

THE WOLVES OF LANGSTON

Made for 5e

A murder mystery solo adventure where you take your own path to uncover Langston's shadowy killer



Obvious Mimic



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OBVIOUS MIMIC SOLO ADVENTURE RULES

Dear Player,

Thank you so much for picking up *The Wolves of Langston*. We are so happy to have you and we're excited to share our game with you. It has been a labor of love for all things nerdy and fun bringing it to you, and we truly hope that you enjoy it.

The Wolves of Langston is a solo adventure designed to play alone as your own *Dungeons & Dragons: 5th Edition* character. It is an interactive story where you as the player make the choices that take your character through challenges with real consequences to the story.

This solo adventure was successfully crowd-funded on Kickstarter with over 1400% of its funding goal reached with almost 3500 backers from around the world. It is the first in a series of adventures that give *Dungeons & Dragons* players a chance to play on their own either as a stand-alone play experience or as part of a larger campaign.

Daniel Howard was the game designer and lead writer for *The Wolves of Langston*. Besides being a co-founder of Obvious Mimic, Daniel is also a forever DM and author/editor who has been publishing fiction and non-fiction for almost 30 years.

Kai Wloka is the game producer and editor for *The Wolves of Langston*. As the other co-founder of Obvious Mimic, Kai brought his love of all things gaming to guide the story, build a fun experience, and get it out the door.

We thank you for joining us for the love of play.

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*. If you're already familiar with the basic mechanics of this game system, most of the rules here in the following sections 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: <https://www.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.

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 goal.

WHAT YOU'LL NEED

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

- A 5e character of level 1 or 2
- A set of dice
- This book

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 (www.obviousmimic.com) or via our Patreon page (www.patreon.com/obviousmimic).

Thank you and enjoy!

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 optional 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](#).

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 made 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 Wolves of Langston 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. You will get choices like this:

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).

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

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. 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. Creatures also get an average value in case you want to skip the dice rolling.
- 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 in your adventure, you can help offset the challenge by saving multiple Inspiration for when you might need them.

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 for your character.

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.

For more ideas or guidance, you can join our Discord server here: <https://discord.gg/cSv4q6PmdB>.

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 Wolves of Langston* to integrate its results into their campaign. You can find all this content [here](#).

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.*

Alternatively, if you're a DM and would like to run this adventure for your players, you can get our full-party module [here](#).

For more on the rules, including updates to the rules, an FAQ, and a community to ask questions you can visit www.obviousmimic.com/pages/solo-adventure-rules or join our Discord server here: <https://discord.gg/cSv4q6PmdB>.

CHAPTER 1: THE ADVENTURE BEGINS...

After a long day on the road, you crest a hill and see the lights of a town. According to maps and helpful locals you've consulted, this must be Langston. Though the last blush of sunset still colors the sky to the west, lamplight is already visible at the gate and in the streets.

In the dim twilight, you can clearly see that the dirt road you've been traveling transitions to cobblestones, and a simple stone wall rings the town. Even from this distance, you can see the timber-framed walls of the buildings in town are well-maintained with fresh whitewash that glow golden in the lamplight. It's a beautiful little town, a prosperous trading hub nestled among the fertile farmland and old-growth forest you've spent the last few days traversing.

The stars are just starting to emerge as the lone howl of a wolf splits the silence off somewhere in the woods. A chorus of responding howls take up the call, some uncomfortably close. And getting closer.

You pick up your pace to put more distance between you and the wilderness in the hope of a soft bed, a hot meal, and some work for an enterprising adventurer. A town as prosperous as Langston looks like a place to do good, earn coin, and achieve glory. Maybe all three at once, so long as you aren't eaten by wolves between here and there.

Roll a Wisdom (Perception) check. If you get 10 or more, **go to 23**. If you get less than 10, **go to 11**.



1

Your hopes for a meal and friendly conversation are dashed with what you find in the marketplace. More specifically, you're disappointed with what you don't find.

It's empty, filled only with a mournful hush. Street vendors are closed, windows are shuttered. Lamp-lighters have still passed through to fill the square with warm pools of light, but everything feels muted under the weight of an oppressive sadness.

You're looking around for someone - anyone - when a solitary figure in a white robe bustles out from a side street, nearly dropping a sheaf of papers. The robe's hood is down, so you can see that it's a young human woman with light blond hair. Her robes bear sunburst motifs around the neck and collar and a similar symbol made of gold hangs from around her neck. This appears to be a sun cleric.

Call out to the cleric ([go to 27](#)) or follow her down the empty streets ([go to 3](#)).

2

The man calms and walks away muttering about adventurers being up to no good. But he picks up a cup of wine from a tray and busies himself with drinking that instead of fighting you.

Gain Inspiration.

As your would-be attacker walks off, you see that the half-orc who was speaking to him is staring at you. She approaches you ([go to 44](#)).

3

You follow at a safe distance, and the woman never looks around to check. She is clearly lost in thought, fidgeting and muttering to herself from time to time. Her expression alternates between angry and terrified.

You stay with her as she takes a few turns before coming to an inn whose shingle identifies it as The Pickled Hen. You two are the only ones on the street, but she doesn't seem bothered traveling the town at night.

You can see now that the cleric is a pretty young woman, but her eyes are dark with exhaustion, and her mouth is lined with some taxing emotion. She pauses and

takes a deep breath as if to steady herself then as if setting a mask in place smiles brightly and kindly at no one in particular. She lets herself into the tavern on the inn's first floor with fluid familiarity.

As she enters, you hear the sound of people gathered and speaking amongst themselves, though the tone is more subdued than one typically hears in a tavern's common room.

Follow her into the inn ([go to 34](#)). Or hang back to look in a window to see what's happening ([go to 19](#)).

4

"Well then, lucky for you I was here," he says with a wide grin and a slap on the back hard enough to throw off your balance. He opens his mouth to speak again but nothing comes out until he unleashes a sneeze that makes his beard bristle. You wait for him to regain his composure.

"You must be hungry then. Go straight down this road and you'll reach the town of Langston. Find The Pickled Hen and if anyone asks, tell them Roi Sunderhammer sent you."

You stammer out a thank you despite the adrenaline coursing through you.

"Think nothing of it. I'm on my way there myself. Funeral you see, doing my druidic duty to the circle of life and all that." He guffaws as if he just told a joke. "But before I do that, I'm going to have a bit of a chat with these naughty pups. They should know better."



Before you have a chance to respond, the dwarf lopes off toward the woods with a surprisingly graceful gait given his stocky build.

Between the darkness and another night on the road or a hot meal and a soft mattress, it's hardly even a decision to head towards the lights of Langston ([go to 1](#)).

5

The mayor nods and gives you a flat stare.

"I understand. However, I also hope that hopes you understand that this is not a time for strangers to be arriving in Langston." If you won't help, the room was free for the night, but you are asked to leave immediately.

You have one last chance to reconsider ([go to 48](#)). Otherwise, you may gather your things and you will be escorted out of town ([go to 8](#)).

6

Mayor Anathram's dog is incredibly impressive in its training.

Roll a Wisdom (Animal Handling) check. If you get 10 or more, [go to 22](#). If you get less than 10, [go to 47](#).

7

There is something about the cleric's delivery of her service that makes it feel like she is holding back, but you can't tell what is bothering you as she does seem to earnestly care about the community under her charge.

The mayor strides up behind Solaine for her turn to speak, and the cleric notices her with a slight start before ceding her spot at the front of the room ([go to 25](#)).

8

The mayor calls a militia member in from outside with a little bell. The volunteer peacekeeper keeps one hand on the short club hanging at her belt as she escorts you back to the inn if you need to gather your things. She then accompanies you to the edge of town and leaves you there without saying a word.

Your adventure is over. Keep whatever rewards you've gained and move on.

9

Gain Inspiration.

As Tomlin spoke, several young and even a few middle-aged women smiled and whispered to one another. Though no one seems happy about the passing of this Maybelline, it seems that the attractive young women are less sad than others.

It's clear that Tomlin is known for more than tinctures and decoctions here in Langston.

He steps aside to allow a red-bearded dwarf the floor to address the crowd. [Go to 13](#).

10

The druid is behaving oddly, but that could just as easily be explained by the strain of the situation. He seems like a happy, well-adjusted person but is somehow a bit off balance.

The next speaker in the ceremony is approaching. An unobtrusive young human woman in the vestments of a sun cleric steps up to the crowd to speak ([go to 39](#)).

11

You continue down the road, a growing sense of dread in the pit of your stomach. Looking around you, you see nothing in the trees or undergrowth on either side of the road even though you feel like you should.

You stop walking, pausing to listen to the dark woods around you. Without the sound of your footsteps, you can now hear a low rumbling growl and excited panting coming from around you.

All around you.

A large but scruffy wolf pads into the road in front of you, moonlight shining in its gray fur. Half a dozen more of the beasts step into view, sizing you up.

You're surrounded by a pack of hungry wolves. Your odds aren't good, but at least you can go down fighting ([go to 33](#)).

12

You're positive that there are details you're missing, so you turn your attention to what's happening around you.

Roll an Intelligence (Investigation) check. If you roll 10 or higher, **go to 9**. If you roll under 10, **go to 18**.

13

The dwarf is dressed in hides and homespun cloth, while his hair and beard seem struggling to break free from the leather cords he's used to style them. He's clean now, but something in the dwarf's demeanor suggests this is his version of dressing up.

"Welcome, people of Langston," he says with a warm smile that makes his eyes sparkle. "As sad as I am to see Maybelline return to the Earth, I want to remind Langston to choose life. As you all know, I'm grateful my circle assigned me to Langston."

There's a murmur of assent in the crowd and a few raised glasses. "And you have all made it so easy for me. You've respected the forest and its inhabitants, and in return, I have been happy to act as both spiritual counsel and guiding hand for the forces of nature around us. I join you in grieving the loss of a wonderful member of this community, and I hope you will join me in welcoming her back into the cycle of life."

He mutters a spell as his hands begin to radiate a faint green glow, but he's interrupted by a sneezing fit, after which his beard and hair thicken and stand on end. As he smooths his hair and regains his composure.

"Excuse me," he says with a deep growl in his voice. He clears his throat and completes his spell, causing a splash of extraordinarily bright wildflowers to bloom on the dais on which the casket rests.

He nods in approval at his own work before turning to the raising a glass and smiling broadly. "To life!"

He downs his drink along with others in the crowd, but you're more interested in the strange reaction the local druid had to the sneezing fit. You can try either an Arcana (**go to 38**) or Perception (**go to 14**) check to better understand what you've seen.

14

You focus your senses on the bushy-haired druid, especially those odd changes that occurred during his sneezing fit.

Roll a Wisdom (Perception) check. If you get 10 or higher, **go to 42**. If you get less than 10, **go to 10**.

15

He backs down, staring daggers at you but leaving you alone. A couple of wry laughs are audible from other attendees who saw the exchange, but the aggressively drunk man either doesn't hear or doesn't care.

Gain Inspiration.

As your attempted assailant retreats, the half-orc he was talking to turns toward you (**go to 44**).

16

Gain Inspiration.

The Rathkananar Book of Funerary Rites is a standard text taught in many religions as a manual outlining the burial rituals of the common people. However, it does not include any prayers or hymns but instead describes the processes.

You don't recognize the specific hymn Solaine uses, but it could come from the Radiant Order. This sun-worshipping sect is small and keeps its knowledge to itself.

The mayor positions herself behind Solaine and waits for the cleric to notice her. After a moment the cleric sees the mayor and cedes the floor to her (**go to 25**).

17

Gain Inspiration.

The mayor made some glaring mistakes in her account of the battle she said she participated in.

The Battle of Three Rivers was a coup by a neighboring kingdom, not barbarian hordes. And it was won by guerilla tactics from the local peasantry, who were the aggressors, not the victims.

But it's unclear if she's lying or just wrong, so this probably isn't the best conversation starter as the mayor approaches (**go to 30**).

18

Though you can't quite put your finger on what it is, Tomlin has an odd relationship with the town.

Obviously, he is well-liked but there's more to it than that.

Before you can figure it out, a red-bearded dwarf takes over from the grieving fiancé ([go to 13](#)).

19

You find a window to peer into and see a packed room. It's almost impossible to guess how many people are inside, but it's at least a hundred. People seem to be speaking quietly to one another, though everyone seems to have a drink in their hand.

"You a prowler?" asks a timid voice. You spin on a young barmaid who seems to be throwing away some food scraps. She jumps more than you did as fear pinches her face.

You answer that you're a traveler and an adventurer.

"Then you should probably go in," she says with a small smile. "The mayor'll want a word with you after the service. And the folks of Langston are a nice bunch, even in the face of so much grief. In life, Maybelline was the nicest person you'd ever meet. She'd want everyone welcome at her funeral. Come on in."

You follow the barmaid into the tavern ([go to 34](#)).

20

You take an aggressive stance and scowl, telling the man that you're not in the habit of starting fights at funerals. But you don't mind finishing them.

Roll a Charisma (Intimidate) check. If you roll 10 or more, [go to 15](#). If you roll under 10, [go to 36](#).

21

You politely greet the mayor and the dog lays its massive head back down on its paws. It continues to watch you closely, however.

"I am grateful for your service," she says. You assume she is being genuine, but it's impossible to tell for sure with her stony delivery.

She outlines the problem she's having: a gruesome murder about a week ago. The town militia is fine against bandits or sheep rustlers, but this requires someone different. The poor girl was mangled as if by a wild beast, but she was found within town. Besides, Roi keeps the woods free of monsters and supernatural hazards.

"And besides," she explains. "you're an outsider and therefore expendable. It's the mayor's role to protect the town, not every drifter that wanders in."

The town will pay 320 gold pieces to eliminate the threat. That fee is not negotiable, and Mayor Anathram gives you the impression it would be bad for your health to try.

If you accept the job, [go to 45](#). If you reject the job, [go to 5](#).

22

The mastiff currently on the mayor's heels is immaculately trained as a military attack hound. In other words, the mayor's dog is a trained killer.

It's remarkably well-trained, but in all likelihood, it has killed before. Whether or not it will kill again will depend on whether or not it needs to. Or is commanded to.

You spare the beast a glance as the mayor approaches you ([go to 30](#)).

23

You hear something in the woods off to one side and spin in that direction. A pair of golden yellow eyes peers out of the dark underbrush, soon joined by a second pair.

Turning around, you see more eyes gathering in the gloom around you. Before you even consider it as an option, a shaggy, dark gray wolf steps out onto the path behind you.

Hopelessly outnumbered, you can either square up to fight the pack of wolves ([go to 33](#)) or sprint for the town ([go to 40](#)).

24

The hymn was lovely, but you feel that Solaine made an error somewhere.

Roll an Intelligence (Religion) check. If you get 10 or more, [go to 16](#). If you get under 10, [go to 7](#).

25

As Solaine recedes into the background, the half-orc mayor stands rigid with her hands clasped behind her back. She cuts a powerful figure with her broad shoulders and battle scars, but she maintains an air of sophistication with a well-made suit

in the noble style. An enormous mastiff pads up to her side and sits beside her, remaining equally still. Though her heritage stands out to you in the mostly human town of Langston, no one else seems to notice.

She lets the silence stretch just a little too long before speaking in heavily accented Common.

“Tanya Anathram was a soldier before she was your mayor,” she begins, laying a hand over her heart. “Langston welcomed me, gave me a place to heal after the Battle of Three Rivers. There I fought to defend the people from a barbarian horde. And I will protect the people of Langston.”

She looks out into the crowd, moving just her eyes as the rest of her remains perfectly still. Her huge dog could be a statue for all it moves.

“There is a killer out there in the darkness,” she says, and her eyes lock on yours. “We do not know what it is, but it took one of the citizens under my protection. We will find whatever took this life and end the threat. This is my promise to you.”

A ripple of soft applause and angry muttering sweeps through the crowd. The dog’s head tracks both sounds for a moment before glancing at the mayor returning to its vigil.



She turns to address the family of the deceased. “I am so sorry for your loss,” she says and then steps away from the casket and starts making her way through the crowd towards you.

As she makes her way to where you’re standing, you can make either a History check ([go to 37](#)) or an Animal Handling check ([go to 6](#)).

26

Get the benefits of a long rest.

You wake up in a soft bed to a hot breakfast cooling outside your door. This is much better living than camping by the road, so it’s probably time to meet your benefactor. With the help of a few locals on the streets, you make your way to the town hall.

The inn’s common room is a bustle of activity as quiet townspeople load flowers from the funeral into a wagon in front of the inn. The body of the deceased is already gone. After weaving your way through the workers, you find yourself outside where passersby are deliberately ignoring the wagonful of blossoms.

The town hall is a multi-story building but not much larger than the surrounding structures, it isn’t made of the same timber walls as the rest of the town and is instead a much sturdier stone structure, so it likely predates the town’s growth.

The door stands open and an aide greets you when you arrive. He shows you to the mayor in a large but simply appointed office in the back of the building. The room is dominated by a large dark-stained wood desk where Mayor Anathram is working with a quill and inkpot. There is also an unlit hearth on one wall and a couple of orderly bookshelves. There are no personal affects that you can see.

A cushion and a bowl of water are set up next to the desk. The mayor’s mastiff is lounging there watching you intently as you enter.

You can greet the mayor ([go to 21](#)) or pet the dog first ([go to 35](#)).

27

The cleric jolts and turns and you see a moment of fear as her hand reflexively snaps to her holy symbol. She looks either way down empty streets before breaking out in a wide, kind smile as she approaches.

"Hello, and welcome," she says, her voice high and bright. "Can I help you with something, traveler?"

You ask her where she's going in such a hurry.

"I am on my way to perform a young woman's last rites," she says, her kind smile still fixed to her lips. "Such a sad day."

You ask if she is on her way to The Pickled Hen.

"I am," she says with growing uncertainty. "Did you... you know the deceased?"

You say that you do not, but someone named Roi suggested you go to The Pickled Hen for lodging.

"Ah, of course," she says with a sigh. "A truly good dwarf, Roi. The funeral will be starting soon and must be on my way. But I can show you the way if you'd like."

She walks beside you in silence, occasionally consulting the sheets in her hand and reading it to herself. After a few moments of awkwardly accompanying the young cleric, she shows you to an inn whose sign says it's The Pickled Hen.

The cleric absentmindedly opens the door and steps into the tavern at the ground floor. Having clearly forgotten you're even there, she closes it behind her.

Go into the tavern ([go to 34](#)) or look into the tavern through the window ([go to 19](#)).

28

A middle-aged human couple gets up and introduces themselves as Maybelline's parents, though from the murmur of sympathy coming from the crowd that seems well known.

"Thank you so much for coming out to say goodbye to our darling girl with us," the mother says. "She was a ray of sunshine in our lives from the beginning. And we can see that she touched the lives of many of you as well. She was relentlessly kind, generous, and patient. We will all miss her dearly."

The father of the deceased clears his throat, his eyes glassy. "We are so very grateful for the people of Langston. You made our daughter's life a joy, and you're making her loss more bearable. But we will not be seeing you for some time."

A murmur runs through the crowd, but he holds up his hands for quiet. "Every brick and blade of grass in this town reminds us of what we have lost. Every time we see your kind faces, we will only see the torn and broken body of our treasured daughter. So we will leave and trust our capable mayor to bring the killer to justice. We will keep our peace at home where we feel the closest to our daughter's memories. But we pray you bring the killer to swift justice."

As he speaks, heads in the crowd turn to the mayor, who just nods to the citizenry. When you turn your attention to the grieving parents, the father's cheeks are wet with tears but his teeth are gritted in mute rage. Laying a gentle hand on her husband's arm, the deceased's mother speaks up.

"But we are not the only ones to suffer a loss," she says in a cracking voice. "We had Maybelline for her whole life. The love of her life was cheated out of the rest of it. Tomlin, darling, we'd love it if you could say a few words."

The parents of the dead woman step aside and her fiancé takes their place at the podium ([go to 32](#)).

29

Gain Inspiration.

Though Tomlin's grief and sadness are almost certainly genuine, there's an element of relief, maybe even excitement from him.

And a number of women attending the service whispered amongst each other, with genuine if fleeting smiles. And the angry wives' shared embarrassment carried an undercurrent of something more focused, as if confirming their husband's joke with a secret shared hope that Tomlin really would turn his attention to the bored wives of Langston.

Though there are layers of complexity here, you will have to investigate another time as the next speaker is replacing Tomlin. This one is a familiar red-bearded dwarf. [Go to 13](#).

30

"You are an adventurer, yes?" she says to you. When you answer in the affirmative, she continues. "Then I suppose you will do. For now."

Between her rumbling Orcish accent and deadpan delivery, it's impossible to tell what she actually thinks about you. But she does make a sweeping gesture towards the bar and then starts off. This stern woman is obviously not one for pleasantries.

As you follow behind her, she stops to speak to an aproned balding man you can only assume is the innkeeper. "... and the town will pay the investigator's room and board. This is acceptable?"

The innkeeper cuts you a glance but nods. Their business concluded, Mayor Anathram returns to you with a key to your room.

You ask why she would hire you.

"I know your type. Adventurer. Mercenary. Hero for hire. It doesn't matter what you call yourself. The people are scared and they need someone, so I am hiring you. And since you're an outsider, if you fail it will not reflect badly on the town."

You start to thank her but she cuts you off.

"I do not yet know you," she says as she holds up a hand. "And I may not get time to do so if this killer gets to you next. You're here for the people and for me. As long as you are investigating this young woman's murder, we will pay for your stay. You will come to the town hall tomorrow as tonight is not the time to discuss the details of the case. Sleep well."

She nods once, though it's unclear whether that's a farewell or an agreement of some kind, and then returns to her duties reassuring the funeral-goers.

You remain standing dumbfounded for a moment as a figure breaks away from the crowd and moves towards you. It's Tomlin, the village herbalist and fiancé of the deceased.

"Hello," he says. His eyes are almost entrancing up so close. "I haven't met you yet. How did you know Maybelline?"

You reply that you just arrived in town today, but that the mayor has requested your help with the investigation.

He looks you over and nods as if you passed some sort of assessment. "Welcome then. Thank you very much for doing this for us. Please, come to my home for whatever you need. I want- No, I need to know what happened to my Maybelline."

You bid the grieving man good night, and he gives you a smile that is dazzling despite its sadness. He moves on to speak to other guests and you make your way to your room ([go to 26](#)).

31

Gain Inspiration.

You remember that druids are able to transform into animals, which could explain the druid's moments of bushy hair and growling voice. It's odd that it would be an involuntary response, however.

He had the uncontrolled change while sneezing, so a magical disease perhaps?

The next speaker is approaching the front of the crowd, a smallish human woman in a white robe embroidered with sun motifs that you recognize from earlier ([go to 39](#)).

32

The man identified as Tomlin is dressed simply and he clutches a bunch of flowers tightly in one hand. He takes a moment looking out over the crowd, visibly holding back tears.

"Thank you all so much for coming today," he says with a sigh. "We are gathered to remember the beautiful shining light that was my bride-to-be. Before growing to love her, I never thought I was the marrying kind. Now it seems more like fate than a choice."



“Does that mean The Wolf is back on the prowl?” whispers one man near you to a friend. “Lock up your sisters and daughters!”

“And wives!” the friend replies with a snigger.

Both are shushed by women who seem to be their wives, both women sharing embarrassed glances. Others nearby in the crowd look over at the pair of would-be comedians with glares and mouthed insults.

“My darling wife-to-be was a simple soul,” he said. “Her favorite flowers were daisies. She liked the color lavender. Anything made of silk was the height of sophistication.”

Despite Tomlin’s grief, the two men were still whispering lewdly and sniggering. The women seated beside the would-be comedians glared at them and exchanged exasperated looks with one another. Oblivious to what was happening in front of you, Tomlin closes his eyes to collect himself with a sigh before continuing.

“To put it simply, Maybelline’s death has torn a hole in my life that cannot be filled, but I will try. Work will help, I’m sure. And giving back to all of you who have done so much for me, especially in these dark times. I can only try to repay your kindness. I truly love you all, and you are all welcome at my home at any time.”

The audience applauds respectfully and murmurs condolences. Right away, however, something seems odd about the situation.

You may either use an Investigation check (**go to 12**) or an Insight check (**go to 46**) to determine what’s piquing your interest.

33

You square up to defend yourself as the pack of hungry wolves starts to circle, looking for an opening to attack. There are at least ten of them, and something tells you more are waiting in the darkness of the tree.

It looks like an early end to your adventuring career, but you’re determined not to give up without a fight.

You’re just about to unleash your attack and go down fighting when you hear a bellow behind you on the road.

You turn around to see a bald dwarf dressed in rough-spun clothes and animal hides pointing at

you from on top of a rise in the road. Or maybe past you. Moonlight shines off the skin of his head; his face is lit by small balls of fire dancing in the air over his outstretched palms.

“Oh no you don’t!” he yells before, the flames flaring with his emotions. “Get back, you lot!”

The wolves immediately tuck their tails between their legs and lay their ears down flat. The apparent leader looks at you and whines.

“Not a chance,” the dwarf scoffs. “Go on now.”

The wolves slink quietly back into the woods, and you realize you are still poised to attack. The dwarf doesn’t seem to notice as he approaches. He eyes you up and down, the silence between you stretches.

Until it breaks with a massive sneeze.

“Sorry. You all right?” he asks with a lopsided smile and a snuffle. “Didn’t have a chance to get a piece off you, did they?”

You let him know that you’re all in one piece and thank him for his intervention.

Go to 4.

34

The tavern is nearly full to capacity of townspeople milling about speaking quietly to one another. The hum lacks the boisterous outbursts of laughter or shouts you normally associate with taverns this crowded, and the answer quickly becomes apparent why.

At one end of the common room, there is a closed casket on a table amidst what looks like hundreds of flower arrangements. A musician is strumming a lyre in a sad tune off in the corner.

As you are looking around, an older man is arguing with a huge half-orc woman with an impressive collection of battle scars and a suit tailored in a typical nobleman’s style. Seeing you, the man grimaces and sways over to you. He reeks of ale and spirits and his face sags in habitual sadness, but his eyes glitter with both tears and an unexpected rage.

“I don’t know you,” he slurs, stabbing a blunt finger in the air between you. “Was it you? Did you do this? What else have you done?”

A few heads nearby turn as he throws his hands up into a fighting stance and starts bobbing unsteadily. The half-orc crosses her arms and watches the both of you carefully.

You're at a funeral in a strange town, so violence is not an option. You can try to persuade him to leave you alone (go to 41) or intimidate him into backing down (go to 20).

35

The dog growls, moving its considerable cheeks out of the way to bare its teeth.

The mayor recommends that if you like your hand attached, you would be wise to remove it from her dog's reach. You believe her - and the dog - so you pull your hand back intact.

Better late than never, you greet the mayor (go to 21).

36

"Don't you dare take that tone with me, vagabond!" he snarls and takes a swing.

But the blow is intercepted by the green-skinned hand of the half-orc in the suit. Her large hand is criss-crossed with scars and easily engulfs the man's fist.

"Enough," she says. "Time to go."

"Yeah, sure, Tanya," he says. "I mean Mayor Anathram. I mean... Bye."

The drunk slinks unsteadily out the door and leaves the tavern. You're about to say that you could have handled him on your own when you see the half-orc's hard stare (go to 44).

37

You think you remember the events of Tanya's story differently.

Roll an Intelligence (History) check. If you roll 10 or higher, go to 17. If you roll under 10, go to 47.

38

There is clearly something magical at work here. You think back to what you know about the arcane arts.

Roll an Intelligence (Arcana) check. If you get 10 or more, go to 31. If you get less than 10, go to 10.

39

Though you met her in the street, the young sun cleric seems like a different person behind the podium. She speaks clearer and stands up straighter. She seems possessed of a confidence you didn't get from the same sweet - but a little scattered - young woman you met on your way to The Pickled Hen.

"Most of you from town know me, but I see some unfamiliar faces," she says. "I am Solaine, a member of the Radiant Order and custodian of Langston's Eastern Temple. May the light guide you."

Several people reflexively respond with, "And you."

They then make a salutation of the right hand touching the heart and then moving in an arc overhead, reminding you of a sun rising and setting overhead. Given the cleric's youth, it's obvious her order has a long history in this town.

"Though we are in the dark shadows cast by our loss," she continues. "The sun will shine forever on Maybelline as her presence was a bright shining light to all of us. I did not know Maybelline well in life, but it is clear that she has touched the lives of everyone here in this room."



She looks directly at Tomlin and smiles kindly, "And my heart goes out to you especially, Tomlin. Know that my door is always open to you."

And then she leads the service in a hymn she introduces as coming from the Rathakananar Book of Funerary Rites. It seems that no one in the audience knows it, but she sings anyways in a high, sweet voice, and the crowd labors to keep up with her.

*"As we guard the light with you,
And drive the shadows away,
The radiant sword of your heart
The evils of darkness slay.
Though you're gone from our sight,
In our heart of hearts remain,
Rest well in the light of the sun
And the shield of our faith sustain."*

Though the cleric appears to be earnest and sincere, the difference between the woman you met outside and the one standing before you now is stark. You may opt to roll either a Religion check (**go to 24**) or an Insight check (**go to 43**).

40

You take off down the road at a full sprint, running towards town as quickly as you can. You doubt it will be quick enough, but it will buy you time to think.

When you dash, the woods to either side of you erupt with hungry wolves that take up the chase. You power through and get up over a rise in the road.

Then you nearly trip over a dwarf examining some roadside plant in the moonlight. The moonlight is shining off the bald top of his head and playing around the edges of his red beard. He's dressed simply in homespun cloth and animal skins. Your entrance has clearly startled him and he throws his arms out as if to embrace you.

"Hey, hey!" he cries out. "Watch yourself, traveler. What's all this about?"

Several wolves scramble into view but come to a skittering halt at the sight of the dwarf.

He wags a finger at them like a stern tutor, and in unison, the beasts whine and turn away. The whole pack slinks off into the woods again (**go to 4**).

41

You raise your open hands and assure the man calmly that there has to be some kind of mistake. There's no need to fight, and certainly no need to ruin such a somber event.

Roll a Charisma (Persuasion) check. If you get 12 or more, **go to 2**. If you get under 12, **go to 36**.

42

Gain Inspiration.

The druid's face and nose seem unusually red, but the dwarf doesn't seem to be drunk.

With the sneezing and the hoarse voice, it seems likely that he's feeling unwell. It doesn't seem to have affected his energy level, however. Whatever's affecting him clearly triggered some kind of change, however.

Though it was incredibly quick, you did notice that as the druid sneezed, his ears and nose lengthened and even his build changed momentarily. To you it looks more canine - almost wolf-like - for a split second.

Before you can scrutinize the dwarven druid further, an adult human female in the white robes of a sun cleric and unassuming demeanor approaches the crowd (**go to 39**).

