

Dungeon Module Ur1

The Village of Forest Green

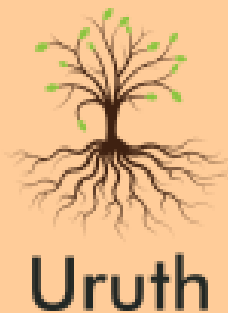
By

Dave Black



On the outskirts of the Shale Mountains, bordering a great forest, lies the village of Forest Green. The village has been many things over the years: a logging camp, a wizard's refuge, a military outpost and now a blossoming gathering place for adventurer's looking to plunder hidden ruins and test themselves against the dangers of the deep forest, or to seek passage through the great swamp to the peaks beyond.

This module was originally created for my AD&D world of Uruth, but I have converted it for use with D&D 5th edition rules. Inside you will find maps, plot hooks and details of the village and its major personalities so that you can use Forest Green in your own campaign.



Village of Forest Green

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Contents

Village of Forest Green	2	16. Gerfs assortments	19
Credits	2	17. Dawson family	20
Contents	2	18. Barstrodes house	20
Introduction	3	19. Miller	22
Preparation	3	20. Storehouses	22
Introducing Forest Green	3	21. Pastrycook	23
Buildings and Their Inhabitants	4	22. Herbalist/Healer	23
Religion	4	23. Talin Ironbrow	24
Surrounding Geography	4	24. Jandor family	26
Map of Forest Green	5	25. Mathen family	26
Locations Inside the Wall	6	26. Kalthian residence	27
1. Entrance tower	7	27. Skyclear family	28
2. Jansens Outfitters	7	28. Fergus Gombars house	29
3. Butchers	8	29. Hakkars House	30
5. Bakers	10	30. The Tower	30
6. Carpenters/Coopers	10	Outside the village walls	33
7. Weaver/Basket maker	11	a. Gatewood Farm	33
8. Candlemaker	12	b. Cassar Farm	34
9. Blacksmiths	12	c. Pinben Farm	34
10. Stables and Barns	13	d. The Waystone and Pool	35
11. Chicken coups, Pigsty and Tanners residence. .	13	e. The druid grove	35
12. Grimbolds Inn	14	f. The Fleeing Group	36
13. Shoe and boot maker	17	Rumours and Plot Hooks	38
14. Strood family	17	Player Map	40
15. Lucksure family	18		

Introduction

On the border of the deep forest sits the village of Forest Green, an increasingly important stop for adventurers and those seeking passage through the great swamp to the Shale Mountains beyond. What adventures lie in wait?

Preparation

This resource was designed for my AD&D campaign set in my world of Uruth, but I have converted it for D&D 5th edition rules. The premise behind this resource is a ready-made village with a wealth of game ideas that DMs can drop into their campaigns, but you will find the odd note reflecting the way it is in my world.

Fellow DM's may have to alter aspects of it to slot into their own campaigns, but it's worth mentioning that Uruth is a low-magic setting. Magic is known and respected, but, as with the recent D&D campaigns, you won't find characters festooned with magical goodies.

Forest Green can be a dangerous place. If your players are the hack and slash sort they could quickly end up dead. It is well worth reminding players that adventurers are not an unusual sight here, and some NPC's are of the shoot first, ask questions later variety. A couple of the NPC's gathered here are formidable indeed, so, depending on the level of your party, you might want to limit your player's contact with them or remove them entirely.

To get started, print out the booklet, including the maps. Read through the descriptions and mini-plots at least once to familiarize yourself with the situation, threats and major non-player characters (particularly their motivations). Some locations have a player description (see below) that can be read or paraphrased for the players without revealing DM only details, assuming characters approach the location in a normal manner (daytime, not through a window etc.).

Text like this is descriptive information for the players.

Introducing Forest Green

The village you're approaching is sited on a low hill that provides good lines of sight over the surrounding farmlands, particularly from the impressive stone tower at the northern edge of the town. Before you stands a stout wooden palisade and a pair of formidable iron bound gates, with smoke gently rising from a number of fires or chimneys on the far side.

An unknown mage built the tower that dominates the village and surrounding area, but it was long abandoned and in a state of disrepair before Forest Green was designated a military outpost.

Forty odd years ago the local rulership deemed it wise to garrison Forest Green, both to establish a presence on the outer edge of the great swamp, and to deter the goblins and orcs that occasionally push down from the mountains to raid the farmlands and homesteads in the area. The security provided by the garrison, plus the work they did to replace the old rotten palisade with something more sturdy, also made Forest Green an attractive jumping off point for adventures, trappers and hunters. In recent years the village has attracted frontiersman, those with a penchant for adventure and the people who supply them. Striking out into the Shale Mountains beyond more than one party of adventurers has returned with tales of gold and gems and as news spread, Forest Green was born.

The village itself consists of forty or so buildings mostly constructed from wood. While many have stone chimneys only three buildings are comprised of stone, the entrance tower, Grimbolds Inn and the tower itself. Cost generally being the main reason as wood is obviously plentiful.

The outer wall comprises of felled trees bound together and sunk 6-8ft into the mound. The wall stands 12ft from the ground and each tree has been sharpened into a fire hardened point. It is regularly inspected and maintained by the garrison stationed in the tower barracks and is of very solid construction. Forest Green's hill has a difference in height between the northern and southern edges of approx. 60ft, with the lower end being the town entrance. This gives the tower an excellent view of the surrounding area extending into the marsh and swamplands and further adds to its defence.

Truth be told Forest green is just a few steps from becoming a small town. At festival times the overspill from the village drops into the large meadow southwards and this sometimes becomes a colourful collection of tents and travellers.

