventory.



If you wish to sign up for the next fight, **go to 150**.

To explore more of the pirate town, **go to 151**. Or if you’ve done everything around town that you’d like, go straight to *The Siren’s Shanty* to meet with the captain (**go to 161**).

189

You find moderate success, not pushing your luck as you dip into pockets. It’s mostly in small change rather than large coins, likely lifted off other people in the exact way that you’re doing now.

Roll 2d6 and add that many gp to your inventory.

With your larcenous profits in your pocket, you can move on to some other money-making opportunity (**return to 170**).

190

You ask what comes next.

“Well, we need further assistance,” Captain Sharp Smile says, holding up the egg. “This will take us to Oki Island, but it’s not yet clear how. We will seek the counsel of wiser—but no less criminal—minds in Brigand’s Bay.”

He hands the egg off to Ribcage and it disappears into his enormous palm. The captain then nods at Raine who turns and starts to duplicate, their copies spreading out around the ship to take up key crew locations.

“You will only have to get us as far as Brigand’s Bay,” the captain calls out to them. Then he turns to you. “You are welcome to join us. And further, if you would like. My crew could use someone with your talents, and wouldn’t you like to see what Oki Island has in store for you?”

Agree to help take the *Rapier Wit* to Brigand’s Bay (**go to 181**) or leave these pirates to their fate, abandon ship and trust your life to the gods on the open ocean (**go to 139**).

191

You step aside to watch the fight. Captain Sharp Smile stands about waist-high to the guard with the bladed polearm, but the larger combatant takes a step back when he sees the goblin’s wild smile.

Bare-handed, the captain leaps at his attacker, punching and kicking with terrifying ferocity. The gathering crowd *oohs* and *aahs* with your diminutive leader’s headbutts and groin stomps. He is eventually left panting over his groaning opponent.

With a deep breath, the captain collects himself and offers you a serene gold-flecked smile. “I may not be proud of myself, but I can’t say I didn’t enjoy that at some level. Next one is yours.”

Scanning the crowd, the goblin pirate spots the harbormaster and points. The man gulps, clutching his ledgers to his chest (**go to 169**).

192

You put your money on your new crewmate to lose.

Roll a d20. If you get 18 or more, **go to 158**. If you get less than 18, **go to 194**.

193

Gain Inspiration.

You walk past Ribcage and make your own way up to the open air, collecting your gear from your former quarters as you pass. You hear the massive bugbear lumber along behind you, but he does not interfere with your passage.

You emerge into the light under your own power (**go to 113**).

194

The fight is short and brutal. Ribcage acts as if the man is no more than an irritating fly, swatting him with the flat side of his warhammer around the face. Boris loses both the fight and a great deal of teeth. They spray into the audience and, as if they were as valuable as pearls, people begin to fling themselves after them as prizes.

Maybe you shouldn't have doubted the prodigious strength of your new crewmate...

If you wish to sign up for the next fight, **go to 150**.

To explore more of the pirate town, **go to 151**. Or if you've done everything around town that you'd like, go straight to *The Siren's Shanty* to meet with the captain (**go to 161**).

195

Elidyr stops spinning the egg and makes a show of solving some complex puzzle on the pages of his notebook.

"So what does it mean?" Opal asks the jeweler.

"Flotsam," the jeweler says gravely. "Your answer is in Flotsam. The board never lies."

"The board, Elidyr?" Randy asks. "Or was it ol' Felix, esteemed mayor-for-life of Flotsam, who came to trade some shiny salvage and told you about a new map in his collection?"

Randy looks to you, Opal, Raine, and Ribcage. "Felix loves his maps. Can't stop talking about them. 'Knowing where you've been is great and all,' he's always saying, 'but maps show you where you're going.' Love that guy."

"You're sure that it's Flotsam then?" Raine chimes in from half-behind Ribcage.

"Well... Yes, I'm sure." Elidyr says. Then less steadily. "Because the board says it is so."

Then the egg begins moving again. This time its meaning is clear to all as it ponderously spells out the phrase, "T-A-K-E-S-A-P-P-H-I-R-A." At this, the jeweler looks very confused and Randy just laughs out loud.

"Elidyr, you've lost your touch, you old fraud. She's your problem now, one way or another. No way am I taking her back!"

For a moment, Elidyr turns green about the gills as he seems to wonder whether he's accepted a white elephant, but he isn't given much time for contemplation.

"Fine," the captain says quickly. "Flotsam it is. Thank you, Elidyr, for both the information and the show."

There is a brusque good-bye to the jeweler as he climbs into the carriage, and it sets off. Over its clatter of wheels and hooves, you think you hear Sapphira's very unladylike whoop of elation.

And with a destination in mind, the captain and crew, now including an extremely eager-to-help Francis, quickly make the final preparations to set sail before the sun dips below the horizon (**go to 196**).

CHAPTER 4: A FRACAS IN FLOTSAM

196

With giddy energy, Captain Sharp smile helms the *Rapier Wit* through the night on the way to Flotsam. Despite the unexpected night shift, there isn't a single grumble from among the crew asked to man stations by moonlight. You are excused to get some rest, however.

"And that's not a request," Opal says from the captain's side. "If what the captain tells me is true, you'll be an asset if we have trouble. But we need you sharp."

Gain the benefits of a long rest.

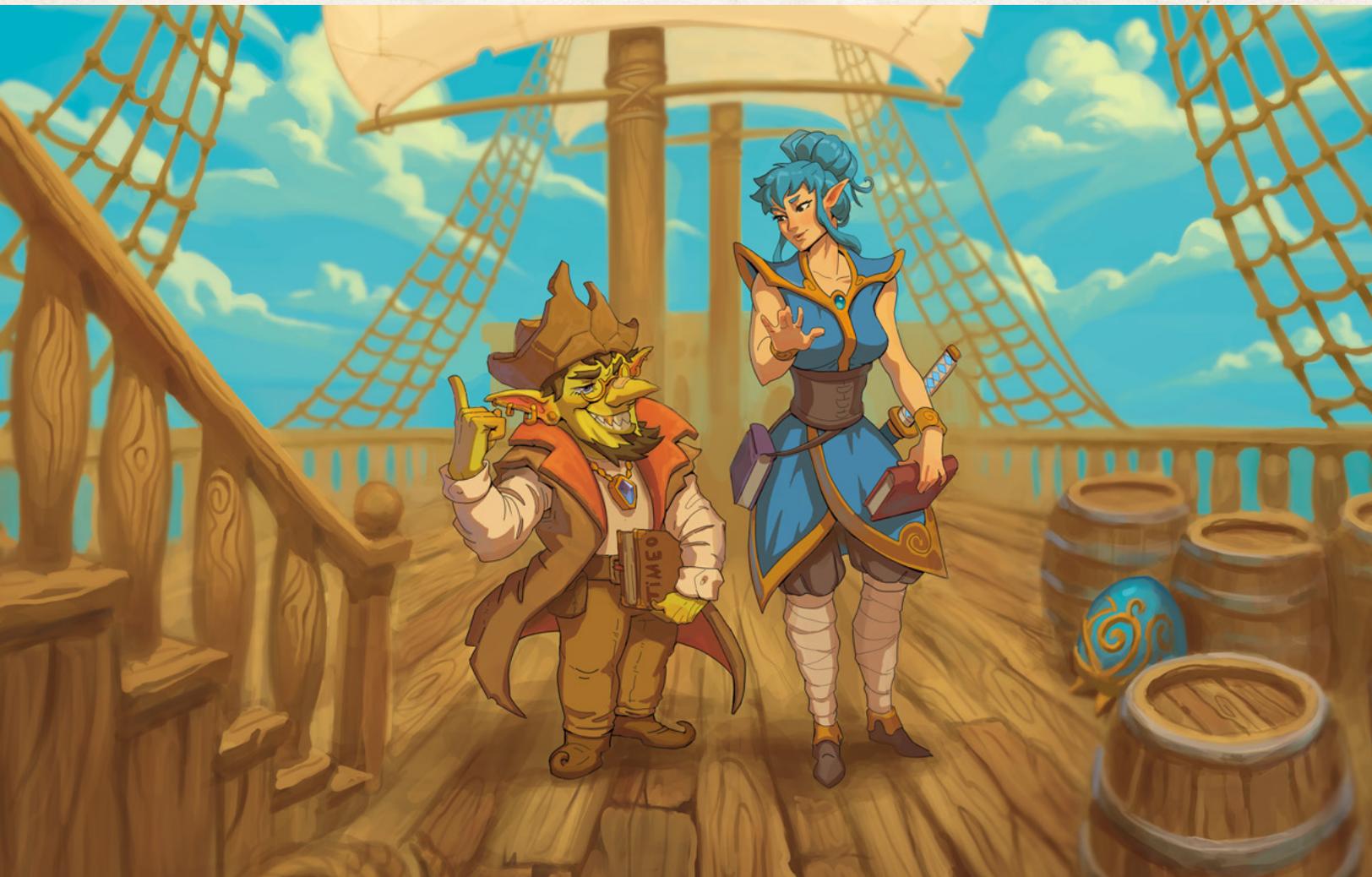
In the morning, you emerge on deck to the captain still at the helm reaching up to direct the wheel of the ship. Opal is still next to him, but she seems clear-eyed and focused so she likely hasn't been there all night. She gestures you over to join them.

"I wasn't expecting the ship to be in pristine condition, but what did you do to it?" she's asking him. "Fly it through a lightning storm?"

"Closer to the truth than you'd think," the captain says. "We're seaworthy still, but only barely. Can you help? Work your magic?"

"Of course, captain," the elf replies, cracking her knuckles and rolling her neck. "That little hiatus in Brigand's Bay gave me a chance to cook something up."

She pulls an unobtrusive leather cord from around her neck and produces an amulet. With an incantation and some arcane gestures, she picks at a sliver of wood from a damaged railing. She rubs it between thumb and forefinger until it disappears and a warm, sunny glow appears around the amulet. In its light, the broken bits of the railing reach toward one another and re-join.



“Fantastic work as always, Opal,” the captain says. “Please go about the repairs, and bring the adventurer with you. It will give you a chance to get acquainted.”

The captain nods in your direction and Opal turns toward you, smiling broadly and nodding in greeting.

“Oh, Raine!” the captain shouts. “Do your thing.”

“Got it!”

Raine shimmers into half a dozen copies of herself, each new version picking up a tool, some wooden planks, or in some other way addressing some damage to the ship.

“Come on,” Opal says to you. “Captain’s orders. Let’s be friends.”

She gestures toward the stern and you follow (**go to 209**).

197

The main “street” is a long walkway, once the decks of many ships, now a make-do boulevard. You notice the way the wood has worn from years of feet passing along it. Though this town is much smaller than Port Plenty or even Brigand’s Bay, it still seems eerie that it should now be so quiet.

The next location of interest you find is a fishmonger, based on the sign hanging above. It’s an open-air stall and—given the nature of the town—it’s no surprise that it looks well-visited. You can see the path that has been made by thousands of footfalls to its counter over and over again.

Make an Intelligence (Nature) check. If you get 12 or more, **go to 223**. If you get less than 12, **go to 238**.

Or make a Wisdom (Survival) check. If you get 12 or more, **go to 231**. If you get less than 12, **go to 238**.

Or you can skip this location and move on to the next if you’d prefer (**go to 227**).

Francis’ sacrifice buys you just enough time for a narrow escape and you follow the captain aboard the *Rapier Wit*. The ship’s sails drop and snap full of wind and the vessel pulls away from Flotsam’s haphazard dock.

“You four, with me,” the captain says and stalks off to his quarters. You’re left standing on deck with Raine, Opal, and Ribcage. Any thoughts you might have had to disobey evaporate when Ribcage lays his enormous hand on your shoulder and half-guides, half-pushes you to the captain’s cabin.

As you approach, the door is thrown open and you can hear high-pitched roars and screeches followed by the thuds and crashes of things being thrown around the room. You walk in just as he’s flipping over the table containing his charts.

“I’ll keelhaul that filthy jeweler,” Randy snarls. “I’ll burn him alive in that fancy manor of his! I’ll make him beg for—”

When he sees you and the other three pirates, he immediately stops his tirade.

“It’s all right, captain,” Opal says. “You’ve been doing remarkably well on your path. I could do with a little wanton destruction about now myself.”

In a show of solidarity, the elf kicks a chest on the floor which overturns, spilling its contents. It was the case containing Sapphira’s jeweled egg.

“Why don’t we just cut our losses and sell that?” Raine asks, pointing at the egg rolling around on the floor.

“Because it’s the key to Oki Island!” the captain cries in exasperation. “Or it would be if I just had that thrice-blasted map!”

As he’s talking, the egg catches your eye because it’s rolling in a direction contrary to the movement of the ship, as if it’s moving toward a particular destination.

When you point this out, everyone in the room turns their attention to the egg's strange-looking search.

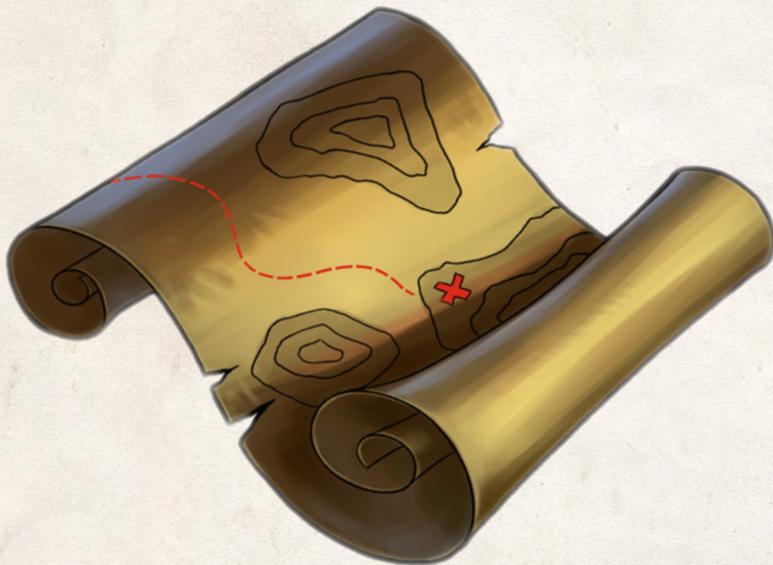
Eventually, it seems to find what it's looking for: a nautical chart from Randy's upturned table. With a faint grating sound, the egg rolls in little concentric rings on the paper.

Then it stands itself up on its base in the middle of the ocean!

"Well," the captain breathes. "That was... something. What do you make of that?"

Roll an Intelligence (Investigation) check. If you get 10 or more, **go to 213**. If you get less than 10, **go to 207**.

Or, roll a Wisdom (Insight) check. If you get 10 or more, **go to 235**. If you get less than 10, **go to 207**.



199

You move in to engage the jellyfish's appendage. The first time you hit the tentacle with a weapon attack, **go to 236**. The first time you hit the tentacle with a magical attack or elemental damage, **go to 241**.

JELLYFISH TENTACLE

Huge aberration, neutral

Armor Class 10 (natural armor)

Hit Points 47 (5d12 + 15)

Speed 0 ft.

Initiative -1

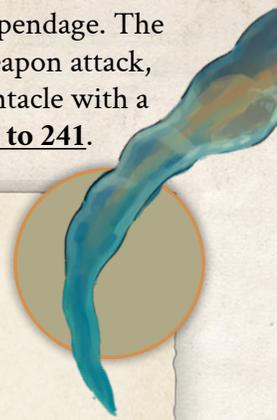
STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
15 (+2)	8 (-1)	16 (+3)	1 (-5)	1 (-5)	1 (-5)

Condition Immunities blinded, charmed, deafened, frightened, poisoned, prone, stunned, unconscious

Senses passive Perception 5

ACTIONS

Spine Attack. *Ranged Weapon Attack:* +1 to hit, range 30/60 ft.
Hit: 2 (1d6 - 1) piercing damage.



If you reduce the jellyfish tentacle to 0 HP, **go to 212**. If you drop to 0 HP, **go to 226**.

200

On deck, Opal heads straight for the helm and adjusts course with the help of a sextant. The sails fill with wind and the *Rapier Wit* barrels ahead on its new course.

It's not long before the first mate calls out, however. "Captain! Off the port bow we've got... something!"

"Is it Oki Island already?" the captain blurts as he bursts onto deck from his cabin.

In the sky off the port bow, you see what appears to be a cloud made of jelly, looming against the darkening sky. Absolutely silent, it drifts gracefully through the air. From this distance, it's impossible to tell how large it is exactly, but it's clear it is far larger than the *Rapier Wit*.



“What is it?” asks Raine, their brow furrowing in confusion. “A cloud? An elemental? It’s getting bigger...”

“No, it’s getting closer,” the captain mumbles. His eyes widen in fear. “Skypillar jellyfish—and it’s coming this way!”

“Why don’t we change course to avoid it?” Raine asks, but the set of the captain’s jaw answers their question even before he speaks.

“If we drop anchor, it’ll hit. There’s no time to tack, and we’ll get tangled up for sure even if we could manage it.” Randy stares balefully at the massive approaching jellyfish for a moment, then his face lights up. “Sometimes the best way is through.”

“All hands, brace for impact!” cries Opal. “And if you’re not doing anything useful, get below!”

The captain jabs a finger in your direction. “You are absolutely useful. Stay where you are.”

The wind gusts and the skypillar jellyfish looms overhead like a mountain peak. Now you can hear a faint slithering sound as the tentacles hanging at water level lazily search for prey.

Make an Intelligence (Nature) check. If you get 12 or more, **go to 234**. If you get less than 12, **go to 220**.

201

You circle the house from a safe distance to avoid detection. There is only one entrance, and all the windows are blocked with heavy grates. So while the brinefins aren’t necessarily guarding the door, it’s quite clear that they would notice you going inside.

You could try to distract the brinefins by throwing something. Roll either a Dexterity (Stealth) check or a Charisma (Deception) check. You can roll with advantage if you throw something edible. If you get 15 or more, **go to 214**. If you get less than 15, **go to 229**.

Alternatively, you could either attack the semi-aquatic monsters (**go to 216**) or attempt to communicate with them directly (**go to 205**).

The flung-open door to this once-fine home swings slowly as a swarm of brinefins boils out of it. The ones in front skid to a stop when they see you, jamming up what looks like hundreds of the small, sharp-toothed humanoids inside. The logjam makes those in the back start to pile up, threatening a tidal wave. But the startled monsters up front hold the line.

You catch a glimpse of a thoroughly ruined home behind them. It seems they have been having some kind of party—likely with the contents of the pantry—and it turned into a proper rager. The smell is like the catch of the day left in the sun until it’s the catch of last week.

“There it is!” Randy shouts at you. “You found the swarm! Get out of there, adventurer!”

His voice breaks whatever spell of confusion had overcome the little toothy maws with arms and legs. A chorus of snarls and growls sounds and the mass of stinking, ravenous beasts surges toward you.

You can stand your ground (**go to 228**), try to slow the advancing horde down (**go to 206**), or turn and run (**go to 219**).

203

An acrid odor is carried by the wind, and the low slithering sound coming over the water has grown into a clicking and clacking. A mist has risen up off the ocean from the swirling agitation of the jellyfish tentacles searching beneath the surface for more sustenance.

You lose sight of the jellyfish in the fog.

“Is it gone?” asks a crewmember brave enough to still be on deck.

“No way are we so lucky,” the captain says. “Be prepared. Something is coming, and it’s best to assume the worst.”

The giant invertebrate overhead must have heard the captain and decided to oblige him. A dark band of jellyfish tentacle coalesces out of the mist and hurtles toward the deck of the ship.

The huge, pulsating tendril of translucent flesh slams across the deck with a crash, long wicked barbs squealing against the deck as they search for purchase.