43

The cleric's role as a spiritual leader clashes with the shy demeanor she displayed earlier, so you consider what may actually be motivating her.

Roll a Wisdom (Insight) check. If you get 10 or more, **go to 45**. If you get less than 10, **go to 7**.

44

The female half-orc in the tailored suit looks at you, eyes scanning up and down.

"I am Tanya Anathram, mayor of Langston," she says with a nod, her Common heavily accented with a guttural Orcish twang. "I may have use of you. Please stay for the funeral. I will speak to you after."

You try to reply, but she is already walking away as the ceremony begins (**go to 28**).

45

Solaine seems distracted as she delivers her prayers. Her gaze drifts towards Tomlin as she speaks, often lingering longer than on any of the others in the crowd. And at least once, when she addresses him directly, the handsome herbalist's face registers warmth, familiarity, and... something else you can't quite figure out in that fleeting moment.

There is a lot more to unpack in how she's speaking and acting - especially as it relates to the aggrieved fiancé - but it's only the slightest hint of what she might be going through beneath the veneer of a spiritual leader.

The mayor looms behind Solaine for a moment before the cleric notices and retreats from the front of the crowd (**go to 25**).

46

People are behaving oddly, but you're not quite sure what is odd about them.

Roll a Wisdom (Insight) check. If you get 10 or more, **go to 29**. If you get less than 10, **go to 18**.

47

Tanya is just a little too stoic, a little too tightly controlled, making you think she is holding something back or hiding something. Her dog is also seriously impressive, but that doesn't help much either.

Maybe you can get more from her when she arrives in a moment (**go to 30**).

48

"Excellent," Mayor Anathram says in a gravelly tone you can only assume means she's pleased. "Let us begin. Please speak to Maybelline's fiancé. He is an herbalist who lives on the western edge of town where he tends his garden and makes medicines for the townsfolk."

You thank the mayor and prepare to leave, but she holds up a hand.

"I have also made an arrangement with our general store. You may go to resupply anytime you may need to do so. It does not have as many goods as a big city, but it will likely have whatever you need.

Much at a discount. And here is an advance to make whatever purchases you may need."

Add 20 gp to your inventory.

You thank the mayor for her kind gesture, and she grunts in response before returning to the paperwork on the table.

Go to see Tomlin, the town's herbalist and Maybelline's fiancé (**go to 49**).

THE GENERAL STORE

Any time you're within the town of Langston, you may visit the store. To visit the general store, make note of your starting section and turn to the back of the book to the section labeled GENERAL STORE. There you can follow prompts to make transactions. Return to the section you started from when you are done.





CHAPTER 2: SPEAKING TO TOMLIN

49

This morning, Langston seems to be back to normal. Townspeople bustle about their daily lives of working, shopping, eating, and gossiping. You guess there are around a thousand people in Langston, but you see very few people idle. Tradespeople ply their trades smithing, weaving, building furniture, or baking bread.

But laughter is just a little too spaced out. The sounds of hammers and hoofbeats seem just a little too loud. The air is charged with fear and grief, even in the light of day. You pass the wagon laden with flowers from the funeral once again looking forlorn alone in the street.

So you now find yourself in a strange town with a substantial payday on the other end of a murder

investigation. The victim is a young woman who was apparently torn apart by a wild beast but within the confines of the town. Your first lead is the dead woman's fiance, but that's it.

It looks like you have your work cut out for you.

"Hey, adventurer!" calls out a man's voice behind you. It's the same man that challenged you to a fight the night before carrying a bundle of barrel staves. "We've got our eyes on you. Don't you think we don't!"

A few others nearby shake their heads, and one local shoots you an embarrassed look. Yes, you will definitely have your work cut out for you.

If you are able to detect magic through a spell or ability, **go to 91**. If not, **go to 84**.

50

You can't tell if the tea is safe or not. This is starting to get awkward, but Tomlin is at least trying to look like he isn't amused.

Drink the tea anyways ([go to 103](#)) or refuse the tea ([go to 86](#)).

51

As hard as you try, even with Tomlin's help you just can't get the beam to move. He will have to get a work crew from town to help fix it.

From here, if you haven't done so you can check the flowerbeds ([go to 99](#)) or walk the perimeter of the garden ([go to 81](#)).

52

You ask Tomlin who that is.

"Oh," he says, swiping his mussed hair back into place. "Pretty routine, really. She is just a young woman getting medicine for her poor sick brother."

Aunt, you remind him.

"Oh yes, Aunt," Tomlin says with a half laugh. "Terribly ill. But such a darling girl for taking such good care of her ailing mother like that."

Aunt, you say again.

"Right. Won't you come in?" He steps inside, waving for you to follow him in ([go to 69](#)).

53

You call out loudly for help. The golden eyes across the way narrow at you and you wonder if some attack is coming, but then its shoulders start to shake. The thing is laughing at you for calling out for help.

It slips away into the darkness just as the innkeeper bursts in wearing a striped nightgown. You tell him what you just saw.

The innkeeper rushes to the window and looks out before turning back to you.

"You sure?" he asks. "Doesn't look like there's anything there. Maybe you should get some more sleep, yeah?"

You can do as the innkeeper suggests and try to get a full night's sleep ([go to 89](#)) or you can bid him goodnight and keep watch on your own ([go to 55](#)).

Alternatively, you can go outside to look for clues as to what the beast was ([go to 87](#)).

54

You don't immediately recognize the tea's ingredients based on its appearance or smell. How do you assess the tea's safety?

Cast *detect poison and disease* on the tea ([go to 58](#)), use an Intelligence (Nature) check ([go to 97](#)), or use a Wisdom (Medicine) check ([go to 90](#)).

55

Get the benefits of a short rest.

Sometime in the darkest hours of the morning, it starts to rain. It comes down hard for a while, streaking the window panes as you watch. There won't be any trace of whatever you saw now.

Eventually the day dawns, damp but clear and you hear a clatter outside your door ([go to 107](#)).

56

Tomlin scoffs. "Of course, she didn't have any enemies. Everyone loved her and she loved everyone back. It's as simple as that."

Obviously, even the best people aren't universally beloved so Tomlin isn't telling you something. You try to get the information out of him by persuading him that it's safe to tell you.

Roll a Charisma (Persuasion) check. If you get 10 or more, [go to 85](#). If you get under 10, [go to 98](#).

57

Pierced by the sharp claws of your attackers, you topple into the earth of the garden. The clattering of wooden limbs seems to move away, or that could be the darkness moving in on you. You wonder if Tomlin will be able to help staunch the bleeding in time.

Then you hear Tomlin scream as the world fades to black.

You die.

58

Gain Inspiration.

The tea is not at all poisonous. All the purple flowers in the windows are, however. Also, the first few steps of the filtration system also register as toxic, but the end result is not.

Drink the tea ([go to 103](#)) or refuse the tea anyways ([go to 86](#)).

59

You can't make it up the side of the building, so the trail goes cold for you here.

You return to your room to either try to get some more sleep ([go to 89](#)) or stay up and keep watch ([go to 55](#)).

60

Gain Inspiration.

Tomlin isn't lying, but he's leaving something out. You decide to dig deeper.

Ask if it really was just the menfolk ([go to 74](#)) or why Maybelline wasn't with him ([go to 104](#)).

61

You find a trail through the flowerbeds. Something got into the garden, and it seems it can't get out. Some of the damage to the flowers is recent, so whatever caused it either returned multiple times or never left.

The destruction is low to the ground, but there doesn't seem to be any evidence of feeding. Almost like something enjoyed tearing up the cultivated plants.

You can follow the trail ([go to 75](#)), check the path by the trellis ([go to 81](#)), or examine the post ([go to 71](#)).

62

Tomlin rubs his beard, which he probably knows highlights his jawline.

"Nothing strange except maybe that the wolves have been more vocal than usual. There have always been wolves around, but they seem louder and closer over the last month or two."

You ask if the wolves have ever been a threat before.

"Only to livestock," Tomlin says. "But now that I think about it... There was also some talk of a couple of strangers that for some reason made a camp near Emmitt and Tilly's farmstead."

Why wouldn't someone stay in town?

"There are lots of reasons," Tomlin says with a shrug. "If they haven't the coin, maybe. Or they're like Roi and just prefer to sleep without walls hemming you in. But there have also been some farmers complaining about thefts. If these... whoever they are... Well, if they're up to no good, that could be why they aren't staying in town. Could they have done this?"

The herbalist's voice tightens as he makes the realization and his eyes flash with anger, but you assure him that you will find out.

You can continue questioning Tomlin if there are still some questions you haven't asked him. You could ask where he was on the night of Maybelline's death ([go to 101](#)) or ask if Maybelline has any enemies ([go to 56](#)).

Or if you haven't anything else you want to ask, you can bid Tomlin farewell and continue your investigation elsewhere ([go to 105](#)).

63

Gain Inspiration.

You make it very clear that you don't approve of Tomlin's behavior. Has his fiancée even been buried yet?

"Everyone grieves in their own way," he says, though his eyes still avoid yours. "I assume you're who the mayor has tasked with finding the killer?"

You let him know that he's right, and he steps aside and indicates the inside of his cottage.

"Won't you please come in then?" he asks. "I'm sure you have- um- many questions."

You enter Tomlin's cottage ([go to 69](#)).



SCRAPLING

Small Plant, Chaotic Evil

Armor Class 14 (natural armor)

Hit Points 7

Speed 20 ft.

Initiative +2

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

Vulnerabilities. Fire deals double damage.

ACTIONS

Claws. +4 to hit. 1d4 + 1 (3) piercing damage.

64

The scraplings look like two small humanoids apparently made of dry wood. They rake at you with sharp claws amid the clattering of their wooden limbs.

Tomlin grabs a nearby pitchfork and engages one of them but he calls out, "Kill them! With fire if you can!"

Fight the scrapling you have engaged. Both fight to the death.

If you win, **go to 88**. If you lose, **go to 57**.

65

From where you're standing, neither you nor Tomlin sees anything amiss.

Keep exploring the garden by either examining the flowerbeds (**go to 99**) or walking the perimeter (**go to 81**).

66

You can't see any gaps in Tomlin's story about an unexpected stag party. There are almost certainly things that he - or you - have missed, but this line of questioning isn't likely to help uncover them.

If you haven't done so yet, you can ask Tomlin about Maybelline's enemies (**go to 56**) or ask about any strange phenomena around town (**go to 62**).

67

Gain Inspiration.

You heave the heavy beam out of the way, exposing what it was lying on.

It appears to be a small human figure made of gnarled and knotted wood with sharp-clawed hands. The impact of the beam broke it in several places and it now appears to be quite dead. It seems that a small hole dug under the trellis caused some instability, and the post collapsed under the combined weight of the trellis plus the creeping vines wrapped around its lattice.

"Scraplings!" Tomlin spits, then curses. He looks up at you with a combination of anger and fear. "Animated plants that thirst for blood. I've never had any in my garden before, but they've wandered into other plots or farms around town before. Very dangerous and almost never alone."

Roll a Wisdom (Perception) or Wisdom (Insight) check with advantage as Tomlin assists you. If you roll 15 or more, **go to 75**. If you roll under 15, **go to 92**.

68

Gain Inspiration.

On the roof tiles around the claw marks, you find smears of what look and smell like black earth. There's a faint smell of rot to it, but it otherwise just appears to be unusually rich soil.

You also find a few tufts of coarse animal hair, but only in that location. After handling the fur for a moment, it disintegrates into a shimmer of moonlight. Examining the rest of the roof shows one or two more smears of dark earth but no other hair.

Finding nothing else, you decide to return to the inn. You carefully make your way back down off of the building and go back to your room, locking your door and window.

You can now either keep watch for the creature's return (**go to 55**) or try to get some sleep (**go to 89**).

69

Looking embarrassed, but not able to resist glancing after his "guest," Tomlin closes the door behind you.

The herbalist's cottage is a riotous sensory experience. Fresh flowers sit in vases and lie in bunches on various surfaces. More flowers, herbs, and roots hang from special drying racks among the ceiling beams.

The windows are all hung with vibrant purple flowers in the early stages of drying out. They are evenly spaced with small bunches of daisies tied

with little purple ribbons, so it's difficult for you to tell if they are medicinal or decorative, but it looks like a bit of Maybelline's influence on the space.

The odors come in waves, some medicinal and astringent, others floral, herbal, and fruity in waves. It's intense, but not unpleasant.

The hearth's coals are banked low, but some decoction bubbles away in a cauldron. A more sophisticated filtering system rests on a workbench slowly dripping a bright orange liquid into a vial.

Tomlin reaches for a kettle just starting to bang away over a burner. Clearly, he had started the water for tea with the expectation of a different companion. He selects a packet of herbs and wildflowers almost without looking and tosses them into a teapot and douses the tea in boiling water from the kettle.

He pours two cups and hands one to you. Bitter steam wafts up from the yellowish liquid in your cup. He eagerly watches you to see if you like the tea.

You may drink the tea (**go to 103**), politely refuse the tea (**go to 86**), or assess the tea for safety (**go to 54**).

70

When you detect magic, you see a burst of bright light strobing with pitch darkness. A rushing hum fills your ears and your head is filled with a piercing agony.

Lose 1 hp.

As the pain subsides, you are able to sense that the magic is a mix of necromancy and abjuration warring with one another.

Your senses return to normal as you gasp for air and the buzzing of the magical power here fades away.

With a final shake of your head, you continue on your way to meet the herbalist (**go to 84**).

71

A large beam has somehow fallen. It seems as though it was partially dug up. And it appears to have fallen on something as it's lying crookedly. Tomlin admits to trying to move the beam but not being able to and there are more pressing matters. You decide to move it for him.

Roll a Strength check with advantage because Tomlin helps you. If you roll 15 or more, **go to 67**. If you roll less than 15, **go to 51**.

72

"I'm very grateful for your help," Tomlin says once you're in his cottage. "This is to help with your investigation. It was meant to be a wedding gift for Maybelline, but I can no longer bear to have it here with me. But maybe it will be useful to you."

He presents you with an ornate glass vial. The vial contains a *philter of remembrance*.

Add philter of remembrance (10 doses) to your inventory.

"Am I a terrible person for feeling some relief?" he asks, a smile briefly dancing across his lips. "No, I suppose that would be natural. And we were together till death did us part."



PHILTER OF REMEMBRANCE

The *philter of remembrance* container holds 10 doses of perfume whose scent inspires extremely vivid memories. When you apply a dose to yourself, you get +1 to Charisma checks for 10 minutes or until you wash.

If the vial contains at least 3 doses, it can be used as a grenade-like weapon. Any creature within 10 feet of impact must roll a Wisdom saving throw DC 8 + the number of doses left. On a failed save, affected creatures are stunned for 1d4 rounds. On a save, the philter has no effect. Creatures who receive perception bonuses from sense of smell have disadvantage on their saving throws.

This item only affects creatures with Intelligence scores of 6 or more.

He gets a faraway look in his eye as he stares past you. You bid him farewell, which he distractedly returns. and make your way back to the inn (**go to 106**).

73

There's some minor damage to the flowers, much to Tomlin's distress, but you can't see any clues as to what caused it.

Continue exploring the garden by following the trellis around the edge of the garden (**go to 81**) or examining the fallen beam (**go to 71**).

74

"We'll, mostly just the men," Tomlin says. "At some point, Solaine was passing through on her way to speak to someone. She looked a little haggard but was her usual cheery self. She stopped over for a quick hello before rushing on her way."

You ask how familiar Tomlin is with Solaine and her usual self.

"Well, you know..." he shrugs but more to relieve himself of some strong emotion than uncertainty. "We were lovers before her pilgrimage. But while she was gone, Maybelline and I fell in love."

You ask how Solaine took it.

"Not well at first, but she came around. She even agreed to perform the wedding ceremony."

You ask if that's typical for Solaine to perform ceremonies like that.

"Her or Roi," he pours himself another cup of tea. "Roi was there with us, actually. He left early, though, when he started sneezing and coughing up a fit."

You can still ask why Maybelline wasn't with him in the first place (**go to 104**).

Or if you haven't done so yet, you can ask more about Maybelline, like if she had any enemies (**go to 56**) or if there has been anything suspicious about town (**go to 62**).

If you have no further questions for Tomlin, you can also take your leave and continue with the investigation elsewhere (**go to 105**).

75

You notice two dead shrubs that appear out of place in this manicured garden. Despite being out of the wind, they start to shake and creak, so you know something is amiss.

The shrubs uproot themselves and attack, which is about what you'd expected ([go to 64](#)).

76

You identify some of the medicinal herbs in the tea and determine it is not just safe but probably an excellent decoction for your health.

The purple flowers hanging in the windows are a bit concerning as they are wolfsbane, a dangerous nightshade normally but a potent medicine in the right hands.

Drink the tea now ([go to 103](#)) or refuse the tea anyways ([go to 86](#)).

77

You take a moment to admire the lush flowers and plants around you. A brightly colored butterfly flutters past on its way to some purple growing by the door and bees hum contentedly among some brightly colored blooms nearby. It smells sweet and green in a way that you could lose yourself in the moment.

But before you can decide to give up a life of adventure for a plot of land, the door opens with a loud click. You jump, instinctively reaching for a way to defend yourself, before you realize that it's just Tomlin. And someone else.

He is locked in a long kiss with a young woman, but sees you out of the corner of his eye and abruptly pulls away. She nearly falls with a cry before catching herself against the door frame.

Tomlin stammers a moment before reaching into the house and handing the woman a sachet of some herbal tea. "Here's the- um- medicine for your sick grandmother. If there's - uh - anything else..."

The woman has now noticed you as well and blushes. "No, no. Thank you. I'll give this to my aunt, I mean my grandmother?"

She grips the sachet tightly in her fingers and excuses herself. Tomlin offers you a sheepish smile and a half-shrug.

You can chastise the herbalist ([go to 63](#)), ask him who his guest was ([go to 52](#)), or say nothing at all ([go to 95](#)).

78

Tomlin shows you to the garden outside the back of his cottage. The lush space is a riot of color and smells, but it's also well-organized. It's more of a small farming plot than what can reasonably be called a garden.

Flowerbeds and tracts of green herbs dominate the plot while climbing vines cover trellises that make up a fence. One of the beams anchoring a far corner of the trellises has fallen over. The place smells amazing and bees lazily hum from blossom to blossom.

From here, you can examine the flowerbeds ([go to 99](#)), take a look at the fallen post ([go to 71](#)), or walk the trellis perimeter ([go to 81](#)).

79

You open the window and call out to the hunched figure, asking what it wants.

It lowers its arm, but the risen moon is behind the creature and it is obscured by shadow. All that you can tell is that it keeps its powerful form close to the rooftop bristling with hair that either worn or naturally occurring, and eyes that caught the moonlight in glints of golden yellow.

"He's mine!" it snarls with the force of a whip cracking. A low growl rumbles through the night just before the form disappears over the top edge of the rooftop. It makes no other appearance.

You're bone tired after your first full day in Langston, but the encounter has left you feeling a bit rattled. You can either try to get some more sleep ([go to 89](#)) or stay up and keep watch ([go to 55](#)).

Alternatively, you could go outside and investigate ([go to 87](#)).

80

"So I guess you're here to ask me about Maybelline?" Tomlin asks. You let him know he's correct.

The herbalist sighs and sips at his tea. Pain springs onto his handsome features and he looks past you into the middle distance.

“Maybelline and I have known each other forever, of course,” he says. “She was the queen of the marketplace and has been since she was a child I’m told. Even when running her family’s vegetable cart, she still kept everyone organized and mediated conflicts. And I’m the town’s primary medical authority. For the mundane medicine, at least. Roi and Solaine help when divine intervention becomes necessary. But still, I know everybody anyway.”

A slow, sad smile spreads across his face. “And then sometime around three months ago, something just clicked. We danced at the tavern to a bawdy song, kissed in the moonlight, and planned to wed within the month. We were just... perfect for each other.”

And then the tears start. “I’m sorry. Thank you for being here to help find whoever - or whatever - did this so that no one else would have to feel this kind of pain. It’s no wonder her parents are holing themselves up in the farm, refusing to talk to anyone. Maybelline was a bright and shining star who will be dearly missed.”

What else do you want to know?

Ask where Tomlin was the night Maybelline died ([go to 101](#)).

Ask if Maybelline had any enemies ([go to 56](#)).

Ask if Tomlin has seen anyone or anything strange around town lately ([go to 62](#)).

81

You walk around the outer edge of the garden. There’s a well-worn trail here and Tomlin seems to be moving almost mechanically. The trellis is hung with climbing vines of different varieties, some sprouting flowers and others fruits or vegetables.

The trellis uses a fairly tight lattice to form what’s functionally a wall of vegetation around Tomlin’s herb garden, offering both privacy and a sense of peace to the sizable plot of land Tomlin can call his own.

It’s a pleasant little stroll, in fact, and you can’t help wondering how many times Tomlin and Maybelline might have walked this same circuit, or with how many other women Tomlin may have done the same. The herbalist doesn’t seem to notice the beauty, but instead is checking the health of his plants, some of which appear to be worse for wear.

Roll a Wisdom (Perception) check. If you get 15 or more, [go to 75](#). If you roll less than 15, [go to 92](#).

82

Besides the clawmarks proving you’re not just imagining things, you can’t find any other clues on the rooftop.

Frustrated, you return to the inn. You climb back down off of the building and go back to your room, locking your door and window behind you.

You can now either keep watch for the creature’s return ([go to 55](#)) or try to get some sleep ([go to 89](#)).

83

Gain Inspiration.

You ask a few more questions about the night in the tavern, who was there, and what everyone was doing. A picture emerges and it sounds like Tomlin is leaving something out. There are details missing.

Ask if it really was just the menfolk ([go to 74](#)) or why Maybelline wasn’t with him ([go to 104](#)).

84

You follow the mayor’s instructions to Tomlin’s cottage on the edge of town, but you’d have recognized it regardless. The home is a single-story, multi-room building with the same timber-framed walls, a clean coat of whitewash, and good-condition clay tiles on the roof.

However, each visible window is nearly obscured by lush flowerboxes bursting with color. The entire front of the home is festooned with decorative flowers sprouting from bushes and vines. And extending off to either side are more vine-covered trellises indicating a substantial garden out back, some of which you can see between plants and the trellis.

It’s a beautiful space whose owner obviously takes great pride in maintaining, and you admire the effort that went into it if nothing else.

As you’re not sure if the herbalist, Tomlin, is expecting you, you can either knock at the door right away ([go to 100](#)) or take in more of the surroundings to see if there’s anything interesting ([go to 77](#)).

85

Tomlin resists revealing any names at first, but only slightly.

"In fact, there are at least two people I can think of," he says, then quickly raises his hands in a soothing motion. "Now these aren't so much enemies as conflicts, you understand."

You nod and he tells you what he knows.

He'd seen Maybelline and Mayor Anathram arguing, and Maybelline never argued with anyone as far as he knew. Sadly, he couldn't hear what they were saying.

And Solaine was his lover before she went on a pilgrimage. He didn't wait for her, and his love for Maybelline blossomed while Solaine was away.

"Obviously, losing me was quite the blow," Tomlin says with a crooked smile, but then he remembers himself and returns to the story without the playboy arrogance.

Solaine had shut herself up in the tower for a while before finally venturing out to administer her priestly duties. Mostly anointing of babies, blessing homes, and similar tasks. Tomlin didn't speak to her much at that time.

"Does that help at all?" Tomlin asks.

If you haven't done so yet, you can either ask about who else was at the event ([go to 74](#)) or inquire about other strange phenomena around town ([go to 62](#)).

86

The herbalist is disappointed you won't join him for a cup of tea, but he shrugs and drinks the cup he's poured for you by himself.

Despite the fact it's still steaming hot, he downs it in a single long gulp. This is a man who drinks a lot of tea ([go to 80](#)).

87

You walk over to the building where you saw the creature and look for a way up to the rooftop. The timber-walled construction offers lots of handholds, but it's not exactly a ladder and the darkness makes it more challenging.

Roll a Strength (Athletics) check to scale the wall. If you roll 12 or more, [go to 96](#). If you roll less than 12, [go to 59](#).

If you have a climb speed or the ability to fly from a spell or ability, you can also [go to 96](#).

88

As you deal the final blow to the scragling, Tomlin screams with a wild fury and he stabs at his opponent until it is splintered and broken. The rusty tines of the pitchfork are bent with the force of his blows.

He brushes his hair out of his eyes and spits on the creatures, but his easy smile is back in place when he looks back up at you.

"Well, glad that's over with," he says brightly. "Souvenir?"

He reaches down and plucks one of the severed arms with its claws still attached. He hands it to you.

Add a scragling claw to your inventory.

"Listen. I know plants but not plant creatures," he admits. "So you should take that to go and speak to Roi Sunderhammer. That's the druid."

Looking up into the sky, the day is drawing to a close, however, and you feel it's not a good idea to try to find the druid's grove in the dark given what you've learned today. You decide to go to the inn for a good night's sleep, and maybe recover from the challenges of the day so far.

You start to say goodbye to Tomlin when he shushes you.

"Before you go," he says. "Please join me in the cottage."

You follow him inside ([go to 72](#)).

89

Despite the scare you just had, you see it as just another day in the life of a hero for hire. You check that the door and window are locked, draw the curtains, and crawl back into bed.

In the dark with just the sound of your own beating heart, it's harder than you had thought to find sleep.

Roll either a Constitution or Wisdom saving throw. If you get 12 or more, get the benefits of a long rest. If you get under 12, only get the benefits of a short rest.

When dawn breaks, you climb out of bed and prepare for the day ([go to 107](#)).

90

The herbalist is doing a poor job of hiding his amusement as you carefully examine the tea.

Roll a Wisdom (Medicine) check. Expend 1 use of a healer's kit to gain advantage.

If you get 15 or more, [go to 76](#). If you get less than 15, [go to 50](#).

91

Now that you've had the chance to be in town for a while, you sense that there is something odd about Langston, but it has nothing to do with its building and its people. The whole area is permeated in powerful magic, so strong that you can sense its presence even without the conscious act of it.

You suspect that whatever effect you're experiencing will overpower your ability to detect magic, possibly to the point of harming you. You can test this assumption by detecting magic with a spell or ability ([go to 70](#)) or not detect magic while in or around Langston and continue on your way to the herbalist ([go to 84](#)).

92

As you walk past flowers and vines thriving along the fence and trellis, you stumble across a couple of parched and dead-looking shrubs.

You have barely enough time to register how out of place these are when the two form into small, woody humanoids and attack.

You are surprised for the first round and cannot move or take any actions ([go to 64](#)).

93

Gain the benefits of a short rest.

You wake with moonlight streaming in the window. It's a beautiful clear night, but you feel the back of your neck prickle. After walking to the window, you look across cobblestone streets to the roof of the neighboring building.

A hunched, hairy shape is silhouetted against the night sky and limned with moonlight. Though its face is obscured in shadows, its eyes burn with a

golden fire. Whatever it is extends a long powerful arm in your direction. And waits.

The rooftop is across the street and angled slightly upwards from your second-story room

You can open the window and call out to the creature ([go to 79](#)), call out for help ([go to 53](#)), or charge outside to attack the beast ([go to 94](#)).

94

Gain Inspiration.

You bolt out the door and thunder down the stairs, bursting out the front door to scan the skyline.

But the creature is gone. When you turn around, the innkeeper is standing at the threshold in a nightgown holding up a lantern in one hand. He's staring at you with visible concern.

Assure him everything is fine, return to your room, and go back to sleep ([go to 89](#)). Or return to your room, bar the doors, and keep watch ([go to 55](#)).

Alternatively, you could tell him to go back inside before you investigate where you last saw the monster ([go to 87](#)).

95

Gain Inspiration.

You stay stony-faced and silent. The awkward moment stretches between you two until it breaks.

"You must be here from the mayor," the herbalist says finally. "Come on in. I'm sure you have questions."

He steps into his cottage, holding the door open for you ([go to 69](#)).

96

The rooftop is quite easy to navigate once you're up there and you're able to reach the location where you saw the creature easily enough. What appears to be long claw marks indicate the space very clearly, but there aren't any claw marks anywhere else.

You look around for any other clues that might point you toward who - or what - you're dealing with.

Roll an Intelligence (Investigation) check. If you get 10 or more, [go to 68](#). If you get less than 10, [go to 82](#).

97

You carefully examine the tea, especially its color and aroma.

Roll an Intelligence (Nature) check. If you get 15 or more, **go to 76**. If you get under 15, **go to 50**.

98

Tomlin is clearly hiding something, but what isn't clear. What is clear is that he's not giving up the information.

If you haven't done so yet, you can either ask about who else was at the event (**go to 74**) or inquire about other strange phenomena around town (**go to 62**).

99

Upon closer inspection, some of the flowers are dug up or damaged. So are some of the herbs.

Tomlin cradles some of the damaged plants, murmuring to them as if they were sick kittens. Something has clearly been causing havoc here.

Roll a Wisdom (Survival) check. If you get 15 or more, **go to 61**. If you roll less than 15, **go to 73**.

100

You knock on the door and hear muffled voices and what sounds like heavy furniture moving around. After waiting a few seconds, it goes silent and you're about to knock again when the door opens from beneath your knuckles to the startled faces of Tomlin and a young woman.

Both have tousled hair and red faces, but Tomlin speaks up first. "I saw you at the service last night, didn't I? What- What can I do for you?"

You let him know that the mayor has hired you to look into his beloved's death.

"If you'd excuse me," says the woman. "I'd best be going."

"Don't forget the medicine!" Tomlin calls out with a sachet of dried herbs in his hand, cutting a look toward you. "For your aunt!"

"I'd nearly forgotten," she says and takes the packet gingerly. "Thank you."

She takes the medicine and hurries down the street while Tomlin visibly works out what to say next.

You can criticize the herbalist (**go to 63**), ask him who was visiting (**go to 52**), or say nothing at all (**go to 95**).

101

When you ask Tomlin where he was on the night of Maybelline's death, a dark flash of anger crosses his face. However, his expression quickly dissolves into shame.

"I was... with friends," he says. "Oh no! Not that kind of friend! I was having a drink at the tavern, and it got a little out of hand. Maybelline and I had a whirlwind courtship, so there was no stag party. That night became it."

When you ask if anyone else can confirm that, he rattles off a bunch of names. He has a dozen or more people from around town who can confirm he was there until dawn.

Roll either an Intelligence (Investigate) or Wisdom (Insight) check. If you roll 10 or more on Investigate, **go to 83**. If you roll 10 or more on Insight, **go to 60**. If you roll less than 10 on your check, **go to 66**.

102

You and Tomlin clearly identify two more of the plant-like monsters. Hunkered down among the cultivated plants, they look exactly like shrubs. What sets them apart is that they are the only things not lustrous and green here.

The scraplings cannot stay here, so you advance on them ready for a fight (**go to 64**).

103

It's an invigorating blend, unlike anything you've ever tried before. Despite the bitter aroma, the decoction itself is earthy and a little sweet.