Buildings and Their Inhabitants

Except where noted under the descriptions family residences are pretty much the same. The house revolves around a couple of lower level rooms usually a central stone chimney. Cooking and eating all happen within the main room but some have a second storey with extra bedrooms. Some houses have a converted front room that acts as a shop front. A lot of the houses are a decent size, as space and materials are not a problem in this initial growth stage of Forest Green. There is a deep well that draws from an underground stream in the centre of the village and everyone's supply is garnered from that as it never goes dry, even in the hottest of summers. The denizens of the village are zero level humans unless noted and basically normal people just trying to survive in a tough world. You may find that some NPC characters have an extra skill or ability reflecting their slightly raised status. Children's statistics are generally ignored unless of note.

Religion

There are no temples or shrines in Forest green. Occasional, some cleric will appear and hold a few simple ceremonies for the folk of the village but by and large, while not godless, the general population is more concerned with putting food on the table than the divine. In my world the Druidic faith is re-emerging after many centuries and is becoming more and more a part of people's lives on the edge of civilisation.

Surrounding Geography

Forest green sits on the edge of a great forest that covers many hundreds of kilometres. Forest green and its surrounding farms lie on the ancient high road that bisects the forest, as civilization pushed forward ever onwards towards the Shale mountains. On Forest greens northern edge, the road fades away into a great marsh that turns into a vast swamp nearer the mountains. The Shale Mountains themselves are a grey spine that forms a barrier between the greener more temperate part of Uruth and the drier more arid country.

Map of Forest Green



- | | |
|--|------------------------|
| 1. Entrance tower | 19. Miller |
| 2. Jansen's outriggers | 20. Storehouses |
| 3. Butcher | 21. Pastrycook |
| 4. Tailor/Furrier | 22. Healer/Herbalist |
| 5. Baker | 23. Talin Ironbrow |
| 6. Carpenters/Cooper | 24. Jandor family |
| 7. Weaver/Basket maker | 25. Mathen family |
| 8. Candle maker | 26. Kalthian residence |
| 9. Blacksmiths | 27. Skyclear family |
| 10. Stables and Barns | 28. Fergus Gombar |
| 11. Chicken coups, Pigsty and Tanners residence. | 29. Hakkars house |
| 12. Grimbolds Inn | 30. Tower barracks |
| 13. Shoe/Boot maker | a. Gatewood Farm |
| 14. Strood family | b. Cassar Farm |
| 15. Lucksure family | c. Pinben Farm |
| 16. Gerfs assortments | d. The Waystone & Pool |
| 17. Dawson family | e. The Druid Grove |
| 18. Barstrodes house | f. The Fleeing Group |

Locations Inside the Wall



- | | |
|--|------------------------|
| 1. Entrance tower | 16. Gerfs assortments |
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1. Entrance tower

A formidable set of gates sits proudly in this impressive looking entrance guardhouse. A guard is standing by the main gate looking at you approach but in a casual way. Another guard can be seen on its second level. Through the open gates you can see people going about their daily business and a couple of farmer looking types are leaving the village.

The entrance tower is of excellent construction being built with the same hard stone as the tower. It comprises of two levels the second of which contains a Murder hole which the village defenders can drop missiles or liquids upon any attackers. There are four heavy crossbows here for this purpose. There are two sets of gates made of oak and banded with iron and a portcullis just inside the first set creating a lethal firing zone for any trapped between it and the second gate. Arrow slits line the walls either side of the entrance and there are always at least two guards here. A large hatch opens onto the roof and further troops would be positioned here if the village was attacked. It would take a considerable force to breach the gates.

2. Jansens Outfitters

A small bell tinkles as you push open the door. Inside a multitude of items and equipment can be seen resting on shelves lining the shop or hanging from racks on the ceiling. The store looks clean and well-ordered and in front of you is standing a smiling figure leaning heavily on a stick. A large dangerous looking dog is by his side. "Yes! Yes! A fine day no...Come in take a look round, many things I have oh yes....many things."

Jansen's outfitters a place where people of all sorts can equip themselves for long journeys and general adventuring. It is 30ft long by 20ft wide on its lower level and has two central isles with shelving around the walls. The shop is well stocked with virtually any general item from the PH available at the standard cost, although some of the rarer of specialist items only at the discretion of the DM. (and certainly not on display!)



Jansen is a short, live-wire fellow in his early forties who although seemingly in constant mid-twitch, has a genuine kindly face. A happy bachelor, he has never married although some would say he is married to his business. Whenever a trade caravan enters Forest green you can be sure that Jansen has some part in it, partially for business reasons and partially to hear news and stories from other places, which he has a real passion for.

Jansen suffered a serious accident in his youth being gored by a wild boar. Although he has tried to put this injury behind him, he has ever since walked with a serious limp, needing the walking stick that he constantly carries. It would be treated as a club if he ever needed to use it to defend himself.

Jansen though is popular and good natured and delights in the tales and tall stories that those who go out beyond the mist bring back. He knows where every item is in his shop and speedily retrieves them from the countless shelves and piles of equipment despite leaning heavily on his stout walking stick. Although on good terms with virtually everyone, Jansen has one really close friend in Grimbold who he meets with to discuss business or whatever over a beer. At these times the shop is guarded by Rufus a strange large war hound that is totally loyal to Jansen. (How the hound ended up with Jansen is anybody's guess...)

The value of goods within Jansens is considerable but apart from some light thievery (which Jansen keeps a keen watch for) should be out of reach of for the players. Similarly, Jansen's disappearance would be very

quickly noticed and the culprits hunted down by the troops stationed at the tower and certain personages within the village. (Grimbold, possibly Talin Ironbeard(!))