“Hack it off before it gets hold!” yells Captain Sharp Smile. Everyone above deck rushes for the tentacle with the same axes normally used to repel boarders.

Then another tentacle slams into the deck behind you.

“That one’s yours, adventurer!” Opal yells. She hurls bolts of fire into the mist, tracking movement in the soupy air, leaving you to deal with the second tentacle alone ([go to 199](#)).

204

Raine leans forward over the map and examines the spot under the egg. “Captain, it looks like there should be an island there based on the chart. Do you have another?”

Captain Sharp Smile pulls out another map of the surrounding area, and sets it on the floor. The egg wobbles, tips, and rolls onto the second chart. It finds the same empty location and rights itself again.

In a frenzy of scrabbling through maps, the captain throws several more charts of the local waters onto the floor, with the egg repeating its little show in the same blank spot on each one.

The captain stares at the egg for a moment and then looks around the room at those gathered there. “Accept the things to which fate binds you, and love the people with whom fate brings you together, but do so with all your heart.”

“So, set a course, captain?” Opal asks. When he doesn’t answer, she nods and leaves for the deck of the ship.

“Captain, do you think that this is a good idea?” Raine asks.

Captain Sharp Smile lifts the egg up, a manic edge to his smile. “Of course I do, Raine. I’ve never been wrong.”

Opal, Raine, and Ribcage also leave, with Ribcage pulling you gently along with them as he goes. Once you’re out of the cabin, he closes the door on the still-grinning captain holding the egg in his hands ([go to 200](#)).

205

Gain Inspiration.

You suggest that there might be a way to deal with these fish folk that doesn’t involve violence. You think that you might be able to reason with them.

“Alright,” the captain drawls. “Never let it be said I didn’t try to do this fairly. We’ll see if we can talk to the mackerel-smelling monsters.”

Seeing as you make no attempt to cover the sound of your approach, the trio of brinefins stand up straight as you come closer. They hiss and screech at your arrival, pointing short spears at you aggressively.

“Whoa! Calm down. We come in peace,” the captain says, before dropping his voice to whisper to you, “Now, make it good.”

Make a Charisma (Persuasion) check. If you get 13 or higher, [go to 217](#). If you get less than 13, [go to 242](#).

206

The mass of snarling, snapping brinefins seems to be unstoppable, but you can at least slow them down.

If you have a spell or ability that can create difficult terrain, you can use that ([go to 210](#)). If you have a spell or ability that can create a damaging area of effect, you can use that ([go to 243](#)).

However, if you don’t have either of these effects at your disposal then you’re limited to either standing your ground ([go to 228](#)) or running away ([go to 219](#)).

207

Though obviously strange, you don't understand the significance of the egg's behavior.

It seems that Raine has some insights, however, and is working something out in their head ([go to 204](#)).

208

Heading around the outside of the houses, you do your best to check for any signs or explanations as to the emptiness of this town. The outside of homes shows just as much life as the insides: toys carved from wood lie as if abandoned by tots before heading in for dinner, small planter boxes full of wilting herbs, which must be a labor of love to maintain on an island like this.

You push the first door you come to. It isn't locked and swings open easily, revealing a small domicile. The furniture is mostly scrambled together but seems well-loved: you can tell whoever lived here was proud of their home. Five chairs are crowded around a small table, giving the appearance of it being a family area. One of the chairs is even taller than the others, for a toddler to sit on.

Make an Intelligence (Investigation) check. If you get 15 or higher [go to 240](#). If you get less than 15, [go to 218](#).

Or make a Wisdom (Perception) check. If you get 10 or more, [go to 230](#). If you get less than 10, [go to 218](#).

209

You accompany Opal to the stern of the ship and she shakes her head, tutting over the damage.

"You know, I've done a lot of mending in my time," she says wistfully. She whispers an incantation into glowing fingers and then smooths some of the milder scratches out of a railing. "Most pirates I've known go the other way and focus on breaking. But let me tell you, it's a damaged hull that sinks ships, not rams. And fixing a busted door behind you is a great way to slow pursuit."



You ask what you can do to help and, regardless of how you intended it, Opal gives you a few ways you could help her repair the lightning elemental damage.

If you can cast rituals as part of your spellcasting feature, you can help speed up the repairs with your own casting of the spell ([go to 237](#)) or manually prep the damaged areas for Opal's magic ([go to 225](#)).

210

Gain Inspiration.

You attempt to block the advancing swarm of brinefins with a patch of difficult terrain, and it does indeed buy you the space of a breath. However, almost as quickly as the first wave of awkward little creatures slows, their compatriots behind them climb over and around them.

Others jump off of the walkways into the water to disappear into the murky canals between the bridges and walkways of Flotsam. Still, you see a crewmember who would have fallen to the advancing horde manage to stagger to his feet, saved by the delay you created.

"Run!" the captain yells from up ahead. "It was a valiant effort, but just run!"

You could still try to stand your ground ([go to 228](#)) or take the captain's advice and run ([go to 219](#)).

211

With relief, you reach the gangplank; you are one of the last ones to board. The captain stands at the bottom, waving you up.

You hang back with the captain at the base of the gangplank, allowing Opal and a few other stragglers to also board.

“That’s everyone,” Captain Sharpnose says “and it looks like the rest are back on their feet.”

You look over at the mass of attackers swarming across the town to reach you, but it seems you’ll make a narrow escape. The gagging brinefins have begun to stand and resume their charge at the ship, some even weakly throwing spears that clatter on the plank walkways or plop into channels.

“Prepare to weigh anchor!” the captain bellows. But then he lets loose a more guttural cry.

A brinefin leaps out of the water onto the captain’s back, its sharp teeth gnashing at the air by his ear. You go to leap to his defense, but you’re just a split second too slow.

“I’ll save you, captain!” cries a familiar voice, followed by a thud. A white-bearded, red-uniformed man slams into the brinefin clinging to the captain’s back and takes it to the ground.

“Francis!” screams a voice from up above. “No, not Francis!”

When the grimacing face appears, you see it is indeed the old man who boarded with Sapphira. His beard is unkept, his uniform dirty and torn, and his eyes are smudged with kohl, but it’s definitely the valet.

“I’ve lived my life on others’ terms,” he says to you. “I’m dying on mine! Get out of here!”

He staggers to his feet, holding the brinefin by the neck and shaking it. As the aquatic humanoid is lifted in the air, it changes its demeanor from aggression to fear. Lifting the creature as a shield, Francis shouts

at you again, “Go!” Several other brinefins are getting nearer and there are dozens more behind them too.

“Come on,” the captain says to you, grabbing you as you pass. “He made his choice. Make it count.” ([go to 198](#)).

212

You manage to split the gelatinous mass into two less dangerous halves. They ooze off either side of the ship just as the rest of the crew severs the second tentacle. It also slides into the sea.

A ragged cheer goes up from the crew, though a few of your fellow pirates are rolling on the ground in pain from jellyfish stings.

The captain’s off arm is hanging limp at his side and there’s a sting wound in that shoulder. Ribcage sports multiple punctures but hefts two heavy axes without any apparent effort. Opal and Raine seem to have come through the altercation unscathed, though one of Raine’s duplicates is hobbling up to rejoin the original.

Looking around, you see the air beginning to clear.

“Steady as she goes!” the captain cries out. “Blue skies are in sight!”

Another cheer rises, this one even more enthusiastic ([go to 245](#)).

213

You take a closer look at the chart on which the egg rests. It seems to be a map of the region, including trade winds, currents, and hazards in addition to the islands. The egg is spinning on a blank spot in the middle of the ocean.

Interestingly, it is entirely blank. It does not include an island, but there are no other ocean features either. In fact, the lines of the currents go *around* the blank spot. Everything you see on the map suggests that this is the location of an island, not just open ocean.

Raine is pursing their lips in thought, likely thinking the same thing ([go to 204](#)).

214

Gain Inspiration.

Your distraction works! The trio of small monsters leaves the door and you're able to slink up to the entrance. You look back at the pirates behind you, and the captain is giving you two thumbs up. Opal leans in to speak to him, but he visibly shushes her before indicating you should try the door.

You hear something from inside, and while you're still deciding what to do next, the door to the house bursts open ([go to 202](#)).

215

You are slowly overwhelmed by the snapping teeth and poking spears, buried under hundreds of tiny hungry bodies. The last thing you're aware of—besides the terrible pain—is the horrible stink of the brinefins. Your final wish is just for several hundred breath mints.

YOU DIED.

216

You opt to attack the brinefins head-on. The rest of the crew agree that you should take them on, and one offers to be backup. Randy looks uncomfortable with the consensus being violence.

“While violence might be necessary, let's keep it to a minimum, all right?” The captain looks at the small creatures that have begun roughhousing on the ground. “The one on the left looks like my niece.”

You make no promises as you pick a path to the platform to attack the small monsters ([go to 232](#)).

217

You communicate to the brinefins that you mean no harm. They chitter amongst themselves for a moment, trying to make sense of the Common you speak, before one of them gestures to you with a scaly hand to follow them.

You look at the captain. He shrugs, and nods his head for you to move onward.

The brinefins don't speak much as you approach. They just gesture to the door behind them. Then they gesture again.

“We've made it this far on your charm,” Captain Sharp Smile says. “May as well go for it.”

You approach the door and the creatures beside you chitter with mischievous laughter. With a bang, the door bursts open, startling even the brinefins ([go to 202](#)).

218

The house is empty but cluttered. The only thing you find that might be a clue is some scratch marks on the floor, but those could have been made by a household pet. You don't see much of use here in the house and move on to the next location ([go to 197](#)).

219

In the face of the churning mass of hungry mouths and spears, you make a break for it. The brinefins' small legs and semi-aquatic lifestyle mean that they can't keep up with you, but those that hop into the water are keeping pace better.

Ahead of you, the rest of the crew clatters along the walkways and over the channels between platforms. The masts of the *Rapier Wit* loom up ahead, getting closer far too slowly. A pirate ahead of you stumbles and falls into the sea. The water churns, then bubbles, then goes still.

Half way back to the ship, two duplicates of Raine peel off in back and turn to face the horde. The brinefins fall on the two figures and slow down, buying the crew precious moments in the escape. As the replicates fall, however, you clearly hear the original Raine up ahead cry out in pain.

Scampering under an empty market stall, Randy calls at you to hurry up. Turning around to see how you're doing, Opal skids to a stop.

“Raine! Ribcage! Make sure the captain reaches the ship.” Then she points at you. “You’re going to want to hurry up!”

Opal begins chanting, her hands making unsettling shapes in the air in front of her. Then with a rude noise, a stream of yellow-green gas jets from her outstretched fingers to detonate in a cloud of foul-smelling vapors right in the middle of the brinefins.

Those caught directly in the stench immediately drop shaking to the ground. The ones behind them attempt to skid to a stop but the surging crowd pushes them into the horrible haze.

Within moments, the vast majority of the brinefins are either flopping about on the ground or coughing in the stink. Opal has bought you enough time to catch up. She waits for you and then runs alongside you back to the ship ([go to 211](#)).

220

You are completely unfamiliar with jellyfish—jellyfishes?—and don’t have any insights on how to overcome this particular hazard. All you can do is brace for impact ([go to 203](#)).

221

The pirates around you move carefully but briskly through the bridges and walkways of Flotsam. The captain has joined you and is loosely following your movements, while Opal, Raine and Ribcage flank him. It’s not long before Randy hisses and waves, the signal passing through the crew to stop and look.

“Look there, see them?” the captain whispers to you. “They’re still here!”

Following his pointing finger, you see a nicer-than-average Flotsam home that you surmise is the mayor’s. Milling about the main entrance are three small humanoids. Even from this distance you can see the namesake fins on their heads, the scales glistening in the sun, and impressive sets of teeth.



You can attack the brinefins milling about outside the house ([go to 216](#)), you can try to sneak past them into the house ([go to 201](#)), or you can try to negotiate a way into the house ([go to 205](#)).

222

You accompany the rest of the crew who crowd the railing to view your destination.

At first, you mistake Flotsam for some buoyant driftwood. It looks, from afar, like a load of floating rubbish. To be fair it actually looks like that up close too—you can see how the place got its name. As the *Rapier Wit* pulls up to dock you can tell where old ships, crates, barrels, *anything* has been scavenged and nailed together to create a faux landmass, a town whose story is written in shipwrecks.

Sprawling outward from the docks you can see where buildings have been erected on floating platforms connected by bridges, planks, and cables. Some are whole cabins entirely salvaged from their original vessels, others are small and humble huts built from driftwood. It is an eclectic place but nevertheless, you can see that it has a sense of homeliness as well.

Or it would feel homely if any people were there. The lap of waves against wood is the only sound throughout the village.

The *Rapier Wit* quickly docks and the gangplank is lowered. You join the crew as they spill off the ship to make a perimeter on the dock. The captain jumps down next to you and frowns as he scours the place.

“Felix, you around?” he calls out. There is no response.

He heads forward and begins to shout out, calling for anyone to come and meet the crew. There is no answer, just silence.

This place is utterly deserted.

“What in the blazes— Where is everyone?” he mutters to himself. He looks back toward Opal who shrugs, clueless.

“Did they all sail away?” Raine suggests, piping up from where they’re securing the ship. Randy shakes his head in response, his brow now furrowed in concern, tongue fiddling with one of his gold teeth.

“Well, it happens but only in the face of some disaster promising certain death. So something’s happened. Everyone, go and see if you can locate any sign of the townspeople.”

You and the crew scatter to create a loose search party. The first structures you come across appear to be small family homes. If you go inside and search, **go to 208**. If you want to pass the structures unexamined and continue on, **go to 197**.



223

You climb over the stall counter. As you're searching, Opal appears to oversee your search, before moving on.

The first thing you immediately find are scales. Far bigger than from a normal fish, each is about the size of a small dinner plate. You know that there is some sea life of unusual size in this region, but this is the first time you've seen such huge specimens. Stains on the counter and floor indicate that there were slabs of fish set out here not too long ago, but it is all gone now. Only the scales remain.

Upon closer examination, you recognize them as possibly being from a chaplain fish. They are known for a gland that secretes a medicinal liquid and you wonder if maybe this giant version has the same.

Under the counter, you find three glass vials filled with amber liquid. Unstopping one, it is what you hoped to find. It's the fishy-smelling—but highly beneficial—secretions of a chaplain fish. Normally you'd need dozens of the fish to produce this much oil, so these must have come from a huge specimen. An unnaturally large specimen, in fact.

You can add 3 Potions of Healing to your inventory.

Looking about, you see the search party around you moving on so you leave the fishmonger's stall to continue your investigation ([go to 227](#)).

224

You manage to stay on your feet and hear a rhythmic thudding sound. You look around and see that Ribcage has pulled the massive warhammer off his back and is now sweeping brinefins out of the way and clearing a path to you. He nods at you and then jerks his head back toward the crew who have already turned and fled.

Together, you both escape down the path the bugbear has cleared, fending off brinefins as you do ([go to 219](#)).

225

Gain Inspiration.

You find a set of tools and begin work on prepping the areas ahead of Opal's repair spell by adjusting crooked fixtures, clearing excessive debris, and even providing a path through the damage.

Behind your manual work, Opal sweeps up with her spell. Magically animated tools leap to work up and down the length of the ship, rejoining beams, restoring tattered sails, and even clearing the deck of salt that had accumulated while it was the ex-Captain's responsibility to scrub it.

"That was a huge help," Opal says. "Thanks so much. If those are of any use to you, you can keep them."

You can add carpenter's tools to your inventory.

Opal suggests that you get yourself washed up but before you can do anything, Raine calls out from the crow's nest that Flotsam is in sight ([go to 222](#)).

226

A barb jabs into you and won't come loose. Then another. And another.

The pain of it drags you down to deck and the cries of the crew doing battle with this small bit of the giant jellyfish, but you go down onto the slimy, stinking deck. Despite your best efforts, you cannot rise again.

"It's dragging us under!" cries some panicked voice. And you feel the same way. The ocean swallows you up.

YOU DIED.

227

"I've found something!" comes a call from up ahead, and you see it's Opal. She's pointing at something hanging pinned to a wall with a harpoon.

It's definitely a dead body, and for a moment you're stuck between whether it's a large fish or a small

humanoid. The smell indicates fish for sure, but the size and shape seem much more the latter.

“Welp, looks like the poor residents were subjected to a raid,” The captain sighs as he comes over, poking the corpse with the tip of his sword.



“What is it?” asks one of the crewmembers.

“Brinefin,” Raine states. “They’re nasty little creatures. Scavengers mostly. Travel the ocean in swarms looking for dead whales and vulnerable towns. Just bad luck that Flotsam seems to have fallen into their path.”

“You think they’re dead? You know, Felix and the rest?” asks Opal. The captain shakes his head.

“No. If they were, there’d be bodies, or blood at least. Brinefins are smarter than that as well. *And* they’re omnivores. I think the citizens of Flotsam escaped and the Brinefins ate whatever they could find. Let’s get going.”

To press on with the rest of the crew, **go to 221**. To suggest you loot the village before you head off, **go to 233**.

228

Gain Inspiration.

You put up the best fight that you can, but you’re facing an overwhelming tide of teeth, claws, and spears. There must be dozens of them attacking you.

Take 1d6 slashing damage.

“Get out of there!” screams the captain. “Ribcage! Get in there and help! Quick!”

If the damage reduces you to 0 HP, **go to 215**. If you’re still standing, **go to 224**.

229

You throw a distraction for the three brinefins, but they look up and retrace its trajectory back to you. With a series of snarls and chitters, the three small monsters draw their weapons and charge at you over the bridges and planks between you (**go to 232**).

230

You scour high and low and find many things of interest—a single abandoned shoe, a packet of cigarettes shoved between planks as if they are being hidden from a loved one, but nothing which jumps out to you as being a clue as to where the entire population of this island has gone. It’s just very clear that they left in a hurry.

At first glance, nothing seems askew. But then you see something out of the corner of your eye.

As you take in the sights and smells of the house, you notice that a panel on the wall is slightly ajar, revealing a space behind it. Peeking inside, you see it’s a hidden recess containing a small leather pouch that jingles when you shake it.

You may add 11 gp and 1 turquoise (10 gp value) to your inventory or, if you leave the pouch where you found it, gain Inspiration.

It seems there’s nothing else of interest here—and certainly no residents—so you continue your search for clues elsewhere (**go to 197**).

In front of the fishmonger's stall, you find a trail of blood. It's faint outside, but gets clearer as you proceed toward the stall itself. It seems that there were wares set out not too long ago, but they were removed by someone. And that someone was not very careful about keeping the space clean.

Following the trail inside, you find that there are scales in a dried pool of what seems to be the source of the blood. Far bigger than from a normal fish, each is about the size of a small dinner plate. No natural beast you know of grows this large, however.

You know that there is some sea life of unusual size here, but this is the first you've seen or heard of such huge specimens. Stains on the counter and floor indicate that there were slabs of fish set out here not too long ago, but it is all gone now. Only the scales remain.

As part of your survival training, you take another moment to search the fishmonger's stall for anything else of use to you. Beneath the counter, you find a few vials of an amber oil. Though pungent, a quick examination suggests that it has extremely beneficial healing properties.

You can add 3 Potions of Healing to your inventory.

The rest of the crew has begun to move on, but as you go to follow you now notice a trail of scrapes and scratches leading away from the stall and over the edge into the ocean, suggesting whatever took the fish from the stall returned to the sea with it.

With that new bit of information, you continue on with the rest of the crew (**go to 227**).

There are three brinefins that have picked up small spears and engaged you. The rest of the crew form a defensive line well away, but no one is offering any support, not even one who had offered to back you up a little earlier. In fact, they seem eager to see what you can do. Money is even changing hands as the crew wagers on your chances.