Gain the benefits of a short rest.

You let Tomlin know that the tea is really very good.

"Thank you. It's an old family recipe used to give us stamina. It's best to drink it when the mix is fresh, so I didn't see any point in wasting it just because you paid a visit."

You look over, and it seems he's finally overcome his embarrassment and eyeing you with a sly smile. You look at the cup for a moment.

"Oh no. Just stamina. Nothing... mood enhancing. So shall we get started?"

You agree to begin as you set aside your empty teacup ([go to 80](#)).

104

Tomlin looks down into his teacup, swirling the yellow-green liquid and watching the bits of leaves at the end spin.

"I had plans to meet people that night - a childhood friend is having some marital woes and needed an ear to bend - but I would have loved to be with Maybelline, too, She just is ... was... superstitious. She didn't go out at night when the moon is full. Thought it was an evil omen."

He looks up at you, eyes glistening with tears. "Turns out she was right."

The silence stretches out, only interrupted by the occasional birdsong outside or a bubble bursting in the filtration system.

"I miss her so much," Tomlin finally says. "Never thought I had it in me to settle down with just one woman, especially not a farmer's daughter from the town where I've lived all my life. But that's what happened anyway, and despite my reputation."

The herbalist's voice catches and he wipes a few tears from each eye before asking if there's anything else you might need to know from him.

If you haven't asked yet, you can confirm that it was just him and his friends at the tavern ([go to 74](#)).

Alternatively, you can either ask about Maybelline's enemies ([go to 56](#)), inquire about any other strange happenings around town ([go to 62](#)), or say goodbye and continue your investigation elsewhere in town ([go to 105](#)).

105

You say that Tomlin has been very helpful so far and you get up to leave.

Tomlin clears his throat as you ready yourself to go. "Before you move on, adventurer. There is something going on here that I'm worried is

related to Maybelline's death. The past few nights something has been tearing up the garden, destroying months of cultivation. And there are strange, clawed prints in the soil many mornings."

You ask what you could possibly do to help.

"Well, obviously I'm a lover," he says. "Not a fighter. Please check the garden before you go?"

He seems genuinely earnest and fearful, so you feel as though you should check it out ([go to 78](#)).

106

You make your way back through town after a very eventful day. The occasional point of whispered conversation trails in your wake, but you are left to your own thoughts as you make your way back to the inn.

It's been an eventful day in the life of the traveling adventurer. You've been hired to flush out and eliminate an unknown killer by Mayor Anathram and her terrifying pet.

You have also met with the emotionally needy - and possibly unstable - fiancé of the victim. You then narrowly avoided becoming fertilizer in his garden at the hands of a pair of scaplings.

So you arrive back to the inn to get some rest after as the sun is just starting to dip into the west. You take a hot meal upstairs with you where you eat and ready yourself for a long rest.

If tomorrow is anything like today, you feel you will need all the rest you can get ([go to 93](#)).

107

A cold breakfast is just outside the door to your room, which you eat as you go. The common room is empty and the streets are quiet. The wagon laden with flowers from the funeral still sits outside of the inn.

You remind yourself of your purpose here and head out of town to speak to the druid. You get the path to the druid's grove marked on your map before leaving town ([go to 108](#)).

CHAPTER 3: SPEAKING TO ROI

108

You leave from the southwest and cross the river onto a seldom-used dirt road. You walk along the road until you reach the path leading into the druid's grove. The path to the grove winds through old-growth forest. It's beautiful and peaceful beyond your expectations. Shafts of sunlight pierce the canopy to dapple a forest floor of pillowy moss. Everything is rich brown and shining green.

But something is wrong.

Silence hangs over the wood like a shroud. No birds are singing. No insects are humming in the undergrowth. Not even the distant caw of a raven breaks the stillness. Something is very wrong.

You walk through the eerily quiet wood. Sunlight jabs through the canopy, creating little pools of light everywhere. But the lack of sound is unnerving. You go into the woods anyway ([go to 122](#)).



109

Success! You and the druid uncover a patch of wild sage and you harvest enough to brew a tea.

Add sage to your inventory.

Next, you need to search out some hornwort ([go to 120](#)).

110

The wolf looks quizzically at you, clearly confused about what to do next but also not attacking. It flicks its ears and appears lost in thought.

If you have any rations in your pack, you could offer some food to the wolf ([go to 145](#)).

Alternatively, you could try to communicate with the wolf by speaking to it normally ([go to 134](#)) or with a spell or ability allowing you to speak with animals ([go to 118](#)).

111

Tomlin sees your point and agrees and gives you the herb for free.

Add hornwort to your inventory.

Tomlin also has sage ([go to 114](#)) and wolfsbane ([go to 157](#)) if you need either one.

Or if you have all the herbs you need, you can go back to the druid's grove ([go to 140](#)).

112

You try to convince Tomlin of the importance of the herb, and that given everything you've done for him so far that you shouldn't have to pay.

Roll Charisma (Persuasion) check. If you get 12 or more, [go to 111](#). If you get less than 12, [go to 142](#).

113

The wolf stares at you for a moment then starts to vibrate. Its form starts to soften, and the bones and muscles move. And then with a sneeze, all motion stops. The druid nods and then stares impatiently at you.

You can try to find the herbs yourself ([go to 146](#)) or go back to town and get them from Tomlin ([go to 127](#)).

114

"I have some sage growing in the garden, but part of the trellis has fallen into that plot," Tomlin says. But he hands you a hammer and some nails. "But many hands make light work. If you could help fix that bit of fence, you can take as much sage as you want."

He leads you out to the garden and to the place that needs repairs. He can't stay and help, though, as he has something very delicate brewing and he needs to stay near his filtration system.

Roll a Dexterity check or a proficiency check with carpenter's tools. If you get 10 or more, [go to 121](#). If you get less than 10, [go to 148](#).

115

The blood loss is just too much. You collapse. You're just so tired. You just need to take a little rest before you continue on... You just close your eyes for a moment, knowing for sure you'll be fine after just a short rest.

You are dead.

116

As you emerge into the clearing, you lose sight of the wolf behind the rocky outcropping for a moment. You're moving cautiously but slip and scuffle on some loose gravel underfoot. You glance down at the offending patch of ground and when you look up, the wolf has vanished.

Panicking for a moment, you look behind you and all around the clearing, but you cannot spot the animal anywhere.

Then the wolf trots out from behind the rocky outcropping, its muzzle covered in the blood of whatever - or whoever - it had been eating. It looks at you intently and stretches.

Then the blood-stained animal stands still, neither advancing nor running away.

From here you can either try to communicate with the wolf ([go to 110](#)) or attack it ([go to 130](#)).

117

Despite the interruption, you eventually manage to get back to sleep.

Get the benefits of a long rest.

You wake up not entirely rested, but better off than last night. As you're getting ready for your day, there's a knock at the door.

Answer the door ([go to 128](#)), draw a weapon and answer the door ([go to 162](#)), or ignore the knocking ([go to 132](#)).

118

You open your mouth to speak, but the wolf cuts you off.

"Oh thank the gods," it says in a gravelly voice you're sure you've heard before. "You've come at just the right time, adventurer. Please, visit the herbalist Tomlin. Ask him for a polypox cure. He'll know what to do, and I'll help you with whatever you need when I'm myself again."

You ask him who he is.

"Well, I'm the druid of this grove," he says, barking out a laugh. "Roi Sunderhamer. Normally a dwarf, but since I seem to be down with a case of polypox, I seem to have even more hair than usual. But let's get down to it. I don't know how long this spell of yours will last, and it's taking a lot of effort besides. The blasted polypox is making it hard to think in terms of language."

Gain Inspiration.

The druid in the form of a shaggy wolf goes silent but keeps his attention focused on you ([go to 158](#)).

119

You see no threats, but a threat sees you.

You are attacked by a tiny creature that looks like the largest mosquito you've ever seen. It drops out of one of the trees on leathery wings and lunges at you with its long sharp proboscis and six clawed feet.

It is a stirge and it has surprised you by hiding in a nearby tree, so you may not move or take any actions on the first round of combat ([go to 144](#)).

120

The druid leads you to a shallow pond that you never would have noticed without him. This looks like a great place to find wild hornwort. You wade into the water searching for the medicinal weed.

Roll a Wisdom (Survival) or Intelligence (Nature) check with advantage as Roi is helping. If you get 12 or more, **go to 131**. If you get less than 12, **go to 149**.

121

You are able to get the trellis fixed in short order. Tomlin appears just as you're putting the last nail into the lattice.

Add sage to your inventory.

If you still need it, you can get hornwort (**go to 159**) or wolfsbane (**go to 157**).

Or if you have all the herbs you need, **go to 140**.

122

You move unbothered south along the path through the silent woods. Eventually, you reach a clearing. At first you wonder if it's the druid's grove, but it's just a place where the trees have given grass a little room to grow.

This seems like a good place to stop for a moment and have a drink from your waterskin, but you do a quick spot-check for threats first.

Roll an Intelligence (Nature) or Wisdom (Perception) check. If you get 15 or more, **go to 155**. If you get less than 15, **go to 119**.

123

You strike the wolf one last time and it collapses into the grass of the clearing. It struggles to rise once before collapsing back into the grass.

But then its fur starts to recede. Muscle and sinew warp and shift until there is now an equally battered red-haired dwarf lying in its place. Fortunately, it is not a naked dwarf. His clothes seem to grow out of his skin as he changes, buckles and all.

You leap forward to lend aid, but you stop short when he starts roaring with laughter.

"Did you know?" he asks, wiping tears of mirth from his eyes.

Your puzzled expression says it all, and he laughs even harder. He whispers a short incantation as he lays a hand over his more serious wounds. A green glow seeps from between his fingers as he breathes a sigh of relief.

"Better to be lucky than good, eh?" he says, giving your shoulder a stinging slap. "Never would have occurred to me that if I killed the wolf's body, I'd return to my own. Guess it didn't really occur to you either."

You're about to reply when the dwarf belts out yet another one of those laughs. You figure it's best to let him finish (**go to 129**).

124

You return to the inn for a well-deserved rest after a very busy day. You eat a hearty meal alone in the common room before falling into an exhausted sleep.

You are troubled by dreams as you sleep. In one, you are attacked by rosebushes that claw at you with their thorns. In another, you are running through the streets on Langston on all fours.

In a third, you see the hulking shape that woke you before as it watched you from a nearby rooftop. It bears down on you, but you cross over into a shaft of sunlight.

As the dark beast reaches into the light for you, it starts to crack and crumble. Just as it's about to become visible, you wake up with a start.

You lie in your bed at the inn. You are alone in the room, and there is nothing outside of the window.

You may either try to go back to sleep (**go to 117**) or get up to keep watch (**go to 160**).

125

You and the druid work together to find wild sage.

Roll a Wisdom (Survival) or Intelligence (Nature) with advantage as the druid is helping.

If you roll 10 or more, **go to 109**. If you roll less than 10, **go to 152**.

126

Roi says that the herbalist will certainly have it. There's no rush to get back to him with the cure,

but don't be surprised if it's the four-legged version of himself you meet when you return ([go to 127](#)).

127

You return to Tomlin's cottage to get any herbs you're missing for the polypox cure.

When you arrive, you knock and Tomlin answers alone. You tell him about the polypox cure and let him know that you need sage, hornwort, and wolfsbane for Roi.

"Ah, well, that shouldn't be too hard," he says with a broad smile. "Which one do you need?"

If you want to get sage, [go to 114](#). If you still need hornwort, [go to 159](#). Or if you're missing wolfsbane, [go to 157](#).

128

You open the door to the innkeeper carrying a steaming tray. He gives you your breakfast and asks if you're doing well.

The sun cleric was in the tavern last night. She was asking after you then and today. Will you be visiting her today? She has asked that you come to the temple. It seems that people in town have been talking, and she thinks she can help. You also have this from the mayor's office. He places a note among your dishes.

You thank the innkeeper for the message and the breakfast. You eat as you read the note ([go to 164](#)).

129

Roi the druid laughs for a solid minute.

"I don't know if you're the smartest or the luckiest adventurer in the world," he says. "But I thank the stars for your help in returning me to my original form. Never thought I'd miss my tangled beard so much!"

You stammer for a moment before he claps you on the back a little too hard.

"You're all right, adventurer," he booms, then lets out a sneeze that echoes. "But I'm afraid my relief may be short-lived. I've got polypox, a terrible disease for shapeshifters that makes it impossible to hold our shape. It's not usually dangerous, but it's been known to cause some pretty nasty fevers, even to the point of delirium. It's all here."

He hands you a piece of paper. *Add polypox cure to your inventory.*

As if to prove his point, he breaks out into a sneezing fit. With each outburst of air, Roi's features shift subtly. His hair bristles, his ears sharpen into points, and his face elongates slightly. Once it stops, he shakes himself like a wet dog and returns to normal.

"Lucky for me, that cure's pretty simple: a tea of steeped hornwort, sage, and wolfsbane should do the trick. You can find these here in the woods if you know where to look or get them from Tomlin in town. If you can help me with that, I can help you with whatever it is you came to me for."

Then Roi starts to sneeze, but this time he doesn't stop. He keeps sneezing, violently and with a shake each time, as more of his dwarven appearance fades and the wolf's appearance reasserts itself.

You back up, knowing that you probably can't catch the illness but not taking any chances.

With one final sneeze and a shiver, the same shaggy, reddish wolf is looking up at you. Roi sits on its haunches and whines.

Search for the herbs nearby ([go to 146](#)) or go to the herbalist ([go to 127](#)).

130

The wolf straightens for a moment then seems to... smile. Then it puts its head down and attacks, tail wagging furiously, and charges you.

If the wolf drops to 0 hp, [go to 123](#). If you drop to 0 hp, [go to 141](#).

REDDISH WOLF

Medium Beast, Unaligned

Armor Class 11 (natural armor)

Hit Points 11

Speed 40 ft.

Initiative +2

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
12 (+1)	15 (+2)	12 (+1)	12 (+1)	17 (+3)	14 (+2)

ACTIONS

Bite. +2 to hit. 2 (1d4 + 1) piercing damage.



131

You manage to find hornwort in the pond. You harvest enough for the cure and set them in your pack.

Add hornwort to your inventory.

Next, you need to find some wolfsbane ([go to 133](#)).

132

You do not respond to the knock and you eventually hear the sound of crockery getting thunked down on the floor. The smell of salted pork and what seems to be a sweet potato porridge wafts up from under the door.

You retrieve your breakfast and start to eat. On your tray is a small note written in a tight, controlled hand that you read while you break your fast ([go to 164](#)).

133

Wolfsbane should be in season, but given its toxic nature, it's unlikely the Roi cultivates it growing near the grove. You may have to find a sunny clearing somewhere further into the woods.

Roll a Wisdom (Survival) or Intelligence (Nature) check with advantage as the druid is helping. If you get 15 or more, [go to 154](#). If you get less than 15, [go to 139](#).

134

The wolf in the Druid's grove seems unusually intent on you and responsive to your actions. You wonder out loud if it can understand you.

It nods.

You ask who - or what - the wolf is and why it can understand you.

It trots over to the living area under the rock outcropping and noses around a pile of tattered clothes. A moment later, it comes trotting back with a wooden druidic holy symbol. It drops the symbol at your feet.

You have found the druid ([go to 158](#)).

135

Gain Inspiration.

"I can't rightly say when I got sick," he says. "But I'm pretty sure I started feeling a bit sniffly around

the new moon. Took a couple weeks to start sneezing and changing, though."

You continue questioning Roi about whether or not he has any amnesia.

"Far as I can tell, there's no gaps in my memory. Wasn't even sneezing or anything by the time the moon was full. Only just today did he have the first uncontrollable change."

"Am I a suspect now?" But he doesn't wait for an answer, just throws his head back and laughs.

You ask if the polypox has anything to do with werewolves, then.

"A werewolf - any lycanthrope - can definitely get polypox, but can just be a carrier. It's tough to say. But I do know it's a bloodborne disease, and I haven't been fighting anything with fur these past months. Probably that old stirge in the woods infected me. It got me pretty good one time."

Finally, you ask if Maybelline died on the night of the full moon.

"Now that you mention it, yes. That young lady died right around then. Maybe even on the night of the full moon. So you may be on to something there."

From here you can ask Roi more about the scrapling claw you took from Tomlin's house ([go to 163](#)) or say goodbye and return to town for a rest ([go to 124](#)).

136

You don't have any money to pay for the herb, but you barter something from your pack to get it.

Remove an item worth at least 5 sp from your inventory. Add hornwort to your inventory

You can still get sage ([go to 114](#)) or wolfsbane ([go to 157](#)) if you don't have them yet.

Or if you have all the herbs you need, you can go back to the druid's grove ([go to 140](#)).

137

Gain Inspiration.

As you approach, the large wolf goes back to chewing at something bloody in the grass. The wolf does not seem to be aware of your presence as you get closer, but you can see that the wolf's meal is a dead rabbit.

There is also something odd about the wolf's movements. It is going about eating the rabbit gingerly, as if not used to the taste, even whimpering a little. And it seems to be avoiding the choicest innards for the meatier haunches.

You know something has to be wrong when the wolf returns to the druid's home and takes a jar off the rough-hewn table. It then places the jar next to the rabbit, stares at it for a moment, and then kicks white granules from the jar onto the carcass. The beast takes another bite, visibly shrugs, and goes back to eating the rabbit.

It was salt. The wolf just seasoned its meal.

You can surprise attack the wolf (**go to 151**) or make your presence known (**go to 156**).

138

Gain Inspiration.

You knock the little bloodsucker out of the air. It falls to the ground, twitches a couple times and then lies still.

This clearing still seems like a good place to take a rest. As you rest, however, the sound does not return to the woods. The stirge was not the cause of the unease.

Gain the benefits of a short rest.

When you are ready to move on, you continue on towards the druid's grove (**go to 150**).

139

You search everywhere, but you can't find the wolfsbane you need.

To get the wolfsbane and any other ingredients that are still missing, go to Tomlin in town (**go to 127**).

140

When you arrive in the grove, Roi is waiting for you in wolf form.

He helps you find a battered teapot in his kitchen cubby and you brew him a tea from the medicinal herbs.

Looking for a teacup, you can't find one and just pour the steaming, bitter brew into a bowl of questionable cleanliness. This doesn't seem to bother the druid, as he laps up the medicine. After

finishing the bowl, the druid lies down, and you follow suit finding a comfortable place on the ground to sit.

After about an hour or so, the wolf's form starts to ripple and shift. Roi gets up and paces, a low whine escaping his throat. With a rustling sound like wind in tall grass, the fur recedes back into his skin. His limbs groan and pop as they shorten and twist back into his natural shape. Eventually, Roi ceases to be a wolf and changes into the dwarf who smiles broadly at you despite a red nose and watery eyes.

"Ah that's so much better," he says, wiping his nose with his sleeve. "Snot and all. That's a first for me. Polypox isn't easy to catch. It's a bloodborne disease, and while there was that elderly stirge in the wood after being abandoned by its swarm, it couldn't have gone far. So there was some other shapeshifter nearby that passed the disease. Maybe some doppelganger traveling in disguise or a lycan-thrope passing through one night. Must be slipping."

He thanks you profusely and says he wants to return the favor with a gift. He unclasps the silver starburst brooch on his chest. And presents it to you.

"This is the Silverstar," he says. "A gift from an old cleric friend of mine, Solaine's predecessor at the temple. Since we druids have problems removing curses, he thought it would be helpful. Still haven't used it, but maybe you can find a use for it."

Add Silverstar to your inventory.



SILVERSTAR

Created by holy orders to protect common folk and monster hunters alike, the Silverstar is a rare wondrous item. It has a single charge of *remove curse* within it with a range of touch. When used, the Silverstar glows brightly and discharges star-like motes of energy.

Casting *remove curse* on the star recharges it. It can only hold one charge at a time. This item requires attunement.

The druid is happy to have you back anytime you need anything, but at the moment he badly needs a rest. Before you return to Langston you can ask him a few last questions.

Ask Roi about the scapling claw ([go to 163](#)) or ask Roi if he had polypox before or after Maybelline's death ([go to 135](#)).

141

Though the wolf has been unusually slow and clumsy you think, it still manages to bite and scratch you into the ground. You black out...

But that is not the end. After an unknown period of darkness, you come to with a gasp. In front of you, you see an injured dwarf with red hair pulling his hands back from you.

You feel the fading tingle of healing magic, and you know now that you've found the druid. You're feeling as groggy as expected following a near-death experience. The dwarf before you also seems to have been in a fight, even clutching an obviously broken arm to his side.

You are now at 1 hp.

At the sight of your confusion, he belly laughs loud enough to echo off the trees.

"You're half lucky, adventurer," he says. "Stroke of accidental genius trying to kill me like that!"

It dawns on you that this is the wolf you fought. The realization must have shown on your face because the dwarf nods and grins.

"But only half lucky because even when I was pulling my punches, I managed to put you down. Still got it, eh? Eh?" He bobs and weaves behind upraised fists before wincing and cradling his broken arm again. "But you helped me figure out that if I killed the wolf, I'd return. Not an ideal solution, but it did the trick."

He starts laughing again ([go to 129](#)).

142

Tomlin is kind and apologetic, but he insists that you need to pay.

Pay Tomlin 1 sp for the herb ([go to 153](#)) or trade something worth at least 5 sp for the herb ([go to 136](#)).

143

You slip off the trail and into the nearby woods, taking care to keep yourself hidden and stepping on the soft moss.

As you approach the grove, your position shifts to reveal the wolf chewing at something in the grass.

Then even at this distance, you hear the crackling and crunching of breaking bones. The wolf raises its head, its muzzle bloody and a ragged strip of flesh in its teeth. It swallows without really chewing and renews its unseen meal.

To try to sneak up on the wolf, roll a Dexterity (Stealth) check at disadvantage. If you roll 13 or higher, [go to 137](#). If you roll less than 13, [go to 116](#).

Alternatively, you could just approach the wolf ([go to 156](#)) or attack it ([go to 151](#)).

144

The stirge is some unholy union between bat and mosquito, but it also looks worse for wear. Its wings are haggard and there are some ragged edges about it.

Lacking color, the tiny creature is obviously ravenous. It fights you to the death.

If you reduce the stirge to 0 hp, [go to 138](#). If you drop to 0 hp, [go to 115](#).



ELDERLY STIRGE

Tiny Beast, Unaligned

Armor Class 14 (natural armor)

Hit Points 2

Speed 10 ft., fly 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
4 (-3)	14 (+2)	11 (+0)	2 (-4)	13 (+1)	14 (+2)

Initiative +3

ACTIONS

Blood Drain. +4 to hit. 1d4 + 2 (3) piercing damage.

If the elderly stirge rolls a 20 on an attack roll, it does not do critical damage. Instead, the elderly stirge does 1 additional point of blood drain. After draining 3 HP worth of blood, it tries to escape the fight.

145

You pull some rations out of your pack and put it on the ground for the wolf to eat.

Remove 1 ration from your inventory. Gain Inspiration.

The wolf sniffs at what you've offered and then takes a bite. It nods in appreciation as it snaps and snuffles through the meal. When it finishes, it sits on its haunches licking its lips and nodding. It looks to you expectantly.

Use a spell or ability to speak with animals ([go to 118](#)) or just speak to the wolf normally ([go to 134](#)).

146

The wolf motions with its head to follow and leads you to a patch of woods where it sits down and yips.

Clearly, this is where you're meant to start. As you approach, the druid starts sniffing at the ground, so he's clearly here to help. His heightened senses will probably be valuable in finding what he needs, and you're there to help him harvest the ingredients.

You start by looking for sage ([go to 125](#)).

147

Under Tomlin's watchful eye, you manage to safely collect the wolfsbane.

Add wolfsbane to your inventory.

If you're still missing an herb for the cure, you can still get sage ([go to 114](#)) or hornwort ([go to 159](#)).

Or if you have everything you need, you can return to the druid's grove ([go to 140](#)).

148

You manage to get the sage, but it was not an easy build and you are battered, bruised, and scraped.

Add sage to your inventory. Take 1 damage.

If you still need more herbs, you can get hornwort ([go to 159](#)) or wolfsbane ([go to 157](#)) from Tomlin.

Or if you have all the herbs you need, [go to 140](#).

149

Despite your best efforts, you can't find the hornwort you need. You just get wet.

But you haven't looked for wolfsbane yet ([go to 133](#)).



150

After twisting and turning a little way through the woods and calming down after your run-in with the stirge, you reach the edge of the trees above what could only be the druid's home.

The woods open up into a pasture dotted with wildflowers. A craggy outcropping of stone juts up from the center, and it looks like there's a small kitchen area set up under an overhang along with a hammock, a table, and a chest. It looks like a naturally occurring lean-to or a cottage with most of the walls missing. The druid is nowhere to be seen, however.

You can clearly see that the grove is occupied, however. Near the outcropping, you can see a medium-sized wolf. The animal is stocky and slightly red in color and hasn't noticed you yet, though it raises its head to sniff at the air from time to time.

Try to sneak into the grove ([go to 143](#)). Just stride into the grove ([go to 156](#)).

151

You catch the ferocious animal by surprise. When you go to the next section, the wolf cannot move or take any actions in the first round of combat ([go to 130](#)).

152

Despite your best efforts, you can't find the wild sage you need.

But you haven't looked for hornwort yet ([go to 120](#)).

153

Add hornwort to your inventory. Remove 1 sp from your inventory.

Tomlin thanks you very much for your understanding.

If you still need them, you can still get sage ([go to 159](#)) or wolfsbane ([go to 157](#)).

Or if you have all the herbs you need, you can go back to Roi's grove ([go to 140](#)).

154

You managed to find the wolfsbane and carefully collect a number of parts of the plant carefully to not get any of the toxins into your eyes or face.

Add wolfsbane to your inventory.

If you've collected all the ingredients for the polypox cure, Roi in wolf form darts ahead of you to the grove ([go to 140](#)). If you are missing ingredients, then you can get what's missing from Tomlin in town while Roi remains here ([go to 127](#)).

155

Lounging in a nearby tree, you see a single tiny beast. With leathery wings folded over a rounded body, its long sharp proboscis dips as it dozes. It's holding itself in the tree with clawed legs.

It's a stirge, and while it hadn't noticed you enter the clearing, it sees you now. Remarkably, however, you have a clear shot.

If you have a ranged attack, you can attack once with advantage as a surprise round. It approaches within melee range in the first round ([go to 144](#)).

156

You enter the grove without any attempt to hide your presence. This druid clearly enjoys the sun as the grove is a large clearing. Clumps of flowers - both wild and cultivated - surround dot the space and the stone outcropping-turned-cabin stands at the center of the natural beauty around you.

As you approach, the wolf - much more powerful-looking up close - stalks into view from behind the druid's home. Its head is down and its hackles are up, but it's not baring its teeth at you. As you and the wolf look at each other, you also see that its muzzle is smeared and speckled with what appears to be fresh blood.

You can either approach the wolf peacefully ([go to 110](#)) or attack it ([go to 130](#)).

157

"Ah, I have lots of dried wolfsbane, but I can't handle it right now." Tomlin shows you a bandaged hand. "Hurt myself in the fight against the scraplings. That's a poisonous flower and I wouldn't want to get any of its toxins in an open wound."

Instead, he leads you to his cottage and points at the bundles of the flower drying in the window, inviting you to collect some yourself.

Roll an Intelligence (Medicine) or Dexterity check. If you get 15 or more, [go to 147](#). If you get less than 15, [go to 161](#).

158

You ask the druid to revert back to his dwarven shape, but he woefully shakes his head.

He trots towards the home built under the outcropping, clearly requesting you follow. The inside is as joyfully sloppy as the dwarf himself. The druid in wolf form pads around for a few minutes until he jams his snout into a box of scrolls.

After gingerly lifting a few out and unfurling them, the druid places a paw on one.

You read:

POLYPOX; OR, DOPPLEGANGER'S CURSE

Polypox is a bloodborne disease that affects those who can innately change their shape - doppelgangers, dragons if they contract it, and even unfortunate members of Druidic Circles. It causes sporadic, uncontrollable shapeshifts that persist as long as the disease itself, which can last weeks before recovery.

In extreme cases, delirium and even memory loss can occur.

Following the description of the disease, there's a recipe for a decoction including wolfsbane, sage, and hornwort. You ask if these herbs grow nearby, and the druid nods. You also ask if the herbalist will have them, and get another emphatic nod.

You ask if you can take this page from the book and the wolf nods.

Add polypox cure to your inventory.

Ask if the druid is sure it's polypox (**go to 113**).

You could either look for the herbs yourself (**go to 146**) or get them from the herbalist (**go to 127**).

159

As hornwort is an aquatic plant, Tomlin can't grow it himself and needs to get some from his stock. He's expecting a shipment, but it's in high demand. He asks that you help him cover the costs of collecting the herb.

Pay Tomlin 1 sp for the herb (**go to 153**) or trade something worth at least 5 sp for the herb (**go to 136**).

If you don't want to pay, however, you can also try to persuade Tomlin to give it to you for free (**go to 112**).

160

It's an uneventful night. You don't get nearly as much rest as you would have liked.

Get the benefits of a short rest. Gain Inspiration.

Once the sun has risen, someone starts knocking at the door.

Answer the door (**go to 128**), draw a weapon before opening the door (**go to 162**), or ignore the knocking (**go to 132**).

161

Though you're not entirely sure how you did it, you managed to get some of the wolfsbane in your mouth.

Roll a Constitution save. If you roll 12 or more, you suffer no ill effects. If you rolls less than 12, you are poisoned until you make a successful save. You may re-attempt the save after any short rest or long rest.

Note that when you are poisoned you have disadvantage on attack rolls and ability checks. You can roll another Constitution save after a long rest. If you roll 12 or more on your save, you are no longer poisoned. If you get less than 12, you can re-roll your save after drinking an anti-toxin.

"Oh, bad luck," Tomlin says. "The general store also has anti-toxin for sale. I'd give you some, but I'm all out."

Add wolfsbane to your inventory.

If you go to the general store here or at any other time, remember to note the section you're coming from.

If you need sage (**go to 114**) or hornwort (**go to 159**), Tomlin still has both.

Or if you have everything you need, you can return to Roi to help cure his polypox (**go to 140**).

162

Weapon in hand, you throw the door open.

You scare the innkeeper and he nearly drops the tray with your breakfast on it.

After he hands you your food, he stands around for a moment. When you ask if there's anything else, he says that there was something that he wanted to say but can't remember. Seems you scared the wits out of him.

He's just stumbling out the door when he remembers that the mayor sent you a message. You take the paper out of his trembling hand, reading it while you eat and the innkeeper escapes your room (**go to 164**).

163

You ask if this could have been the killer, and Roi shakes his head.

"Not a chance. This is a wee little thing. You should look at what's left of the girl. You'll see that these poor victims were mauled by some beasts much larger than this."