<p>Jansen, 0 level human guild merchant: AC 9; Speed 20ft; hp 4; #AT 1 at +1; Dmg 1d4-1b</p> <p>Str 9, Dex 8, Con 10, Int 13, Wis 13, Cha 14</p> <p>Skills: Insight +3, Persuasion +4</p> <p>Languages: Common, Dwarvish, Elvish</p>
<p>Equipment: Walking stick (treat as club)</p>
<p>Things he is likely to say.</p> <p><i>"This is an excellent object!"</i></p> <p><i>"You can never have enough rope!"</i></p> <p><i>"I know the thing!"</i></p>

<p>Rufus, mastiff, medium beast: AC 12; Speed 40ft; hp 8; #AT 1 at +3; Dmg 1d6+1</p> <p>Str 12, Wis 12, Int 5*, Dex 14, Con 12, Cha 7</p> <p>Skills: Perception +3</p> <p>* Note Rufus's exceptional intelligence p332 DMG</p>

Treasure: In a locked chest behind a secret portal in his bedchamber Jansen keeps his life's savings 220gp, 367sp, 450cp and labelled **potions of healing and gaseous form**, one of each.

3. Butchers

<p>The double doors are open showing a big man chopping a slab of meat at a large table that sits in the middle of the room. Various animal parts are hanging on hooks and sawdust covers the floor. Patches of red stain sections of the floor and also the man's tunic. He notices you and picks up a cloth, rubbing his hands as he strolls towards you nodding once as if expecting a response.</p>

Nortum Chantar is the primary butcher for Forest green. He is a large man with a dark bushy beard and eyebrows, and a ruddy complexion. His face always seems to have a scowl on it and he definitely prefers his own company, but he deals with the forester's and hunters of the great forest as well as supervising the larger animals kept within the village boundaries. Although, not exactly a conversationalist, he is fair with his prices and knowledgeable about many things that happen in the great forest because of his contacts. His most prized possession is a magic knife that never needs sharpening. The butchers is 30ft x 30ft with racks and large tables and he lives above it.

<p>Nortum Chantar, 0 level human outlander: AC 11; Speed 30ft; hp 8; #AT 1 at +6; Dmg 1d4+4p</p> <p>Str 16, Dex 10, Con 10, Int 12, Wis 13, Cha 8</p> <p>Skills: Athletics +5, Survival +3</p> <p>Other proficiencies: Drum</p> <p>Languages: Common, Orcish</p>

Equipment: **+1 knife** (treat as a dagger) that never needs sharpening. He wears a leather tunic.

Things he is likely to say.

"Eh?"

"I could do you a brace of conies?"

"Come back tomorrow"

Treasure: Apart from his magic knife he has 41gp, 23sp and 12cp tucked away in a box covered in hides.

4. Tailor/Furrier

This neat looking building seems to be well looked after. The shop display has folds of different coloured cloth with a small notice saying repairs and adjustments undertaken, placed on top. A handsome man in a green tunic is standing smiling at you and he says "can I help you at all?"



Bolen Greyport is the village tailor. A young handsome man with quick fingers he works with what he can to make and repair clothing in Forest green. On warm days sometimes he can be found outside his small shop (10ft x 10ft room) playing a lute (he is classically trained) and these sounds can be heard all over the village. Grimbold sometimes convinces him to play in the Inn when important guests are in town because of his skill. He is in love with the village herbalist Clara and the two plan to marry soon. Bolen has had some magical training (only Clara knows) and clearly there is something from his past that is a bit of a mystery, Bolen himself isn't telling.

Bolen Greyport, 3rd level human, guild artisan and Bard of lore: AC 13/15*; Speed 30ft; hp 17 ; #AT 1 at +1; Dmg 1b or *(#At 1 at +5; Dmg 1d8+3p)

Str 9, Dex 16, Con 11, Int 14, Wis 12, Cha 16

Skills: Performance +7, Persuasion +7, Stealth +5, Insight +3, Deception +5,

Other proficiencies: Tailors tools, Lute

Languages: Common, Elvish.

Features: **Bardic inspiration, Song of rest**

* if given time to prepare for trouble

Equipment: Dagger. See Treasure for additional equipment Bolen carries if given time to prepare for trouble.

Spells known

Cantrips (∞): *Dancing lights, Mending*

1st level (4 slots): *Healing word, Sleep, Thunderwave, Unseen servant*

2nd level (2 slots): *Invisibility, Suggestion*

Things he is likely to say/do.

"The day is beautiful is it not?"

"Ah I must see my sweet Clara I have thought of a song for her!"

Treasure: Apart from his lute which is of superb quality and worth 200gp to the right person. He has 88gp, 12sp and 32cp saved in a locked chest. Although he typically doesn't carry them, he has a rapier and studded leather armour if needed.

5. Bakers

The smell of warm bread infuses the air as a lazy curl of smoke rises from the central chimney of this building. A set of double doors are open revealing two clay ovens and a busy looking woman fussing around as a young girl is tidying something under a table. A basket sits on one side loaded with rounded loafs of bread.



Janis's bakery is a 20ft x 30ft building and granary store that provides the bread needs of the village, so it is always busy. Janis herself is a matron like figure in her fifties, who enjoys busying about ordering the three village girls who work for her. She doesn't have any children herself, but treats the girls that work for her as though they were her own. There is a touch of sadness about her that very few get to glimpse and occasionally she can be caught watching children at play with a bitter-sweet smile on her face, before realising she is being looked at and going back to her work.

Janis Walker, 0 level human, guild artisan: AC 10; Speed 30ft; hp 6 ; #AT none ; Dmg none

Str 12, Dex 10, Con 14, Int 12, Wis 14, Cha 12

Skills: Insight +4, Persuasion +3,

Other Proficiencies: Cooking utensils,

Languages: Common

Things she is likely to say.

"Put that down!"