BRINEFIN

Small Humanoid (kobold), lawful evil

Armor Class 12

Hit Points 5 (2d6 - 2)

Speed 20 ft., swim 30 ft.

Initiative +2

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
7 (-2)	15 (+2)	9 (-1)	8 (-1)	7 (-2)	8 (-1)

Senses darkvision 60 ft., passive Perception 8

Water Breathing. The Brinefin can breathe only underwater.

ACTIONS

Short Spear. *Melee or Ranged Weapon Attack:* +0 to hit, reach 5 ft. or range 20/60 ft.

Hit: 1 (1d4 - 2) piercing damage, or 1 (1d6 - 2) piercing damage if used with two hands to make a melee attack.

Each time you reduce one of the brinefins to 0 HP, any remaining monsters must roll a Wisdom saving throw against DC 12 or escape into the water and leave the fight.

If you drop to 0 HP, **go to 239**. If all the brinefins have either left the fight or been reduced to 0 HP, **go to 244**.

233

A wide, wide smile appears on Captain Randy's face.

"That, my dear friend," he says, "is an excellent idea. Now you're thinking like a pirate. Everyone, go see what you can grab."

Before anyone can say anything else, he runs off, cackling to himself for a moment before slowing down and continuing with more decorum. The crew splits and starts heading toward houses, kicking in doors and grabbing anything of value. You join in without a second thought.

Roll 8d6 and add that many gp to your inventory as you pillage the town.

Flush with the camaraderie of the heist, you and the crew press on, looking for Felix's home and the map that might hold the key to your next move (**go to 221**).

234

Looking at the massive jellyfish tentacles, you remember that sour juices and vinegar are great at relieving jellyfish stings, so it would follow that the creature itself is susceptible to acid (**go to 203**).

235

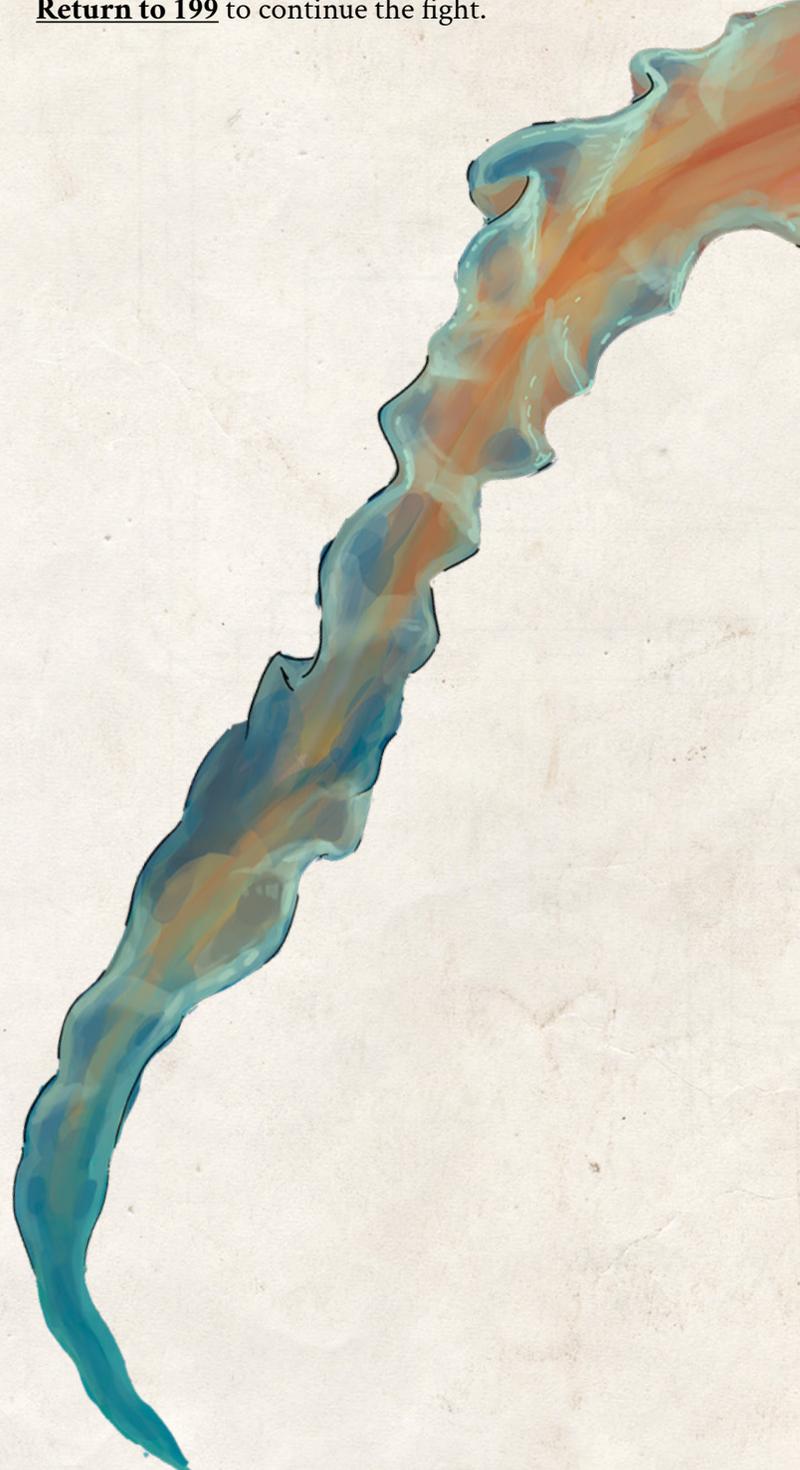
Though you don't understand the significance of the egg's location, its behavior is clear. It moves with purpose and you get every impression that the object is actually conscious and has a very specific goal: reaching that spot on the map.

Its movement has also intrigued Raine, the young crew member staring at the jeweled egg in intense thought (**go to 204**).

236

The rubbery texture and thick coat of slime on the jellyfish tentacle protects it from many attacks. Piercing and bludgeoning only does half damage, though a slashing weapon does double damage.

Return to 199 to continue the fight.



"If many hands make light work, two casters are better than one," the elf says with a grin. "Here, let's do it together."

She places her spellbook in front of you both, and her notation is clear enough that you are also able to follow along. Together, you sweep up and down the length of the ship, rejoining beams, restoring tattered sails, and even clearing the deck of salt that had accumulated while it was the ex-Captain's responsibility to scrub it.

"Looks good," Opal says with a self-satisfied nod. "Here, I have an extra copy. Maybe you can use this."

You may add a scroll of Opal's Opulent Repairs to your inventory.

Looking drained but pleased with herself, Opal suggests she needs to take a rest and that you do the same. However, before you can go, Raine calls out from the crow's nest above that you are approaching Flotsam ([go to 222](#)).

OPAL'S OPULENT REPAIRS

Level: 1st (ritual)

Casting Time: 10 minutes

Range/Area: 30 feet

Components: V,S,M

Duration: Concentration (10 minutes)

School: Transmutation

Attack/Save: None

Damage/Effect: Utility

You restore broken or damaged objects to their original condition. However, only the repaired sections appear as new with existing parts still showing wear and tear if applicable.

Per round, you can repair up to 3 cubic feet of wood or cloth, 2 cubic feet of stone, or 1 cubic foot of metal. This spell only affects non-magical, non-living materials.

Opal's Opulent Repairs' duration is as long as the caster maintains concentration. However, it must be cast as a ritual.

The material component is a small piece of the object or objects being repaired.

This spell may be copied into your spellbook in the usual way, but as you've already cast the spell from Opal's easy-to-understand notations, the copying is simpler than normal, taking only 10 gp of materials and 1 hour to copy.

238

You search the fishmonger's stall, but don't find anything except a pile of old fish scales. There is nothing remarkable about them except for their incredible size. They are easily the size of dinner plates, so it's likely this stall could have stocked a single fish for a day or more to sell it to the townsfolk.

Ahead, you hear the pirate crew's cries of "All clear!" start to move farther away, so without having found much, you continue on your way ([go to 227](#)).

239

You go down onto the hard planks of the platform beneath you. A brinefin raises its small spear over its head to finish the job when it's hit in the chest with a fiery bolt. Though your vision is blurring, you can see that Opal has a smoking hand raised in your direction.

Then the loud thuds that can only be Ribcage's feet advance on you and scoop you up, and everything goes dark.

You come to spluttering on the remains of a healing potion that has been poured down your throat.

You now have 2d4 + 2 HP.

"I'd expected that to go better," Randy says by way of apology. "But you'll be glad to know we waited for you before going inside. After you..."

Still weak-kneed from your near-death experience, you nonetheless manage to reach the door. Luckily, you don't have to waste any energy on opening it because it bursts open as you get close ([go to 202](#)).

240

The closer you look, the more you can tell: things are knocked over, askew. A knickknack on the floor, the corner of a rug overturned. A struggle has occurred. Yet, there is no blood or signs of dead bodies, so there's a chance that whoever was attacked here got away.

You see a scraping on the floor. Nails, claws? Difficult to tell, but definitely something. More marks lead into the house and out again and there seem to be several sets. Upon closer inspection, the claw marks also show on cupboards, elevated surfaces, even the walls. It looks like a chaotic search with much of the activity being in the kitchen, so you would guess someone was trying to find some food.

As part of your search, you also find a loose panel on the wall that was apparently missed. Behind it is a small pouch containing some coins and a gemstone.

You may add 11 gp and 1 turquoise (10 gp value) to your inventory or, if you leave the pouch where you found it, gain Inspiration.

You leave the house and continue on your way through town ([go to 197](#)).

241

As your strike lands, you see how the jellyfish's flesh responds to your attack.

Due to the thick coating of slime on the tentacle, any fire attacks only do half damage to the giant appendage. However, acid does double damage.

[Return to 199](#) to continue the fight.

242

Whatever you want to say, the brinefins aren't open to hearing it. They fall into a battle formation, weapons ready, teeth bared.

"Welp, can't say we didn't give it a go!" the captain says, looking disappointed this will come to blows. He then turns to you and says, "Try not to kill them. Little guy solidarity."

You advance along the various paths and planks to meet the brinefins in battle ([go to 202](#)).

Gain Inspiration.

Your ability creates its zone of danger just as you would expect, but the brinefins don't even try to avoid it at first. At least a dozen of the small, snarling creatures fall in spectacular fashion.

But there are just too many of the tiny creatures, and they flow around the damaging area like water. It buys you a bit of time, however, and you see the captain haul a crewmember to his feet that otherwise might have fallen to the hungry swarm.

"Fine!" Opal yells at you. "You got some! Now are you ready to run?"

She stands there looking at you for a moment while you weigh your options against the advancing wave of scaly limbs and gnashing teeth.

You could still try to stand your ground ([go to 228](#)) or take Opal's advice and run ([go to 219](#)).

244

Standing victorious in the now-empty space in front of the door, Captain Sharpsmile approaches you.

"Nice work, I suppose," he grumbles. "Wish you hadn't been so rough with the little guys, but not all of us small folk are trying to walk the path of peace."

"Captain, you're a pirate," Opal calls. "You hardly walk anywhere."

"Well of course, we're sailing! Why split hairs over the form of locomotion? Now if you would please lead the way inside, adventurer, I believe I have a map waiting."

He gestures toward the door which, as you reach for it, bursts open of its own accord ([go to 202](#)).

The *Rapier Wit* emerges from the fog kicked up by the skypillar jellyfish's hunt, and you manage to leave it behind as it continues its mindless search for sustenance.

It shrinks into the distance as the ship continues on, sails full and the sea splashing against the hull.

"Land ho!" Raine cries out a few hours later. They rappel down from among the rigging. "Captain, I think this is it."

He rushes to the rail, with you following close behind. Puncturing the horizon, you catch your first glimpse of the island. A smudge of smoke rises up from a sharp volcanic peak. Even at this distance, you can see oversized splashes of color from unnaturally large flowers.

"Oki Island!" the captain yells, elated. "Finally, I've found it! After all these years, I've finally found it!"

He rushes to the helm and takes over at the wheel, gesturing for you and his officers to join him.

As the *Rapier Wit* pulls into the bay, you look up and around you. Among the towering flowers, it's easy to feel like an insect lost in a garden. From this angle, you also see that there are sections of the island itself floating through the air, some also sprouting the huge flora.

In the protected bay of Oki Island, the *Rapier Wit* drops anchor and the crew prepares for a fitful rest. You manage to get some sleep as well, before readying yourself to go ashore at first light.

Gain the benefits of a long rest ([go to 246](#)).



CHAPTER 5: OKI ISLAND

246

“Right! You lot, come with me,” Captain Randy calls, waving Raine down from the rigging before hailing Opal, Ribcage, and you. Everyone follows him to the bow.

He turns to face the small assembled group. “Until you step into the unknown, you don’t know what you’re made of. Load up the long-boats. To Oki Island!”

A few crew members stay behind in case the *Rapier Wit* needs to make a quick getaway—for example, if the volcano erupts—but the rest of you row to shore.

The beach is bare, littered only with long strands of seaweed and larger-than-average shells, but quickly becomes thickets of bamboo growing so densely that they cause a natural barrier through which you’ll have to make your way. The captain groans, looking upward, upward, upward toward the canopy, over fifty feet above his head.

“Look, do any of you have a problem going inland? That thing won’t erupt any time soon. I know volcanoes. But if anyone has any concerns, you best raise them now.”

The volcano gives a low rumble as if wishing to prove him wrong. The goblin blinks.

“Well, we’ll probably be gone by the time it erupts. And if it goes off before we find the treasure, it will be lost forever.”

Raine crosses their arms over their chest.

“Fine. I’ll come with you, captain, but only because I’m sure you’ll get yourself killed if you don’t.”

“Opal?”

She purses her lips. “I don’t like this, captain. That thing seems dangerous at best, and deadly at worst.”

The captain groans. “Spoilsport. Ribcage?”

The bugbear stares at the volcano for a long moment before letting out a huff. He pulls out a silver hairbrush and starts brushing his fur with it.

The captain shakes his head. “It’s not that bad. Put the brush away. I assure you there’s nothing to be afraid of.”

The bugbear reluctantly returns the brush to a pouch at his belt. He looks to Raine, who pats him reassuringly on the arm though they pointedly avoid eye contact.

“Everyone satisfied now?” the captain asks. There’s a general murmur of assent.

“Alright, well, see if you can find a better way forward, otherwise let’s hope we have our bamboo-hacking arms on.”

“Hang on captain, look!” Opal points down the beach a bit, where some of the bamboo has been disturbed. A path has been trodden through it, as some huge inhabitant of the island forced its way through.

“Hmm,” the captain mutters, wiggling a tooth as he examines the bamboo. “We could forge our own path... or take a chance on running into whatever made *that*... Wait, what’s that?”

The captain points at a large arrow drawn in the sand that you are sure wasn’t there before. It points unambiguously towards the path cut through the bamboo. At the point of the arrow sits the jeweled egg from the boat, though how it got here is anyone’s guess. The captain scoops it up into a pouch on his belt.

Say that it seems the egg knows which way to go ([go to 256](#)), say that this is a trap and suggest cutting your own path ([go to 270](#)), or attempt to use the Miser’s Luck for insight ([go to 267](#)).

You see the obvious, tell-tale sign of fresh heavy prints in the mulch beneath you and point them out to the captain. He groans.

“Alright, something nasty looks like it’s stalking around here. Everyone off the path. It might take us more time but it will be safer in the long run.”

You are well positioned and quickly step off the path, though your companions are not so lucky. Root-like tendrils rise up out of the soil and wrap around them. One narrowly misses you, grasping at the air where you had been standing just a moment before.

It’s not long before you also spot the source of this new threat rising up from among the rotting debris beneath the sunflowers ([go to 262](#)).

After some effort, you reach the midway point of the climb, so there’s no turning back. The captain is huffing as he clambers up the side while Ribcage lumbers so heavily up the cliff you can feel the vibrations as he moves. He doesn’t seem to notice the effort of heaving his bulk up the cliff wall.

Raine, on the other hand, seems to actually be enjoying the climb, using their mechanical arm to create new handholds and using their experience in ships’ rigging to practically glide up the rock face.

Roll a Strength (Athletics) or Dexterity (Acrobatics) check. If you get 13 or higher, or you have a climbing or flying speed, [go to 290](#). If you get less than 13, [go to 266](#).

249

Raine's face is painted with fear as they struggle with their restraints, on the edge of panic. You approach slowly and carefully to remove the tendrils binding the young sailor, though the task is made harder by their struggles.

When you finally free Raine, they sigh with relief and then split into two copies.

"Thanks," the original says to you. "Let's not get tied up like that again."

Raine splits into several duplicates to assist you and the others. As long as they are free, you have advantage on any skill checks and saving throws.

Return to 262 to continue the fight.

250

You approach the mound of what appears to be trash, but it soon becomes clear that it is actually a pile of once-fine clothes. And wrapped in the clothes is a skeleton.

The skeleton has been mostly cleaned by either the passage of time or scavengers. They did not disrupt the platinum diadem on the dead figure's head, nor the jeweled rings on its fingers. There are also several vials affixed to the body's belt.

Ribcage lets out a low whistle. The captain nods and says, "Indeed, cousin. Not even the treasure yet and here we are."

Opal and Raine quickly search the body for valuables, finding a fat purse of coins that they throw to the rest of the crew to divvy up.

"As for us, let's see what's left," the goblin captain says, taking stock of the more significant valuables.

You may choose one of the following as your share of the find and add it to your inventory:

Platinum Diadem	Worth 250 gp
Diamond Ring	Worth 210 gp (the diamond is worth 200 gp)
Potion of Hill Giant Strength	Have 21 Strength for 1 hour
Potion of Animal Friendship	Cast the spell <i>Animal Friendship</i> (DC 13) at will for 1 hour
Potion of Greater Healing	Heal 4d4 + 4 HP

Once the spoils have been distributed, Raine raises their hand. "Captain, what do you think killed... whoever this was?"

"Seems poorly equipped for the journey to me," the captain says. He gives the body one final pass, finding a thin platinum chain around the poor explorer's neck. It's of extraordinary craftsmanship, each link shaped like a small leaf. The captain removes it and passes it to you.

"A bonus," he says. "For taking us this way. Nice work."

Add leaf-pattern platinum necklace (25 gp) to your inventory.

With everyone happy to be a little bit richer, if only as long as you can survive Oki Island, the crew continues whacking through the bamboo toward the island's interior (**go to 268**).

251

The vines wrap even tighter around you and pull you down into the spongy, warm earth of Oki Island. As they crush the life from you, your last sensation is the smell of sunflowers.

YOU DIED.



252

You feed a platinum coin to the Miser's Luck and it vibrates. The needle jumps to point straight into the wall of bamboo.

Remove 1 pp from your inventory.

"Seems you've locked on to something out there," Opal says to you, looking over your shoulder. "And platinum? I'd suggest we check it out."

You can try another coin and feed it a silver piece ([go to 286](#)) or a gold piece ([go to 279](#)).

Or if you're ready, either take the path ([go to 256](#)) or cut your own through the bamboo ([go to 270](#)).

253

As you approach the bodies, you see Opal is standing over them chanting, casting spells over the remains.

"Just making sure they stay dead," she says without prompting. "And examining the area for anything magical. Seems that everything is magical. Or nothing. Oki Island is just weird, it seems."

Looking closer at the bodies, you see that they are bent and twisted with multiple broken bones. It's as if they fell from a great height or were thrown with great force. Looking up, there are no visible ledges or prominences on the sides of the volcano. In fact, it's just a steep slope covered in loose volcanic glass all the way up to the smoking crater.

"Well, that should do it." Opal nods her head proudly at a job well done. With another nod to you, she wanders away from the corpse she was working on.