But this could still be of some use. He asks for the claw.

You hand it over and Roi binds it with some leather from nearby, chanting softly in the Druidic language as he goes. Light-yellow motes of energy coalesce around the limb whose claws are now tightly bound in a leather strap.

He hands you the dismembered limb. The scrapling claw will act as a magic *club +1* for the next week. At the end of the week, however, its magic will fade.

“I hope that helps you for a bit, adventurer,” Roi says. “Now until I see you next, I must rest.”

If you haven’t asked yet, you can still find out when he got sick (**go to 135**). Or if you want to give him some rest, you can return to the inn to also get some rest (**go to 124**).

164

The note is a square piece of paper with neatly cut edges.

There is a new lead that you will need to follow. Come to town hall.

Checking both sides of the paper, there is nothing else (**go to 165**).

CHAPTER 4: HELPING MAYOR ANATHRAM

165

After you've eaten, you make your way once again to the town hall. As you make the trip, you feel like you're starting to see the rhythm of life here in Langston.

You're seeing many of the same going to and coming from the market. Craftspeople of all kinds quietly go about their business. If not for an undercurrent of fear seen in the occasional jump start or a furtive look over a shoulder, Langston could be mistaken for any of the other sleepy towns that dot the land.

But it's not. It's a place where killers walk the streets at night, beasts invade gardens by day, and druids are trapped within their own powers. And now there's something else (**go to 193**).

166

The doorframe splintered around the lock as you forced the door open.

"What in the hells was that?" yells a man's voice from the next room over.

You advance quickly down the hall, readying yourself for a fight. As you round the corner, you barge into the house's parlor.

"You!" shouts the mayor, though you can't really tell with what emotion. "Horace. Titch. This is my investigator."

"For the girl, eh?" says the tall lean one.

*Roll a Charisma (Persuasion) check at advantage because the mayor is helping you calm the situation. If you get 15 or more, **go to 209**. If you roll under 15, **go to 178**.*

167

You dash after the strange forest creature and run head-first into a solid tree trunk.

*Take 1d6 plus your Strength modifier in bludgeoning damage. If the damage reduces you to 0 hp, **go to 174**.*

If you haven't killed yourself by running into a tree, continue on to the bandit camp on your own (**go to 204**).

168

You step out of hiding and loudly announce yourself. Everyone jumps and reaches for weapons at their belt. Only the guard dog doesn't react, as if it's been aware of you the whole time and just didn't react.

"Bloody hell!" curses the short, portly brigand. "Where in the hells did you come from?"

"Calm yourself," the mayor says, resting a hand on her dog's head. "I have been expecting company."

"Couldn't warn us?" the plump one grumbles. The lean bandit relaxes his grip on his dagger but doesn't let go entirely. The plump bandit continues, "So who's this?"

"An investigator I have hired," the mayor says.

While the bandits are getting over their shock, you've been looking around the room for any other threats (**go to 209**).

169

The door is made of thick wood with strong iron hinges and fixings. It will be a challenge to force it open, but you think it should still be possible.

Roll a Strength check. If you get 15 or more, **go to 166**. If you get less than 15, **go to 208**.

170

Titch begs for his life as you land the final blow. He sags to the floor and rattles out his last breath.

The mayor's eyes burn with fury and Buttercup's hackles rise as he bares his teeth at you.

You are no longer under contract and are expected to leave town immediately," the mayor snaps.

"There will be no gold, and if you show your face in town ever again you will be hanged as a murder."

"Horace, the same goes for you," she says, spinning on the cowering bandit. "Now get out of my home. Both of you."

You may keep whatever treasure and items you have collected but receive no experience or levels. Your adventure ends here.

171

The green-skinned woman with the plantlike charm opens her hand in your direction and you are hit with a wave that feels made of sunlight and emotion. You begin to feel drawn to her in a way not entirely under your control.

Roll a Wisdom save against a charm effect. If you roll 14 or more, **go to 194**. If you roll under 14, **go to 224**.

172

You say that you would like to be better protected from whatever is out there.

“Then take this,” the mayor says, lifting an amulet off her neck. “This will protect you from all manner of beasts. It was helpful when I was training Buttercup to fight.”

She hands you the amulet, and Buttercup huffs for a moment before putting his huge head back down on his paws.

Add lesser amulet of the beast to your inventory.

You slip the amulet around your neck (**go to 222**).



LESSER AMULET OF THE BEAST

When attuned to this amulet, gain resistance to any natural attacks made by creatures with the Beast type. This includes attacks made by shapechangers in Beast form. (This does not include weapon or spell damage, which are both dealt normally.)

173

It's clear there's something the mayor isn't telling you, but it's unclear what that could be. It is also clear from the mayor's demeanor that taking on this task is non-negotiable.

You have no choice but to accept (**go to 232**).

174

You bash your own skull in on the solid trunk of a tree. As the world spins into darkness, you wonder if the adventurer's life was the right path for you.

You are dead.

175

Deciding stealth is for sneaks, thieves, and cowards, you emerge from the woods in full sight of the green-skinned woman in the clearing. She is clearly surprised - the foliage that makes up her hair and clothes rustles in a breeze that isn't there - but she appears unafraid.

She remains silent as she calmly watches what you do next.

You can either try to communicate (**go to 200**) or attack her (**go to 227**).

176

Heading north as if traveling to the nearby farmlands, you veer off the road into the woods to the east of the road.

You pick your way through the woods. As you proceed, you keep an eye on the sun through the trees and clouds and seek out any of the landmarks you might see on the map.

This part of the forest is quiet but lacks the unnatural stillness of Roi's woods when he was sick. It's just a peaceful forest full of all the hums and twitters of a healthy natural environment. A river burbles somewhere off to the west. If you weren't marching toward almost certain violence, it would be a very calming hike on a pleasant day (**go to 215**).

177

“Common not good me,” she says. “Sylvan gooder. But talking.”

You nod as if you understand, and she continues.

“Bad men there,” she says, pointing off into the distance. “Many string. Sharp string grab friends.”

She wraps her hands around her own neck and makes a sad face.

“Help us can you?” she says. “Little friends so sad. I know not fixing how. Bad men now gone, but camp still being. Soon returning be may be.”

You say that yes, you should be able to help her sad little friends and confirm that she means the bandits are not at the camp right now. The dryad nods with a proud smile.

“For help you,” she says and gives you a small bottle. “Drink to be... tree skin.”

You almost certainly don’t understand this one, so you touch the potion to your lips to find out what it is. You immediately feel sturdier, tougher all over.

Add a potion of barkskin to your inventory.

The potion grants the effects of the *barkskin* spell. (Your AC is at least 16 for the next hour after consuming its contents.)

You ask the dryad to show you where the camp is located ([go to 195](#)).

178

You engage Titch, the quick lean bandit nearest to you. Horace tries to help, but the mayor and Buttercup engage him.

If you reduce the bandit to 0 hp, [go to 184](#). If the bandit reduces you to 0 hp, [go to 219](#).

TITCH

Medium Humanoid, Chaotic Neutral

Armor Class 11 (armor)

Hit Points 11

Speed 30 ft.

Initiative +1

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

ACTIONS

Dagger. +3 to hit. 2 (1d4) piercing damage.



179

The dryad leaps into one of the thick gnarled trees flanking the clearing, vanishing as if she had just leaped into a waterfall. Your senses don’t know how to fully process what you’ve seen, but the fey creature is clearly gone.

As you stand alone in the sunlit clearing, the sunshine suddenly seems a little dimmer and the birdsong more muted. The space is somehow less complete now that the dryad has left it. You can attempt to follow the dryad into the tree ([go to 167](#)) or continue on your way to the bandit camp ([go to 204](#)).

180

You remain hidden as you case the camp. You see nobody in or around the camp. The coast seems clear.

Do you want to approach the camp ([go to 182](#)) or wait to see if anyone comes back ([go to 185](#))?

181

You say that you want to be able to deal some damage.

“You may not have that,” the mayor says as she points to her battle axe hung over the hearth. “But you may have this.”

She retrieves a box from a shelf and opens it to reveal a beautifully crafted dagger. The blade shimmers with a pale light of its own.

“It is called Moonshard for obvious reasons,” Mayor Anathram says

Add moonshard to your inventory.

You tuck away the dagger ([go to 222](#)).



MOONSHARD

This magical dagger glows with the brightness of a full moon when unsheathed. The radius of illumination is 15 feet of bright light and then 15 feet of dim light.

182

The camp isn't much all told, and you probably wouldn't think anything of it just stumbling across the site on your own. A competent - but not impressive - firepit is set up at the center of the clearing, though no kindling appears to be gathered for tonight.

Charred bones from a variety of small animals and other less recognizable detritus litters the ground. There don't seem to be any tents but two rough lean-tos have been constructed to presumably keep bedrolls dry in the event of rain.

There is very little else that seems important in camp, though you can see an oilcloth bundle hanging in a tree to keep something off the ground and away from curious animals. It's tied to a tree trunk with a rough hemp rope.

Roll an Intelligence (Investigation) check to search the camp for anything you may have missed. If you get 12 or more, [go to 207](#). If you get less than 12, [go to 223](#).

183

Your trip back into town is uneventful. As you walk, the roads are empty of other travelers, though that could also be explained by the quickly advancing nightfall. You keep your eyes on the treeline too, but no hungry wolves make another appearance either. No one wants to be caught outside after dark with an unknown killer out there.

By the time you make it back to Langston, the sun is nothing more than a faint blush in the western sky and stars are just speckling the sky overhead. It's later than you expected, but you feel that Emmitt's letter should be delivered immediately.

As you arrive at the town hall, the sun is completely gone. The building is dark, but you run into the mayor's aide locking up just as you arrive.

"The mayor isn't here," he says in response to your question. "Though she does often stay into the night. She received a sealed message earlier today, though. She wouldn't tell me what was in it but she left shortly after."

You let him know it's incredibly urgent and that you need to speak to Mayor Anathram right away.

He gives you directions to her house and bids you a good night ([go to 206](#)).

184

You overpower the bandit named Titch and he falls to the ground. As you're about to finish him off, he holds up a feeble hand and his eyes beg for mercy. His helplessness gives you a moment's pause.

"Stop!" cries out Mayor Anathram. "I have caused enough death and destruction. I will see no more in this house."

Horace throws his hands up and drops his knife while Buttercup snarls at him without advancing. The mayor is still standing still and imperious, but in the battle, she has pulled the aging battle axe off the wall. The weapon hangs ready at her side.

Let the bandit live ([go to 231](#)) or kill him anyways ([go to 170](#)).

185

Gain Inspiration.

The sun is just starting to slant downward, letting you know that the day is running out of light. No one has returned yet, and if you are going to make it back by tonight as the mayor instructed you need to get into the bandit camp and figure out what they're doing in Langston.

You go into the bandit camp to explore ([go to 182](#)).

186

You managed to peek into the mayor's parlor, and while you can't see much of the environment you can see the backs of the two hoodlums you saw outside.

"Now there was this pretty young thing that we met, Wolf," the chubbier one says. "I think we met her out on the road somewhere?"

"The market," the skinny one corrects.

"Ah right, the market. Well, a lovely little wisp of a thing. Very disarming. Might've let slip the reason for our little visit. You know how I am around a pretty pair of eyes."

"That was you!" the mayor shouts, then brings herself under control with visible effort. "You will pay for that."

You decide to announce yourself before things escalate further (**go to 168**).

187

Despite your best efforts, you can't pick the lock, and being out in the open like this you can't afford to keep trying. However, the heated conversation inside continues and you have to do something.

You either need to knock (**go to 205**) or try to force the door open (**go to 169**).

188

The door is thick and the voices are obviously some distance from it. It's only because they're shouting that you can hear them at all. The shouted conversation is occasionally punctuated by the deep bark of Mayor Anathram's guard dog.

Roll a Wisdom (Perception) check. If you get 15 or more, **go to 217**. If you get under 15, **go to 229**.

189

According to the fey you're talking to, the trees have reported some strange creature wandering the land, but they could not say what it was. The words "beast" and "person" were used interchangeably, so she's also a bit confused. It likely has something to do with the bandit camp nearby, she thinks, but they are clearly men and not beasts.

She offers you protection in ridding the wood of those ruffians. She presents you with something that may help (**go to 213**).

190

As you deal the final blow to the beautiful woodland creature, you feel a pang of sadness stab your heart. You can't tell if it welled up from within you or if it was the forest itself expressing sorrow, but the feeling quickly fades.

Those bandits aren't going to find themselves now, so you head off in the direction their camp is supposed to be (**go to 204**).

191

Now that you're alone, you give Mayor Anathram the bounty. She reviews the letter and Buttercup pads over to his kennel and lies down. Clearly, you're now on the safe list.

"I did not kill him," she says. "And I do not know who did. He was alive when I escaped with Buttercup."

Mayor Anathram actually sighs as she returns her old battle axe to the mantel.

She explains that she was once the leader of a bandit crew for a time, turning to a life of crime after falling into the chasm between orc and human societies. It came to her as naturally as breathing, and she rose up to lead her own band.

She went by the name Wolf of the Road because she led her pack of bandits to their next meal. They operated in the Three Rivers area, robbing caravans or travelers and raiding villages when wealthier travelers became scarce.

"I was a warrior once," she says, looking at her hands. "But then I was just a thief."

But when one of the resistance leaders was killed, a constable of Three Rivers, and the whole area erupted into open conflict thinking it was an assassination. In truth, it was Horace and Titch who had broken into his home and tried to threaten him into easing up on the band of thieves. They were overly enthusiastic, and beat the man to death tied to a chair in his own home.

"I was responsible," the mayor says. "They were my men that murdered this man where he slept. But I refused to be responsible for the next one. I used the chaos of the unrest to escape."

She took her bandits on an impossible raid of the invading force. While her crew was being overwhelmed she just disappeared into the night to join the stream of refugees and found her way to Langston with Buttercup at her side.

The people of Langston assumed she was a veteran, and she never corrected them. She's lied about everything the whole time she's been in Langston. But she's determined to make things right. But Maybelline had found out, probably from Horace or Titch visiting the market and stirring up trouble.

"I have changed. I was a warrior once, then a thief. But I was not a murderer." She paused to take a breath. "Maybelline did not see it that way."

(**Go to 221.**)

192

Mayor Antathram sits in stony-faced silence. Her eyes shift into the middle distance, but her dog continues its vigil of the room.

"Well I'm Horace and this lean-looking lad is my good friend Titch," says the shorter of the pair, breaking the silence. "Your employer here... Well, hells know what name she gave you but we know her as the Wolf of the Road."

He produces a wanted poster clearly labeled the Three Rivers constabulary. There is an accurate image of Mayor Anathram on it, right down to the wounds where her scars are now apparent.

"So now your pet sleuth knows," says Titch to the mayor. "But if you don't open up the town coffers, or if we don't make it back to camp by morning, our friends back in camp are going to tell everyone in town your little secret. And we've got more proof like this."

You take this opportunity to point out that neither are there any more conspirators back at camp, only the warrant. And that is somewhere safe.

"I see," said the mayor. Her smile is far more unsettling than her scowl.

The two bandits glance at each other, the blood draining from their faces. Mayor Anathram pats her enormous dog's head as it begins to growl.

You can try to threaten them into running away ([go to 199](#)), or attack them ([go to 178](#)).

193

The mayor's aide is waiting for you at town hall.

"Ah you're here," he says. "The mayor has been waiting. Follow me, please."

He leads you to the mayor's office and leaves without a word. The mayor looks up as you enter. Buttercup maintains his position beside the desk. After a perfunctory greeting, Mayor Anathram says that she needs you to investigate a report of bandits in the region.

"Reports are coming in of two strangers that make citizens feel threatened," she says. "Likewise there are a number of farm animals missing. Also other items of value. The arrival of these strangers is likely

related. Maybelline's death could also be related to these strangers. I want you to investigate."

Roll an Insight check against DC 15. If you pass, [go to 212](#). If you fail, [go to 173](#).

194

You feel the fae trying to charm you, but you resist the effects with considerable force of will.

You can continue combat and take your action ([go to 227](#)) or stop your attack ([go to 235](#)).

195

The dryad leads you through the woods, her feet barely making a sound in the underbrush that you need to at least make an effort to avoid. She leads you to an easy entrance point and points to where the trees thin into another clearing.

This flat patch of earth couldn't be more different from where you met the dryad. The sloppily built fire pit is surrounded with the detritus of several meals, including scorched bones of various sizes and old grayish porridge even the local wildlife steered clear of.

Most importantly, the camp is indeed empty with no sign of activity at all.

You turn to the dryad to thank her for her help in finding the camp, but she has already vanished into the woods as if she was never there.

With a shrug, you slip into the camp to investigate further ([go to 182](#)).

196

Add wanted poster to your inventory. Add mayor's warrant to your inventory.

As you're stowing the poster, you see that Buttercup is staring at you. His gaze follows you as you leave through the front door, the same way the bandits had gone. A low rumbling growl emanates from his chest as you pass but he doesn't move from where he is reclined.

Go to the inn for the night ([go to 202](#)).

197

The mayor's house is a large single-story home with a small, neglected garden, and a thick wooden door. Like the rest of town, it's built on a stone foundation with timber-framed walls. Lamps have been lit inside and glow through closed curtains.

Despite the thickness of the door, however, you can clearly hear voices raised in anger inside.

You can continue listening at the door ([go to 188](#)), knock ([go to 205](#)), attempt to force the door ([go to 169](#)), or try to quietly pick the lock with thieves' tools ([go to 216](#)).

198

You pass by the strange green woman entirely.

You continue on towards the area marked as the camp on the map ([go to 204](#)).

199

You let the two bandits know that there is only one way they get out of this alive, and that's to give up now.

"This one is smart," the mayor says, nodding toward you. Buttercup licks his lips and bares his teeth.

Roll a Charisma (Intimidation) check with advantage due to the mayor's assistance. If you get 15 or more, [go to 214](#). If you get less than 15, [go to 228](#).

200

You greet the green-skinned woman and ask her what she is doing here in the forest.

"I meet you, skin person," the woman says in broken Common. "Sylvan speak you?"

If you speak Sylvan, you can speak Sylvan to her ([go to 226](#)), cast a spell or use an ability to understand her ([go to 210](#)), or continue in Common ([go to 177](#)).

201

The thin-limbed dryad backhands you with knuckles as tough as any oak. You feel something in your skull crack and the world wobbles in front of your eyes.

You drop to her feet, the world fading to the sound of her tinkling laughter. At you.

You're dead.

202

It's late by the time you're leaving the mayor's home. The streets of Langston are completely empty but the lamps are lit at least.

As you make your way back to The Pickled Hen, you scan the rooftops and alleys for any return of the creature you saw the other night. You see nothing and do not feel as if you are being watched. In fact, it's a quiet and pleasant night after the hectic events of the day. The only sounds in the night are hidden crickets chirping and a single long, low howl from somewhere to the east.

When you arrive at your room, a tray of dinner that has long gone cold waits for you, and you eat it without really tasting it. Finally, you climb into bed for some much-needed rest, only vaguely aware of another howl in the night as you fall asleep ([go to 236](#)).

203

You start padding slowly through the woods, watching carefully for dry leaves and twigs that could give you away while also keeping an eye on the green, leafy woman in the clearing.

Roll Dexterity (Stealth). If you roll under 14, [go to 198](#). If you roll 14 or more, [go to 230](#).

204

Having left the dryad's clearing behind, you make your way through the woods on your own just trying to follow the directions on the map. It isn't as easy as you thought it would be, but you can see the trees thinning ahead, so this must be the place.

Approach the camp stealthily ([go to 218](#)) or go in directly ([go to 182](#)).

205

The voices go silent and you wonder if anyone is coming. As you're considering other options, you hear the mayor's voice call out from the other side: "Who's there?"

You answer that it's you and ask if everything is alright. Silence again.

Finally, the door unlocks and the mayor's scowling face greets you.

“Excellent, I’m glad you could make it,” she says, the most courteous you’ve ever heard her speak. “Won’t you please come in.”

Confused, you follow her into the front hall of her home. As soon as you step past the threshold, you see that the lean bandit is standing behind her with a dagger in the small of her back. Mayor Anathram hardly seems to notice him, however, as she is both taller and much broader than him.

“Welcome to the party,” he says to you, his sour mouth twisting into a wry smile. “Come in and make yourself comfortable.”

Growing even more confused, you follow the mayor and the bandit into the house’s parlor. The shorter, more portly bandit is also there casually toying with a dagger and trying not to notice the enormous mastiff staring at him like a meal.

“Hey, hey, as you were folks,” the broad bandit says, gesturing expansively, then pointing at you with his knife. “Except you. Stand over by my companion there so we can keep an eye on you, eh?”

You look askance of the mayor and she gives you a single small nod and you do as you’ve been asked ([go to 209](#)).

206

As you approach the mayor's home, you see two shabbily dressed men lounging by the entrance to her garden. One is tall and lean with a sharp face that seems set in a permanent grimace of contempt, so this must be Titch. The other - presumably Horace - has a smug smile on his face as he scratches idly at his protruding belly. Both wear equally mismatched clothing and piecemeal light armor as if everything they have is scavenged from those even less fortunate than them.

As you watch, the mayor approaches from the other direction and she stops to scowl at the two men. You see her hand stray towards her belt as if reaching for a weapon, but she catches herself and stalks forward. The shorter of the pair waves and waggles his eyebrows.

They greet each other - and not in a very friendly manner - though they are too far for you to hear specifics. After a brief exchange, they all go into the house together. Horace leads the way while Titch takes up the rear. A moment after the door shuts, lamplight illuminates the front window.

You approach the house ([go to 197](#)).



207

You search through the bandit camp starting with the oilcloth hung in the tree.

A leather scroll case contains a rolled sheet of vellum. Examining the document, you see that it is a warrant made out to someone named Horace and Titch, the bandits' names presumably. It offers hundreds of gold pieces in reward for information regarding the criminal's location and thousands for her capture dead or alive.

The warrant is for the Wolf of the Road, who has an obviously Orcish name you don't recognize. They are wanted for the killing of a constable in Three Rivers.

Not knowing what to make of this, you take the document with you until you can find out more.

These bandits have clearly fallen on hard times as their gear all seems tattered and in poor repair. It's likely that any valuables they might have are also kept on their persons.

However, elsewhere in the clearing you also find a smaller oilcloth rolled up and stuck into a deep knoll on a tree. In this second oilcloth, you manage to find an agate brooch worth 15 gp and disguised with some ash there's a flimsy jeweled dagger worth 5 gp.

Leaving the rest of the bandits' junk, you note that the day is coming to an end soon and you will need to hurry back to town to report to the mayor ([go to 183](#)).

208

You fail to break through the door but you do manage to make a lot of noise. While no one comes rushing out of the nearby darkness, you hear the voices pause and a moment later the door opens on its own. It's the leaner of the two men who went into the house with the mayor.

"Don't know who you are, but you should probably come in," he says. "Someone might get hurt if you don't."

The quiet certainty of how he says it makes you feel it's best to do so. He leads you to the mayor's parlor. On one side, the second bandit rejoins his friend. On the other side, Mayor Anathram stands at ease while her attack dog watches everyone closely ([go to 209](#)).

209

Now in the parlor, you can see that the home is well-appointed with comfortable furniture and a snug little kennel for the dog. The walls aren't bare and include a few oil paintings, some sconces for lamps, and other generic decorations expected from a person in the mayor's position. All of it is rather bland, however, as if she selected her surroundings based on someone else's taste, except maybe the stained battle axe hanging over the mantel. A low fire is just getting going in the hearth.

The two bandits are standing closer to you, between you and the mayor's position with her dog. The mayor is sitting in a dining room chair, one hand on her dog as if restraining him with her light touch. Both are still, but with a tightly coiled fury.

You introduce yourself as an investigator finding the culprit behind the murder of a young woman. As you speak, the shorter rounder bandit makes an elaborate show of listening and nodding. The taller, thinner one lounges against a wall, hand resting comfortably on a knife at his belt.

"Did you have something to do with that?" he asks sweetly. His compatriot chuckles. "If maybe someone found out your little secret while collecting berries in the woods, maybe? Or from a conversation in the market."

You're starting to put everything together, but you look to the mayor for more ([go to 192](#)).

210

You cast a spell and ask her to speak Sylvan.

She sighs and smiles with relief before explaining that there are some bad men camped nearby. They are cruel and are polluting the forest with their refuse.

Plus, they're scaring the animals and setting snares for what seems to be an insatiable desire for meat. She hopes that you can help get rid of the bad men.

You let her know that you will and she asks if you can also help keep the herb man from town away from the woods. His advances have become quite annoying. Within the last fortnight, he had been out gathering wild herbs and trying to seduce her.

You worry that the spell isn't functioning properly and decide to move on.

You can ask for directions to the bandit camp ([go to 220](#)) or ask if anything else has been strange in the woods lately ([go to 189](#)).

211

You make sure the mayor's secret stays safe and kick the wanted poster and warrant into the flame.

Gain Inspiration.

As you watch the flames of the hearth consume the evidence of the mayor's pass, you feel something wet and warm on your hand. You jerk your hand away from what you see is Buttercup's face. Specifically, his tongue licking your palm.

You wipe your hand and back away from the huge guard dog, moving towards the door. He follows, but only as far as his mat where he flops down again and closes his eyes.

Go to the inn for the night ([go to 202](#)).

212

You realize that this is probably not related to the murder you are investigating and call the mayor out.

"It is unclear," she says, but some uncertainty shows around her deadpan stare. "But there is no evidence of their involvement. Yet. Still, I need you to find out for sure."

You can either negotiate additional pay ([go to 225](#)) or accept the task as is ([go to 232](#)).

213

Before showing you the way to the camp for you to investigate, the dryad hands you a small wooden vial and gestures for you to take a sip.

You carefully smell the contents and take a small sip to determine what the potion might do. You feel your skin toughen and twist for a moment before returning to normal.

Add potion of barkskin to your inventory.

The potion grants the effects of the *barkskin* spell. (Your AC is at least 16 for the next hour after consuming its contents.)

You thank the dryad and she leads you to the camp ([go to 195](#)).

214

Horace swallows with a loud click and even the seemingly unflappable Titch glances around for escape routes.

"You were outmatched when you arrived," Mayor Anathram says to the bandits. "And now you are outnumbered. You may leave safely. But you must leave now."

You let them know the opportunity to get away safely will end soon.

"Well, I think that their offer is looking more generous by the minute, wouldn't you Titch?" says Horace. His compatriot barely pauses to think about it before nodding. "So I suppose you'll be wanting this?"

He holds up the wanted poster. The mayor speaks a word in Orcish to Buttercup and the huge canine pads over to gently retrieve the large sheet of thick paper. Horace grimaces in fear as the dog's huge jaws approach his hand before letting go of the prize.

"So, well, it's been nice catching up? Hasn't it, Titch?" Horace still has his jovial smile fixed to his lips, but it seems to be cracking around the edges.

Titch shakes his head.

"No, I guess you're right. It's been a miserable waste of everyone's time. But can't fault us for trying, eh, Wolf? Or maybe I should say, mayor?"

"Just get out," Mayor Anathram growls. "My mind is quickly changing."

Horace opens his mouth to speak once more before closing it with a snap. He points to the door and both he and Titch briskly half-jog their way out, looking over their shoulders the whole way.

You ask the mayor if you think that it's wise to let them go like that.

"They are cowards," she says. "They are here because they are desperate. But they will not make that mistake again."

The door slams and the mayor turns toward you ([go to 191](#)).

215

As you make your way through the woods, you come across a clearing ringed with old trees with thick, gnarled trunks. The birdsong is especially beautiful here and the air smells of a heady mix of wildflowers and honey.

Sitting in the center of the clearing on a stump you see an unusual woman. Her skin is bright green and her hair a tangle of leaves and moss. She hasn't seen you, her whole attention on a robin resting in her outstretched hand as she laughs and twitters back to the little bird. You have found a dryad, a fae creature with a deep connection to the forest.

You can sneak past the dryad (**go to 168**), make your presence known (**go to 175**), or attack the dryad (**go to 198**).



216

You look either way down the dark street and don't see anyone nearby before pulling your thieves' tools out of your pack.

Roll a proficiency check with your thieves' tools. If you get 15 or more, **go to 234**. If you roll under 15, **go to 187**.

217

Gain Inspiration.

Despite loud barking, you can make out three voices. One is obviously the mayor demanding what the two men are doing in Langston.

The two men take turns speaking in slow, arrogant voices. You still can't make out everything they're saying, however. You just catch the words "wolf," "money," and "find out."

You can knock (**go to 205**), open the door by force (**go to 169**), or pick the lock (**go to 216**).

218

You drop into a crouch as you approach and advance on the bandit camp as quietly as you can.

Roll a Dexterity (Stealth) check. If you get 10 or more, **go to 180**. If you get less than 10, **go to 233**.

219

You feel Titch's knife slip between your ribs and as it pulls out you feel a gush of blood go with it. Suddenly light-headed, you wobble on your feet before crashing to the ground.

As if from a great distance, you hear a snarl and a scream as Buttercup bites down hard on Horace, but you also hear the Mayor telling both men that while they may have killed in her home, she will not.

"Now get out before I change my mind," she says finally. Scrabbling feet and a slammed door are the last things you ever hear.

You die.

220

When you ask about the bandit camp, the dryad wrinkles her nose as if she had just smelled something off.

She explains that there are two bandits - both male and human - that have occupied the camp. However, neither is there now. They left for Langston this morning and have not yet returned. They have gone into town several times, sometimes returning with bread or meat for a porridge that they either stole or bought in the market.

However, they have already been gone longer than on previous trips, so maybe they're staying in town tonight.

If you haven't done so yet, you can ask the dryad if any strange events have occurred around in the woods lately ([go to 189](#)). Or you can ask her to escort you to the empty bandit camp ([go to 195](#)).

221

"We argued," the mayor says. "She did not think someone with my past should be in my position. I disagreed and convinced her that I am better suited to protect Langston from threats."

She sets her jaw and then looks at you, and you see tears shining in her eyes.

"I was wrong. The next night, something killed that girl. It was not me."

A loud crack rings out and you jump. Turning, you see that the source is Buttercup who has just snapped what looks like the femur of a sheep in half and is licking out the marrow.

"And this is where we are now. We must conclude quickly before my town loses itself to fear. But I wish to show my thanks for your help. Please let me offer you something from my previous life."

So the mayor is offering you something to protect yourself ([go to 172](#)) or do some damage ([go to 181](#))?

222

You thank the mayor for the gift and ask if there's anything else you can do for her

"No," she says. "That will be all. I trust you to find your own way out. It has been an exhausting day."

She balls up the wanted poster and the warrant. She throws them into the low-burning fire and walks away without another word, but the poster rolls out of the flame before it catches. A door closes towards the back of the house.