"I can't sit here yapping while there's work to be done!"

"Men! Useless creatures, all swagger and sword!"

Treasure: She wears a gold ring worth 25gp that was a gift from a man long ago and has 43gp, 67sp and 23cp stored in her room.

6. Carpenters/Coopers

The sound of raised voices can be heard amongst a general clamour of banging and tools use. A dusty haze seems to hang in the air and there is the smell of smoke and sawdust. A pile of barrels lies to one side and there are various tables with tools strewn about. Two men seem to be having a loud debate over a chair, pointing and gesticulating.

A pair of brothers Jake and John Hills own the carpenter and cooper business in Forest Green (40ftx30ft workspace). They live together even though to outsiders it seems they are in a permanent state of argument. Their work is average quality for an average price but despite their disagreements they are quick at getting the work done. The Strood family provide wood from the great forest for them. As a side business the brothers brew a local ale called Forest ale that is actually pretty good.

Jake Hills, 0 level human guild artisan: AC 12; Speed 30ft; hp 7 ; #AT 1 at +4; Dmg 1d4+2p

Str 13, Dex 15, Con 12, Int 10, Wis 8, Cha 10

Skills: Insight +1, Persuasion +2

Other proficiencies: Carpenters tools,

Languages: Common

Equipment: Chisel (treat as dagger)

Things they are likely to say/do.

"And I 'm telling you the bigger hammer is needed you halfwit!"

"Shut up and turn the piece before I do you!"

John Hills, 0 level human guild artisan: AC 11; Speed 30ft; hp 6 ; #AT 1 at +3; Dmg 1d4+1p

Str 13, Dex 13, Con 11, Int 10, Wis 10, Cha 9

Skills: Insight +2, Persuasion +1, carpenters tools,

Languages: Common

Equipment: Chisel (treat as dagger)

Things they are likely to say/do.

"You're using the wrong chisel you dumbass!"

"Shut up and hold it steady before I give you a slap!"

Treasure: They have combined funds of 72gp, 5sp and 11cp kept hidden in a secret compartment in a small box in their room.

7. Weaver/Basket maker

The inside of this shop is sparse with just a few baskets to one side and a collection of drying reeds from the marshes in a pile. There is a bright colourful rug on the floor with scenes of women washing by a river under a bright sun. All is quiet though and no one is around.

Frenag is an oddity within Forest green in the fact that she is brown skinned. Originally, from the far south she arrived some four years ago to make Forest green her home. She makes good quality baskets and mats in a style that is unknown in this region. Always smiling she is popular in town and someone who the womenfolk of the village go to when they need a sympathetic ear. Her house is one storey with the 10ft x 10ft shop in the front room and she also works as a barmaid in Grimbolds.

Frenag, 0 level human, guild artisan: AC 11; Speed 30ft; hp 4 ; #AT 1 at +1; Dmg 1b

Str 8, Dex 12, Con 11, Int 13, Wis 14, Cha 14

Skills: Insight +4, Persuasion +4

Other proficiencies: Weavers tools

Languages: Common, One other foreign human language.

Equipment: She has little of value, 7gp and 12cp which she keeps with her.

Things she is likely to say.

"This is how it should be"

"sometimes I miss the sun sparkling on the sea and the white dunes of my home"

"I must ask grandpa Dawson to fetch me some more reeds"

8. Candlemaker

A large man is sitting outside the entrance here with his hands on his knees, watching you carefully as you approach. He greets you with a morning (or evening depending on the time of day).

Dwine Tittel makes candles for use in the village from animal fats and also from beeswax (he has a number of hives one hour south of the village) His health isn't good, overweight, he wheezes and coughs while talking, although he knows all there is to know about candle making and bee keeping. He sells honey around the village to help supplement his income and his 20ftx20ft shop is neat and tidy.

Dwine Tittel 0 level human, guild merchant : AC 10; Speed 20ft; hp 3 ; #AT 1 at +3; Dmg 1b

Str 12, Dex 8, Con 5, Int 12, Wis 10, Cha 12

Skills: Insight +2, Persuasion +3

Languages: Common

Dwine seems to have enough trouble breathing to speak too much but does have the unfortunate habit of stating the obvious. le man falls off horse... Dwine "you have fallen off the horse!"

Treasure: 12gp, 23sp, 12cp and a decent cart and workhorse.

9. Blacksmiths

A steady plume of smoke twirls up from this building to the sound of metal banging on metal. A thin bald headed man is working a piece of metal with a hammer that looks too heavy for his thin arms to hold, but he is using it with ease. There is a ruddy glow coming from the centre of room.

Affan the smith is of medium height, quite thin and bald as a coot. He has a permanent reddish glow much like the glow from his forge. He is a talented worker of metal for the village. He repairs any armour and weapons, shoes horses and fashions any other items from hinges to handles. A hard worker, often as night falls the sound of Affan's hammer can still be heard tapping a beat within his workshop. A saying has developed within the village of "past Affans hammer" meaning time for bed. Grimbolt has lent him in the past a dwarven text on smithing techniques, this along with his natural talent means the quality of his work is very good.

<p>Affan the smith, 0 level human, guild artisan: AC 12; Speed 30ft; hp 9 ; #AT 1 at +4 ; Dmg 1d4+2b</p> <p>Str 14 , Dex 13, Con 16, Int 12, Wis 14, Cha 9</p> <p>Skills: Insight +4, Persuasion +1</p> <p>Other proficiencies: Smith's tools</p> <p>Languages: Common</p>
<p>Equipment: Leather smith's apron (treat as leather armour) and smiths hammer (treat as light hammer)</p>
<p>Things he is likely to say.</p> <p><i>"My blades are like dragons teeth"</i></p> <p><i>"You won't find no better armour this side of the mountains! (Probably true!)"</i></p> <p><i>"Some make the mistake of hammering these edges straight away but you have to talk to the metal first"</i></p>

Treasure: he has 97gp, 53sp, 256cp which is kept in a secret box stored under his anvil.