If you haven't done so yet, you can either examine the strange marks on the ground ([go to 288](#)) or take a closer look at the broken chest ([go to 265](#)).

Or if there is nothing else of interest, you may regroup with your companions ([go to 277](#)).

254

You clear the glade without making too much noise. The giant tanuki twitches in its sleep as you go but is not roused from its slumber, and you quickly disappear into the continuation of its bamboo trail before it notices that you were ever even there ([go to 259](#)).

255

As the tanuki settles back to sleep, you and the crew go back the other way. The bamboo forest is nearly impenetrably thick, but with the help of Opal's magic, Ribcage's strength, and Raine's duplicates, you manage to hack your way through to find what seems to be just a pile of rags and sticks.

But as you approach, it becomes clear that it is actually a pile of once-fine clothes. And wrapped in the clothes is a skeleton.

The skeleton has been mostly cleaned by either the passage of time or scavengers. They did not disrupt the platinum diadem on the dead figure's head, nor the jeweled rings on its fingers. There are also several vials affixed to the body's belt.

Ribcage lets out a low whistle. The captain nods and says, "Indeed, cousin. Not even the treasure yet and here we are."

Opal and Raine quickly search the body for valuables, finding a fat purse of coins that they throw to the rest of the crew to divvy up.

"As for us, let's see what's left," the goblin captain says, taking stock of the more significant valuables.

You may choose one of the following as your share of the find and add it to your inventory:

Platinum Diadem	Worth 250 gp
Diamond Ring	Worth 210 gp (the diamond is worth 200 gp)
Potion of Hill Giant Strength	Have 21 Strength for 1 hour
Potion of Animal Friendship	Cast the spell <i>Animal Friendship</i> (DC 13) at will for 1 hour
Potion of Greater Healing	Heal 4d4 + 4 HP

Once the spoils have been distributed, Raine raises their hand. “Captain, what do you think killed... whoever this was?”

“Seems poorly equipped for the journey to me,” the captain says. He gives the body one final pass, finding a thin platinum chain around the poor explorer’s neck. It’s of extraordinary craftsmanship, each link shaped like a small leaf. The captain removes it and passes it to you.

“A bonus,” he says. “For dealing with that beast. Nice work.”

Add leaf-pattern platinum necklace (25 gp) to your inventory.

With everyone happy to be a little bit richer, if only as long as you can survive Oki Island, the crew continues toward the island’s interior through the clearing, leaving the tanuki to her rest (**go to 259**).

256

“Alright, no point wasting our strength cutting down bamboo if we don’t need to. Let’s take this premade path, I’m sure it’ll be fine,” the captain announces.

“Captain, are you sure—?” Raine begins, but he waves off the question and barrels on ahead.

The path that has been made through the bamboo is wide enough for you to walk at least three abreast, but it is easy going and safe (**go to 268**).

257

As you peel away the roots constricting Opal, you first free her face.

“Now my hands!” she cries and you also free her hands for spellcasting. With a few words of power, she summons a sharp lash of water from the air around her and starts attacking the tendrils around you all with wild abandon.

Opal uses her magic to clear the tendrils as best she can. The DC to save against the Carnivorous Sunflower’s Grab is 8 for as long as she is free.

Return to 262 to continue the fight.

258

You are treated to a tropical sunset over the tops of the sunflower forest, but the sun quickly dips below the flowerline and evening advances into night.

Rations are handed out and the group of you sit around a campfire created by Opal snapping her fingers. The energy is one of quiet excitement.

The captain stares into the fire, its gleam shining in his eyes like two gold coins. Opal sits quietly, reading from her spellbook and mumbling through her practice.

Raine is staring off into the cave and speaking in low tones to Ribcage. The bugbear has pulled out his silver hairbrush and is methodically working from his head to his toes.

At some unspoken cue, the rest of the pirates go to their chosen sleeping spots, leaving you alone to find your own rest for the evening.

Gain the benefits of a long rest.

When dawn lightens the sky, your merry band of pirates breaks camp and prepares to go into the cave (**go to 292**).

259

You and the crew continue toward the island's interior and the next leg of your journey. The bamboo that has surrounded you up to this point gives way to a new layer of forest, green and dense.

"I've never seen trees like these before," Raine mutters. The captain is at their side instantly, looking up into the canopy with a hand over his eyes to block the island sun from blinding him.

He narrows his gaze onto a black-and-gray rock, walking over to it and poking it with his shoe until it is unearthed from the dirt. You then realize it isn't a rock—it's a *seed*.

"Those are *flowers*," he says, simply, pointing up toward where the leafage of the trees ought to be. As your gaze trails up what you believed to be overgrown bark but now is firmly recognisable as *stem*, you see spiky yellow petals so high up that you have to crane your neck back in order to properly see them. Thick leaves, each one the size of a boat sail, dangle down and sway in the wind.

"They're sunflowers," Raine mutters, unable to do anything but laugh in shock. "Captain?"

"Ah, back to the matter at hand," the goblins says, returning his attention to the crew. "These giant flowers... that huge jellyfish... it's all connected. There's something strange about this place. I don't think anything can grow this big without some sort of magic being involved."

Ribcage huffs as he inspects a huge petal between his fingers, sneezing from the pollen when he smells it. Then the captain claps his hands together.

"Right, let's keep going."

The path cuts through the shade of the giant sunflowers crowding it on both sides, so there's only one way to go forward.

Roll a Wisdom (Perception) check. If you get 15 or more, **go to 247**. If you get less than 15, **go to 281**.

If you're able to sense danger such as with the ability Danger Sense or some similar effect, you can automatically succeed the check.

260

You spend a long time trudging the circumference of the mountainside, but your efforts are for naught. With no other choice, the crew realizes they're going to have to climb up the sheer side of the volcano, as first thought, and spirits are low as a chorus of groans surfaces.

Trying her best not to look smug, Opal pulls a bright green feather out of her bag, whispers a few magical words, and begins to float vertically up the cliff face.

Make a Strength (Athletics) or Dexterity (Acrobatics) check to climb. If you get 13 or higher, or you have a climbing or flying speed, **go to 248**. If you get less than 13, **go to 271**.

261

You ask the Tanuki for help, and she considers this request. She sniffs at you for a moment.

If you have the leaf-shaped platinum necklace in your inventory, **go to 264**. If you do not, **go to 278**.

262

The rotting bits of sunflower beneath your feet coalesce into a vaguely humanoid form.

Twisted pieces of rotten sunflower form its limbs and torso as strong roots reach for you and your companions. You're in a fight for your life as the island itself seems to attack and restrain you. The captain, Opal, Raine, and Ribcage are also all trapped in thick roots and struggling to free themselves.

Further back, other members of the crew cry out in fear or pain and you see them bound in thick cocoons of squeezing tendrils.



CARNIVOROUS SUNFLOWER

Large Plant, unaligned

Armor Class 12 (natural armor)

Hit Points 42 (5d10 + 15)

Speed 20 ft., swim 20 ft.

Initiative -1

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
15 (+2)	8 (-1)	16 (+3)	5 (-3)	10 (+0)	5 (-3)

Skills Stealth +2

Condition Immunities blinded, deafened, exhaustion

Senses blindsight 60 ft. (blind beyond this radius), passive

Perception 10

ACTIONS

Grab. If you are not restrained at the beginning of the Carnivorous Sunflower's turn, it attempts to grab you with its tendrils. Make an opposed ability check with either Strength (Athletics) or Dexterity (Acrobatics) against DC 12. If you fail, you gain the restrained condition.

On your turn, you can use an action to make either a Strength (Athletics) or Dexterity (Acrobatics) check against DC 12 to free yourself and remove the restrained condition.

The Carnivorous Sunflower's grab attack is not affected by range as its tendrils rise up from the ground.

Squeeze. If you are restrained at the beginning of the Carnivorous Sunflower's turn, take 4 (1d4 + 2) bludgeoning damage.

Each round on your turn, you may use an action to free one of your companions.

To free the captain, **go to 285**.

To free Opal, **go to 257**.

To free Ribcage, **go to 274**.

To free Raine, **go to 249**.

If the Carnivorous Sunflower drops to 0 HP, **go to 272**.

If you drop to 0 HP, **go to 251**.



263

Using your body language, you let the tanuki know that you mean it no harm. It seems more sleepy than angry anyway, letting out a giant yawn and revealing a huge mouth full of razor-sharp teeth. Then it snorts at the air, and turns its attention to the captain.

The tanuki presses its muzzle against the captain's belt pouch and bumps at it.

"What is it doing?" he asks you, but he seems to answer his own question. He removes the jeweled egg and presents it to the tanuki.

The large furry creature takes a long sniff of the egg then snorts one last time emphatically. Its gaze flits up and down the captain, who freezes, but the beast just pads around a little bit before falling back to sleep in its make-do bed.

"Apparently, we're allowed to pass?" Opal says. Ribcage and Raine look at each other and shrug.

"Seems so," the captain says as the tanuki begins to snore.

Free to go, the crew hurries on ([go to 259](#)).

264

The tanuki yawns and settles back into position to continue her snooze.

"Seems you've already found that other egg-bearer who got lost in the bamboo," she says. "Nothing more I can do for you. Good luck."

After circling three times, the tan and black beast slumps back down on her bed of bamboo, shooing you off with a giant paw ([go to 283](#)).

265

The captain is already looking at the cracked-open treasure chest. While not especially lavish, it was clearly of good quality with heavy brass fittings and thick wood. It would have taken a lot of force to break it open like this.

Peering inside, you see what appears to be a tray covered entirely with large round depressions. There are an even dozen of them.

"I wonder..." the captain mutters. He pulls the jeweled egg from his pouch and sets it into one of the depressions. It fits perfectly. "But what does it mean?"

The goblin doesn't acknowledge you at all as he stands toying with his tuft of a beard. He just stares at the egg occupying just one of the indents apparently custom-made for this very purpose.

If you haven't done so yet, you can either examine the strange marks on the ground ([go to 288](#)) or check the dead bodies strewn about camp ([go to 253](#)).

Or if there is nothing else of interest, you may regroup with your companions ([go to 277](#)).

266

You make the classic climber's error of looking down, and in the process lose your grip on the cliff. You tumble free of the rock wall and plummet toward the earth.

Take 1d6 falling damage. Roll a Dexterity saving throw (DC 13), breaking your fall on a success and only taking half damage.

If this damage reduces you to 0 HP, [go to 282](#). If you survive the fall, [go to 290](#).

You produce the battered compass that is the Miser's Luck. The captain narrows his eyes at it with a knowing smile.

"So that's where ol' Gary's compass got to," he says. "He was the *Sundancer's* cartographer until he went out one night in Port Plenty and never returned. You've got a lucky streak, adventurer."

He gestures to continue as you decide what to do with the item.

You can feed the item a silver piece ([go to 286](#)), a gold piece ([go to 279](#)), or a platinum piece ([go to 252](#)).

"Sssh!" Captain Sharp Smile hisses behind him. The sound passes quietly through the crew.

You quickly see why the captain wanted you to remain quiet. Up ahead, the bamboo tapers off into a clearing and there, sitting on top of a pile of bamboo leaves, dead asleep, is a *giant tanuki*. The thing is bigger than a brown bear, a huge ball of fur that rises and falls as it breathes rhythmically. A paw scratches at the air as it sleeps.

The captain goes forward, attempting to pick out the safest way through the bark that litters the floor to not disturb the sleeping giant.

You can also try to sneak past the sleeping creature ([go to 287](#)) or deliberately wake it ([go to 276](#)).



269

You're about halfway across the grove when it happens: you step on a stick of bamboo and it breaks with a great *crack* under your foot. Everyone winces at the sound and turns in tandem to look at the giant tanuki ([go to 276](#)).

270

You suggest that the crew try the road less traveled by going through the bamboo directly.

"Good idea," the captain says. "Something made that path, and I'm not entirely sure we can trust the egg now that we've reached the island. We only know it brought us here for a purpose."

He directs the crew to follow behind the leadership made up of the captain, Opal, Raine, Ribcage and you. At your first swing at the tough bamboo, it's clear that this is not the easy path.

Make a Strength (Athletics) check, with advantage if you have a slashing weapon. If you get 15 or higher, [go to 284](#). If you get less than 15, [go to 273](#).

271

You can't even properly get started on the climb before slipping and dropping back to the ground, but everyone else seems to be handling the climb much more easily. Raine looks back, sees you're in trouble, and drops gracefully from the cliff face, splitting into two more duplicates as they hit the ground.

"Come on," Raine says. "I'll help."

The two duplicates flank you, providing both simple advice on where to place your hands and the occasional physical correction using a foot. Despite having just one arm each, they make the ascent as easily as their original ([go to 290](#)).

272

With a final blow, the creature melts away into a pile of mulch and quickly decaying flower petals. The pirates stand around you panting for breath as the tendrils fall limp to the ground. Captain Sharp smile surveys the scene and helps you to your feet.

"Not bad," he pants. "Not bad at all."

You're shaking as you all head back on track, following the captain the rest of the mercifully short journey to the other side of the floral forest.

Here, you find yourselves at the base of the huge volcano in the center of the island.

Suddenly, the pouch on the captain's belt starts jumping around frantically, and in surprise, he opens the catch. The jeweled egg jumps straight out of it, rolling along the ground to bump up against the mountainside where it starts hopping, clearly attempting to get higher. With obvious trepidation, the eyes of all the crew swivel upward when they realize it's telling you that you're going to have to climb the volcano...

As the cliffside in front of you is impossibly steep and filled with obviously loose stones, you collectively decide to travel around the base of the volcano looking for an easier way up ([go to 260](#)).

273

It is exhausting cutting through this bamboo. Even with the crew working together as a unit, it feels like it's taking an age. You swing and swing, your shoulder gets more and more tired, your wrist begins to ache. What feels like hours go by and you move at a snail's pace as thick, woody stalks slap at you from every direction.

Take 2d8 bludgeoning damage.

The bamboo saps your strength and bruises you, but it won't kill you. If you drop to 0 HP in this section, drop to 1 HP instead.

Opal curses at the vegetation as she slashes it with conjured whips of water. Ribcage labors for every step against the tough stalks of bamboo. Only Raine seems to be having an easy time of it as they have split into a wedge of duplicates armed with machetes. Only thanks to them are you making any progress at all.

“Wait, what’s that?” the captain calls out. You follow his hand to a mound of rags and trash on the ground (**go to 250**).

274

You move to free Ribcage, and you can see that the ropes of vegetation holding him are already straining against his great strength. You just have to clear a few roots before he bursts from his restraints and whips the massive warhammer off his back.

But first, he favors you with a nod of thanks. He even grunts.

Then he starts swinging his enormous weapon at your attacker with little apparent concern for his own safety.

Ribcage uses his massive hammer to smash your enemy to pieces. As long as he is free, he deals 10 damage to the Carnivorous Sunflower per round.

Return to 262 to continue the fight.

275

You collapse under the incredible weight of the tannuki’s paw and the damage caused by its sharp claws. You black out, slamming into the soft earth as blood flows from your wounds.

YOU DIED.

276

One huge black eye has popped open and is staring at you. It blinks lazily.

“Well, now you’ve done it,” the captain sighs. He looks to you for the solution. “Now what? I’d really rather not kill such a majestic creature.”

If you have a spell or ability that allows you to communicate with animals, **go to 280**.

Otherwise, make a Wisdom (Animal Handling) check. If you get 12 or higher **go to 263**. If you get less than 12, **go to 289**.

277

“Looks like this is the perfect place to rest,” the captain says. “We’ll set up just inside the cave mouth and bunk down ‘til morning.”

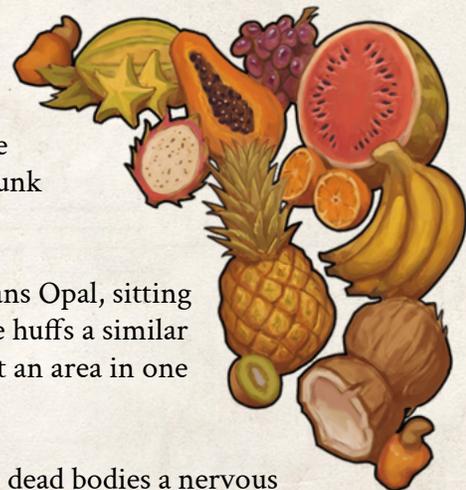
“Thank the gods,” groans Opal, sitting down heavily. Ribcage huffs a similar sentiment, staking out an area in one corner for himself.

Raine gives one of the dead bodies a nervous glance, but the apparent weariness on their face seems to override any anxiety they might feel about the corpses.

“I’ll take watch,” Opal says. “As long as I can rest my legs, I’ll be fine.”

She goes on to say that her meditation is light, so no need to relieve her. The captain doesn’t think twice and flops down under a tent. Raine is more cautious, but also finds a place to settle in for the night under another mostly intact tent.

Trust Opal’s vigilance and settle in for a long rest (**go to 258**) or point out the dangers and just take a short rest (**go to 291**).



278

“Back that way,” she says with a nod of her head. “Another egg-bearer fell to some hazard. The egg is gone, of course, but he was carrying the shinies egg-bearers bring to the island for the king. You should go find the body and leave me be.”

The tanuki settles into her napping spot again and refuses to elaborate further. You quickly translate the conversation for your pirate companions, leaving the captain scratching his chin in thought.

“Interesting,” he mumbles. “Egg-bearers and treasure and such. Shall we check it out?”

Go back into the bamboo thicket looking for the supposed body (**go to 255**) or continue on your way forward (**go to 283**).

279

You insert a gold coin into the slot on the magic compass. It makes a satisfying click but then its weight vanishes.

Remove 1 gp from your inventory.

The needle leaps to life, spinning around several times before settling into a wobble. At first it points toward you, then at the captain’s gold-laced smile, then to the forest, and then around again to you and the captain.

“So what’s it pointing at?” Raine asks. “Where is it saying to go?”

You can try another coin and feed it a silver piece (**go to 286**) or a platinum piece (**go to 252**).

Or if you’re ready, either take the path (**go to 256**) or cut your own through the bamboo (**go to 270**).

280

You greet the tanuki. The captain looks at you like you’ve lost your mind but stays silent.

The tanuki yawns, leaving you face-to-face with its mouth, a deep red throat that could easily swallow you.

“What are you doing in my forest?” she asks, blinking lazily. She doesn’t seem angry at your presence, just surprised. You explain your presence there, telling her you’re just passing through. The creature snuffles at the air before nodding toward Captain Sharpnose.

“Another egg-bearer on the way to the king,” she says. “I’ve seen many arrive. Can’t remember any who left. Now hurry along. I’d like to get back to my nap.”

You let the captain know she’s given you permission to move on. He mutters something about not needing permission, but you don’t translate that. He then continues while looking at the beast’s claws, “That could have been much worse.”

To leave the tanuki alone and keep going, **go to 283**.
To ask her for help, **go to 261**.

281

Some vague threat tickles the edge of your senses, but you can’t quite put your finger on what it is.

Luckily, the new danger makes itself clear when woody ropes of plant matter burst from the forest floor. These tendrils of vegetation snap tight around you and the crew.

“Agh!” cries the captain followed by a string of impressive curses and oaths. Ribcage shakes his head slowly in admonishment, the only part of his body that can move under a thick layer of tendrils.

“What is this?!” yells Opal as she struggles her hands free to cast a spell.

Raine says nothing at all, though they flicker as they try unsuccessfully to duplicate due to the bindings around them.

You don’t have to wait too long for the answer to Opal’s question as a thick figure rises up from the rotting vegetation and detritus of the forest floor (**go to 262**).

282

The hard landing drives the air from your lungs and makes something in your back snap. You find you can't draw another breath and instead look up at your companions high above you.