Buttercup remains to surreptitiously keep an eye on you while you

Take the poster and bounty ([go to 196](#)) or place both in the fire ([go to 211](#)).

223

You search through the oilcloth and the rest of the camp without much luck. It's clear from the disrepair of their belongings that these bandits are struggling in general.

However, in the oilcloth hung from the tree, you find a leather scroll case containing a rolled sheet of vellum. Examining the document, you see that it is a warrant made out to someone named Horace and Titch, the bandits' names presumably. It offers hundreds of gold pieces in reward for information regarding the criminal's location and thousands for her capture dead or alive.

The warrant is for the killer of a constable in Three Rivers. The killer is given the alias "The Wolf of the Road" with a real name you don't recognize that is obviously Orcish.

Not knowing what to make of this, you take the document with you until you can find out more.

These bandits have clearly fallen on hard times as their gear all seems tattered and in poor repair. It's likely that any valuables they might have are also kept on their persons. You find nothing else in the camp.

The day is growing short, so you start off toward town to speak to the mayor ([go to 183](#)).

224

You are immediately overwhelmed with affection for the beautiful, green-skinned woman in front of you. You relax and stop your attack.

She smiles at you and waves, inviting you closer to sit beside her on the ground. She reaches for your coins and pulls out 1d6 gold pieces. (if you don't have enough she makes it up with the missing number of silver or copper pieces.)

You offer the money as a gift, which the dryad welcomes with a mischievous smile. She bids you a sarcastic goodbye as she walks into a nearby tree, vanishing from sight. You sit alone in that clearing missing your new friend until the effects of her charm wear off in an hour.

Cursing yourself, your luck, and anyone else you can think of, you continue on your way toward the bandit camp ([go to 204](#)).

225

“I do not normally negotiate with those I employ,” she says. “But if it will speed you along then you can have this.”

She pulls a coin purse from a desk drawer and tosses it to you. You don’t say anything about how she had an additional fee ready.

Add 30 gp to your inventory.

“I expect that is sufficient to continue doing the job you have agreed to do?” she says.

You agree and ask what the mayor knows ([go to 232](#)).

226

You let her know that you do speak Sylvan and she smiles in gratitude.

“I’m so glad,” she says. “My Common is limited. What is your purpose in the Wood?”

You let her know that you are here for a bandit camp, and the woodland being claps her hands with joy.

“And now I’m gladder,” she says. “Those terrible men are scaring the residents of the forest and making an awful mess.”

You ask for more details, and she says that she has kept her distance from both the farms and the new interlopers.

“But the birds tell me they are doing real damage,” she says. “And their snares are excessive to the point of being quite hazardous.”

You say that you will remove them from her wood. The fae woman you’re talking to claps her hands again and smiles.

“Oh what a day,” she says brightly. “You are so much nicer than the other man I see from the town. Very handsome fellow who usually spends his time collecting herbs, but takes a break to try to bed a dryad.”

You ask if she’s sure.

“Of course, not ten nights past I had to escape his hands through that tree right there. Kept saying

that non-humans don’t count, whatever that means. My Common really is not good.”

Ask about the bandit camp ([go to 220](#)) or ask if anything strange has been happening in the woods lately ([go to 189](#)).

227

You attack the dryad in the clearing. Roll initiative.

On the dryad’s first action, [go to 171](#).

On the dryad’s second action, [go to 179](#).

If you reduce the dryad to 0 hp, [go to 190](#). If the dryad reduces you to 0 hp, [go to 201](#).



DRYAD

Medium Fey, Neutral

Armor Class 11 (natural armor)

Hit Points 22

Speed 30 ft.

Initiative +1

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
10 (+0)	12 (+1)	11 (+0)	14 (+2)	15 (+2)	18 (+4)

Magic Resistance. The dryad has advantage on saving throws against spells and other magical effects.

ACTIONS

Unarmed Strike. +2 to hit. 2 (1d4) bludgeoning damage.

228

Horace looks at you for a moment before barking out a laugh. “Oh, nice try, investigator. Nice try indeed. But you see, we aren’t leaving here empty-handed.”

“Nope,” Titch says, reaching for his knife.

“So if you’re not going to give us what we want, Wolf,” Horace says. “We’re just going to take it. Maybe starting with that handsome doggy of yours.”

He yanks his knife from his belt and Titch does the same ([go to 178](#)).

229

You can definitely hear angry voices, but you can't tell anything about them or what they're saying over loud barking.

You can knock ([go to 205](#)), try to break down the door ([go to 169](#)), or attempt to pick the lock ([go to 216](#)).

230

As you try to sneak past the green-skinned and leafy-haired woman in the clearing, you step on a dry twig. And then you stumble into a pile of dried leaves.

She leaps to her feet, pointing her arm at you as light shines around her fingertips. Whatever she's planning to do, however, she hesitates before releasing it. She looks at you warily, the leaves of her hair and clothing swaying with a wind that only she can feel.

You can try to communicate ([go to 200](#)) or attack the strange woodland being ([go to 227](#)).

231

You stay your hand and leave Titch trembling with fear on the ground. Horace raises his hands higher above his head.

You look at the mayor one last time and she nods. You command both Titch and Horace to be gone. Twitch heaves himself to his feet as Horace sidles closer to him, and you, on his way toward the door.

"You two," the mayor says, producing a full battle axe she was able to hide behind her leg. "This is the only time I will spare you. If I ever see you again, I will end you."

"Yes, yes of course, Wo- I mean mayor," Horace stammers. He then looks straight at you. "May see you around sometimes though."

He tries to hide his fear with a smarmy grin, but it's pure bravado. Titch beckons his squat partner to help him out and the two leave carefully - but quickly - through the front door ([go to 191](#)).

232

"Give me your map of Langston," Mayor Anathram says with an outstretched hand.

Once you hand it over, she uses the quill from her desk to circle an area outside of town in the wooded area to the north.

"Search this area for the bandit camp and to remove them from the area. By force if necessary. This should be well within your abilities." She looks at you and points to the wooded area around the supposed camp. "Use the forest paths. People are frightened of the murderer and the rumor of bandits. More strangers on the road could cause panic."

You agree, but it's more of a reflex to the mayor's raw authority than a conscious agreement. You take the map and say goodbye ([go to 176](#)).

233

As you approach the bandit camp, you stumble and fall into a pile of dry leaves and twigs that seem to have been blown there by the wind. Besides the rustling, cracking, and your involuntary cursing there's no way anyone could miss your approach.

Lucky for you, the camp appears to be empty. You may as well just wander in and explore now ([go to 182](#)).

234

Gain Inspiration.

The lock clicks and you open the door as quietly as you can into the front hall of the mayor's house. Not that the precautions are necessary as the conversation going on next door masks any sound you might make - maybe short of trying to break the door down.

"You will leave my town," shouts the mayor. "You will hurt no one and leave."

"Little late for that now, eh, dear leader," says a voice dripping with smugness.

"Keep that dog on a short leash," cries another. "I don't like the way it's looking at me. What are you laughing at, Horace?"

"Well, Twitch my lean friend, you rather look like a bone, don't you?" There's a guffaw followed by some restrained cursing from the other man. "But I digress, dear leader. Dear former leader that is. We haven't worked for the Wolf of the Road since... when, Titch?"

You start moving carefully up the hall.

“That would be since Three Rivers, Horace.” the tight voice identified as Titch says. “When she used the battle to cover her sneaking off. With our loot.”

“With our loot!” bellows Horace but he continues in his previous joviality. “Not so much the Wolf of the Road and more of a fox... a squirrel even. It tarnishes your legacy, doesn't it?”

You can either announce yourself (**go to 168**) or continue listening (**go to 186**).

235

Having failed to charm you, the woodland fey you found just wants to get away. With a shriek of fear she disengages herself from you and bolts for a thick tree (**go to 179**).

236

You wake feeling refreshed and ready for whatever today may bring.

Gain the benefits of a long rest.

Your breakfast is waiting for you when you open the door along with a neatly folded letter.

The letter says:

Dear adventurer,

My thanks for your assistance with yesterday's challenges.

I hope that you are making progress in your investigation into the threat to my town. The victim is due to be buried tomorrow. Visit the temple and examine the body before then.

Solaine of the Radiant Order has been informed of your visit. Present this note if you have any problems.

And then it is signed simply by the mayor as “The Mayor.”

Guessing that any thanks at all are the mayor's way of gushing with gratitude, you finish your morning meal and then make your way to the temple as suggested (**go to 237**).

CHAPTER 5: SPEAKING WITH SOLAINE

237

The sun temple is easy to find as it towers over every other in Langston, piercing the sky on the eastern edge of town. As you approach, you see that unlike the timber walls and whitewash of the rest of the town, the temple is made from limestone that shines in the morning sun even though it is scoured with centuries of rain and wind. This building was here long before the rest of the town, and it will likely continue standing long after Langston is lost to history.

It's early when you arrive. The entry to the temple faces west, so as you approach the morning sun seems to sink behind the spire. The courtyard in front of the temple contains an altar left open to the sun surrounded by theater-style seating covered with a tile roof. The top of the altar is adorned with the same sunburst symbol you see on the temple spire.

As you approach, a single large door presents itself as the obvious entrance. When you push against it, the door swings open easily to reveal a round room with benches around the walls. Passages branch off to the other cardinal points of the compass.

However, the cleric is not there as you had been led to believe.

You can call out ([go to 272](#)) or explore one of the passages looking for her ([go to 296](#)).

238

You move the closet and it grates against the floor. You retrieve a single ribbon that has fallen behind it and then push the furniture back into place.

Now that you have it, you take a closer look at the ribbon ([go to 247](#)).

239

It's not Celestial and you can't understand it. However, you see some twisted echoes of Celestial in the text as you flip through the book itself.

It could still be Infernal ([go to 292](#)) or Abyssal ([go to 300](#)).

If you don't know any of these languages, you can instead use a spell or ability that lets you read other languages ([go to 261](#)), or you can open the book anyways ([go to 249](#)).

240

You take a closer look at the door and the area around it. At a glance, there's nothing unusual about the entrance at all. It is just a wooden door set in a stone frame with bronze hinges.

Roll an Intelligence (Investigation) check. If you get 15 or more, [go to 263](#). If you get less than 15, [go to 287](#).

241

You perform a visual examination of the indent on the floor.

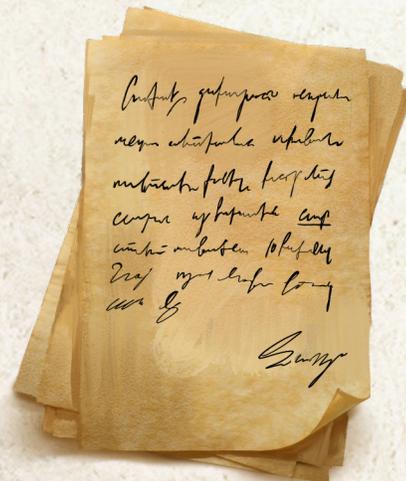
Roll an Intelligence (Investigation) check or Wisdom (Perception) check.

If you get 15 or more, [go to 266](#). If you get less than 15, [go to 283](#).

242

It's a love letter written in cringeworthy verse to express affection for Solaine. Little more than an overdone limerick, the tract is titled *A Thyme for Love in the Sun* and is signed by Tomlin.

Given that it includes lines like "your toes are dainty as the red rose" and "putting pansies forever into your handsies" you can't bring yourself to do more than scan the poem.



You feel no value in taking this and you are surprised Solaine keeps it at all. Every line was worse than the last, and you feel dumber for having read it once. You put the poetry back in the envelope and return it to the nightstand and hope the gods have mercy on whoever wrote it.

If you haven't done so yet, you can look at the wardrobe ([go to 275](#)). Or you can leave and return to the entry hall ([go to 296](#)).

243

At first, you think it's a beautiful bit of tilework depicting the same sun symbol adorning the rest of the temple surrounded with concentric rings of sunbeams and rays. It takes a moment for you to realize that there are no visible tiles at all, so either the whole floor was carved from a single enormous stone or magic was a big part of the building's construction.

Lost in the shining patterns on the floor, you catch your foot on something as you are walking around. The central holy symbol isn't perfectly flat and is slightly indented. The shape of the indent is a much smaller sunburst, about the size of a gnome's hand with its fingers outstretched.

You can visually examine the indent ([go to 241](#)), explore using mason's or thieves' tools ([go to 308](#)), or use a weapon to probe the indent ([go to 259](#)).

244

The stovetop looks like it hasn't been used in some time due to the dust on top of it. However, there is a considerable amount of ash on the floor.

Looking inside the stove, you find the charred remains of some articles of clothing.

Examine the clothes more carefully ([go to 269](#)) or put them back ([go to 298](#)).

245

You see several empty monastic cells with doors standing open. A quick count reveals that there are thirteen rooms, with six on each side of the hall and one at the far end. Only the door at the end of the hall is closed, presumably the cleric's room. You head down the hallway towards the locked door. A skylight runs the length of the hall letting in the morning sunshine.

The floors and walls inside are the same light-colored stone as the outside of the temple, and while smoother than the outside's weathered stone they do not have much luster. Dust and cobwebs lurk in the corners that can catch them, especially those crevices that are hard to reach. The floor does not seem to have been polished in a lifetime.

Some of the open doors reveal aging furniture silently collecting dust while others are just as stark and bare as prison cells. Your footsteps against the hard floor create echoes of echoes that come and go from room to room. The air smells of the strange aroma of dust bathed in sunlight.

Once you reach the door through the gauntlet of oppressive stillness, you may knock ([go to 253](#)), open the door and walk in ([go to 302](#)), or examine the door and area around it ([go to 240](#)).

246

Gain Inspiration.

You defeat the undead creature, and what remains of it falls to the ground lifeless once again.

You can now examine the corpse for injuries you did not cause ([go to 262](#)) or go back to the temple to let Solaine know what you found ([go to 250](#)).

247

The ribbon is a lavender strip of silk - like the one a girl or young woman might wear in her hair. It's tied tightly into a tangle of knots and seems to have something stitched on it.

The ribbon is relatively free of dust, suggesting it has not been behind the wardrobe long. However, it's also visibly blood-stained.

Add embroidered silk ribbon to your inventory.

If you haven't done so, you can look around the bed ([go to 311](#)) or if there's nothing else to explore here you can return to the front hall ([go to 296](#)).

248

Solaine looks shocked for a moment and studies your face carefully as she brushes at her dirty robes. Apparently satisfied with what she sees, the young cleric takes a deep breath and gestures to the tapestries hanging around you both.

"This temple was raised hundreds of years ago, long before Langston was here, these lands were ruled by the dead. The Order of Radiant Light consecrated these grounds to prevent the dead from rising, but it was not enough. Some fell magic corrupted the soil so that the dead buried in it rose again. Ashes scattered upon it returned as malevolent spirits."

She pauses for a moment, clenching a fist and struggling with some overwhelming emotion. When she continues, her voice shakes slightly.

"So to protect the land, a caretaker was installed. As long as the power of the Order of Radiant Light remained in the temple, the land would be still. At least one member of our order has been present in Langston ever since. It is our duty to keep these lands safe as much as it is Roi's."

You thank Solaine for the story.

"But you aren't here for a history lesson. What can I do for you?"

If you're still curious, you can ask about her relationship with Tomlin ([go to 315](#)) or why the temple is so big ([go to 268](#)).

Or if you don't have any more questions, you can ask the cleric to see Maybelline's body ([go to 289](#)).

249

Images in the book include various forms of black sun iconography, some sketches of circles surrounded by glyphs you can't recognize, and some diagrams of nasty-looking tools that could be weapons, torture implements, or specialized butcher's tools.

A whole section is also devoted to what seems to be the study of corpses or bones.

As you're leafing through the book, you find a small scrap of paper written in common. It says "This one." and it marks an entry that has images of what seem to be animated corpses.

There is a variety of walking dead from mere skeletal remains to corpses with their rotting flesh intact. There are even illustrations of ghouls hunched over other corpses feeding on the flesh of the dead. Without context, you aren't sure what is being said but the illustrations are ominous enough.

If you haven't done so already, you can examine the book on curses ([go to 281](#)) Or if you have nothing else to do in the library, you return to the front hall ([go to 296](#)).

250

Solaine is surprisingly still in the front entry hall. She is staring up at a tapestry showing holy warriors radiating sunbeams destroying an army of skeletons. She jumps and stifles a shriek when you rush into the temple's entry hall.

"You're... back? So soon, I mean? What did you learn?"

When you tell her what you just saw, and that you had to kill poor Maybelline a second time.

"It shouldn't be possible," Solaine whispers over and over as she clutches her holy symbol.

She ignores you and the silence stretches into an awkward length of time. You can interrupt her reverie ([go to 306](#)), wait for her to snap out of it ([go to 273](#)), or just leave ([go to 252](#)).

251

Add love letter to your inventory.

If you haven't done so yet, you can examine the black tome more closely ([go to 314](#)).

Or you can leave the library and look for Solaine elsewhere in the temple ([go to 296](#)).

252

You leave Solaine anxiously talking to herself at the temple and hurry back to town hall. The mayor's aide greets you at the door and escorts you to her office.

"Did you learn anything new?" she says instead of a greeting as she is writing in some document with a wooden ink pen.

You let her know that Maybelline's corpse rose to attack you. The mayor sets down her pen and gives you her whole attention. You explain everything you saw in the cemetery.

"That shouldn't be possible!" blurts the aide in the first real emotion you've seen him express. "The temple and its cleric are meant to protect the town. Is the magic fading? What of Solaine? What is she doing about it?"

You say that you left her in the temple and it's not clear what she will do next.

"Compose yourself," the mayor says to her aide before addressing you. "With this new threat, we must complete the murder investigation."

The mayor orders the aide to call up the militia to patrol the graveyard, especially at night. And draw up a proclamation announcing the accusation of Maybelline's murderer.

"First Maybelline and now this," the aide mumbles as he leaves the office. "Maybe it's time to go to school in the city like Mother wants."

"We could use your help patrolling the streets tonight," the mayor says. "If you can manage after your ordeal today."

Get a good night's sleep ([go to 282](#)) or go on patrol with the militia ([go to 301](#)).

253

There is no answer.

Open the door and walk in ([go to 302](#)) or examine the door and the area around it ([go to 240](#)).

254

Gain Inspiration.

There is an undercurrent of fear in the cleric's refusal to see the body, but the source of the fear is unclear.

You mention that it's fine and that there is nothing to be afraid of.

"Afraid? Oh goodness no," she says. "I- I was just thinking of the poor family is all. And she is so badly hurt. But if you insist, then I suppose I can't stop you. Just be careful! Don't damage the body."

She then gives you directions to the cemetery adjoining the temple and says that the body is lying in rest in the mausoleum. The altar there is enchanted to prevent the body's decay as it waits a week for interment.

You thank her and leave. She smiles faintly and turns her attention to gazing at the tapestries. As you reach the door, you can faintly hear Solaine begin shuffling back and forth, muttering under her breath again. You leave her to her one-sided conversation and head out of the cemetery ([go to 293](#)).

255

These are almost certainly burned holy vestments, but they were not in good condition when they went into the fire. Many of the seams burst long

ago, as you can see charred threads. And on one cuff, you can find a few droplets of what could be blood.

As you handle the cloth, however, it crumbles in your hands.

If you haven't done so yet, you can look at the larder ([go to 310](#)), or the dining room ([go to 277](#)).

If you're finished in the kitchen and dining room, you can go back to the entryway ([go to 296](#)).

256

Solaine remains unconvinced that it's a good idea for you to examine the body.

"It's just not appropriate," she says. "I couldn't do that to the poor girl's family."

With no other choice available, you present the mayor's letter to her. She reads through it, a frown creasing her brow. Finally, she sighs and hands it back to you.

"I suppose I have no choice in the matter then," she says. "You'll find Maybelline in the cemetery's mausoleum. An altar there is enchanted to preserve her until her burial. You will find the body there."

You thank Solaine and say goodbye. She smiles a moment and nods, then turns her attention to the tapestries in the entry hall as you leave the temple.

Go to the cemetery ([go to 293](#)).

257

Gain Inspiration.

The tapestries depict an ancient order of sun-worshippers. They erected this tower hundreds - maybe even thousands - of years ago to prevent some dark magic or undead plague.

Based on other similar tales, as long as one of their order remains present and dedicated to the light, the area is sanctified and no monsters will rise from the grave.

If you haven't done so, you can examine the beautiful mosaic on the floor ([go to 243](#)).

If there's nothing left to examine, you must simply resign yourself to waiting for the cleric ([go to 294](#)).

258

A large door to the north opens into a sizable library with several reading tables in the middle of the room. The three walls you can see are completely covered in bookshelves. A small stack of books and scrolls also rests on one table. No one is there.

You approach a pile of books and scrolls made up of mostly religious texts and rituals, but you identify a few tomes of history as well.

It seems to be what you'd expect a cleric to reference around the time of a funeral, including the source Solaine referenced in the funeral, as well as a treatise on the treatment of common curses.

Standing out among the leather-bound tomes is a single black book that is bound with some other skin. A tarnished metal lock lies open on this tome and its title is written in a script other than Common.

Read the book on curses ([go to 281](#)) or examine the black book ([go to 314](#)).

259

You wedge a sharp tip or edge into the indent or tap it with a heavy bit of a bludgeoning weapon. You can feel the mechanism shudder, so something is happening.

Roll a Dexterity check. If you roll 15 or more, [go to 316](#). If you roll below 15, [go to 285](#).

260

No matter how hard you try, you just can't get the closet to budge.

If you haven't yet, you can examine the bed and nightstand ([go to 311](#)). Or if you're finished in the sleeping chambers, you can return to the front hall ([go to 296](#)).

261

With your new-found magical clarity, you now know the book is written in Infernal and is called *Turning from the Light*. You can now read the book ([go to 284](#)).

262

Besides the wounds you've inflicted, the body seems to have been mauled by a wild animal. The claw

marks are broad and deep, not what you'd expect from bony claws or even most beasts of the forest.

There's a rage to the pattern of claw marks as well, with many crisscrossing and seemingly at random.

There is also the bouquet of pink flowers with a tag that the creature discarded that you can examine ([go to 307](#)) or you can go back to the temple to speak with Solaine ([go to 250](#)).

263

The only things that are out of place are that the door's latch seems unusually scratched and a bit bent. It's as if someone who was both unusually strong and unfamiliar with how to operate the latch had grown frustrated with the door. The scratches are reminiscent of either claw marks or tool marks, but it's hard to tell which.

There is also a smear of what appears to be dark soil on the threshold. You can't tell anything more about who - or what - left the earth on the ground but it smells less of fertile soil than it does of rot and mildew.

You can knock ([go to 253](#)) or try to open the door ([go to 302](#)).

264

As you approach, you see that the earth was hastily dug up. But from underneath.

Poking up through the earth and bits of rotted casket, you can see a skeleton frozen in what seems like an attempt to free itself from the earth and reach the sky. It's still, but its skull is cracked and sits at a lopsided angle. A broken stone from the path lies half buried in the freshly dug earth.

Based on the amount of decomposition and the headstone, this person has been dead for decades. However, besides the fact that the skeleton is half-hanging out of a mound of fresh black earth, bits of thin wood and dirt on the skeleton's fingers indicate that it dug its way out. It seems these remains had at least a brief respite from being fully dead.

Whatever magic reanimated the skeleton is gone, however. There is a large crack in its skull and a broken piece of paving stone nearby half-buried in the unusually dark soil, as if someone threw the flat stone a second time.



Though odd, you can't see anything threatening about the disturbed grave. It's time to do what you came for and examine Maybelline's body ([go to 276](#)).

265

As you back away, you must shift your weight somehow to unstick whatever mechanism is keeping the indent partially open. With a faint "click" the sun-shaped opening returns to its hidden state. The seams vanish entirely.

Something in the floor also grinds into place.

Despite your best efforts, nothing remains of the indent in the floor. If you haven't done so yet, you can look at the tapestries ([go to 290](#)).

If you've already explored everything then you can settle in to continue waiting for the cleric ([go to 294](#)).

266

Gain Inspiration.

Hairline cracks are visible radiating out from the indent. They are even and manufactured, as if the floor might open.

And upon closer inspection, this looks like the right size and shape to accommodate a sun-shaped amulet like the one you saw the cleric wearing during the funeral.

You can either try to press on the sunburst shape ([go to 303](#)) or leave it alone ([go to 265](#)).

267

This passage is essentially a foyer leading to a pair of double doors with one left open on stuck hinges. Inside is a large dining hall containing five large round tables of smooth wood, each surrounded by eight chairs. The walls are bare except for tall windows with frosted glass letting in the morning sunlight.

At the far end of the room, there's a door that leads into an adjoining kitchen. Through the open door, you can't see any windows in the kitchen but it is still well-lit.

You can either explore the dining room ([go to 277](#)) or look in the kitchen ([go to 298](#)).

268

Solaine looks around as if seeing the temple for the first time.

"Oh, it is rather large, isn't it?" she says with a smile. "Apparently, there was a time that being caretaker of the temple wasn't a solitary post. There was a whole community full of protectors. But that... just isn't the case anymore."

You ask how that changed so much over time.

"Most people don't even know why the temple is here anymore," she says, gesturing up at the tapestries hanging on the walls. "But the temple is why Langston is here. The temple keeps the dead in their graves. Or it has until now anyway..."

She trails off and you're about to ask her more before she looks back at you with an unusually big smile.

"And why it will continue to do so for as long as the Order of Radiant Light remains in place here at the temple. It only needs one of us to fulfill the terms of the spell. So I'm here alone, only going on a pilgrimage to my order's enclave and returning before the magic can fade."

She pauses, rubbing her hands on her robe but still smiling at you. "I won't lie, though. It does get lonely from time to time, so thanks so much for stopping by. What else can I do for you?"

If there's still more you want to know, you could ask about Solaine's connection to Tomlin ([go to 315](#)) or about how undead might be connected to the temple ([go to 248](#)).

If you have nothing else you want to know, then you just ask about seeing Maybelline's body ([go to 289](#)).

269

You take a closer look at the burnt clothes. Roll a Wisdom (Perception) or related tool proficiency check.

If you roll 10 or more, [go to 255](#). If you roll under 10, [go to 313](#).

270

You take a seat and wait for a bit, even looking down the various passages to see if she somehow managed to sneak by you. But the cleric still has not returned.

You entertain yourself by looking around you. The gold-inlaid mosaic on the floor is spectacular. You kick at the gold for a moment and realize it has been magically fused to the floor itself in the same sunburst motive that is used throughout the temple.

Further up, aging tapestries hang on the walls depicting some epic event involving holy magic and evil undead. The tapestries rise up the walls of the tower alternating with the windows overflowing with morning sunlight that dances in floating motes of dust.

To pass the time, you can examine the tapestries ([go to 290](#)) or take a closer look at the mosaic on the floor ([go to 243](#)).

271

The tapestries depict holy figures wielding brightly shining light against some undead menace, but you lack context for the events you're seeing.

If you haven't done so, you can examine the beautiful mosaic on the floor ([go to 243](#)).

If there's nothing left to examine, you must simply resign yourself to waiting for the cleric ([go to 294](#)).

272

Your voice echoes down the corridors and through the empty temple, but no one replies. It appears that you are alone in the temple, but you will have to explore to say for sure ([go to 296](#)).

273

Solaine stands in relative silence for a moment before looking up at you, seemingly startled that you're still there.

"You should speak to the mayor," she says. "And I must return to my studies. Yes, the answer should be in there. It must be in there."

She rushes into the library down the northern passage and the door bangs shut behind her.

With nothing else happening here at the temple, you shrug and make your way to town hall to speak to the mayor ([go to 252](#)).

274

You try to make Solaine see reason. You must see the body, and you go about making that very clear.

Roll a Charisma (Persuasion) check against DC 12.

If you get 12 or more, [go to 304](#). If you get under 12, [go to 256](#).

275

The wardrobe is full of various religious vestments. Interestingly, one of the robes shows evidence of recent - and considerable - repair.

You also notice that the closet is not flush against the wall, and you can see something that seems to have fallen or been kicked behind the heavy piece of furniture.

Move the wardrobe to look behind it ([go to 299](#)) or use some magical means to lift the barely-seen object out from behind the heavy piece of furniture ([go to 312](#)).

Or if you haven't yet, you can check the bed and bedside table ([go to 311](#)). Alternatively, you can leave the chambers and return to the entry hall ([go to 296](#)).

276

The mausoleum is a stone structure with a large, white limestone altar in the middle of the room.

There are no windows, but it is lit with recessed orbs set into the ceiling casting bright light throughout the structure.

The body of a young woman is lying on the white slab. Even at this distance, you can see deep gouges across the woman's face, neck, and forearms. She clutches a ragged bouquet of pink flowers in her hands.

A white sheet, presumably used to cover the body, is lying on the ground at the base of the altar. You freeze as the body slowly turns its mangled face to look at you.

With a snarl, Maybelline's corpse sits up from the altar and begins to stagger toward you ([go to 286](#)).



277

This passage is essentially a foyer leading to a pair of double doors with one left open on stuck hinges. Inside is a large dining hall containing five large round tables of smooth wood, each surrounded by eight chairs. The walls are bare except for tall windows with frosted glass letting in the morning sunlight.

At the far end of the room, there's a door that leads into an adjoining kitchen. Through the open door, you can't see any windows in the kitchen but it is still well-lit.

You can either explore the kitchen ([go to 280](#)) or return to the main entrance ([go to 296](#)).

278

You cannot tell why the cleric has refused to let you see the body, so you produce the mayor's letter. She takes it and reads with a slight scowl. Finally, Solaine sighs.

"If you must, then you can go. The body is in the mausoleum lying in wait. The poor girl is in no state to be seen, but the altar there is enchanted to prevent decay."

You thank her and turn to leave. She turns her attention from you and to the tapestries overhead.

"Be careful, adventurer," Solaine says as you leave the entry hall for the cemetery ([go to 293](#)).

279

You decide to respect the cleric's privacy and let her finish the letter someday.

If you haven't done so yet, you can examine the black tome more closely ([go to 314](#)).

Or you can leave the library and look elsewhere in the temple ([go to 296](#)).

280

The kitchen is windowless, but glowing orbs set into the ceiling provide a warm, yellow light. The kitchen includes an indoor water pump over a washbasin, a dark iron stove, and a single setting of a plate, a bowl, and cutlery neatly stacked by the washbasin.

The stove is stacked with one each of a pot and a pan and a cauldron hangs in the unlit hearth. The stove itself does not seem to have seen much use as it's getting some patches of rust on its top, but there's ash and soot around the door so someone has lit it recently at least.

A heavy wooden door set into a darker granite frame looks like it could be a larder or cool storage of some kind.

Take a closer look at the stove ([go to 244](#)) or the larder ([go to 310](#)).

281

This book is titled simply *Compendium of Curses: 17th Edition*. It is bound in leather and is ridiculously thick with hundreds - maybe thousands - of entries.