10. Stables and Barns

Various wooden buildings here are locked apart from a decent sized stable. A couple of village boys are working clearing up and moving stuff around.

The stables are obviously an area for keeping and looking after horses and next to them is a large barn that holds straw and hay to feed them. Both have two levels for storage and grain is also kept in the upper areas for the chickens and other animals. A large black cat likes to wander this area that Nortum feeds titbits to.

11. Chicken coups, Pigsty and Tanners residence.

The pungent air immediate tells you this is where various animals are kept. You can see chickens and pigs and over to one side a building with a sign outside saying Hawthorns tanners. The ground around this area is churned and muddy and a low clamour of grunts and clucks hang in the air. What appears to be smoke or steam is rising from the roof of the tanners.

On hot days if the wind is in the wrong direction the smell from this area is pretty strong and will drift over the whole village. Fortunately, this rarely happens as winds sweep down from the mountains and take the smell away inland over the forest. Occasionally, a fox or other animal will sneak into the village and try to grab a chicken. John Dawson keeps a watchful eye over the animals.

The tanners is run by Hawthorn Chantar (no relation to Nortum, the butcher) who is a remarkably happy go lucky sort of fellow considering the hard and smelly business he is in. He trades hides and leather to the big cities and has a good reputation. His workshop is 30ft x 30ft and has steaming vats and racks scattered around.

<p>Hawthorn Chantar 0 level human, guild artisan: AC 10; Speed 30ft; hp 6; #AT 1 at +2 ; Dmg 1d6s</p> <p>Str 10, Dex 10, Con 13 , Int 11, Wis 10, Cha 12</p> <p>Skills: Insight +2, Persuasion +3</p> <p>Languages: Common</p>
<p>Equipment: Cleaver or large knife (treat as scimitar)</p>
<p>Things he is likely to say</p> <p><i>"Well you get used to the smell ya know"</i></p> <p><i>"I like the pigs, oink, oink!"</i></p> <p><i>"Hard work but good work!"</i></p>

Treasure: Hawthorn has done well and has 120gp, 129sp and 232cp stored behind a secret panel in his bedroom. (DC 15 to spot)

12. Grimbolds Inn

While approaching this impressive stone building it is obvious that the constant sound of people talking and laughing is coming from within. The building itself is about 70ft by 80ft with two stories and well looked after. A sign hangs suspended outside the entrance saying Grimbolds in a fine gold script. Music can be heard from inside and the smell of beer and good food wafts over you. The inn is obviously and surprisingly very busy.

Grimbolds Inn is the heart of Forest Green. A bustling, permanently busy establishment, that offers food and lodging to all those who can pay. How Grimbold manages to keep the place so well stocked and provide entertainment is a genuine mystery, but such is the revenue generated throughout the village none care too much. Grimbold has a number of staff that he pays well and none will speak a word against him (much to the annoyance of Barstrode). Grimbolds is famous throughout the southern lands and the first port of call for virtually all that pass through this way.

DM's Note: I use the excellent Joppies Tavern available on <http://www.dragonsfoot.org> for Grimbolds Inn and I strongly suggest you download and use that with the obviously necessary modifications that I mention below. Also, I sometimes like to drop in atmospheric sounds if the situation calls for it and I use a mp3 from <http://www.rpgnow.com/product/76419/Prosperous-Tavern> if you are interested in that sort of thing.

Adjustments to Joppies Tavern:

- Second level area 3. The single room for rent is permanently taken by the Elf Jaddith.
- Second level area 4. This is Grimbolds library area and off limits to all but Jansen.
- Second level area 5. Grimbolds bedroom

Room costs

Small room with for 1 night	2sp
Small room per week	1gp
Medium Room for 1 night	3sp
Medium room per week	1gp 10sp
Large room for 1 night	4sp
Large room per week	2gp
Night by the fires in the bar area	1sp

Meal costs

Common meals for 1 day	1sp
Good meals for 1 day	2sp
Superb meals for 1 day	4sp

Drinks

Common ale, mug	4cp
Forest ale, mug (brewed by the Hills brothers)	6cp
Beer, Darkcloud, mug	6cp
Beer, Dwarven leadbelly, mug	8cp
Beer, Royal reserve, mug	1sp
Mead, glass	10cp
Wine, Old meadow, bottle	3gp
Wine, Golden spring, bottle (4 in stock) A famed golden white wine of exceptional quality.	50gp

Grimbold

Grimbold himself is on the surface a stereotypical red haired dwarf, giving those wandering into his establishment a gruff but hearty welcome. Often he can be found singing loudly along with some bard, beer in hand, half propping up the bar. This is all act though, because under this surface facade he is a quick witted and intelligent dwarf, with nothing escaping his keen eye.

Grimbold has learned all kinds of useful facts over the years and even keeps a private library within the Inn. As a result, he can relate some obscure fact about almost every subject but especially in the field of history. Use him though as someone who imparts his knowledge only when it is needed and certainly not to strangers. One thing he doesn't speak about is his home clan within the Shale Mountains and for a mountain dwarf that is somewhat unusual.