The captain looks back at you with a pained expression and seems to hesitate in his progress upward. Then he sets his jaw and continues. As the world fades to black, you see the pirates high above you reach the top of the cliff and disappear from view.

YOU DIED.

283

"Let's not push our luck any further!" the captain hisses, and drags you through to the other side of the grove, and away from the oversized raccoon-dog. As you're leaving, the giant furry creature immediately settles back down and soon begins to snore.

"What's that, captain?" Raine asks quietly, pointing up ahead. You can see along the path leading off from the clearing that the bamboo quickly becomes something very different and distinctly stranger ([go to 259](#)).

284

You're able to clear the bamboo without too much effort, even though it feels far tougher than regular plant matter. Your arm aches, a sentiment shared by all of the crew but one: Raine. They have split into several duplicates, each armed with a machete clearing the path. Still, it's tough going and you are battered by the bamboo each step you take.

Take 1d8 bludgeoning damage.

The bamboo saps your strength and bruises you, but it won't kill you. If you drop to 0 HP in this section, drop to 1 HP instead.

Meanwhile, Opal conjures whips of water to slash through the thick vegetation and Ribcage simply crashes through. The rest of the crew follow behind in the path you all clear.

"Hold a moment," the captain calls backward. He directs your attention to a strange object on the ground in front of you. "What's that?"

You approach what seems to be a small pile of debris ([go to 250](#)).

285

You work to free the captain. As soon as you pull apart the tendrils holding him, he makes good use of the opening and wiggles free. He unsheaths his sword and dances past the writing roots to harry the main growth of the plant creature.

"Aha! Excellent work adventurer! Continue on while I distract the... the thing!"

The captain inspires you to fight better. As long as he is free, have advantage on attack rolls.

Return to 262 to continue the fight.

286

The silver coin plinks into the slot on the compass and the needle spins wildly. It slows, pointing at one of the crew members. The captain turns to him with a raised eyebrow.

Remove 1 sp from your inventory.

"I... um... did well at the track in Brigand's Bay," the sailor stutters.

You can try another coin and feed it a gold piece ([go to 279](#)) or a platinum piece ([go to 252](#)).

Or if you're ready, either take the path ([go to 256](#)) or cut your own through the bamboo ([go to 270](#)).

287

You follow the captain's lead, as do the rest of the crew from a greater distance. Though adorable in sleep, it's obvious that this furry beast could do some damage if it so chose. Best to let sleeping tanuki lie, after all.

Make a Dexterity (Stealth) check. If you get 13 or higher **go to 254**. If you get less than 13, **go to 269**.

288

Raine and Ribcage are standing over the strange marks on the ground. They look like long, wide scrapes. As you approach, you realize that they are larger than you originally thought.

"What do you think this is?" Raine wonders.

Ribcage shakes his head, holds out his arms as wide as they can go, then flexes a bicep.

"Agreed," Raine says with a nod. "Something large and heavy was dragged out of the cave then back in. But I don't see any signs of someone carrying it. Could that have disappeared over time? Or maybe something moved itself?"

All that you can add to their assessment is that the edges of the apparent drag marks are very regular, so this seems to be a straight-edged object.

If you haven't done so yet, you can either examine the broken chest (**go to 265**) or check the dead bodies strewn about camp (**go to 253**).

Or if there is nothing else of interest, you may regroup with your companions (**go to 277**).

289

The tanuki bares its fangs at you, lips curled back in vicious protection of its territory, and makes a sleepy swipe at you. It doesn't seem terribly angry at you, simply annoyed at the disturbance.

Make a Dexterity saving throw against DC 12. If you pass, you avoid the sluggish beast's claws. If you fail, take 2d4 slashing damage.

If you drop to 0 HP, **go to 275**. If you survive, **go to 283**.

290

It is a hard climb for most, especially after trying to hack your way through the jungle, but you are all able to make it. You wipe the sweat from your brow as you heave yourself onto a plateau in the volcano's side.

As you stumble onto the flat ground, you feel the captain's little hand reach out, grabbing your attention.

He nods forward and gestures. "Look."

You follow where he points and see the huge, daunting mouth of a cave. It leads deep into the volcano, having carved a massive chunk out of its side—gigantic stalagmites and stalactites jut from the ceiling and floor, giving the whole thing the appearance of an enormous maw.

The others head forward and find something very interesting indeed: an abandoned campsite. A handful of canvas tents have been erected but they are utterly empty—except for the half a dozen skeletons around. Judging by the leaf and twig debris, they haven't been touched for a very long time either. The ground off to one side of the campsite has strange marks in it, and there's a treasure chest just visible next to one of the tents, though even from here it's obviously already been smashed into.

Captain Sharpshooter, Opal, Raine, and Ribcage glance around at each other and spread out to have a closer look at this strange sight. At a couple of quick orders from the captain, the rest of the crew fan out to set up a brief camp.

You can examine the broken chest (**go to 265**), the strange marks on the ground (**go to 288**), or the long-dead bodies (**go to 253**).

Gain Inspiration.

You point out to your companions that something killed these people, and it seems to have come out of the cave.

The captain is already lying down under a tent with his feet up, so he looks down his nose at you. You can practically hear his thoughts running down a list of reasons to stay.

“It would be only prudent, captain,” Raine says, though they are obviously exhausted as well.

“We could use the rest, but wouldn’t it be a shame to share their fate?” Opal says with a gesture towards the bodies. “Especially when we’re so close.”

The captain finally looks to Ribcage as a last line of support, but the bugbear is already standing at the ready.

“Fine!” Captain Sharpnose finally says. “Fine. I’d rather not die tired, but I can’t say I’m not excited to get a move on. Just give me an hour.”

With that he pulls his hat over his face and starts snoring immediately. A smile passes around the pirates, with even Ribcage joining in, as you all take a load off your aching feet.

Gain the benefits of a short rest.

As if made of clockwork, the captain springs up exactly an hour later to hustle the rest of you to your feet and head into the cave (**go to 292**).



CHAPTER 6: THE LAIR

292

“Right!” the captain calls. The crew assembles around him, all ears. “We’re going into those caves, and by ‘we’ I mean only the officers.”

There’s a general chorus of grumbling from the crew, and the captain lets it rise into scattered yells before falling away into a low muttering.

“Are you done?” he asks sternly. “Because I have bigger things to worry about than your safety. So it will be the five of us against the unknown, but it helps knowing that you are all aboard the *Rapier Wit* and ready to make a quick getaway.”

The crew’s voices continue, but no longer in opposition to the captain. Instead, they seem amenable to the idea.

“And that’s an order.”

Randy leads the march and the five of you begin your journey into the darkness of the cave, bolstered by his responsible leadership.

The captain has inspired you. Roll a d6 and add this amount as a bonus to your next saving throw, check, or attack roll.

The captain beams, the sun glinting off of his gold teeth and blinding you.

“Why, I haven’t been so excited since I wrestled that mermaid for her treasure at the bottom of the briny sea...” ([go to 303](#)).

You nod toward the creature and mime the action of sneaking. Captain Randy grips his rapier in agreement, and you can see his gold teeth shining in the glow of the salamander's fire as he smiles.

Make a Dexterity (Stealth) check. If you get 10 or higher, **go to 315**. If you get less than 10, **go to 302**.

294

You suggest taking the path to the right downward into the heat.

Opal casts a spell on herself, the captain, and Raine, each being encapsulated in a shimmering blue shield. She looks at Ribcage apologetically.

"Sorry, big guy. Those are all the protection spells I have." She turns to you with the same look. "Same goes for you, I'm afraid."

Ribcage shrugs and doesn't seem bothered, though the heat of the tunnel has caused his fur to get matted with sweat almost immediately. The party waits for you to make whatever preparations you might want for the heat before you all get moving.

"Whenever you're ready," the captain says to you.

When you say you're ready, **go to 324**.

Remember that you can perform actions "off the page" like casting spells, activating abilities, or using magic items, even if those options aren't listed in the story text.

The Alpha Mimic lets out a terrible roar as it begins to lose control of its shape, its very existence flickering as it attempts to shapeshift into some coherent new form. With a last surge of strength, the monster pulls a glowing black opal the size of an apple from out of its own throat. It hurls the gem into the lava, and the ensuing explosion sends a pillar of molten stone rocketing upward.

It then begins shoveling more treasure, and you see more of the same glowing opals scattered throughout.

"You're never leaving this place alive," it snarls. "And never laying a hand on *my* treasure!"

"Let's prove it wrong!" Randy shouts, emptying his pack and shoveling treasure into it.

Raine's duplicates split off, gathering whatever they can in their single remaining arms. The rest of the pirates back away from the injured mimic and follow Raine's example, filling whatever they have with them.

"No! Thieves! Stop!" the mimic gurgles. It redoubles its efforts to shovel more treasure into the lava, and the explosions come faster and faster.

So fast that a wave of lava washes over what remains of the mimic, taking a huge swathe of its horde into the flow.

"Uh oh," the captain says. "Not good."

With one final, horrid gargle, the Alpha Mimic falls into the lava below, its great body taking its clutch of golden eggs with it. Raine covers their ears and winces at the terrible sound, but looks relieved that the battle is over.

A series of other detonations sound beneath the lava, throwing up sprays of quickly cooling stone, noxious fumes, and flame.

"Run!" Opal cries, dashing for the exit (**go to 322**).

The crew emerges onto a large rocky outcropping just slightly above a river of lava. You've never felt heat like this in your life. It's a juggernaut, an endless barrage assaulting you. The lava bubbles and hisses beneath, a terrible and menacing orange, moving as if alive.

You're not alone on the outcropping, however. You are accompanied by the single largest fortune you've ever seen.

Coins drift up around you so deep that you could wade through them. Jewels and precious objects lie haphazardly among them. There are gems the size of Ribcage's fist and the telltale shimmer of magical artifacts everywhere.

And then there's a sound. At first you worry about some fissure leaking gas or superheated steam, until you identify its source.

The captain is squealing with pure, unbridled joy. He babbles wordlessly, eyes dark, hands crooked into claws, and smiling so wide his face will probably be sore in the morning. The rest of the crew stand by, watching to see what he will do.

Then with a whoop, he leaps into the air and rushes into the mounds of treasure. Opal follows close behind, leaving the rest of you hurrying to catch up.

You reach the captain and first mate standing in front of a massive treasure chest that dwarfs even Ribcage.

"I wonder what's inside..." the captain breathes, reaching toward the container towering before him.

"Captain, be careful," Raine calls out ([go to 316](#)).



297

You all sprint through a cave strewn with bones, but nothing else. However, a wide path is clear through the middle of the bones. The room is otherwise eerily empty, full of nothing but stone pillars and darkness.

You run for the exit ([go to 314](#)).

298

Though the bite is bad, all-consuming fire is your last conscious thought as you are burned to a crisp, reduced to ash, and swept away into the volcano. You will forever be part of Oki Island now.

YOU DIED.

299

You speed over the lava flow through the brutal waves of heat rising off the flaming river.

Looking behind you, the stones are still in place but you wouldn't trust them for a second crossing. Ahead, your companions continue to fight the Alpha Mimic ([go to 319](#)).

300

You are battered and burned by the falling molten stone. The others cry out on your behalf from the safety of Opal's spell, but you can't as one of the stalactites burns through your chest.

Thrown to the ground, you can't lift your head to assess the damage. In fact, you can't move at all. In the sweltering heat, you just want to close your eyes and rest. You don't even know when everything finally goes dark.

YOU DIED.

301

You stumble and need to step back onto a stable stone. Before you can continue, however, the next one in the chain starts sinking into the flowing lava. Beneath you, you feel the rock you're on shudder and begin to sink.

Seeing your plight, Opal disengages from the Alpha Mimic and starts casting a spell in your direction. A frigid beam of smoking frost streaks into the lava in front of you, hardening it into a layer of quickly softening stone.

"Move it!" Opal yells. "We need you here!"

The Alpha Mimic's tongue grabs hold of her leg and winds up to throw her, but Ribcage lands a blow with his hammer to free the elf as you dash back toward your companions.

Take 1d6 fire damage. Roll a Constitution saving throw. If you get 12 or more, take half damage.

If you survive, you rush up to re-join your friends ([go to 319](#)). If you drop to 0 HP, [go to 312](#).

302

You try to sneak up, but the salamander is on high alert.

It must be aware someone is trespassing in its home. It turns with a shriek toward you, surging forward and swiping at you with a fiery claw ([go to 326](#)).

303

The further you walk into the volcano, the more the light begins to dim. Torches come out and, guided by firelight, the crew heads deeper into the caves.

The heat increases. Everyone can feel it. To be fair, you are walking into the belly of an active volcano, so you're not sure why it never crossed your mind. You wipe your forehead and see the others around you are beginning to do the same—shirts being undone for ventilation, bandanas used as makeshift sweat towels.

The cave is also nearly pitch black. You can only just make out a shimmering red glow further down the corridor.

"You still have that package from the Second-Hand Second Hand Store, don't you Raine?" the captain asks sweetly.

Raine takes out two pairs of brass-framed goggles held together by a brown leather strap. The lenses seem to be made of a dark crystal.

"I'm the only one who can't see in the dark," Raine says and hands you their alternate pair. "Not sure if you can, but these should help you as well."

Add Goggles of Deep Night to your inventory.

The rest of the crew seems not to need them.

"Technology imitates nature. But nature will never imitate technology," Randy says with a wink.

The five of you are standing in a long corridor framed with stalactites. The rock is hot to the touch.

"Let's go." ([go to 317](#))

GOGGLES OF DEEP NIGHT



While wearing these goggles, you have darkvision to a range of 60 feet. If you already have darkvision, wearing the goggles increases its range by 60 feet. If you are wearing them in bright light, you are blinded.

304

The battle is bloody, and you hold your own, But in the end, the Alpha Mimic is simply too powerful. The last thing you're aware of is it wrapping its tongue around your leg and dragging you slowly towards its wicked, dripping maw.

"Well, thank you for bringing my child back to me, pirate. And now I'm sure you'll make a delicious meal..."

Raine screams your name, and then there is a wet silence.

YOU DIED.

305

The heat is just too much and you succumb to the weight of it. Feeling like you're being roasted alive, you collapse to the ground. That feels even hotter. You're dimly aware of someone nearby crying out, calling your name, but the suffocating weight of the heat presses you down into unconsciousness.

At least the dark there is cool.

YOU DIED.

306

You finish the last of the journey inward, and, when you're all sure there are no further dangers hanging over you, the crew lets out a loud collective sigh of relief.

"Let's take a moment. I know it's hot, but I think we need to catch our breath."

The crew all slumps to the floor, panting but happy to have a moment of rest. Raine begins to oil the joints of their arm, Ribcage puts down his weapon to stretch his muscles, and Opal hands out waterskins and canteens and everyone drinks their fill.

Gain the benefits of a short rest.

"That was refreshing," the captain says after an hour. "But now it's time to do the thing. There will be time to rest when we're rich. Or dead."

He stands up, you and his crew members following his lead forward and deeper into the caves (**go to 296**).

307

The Alpha Mimic becomes a twisting, roiling thing. It's half treasure chest, half incomprehensible monster. A long, lashing tongue reaches out of its jagged maw for you and the crew, and Raine splits into half a dozen versions of themselves in readiness. The Alpha Mimic attacks wildly, striking out at each of your party members to try and throw you into the lava.

Fight the Alpha Mimic. The Alpha Mimic attacks you once per turn.

Once per turn, roll 1d4 on the following table as your companions hit the beast successfully:

1	Captain's Inspiration	Deal 1d6 + 2 damage to the Alpha Mimic and add 1d6 to your next attack roll, saving throw, or ability check.
2	First Mate's Magic	Deal 1d8 + 2 damage to the Alpha Mimic and you take half damage until the end of your next turn.
3	Sailor's Assistance	Deal 1d4 + 2 damage to the Alpha Mimic and you have advantage on all attack rolls until the end of your next turn.
4	Bugbear's Might	Deal 2d6 + 6 damage to the Alpha Mimic.

If the mimic tosses you with its attack, **go to 320**.

If the mimic drops to 0 HP, **go to 328**. If you drop to 0 HP, **go to 304**.



CHESTER VON KISTE, ALPHA MIMIC

Large Monstrosity (shapechanger), neutral

Armor Class 12 (natural armor)

Hit Points 340 (40d10 + 120)

Speed 30 ft.

Initiative +1

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
17 (+3)	12 (+1)	16 (+3)	14 (+2)	13 (+1)	8 (-1)

Skills Stealth +5

Damage Immunities acid

Condition Immunities prone

Senses darkvision 60 ft., passive Perception 11

ACTIONS

Multiattack. The Chester von Kiste, Alpha Mimic makes two attacks per round, one Tongue Toss and one Treasure Spray.

Tongue Toss. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +5 to hit, reach 10 ft.

Hit: Roll an opposed ability check of either Strength (Athletics) or Dexterity (Acrobatics) against DC 18. If you lose, you are tossed and **go to 320**.

Treasure Spray. *Ranged Weapon Attack:* +3 to hit, range 10/30 ft. *Hit:* 1 (1d4 - 1) bludgeoning damage. You can add 1 gp to your inventory for each damage you receive.

Gain Inspiration.

You pull out the Miser's Luck, and the captain's eyes light up.

"What a wonderful trinket that is," he says. "Let's see what it has to say about gold."

He fishes a gold coin out of his purse and hands it to you for the device. You feed it into the slot on the compass and watch the needle spin crazily for a moment.

The pirates all lean in close to see where the needle will point in the end. It wobbles between the two tunnels as if uncertain. Your companions hold their breath.

Then the magical compass seems to settle on the path to the right.

"So that's the shortest path," the captain says, excitement clear in his voice.

"The shortest path may not be the easiest," Raine says. "Or the safest."

Ribcage nods and points a thick finger at Raine.

"Let's focus on speed," Opal says. "A volcano like this really could go up at any moment, so every second we're in here is a risk."

"Well, that's two against two," the captain says. "And good points all around. Adventurer, what do you say?"

Choose the bone-strewn path to the left ([go to 321](#)) or the dangerously hot path to the right ([go to 294](#)).

Your final attack downs the fire salamander. It shrieks and begins to shrink, dying like the last embers of a campfire, before it is fully extinguished. The wall of flames separating you from the crew is doused as they finish putting it out. Captain Randy rushes forward to check you're alright, and you assure him you've had worse ([go to 306](#)).

310

You run down the glowing tunnel, the heat rising with every step. In the first chamber you come across, the ground is littered with puddles of solidifying rock that had been previously dropped from stalactites hanging from the ceiling. A distant explosion makes the floor tremble and a last few burning gobs fall.

You and your companions run between the puddles, leading you through hotter and hotter tunnels and chambers. You don't linger long enough to be affected by the heat, just rushing for the exit ([go to 314](#)).

311

A water canteen is shoved into your chest. You look up and find Ribcage holding it out, giving you a look which you can't work out is either scornfully pitying or genuinely worried. When you are done, you hand it back and all of you continue down into the heat.

You emerge from the tunnel into an even more brutally hot chamber lit by a dim orange glow. Overhead, oddly glowing stalactites hang from the ceiling. In the middle of the wide chamber, the skeleton of some long-dead explorer is pinned to the floor by what seems to be a splat of solid rock.

As you are all assessing the room, Opal coughs in the dry heat of the air. At the sound, a blob of molten lava falls from above onto the ground.

"I think we go around them," the captain says, but stops when he examines the walls of the room more closely.

The walls of the chamber are the main source of the room's orange glow. The stone is so hot that just approaching them could make combustibles catch fire and it is seeping little rivulets of molten stone that spurt magma at random intervals. You are far enough from the heat now, but avoiding the dripping stalactites above will put you lethally close.