The scribe who wrote the tome included helpful illustrations of the curses' effects, diagrams of wards against those curses, and embellished sections outlining cures where they could be had.

Open the book at random to a curse ([go to 305](#)) or try to determine the cleric's interest ([go to 288](#)).

282

You have a meal and have a good night's sleep. You are woken by one or more wolves howling in the distance, but it is just the regular sounds of the forest and you quickly fall back asleep.

Gain the benefits of a long rest.

When you wake up, you eat and then make your way to the town hall to meet with the mayor. As you make the trip, you feel like you're seeing the rhythm of life here in Langston.

There is no breakfast delivered to your door and you go downstairs to find the mayor sitting at one of the tables in the tavern's common room ([go to 317](#)).

283

The indent is still a mystery to you.

You can either try to press on the sunburst shape ([go to 303](#)) or leave it alone ([go to 265](#)).

284

Gain Inspiration.

The book describes in great detail how to regain divine powers when turning away from your light- or sun-based deity.

It describes rites and rituals to make a pact with infernal forces, including which sacrifices to make and which tools you would use. These tools are illustrated in graphic detail as jagged, horrific implements of pain and terror.

A long section also describes the anatomy of humanoids for the purpose of either killing them or keeping them alive along with a step-by-step for conducting an effective autopsy. The same section has instructions on creating - and modifying - undead servants. However, certain parts of this section are also beyond your understanding.

As you're leafing through the book, you find a small scrap of paper written in common. It says "This one." and it marks an entry that has images and text of zombies.

Now that you have read the nightmare-inducing instructions of the black tome, you can turn your attention to the book of curses if you haven't done so already ([go to 281](#)).

Or if you have nothing else to do in the library, you can return to the front hall ([go to 296](#)).

285

You feel a thrum of magic energy run through you.

Roll a Dexterity saving throw against DC 10. If you fail, take 1d4 radiant damage.

You can either try to manipulate the sunburst shape ([go to 303](#)) or leave it alone ([go to 265](#)).

286

You can't let this creature get loose in the town, so you ready yourself to meet it in battle. The undead creature drops the bouquet of flowers as it reaches for you.

If you reduce the zombie to 0 hp, **go to 297**. If you drop to 0 hp, **go to 291**.

RISEN CORPSE

Medium Undead, Neutral Evil

Armor Class 8

Hit Points 22

Speed 20 ft.

Initiative -2

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

Saving Throws Wis +0

Damage Immunities poison

Condition Immunities poisoned

ACTIONS

Slam. +3 to hit. 4 (1d6 + 1) bludgeoning damage.



287

You poke around the door, its latch, and the frame. You find nothing of note.

You can knock (**go to 253**) or try to open the door (**go to 302**).

288

On a page containing Lwelyn's grim visage and lycanthropy, you can see a single sheet of paper containing a note written in an elegant looping hand. Despite the elegance, however, there are some words jaggedly crossed out, and small watermarks mar certain words. It looks like the letter writer was crying as they wrote.

The letter says:

Dearest Tomlin,

I write to you now as a truly changed woman. I have returned from my pilgrimage needing you - your strength and your love - more than ever. The journey to my order and back was harrowing, to say the least.

Yet when I arrived in Langston, instead of a lover I have a wedding to officiate. And while I can find it in my heart to love and forgive you, I fear that the darkness blooming in my heart will not forgive her.

Because I must tell you -

And that's where the letter ends. There are words throughout that are scribbled out as if the author has been overcome with some emotion as they were writing.

Keep the letter (**go to 251**) or put it back (**go to 279**).

289

You say that you're here to examine Maybelline's body. The mayor has informed you that the body is due to be buried tomorrow and that this may well be your last chance to gather some clues as to the identity of the killer.

"No," Solaine says with an emphatic shake of her head. "Definitely not. It's- It's just not necessary and an affront to the family of the deceased. I'm very sorry, but I can't let you do that."

You're confused. This was to be the purpose of your visit.

You can try to understand her resistance (**go to 295**) or try to convince her to let you see Maybelline (**go to 274**).

290

These tapestries show a holy order of sun clerics raising the temple and banishing the undead.

The story begins in darkness, with skeletons and other undead monsters rising out of the midnight-black earth to devour the common folk. And then glowing holy figures appear in the next wall hanging, impaling the restless dead with the beams of light radiating off of them.

The next tapestry depicts white-robed figures standing in a ring summoning a shaft of light down from the sun and striking the earth, replacing the deep darkness of the ground with a ring of green plants.

The final tapestry shows the temple you are standing in amidst houses and other buildings with the sun in a bright blue sky behind it. Beneath the bright scene, however, is a band of black earth in which floats dark red eyes lying in wait.

You attempt to compare what you're seeing to your knowledge ([go to 309](#)).

Alternatively, you could either examine the mosaic if you haven't done so yet ([go to 243](#)) or settle in to continue waiting for the cleric ([go to 294](#)).

291

You are overwhelmed by the animated corpse's final blow and you fall to the ground. As the darkness closes in, you can only hope that it overtakes you before the creature starts to feed.

You are dead.

292

Gain Inspiration.

The book is written in Infernal. The title is *Turning from Light*. You open the tome and start reading quickly ([go to 284](#)).

293

Following Solaine's directions, you enter the cemetery from the north. With the bright morning sun streaming over the graveyard from behind you, the hard edges of headstones are limned with golden light. Flagstone-paved paths wind between rows of graves covered with green grass.

From what you can see, the mausoleum stands in the center of the graveyard. Built of the same light-colored stone as the temple, it stands vigil over the more varied headstones and monuments that mark individual resting places. Flowers in various stages of freshness dot headstones and plots throughout the cemetery with a larger, fresher collection on the mausoleum steps.

Off to the left, you see one of the graves is disturbed in a strange eruption of deep black earth. It doesn't look like a grave that's been dug, but you can't tell from here what it is.

You can look at the dug-up grave ([go to 264](#)) or if you just want to get straight to Maybelline's body, you can go to the mausoleum ([go to 276](#)).

294

Solaine finally returns to the temple through the main doors, face ashen and muttering under her breath. The hem of her white robe is stained black

with what looks like soil, some of it falling in clumps off her slippers.

You startle her when you stand to greet her.

"Oh!" A flash of fear and anger passes over her face before she composes herself. She continues in a more measured, even cheerful tone. "Who are you? And what can I do for you?"

You let her know that you have been invited. You show her the note.

"Ah yes, of course," she says with a warming smile. "Of course. You're the adventurer the mayor spoke of. Have you been waiting long?"

You give a polite but non-committal answer.

"That's good," the cleric says, obviously not having listened to your reply. "I'm Solaine, the caretaker of this temple. It's not often I receive guests, so is there anything I can do for you before we get to the business at hand?"

Solaine asks what you need to know, and looks at you expectantly. You can't resist her obvious and earnest desire for some conversation.

Ask about Tomlin ([go to 315](#)), get more details on the undead connection ([go to 248](#)), or just wonder aloud to her why this temple is so big ([go to 268](#)).

295

You observe Solaine carefully, trying to determine why she does not want you examining the body.

Roll a Wisdom (Insight) check. If you get 12 or higher, [go to 254](#). If you get under 12, [go to 278](#).

296

From where you're standing in the central hall, the passage to the north appears to be a library of some kind, and the passage to the south opens into the dining hall. This means that the western passage must lead to some kind of rectory or series of chambers.

If you haven't done so yet, you can explore the library ([go to 258](#)), the living quarters ([go to 245](#)), or the dining hall ([go to 267](#)).

Or you can take a seat to wait for the cleric to arrive ([go to 270](#)).

297

Maybelline's corpse rolls a Constitution saving throw against DC 5 + the last damage you dealt.

If you are a divine spellcaster, you can expend a spell slot to make the zombie automatically fail its save.

If it fails, **go to 246**. If it passes, it drops to 1 hp instead and **go back to 286**.

298

You figure there must be a good reason for there to be burnt clothes in the kitchen of a sun temple. You leave them where you found them.

If you haven't done so yet, you can look at the larder (**go to 310**) or the dining room (**go to 277**).

If you're finished in the kitchen and dining room, you can go back to the entryway (**go to 296**).

299

Roll a Strength check to push the closet aside and see what's there.

If you get 12 or more, **go to 238**. If you get less than 12, **go to 260**.

300

It's not Abyssal and you can't understand, but there are some similarities. The text here is more orderly and structured than the language of demons.

It could still be Celestial (**go to 239**) or Infernal (**go to 292**).

If you don't know any of these languages, you can instead use a spell or ability that lets you read other languages (**go to 261**), or you can try to open the book anyways (**go to 249**).

301

Gain Inspiration.

You offer to join the militia as they guard the town against the undead.

Fortunately for you and your group of club and pitchfork-wielding companions, you find no more zombies or skeletons. However, you do find the remains of two bodies seemingly torn apart. The wounds are identical to those that killed Maybelline.

Your party returns sometimes in the deepest darkness of the wee hours when the waning moon has set and the only light outside of town are the stars shining through the patch clouds.

You stumble exhausted to your room and flop into your bed without undressing, barely enough energy to let your gear clatter to the floor as you fall asleep.

It feels like you blink and the sun is streaming through the window and it's time to haul yourself out of bed.

Gain the benefits of a short rest.

Checking outside your door, there is no breakfast this morning so you gather your things to search for some food. You find the mayor sitting beside a bowl of plain oatmeal and a cup of tea waiting for you (**go to 317**).

302

The door is unlocked and swings open easily. The room inside is not completely empty, but it is sparse. It consists of a single bed, a bare chair, a bedside table with an envelope on it, and a wardrobe constructed of pale wood.

You can take a closer look at the bed and bedside table (**go to 311**) or the wardrobe (**go to 275**).

If you haven't done so yet, you can also close the door and examine the entrance for clues (**go to 240**).

303

Gain Inspiration.

As you further probe the indent, you feel a buildup of magical energy.

Roll a Dexterity saving throw against DC 10. If you fail, take 1d4 radiant damage.

With a faint click, the sun-shaped opening returns to its hidden state. The seams vanish entirely. Something beneath the floor also grinds into place.

Despite your best efforts to find it, nothing remains of the indent in the floor. It requires some key or object to open. Despite your curiosity, you will have to move on to the tapestries (**go to 290**).

If you've already explored everything you want to, then you can settle in to continue waiting for the cleric (**go to 294**).

304

Gain Inspiration.

You press Solaine with the need to investigate the girl's death, and how important it is to see the body. It won't take long, and then you would be very grateful. So would the rest of the town.

"Well," she says. "I suppose it is the right thing to do, isn't it? I'm sure that you - I mean it will be fine."

She gives you directions to the mausoleum where the body is being stored. It will be lying on an altar whose enchantment keeps the body from decaying. She warns you that while pretty in life, Maybelline injuries are not for the faint of stomach.

"Good luck," she says and turns away to gaze up at the tapestries as you leave the temple.

You go to the cemetery (**go to 293**).

305

The first curse you flip to is Hildebrand's Horrendous Hiccups, which is just never-ending hiccups for the rest of your life. The cure apparently is a dram of water from the Shadowfell.

The next curse you flip to is Primordial Rot. This one creates an effect of some creeping incursion from one of the elemental planes. So an arm slowly burns or a leg turns to stone. Opening your mouth might cause winds to gust out of your lungs or acrid water to spray from your stomach. The exact symptoms seem to be highly varied - but all horrific - with the cure being a special ritual to be performed by a divine magic user.

You keep flipping from curse to curse. Temporal Slide. Lovebane. Century Sleep.

You are so engrossed in the sometimes comical - sometimes devastating - effects of the curses that you nearly miss the sheet of paper that has been inserted into the book (**go to 288**).

306

Your voice startles Solaine and she stares at you in deadpan horror.

"The dead shouldn't be rising. They can't. Not while I... Not while there is a member of the Radiant Order in the temple."

You tell her that the mayor needs to know so that Langston can be protected.

"Of course, yes," Solaine says, still staring off into the middle distance. "If you would, please, let the mayor know. That would be very helpful."

You open your mouth to ask if Solaine is all right, but she cuts you off.

"Now, if you wouldn't mind, I need to return to the library. And you need to speak to the mayor. Thank you so much."

Alone in the silence of the temple's entry hall, there's nothing more for you to do but return to the mayor at town hall (**go to 252**).

307

It's a bouquet of daisies accented with pretty pink flowers, but they're the only ones here in the mausoleum. You check the tag and it simply reads, "Rest well, Maybelline." It's signed by Tomlin the herbalist.

The flowers are crushed and broken, the only ones that the zombie picked up from outside the mausoleum.

With all the information you've collected, you need to go back to the temple and let her know what's happening (**go to 250**).

308

Roll a proficiency check with either mason's tools or thieves' tools.

If you get less than 10, **go to 316**. If you get 10 or more **go to 285**.

309

You look up at the tapestries and think they might remind you of something.

Roll an Intelligence (History) or Intelligence (Religion) check against DC 15.

If you pass, **go to 257**. If you fail, **go to 271**.

310

You open up the larder and it's noticeably cooler in here. Despite the cool darkness, you see wilted vegetables and sprouting potatoes. A moldy heel of bread sits alone on a shelf as if forgotten.

However, there are several large cuts of meat hanging from hooks and wrapped in rough cloth. There's beef, a goat's leg, and two whole chickens. Given the state of some of the rest of the food, this looks surprisingly fresh. As you look closer, the raw meat seems to have small but ragged bite marks in it.

However, the cleric's unusual diet does not offer you any clues about where she is at the moment, so you will need to keep looking.

If you haven't already, you can take a closer look at the stove ([go to 244](#)) or the dining room ([go to 277](#)).

If there's nothing else of interest here, you can return to the front hall ([go to 296](#)).

311

The single bed with linen sheets and a thick wool blanket is neatly made. In fact, it's so neat that you wonder if it slept in last night. It's a very normal-looking bed in every way, even if it doesn't look that comfortable.

There is an envelope on the nightstand. It is worn, especially along the crease, and has clearly been opened many times. You can take the envelope and examine its contents ([go to 242](#)).

If you haven't done so yet, you can also take a closer look at the wardrobe ([go to 275](#)). Or if there's nothing else of interest in the cleric's chambers, you can return to the front hall ([go to 296](#)).

312

You use a spell or ability to retrieve whatever has fallen behind the heavy storage unit. It's a ribbon. You examine the ribbon carefully ([go to 247](#)).

313

The clothes seem to be made from white cloth now charred and blackened. You also find some fresh-looking stitches here and there but can't quite make out the pattern.

If you haven't done so yet, you can look at the larder ([go to 310](#)) or the dining room ([go to 277](#)).

If you're finished in the kitchen and dining room, you can go back to the entry hall ([go to 296](#)).

314

The black tome is bound in something similar to leather but rougher, almost like sharkskin but with less regular spines and bumps. It smells faintly of brimstone and is oily to the touch, though your fingers come away from the material dry.

The title of the book is written in a language that is very distant from Common. It appears to be a language from some other world. The jagged symbols are imprinted on the title in an unsettlingly deep red.

You can try to understand the language if you know Celestial ([go to 239](#)), Infernal ([go to 292](#)), or Abyssal ([go to 300](#)).

If you don't know any of these languages, you could use a spell or ability that lets you read other languages ([go to 261](#)), or you can just open the book anyways ([go to 249](#)).

315

"Ah, Tomlin," Solaine says, her features falling for a moment before she puts a sad smile back on her face. "Well, it's common knowledge that we were lovers at one point. Though that's hardly an exclusive honor I have."

She gives a bright laugh, checking to see if you're laughing too.

"Still he said that he would wait for me - and that I was his only love - when I was called back to my order's enclave it seems he found his second only love."

The cleric takes a moment to collect herself. "The pilgrimage back to the Order of Radiant Light was difficult. The trip back... more difficult. But thinking of him made this lonely temple more bearable. Sadly, it was not to be..."

She takes another deep breath.

"I returned to the man I loved being betrothed to another. It was devastating. But I overcame it. After all, my duty is to all of Langston."

You ask why she is telling you all of this.

"This is all common knowledge around town," she says with an unusually broad smile. "Better you hear it from me than the town gossip. So with that out of the way, what can I do for you today, adventurer?"

You can ask about the connection between the temple and undead ([go to 248](#)) or ask about the size of the temple ([go to 268](#)).

Or if you don't have any other questions for Solaine, you can ask to see Maybelline's body before it's interred ([go to 289](#)).

316

Gain Inspiration.

Cracks open momentarily along the lines of the concentric circles. It looks like a mechanism that would sink into the floor.

You can either try to manipulate the sunburst shape ([go to 303](#)) or leave it alone ([go to 265](#)).

CHAPTER 6: THE ACCUSATION

317

A tray of food is waiting for you on one of the tables across from the mayor, who is calmly waiting with hands folded and a cup of tea steaming at her elbow.

You sit down to eat and her face tightens in what you assume is her smile.

“Today, you will make the accusation,” she says. “The whole town is likely to attend. We will do it in the town square.”

You acknowledge that you are ready to accuse someone of killing Maybelline.

She sits with you as you both finish your morning meal and then escorts you to the town hall. Since you helped the mayor rid you of Horace and Titch, the silence remains but now it’s taken on a companionable quality lacking any previous awkwardness.

The mayor nods and then says, “With the added threat of the undead, we must resolve the murder investigation quickly. My aide will make himself available to you. Or if you need to visit the general store, this will be your last chance before the town gathers.”

After this point, you may not visit the general store. Continue from here when you are ready.

“I will take my leave now,” she says. “And my aide will prepare the documents you require to accuse the killer without my presence. Good luck, adventurer.”

Once you are ready, the aide will accompany you outside to the town square ([go to 334](#)).

318

You present the love letter to the aide, and he reads it. His face flushes a little. Solaine’s face darkens as she recognizes the sheet of paper.

“What does it say?” cries out a voice from the crowd. “What is it?” calls out another.

“Please,” Solaine says quietly but surprisingly firmly. “Please don’t.”

“It’s a personal letter,” the aide says. “From Solaine to Tomlin. Confessing deep, ahem, romantic feelings. And hinting at something else.”

“Motive maybe,” the mayor says. “But hardly evidence. Do you have anything more substantial?”

If you haven’t done so yet and have them in your inventory, you can present the burnt clothing ([go to 330](#)) or the silk ribbon ([go to 355](#)).

Or you can let your case rest ([go to 320](#)).

319

Though you have no evidence to show, you tell the story of Horace and Titch’s visit. You include the fact that the bandits had told Maybelline about the mayor’s secret past.

In response, the mayor’s jaw clenches but she remains silent.

The gathered crowd starts to shout. And every voice is raised in support of the mayor.

“We don’t believe it!” cries one man. Another calls out, “The adventurer lies!” A woman shouts, “We stand with you, mayor!”

Mayor Anatrham’s jaw relaxes for a moment and she allows herself a small smile. Meanwhile, her flustered aide shushes the crowd into silence.

She looks at you and says, “You’re an idiot.”

Before you can respond, someone starts an unhinged giggling. Looking over, you see Solaine is laughing and what she finds funny is you ([go to 344](#)).

320

Sensing the danger, the two militia members flanking Solaine reach for her, just as the cleric doubles over in what seems like excruciating pain.

Then an angry crackling, ripping sound emanates from the slight cleric’s body. It bulges and ripples, splitting her white robes as muscles and fur sprout from her body. Limbs elongate and her face twists into a bestial muzzle.

And through it all, the crowd stands in rapt horror. The only sound is Solaine’s pained laughter, which drops into a guttural snarl.

“No,” Roi gasps. “Werewolf!”

In a moment of blind heroism, the two militia members to either side of the cleric rush in to try to restrain her, but she rakes them both with her powerful arms ending in long claws. Both men cry out in spurts of blood and fall to the ground.

Tomlin's new woman clings to him as the cleric changes and Solaine howls with rage.

"You!" she says pointing at Tomlin. "You are now and always will be mine!"

She charges at her former lover, teeth bared and saliva streaming ([go to 329](#)).

321

While it's clear Tomlin died of deep cuts to his neck and throat, you can't tell anything else about the scene of his death that might help you.

Without additional information, you have nothing more to go on as you proceed into the temple ([go to 324](#)).

322

As you start casting your spell, Solaine growls and takes up a defensive position.

Any damaging spells or magical abilities do damage normally. Spells and effects that work on beasts will work normally, but those that only affect humans are ineffective.

Now that she thinks you can hurt her, you suspect Solaine won't hold back against you. Return to the combat section to complete your spell and apply its effects ([go to 350](#)).

323

You present the scapling claw as evidence against Tomlin along with the theory that he lured Maybelline to her death among the dangerous creatures in his garden.

"But, why would I do that?" says Tomlin, wide-eyed. "She was my fiancée. I loved her!"

You respond by saying that the motive was returning to the bachelor's life.

Tomlin glances over to his companion who is still gripping his arm. He disengages and steps forward, eyes darting side to side in fear.

"But I didn't do this," he shouts. "Everyone, you have to believe me. I didn't kill Maybelline!"

"I'm sorry, adventurer," calls out Roi. "Those claws just aren't enough to do the kind of damage we saw to that poor lass. It would have to be something much bigger than that."

You ask if a pitchfork would do it, like the one Tomlin used to kill the scaplings.

"Maybe at a stretch," Roi says as two militia members approach Tomlin hesitantly, and the young woman he's with clutches at his arm again. "But really not likely. What do you think, Solaine? Could Tomlin have killed Maybelline with a pitchfork?"

The silent crowd turns in unison to Solaine, whose head is hung low. "No," she says quietly.

Then, she screams, "No!" ([go to 337](#)).

324

You pass through the courtyard and its outdoor altar quickly on your way to the front hall.

When you enter the temple, it doesn't have the same sun-drenched charm as the first time you arrived. The red light streaming in the windows gives everything an air of menace, tinging even the shadows with bloody highlights. The tapestries depicting the dead seem darker, almost as if they are absorbing the light itself and feeding off of it.

The main hall where you met Solaine on your last visit is also changed. Instead of the sunburst mosaic, there is a spiral staircase bearing the same motifs circling down into the darkness below the temple.

Though it's possible Solaine escaped down one of the corridors, you feel certain that she has instead retreated into the darkness below. You cautiously descend the steps below to find corridors, rough-hewn walls of damp stone, and what seem like animal bones in various stages of decomposition.

As you proceed, you find your way lit by the same glowing orbs you saw above ground, so this is clearly part of the original temple. Its purpose in a temple devoted to the sun, however, is unclear.

You keep your wits about you as you advance down the corridors, careful at every turn not to become another set of bones on the floor ([go to 363](#)).



325

The philter of remembrance's glowing vapors curl up from the ground and wrap around and through Solaine's head. Her nose twitches on her muzzle and her large ears swivel, searching for the source of sounds only she can hear.

"Tomlin? Is that you Tomlin?" she rumbles. "Oh, a picnic! How romantic! Thank you, darling."

She sighs and sits on her haunches as she stares off into the middle distance.

No sooner does she settle in but she starts rocking back and forth, whimpering to herself.

"No, no, no," she whines, staring at her paws. "Don't leave me, Tomlin. Stay with me."

And she stops speaking altogether, lost in her remembrance.

Roll 1d4 and make note of the result. Solaine is considered stunned for a number of actions equal to your dice roll.

Return to combat with a dazed werewolf ([go to 350](#)).

326

You admit that you do not have any evidence to present, but you did learn a lot from your investigation.

First of all, Roi had been infected with polypox, a magical disease that caused him to lose control of his druidic powers. The disease is also known to cause fits of delirium, even attacks.

The crowd turns its gaze to Roi, who is standing teary-eyed apart from them. He's even trembling.

"Aye, it's true," he says with a shaking voice. "Everything the adventurer says is true. But- But I just don't see myself hurting the lass. Even at my worst."

The mayor steps forward and lays a hand on the back of Roi's head, the easiest spot for her to reach given her height.

"Does anyone else have reason to believe that Roi Sunderhammer, the druid who has protected this town for many years, killed Maybelline?"

The collected townspeople murmur and mutter amongst themselves, but no one comes forward.

"Come with us, Roi," the mayor says. "It's just a formality."

He nods, but before they leave you hear bitter laughter. Turning to the source, you see that Solaine is laughing at you mockingly ([go to 367](#)).

327

Solaine is amused by your choice of weapon.

“A stick?” she rumbles. “I’m not a dog to play fetch with you. But I’m happy to show you the folly of your ways. Strike me, adventurer. It will be your last chance to play the hero.”

You swing with all your might and connect with the werewolf’s hide. To your and Solaine’s surprise - a burst of yellow-green light flashes on contact. She yowls with pain as you feel something give under your blow and you can smell scorched fur.

The scrapling claw does damage as if it is a magical club (1d6+1 plus your Strength modifier). Roll and take note of the damage.

Solaine’s eyes light up with rage and pain. You continue your fight ([go to 350](#)).

328

Gain Inspiration.

You indicate that you just want to talk.

She narrows her eyes and a lip curls back from her fangs as she considers your presence. Then she licks her muzzles and relaxes a little.

“What do you want to know, adventurer?”

You’ve at least bought a little time to find out more about Maybelline.

Ask her why she killed Maybelline ([go to 339](#)) or Tomlin ([go to 352](#)). Or start from the beginning and find out how she contracted the curse ([go to 346](#)).

Alternatively, you could assure her she’ll be safe if she comes peacefully ([go to 343](#)).

329

Whatever collective uncertainty held the crowd in place vanished in the face of all that blood and the stampede began. You are buffeted by panicked townspeople blocking your way.

“Dear gods, no!” Tomlin screams, his voice high with fear. Powered by rage and her unnatural strength, Solaine snatches him up with a clawed hand as if he weighed nothing more than a rag doll and bounded through the crowd.

Through the tumult, you see her leave a trail of fallen townsfolk, most merely knocked to the

ground and she reaches one of the walls of the buildings nearby. She scrabbles one-handed up to the roof, her claws leaving long slashes in the whitewash and wood.

Reaching the roof, she pauses to let out a long, keening howl before sprinting across the rooftops moving to the east towards the temple.

“Arm yourself and go after her!” Mayor Anathram yells. She takes over crowd control, directing some citizens away from the danger while calling out to rally militia members scattered among the throng of panicking townsfolk.

“Break the curse if you can,” Roi calls out, touching a hand to his chest. “We’ll tend to the wounded.”

He then drops to the side of the fallen militia members. The druid begins chanting and his hands glow green as he lays them over the men’s wounds.

Not hesitating, you sprint off through the streets of Langston toward the temple ([go to 360](#)).

330

You display the burnt clothing and many in the crowd notice the blood stains on it.

“I’m a healer,” Solaine scoffs. “Many of those with a need for me are bleeding when they call, so it’s not unusual for me to discard old robes.”

You ask if it’s common for her to burn them when she discards them.

“What else am I supposed to do with them?” she asks, her voice just edging towards shrill. “Donate bloody rags to the poor?”

The crowd has also noticed Solaine’s shift in tone, and people are starting to gossip. The young cleric looks out and sees heads bobbing together in whispered conversation and her cheeks flush.

“This evidence is compelling but still circumstantial at best,” says the aide. “Have you anything else to present?”

If you haven’t done so yet and have them in your inventory, you can present the love letter ([go to 318](#)) or the silk ribbon ([go to 355](#)).

Or you can let your case rest ([go to 340](#)).

331

You do not have direct evidence of Tomlin's misdeeds, but you have ample motive and capability.

There is a rumble of disbelief through the crowd. "Please explain," Mayor Anathram calls out.

You first point out that Tomlin seems to have returned to his old life of bachelorhood quite easily, gesturing at his female companion as you do so.

"Seeking the comfort of friends," he says in his own defense.

You mention the scraplings in his garden, that they might have even accidentally taken her life on that fateful night. They nearly took yours.

"They're dangerous, adventurer, I'll give you that," Roi says loudly. "But no way their wee claws did what I saw done to that poor girl."

You also point out that he was remarkably quick to dismember the scrapling in his garden with a pitchfork.

The crowd remains unconvinced, but the mayor nods at the militia to take him in.

There's a disbelieving response from many in the crowd, but the militia members approach anyway.

"No!" someone cries out and all heads whip around.

It came from Solaine, whose face is twisted with rage and her chest heaving ([go to 337](#)).

332

When you emerge from the temple, you see that the morning sky has returned to normal. Roi and Mayor Anathram are speaking with each other, which means Roi is regaling her with a long-winded tale of his youthful exploits as part of an adventuring party.

As you walk the streets, you see townsfolk emerging from their homes to speak to neighbors, and the mood is bright. News of Solaine's capture traveled quickly and the relief is palpable.

Taking much longer at a normal pace, you return to town hall. A group of locals is out in the square with scrub brushes and soapy water taking the blood off the cobblestones. The mayor's aide is waiting by the entrance to the town hall, smiling as you approach victoriously.

"This way please," he says to you, then addresses the mayor. "I've prepared everything in your office, ma'am."

Buttercup is waiting in the office as well, safe from harm's way in the temple. Seeing your trio, he bounds up to you all and rushes past the mayor to lick Roi and prance around the dwarf in excitement.

"Aye, aye," Roi says as he wipes at his face. "All's well, lad."

The mayor takes her seat behind the desk as Roi shoos Buttercup back to his dog bed. She steepled her fingers as Roi finds a nearby armchair to settle into.

"The results of your investigation will affect your rewards, adventurer," she says. "Solaine is facing the consequences of her actions. So must you."

Check your inventory for a record of who you accused: Tomlin ([go to 366](#)), Roi ([go to 367](#)), Mayor Anathram ([go to 368](#)), or Solaine ([go to 369](#)).

333

Solaine laughs at you and offers you a free hit.

You strike and the wound heals immediately leaving no trace. Then she bears down on you, readying an attack of her own.

Your ordinary weapon does not do any damage to Solaine.

Return to the combat to find some other way to neutralize the werewolf. Solaine uses her next action to attack you ([go to 350](#)).

334

You emerge from town hall to a gathered crowd. It seems like the whole town has arrived and surrounded the entrance, waiting for you to deliver the results of your investigation. Most of the townsfolk are unknown to you, but you are able to pick out a few that you had spoken to over the past few days.

The aide has set up a small table with a single document, a quill, and an inkpot. He lifts the document and starts to read out a formal accusation for the murder of Maybelline, a citizen in good standing of Langston. It details the circumstances of her life and death in some jumbled legalese, so you turn your attention to the people gathered in front, most of whom are the common folk that you haven't had a chance to meet yet.

Towards the front of the crowd, however, you can also see the now-familiar faces of Tomlin, Roi, Solaine, and Mayor Anathram. Accompanying the mayor, you see a few militia members standing at ease but with long clubs hanging at their belts.

Tomlin is standing at relative ease, an attractive young woman standing close enough to him to touch but barely not doing so.