Grimbold, 4th level mountain dwarf, sage and Battlemaster fighter: AC 10/18*; Speed 25ft; hp 40 ; #AT 1 at +5; Dmg 4b or *(#AT 1 at +5 ; Dmg 1d8+3s)

Str 17 , Dex 10, Con 15, Int 16, Wis 13, Cha 13

Skills: Arcana +5, History +5, Perception +4, Insight +4

Other proficiencies: Smith's tools, Mason's tools

Languages: Common, dwarvish, Elvish, halfling, Orcish

Features: **Fighting style(defence), Second wind, Action surge, Manoeuvres(goading attack, parry, pushing attack, rally)**

Feats: **Keen mind**

* if given time to prepare for trouble

Equipment: Dagger. See Treasure for additional equipment Grimbold carries if given time to prepare for trouble.

Things he is likely to say

"Lets have another beer, than another!"

"Well I heard that story different ya see"

"That Tower casts a long shadow I tell you"

Treasure: Grimbold owns a suit of **chain mail +1*** which he hardly ever wears anymore except in emergencies. A battleaxe and his most prized item that only he knows about is a **Bucknards ever full purse**, which he uses to help fund the Inn and his lifestyle.

Grimbold obviously has considerable funds. 1078gp, 230sp and 224cp in a secret locked chest within his library room (DC 20). The books in this room alone are worth hundreds! (DM decides) but they are carefully stored and Grimbold would notice even one missing.

Bucknards everfull purse

Appearing as nothing more than a leather pouch or bag, this magical bag is most useful to its owner, for each morning it will duplicate certain coins. When found, the purse will be full of coins. If totally emptied and left so for a day the magic of the pouch is lost, but if 1 coin is placed within the bag, the next morning 26 will be found inside depending on the magic quality of the bag (01-50% copper, 51-90% silver, 91-00% gold).

Grimbold has a gold version of the pouch.

Jaddith

Of all the people in Forest Green by far the most dangerous is the elf, Jaddith. His reasons for being in Forest green are many and complex, with repercussions far across Uruth. Slim with long dark hair some might call him effeminate, although not to his face. His eyes are dark and he wears two silver hair clasps in the shape of dragons in his long hair. He has a curious and unsettling way of staring right through someone, unblinking.

Jaddith has a permanent room in Grimbolds that he pays triple for so that he is not disturbed. He has been asked to keep watch on Forest Green by major forces involved in a power struggle for Uruth itself, but Jaddith doesn't care a fig about all that and has his own reasons for wanting to be here at this time. He is contemptuous or uncaring of most of the inhabitants of the village and is rarely seen.

Jaddith, 8th/8th level high elf, noble and Champion fighter/Evocation wizard: AC 18; Speed 30ft; hp 123 ; #AT 3 at +11 ; Dmg 1d6+6p (main hand)

Str 13 , Dex 20, Con 15, Int 18, Wis 10, Cha 13

Skills: Arcana +9, Athletics +6, Perception +9, History +9, Persuasion +6, intimidation +6

Other proficiencies: Dragon chess

Languages: Common, dwarvish, Elvish, halfling, Orcish.

Features: **Fighting style (two weapon fighting), Second wind, Action surge, Improved critical, Remarkable athlete. Arcane recovery, Sculpt spells, Potent cantrip.**

Feats: **Alert, War caster, Defensive duellist**

Equipment: Dragon chess set. The magical items he owns are a **ring of mind shielding, bracers of defence, cloak of displacement** and he uses two **+1 shortswords** in combat, the main hand one has the **vicious** property. He may also have scrolls or potions that he has manufactured.

Spells Known

Jaddith has a mighty spellbook with virtually every spell up to 4th level to choose from. He typically has the following spells prepared:

Cantrips (∞): *Blade ward, Fire bolt, Mage hand, Shocking grasp, Prestidigitation*

1st level (4 slots): *Magic missile, Feather fall, Expeditious retreat, Witch bolt.*

2nd level (4 slots): *Invisibility, Mirror image, Suggestion.*

3rd level (3 slots): *Blink, Haste, Fireball*

4th level (2 slots): *Dimension door, Stoneskin*

13. Shoe and boot maker

This is a dark little shop on the front of a house. Inside smells of leather and there is a curious sense of waiting and quite here. A small figure you didn't notice sitting on a chair to your right says in a soft, muted tone "are you looking or buying?"

Crespin is a small dour man who is skilled at making and repairing all manner of boots and shoes. He likes to add individual touches to every item he makes and takes pride in his work even if to outsiders it seems that everything is a complete bother to him. He is hopelessly and completely in love with Clara and goes out of his way to "accidentally" bump into her or get a glimpse of her working in her shop. This obsession is starting to border on mania and he is starting to hate Bolen for stealing his woman.

Crespin, 0 level human, guild artisan: AC 11; Speed 30ft; hp 5 ; #AT 1 at +0 ; Dmg 1d4-2p

Str 8, Dex 13, Con 11, Int 12, Wis 9, Cha 9

Skills: Insight +1, Persuasion +1

Other proficiencies: Cobbler's tools

Languages: Common

Equipment: Dagger, 9gp, 12sp and 23cp

Things he is likely to say

"Oh no, you have to do it right or not at all."

"Clara is wonderful!, so pretty and kind"

*"When do you want it? *sighs*"*

14. Strood family

The Strood family number eight. Rutrin and Mavfal and their six children. Rutrin and their two eldest boys (Cantill and Poldar) log in the forest on the east side of the village (away from the druidess Tamerrae) Mavfal and a daughter work in the fields for Barstrode. The middle daughter looks after the two youngest. The two boys (Cantill and Poldar) are strapping lads that are looking to escape Forest Green for something else but currently work in the fields or by helping their father.