"Or maybe not," he says. "Any other ideas?"

Ribcage looks up, then looks at the opposite end of the room. He covers his head and dashes for the other side. Much of the falling lava drips off his fur, but he roars as the heat still pierces the thick pelt and injures him.

"Opal, do you think you could help us get across?" the captain asks. His first mate considers it for a moment and then nods.

She casts a spell to create a glowing disc of force floating above the ground. Her concentration is fortunately not broken despite a couple of globs of molten rock splashing on the floor dangerously near her.

"I was hoping to carry treasure out on this, but it should protect us from the lava. There's enough room for you, me, and Raine beneath it, I think."

"What about you?" Raine asks you with genuine concern, for once completely devoid of sarcasm.

Given your only other option is to retrace your steps and wait with the crew at the boat, you decide to cross the floor alongside the rest of the team. The captain, Opal, and Raine crawl on their elbows underneath the floating disc. You follow behind, keeping an eye on the ceiling for falling lava.

By some miracle, nothing falls until mid-way through the chamber. But then a shower of burning hot globs of molten rock starts raining down on you. They drip harmlessly on Opal's spell, while you dodge and protect yourself the best you can.

Take 2d4 fire damage. Roll a Dexterity saving throw. If you get 13 or more, take only half damage.

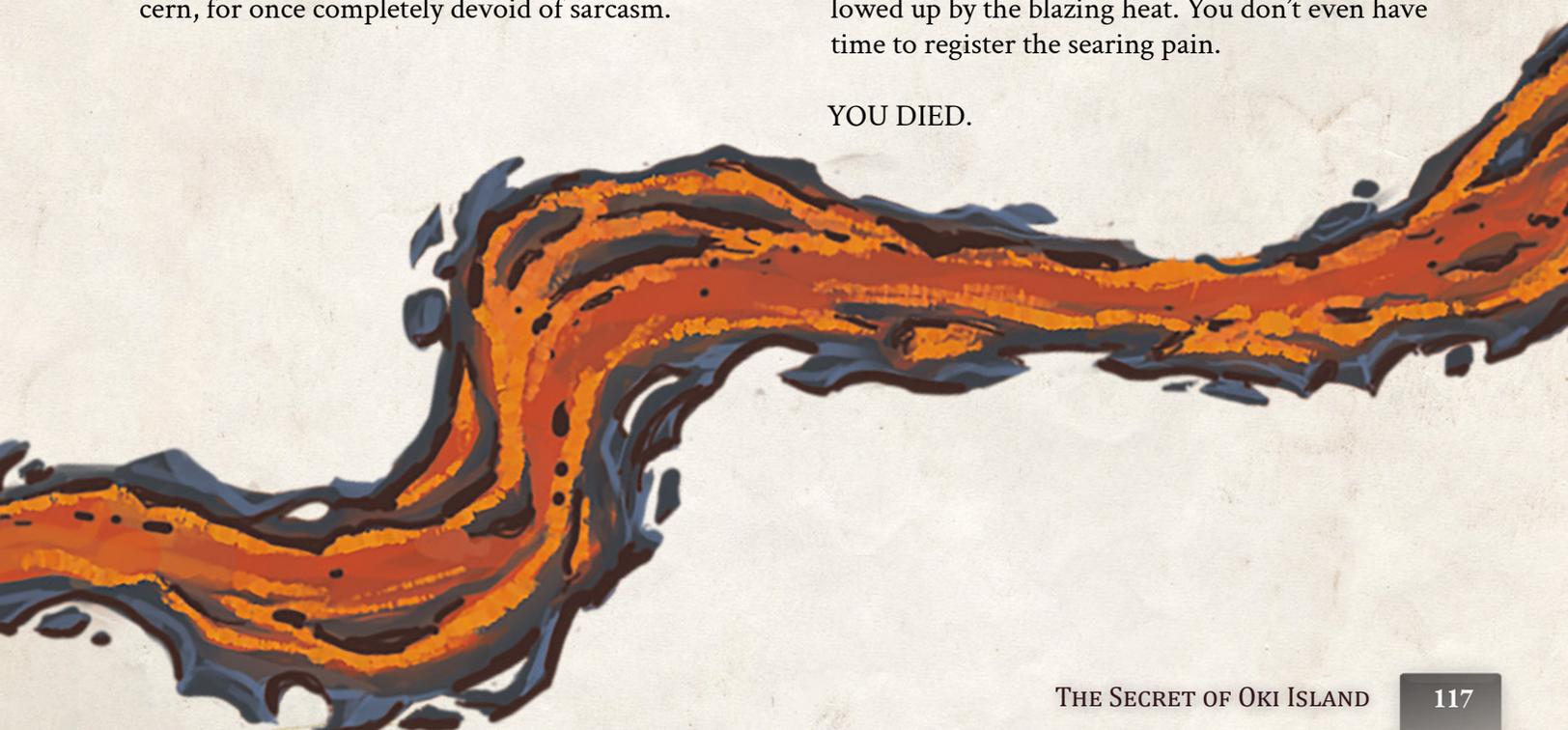
If you are reduced to 0 HP, **go to 300**. If you survive, **go to 327**.

If you are wearing medium or heavy armor, wielding a shield, or under the effects of a spell that improves your AC, add that AC bonus to your saving throw.

312

You misstep on the temporary crust you're using to cross and your foot breaks through. Cracks spread quickly around the hole and in an instant you're swallowed up by the blazing heat. You don't even have time to register the searing pain.

YOU DIED.



The mimic is looking the worse for wear, its treasure chest camouflage broken into snapped planks and battered brass. But it still fights with wild abandon, managing to keep up a steady stream of attacks on all five of you.

Once per turn, roll 1d4 on the following table:

1	Captain's Inspiration	Deal 1d6 damage to the Alpha Mimic and add 1d6 to your next attack roll, saving throw, or ability check.
2	First Mate's Magic	Deal 1d8 damage to the Alpha Mimic and it has disadvantage on its next attack against you.
3	Sailor's Assistance	Deal 1d8 + 2 damage to the Alpha Mimic and you take half damage until the end of your next turn.
4	Bugbear's Might	Deal 2d6 + 6 damage to the Alpha Mimic.

If the Alpha Mimic drops to 0 HP, **go to 295**. If you drop to 0 HP, **go to 304**.

CHESTER, HURT ALPHA MIMIC

Large Monstrosity (shapechanger), neutral

Armor Class 11 (natural armor)

Hit Points 85 (10d10 + 30)

Speed 30 ft.

Initiative +0

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
13 (+1)	11 (+0)	16 (+3)	14 (+2)	13 (+1)	8 (-1)

Skills Stealth +4

Damage Immunities acid

Condition Immunities prone

Senses darkvision 60 ft., passive Perception 11

Grappler. The Chester, Hurt Alpha Mimic has advantage on attack rolls against any creature grappled by it.

ACTIONS

Pseudopod. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +3 to hit, reach 10 ft.

Hit: 4 (1d6 + 1) bludgeoning damage. Roll an opposed ability check of either Strength (Athletics) or Dexterity (Acrobatics) against DC 18 or be grappled.

Bite. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +3 to hit, reach 5 ft. *Hit:* 5 (1d8 + 1) piercing damage plus 2 (1d4) acid damage. The Alpha Mimic will use its Bite attack against a grappled opponent.



Once out of the trembling volcano, you look up to see that the plume of smoke pouring out of the crater above has thickened but the rumbling has subsided for now.

“It seems to have calmed itself down a bit,” the captain says to no one in particular, “but I think we should still get a move on.”

Though you take your time helping each other down the cliff, you and your companions make good time leaving the island the way you arrived. The carnivorous sunflower is already being reclaimed by the giant roots surrounding it when you pass. The gargantuan tanuki continues to doze in the shade, unbothered by the stirring of the volcano at this distance.

The five of you travel in relative silence, though the captain keeps looking over his shoulder at the volcano occasionally rumbling behind you.

“What is it, captain?” Opal asks.

“So many years searching for Oki Island, and for what?” he asks. “An armful of treasure?”

“Actually, several armfuls of treasure,” Raine says, jerking their head back at the duplicates also laden with valuables. “What more could you want?”

“Good question,” the captain says and is silent until you reach the beach ([go to 329](#)).

You approach the salamander silently, leading the charge.

Most of the crew hangs back, knowing they aren’t light-footed enough to follow you down this route. Suddenly Captain Randy surges forward, digging his rapier deep into the back of the beast. It lets out a terrible scream before turning on the captain, throwing him to the other side of the cavern with a mighty claw. You hear the goblin hit the wall and swear loudly. He’s fine, then, but the salamander opens its mouth and breathes hot flames—and suddenly a circle of fire surrounds the two of you, trapping you with it one on one!

Roll 1d8 + 2d6 damage from Captain Randy and deal it to the salamander.

Fight the salamander that has been surprised in the first round ([go to 326](#)).

“Well, I certainly didn’t expect to see so many of you,” a gurgling, disfigured voice calls out from nearby.

On the rocky outcrop over the lava, in a sort of nest, the chest begins to move. The wood and steel begin to grow. Nails and bolts start popping out of its massive frame. It is difficult to focus your eye on this shifting, morphing, and warping monstrosity. It changes its corporeal form as easily as the lava boils below you and to look at it gives you a headache.

Ethereal, strange, it feels like it has an absence of identity. The type of beast that rests on its shape-shifting to be able to trap its prey.

The creature lets out what you believe to be a chuckle, but it feels like needles piercing your eardrums.



"I'm sure you've heard tales of creatures who hide as banal objects, and lie in wait for adventurers to come across them."

It lets out what you think is a sigh, the calamitous noise echoing around the insides of your skull.

"An unsuspecting dungeoneer tries to open a simple door—"

The being in front of you suddenly solidifies, churning flesh hardening into stone and wood. To all intents and purposes, it looks like a door.

"An ordinary barrel." The beast shifts again. "An enticing chest."

The enormous shapeshifter changes again, solidifying back into a large treasure chest.

"A mimic?!" Raine asks, baffled.

"Impressive. You're far smarter than the fools I usually get coming to the island. Makes me wonder why you didn't sense the danger and retreat when you had the chance."

The enormous mimic opens its lid as a mouth and you see a maw full of terribly sharp teeth and a drooling tongue which licks them sloppily. "Only to be eaten alive."

The whole crew tenses.

"And now my... harmless... egg has brought you here."

"An Alpha Mimic..." mutters Captain Randy, gob-smacked. "What have I done?" ([go to 325](#)).

After about a hundred paces, the party slows to a halt at a fork in the tunnels.

On the left, you see that the darkness continues. Strewn about the mouth of that tunnel you can see cracked and broken bones, some showing signs of having been gnawed on.

On the right, the tunnel angles down slightly. A powerful heat emanates from that side and you can see a dull orange glow farther down that route.

"Of course there's a split, isn't there?" the captain sighs. "Alright, which way? Does the egg know?"

He sets the egg on the ground, hoping it will give you some sort of supernatural insight as to where it would be best to go. However, the egg doesn't seem to have a preference.

If you want to use the Miser's Luck to get some insight, [go to 308](#).

Otherwise, you can pick either the tunnel on the left ([go to 321](#)) or the tunnel on the right ([go to 294](#)).

With a decisive blow, you send the egg flying into a nearby mound of riches. When it hits, it twitches momentarily and it takes on a series of other shapes.

At first it's a mop, then a wooden bowl like you might find in a ship galley, then a tricorne hat.

Finally, it takes the form of a thick leather-bound book and scampers away yelping.

With the smaller threat out of the way, you turn back to the main fight going just across the lava flow. Your companions are still battling the Alpha Mimic but are slowly being overwhelmed by the monster's superior size, strength, and versatility.

There is only one hope of crossing the flowing lava to reach your friends, and that's the same series of stepping stones the egg used to cross. They don't look very stable, however, so you'll have to cross quickly.

Roll a Strength (Athletics) or Dexterity (Acrobatics) check. If you get 15 or more, **go to 323**. If you get less than 15, **go to 301**.

Or if you have either a flying speed or a walking speed of more than 30, **go to 299**.



As you approach, you see that the original Raine is engaged with the mimic using nothing but a dagger and their mechanical arm. Upon seeing you, however, a duplicate peels away from the original carrying a vial of reddish liquid. A label identifies it as a healing potion.

It doesn't seem to be able to speak, so it just hands you the vial and sprints back to the original.

Either add a Potion of Greater Healing to your inventory or drink it to regain 4d4 + 4 HP.

"A little help here!" the captain calls out, narrowly ducking the sticky tongue of the mimic. "If that's convenient."

You re-engage with your foe (**go to 313**).

320

The Alpha Mimic smashes through Raine's duplicates to reach you. Raine cries out in pain and drops to their knees.

"I like mine well done," it snarls.

The mimic's lashing tongue's sticky coating pulls you off your feet and hurls you into the air. At first you think that you'll go sailing into the lava, but Raine throws themselves onto the appendage.

"Hands off my friend!" they scream, pummeling the monster with their mechanical arm.

Thanks to them, instead of sailing out into the river of molten lava, you are tossed onto the nearby ledge that Sapphira's egg fled to. As you land among the coins and jewelry, you hear an aggressive little click.

You turn to see the open jaws and gnashing teeth of the egg's true form. It attacks you.

You start this combat prone in melee range of the attacking egg.

Standing up from prone on the shifting surface of treasure costs an action.

When prone, you have disadvantage on melee attacks and enemies have advantage on melee attacks against you.

MIMIC EGG

Tiny Monstrosity (shapechanger), neutral

Armor Class 12 (natural armor)

Hit Points 10 (3d4 + 3)

Speed 15 ft.

Initiative +1

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
8 (-1)	12 (+1)	13 (+1)	5 (-3)	13 (+1)	8 (-1)

Skills Stealth +5

Damage Immunities acid

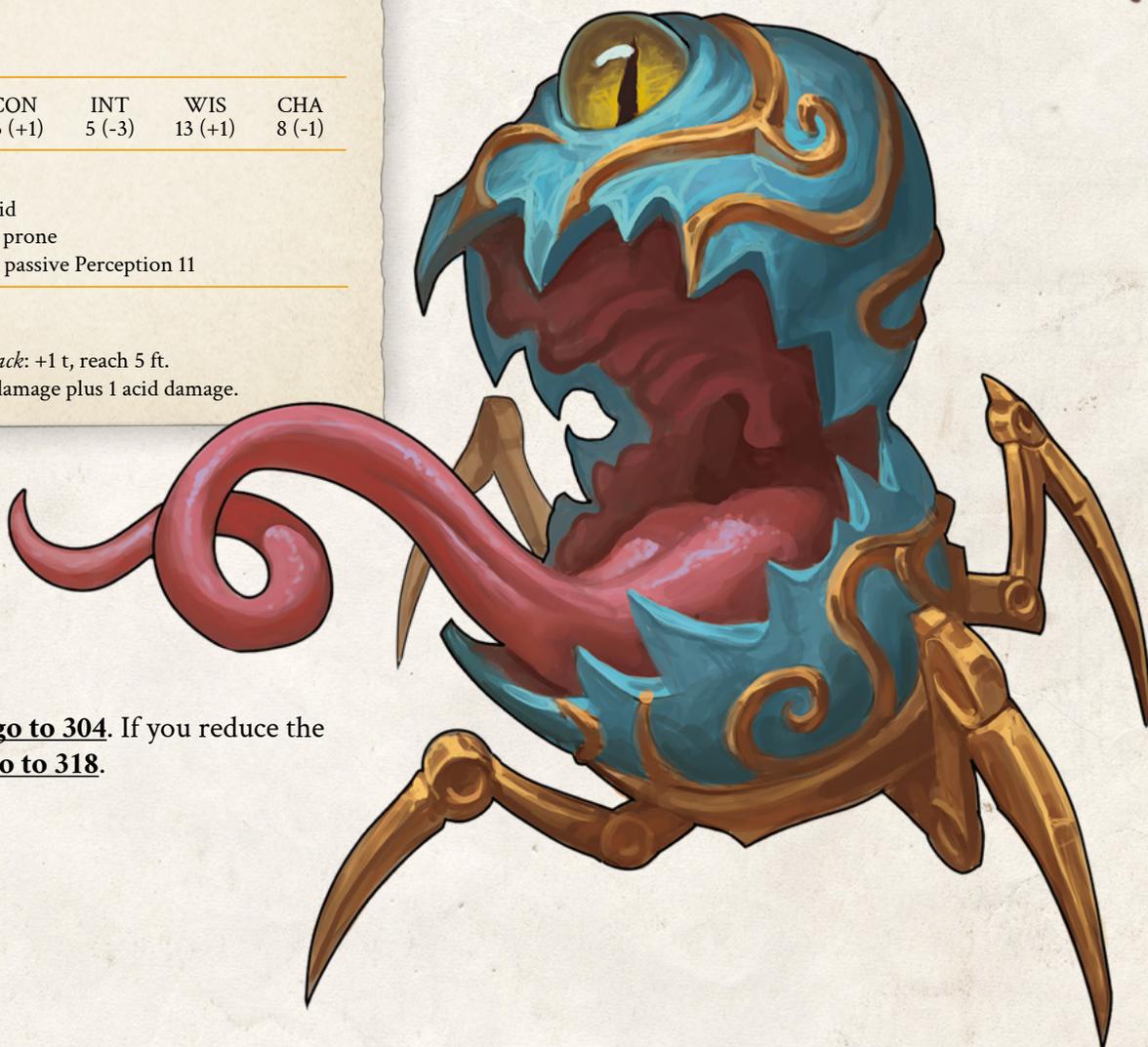
Condition Immunities prone

Senses darkvision 60 ft., passive Perception 11

ACTIONS

Bite. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +1 t, reach 5 ft.

Hir: 1 (1d4 - 1) piercing damage plus 1 acid damage.



If you drop to 0 HP, **go to 304**. If you reduce the mimic egg to 0 HP, **go to 318**.

321

As the pirates are about to barrel forward, you hold up a hand and make them stop. You can hear a sound that could be mistaken for the crackle of boiling-hot rock, but you're far too familiar with the noise of an inhuman growl to be fooled.

The chamber you're about to enter is full of large stone pillars so, as you suddenly notice a vicious, giant fire salamander darting in and out of them, pacing as if on the hunt, it's easy enough to stay in the shadows. You hear Captain Randy hiss in annoyance, clearly not enthralled at the idea of a battle.

You head down the bone-strewn path with certainty, getting yourself ready for a fight, and emerge into the pockmarked chamber before you.

The giant salamander is at least the size of a jaguar. It scurries around the walls of its home, spitting fire into the air every now and then, hissing at nothing. Its red body looks like it would burn you to touch, like a kettle left on the stove for too long.

Despite its anger, it doesn't appear to have noticed you. This could be a perfect time to try and grab the upper hand.

To try and surprise the giant salamander, **go to 293**.
To just attack it, **go to 326**.



322

You and the pirates—laden with whatever treasure you could grab—dash back the way you came. At the entrance to the mimic's chamber, however, the captain stops and looks longingly back at the remaining riches. You and the others stop for a moment to see why.

"Such a shame," he says. "Good-bye, my lovely dream."

He then reaches down, using his toe to hook a jeweled crown in the pile below him. He flips it into the air and it lands on his head at a rakish angle.

Then he jumps as more detonations sound and more of the treasure is destroyed by advancing lava.

"Which way?" Raine asks the captain, who turns to you.

"Haven't steered us wrong yet, adventurer," Captain Randy says. "What's it going to be?"

Take the dark path on the right ([go to 297](#)) or the faintly glowing path on the left ([go to 310](#)).

323

You deftly jump from one stepping stone to another, just staying ahead as they sink beneath the lava under your weight.