Roi smiles at you as you emerge, his nose and cheeks still ruddy with his illness but his eyes bright and clear.

Solaine stands alone in the crowd, her white robes a stark contrast to the home-spun clothing of most of the townsfolk, and her face is drawn with apparent exhaustion.

Mayor Anathram - or Tanya the Red Wolf as you now know her to be - stands as rigid and imposing as ever, but she graces you with a nod nonetheless.

Her aide steps in front of you to address the crowd. "These are trying times for Langston, and you are all afraid. Maybelline's death was tragic and she was taken far before her time. And while she is now beyond our reach, we can still get justice for her death."

The aide turns to you as he dips the quill in the ink. You feel the eyes of the entire town bear down on you as well as the writing tool hovers over the document.

"Who murdered Maybelline?" the aide asks with finality.

Accuse Tomlin the Herbalist ([go to 357](#)).

Accuse Roi the Druid ([go to 349](#)).

Accuse Solaine the Cleric ([go to 341](#)).

Accuse Tanya the Red Wolf ([go to 362](#)).

335

The hulking beast in front of you is cautious with the obviously magical weapon as it sheds its moonlight glow on the walls of the chamber.

The moonshard will overcome Solaine's damage immunity and do damage normally against Solaine.

Return to the combat section ([get to 350](#)).

336

Solaine sniffs at the air and sneezes powerfully. The vapors produced by the philter of remembrance snake around her head as she growls.

"I see... I see Tomlin? On our... On that picnic," the werewolf says. But then she shakes her head violently. "No. No, it can't be. That's not real."

Solaine stomps out of the cloud of enchanted mists towards you and snarls at you.

"Nice try, adventurer," she rumbles. "But your cruel tricks won't work on me."

When you return to combat, Solaine takes her action to attack you.

Return to combat with Solaine ([go to 350](#)).

337

"Don't touch him!" Solaine screams at the militia members, pointing at them with a shaking hand. "He is mine! And he's not getting away with it again!"

The people of Langston shift and look at each other in confusion. But that confusion gives way to horror as Solaine's body begins to warp and shift.

Those people nearest to her scream as the cleric lets out a grating cry that deepens into a throaty growl. Bone crackles and pops as she steps forward toward Tomlin. The pointing finger twists and elongates into a sharp claw, followed by the rest of her hand.

Fur sprouts all over her body, her enraged face crackles as it elongates into a fanged snout. Muscles contort and heave, tearing her white robes as she transforms into something bestial.

Obviously terrified, the militia members stand their ground and even step in to protect Tomlin from Solaine as she completes her transformation. You know what she is even before people in the crowd scream.

"Werewolf!"

Not wasting any more time, Solaine bounds forward at Tomlin, slashing claws at the militia members in sprays of blood. Both go flying to the ground as you overcome your shock and leap forward to help ([go to 329](#)).

338

As the militia members lead Solaine away, you see how dark the rings under her eyes have gotten, how she staggers with exhaustion, and how she clings her shredded vestments around her. The disgraced cleric is a broken woman, and it's impossible to tell when she gave up her humanity to the beast she had become.

As she is escorted from the chamber, Solaine fires you a last look over her shoulder. A mysterious smile spreads across her face suddenly, and then she vanishes down the corridor on her way back to the surface.

"Nice work, adventurer," Roi says with his customary joviality. "It was touch and go for a bit there, but you pulled it off."

"Indeed," the mayor says with an emphatic nod. "The town owes you its gratitude. And I am thankful as well."

You accept both leaders' praise and prepare to take your leave.

"Let us walk with you," Mayor Anathram says. "I would speak with you both before the day is done."

"Aye, I could do that," Roi says. "Let's be off."

The three of you leave the now-empty lair together, bound for town hall and the end of your quest ([go to 332](#)).

339

You ask why Solaine killed Maybelline, and she stands up straight on her back feet with her hackles rising and teeth bared.

"Because she was a lying little vixen," she snaps. "Oh everyone loved the innocent maid who sold her family's produce in the market. She was Langston's golden child. But she showed me her true colors."

You ask Solaine what Maybelline actually was.

"A scheming little wench. Stealing Tomlin from me was just the beginning. I don't know what she wanted in the end, but she was now the kind, sweet soul everyone thinks she was... She was cruel."

Solaine's eyes lose some of her humanity in the memory of it.

"She laughed at me. Mocked me for my faith, for being the servant of Langston instead of twisting it around my finger as she had. And then... then she was dead."

The werewolf looks at her claws and shows her teeth again. You realize she is smiling, and you can see her humanity slipping further away.

"And that felt... good."

She looks up at you and the eyes that meet yours were not those of a devout spiritual leader. They were the eyes of a killer, and you are suddenly sure that if you don't do something quickly you will be next.

If you haven't done so yet, you can try to engage Solaine with her motive behind killing Tomlin ([go to 352](#)) or ask where her curse came from ([go to 346](#)).

If you feel there is no redeeming Solaine, you can try to bring her in without a fight ([go to 343](#)) or square up for battle ([go to 350](#)).

340

"I think we have heard enough," Mayor Anathram says. "Take Solaine into custody."

"So that's it," Solaine says as two militia members approach her. "Don't you want to know how I did it?"

The two men pause just outside of arm's reach. They look at each other nervously.

The smile that spreads across her face has no trace of the meek kindness that she's shown so far, and it hints at a growing madness in her.

"Come closer and I'll show you." ([Go to 320](#).)

341

You declare Solaine - cleric of the Radiant Order - the killer. A shocked murmur ripples through the gathered townsfolk, a few people even crying out their disbelief. With pursed lips, the aide writes Solaine's name onto the document and hands it to you.

Add accusation against Solaine to your inventory.

It's clear that the aide also doesn't believe you. "Do you have any evidence to back up this claim?"

You may present any evidence you have. If you have the love letter in your inventory, [go to 318](#). If you have burnt clothing in your inventory, [go to 330](#).

If you have the silk ribbon in your inventory, **go to 355**.

If you have no evidence or do not want to present your evidence, **go to 361**.

342

You stop to assess the area around you to see if there are any clues about the threat Solaine poses and how to neutralize her.

Roll Intelligence (Investigation) or Wisdom (Perception). If you roll 10 or more, **go to 347**. If you roll less than 10, **go to 321**.

343

You promise that if Solaine surrenders to you now, you will not hurt her.

The creature in front of you lets out a rumbling laugh.

"They were ready to hang me for the girl," she says between chuckles. "You think they're willing to forgive me now? After what I did in the square? You're a fool."

Flexing her powerful limbs, she advances toward you. All traces of her quiet sweetness are gone, and only the predator remains.

"But if I get rid of you, I can escape to live - and kill - another day," she says, starting to advance on you. "Solaine of the Radiant Order is dead, and you're about to join her."

Her eyes flash, and you know you'll have to take some action to end Solaine's threat to Langston (**go to 350**).

344

"You really are an idiot," Solaine says to you. All of the bright sweetness you've seen her so far has evaporated light morning dew. "Even if what you say about the good mayor is true, she is one of the best among us. Among all of us."

She sweeps her hands out wide, her smile widening to the point it looked as if it might crack.

"People change, adventurer," the cleric continues before glancing over at Tomlin and his female companion. "Well, most people."

With a gesture and a nod, Mayor Anathram indicates two militia members to approach the cleric.

"What are you saying?" she asks Solaine. "Did you kill Maybelline?"

"Yes," Solain says flatly. "Because like you, good mayor... I have also changed."

With a laugh that quickly becomes a scream, she throws her head back as her body ripples and heaves. Bones crack and her robes tear as her limbs grow. Her hands twist into claws and her face contorts into a muzzle filled with fangs. Dark fur sprouts from her body as she staggers.

"What is this?" the mayor demands.

"A werewolf," Roi says, and his voice is heartbroken. "She's the monster."

In a surge of courage, the two militia members leap for the creature. But Solaine catches both in her powerful hands, claws digging into them. The two men scream as she smashes them together to collapse into a heap, blood seeping out of their broken bodies onto the ground around them.

"And now you," she snarls, pointing at Tomlin (**go to 329**).

345

You ready the killing blow, ready to end Solaine as a threat once and for all. Her eyes widen in fear, but then she closes them in resignation and turns away from you.

But you are knocked down by another hairy form. You try to attack the new threat, but you are pinned on the reddish, furry bulk of a thick-set bear.

As you struggle against its weight, Mayor Anathram charges into the werewolf's lair at the head of a knot of frightened - but determined - townsfolk brandishing improvised weapons.

"Is she still alive?" the mayor asks. The bear nods, and then its form starts to shift and change back into that of the Roi.

"Sorry adventurer," he says, stepping away from you. "But we need to take her alive. She is our friend."

Solaine slinks further back towards the wall, more afraid of the pity she sees in her friends' eyes than of you.

"I'll be needing the Silverstar back," Roi says, holding out a hand to you. Reluctantly, you hand it over.

Remove Silverstar from your inventory.

"Come on then, lass," he says as he reaches the magic item towards Solaine. She bares her teeth at him but doesn't strike as he presses the item into her forehead ([go to 358](#)).

346

"It was on my pilgrimage," she says. "I returned to the Radiant Order to report and speak to my mentor. But I was attacked by a wolf one night. I drove it away with holy magic, and healed my wounds. It was frightening, but I thought little more of it."

When she returned to her order's monastery, she fell ill. No one there could help her, but no one thought to assess her for curses. She ran a fever and was delirious. On the next full moon, she changed uncontrollably and blacked out. When she came to, she was bathed in blood in a farmer's field surrounded by mutilated sheep.

She left amidst the investigation without anyone suspect and returned home, hoping to rid herself of the curse.

"Well, most call this a curse," she rumbles. "The curse of lycanthropy. Look what I have done. What I have the power to do."

She holds up her claws, still wet with Tomlin's blood.

"This is a power I never had as a cleric," she says. "I was powerless. A servant to the people of this town. Healing coughs and broken wrists. But now I have real power."

She lets out a whining giggle, and you can see in her eyes that something has come loose in her mind.

"Of course, that power is gone. And with it, the temple's power protecting these lands. But that's also fitting isn't it? Could that be what Langston deserves?"

If you haven't done so yet, you can ask her about her motives behind killing Maybelline ([go to 339](#)) or Tomlin ([go to 352](#)).

If you have no more questions, you could try to de-escalate the conflict with assurances you will take her in if she comes peacefully ([go to 343](#)) or take active measures to end her as a threat ([go to 350](#)).

347

Tomlin's chest and neck were torn open by powerful strikes. Unlike Maybelline, whose wounds were haphazard and widespread, there is much more purpose to Tomlin's wounds. There is anger present in their depth and ragged edges, but these were deliberate strikes with the intent to kill.

The bloody paw prints that lead away from the corpse towards the temple seem to include a place where they circle back, as if Solaine took one last look at the broken body before escaping into the place where she feels safest.

There is nothing else of note around here, so you leave the body to the crows and follow Solaine ([go to 324](#)).

348

You land the final blow and Solaine collapses battered and bloody to the stone floor. She scrabbles at the ground as she tries to retreat from you, backing up as far as the chamber wall. Her ears flatten against her skull and she looks around her for some escape.

Seeing none, she hunches up and whimpers.

"I yield," she says. "Please adventurer, I surrender. I don't want to die."

You can accept her surrender ([go to 351](#)), move to end her life ([go to 345](#)), or touch her with the Silverstar to try to break her curse ([go to 358](#)).

349

You name Roi the druid whose grove lies just outside of town. There is a concerned murmur through the crowd and Roi's face twists into a grimace of pain. The aid reluctantly writes the druid's name on the accusation and hands it to you.

Add accusation against Roi to your inventory.

"Really, adventurer?" he says, tears shining in his eyes. "I certainly hope you know what you're doing."

The mayor's aide asks you to provide evidence of Roi being the killer.

If you have the polypox cure in your inventory and you want to present it as evidence, [go to 354](#). If you do not have any evidence to present, [go to 326](#).

350

Solaine lunges at you, but you had half expected things to go wrong at any point so you're not caught unawares. She clenches and unclenches her claws as she growls.

You've always heard that werewolves and other lycanthropes are immune to ordinary weapons, but this is your chance to put that to the test. She is watching you carefully, clearly unsure of what to expect of you.

Draw with your own weapon (**go to 333**), draw the moonshard (**go to 335**), or draw the scrapling claw (**go to 327**). If you have any magical ability, you can also try to cast a spell (**go to 322**).

If Solaine drops to 0 hp, **go to 348**. If you drop to 0 hp, **go to 356**.

In this adventure, you have received certain magical items that may help you defeat Solaine if you use them. As an action, you can try to throw the philter of remembrance (**go to 353**) or touch her the Silverstar with a successful attack roll (**go to 364**).

INEXPERIENCED WEREWOLF

*Medium Humanoid (Shapechanger),
Neutral Evil*

Armor Class 12 (natural armor)

Hit Points 58

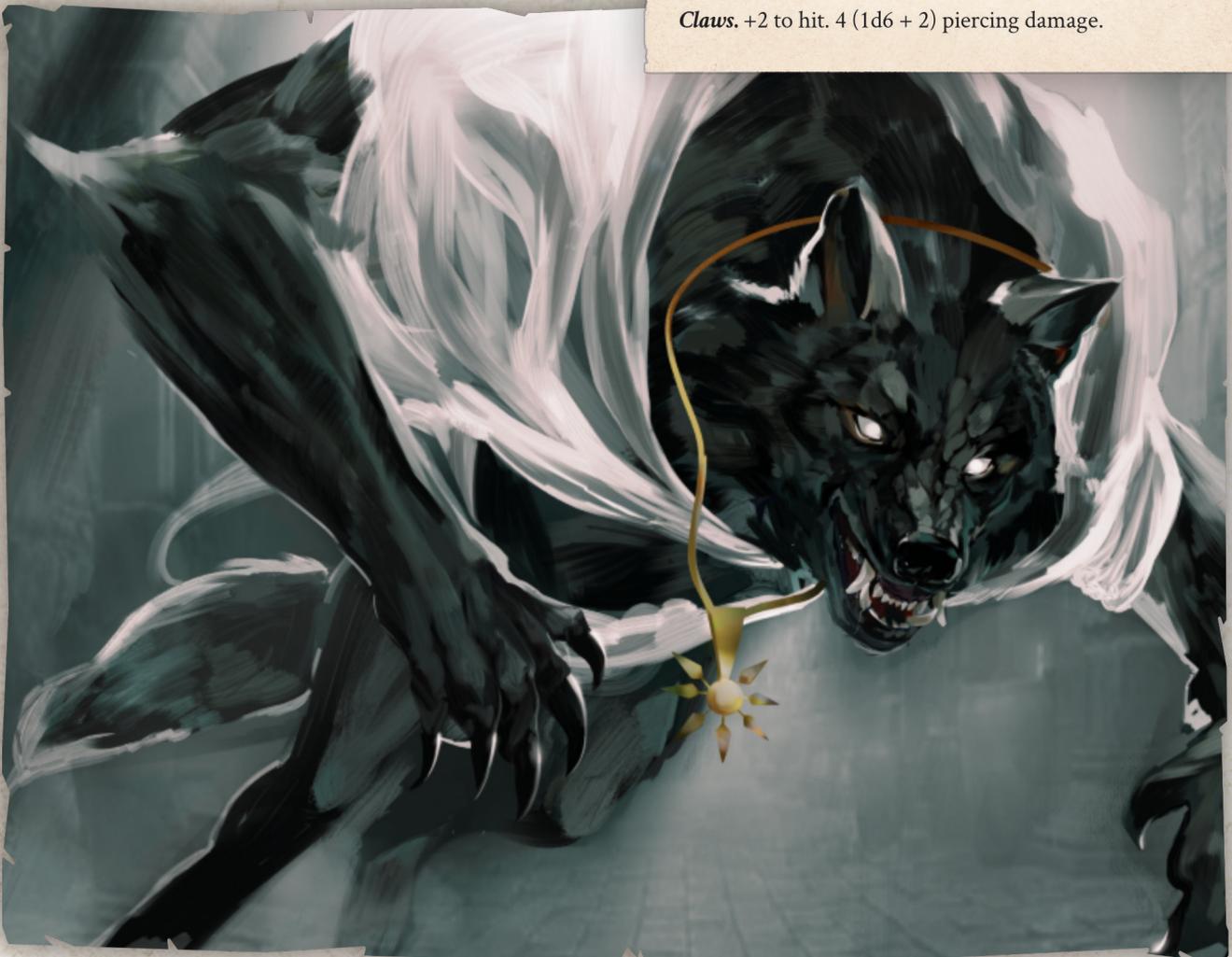
Speed 40 ft.

Initiative +2

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

ACTIONS

Claws. +2 to hit. 4 (1d6 + 2) piercing damage.



351

You accept Solaine's surrender, and just as you're wondering how to restrain her, Roi and Mayor Anathram burst into the chamber leading a knot of terrified townspeople with makeshift weapons.

The druid looks between you and the cowed werewolf and nods with approval. "Shouldn't have worried for you, adventurer."

Even the mayor seems impressed.

"But we need to do something about this beast," Roi says. "Use the Silverstar."

You retrieve the brooch and at Roi's prompt, you press it into Solaine even though she instinctively shies away from the silver ([go to 358](#)).

352

You ask why she killed Tomlin, and she flinches.

"Tomlin betrayed me," she says, ears flattening against her huge head. "He lied to me. Used me. And he dropped me for that market hawker as soon as he could."

You ask if she loved him, and she snarls.

"Of course I did, you fool. More than anything. More than I should have. And he used that against me again and again."

There is a violent anger coiling in Solaine now and she starts to pace. "If only he had chosen me, this could have been different. Everything could have been different."

She starts shaking her head, clenching and unclenching her hands.

You can try to distract her with more questions about why she killed Maybelline ([go to 339](#)) or how she contracted her curse ([go to 346](#)).

Alternatively, you can try to convince her to come in peacefully ([go to 343](#)) or attack Solaine to end her threat against Langston ([go to 350](#)).

353

You hurl the philter of remembrance at Solaine from out of range. The glass vial smashes against the floor and sparkling vapors rise up into the air to shroud the fallen cleric's paws.

"What is this strange smell?" she says, and then sneezes violently. "It's so familiar..."

Roll a Wisdom save for Solaine. The difficulty of the save is 8 plus the number of doses left in the bottle. She gets disadvantage on her save due to her sense of smell and her Wisdom modifier is +1.

If she fails, [go to 325](#). If she passes, [go to 336](#).

354

You produce the polypox cure recipe and inform the crowd that Roi was ill. Therefore, while he technically had no knowledge of what he had done while under the influence of polypox, he is the killer.

The normally jovial dwarf buries his head in his hands. "I- I don't believe it," he says, his voice breaking. "She was such a good lass. I couldn't have-"

You read selected passages from the cure, including the uncontrollable wild shaping and the delirium. The crowd is a mix of gasps and murmurs.

"Adventurer," Roi says looking up, tears shining in his eyes. "I- I can't fault your logic. And as hard as it is for me to believe, if there is no one else then it must have been me."

Two militia members reluctantly step up to the dwarf's side and start guiding him.

The crowd is in shock and Roi is deeply hurt. He is reluctantly taken into custody. The crowd is visibly upset now. Tomlin puts his arm around the woman he's with and she buries her face in his chest.

"Let him go!" Solaine cries out. Everyone turns to look at her ([go to 365](#)).

355

You present the silk ribbon you found in the temple as evidence of the deed.

"Maybelline's ribbon," Tomlin shouts. "Solaine, how did you get it?"

Solaine is at a loss for words, her mouth hanging open. Tomlin rushes you, reaching for the ribbon but stops himself.

"I gave that to her for her birthday," he says. "Her... last birthday. And she was wearing it on the night. On the night you killed her!"

Eyes flashing with anger, Tomlin spins on Solaine and raises a fist. Luckily, two men from the crowd rush forward and hold him back. Chest heaving he shakes them off but returns to his companion. He

jumps as she touches his arm, but when he looks over at her he seems to find some composure.

In the meantime, the townsfolk have backed away from Solaine leaving her small and isolated. But she isn't looking at you. Her eyes are fixed on Tomlin and her mouth is pressed into a thin line.

"Ahem," says the aide as he adjusts a collar. "So have you any other evidence to present?"

If you haven't done so yet and have them in your inventory, you can present the burnt clothing ([go to 330](#)) or the love letter ([go to 318](#)).

Or you can let your case rest ([go to 340](#)).

356

With a powerful blow from Solaine's claws, you feel something tear in your throat. You try to scream but no sound comes out. Touching the gaping wound, your hands come away covered in blood. You feel your life draining away as you wobble on your feet.

"Farewell, adventurer," Solaine growls. "Maybe we will meet again in another life."

You collapse but the world fades to black before you hit the ground.

You are dead.

357

You accuse Tomlin, the village herbalist, of killing Maybelline. His eyes go wide and there's a gasp from the crowd. A few women can even be heard letting out a short scream. The young woman next to him clutches his arm. The mayor's aide scribbles the name into his document and hands it to you.

Add accusation against Tomlin to your inventory.

The aide holds up his hands for quiet. "Do you have any evidence to support your accusation?"

If you have the scapling claw in your inventory and want to present it as evidence, [go to 323](#). If you want to proceed without evidence, [go to 331](#).

358

There's a loud crack and a shower of brightly sparkling motes of light around the Silverstar. Solaine jerks and howls long and low to echo through her underground lair.

As the lights continue to dance and spin down to earth, Solaine's transformation proceeds in reverse. The fur covering her body retracts back into her skin, and her limbs shorten and contract into her human form. Her howl becomes a scream and she drops to her knees on the ground.

"No, no, no!" she yells, gathering the tatters of her robes around herself. "Dear gods, no!"

She looks down at her small, pale hands still stained with Tomlin's blood and then up at you. Tears are streaming down her face.

"How dare you take that away from me," she demands. "Now I'm just... me again."

She collapses to the ground, sobbing bitterly into her red-stained hands. Roi and Mayor Anathram step back to a respectful distance as militia members flank her and gently carry off the broken cleric ([go to 338](#)).

359

You present the wanted poster you rescued from the fire as part of your case against the mayor and tell the story of Horace and Titch's visit. You include the fact that the bandits had told Maybelline about the mayor's secret past.

And the warrant is for the capture of Mayor Tanya Anathram - formerly The Wolf of the Road - for the murder of a Three Rivers constable. The punishment is death, something she might kill to avoid.

"Is this true?" the aide asks. "Were you once this... Wolf of the Road?"

In response, the mayor's jaw clenches but she nods.

"And were you responsible for this man's death?"

"The men I led killed him," the mayor says, her voice shaking for a moment. "So yes, I was responsible."

The gathered crowd makes their voices heard, however. And every one is raised in support of the mayor.

"We don't believe it!" cries one man. Another calls out, "We don't care about your past!" A woman shouts, "We love you, mayor!"

Mayor Anathram's jaw trembles for a moment and her eyes glisten with tears. It takes her aide shouting down the crowd to finally achieve quiet.

As the din subsides, she looks at you and says, "You're an idiot."

Before you can respond, a single sharp high laugh rings out over the town square. Solaine is laughing at you ([go to 344](#)).

360

You run at your top speed through the empty streets of Langston, sprinting to the southwest towards the temple. Your blood is rushing in your ears and your lungs are burning as you hope that you are going in the right direction.

The cobblestones of the street fly past below you and the walls of the people's homes and businesses loom to either side framing the morning sky. As you run, however, the sky's blue darkens to the red of an approaching sunset. The air practically thrums with the

After making a couple of turns almost by instinct, you come to the four-way intersection in front of the mayor's home. You stop to get your bearings and catch your breath.

A man's scream - loud and high with terror pierces the air - comes from straight ahead. Then stops suddenly. You renew your pursuit, dashing again towards the southeast.

You pass through the cemetery on your way to the temple, and everything there is still and quiet. The only movement you can see is a gathering flock of crows or ravens around the courtyard. You're sure you're too late, but you redouble your speed regardless.

But your hopes are dashed as soon as you enter the temple courtyard.

Tomlin lies dead in a spreading pool of his own blood, dark birds already preparing to scavenge from the corpse. The morning sun hangs in a sky that seems stained by the blood on the ground.

Looking around, Solaine is nowhere to be found. However, evidence of her passing is visible in the claw marks left on the ground, a trail of blood, and the smashed-in door to the temple.

Follow Solaine into the temple to finish this ([go to 324](#)) or stay back and first examine the murder scene ([go to 322](#)).

361

You announce that you do not have any evidence, but you are sure that Solaine did it.

"Do you expect us to just take your word for it?" the aide asks incredulously. "A pillar of our community doing something so heinous as-"

"But the adventurer is right."

Everyone turns to Solaine, who is now standing straight and alone as people back away from her. The mayor makes a subtle gesture to the two militia members flanking her, and they move cautiously closer to the cleric.

"It doesn't matter anymore," she says firmly and clearly, and you can see madness in her growing smile ([go to 320](#)).

362

You declare Tanya Anathram - mayor of Langston - as the killer. The aide visibly jumps. He's so startled and the mayor's scowl feels hot enough to set you on fire. The crowd goes silent. The aide visibly pales but he still writes the mayor's name onto the accusation. He then hands you the document.

Add accusation against Mayor Anathram

"What evidence do you have of your claim?" the aide asks, cutting a nervous look to his employer.

If you have the wanted poster and warrant in your inventory and want to present them as evidence, [go to 359](#).

If you do not have any evidence that you want to present, [go to 319](#).

363

In the dim light of the magical illumination, you quickly figure out that while the corridors twist a couple of times, they all lead to the same place: a large chamber where it seems Solaine has made a lair for herself.

When you arrive, the cleric is still in werewolf form and crouching in the center of the room. She stares at her bloodied claws, huffing out canine whines. You approach cautiously, but there's nowhere to hide so you make no attempt at stealth. She notices you immediately but doesn't move from where she is.



"You shouldn't be here," she growls. "Go away."

Try to talk to her ([go to 328](#)) or take action to immediately end the threat ([go to 350](#)).

364

In the ebb and flow of battle, Solaine tries to slash at you with claws and you try to connect with the magic item in your hand. In the eternity that is mortal combat, you are in a stalemate. Neither having the upper hand for a split second, you wonder if you have made a grave mistake in pursuing such a dangerous beast into her lair.

But then through the flurry of claws and teeth, you leap forward and manage to make contact with the Silverstar. Magic thuds out of the silver brooch into Solaine, locking both of you in place.

As you feel the magic of the brooch pouring out, Mayor Anathram and Roi lead a group of armed townspeople into the chamber. All of them stand rapt as you press the Silverstar harder into the werewolf ([go to 358](#)).

365

"You're a fool for accusing one of the truly good men of this town," Solaine says, then points at Tomlin. "Nothing like him."

The militia members who had approached Roi back away from him and position themselves between Solaine and Roi, but no one else moves.

Solaine continues. "In such a world, a liar like Tomlin would never face justice except at the hands of one of his victims. I will see that he answers for what he does to the women of this town. For what he did to me!"

Clenching her fists, the air is filled with snapping and crackling, as if bone was being rent. Solaine's body ripples and then starts to elongate. Her hands furl and clench before sprouting long claws and her smile twists into a snarling muzzle.

"Oh no," Roi gasps, looking at you. "It was her. She was the shapechanger."

Solaine's change completes with her growing bulk straining and tearing at her clerical robes.

"Oh dear friend," she says to the druid. "You can say it."

"She's a werewolf," Roi says, his voice cracking under sadness.

Solaine chuckles deep in her throat. "Now, stand aside. I'll be taking him now."

As you follow her gaze, you see that she has her eyes fixed on Tomlin.

Either too stunned or too brave to step out of the way, the militia members hold their position even when Solaine charges them. With almost casual swipes of her claws, she tears through both men and leaves them to collapse in sprays of their own blood.

Then she leaps at Tomlin ([go to 329](#)).

366

"I must admit, I suspected Tomlin also," Mayor Anathram says. "So I don't fault you for error. The results were the same."

"Talking to that lad always left a funny taste in my mouth," Roi says. "Like sugar and covering up something that had spoiled. But he didn't deserve what he got."

The mayor produces a heavy pouch laden with coins. She hands it to you as your fee.

Add 300 gp to your inventory. If you are using milestones for your character, gain 1 level. (Or if you are using experience points, get 600 XP.) You also keep any other items and treasure you have collected on your adventure.

But Mayor Anathram and Roi aren't quite done with you ([go to the end of the adventure](#)).

367

"I must say that one hurt, adventurer," Roi says sadly. "But I'm willing to let bygones be bygones. You did a great thing back there, and saved many more people from whatever Solaine has become."

"You were not correct," the mayor says to you. "But you did get the correct results. So please take this reward with thanks from Langston."

Add 300 gp to your inventory. If you are using milestones for your character, gain 1 level. (Or if you are using experience points, get 600 XP.) You also keep any other items and treasure you have collected on your adventure.

"You earned that," Roi says to you. "But maybe you should switch to smashing skulls instead of sniffing clues."

“Indeed,” the mayor says. “But now I would like to bring up other business.”

You nod and Roi settles deeper into his seat, trying not to show he’s not looking at you (**go to the end of the adventure**).

368

“Despite your end result, you are so shockingly stupid,” Mayor Anathram says. She’s clearly frustrated, but she also seems a little hurt.

“Wasn’t the mayor the one who hired you, adventurer?” asked Roi. “Seems like she wouldn’t have hired you to find herself.”

Given how the mayor and the druid are teaming up on you, it’s obvious where this is going.

“We are reducing your fee,” the mayor says. “You will now have your expenses deducted from your reward.”

You look at Roi and he just shrugs. The mayor produces a heavy bag of coins from her desk, counts off some coins from the top, and hands you what’s left.

Add 275 gold to your inventory. If your character is using milestones, gain 1 level. (If you are using experience, gain 600 XP.) You also keep any other items and treasure you have collected on your adventure.

“Despite our... disappointment,” Roi begins with a pointed look at the mayor. “We still have the little matter of the dead needing to be tucked back in. Let’s talk more.”

You indicate that you’re listening (**go to the end of the adventure**).

369

“Solaine had us all fooled,” Roi says sadly. “She was well-liked. Loved even. Such a sad turn of events.”

“But now the people of Langston can rest a little easier,” Mayor Anathram says. “You have their gratitude. And mine.”

She hands you a large coin pouch, and it’s considerably heavier than you’d expected.

Add 350 gp to your inventory. If you are using milestones, gain 1 level. (If you are using experience, gain 600 XP.) You also keep any other items and treasure you have collected on your adventure.

“You earned every copper of that, adventurer,” Roi says.

“But we are hoping it does not satisfy you fully,” the mayor says. “We have further business to discuss.”

You stow your coin as best you can given its weight and ask the mayor to continue (**go to the end of the adventure**).