Rutrin Strood, 0 level human, non skilled: AC 10; Speed 30ft; hp 6 ; #AT 1 at +0 ; Dmg 1d12+1s Str 12, Dex 11, Con 11, Int 9, Wis 10, Cha 10 Skills: Survival +2 Other proficiencies: Logging tools Languages: Common
Equipment: Large logging axe (treat as a great axe)

Mavfal Strood, 0 level human, non skilled: AC 10; Speed 30ft; hp 4 ; #AT 1 at +1 ; Dmg 1b Str 8, Dex 10, Con 10, Int 9, Wis 10, Cha 13 Skills: Animal handling +2 Languages: Common

Cantill Strood, 0 level human, non skilled: AC 11; Speed 30ft; hp 9 ; #AT 1 at +5 ; Dmg 1d8+3s Str 16, Dex 12, Con 12, Int 12, Wis 10, Cha 13 Skills: Athletics +5 Other proficiencies: Logging tools Languages: Common
Equipment: Logging axe (treat as battleaxe).

Poldar Strood, 0 level human, non skilled: AC 10; Speed 30ft; hp 9; #AT 1 at +5 ; Dmg 1d6+3s Str 16, Dex 12, Con 13, Int 11, Wis 9 , Cha 11 Skills: Athletics +5 Other proficiencies: Logging tools Languages: Common
Equipment: Logging axe (treat as battleaxe).

Treasure: 15gp, 9sp and 13cp in a pot hidden under a loose floorboard, and a cart and horse.

15. Lucksure family

The Lucksures toil in the fields for Barstrode and their lives are tough. Each day is a back breaker and then its home to try and grab some food and sleep before the next day's work. Strangely, their lives have got quite a bit easier of late as their eldest Kellen (who is a nasty piece of work) has caught the eye of Barstrode, who has taken him under his wing.

Wennis Lucksure, 0 level human, non skilled: AC 12; Speed 30ft; hp 5; #AT 1 at +4 ; Dmg 1d6+2b Str 14 , Dex 14, Con 10, Int 9, Wis 9, Cha 11 Skills: Athletics +4 Languages: Common
Equipment: Farm tool (treat as quarterstaff)

Heather Lucksure, 0 level human, non skilled: AC 10; Speed 30ft; hp 5; #AT 1 at +3; Dmg 2b

Str 12, Dex 11, Con 10, Int 10, Wis 11, Cha 9

Skills: Religion +2

Languages: Common



Kellen has quickly become Barstrodes second in command. He is smart enough to keep his sadistic side (which he definitely has) out of the business dealings, but at the same time keep up a reputation for violence with those that need to know. Kellen hates the peasant life he was born into and intends to escape any way he can, so he has thrown his lot in with Barstrode, who he respects for his power and wealth. He has a ferrety look about him and never seems to quite stop moving. His one outstanding feature is his bright green eyes, which he uses upon any woman that doesn't know him.

Naturally ambidextrous with phenomenal reflexes, he likes to play with his two daggers, flipping and juggling them in casual conversation which has an unsettling effect. He typically wears smart grey coloured tunics or studded leather armour.

Kellen Lucksure, 3rd level human, criminal and assassin rogue: AC 14/16*; Speed 40ft; hp 22; #AT 2 at +6 ; Dmg 1d4+4p & 1d4

Str 12, Dex 18, Con 13, Int 14, Wis 10, Cha 12

Skills: Deception +3, Stealth +8, Acrobatics(+6, Perception +2, intimidation +3, Sleight of hand +8, Insight +3, investigation +4

Other proficiencies: Thieves tools, Cards, Disguise kit, Poisoners kit.

Languages: Common

Features: **Sneak attack 2d6, Cunning action, Assassinate.**

Feats: **Mobile**

* if given time to prepare for trouble

Equipment: 5gp, 8sp, 19cp. His two daggers are silver edged and inlaid and worth 20gp each.

*if given time to prepare he is wearing studded leather armour.

Things he is likely to say.

"Which is the better kill, the swift blade or the poisoned needle?...i care not"

"You will do what I say or gain a slit"

"I will not return to the mud"

Treasure: 40gp, 70sp, 80cp hidden in a casket in a secret compartment in the bottom of a wardrobe.

16. Gerfs assortments

This house is boarded up and deserted with small plants growing around its base. The whole place looks tired and tatty with patches of mould and discolouration staining the walls. A small group of children are playing dare, seeing who will walk nearest the building and one boy is

teasing a girl saying "you scared the screaming witch will get ya?" She eventually runs off with the other children following her.

About eighteen months ago a Gnome called Gerf bought this house and started setting up the place as some sort of shop. A sign was even erected outside, above the door, saying "Gerfs Assortments, Trinkets and wares for the wary!" Quite what was going to be in the shop Gerf himself was quite mysterious about, but people watched with interest. Gerf seemed to be in no rush to get the shop open and truth be told little in the way of goods seemed to be coming into the place but he seemed pleasant enough if a little bit odd. Suddenly, without warning Gerf seemed to have disappeared. The shop and house stand abandoned and Captain Truel has had the place boarded up awaiting Gerf's return. Truel noted that the building was completely empty apart from a small desk. The screaming witch is something the kids of the village have made up based upon an old legend from the surrounding area although John Dawson claims he heard a high pitched scream coming from the building around the time Gerf disappeared.

17. Dawson family

The Dawson family of five work around Forest green doing some of the more unpleasant tasks. Harold Dawson (or Grampa Dawson as he is known) is the gong farmer for the village, depositing the waste in the marshes, although some goes to the tanners. He knows them better than any other living person and is sometimes asked by adventuring parties on the best course through them to the mountains beyond. He requests gold for this knowledge though and will test each piece with his single good tooth. John Dawson is a dim but decent hard working chap, who looks after the pigs and chickens of the village. He is a widower and tries to look after his three children as best he can.