You cross back to the ongoing battle with the Alpha Mimic, to the great relief of your pirate companions ([go to 319](#)).

324

As soon as you enter the tunnel, the heat is oppressive. You soon find yourself having to stop and try to cool down. When you reach out to support yourself on the cave wall, it burns your hand. Dear gods, why is everything so *hot*?

Take 1d4 fire damage. Roll a Constitution saving throw. If you get 12 or higher, you only take half damage.

If you are reduced to 0 HP, [go to 305](#). If you survive, [go to 311](#).

325

As if being called, the egg plops down at the captain's side. Legs grow from its base and it scuttles toward the Alpha Mimic. There is no reason to try and stop it. The creature must have an innate ability to detect its children.

Following its path, you spy a clutch of similar eggs. All gold or jeweled, all nestled around the base of the mimic. You nudge Captain Randy and nod over to them, and you can see the way that his eyes shine.

"Wonderful things, aren't they?" the Alpha Mimic drools. "Learning how to catch their own prey. Luring their unsuspecting victims into their mother's jaws. Like spiders spin webs, like scorpions sting, mimics lure. It is our purpose."

While the Alpha Mimic is speaking, your egg scampers across a series of stepping stones, crossing the lava flow to nestle itself among the gold and jewels on another ledge.

"So, what is your purpose?" the mimic sneers. "Treasure... and meat." ([go to 307](#))

You attack the salamander. It shrieks and, opening its terrible mouth, lets out a stream of fire from between its teeth, making a wall of flame and cutting you off from the rest of the crew who are hot on your tail—trapping you inside a fiery arena with it, one on one!

GIANT SALAMANDER

Large Beast, unaligned

Armor Class 12 (natural armor)

Hit Points 19 (3d10 + 3)

Speed 30 ft., climb 30 ft., swim 30 ft.

Initiative +1



STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
13 (+1)	12 (+1)	13 (+1)	2 (-4)	10 (+0)	5 (-3)

Damage Vulnerabilities cold

Damage Immunities fire

Senses darkvision 30 ft., passive Perception 10

Cold Sensitivity. If the salamander's body temperature is cooled by any effect or takes cold damage, it is considered restrained for 1d4 turns. If it is frozen through some spell or effect, it immediately drops to 0 HP.

ACTIONS

Bite. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +2 to hit, reach 5 ft.

Hit: 2 (1d4) piercing damage and 2 (1d4) fire damage.

If you reduce the giant salamander to 0 HP, **go to 309**.

If you drop to 0 HP, **go to 298**.

327

You, Sharpshooter, Opal, Raine, and Ribcage pass through the danger of the dripping stalactites drenched in sweat. Though you see that as a good sign, as the heat up until now has dried any perspiration as soon as it appeared on someone's brow.

The captain bends over, a hand on each knee, as he takes several deep breaths. He looks around the group and without a word everyone silently agrees that now would be an excellent time to take a bit of a rest (**go to 306**).

Exhausted, you and your companions stand over the battered remains of your foe. No longer looking like a treasure chest so much as a pile of debris, the Alpha Mimic still clings to life.

"I can't believe it," the captain pants. "Really, we *shouldn't* have been able to do that."

Ribcage nods, and even Opal and Raine are at a loss for words. Everyone just takes a moment to drink in the incredible good fortune of having defeated the mimic so quickly, if not easily.

As you are all catching your breath, however, the mass of shapeshifting fluid starts to tremble.

You realize after a moment that it is laughing (**go to 295**).

329

Several worried crewmembers are waiting at the beach with a longboat.

"Captain!" one cries. "You made it out! We were worried that it was you!"

The volcano obliges him with a rumble.

"Still here," the captain says with considerable bravado, "all of us are still here."

"And with the spoils!" another crew member says, rushing to help the captain with his load of treasure. She helps deposit the riches in the longboat as the other helps Raine's duplicates, who seem to be struggling.

A crewmember approaches you and takes your load from you as well.

Laden with so much treasure—plus Ribcage's weight—the crew rows slowly back to the ship. Weariness overwhelms you, and you can see your team also sag into their seats. The excited pirates chatter about the treasure the whole way, but their questions go unanswered.

Once aboard the *Rapier Wit*, the crew hauls first the captain and Opal then the rest of you aboard before getting to work on the load of treasure.

“Is there more treasure, captain?” asks a crewmember as he hauls gold and jewelry aboard.

“More than you can ever imagine,” the goblin says distantly, his eyes fixed on the smoking volcano.

“So prepare teams to go ashore, sir?” the sailor asks, uncertainly.

Captain Sharpsmile’s eyes twitch and his mouth jerks into a half-grin, half-snarl. Then his expression calms.

“No,” he sighs. Then more firmly and loudly announces, “No. There’s nothing left there for us but a fiery death.”

“But... captain?”

“I said no,” he barks, pointing at the pile of rescued booty. “We barely escaped with our lives and that is a bloody miracle.”

The crew looks at each other, confused, as the captain continues. All except for Opal, Raine, and Ribcage, whose eyes are on the captain.

“I honestly wasn’t sure we were gonna make it. And I led you in there for a dream.”

“Our dream,” Raine says.

“You always got us out of trouble,” Opal says.

“And that’s why we follow you, captain,” Ribcage rumbles at him.

“You always know just what to say,” the captain sighs.

The moment settles over you and the crew. The stillness stretches and only breaks when the volcano begins violently erupting in the distance. Magma and ash fly into the sky like fireworks to fall hissing into the sea uncomfortably close to the ship.

“Let’s get out of here,” the captain says.

The sails unfurl, the anchor is raised, and the *Rapier Wit* sets sail away from Oki Island into the setting sun, leaving behind enough treasure on the island to almost make certain death tempting. Almost, but not quite.

Continue to the Epilogue.

EPILOGUE

The *Rapier Wit* makes good time out into the open ocean. The sea spray and whipping wind help clear the last of the volcanic stink from your nose and clothes. You are not alone, as Randy, Raine, Opal, and Ribcage stand on deck breathing deeply. Then the captain claps his hands.

“All right, let’s see what we got,” he announces loudly. He points to a group of sailors. “You lot! Start hauling that treasure below deck.”

They spring into action to start moving the spoils of your adventure into the former brig.

“Ribcage, go below and count the take,” the captain says. Then with a nod to you, he continues, “Go help him. And keep an eye on the rank and file. Make sure nothing gets pocketed until after the count. They’re pirates, after all.”

He says the last part loudly enough to be heard across the deck, and the crew portering the loot share a look before continuing with their task (**go to 330**).

You accompany Ribcage below deck, both of you watching the crew members carefully for sticky fingers. The bugbear directs them where to place things, separating coins from jewelry as well as a considerable number of obviously magical items.

He finds two chairs, a small table, and some writing supplies to begin accounting for all the treasure. He notices your look.

“Yes,” he says to your assumed question. “I am the ship’s accountant. A challenging position with Randy’s—the captain’s—spending habits. Just imagine where we’d be without it.”

He prepares an inkpot and a well-worn pen. After creating a basic ledger, he begins with the coins.

“Please,” he says, gesturing at a chair. “Have a seat and join me.”

Shifting his weight on his relatively tiny chair, Ribcage reaches into a back pocket and produces his silver hairbrush. It seems for a moment he’s feeling nervous about the task in front of him, but he just sets the brush next to the ledger.

“Ah, that’s better,” he says with a warm smile that softens his normally grim face. Today there are many firsts with the hulking bugbear.

You can ask Ribcage how he got his name ([go to 331](#)), ask Ribcage why he became a pirate ([go to 332](#)), or spend your time with the bugbear in silence ([go to 333](#)).

As the bugbear continues with his meticulous count of the treasure, you ask him how he got his name.

“Took a crossbow in the chest for Randy when we first started out, saved his life. He came up with the name as a medal of honor. So he’d never forget what I did for him.”

A beat passes before he leans in conspiratorially. You can feel his hot musky breath on your face.

“Plus, my name is actually also Randall. It’s a family name. I have at least a dozen other cousins named Randall or Randy or something like that. So the captain was worried people would get us confused.”

He moves back, grinning, and it is utterly impossible to tell whether that was a lie or not.

If you want to ask him why he became a pirate, [go to 332](#). If you’ve finished chatting to Ribcage, [go to 334](#).

Watching the enormous bugbear hunched over his ledger and his counting, you ask him what brought him to the pirate life.

“You know,” he says, eventually, “I never wanted to be a pirate. But when Randy gets an idea, it’s very difficult to shake it out of his thick skull.”

A pile of coins is swept to one side, he marks a tally.

“When he decided to go out to sea, his mum begged me to go along after him, to make sure he didn’t get himself killed. And she was always my favorite aunt, so...”

You widen your eyes and he confirms:

“Cousins. He’s actually older than me. And I always looked up to him. Metaphorically.”

Ribcage barrels on.

“It went... surprisingly well. I mean, everyone he meets wants to kill him, but that’s par for the course with piracy. But we’re pretty well-off, and we’re not dead yet, and that’s about all you can hope for. If you were to join us, there would be many crews you’d be worse off with, you know.”

He nods to himself as though he’d just said something quite profound and turns back to his counting.

If you want to ask Ribcage about his name, **go to 331**. If you’ve finished chatting to him, **go to 334**.

333

You don’t say anything and sit with Ribcage in the quiet he’s always seemed to prefer.

It seems that Ribcage has a different idea. He talks non-stop with a running commentary of his count. The narration of his work is peppered with personal details like his favorite food (a curried fish stew they make in Port Plenty) and least favorite time of year (summer, as his fur clumps in the humidity).

He doesn’t ask you any questions, he just chatters on while happily scribbling away at his ledger (**go to 334**).

334

Three sets of footsteps thump down the stairs and you turn to see Randy, Raine, and Opal making their way down into the impromptu vault of the *Rapier Wit*.

“How’s it looking, cousin?” he asks.

“So far, 3715 gold and 409 platinum pieces,” he says. “Some assorted jewels and jewelry that will need to be appraised. And then all of these.”

He waves a beefy paw at several piles of items that are clearly magical, though their functions aren’t clear. Raine approaches the piles with unveiled curiosity, trailing their remaining hand over parts of the collection.

“Not sure I’ve ever seen so much magic in one place before,” they say.

“Opal, you recognize any of these?” the captain asks. His first mate approaches the seemingly random pile of gear.

“I do, actually,” she says. “Quite the collection. A little something for everyone. Are you thinking what I’m thinking?”

“A bonus for the officers? Of course.” Randy turns to you. “You go ahead and take first pick. We never would have made it here without you.”

The four pirates turn to you to see what you’ll pick from the first pile.

Choose one of the following magic items to add to your inventory.

Ring of Jumping	While wearing this ring, you can cast the jump spell from it as a bonus action at will, but can target only yourself when you do so. Requires attunement.
Brooch of Shielding	While wearing this brooch, you have resistance to force damage, and you have immunity to damage from the magic missile spell. Requires attunement.

Bag of Holding

This bag has an interior space considerably larger than its outside dimensions, roughly 2 feet in diameter at the mouth and 4 feet deep. The bag can hold up to 500 pounds, not exceeding a volume of 64 cubic feet. The bag weighs 15 pounds, regardless of its contents. Retrieving an item from the bag requires an action.

If the bag is overloaded, pierced, or torn, it ruptures and is destroyed, and its contents are scattered in the Astral Plane. If the bag is turned inside out, its contents spill forth, unharmed, but the bag must be put right before it can be used again. Breathing creatures inside the bag can survive up to a number of minutes equal to 10 divided by the number of creatures (minimum 1 minute), after which time they begin to suffocate.

Placing a bag of holding inside an extradimensional space created by a handy haversack, portable hole, or similar item instantly destroys both items and opens a gate to the Astral Plane. The gate originates where the one item was placed inside the other. Any creature within 10 feet of the gate is sucked through it to a random location on the Astral Plane. The gate then closes. The gate is one-way only and can't be reopened.



Belt of Dwarvenkind

While wearing this belt, you gain the following benefits:

- Your Constitution score increases by 2, to a maximum of 20.
- You have advantage on Charisma (Persuasion) checks made to interact with dwarves.

In addition, while attuned to the belt, you have a 50 percent chance each day at dawn of growing a full beard if you're capable of growing one, or a visibly thicker beard if you already have one.

If you aren't a dwarf, you gain the following additional benefits while wearing the belt:

- You have advantage on saving throws against poison, and you have resistance against poison damage.
- You have darkvision out to a range of 60 feet.
- You can speak, read, and write Dwarvish

Requires attunement.

Boots of Speed

While you wear these boots, you can use a bonus action and click the boots' heels together. If you do, the boots double your walking speed, and any creature that makes an opportunity attack against you has disadvantage on the attack roll. If you click your heels together again, you end the effect.

When the boots' property has been used for a total of 10 minutes, the magic ceases to function until you finish a long rest.

Requires attunement.

If you don't select any of these items, you can take a pouch of 25 platinum pieces instead.

Once you're picked part of your reward, [go to 335](#).

335

After you've made your selection, your four companions take turns choosing from what remains.

"Good choice," Opal says to you. "Now onto the next set. What's it going to be?"

Choose one of the following to add to your inventory:

<p>Boar Hunter's Armor</p>	<p>Uses the same stats as leather armor with an additional +1 to AC.</p> <p>You no longer have disadvantage for attacks within 5 ft when using bows and crossbows.</p> <p>Requires attunement.</p>
<p>Bracers of Defense</p>	<p>While wearing these bracers, you gain a +2 bonus to AC if you are wearing no armor and using no shield.</p> <p>Requires attunement.</p>
<p>Cloak of Elvenkind</p>	<p>While you wear this cloak with its hood up, Wisdom (Perception) checks made to see you have disadvantage, and you have advantage on Dexterity (Stealth) checks made to hide, as the cloak's color shifts to camouflage you. Pulling the hood up or down requires an action.</p> <p>Requires attunement.</p>

Glamoured Chain Shirt

Uses the same game statistics as a chain shirt plus while wearing this armor, you gain an additional +1 bonus to AC.

You can also use a bonus action to speak the armor's command word and cause the armor to assume the appearance of a normal set of clothing or some other kind of armor. You decide what it looks like, including color, style, and accessories, but the armor retains its normal bulk and weight. The illusory appearance lasts until you use this property again or remove the armor.

Requires attunement.

Stalwart Shield

This wooden shield gives +2 to your AC when held, and also allows you to cast the Shield spell once, refreshing on a long rest.

Requires attunement.

If you do not want any of these items, you can instead take a coin-sized round cut emerald worth 450 gp.

Once you've made your choice, **go to 336**.



“I was hoping for that one,” Randy says to you. “But fair enough. There’s no shortage of consolation prizes.”

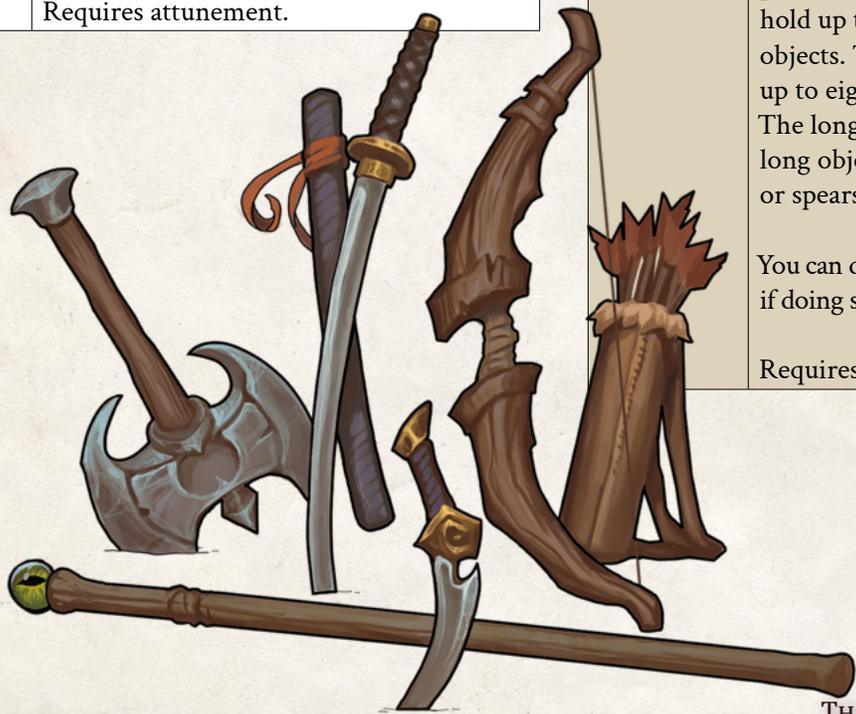
The four pick from among the remaining items for themselves.

“One last pile to go through,” Raine says, their eyes shining. “Go ahead, I know which one I want.”

Choose one of the following to add to your inventory:

<p>Vicious Battleaxe</p>	<p>Uses the same game statistics as a battle axe with +1 to hit and damage.</p> <p>When you roll a 20 on your attack roll with this magic weapon, your critical hit deals an extra 2d6 slashing damage.</p> <p>Requires attunement.</p>
<p>Guardian Katana</p>	<p>Uses the same game statistics as a long-sword with +1 to hit and damage. If you are using the Guardian Katana in 2 hands, gain +2 AC.</p> <p>Requires attunement.</p>
<p>Cautious Dagger</p>	<p>Use the same game statistics as a dagger with +1 to hit and damage. When you have this dagger in hand, gain advantage on Initiative rolls.</p> <p>Requires attunement.</p>

<p>Bow of Vines</p>	<p>Use the same game statistics as a shortbow with +1 to hit and damage.</p> <p>Up to twice per day, you can transform a non-magical arrow into a thin, woody vine that binds the target. On a successful hit, instead of taking damage, a target of Large size or smaller is restrained until it rolls a Strength (Athletics) or Dexterity (Acrobatics) check against DC 13. The bow recharges all uses after you finish a long rest.</p> <p>Requires attunement.</p>
<p>Staff of the Mimic</p>	<p>Use the same game statistics as a quarter-staff with +1 to hit and damage. When you use this staff as an arcane focus, you also gain +1 to spell attack rolls.</p> <p>As a bonus action, you can make this staff take the shape of any hand-held object of mundane materials weighing 5 lbs or less (e.g. a rope, a hammer, a non-magical weapon, etc.). The change lasts for up to 5 minutes per day and can be spread over multiple uses up to that time limit.</p> <p>Requires attunement.</p>
<p>Efficient Quiver</p>	<p>Each of the quiver’s three compartments connects to an extradimensional space that allows the quiver to hold numerous items while never weighing more than 2 pounds. The shortest compartment can hold up to sixty arrows, bolts, or similar objects. The midsize compartment holds up to eighteen javelins or similar objects. The longest compartment holds up to six long objects, such as bows, quarterstaves, or spears.</p> <p>You can draw any item the quiver contains as if doing so from a regular quiver or scabbard.</p> <p>Requires attunement.</p>



If you don't want to choose anything, you can take a crown carved from pure moonstone with a value of 600 gp.

"Wonderful," Randy says. His smile ticks momentarily into a slightly manic grin. "What a rush. Ribcage, once you're done with the final count, set aside enough for expenses and then divvy the rest up among the crew."

"Expense... and debts?" Ribcage asks warily.

"Is there enough?" the captain asks, gazing over the piles of treasure. "Well, fine I suppose. Seems like such a shame though. I was hoping—"

"Land ho!" comes a cry from above deck ([go to 337](#)).

"Oh ho ho!" Randy shouts. "Are we there already? I've been looking forward to this."

He shepherds you and your companions above deck and to the rail.

"What is it, captain?" Raine asks.

"That! That's what we're here for!" Randy excitedly points to the outcropping of rock jutting up from the sea. "Duck Island."