THE END OF THE ADVENTURE

Looking back over the past few days, it feels like a much longer stay in the unassuming town of Langston. You’ve destroyed monsters big and small, cured diseases, broken curses, and likely even made a few friends.

But the mayor and the druid want you to remain in Langston for a while longer.

“While it’s been challenging,” Roi says. “There is still much to do.”

“Solaine is in custody,” Mayor Anathram says. “But it is unclear if she still poses a threat now that her curse is broken.”

Roi continues, “And her actions have clearly severed her connection to her divine power. But she’s just so... calm. She is powerless, trapped, and just sitting in that cell. Like she’s waiting for something.”

“There is also now the problem of the undead,” Mayor Anathram says, and she seems suddenly tired.

“Now that there is no cleric of the Radiant Order, the dead are not staying that way,” Roi says. “And there could be serious consequences to the temple being too long without a member of the Radiant Order maintaining the town’s protections.”

“You have fulfilled your obligations to us, adventurer,” says the mayor. “But I hope you will help us again.”

“Come on,” Roi says with a wink. “You know whatever comes next will be fun.”

If you end the adventure here, you keep all inventory items and levels you’ve earned.

So it’s up to you, adventurer. If you bid Langston and its people farewell, stop reading here.

*Or continue to the epilogue and finish what you’ve started (**go to 370**).*

EPILOGUE

370

Dawn breaks bleak and gray over the still homes of Langston. You are just returning from leading an uneventful night on patrol, but not all of them have been so quiet.

The town has taken measures to quarantine the cemetery. The townsfolk are walking the rows of headstones with clubs to destroy any dead as they claw their way out of graves. However, Langston has stood in this spot for hundreds of years and has not always used the same cemetery to inter their dead. Over the past week since capturing Solaine, you have already dealt with the animated remains of two people and several housepets.

The innkeeper greets you warmly as you stagger into The Pickled Hen with the townsfolk you led through the streets last night. He silently sets a hot meal in front of you and your companions as more militia members filter into the temporary headquarters for undead hunters.

A few bits into your breakfast, the mayor strides in at the head of her own patrol. If you look closely, you can barely see the tired lines around her mouth and eyes. Her rigid bearing seems unaffected by the late nights.

She directs her team to get something to eat and then joins you. You ask her if there's been any word from the messenger.

"None," she says as she receives a tray of her own. "The Radiant Order is several days hard ride. We can expect the cleric to arrive soon."

The two of you eat in silence for a few bites before the tavern door slams open and a bloodied Roi rushes in.

"In here, lads," he says. He sweeps everything off the table nearest to the door as two men from down carry the limp form of an injured woman. "Set her down and give me some space."

To rush to his side as he lays his hands on the woman and begins chanting. A green glow emanates from around his hands before sputtering and dying. He curses in several languages.

"Adventurer, we were caught by three skeletons down on the main street," he says. "But I'm out of healing magic. Go to Tomlin's house. He must have made some healing potions before he died."

You look at the mayor and she gives you a single nod. You bolt out the door on your way to the herbalist's cottage ([go to 380](#)).

371

You tell Roi that you can indeed read Abyssal and he is suitably impressed. However, looking over the writing you see that it is actually an incantation of some kind and is written in a dialect you don't know. There are also a number of apparent errors, making it even harder to interpret.

After reading through the text a few times, however, you can clearly see that it is a pact with some demonic entity. There appears to be a name, but you cannot make sense of it. So in exchange for something involving the dead of Langston, it seems that whoever wrote this incantation gets the love and devotion of the target.

"So it's a love spell," Roi says. "A powerful one, I wager, if the run-off is also affecting her parents. I don't know if she'll help, but we need to ask Solaine about this."

If you haven't yet, you can still go to Maybelline's room ([go to 381](#)) or the kitchen ([go to 374](#)).

Or if you feel there's nothing left to learn here, you can return to town and speak to Solaine ([go to 372](#)).

372

You and Roi bid farewell to Maybelline's parents, and her mother still half-heartedly offers you tea while her father barely looks up. It's honestly impossible to tell whether it's the magical effects Roi can feel, or if it's just the trauma of recent events.

"Well, adventurer," Roi says outside. "I think we haven't any time to lose. Get on."

Before you can question what he means, Roi's form shifts into that of a powerful-looking pony. He tosses his red mane and prances alongside you

letting you climb on. Once you've gotten a grip of his neck, he takes off toward town at a gallop.

He sprints into town and clatters down through the cobblestone streets to the jailhouse near town hall. You climb off of Roi and he reverts to his dwarven form. Both of you enter the jail together.

Inside it is gloomy, with little natural light coming in through the open door. Most of the light comes from the several oil lamps burning around a single jail cell. It looks like it's mostly used for drunks and traveling vagabonds to spend the night, but currently the only occupant is Solaine.

She looks strange without her vestments, instead being dressed in a plain gray dress likely donated by a kind woman in town. She is sitting calmly on the edge of a cot in her cell, hands over her knees and eyes on the wall. Still, her eyes dart to you and Roi as you enter.

"Roi, my dear friend," she says calmly. There's a chill in her voice. "Thank you for visiting again. To what do I owe the pleasure?"

"Solaine, darling," Roi says as he nervously wrings his hands. "It pains me to ask, but I was wondering if I could please ask for your advice."

Solaine looks between you and the druid. "Adventurer, you may have beaten me but I am not broken. I will help only because you're asking, Roi."

You can ask her about anything you have in your inventory: the blackened garlands ([go to 375](#)), the unhallowed herbs ([go to 388](#)), or the lock of hair ([go to 382](#)).

373

You can't quite get the mechanism to catch. Normally you might try again, but you have a brave woman bleeding out back at the inn.

If you haven't tried yet, you can break down the door ([go to 390](#)) or break a window ([go to 377](#)).

374

Maybelline's parents barely seem to register your presence as you move from the common area into their kitchen. Your first impression is that it is a kitchen like that found in any farmhouse anywhere in the land.

Dried herbs hang from the rafters within reach. A cast iron pan sits on the stovetop smooth with many years of seasoning. There are simple cooking utensils and enough plates and cups to accommodate the small family who lives there.

But you and Roi look around all the same. Wrapped in an oilcloth at the back of the pantry, you find a hidden parcel of herbs and flowers.

All of the plants are oddly proportioned. Most are covered in thorns that seem just a little too sharp, and leaves and flowers alike are rimmed with unnatural shades of purple and green. One of the blossoms is a deep, midnight black and another has a splash of color almost like a blood stain.

Roll an Intelligence (Nature) check. If you get 15 or more, [go to 393](#). If you get less than 15, [go to 384](#).

375

You hold up the wilted and blackened garlands for Solaine to look at.

"They look like wedding garlands," she says. "And I have seen many in this town. As the officiant of course. And these were healthy until you brought them close to each other?"

You nod and Roi backs you up.

"It sounds like these were used as an anchor for some enchantment, but there was a pact written in bad faith." She chuckles drily at her own attempt at a pun. "There was likely some clause that said if these two objects ever came into contact, the spell would be broken. A condition that sows chaos like that sounds like a demonic entity."

You return the garlands to your pack.

"Thanks, lass," Roi says. "How are you holding up?"

"The same as yesterday," Solaine says. "So where did you find these garlands?"

You tell her that one was found in Tomlin's home and one in Maybelline's home.

"But—" she says, her cool exterior beginning to crack. "That would mean that either Maybelline or Tomlin was the victim of an enchantment. A love spell of some kind. What else did you find?"

If you haven't done so yet and have them in your inventory, you can ask Solaine about the unhallowed herbs ([go to 388](#)) or the lock of hair ([go to 382](#)).

Or if there isn't anything else you need to discuss with Solaine, you can thank her and bid her goodbye ([go to 399](#)).

376

You and Roi enjoy a companionable walk out of Langston in which you've come to terms with the events of the past couple of weeks. You briefly discuss Solaine with Roi voicing some concerns for her health and mental state.

"The poor lass was so sweet before," he says. "And there'd be people taking advantage of that, but she was an important part of this community. It came as quite a shock to the town when Tomlin left her for Maybelline, especially so quickly."

As you and Roi make your way through the country roads, the clouds continue to roll in and a light drizzle starts to fall. You're damp and chilled by the time you reach your destination. Roi knocks gently at a farmhouse door.

Maybelline's mother opens the door and peeks out, but when she sees you and Roi she gives you both a wide smile that doesn't reach her tired eyes. She looks thin, as if stretched too far, but that's to be expected given the recent events that have affected her family.

"If it isn't Roi and the adventurer who brought that priest to justice," she says. "You must be freezing. Come in and warm yourselves by the fire. I already have a kettle on for tea."

She escorts you into a communal living area with a fire crackling gently in the hearth. Maybelline's father is sitting in a rocking chair mending a harness for some beast of burden. He looks up, meets your eye, and nods. His eyes are rimmed with red and dark circles encase his eyes.

As Maybelline's mother bustles off towards the kitchen, Roi leans close to you and says under his breath, "Something is off here. I know these lands better than anyone, and something is wrong with the farm."

You nod just as Maybelline's mother comes in from the kitchen with a teapot and four cups. While she busies herself with the tea, you pull out the garland you found at Tomlin's house and present it to Maybelline's parents. Their faces darken when they see it.

"The adventurer found this in the home of your future son-in-law," Roi says. "So I thought you might want it. For closure."

"That looks so familiar," Maybelline's mother says, squinting at the garland. "I think Maybelline made that herself. But weren't there two?"

"There were definitely two," the father says. "I remember Maybelline making them. She was humming and singing these funny little songs the whole time. Did you not find the other one?"

Roi shoots you a loaded look. "This garland is... unusual," he says. "Do you know where the other one is?"

"I don't," says the father, and you can now see he's just ineffectually picking at the harness in his lap. "But you can take a look around if you think it will help."

Maybelline's mother still hasn't poured any tea, and she is just staring at the steaming teapot. She looks up just remembering you're there. "Oh, yes. Please. Anything you think might help."

Shooting Roi a concerned look, you consider where you should look for the other garland and maybe a clue to the couple's strange behavior. You could check Maybelline's bedroom ([go to 381](#)), the kitchen ([go to 374](#)), or see if there are any of these flowers in the garden ([go to 392](#)).

377

There are no elegant solutions. You smash a window and crawl through the broken glass.

Roll a Dexterity save. If you roll under 10, take 1d4 damage as you cut yourself on broken glass.

You drop through the window into Tomlin's cottage ([go to 386](#)).

378

You identify the magic as some ancient love spell, though you have no idea how it might have come to be here in Maybelline's home. It seems as though the two garlands connect two people, but it's odd that bringing them together would cause the spell to break.

That seems like a condition for a pact with a dark force with a cruel sense of humor. This is mostly conjecture, however, as you are unfamiliar with the actual spell used to create this effect.

When you explain all this to Roi, he sucks at his teeth for a moment. “Well, Solaine may know something. She spent a lot of time studying these dark arts. Wouldn’t hurt to ask, would it?”

Add blackened garlands to your inventory.

If you haven’t done so yet, you can still explore the kitchen (**go to 374**) or see if you can find where the flowers came from in the garden (**go to 392**).

Or if there’s nothing else for you to do here, you can say goodbye to Maybelline’s family and to speak to Solaine (**go to 372**).

379

You search through Tomlin’s ingredients and what he’s made from them, but you can’t make any sense of how he’s organized things. You only find two healing potions among a number of other items.

Add 2 potions of healing to your inventory.

Among what you found is an unusual garland like something some couples wear in their wedding. Woven out of wildflowers, it shimmers slightly in the light and the flowers themselves seem fresh even though the herbalist’s cottage has apparently been locked since Tomlin’s death.

Hoping it can also be helpful to Roi, you take the odd garland as well.

Add Tomlin’s garland to your inventory.

Though you feel it’s likely there are things that you missed, time is running out so you sprint back to The Pickled Hen (**go to 391**).

380

You’re left gasping for breath when you arrive at Tomlin’s cottage. It seems like such a long time ago you were here helping him rid his garden of scraplings, though in reality it’s been a little more than a week.

The cottage is corpse-like in that it looks exactly the same as the last time you were here, but the dark windows and quiet of the gray dawn give the place a disconcerting stillness. The person who brought this place to life is gone, and a shiver runs up your spine at the realization.

But within could be the key to saving someone else, so you set aside any discomfort of stealing from a

dead man and try to find a way in. You try the front door and it’s locked.

The trellises are high and thick with vines, and you know first-hand how hard they are to climb (even if the back door would be unlocked). It’s not worth the time as someone lies bleeding to death on a tavern table.

That leaves you the option of picking the lock on the front door (**go to 387**), breaking down the front door (**go to 390**), or breaking a window and crawling in (**go to 377**).

381

You ask if it’s all right to take a look in Maybelline’s room and her father just points.

You and Roi look around carefully but thoroughly. You find a twin to the garland you found in Tomlin’s cottage tucked under Maybelline’s pillow. It has the same shimmer you saw with the first one.

You hand Roi Tomlin’s garland while picking up Maybelline’s. You feel that the ring of wildflowers tugs slightly towards its counterpart as if the two were trying to touch. It’s hard to explain where it might be coming from, but there’s a sense of longing coming from the braided wildflowers in your hand.

“You feel that too, eh?” Roi says. “This is looking more and more like some kind of enchantment. But nothing like any spell I’ve ever seen before.”

The pull continues, an insistent force pulling the wedding garlands towards each other.

“Come here, adventurer. I want to try something.” Roi reaches out Tomlin’s wedding garland to touch Maybelline’s. “Just don’t fall in love with me, eh?”

You let the two strings of woven flowers touch each other, and the tugging sensation abruptly stops. The shimmer becomes a flash, and when your vision clears both you and the druid are holding blackened chains of rotting flowers.

Roll and Intelligence (Arcana) check. If you roll 15 or more, **go to 378**. If you roll under 15, **go to 395**.

382

You pull out the braided lock of hair and scrap of paper and hold it out to Solaine. She recoils, her hand reaching for a holy symbol that is no longer there.

"That's... that's Tomlin's hair," she hisses. "Where did you get that?"

When you tell her it was buried in Maybelline's garden, she reacts with shock and anger.

"It's pact magic," she snarls. "An enchantment written in the language of demons, so there is a price to be paid. Are her parents all right?"

"They're acting a bit strange, and there was something wrong with the place," Roi says with a shiver. "As if the soil itself were crying out in pain."

"Now that you've removed this from their property, they shouldn't feel any more effects within a couple of days," Solaine says. Then she mutters absently half at Roi, "So that's what she meant by 'powerful friends.' I just thought she was talking about some other yokel."

You ask Solaine what it means, and she looks away from the spell to lock eyes with you.

"It means that I killed the man who loved me," she says. "But I also got my revenge on the woman who made me do it."

Under the smoldering anger of her look, you take a step back from the cell bars. But as quickly as she turned, Solaine takes a deep breath and apparently sheds her dark rage as she turns to her friend.

"We're done here," she says ([go to 399](#)).

383

The door's hinges bend and the wood around the latch splinters as you break in the door.

You have no time to admire your handiwork, however, as you rush into the cottage looking for anything that can help ([go to 386](#)).

384

You don't recognize the herbs, but Roi does and he seems to be avoiding touching them.

"Those plants are not... natural," he says. "They only grow in unhallowed soil, and while I'm not entirely sure, burning them can also open up communications with demons, devils, and the like."

You ask if this is the right mix to do so, and Roi just shrugs. "No idea, but Solaine might. She's an expert in these things, even without that library of hers."

Add unhallowed herbs to your inventory.

If you haven't yet, you can still look in Maybelline's room ([go to 381](#)) or visit the garden to see if there are the same flowers as Tomlin's garland ([go to 392](#)).

Or if you're ready to speak to Solaine, you can return to town with Roi ([go to 372](#)).

385

You can't read Abyssal and there's no way you can interpret what's on the page.

"It may not work," Roi says. "But maybe we could ask Solaine? She speaks Abyssal and will probably even know what that does."

You tuck away the little braid and the scrap of paper to bring to Solaine later.

Add lock of hair to your inventory.

If you haven't done so already, you can still check out Maybelline's room ([go to 381](#)) or explore the kitchen for anything amiss ([go to 374](#)).

Or if you feel there's nothing left to learn here, you can return to town and speak to Solaine ([go to 372](#)).

386

The interior of Tomlin's house looks like the last time you saw it only frozen in time. No cauldron bubbles and no remedies are being distilled. With only the weak light from outside, the cottage is gloomy despite the brightly colored ingredients drying and a mustiness is already moving under the smell of herbs and flowers.

Though you feel a twinge of sadness for Tomlin's passing, you quickly collect yourself and start rifling through his belongings looking for any unsold healing potions.

Roll an Intelligence (Investigation) check. If you get 12 or more, [go to 396](#). If you get less than 12, [go to 379](#).

387

You take out your thieves' tools and get to work on the lock of the door. It's not very sophisticated, but time is of the essence and you need to work quickly.

Roll a proficiency check with your thieves' tools. If you get 10 or more, [go to 394](#). If you roll less than 10, [go to 373](#).

388

You pull out the bundle of unhallowed herbs and show Solaine.

“Well, plants are more Roi’s specialty,” she says. “But I recognize these. They are distinctive for sure and I often find them growing in the cemetery. What are they?”

Roi clears his throat. “Though I don’t know how to process them, these are the ingredients of a communion incense.”

“Communion with... what?” Solaine’s eyes narrow as though she already knows the answer. She takes a tentative sniff at the herbs.

“Not the sort of company I’d like to keep,” Roi says and Solaine nods.

“So the girl was telling the truth,” Solaine says, her gaze growing distant. “She really did put Tomlin under her power. I thought she was just mocking me. What did she trade for Tomlin?”

The former cleric’s eyes snap up to you. Roi takes a step back from her intensity.

“What else? Did you find anything else?”

If you have them in your inventory and haven’t done so yet, you can ask Solaine about either the blackened garlands ([go to 375](#)) or the lock of hair ([go to 382](#)).

Or if there’s nothing else, you can thank her and bid her goodbye ([go to 399](#)).

389

You are enjoying your second uneventful nightly patrol and just finishing up the first watch. You are outside The Pickled Hen and light is streaming out the tavern windows along with good-natured banter from the militia members you were leading. The innkeeper has been kind enough to keep the common room open late into the night for the militia to eat and socialize after patrols.

You’ve taken a moment to look out over the sleeping town. The clouds cleared while you slept and now a full moon hangs in the starry sky above. The lamp-lighters have stayed home while the risk of undead remains high, so the moon’s cool white light is the only illumination.

In the dappled shadows of the night, you almost miss the small movement across the street from the tavern. At first, you think it’s just your eyes playing tricks on you, but you could swear you see a woman standing in the shadows wearing a plain, rough-spun dress. The moonlight is playing tricks around her features keeping her swathed in shadows. You can’t even begin to make out the face except for a small, wry smile and light-colored hair tied back in a tight bun.

But then you blink and she’s gone. You approach where you think you saw the odd figure, and find nothing except a faint chill hanging in the air.

You remember that there are still undead wandering the streets and it would not be good to be caught alone. You return to the inn for a hot meal, a cool drink, and a good night’s rest ([go to 400](#)).

390

You assess the door and you’ve seen sturdier, but it’s still going to take some doing to break down.

Roll a Strength check to break down the door. If you get 10 or more, [go to 383](#). If you get less than 10, [go to 397](#).

391

You burst into The Pickled Hen and the bedlam of Roi’s arrival has calmed down. The injured militia member is lying on a table, her wounds wrapped in bandages already stained through with blood. Roi is speaking quietly to Mayor Anathram.

“There were three of them this time,” he said. “Just skeletons, but one of them got past me and caught the poor lass good. Still no word on when the new cleric will arrive?”

“None,” the mayor says. “Have you learned anything from Solaine?”

“Nothing,” Roi says. “Just the same story that the land itself is cursed and that the temple puts the dead to rest, but only if there’s a member of the Radiant Order caring for it.”

The mayor nods her acknowledgment at Roi’s report and then notices you. “Did you find any potions?”

You say that you did and hand one over.

Remove 1 potion of healing from your inventory.

Roi takes it and administers it to the wounded woman on the table. Stiff with pain despite being unconscious, she visibly relaxes as the druid pours the healing elixir into her mouth.

“That should do her,” he says. “She’ll at least be stable until I can recover my healing spells. How was your patrol, adventurer?”

You report to Roi and Mayor Anathram that your night’s patrol was uneventful, but you also show Roi the garland you found at Tomlin’s house.

“Hmm,” he says as he examines it. “This is a wedding garland. Not unusual in itself. Mostly made of flowers that symbolize love, but also some poisonous blooms in the mix. And these red ones? They only bloom in the spring, so they should be dead and gone long ago.”

He turns the garland over, watching the magical shimmer. The mayor looks on dispassionately.

“Well, I don’t see any harm in it,” he says. “I think we could do with a diversion, eh adventurer? Let’s bring this back to Maybelline’s folks. It’ll give them a little memento and something for us to do while we wait for the new priest.”

Without waiting for your reply, the energetic druid whisks you away from the tavern and on your way out of town ([go to 376](#)).

392

You and Roi go out into the family garden, and Maybelline’s parents seem to not even notice you leave.

They have a plot behind the farmhouse. You can see vegetables like string beans and tomatoes planted in neat rows, but the soil around them is teeming with weeds and most of the plants seem scraggly with neglect. A few flowers are also in bloom, but not as many as could be. The whole outdoor space gives the impression of a well-planned garden that hasn’t had any upkeep in a month or so.

Still, you look around for the wildflowers you saw in the garland. They shouldn’t be affected by the lack of care needed by the cultivated plants. Sadly, you can find no sign of the flowers. You do find something much more interesting.

There is a patch of odd soil near the wall of the house, presumably under Maybelline’s window. Unlike the rest of the garden, this soil is the same black color as what you saw in the cemetery. This patch is too small to be a grave, but something could certainly be buried there.

As you crouch down and start digging, Roi breaks off his search to join you. He waits beside you in anxious silence as you scoop away the eerily dark earth.

After a few minutes, you reveal that something was indeed buried there. You find a piece of parchment, stained a dark brown by the earth and completely covered with a jagged, otherworldly script. There is a braided lock of hair strung through the strange message.

“That looks like Abyssal to me,” Roi said. “Can you read it? I certainly can’t.”

If you can speak or read Abyssal either through a language proficiency or some other spell or ability, [go to 371](#). If you cannot, [go to 385](#).

393

You recognize these herbs, but only by reputation. You’ve never actually seen them with your own eyes. These are plants that only grow on unhallowed ground and are used as part of rituals to commune with the lower planes.

You couldn’t guess whether these open communication with devils in the Nine Hells or demons in the Abyss, but it is unusual to have them anywhere in a home as they are also very toxic to mortals.

“Aye, they are that,” Roi says. “Demons and devils are outside my realms of knowledge. But Solaine is an expert in the lower planes. She may have more insights.”

Add unhallowed herbs to your inventory.

“I don’t think that these are enough to cause the disturbance I’m feeling here on this land,” Roi said. “It must be something else.”

If you haven’t done so, you can still examine Maybelline’s room ([go to 381](#)) or search the garden for the same flowers as the garland ([go to 392](#)).

Or if you’re ready to speak to Solaine, you can return to town with Roi ([go to 372](#)).

394

You feel the satisfying click of the lock springing open. With a smile, you quickly stow your tools and barge into the empty cottage to find the healing potions you need ([go to 386](#)).

395

“Not exactly what I would expect of a love spell,” Roi says. “I would have thought they would want to be paired. This smacks of dark magic, adventurer, but nothing I’ve ever heard of..”

You ask who in town might be able to offer more clarity.

“Solaine is the only one I can think of. She has studied these dark forces for years. And I still sense something about the property.”

Add blackened garlands to your inventory.

If you haven’t done so yet, you can look for anything unusual in the kitchen ([go to 374](#)) or head outside to the garden to look for where the flowers might have come from ([go to 392](#)).

Alternatively, if you are ready to go then you can say your goodbyes and return to Langston ([go to 372](#)).

396

Like the care he took with his garden, Tomlin was meticulous about organizing his ingredients and remedies. Everything is clearly labeled and in its place. It doesn’t take you long to find what you’re looking for.

Your quick search turns up three bottles labeled as healing potions and a vial of antitoxin.

Add 3 potions of healing and 1 antitoxin to your inventory.

As you do one last check through the herbalist’s belongings, you come across a garland woven of brightly colored wildflowers. It looks like something one might wear in some kind of ceremony, so you assume it’s some part of the wedding that didn’t happen.

Interestingly, all the flowers look and smell as if they were plucked from a meadow just minutes ago, though you don’t see how that could be possible. Examining the garland, it shimmers slightly as you turn it.

This could be helpful as well, and at the very least you should probably ask Roi about it. It’s clearly

magical, but you haven’t the time to figure out what it does right now.

Add Tomlin’s garland to your inventory.

One last cursory check doesn’t reveal anything else that will be helpful. You rush out of Tomlin’s cottage toward The Pickled Hen, hoping it’s not too late ([go to 391](#)).

397

You batter yourself against the door but it doesn’t budge. This isn’t working, and there’s no more time to waste.

If you haven’t tried yet, you can pick the locks ([go to 387](#)) or break a window ([go to 377](#)).

398

“We’ll do that if there are no potions to be had,” Roi says. “We need to keep you in fighting shape, adventurer, especially now that I’m out. Save your spells. I’ve got her stable for now, but please hurry.”

Roi turns his attention to the woman’s wounds as you hurry out the door ([go to 380](#)).

399

You thank Solaine for speaking with you and bid her goodbye. She looks at you down her nose.

“I can’t tell if you are truly noble or just in it for your own personal gain,” she says to you. “But you’re not doing anything that I wouldn’t have done in your place.”

You open your mouth to thank her but she cuts you off with a smile that reminds you of her wolf fangs. You take a step back from the cell and bump into Roi.

“But I will still get my revenge. Some day.”

“Come on,” Roi says to you, tugging you toward the door. “It’s time to go.”

Once outside, you see tears shining on the dwarf’s cheeks and in his beard. He wipes his nose with a sleeve and huffs out a sigh.

“Solaine was the best of us once,” he says. “A truly good person who did what was right. But now a broken shell and a lunatic. My friend is gone all thanks to some silly girl who couldn’t bear to hear no.”

You aren’t quite sure what to say, but the druid speaks first.

“Come on, adventurer,” he says. “We both need some rest. It’s another night on patrol for the both of us.”

Roi walks you back to The Pickled Hen but instead of leaving for the grove, you see him shift into his reddish wolf form before curling up on the floor next to the fire. He’s already begun to snore by the time you start climbing the stairs to your room ([go to 389](#)).

400

You wake to the sound of a commotion downstairs in the tavern. It doesn’t sound like another injured patrol, but there’s a general din of voices in the common room. You ready yourself to go down and see what the fuss is all about.

You come down the stairs to a heated conversation between Mayor Anathram, Roi, and a tired-looking militia member.

“There is a problem,” the mayor says.

“Well, the problem is gone,” Roi says. “And that’s the problem.”

Seeing your confusion, Roi gestures to the haggard militia member still catching his breath.

“Please, don’t make me try to explain it,” he says. “Just come with me.”

The group of you make your way to the jail, the mayor is walking so briskly that Roi has to jog to keep up. When you arrive, it takes you a moment to understand what you’re seeing.

What’s left of the cell door’s shattered lock is still glittering with an unnatural frost. A biting chill hangs in the air and you can see your breath. The cell itself is empty and you would guess it has been since sometime late last night.

“Adventurer,” the mayor says. “What is this?”



She points to the floor where the frost forms a distinct pattern despite its jagged edges: a crescent moon. A new voice saves you from having to answer the mayor.

“So what happened in this town of yours?” asks the newcomer. You, Roi, and Mayor Anathram turn to the door where a cleric in dusty white robes is peering into the jail cell.

Roi walks up to the cleric - a young man with stooped shoulders and light brown hair - and claps the holy man on the back. “It’s a long story, lad, but we’ll have plenty of time as we get you settled into the temple. Let me show you the way.”

“It seems your services are no longer required,” Mayor Anathram says to you as Roi leads the cleric out. “Thank you. Where will you go next?”

You look at the thick frost on the cell doors and floor then think back to your moonlit encounter the night before. You tell the mayor that you are not sure yet. But whatever adventure comes next, you will not do it alone.

THE END

THE GENERAL STORE

The general store smells of sawdust and is always well-lit with well-loved oil lamps. Decades of neglected dusting means that the windows are so thick with sediment that it's impossible to tell what time of day it is outside.

ADVENTURING GEAR

NAME	PRICE	WEIGHT
Backpack	2 gp	5 lbs.
Bedroll	16 sp	7 lbs.
Blanket	5 sp	3 lbs.
Bottle (glass)	1 gp	1 lb.
Candle	1 cp	—
Clothes, common	5 gp	3 lbs.
Crowbar	2 gp	5 lbs.
Hammer	1 gp	3 lbs.
Healer's kit	4 gp	3 lbs.
Lantern, hooded	4 gp	1 lb.
Magnifying glass	100 gp	—
Oil (flask)	1 sp	1 lb.
Rations (1/day)	5 sp	2 lbs.
Rope, hempen (50 ft.)	1 gp	10 lbs.
Saddle, riding	10 gp	25 lbs.
Soap	2 cp	—
Torch	1 cp	1 lb.
Waterskin	2 sp	5 lbs.
Whetstone	1 cp	1 lb.

The proprietor greets you with a warm smile and offers to help you find whatever you need. He reminds you that potions are especially good value here in Langston thanks to Tomlin the herbalist's good work.

POTIONS

NAME	PRICE	WEIGHT
Antitoxin	25 gp	—
Potion of healing	25 gp	—

TOOLS

NAME	PRICE	WEIGHT
Alchemist's supplies	40 gp	8 lbs.
Cook's utensils	1 gp	8 lbs.
Herbalism kit	4 gp	3 lbs.

WEAPONS

NAME	PRICE	WEIGHT
Arrows (10)	1 gp	1 lb.
Shortbow	20 gp	2 lbs.
Dagger	2 gp	1 lb.
Shortsword	10 gp	2 lbs.
Handaxe	5 gp	2 lb.
Shield	10 gp	4 lbs.

If you're unsure about the in-game mechanics of any of these items, you can look them up in your own sourcebooks, on <https://dnd.wizards.com/what-is-dnd/basic-rules>, or on <https://www.dndbeyond.com/sources/basic-rules>.

THANK YOU TO OUR CREDITED BACKERS!

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 Wolves of Langston*.

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If you don't have a character made, you can play right away by downloading a pre-made character at [**obviousmimic.com/pages/pre-made-characters**](https://obviousmimic.com/pages/pre-made-characters).

For the self-DM pack full of maps, tokens, and everything you need to be your own Dungeon Master, go to [**obviousmimic.com/pages/self-dm-packs**](https://obviousmimic.com/pages/self-dm-packs).

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