The island that has come into view on the starboard side of the ship is unusual for the one massive rock outcropping on it that could be mistaken for nothing other than a skull. What is much more unusual, however, is the massive white duck that appears to be nesting on the top of the skull.

Raine seems confused. "Shouldn't it be called Skull Is-?"

"Don't tell the duck!" Randy interrupts.

"This again, captain?" Opal asks. "Don't you remember what happened last time we passed Skull- I mean Duck Island?"

"It's worth it," Randy says. "This is a true wonder of the seas. And who knows when we'll next have a chance to see it!"

Ribcage rests a heavy hand on your shoulder. He quietly says in your ear, "Whatever you do, don't provoke the duck."

As if it heard the grim warning, the duck's head slowly turns to regard the *Rapier Wit*.

Everyone freezes where they stand. Even the waves seem quieter with the only sound being a faint clicking from Raine's mechanical arm.

You can try to intimidate the duck (**go to 338**), soothe the duck (**go to 339**), or ignore the duck (**go to 340**)

338

You lock eyes with the duck. It doesn't blink when it stares back at you.

"What are you doing?" the captain hisses at you. "Are you trying to kill us all?"

But you are now locked in a battle of wills with the fowl on the island.

Roll a Charisma or Strength (Intimidation) check. If you get 20 or more, **go to 341**. If you get less than 20, **go to 343**.

339

You gaze at the duck and get nothing back except pure malice. When its feathers start to bristle, you try to placate the animal.

"That'll never work," Opal says, though you can see the hope in her eyes that you will be able to calm the bird.

Roll a Wisdom (Animal Handling) check. If you get 18 or more, **go to 342**. If you get less than 18, **go to 343**.

340

Gain Inspiration.

You avert your gaze, trying not to antagonize the water bird glaring at your ship. You hear an agitated quack. Then another.

"Very good," Randy whispers at you. He's staring at the deck. "Just. Don't. Look."

There is another insistent quack. Roll a Wisdom or Charisma saving throw. If you get 10 or more, **go to 344**. If you get less than 10, **go to 343**.

341

You lock eyes with the duck. Everyone aboard the *Rapier Wit* holds their breath. Reverberating over the water, you hear a deep growling sound.

You realize it's the duck when it launches the hoarsest, most growling quack you have ever heard. You don't blink.

The water bird eyes you from the side before ruffling its feathers and returning to its perch. It gives you a little nod.

"I've never seen anything like that," Ribcage whispers.

"Raine," the captain intones as gently as he can. "If you would please get up the mainmast and drop the sails, it's best we be on our way."

"Aye, captain," they say just a little too forcefully. The others wince and cast nervous glances back at the duck. When it doesn't move, everyone sighs with relief.

"Good work," Randy finally says to you.

The sails drop and the ship lurches with the additional wind. You maintain the duck's stare until it recedes into the distance behind you ([go to 344](#)).

342

The duck on its rock bristles and its bill snaps open and shut in agitation. A low, ominous quacking grows steadily louder as it emanates from the bird.

You start to shush the duck, make placating gestures, speak quietly and calmly. You work every trick you've ever learned to calm a stressed animal.

"Is it working?" Randy asks. "I can't tell if it's working."

"It's definitely working, captain," Opal says, a little awestruck. "Somehow it's working."

The pitch of the ducks quacking rises from a threat to a question and then fades altogether.

"Very impressive," Ribcage whispers.

"Raine," the captain intones as gently as he can. "If you would be so kind, drop the sails. It's best we be on our way now."

"Aye, captain," they say just a little too forcefully. The others wince and glance back at the duck. When it stays docile, everyone sighs with relief.

"Good work," Randy finally says to you.

The sails drop and the ship lurches with the additional wind. You maintain the cooing and shushing until the duck and its island are left behind the *Rapier Wit* ([go to 344](#)).

343

Failing to de-escalate, you look at the duck and see pure unbridled rage. The white waterfowl narrows its eyes and jettisons itself off its rock.

Wing pumping, it flies straight at the *Rapier Wit* croaking its raspy battle cry.

"Drop to full sail!" the captain yells. "Now!"

Crewmembers scramble about deck and Raine scampers up the main mast into the rigging. Ribcage removes his enormous warhammer from his back as Opal barks a spell, flinging bolts of energy at the enraged duck.

You ready yourself for battle as the sails drop and catch the wind. The canvas sheets above snap full and the ship lurches beneath your feet as it picks up speed. In response to your new-found speed, the duck lets out a final warning quack as it banks and returns to its perch.

"Thank the gods," Randy breathes. He tips his hat back toward Duck Island. "Until next time."

A loud, threatening quack rings out over the sea ([go to 344](#)).

344

"We've seen Duck Island," Opal says. "Are you ready to chart a course now, captain?"

"Indeed," the captain says with a smile. "Right after a soak in that tub. Never got a chance under that prig Solaris."

Raine drops into the middle of your cluster. "You may have to wait a little longer, captain. Sails approaching."

"Who is it?" Randy demands.

"You wouldn't believe me," Raine says, handing the captain a spyglass.

The goblin props the spyglass up on a bannister and, once he finds the ship, he gasps. He looks again and readjusts the spyglass.

"Who is it, captain?" Opal asks. She cranes her neck in the direction of sails just appearing on the horizon.

"I don't believe it," he breathes ([go to 345](#)).

345

"What do we do, captain?" Opal asks, squinting into the distance. "Make a run for it?"

"Bring us around on an intercept course!" Randy calls out. Then he says quietly to himself, "I have to see this up close."

The *Rapier Wit* turns and, as the distance closes, you can see that the approaching ship is a ragged collection of mismatched wood, its sails patched in multiple colors, and the captain's cabin is an actual cabin built on the aft deck.

"I can't believe it," Opal says, staring at the approaching vessel. "How does it even stay afloat?"

As the ship nears, you can see its crew: diminutive scaly figures with spines bristling from their heads. It's impossible to tell exactly how many as they erratically rush about on deck, even diving into the water and climbing aboard.

"Brinefins!" Raine cries. "What are you doing captain?"

"That's not all," he says, pointing. "Look at the rest of the crew!"

Raine shades their eyes as Randy hands you the spyglass.

You see a muscular man with a red coat and thick, white beard. A woman with red hair in what appears to be an altered pink gown. A despondent man in a vest pushing around a mop and sporting a still-magnificent mustache.



“Francis!” Raine shouts, and the bearded man lifts a hand in greeting. “Sapphira? And... Solaris?”

The ships close the distance, and Randy is grinning. You suspect there may even be tears of joy at the corners of his eyes.

“Permission to come aboard, Captain Sharpsmile?” the former porter calls from his ship.

“Granted! Get up here, Captain...?”

“Whitebeard!”

Ropes are tossed back and forth and the two ships tie themselves up. Captain Whitebeard comes aboard the *Rapier Wit* with his crew.

You can ask what happened after Flotsam ([go to 346](#)), congratulate Francis on his new career ([go to 347](#)), or stay silent to let the others talk ([go to 348](#)).

346

You ask the newly minted captain what happened after Flotsam. Francis, or Whitebeard, can't contain his glee at recounting the tale.

“Well, for starters I met these little rascals...” He tousles the fins atop a nearby brinefin like he would a child's hair. “And it turns out they aren't so bad. A bit directionless. Needed a firmer hand. They took to discipline quite well.”

“Francis practically raised me,” Sapphira laughs. “But I never saw this side of him. Daddy would have had him whipped if he ever said ‘no’ to me.”

“Indeed,” Francis says. “And look where that got you, Miss Sapphira. When I got to Brigand's Bay you were a scullery maid.”

“Three whole days,” Sapphira says to you, holding up three fingers. “It was a nightmare. Thank goodness Francis—I mean Captain Whitebeard—arrived when he did.”

“But how did he free you?” Randy asks, still all smiles.

Sapphira laughs, not demurely but from the belly. “He brought the brinefins to Elidyr's jewelry shop and wouldn't take them back without me.”

“And what about him?” Raine asks, pointing at Solaris with their mechanical arm.

“He was part of the deal,” Sapphira says. “Elidyr would only let me go if Francis also took Solaris.”

“I was the captain of this ship once,” Solaris grumbles. “Why should I have to push a mop around?”

“He tried to order the other servants around, didn't he?” Randy winks at the former captain of the *Sundancer*. Sapphira nods, hiding her laugh behind a hand.

“But he is working his way up,” Francis says. He puffs his chest up with pride. “He has already been promoted from chamber pots to swabbing the deck!”

Solaris shudders and turns a little green but is quickly distracted by a brinefin pulling at his clothes and chattering something at him.

If you haven't done so, you can congratulate Francis ([go to 347](#)) or let the others talk for a bit ([go to 348](#)).

347

You congratulate Francis on his new role as a ship's captain.

“Thank you!” he beams. “It's everything I dreamed it could be!”

“Everything?” Sapphira asks, eyeing the chaos of the brinefins scampering about the *Rapier Wit*.

“A little chaos never hurt anyone, Miss Sapphira,” he says. “Does that mean you resign your commission as first mate?”

“Not on your life, old man,” she replies with a crooked smile. “I plan to inherit this tub when you die of old age. Probably next week.”

“So are you pirates now?” Randy asks. “Are you the new competition?”

“Not so much,” Francis says. “We are more of a salvage operation. The brinefins know the location of many shipwrecks—”

“They likely caused a few,” Solaris remarks from the side.

Francis cuts the captain-turned-deckhand a look and Solaris falls silent. “They just never knew the value of what they found. We’re just making our rounds now.”

“Impressive,” Raine says. “Found anything interesting?”

Francis winks. “Trade secret.”

Looking to Sapphira, you see her mime locking her smiling lips. Solaris just shrugs.

“Fair enough,” Randy says with a wave of his hands. “I wouldn’t tell a pirate either.”

If you haven’t done so yet, you can ask Francis what happened after Flotsam ([go to 346](#)) or let the others continue catching up ([go to 348](#)).

348

You let the others talk and laugh, telling stories of the last few days. Your own Captain Sharpnose recounts your adventure on Oki Island with barely any embellishment.

On his side, Francis tells about how he quickly trained his crew of rambunctious sea creatures. He had them mostly housebroken when the people of Flotsam started to return. He put the brinefins to work cleaning up their mess, and as a thank you the mayor of Flotsam gifted them the ramshackle ship.

“Ol’ Felix did that for you, eh?” Randy asks. “There had to be some catch.”

“I think that he just wanted the brinefins gone,” Francis chuckles.

“That’s absolutely the case, you old fool,” Sapphira adds warmly.

The brinefins run amok on the deck of the ship to the general mirth of the pirate crew of the *Rapier Wit*. Solaris tries to find a place to mope, even moving to the bow to look forlornly over the tub he built.

“Let’s continue this in my cabin,” Randy suggests. He leads the way, pulling something from a cabinet by the door.

“Solaris!” Captain Sharpnose barks. The former captain jumps and turns toward the scowling goblin in the door.

“Told you I left it back on the ship!” Randy is shaking an elegant bottle that shines with its own inner light. “Join us for a drink?”

“My Starglimmer wine! You– You!” Solaris’ face darkens with anger for a moment, then he relaxes. “Yes, I would like a drink.”

Opal and Sapphira share a smirk as the now-deckhand follows you all into the captain’s cabin ([go to 349](#)).

349

The Starglimmer wine is delicious in an indescribable way and provides the perfect refreshment after your long voyage at sea. The conversation lulls into a companionable quiet, each person lapsing into a private reverie.

When the last of the wine is finished, Randy turns to Francis and Sapphira. “So what’s next?”

“We’re making our way toward the continent,” the elderly captain says. “We’ll pull into port, put our feet up, show the crew what civilized manners look like.”

To punctuate his wish, there is a crash and a brinefin's snarl from outside the cabin door. It's followed by cheers and guffaws from the pirates. Sapphira smiles and Solaris cringes.

"That's perfect," your captain says as he turns to you. "This is where we part ways, my friend. We were going to drop you off ourselves, but if Captain Whitebeard is already on his way then that gets us on our way that much faster."

"Where are we going, captain?" Opal asks.

"To sea!" he cries with a wild grin. "It's the *Rapier Wit's* purpose to sail, the whole reason for its existence. A ship in the harbor is nothing but scenery."

"But where?" Raine asks again, looking around to the rest of the collected crew.

Ribcage lays a hand across Raine's shoulders and gives them a little pat. He shrugs, then nods with a sage smile.

"Exactly, cousin. Couldn't have said it better myself. Now there's one final matter of business."

Randy turns on you and pulls a knife from his belt, brandishing it at you. There's a collective gasp from the rest of the room.

But then the goblin flips the knife in his grip and presents the handle to you. Opal snorts with barely contained laughter.

"We have a little tradition that when crewmembers leave, they carve their names in the mast. I'd be honored to take your name with us."

Take the knife and carve your name into the mast (**go to 350**) or refuse and bid the crew goodbye (**go to 351**).

You take the knife and go out on deck. As the pirate crew sees you emerge with the knife, they go quiet.

When the brinefins take no heed and continue their noisy running about, Sapphira places two fingers between her lips and blows a long, piercing whistle. The aquatic monsters freeze and all eyes turn to you.

You walk in silence to the mast and the only sound is the noise of you carving into the wood of the mast until you finish. A cheer goes up around the crew, or at least everyone except Solaris, who looks pained at what you've just done to the ship.

"You're one of us now," Randy says as he claps you on the back. "A pirate through and through."

When you offer Randy his knife back, he waves it off. "Keep it. It's not much good as a weapon, but it works brilliantly as a keepsake."

Add Cpt. Randall Sharp's knife to your inventory.

"Everyone back to the ship!" Francis calls out. "Let's go, you little monsters!"

You pile onto the patchwork ship while Randy, Opal, Raine, and Ribcage stand waving at the rail. The *Rapier Wit* pulls away toward the open ocean while Captain Whitebeard takes command of the wheel of his vessel, feet firmly planted on the deck and face pointing toward the future, piloting you onward to your next adventure.

As you reach the end of your adventure, your character advances 1 level. Or if you are using experience points to advance, gain enough XP to reach your next level.

THE END

You refuse the knife and Randy returns it to his belt with a disappointed look on his face. Solaris, however, breathes a sigh of relief.

“Shame,” Randy says. “Well then, I guess you’ll have to live on in our memories alone. Good luck to you on the next adventure.”

He sees you to the rail as Francis and Sapphira round up the brinefins to return to their own vessel. As you climb aboard, Opal and Raine, bid you goodbye. Ribcage just offers a stoic nod.

“Let’s be off!” Francis calls out as his run-down ship pulls away. “To port!”

“And a proper bath at last!” Sapphira cries.

Your companions aboard the *Rapier Wit* offer you one final wave before the ship veers out toward the open sea, leaving you to look ahead to your next adventure.

As you reach the end of your adventure, your character advances 1 level. Or if you are using experience points to advance, gain enough XP to reach your next level.

THE END



THE SECOND-HAND SECOND HAND STORE

Despite its name, the *Second-Hand Second Hand Store* is well stocked with all the expected items for a pirate town, as well as a few surprising additions to its stock. The shopkeeper keeps an eye on you from behind the counter as you browse his merchandise.



ADVENTURING GEAR

NAME	PRICE	WEIGHT
Backpack	2 gp	5 lbs. (~2.3 kg)
Bedroll	16 sp	7 lbs. (~3.8 kg)
Bottle (glass)	1 gp	1 lb. (~0.5 kg)
Blanket	5 sp	3 lbs. (~1.4 kg)
Candle	1 cp	—
Clothes, common	5 gp	3 lbs. (~1.4 kg)
Clothes, buccaneer	10 gp	3 lbs. (~1.4 kg)
Tricorn Hat (with bandana)	1 gp	—
Crowbar	2 gp	5 lbs. (~2.3 kg)
Hammer	1 gp	3 lbs. (~1.4 kg)
Lantern, bullseye	5 gp	1 lb. (~0.5 kg)
Magnifying glass	100 gp	—
Spyglass	1000 gp	1 lb. (~0.5 kg)
Rations (1 day)	5 sp	2 lbs. (~0.9 kg)
Rope, hempen (50 ft.)	1 gp	10 lbs. (~4.5 kg)
Shovel	2 gp	5 lbs. (~2.3 kg)
Soap	2 cp	—
Torch	1 cp	1 lb. (~0.5 kg)
Waterskin	2 sp	5 lbs. (~2.3 kg)
Whetstone	1 cp	1 lb. (~0.5 kg)



POTIONS & CONSUMABLE ITEMS

NAME	PRICE	WEIGHT
Acid	25 gp	1 lb. (~0.5 kg)
Alchemist's fire	40 gp	1 lb. (~0.5 kg)
Alchemist's frost	15 gp	1 lb. (~0.5 kg)
Antitoxin	15 gp	—
Bomb*	50 gp	2 lb. (~0.9 kg)
Potion of healing	15 gp	—

*A bomb is a one-time use item. It requires a bonus action to light the fuse if you are not near an open flame. As a thrown weapon, it has a range of 10 ft./30 ft. and deals 1d6 fire damage and 1d12 force damage within a 5 ft. radius of where it strikes.

TOOLS

NAME	PRICE	WEIGHT
Alchemist's supplies	50 gp	8 lbs. (4.3 kg)
Caltrops (bag of 20)	1 gp	2 lbs (0.9 kg)
Cartographer's tools	15 gp	6 lbs (3.1 kg)
Cook's utensils	1 gp	8 lbs. (4.5 kg)
Dice set	1 sp	—
Disguise kit	25 gp	3 lbs. (1.4 kg)
Fishing tackle	1 gp	4 lbs. (1.9 kg)
Forgery kit	15 gp	5 lbs. (2.3 kg)
Healer's kit	5 gp	3 lbs. (1.4 kg)
Navigator's tools	25 gp	2 lbs. (0.9 kg)
Poisoner's kit	25 gp	2 lbs. (0.9 kg)
Playing card set	5 sp	—
Thieves' tools	15 gp	1 lb. (0.5 kg)
Tin flute	1 gp	—



WEAPONS & ARMOR

NAME	PRICE	WEIGHT
Arrows (10)	1 gp	1 lb. (0.5 kg)
Bolts (10)	1 gp	1 lb. (0.5 kg)
Crossbow, light	20 gp	5 lbs. (2.3 kg)
Cutlass (scimitar)**	20 gp	3 lb. (1.4 kg)
Dagger	2 gp	1 lb. (0.5 kg)
Hand Axe	10 gp	2 lbs. (0.9 kg)
Hook (sickle)**	1 gp	2 lbs (0.9 kg)
Katana (longsword)**	15 gp	3 lbs. (1.4 kg)
Kriss (dagger)**	2 gp	1 lb. (0.5 kg)
Naginata (glaive)**	20 gp	6 lbs (3.1 kg)
Net	1 gp	1 lb. (0.5 kg)
Shortbow	20 gp	2 lbs. (0.9 kg)
Trident	5 gp	4 lbs. (1.9 kg)
Wakizashi (short sword)**	10 gp	2 lbs (0.9 kg)
Leather Armor	10 gp	10 lbs. (4.6 kg)
Chain Shirt	50 gp	20 lbs. (9.2 kg)
Shield (wood)	10 gp	4 lbs. (1.9 kg)

**These items use the same rules as the weapon in (parentheses).

If you're unsure about the in-game mechanics of any of these items, you can look them up in your own source-books, on dnd.wizards.com/what-is-dnd/basic-rules, or on dndbeyond.com/sources/basic-rules.



BACKER CREDITS

The names that follow are those Kickstarter backers who went above and beyond to help make our dreams a reality.

We are so very grateful to the amazing crowdfunding community that helped make this possible.

So once again thank you so much to everyone involved in *The Secret of Oki Island*.

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