Harold "grampa" Dawson, 0 level human, non skilled: AC 9; Speed 30ft; hp 5; #AT 1 at +3 ; Dmg 1d6+1b Str 12, Dex 9, Con 12, Int 12, Wis 13, Cha 8 Skills: animal handling (+3) Languages: Common, dwarvish Equipment: Staff
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John Dawson, 0 level human, non skilled: AC 10; Speed 30ft; hp 6; #AT 1 at +3 ; Dmg 1d6+1b Str 13, Dex 11, Con 12, Int 7, Wis 9, Cha 11 Skills: Athletics +3 Languages: Common Equipment: Staff
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Treasure: 25gp, 19sp and 13cp, grampa owns a cart and horse.

DM's note: At some point I intend to do a follow to this resource for low level adventurers entitled, "The Northern Marshes"

18. Barstrodes house

This large house is in immaculate condition with actual glass in its windows. Two bruisers stand outside its main entrance and they eye you warily as you approach. Above the door is a

carving of a strange sphere like creature with many eyes that stands out as it has been painted a bright red.



Barstrode is the major land owner in Forest green with a number of residences and farmland under his control. An urbanite from the capital city, he is a fat, slimy, money grabbing, sneak, who would sell his grandmother for a copper given half the chance. Wearing his long coat and carrying a stout staff, he struts around the village with his chest puffed out often poking his nose into other people's business. He has long dank hair and piggy deep set eyes. Ugly and obnoxious people try and avoid him if possible but especially young girls around the village, who he likes to talk to and stroke their hair. He actually sees himself as a bit of a charmer.

Barstrode was once offered a chance to help found Grimbolds inn. He turned down the chance assuming it would fail and watched as it became very successful which grates him even to this day (although of course he doesn't know Grimbolds secret). The only slightly positive thing you can say about him is that he employs a fair number of village folk to work on his land and generally doesn't take excessive advantage of them so long as they work hard and do what they are told.

Barstodes townhouse is an impressive affair and he lets everybody know the fact. It has a lot of luxuries in the form of fine furniture, cutlery, carpets and even art that he has imported from the capital city. Even so Barstrode has plans to build a stone building and has even contacted some Dwarves from the Shale Mountains in initial enquires.

Barstrode casts mage armour on himself every morning and that is factored into his AC value below.

He owns a **figurine of wondrous power, Bat** (treat as owl figurine but in bat form) that he uses for spying and keeps secret and a bronze shod staff that is of magical enchantment quality (although it isn't magical) that acts as his focus. His spellbook is kept in a secret portal in his bedchamber that lies behind a picture of an eye tyrant. It has a poison needle trap (DC 20, DM determines how strong a poison)

Apart from the peasants that work for him on his land he has a number of thugs that act as bodyguards, spy's, etc and at any time there are likely to be 2-5 within the village.

DM's Note: Although Barstrode is relatively low level (he is too worldly wise to be a great wizard), as far as political influence is concerned he would be treated as four times his level for influence and dealings with others. This is a guide for you DM's on his power and influence. He shouldn't be treated as NPC fodder.

Barstrode, 3rd level human, criminal and abjuration Wizard: AC 13; Speed 30ft; hp 12; #AT 1 at +2; Dmg 1d6 b

Str 11; Dex 10; Con 10; Int 17; Wis 9; Chr 8;

Proficiencies: Deception +2, Stealth +2, Arcana +5, Investigation +5

Languages: Common, Elvish, Dwarfish

Features: **Arcane recovery, Arcane ward.**

Equipment: Quarterstaff

Spells known

Cantrips (∞): *Friends**, *Mage hand**, *Message**

1st level (4 slots): *Alarm*, *Colour spray*, *Expeditious retreat**, *Mage armour**, *Magic missile**, *Shield**, *Tensor's floating disk*, *Unseen servant*

2nd level (2 slots): *Hold person*, *Mirror image**, *Crown of madness**

* typically prepared

Things he is likely to say:

"Ah you are a delicate young flower, let me buy you a drink...hmmmm?"

"I expect my rent on time and I do not give second chances.... move you junk into the street!"

"Knowledge is power my friend, and I make it my business to know everything."

Barstrodes human thugs, AC 12; Speed 30ft; hp 11; #AT 1 at +3 ; Dmg 1d6+1p

Str 11, Dex 12, Con 12, Int 10, Wis 10, Cha 10

Skills: none

Languages: Common. Uses leather + shortsword. Each thug would have 1d6 gold, silver and copper on them at any time.

Treasure: 560gp, 267sp, 426cp stored in a locked trapped chest (both DC 15). Major land holdings around Forest Green.

19. Miller

A grinding and clacking noise can be heard and through a pair of open double doors a donkey can be seen walking around a circular track that turns a grindstone. A grey haired man is standing on a ladder peering into the top of this contraption, he holds a sack in his left hand.

Grantham Barr is the miller of the village. He is a tanned, stocky, prematurely grey man with a crooked smile. He owns two donkeys that take it in turns to turn the grindstone to make the flour. The grain is grown on Barstrodes land, ground by Grantham and then used by the baker and pastrycooks in the village. He takes good care of his animals and woe betide anyone who were to mistreat them in any way, but otherwise he is softly spoken and content with his lot.

Grantham Barr, 0 level human: AC 11; Speed 30ft; hp 11; #AT 1 at +3 ; Dmg 1d4+1p

Str 11, Dex 12, Con 12, Int 10, Wis 10, Cha 10

Skills: None

Languages: Common.

Equipment: Dagger, 13gp, 3sp and 12cp carried in a purse on his belt.

Things he is likely to say.

"Good morning"

"Better check on Betsy she'll be wanting a feed"

Singing to himself: "Turn the stone and grind the seed that is all Grantham needs!"

20. Storehouses

These stoutly made wooden buildings are obviously storehouses.

The storehouses in this area are owned by Barstrode and are used to store the produce from the surrounding farmsteads. He has one of his thugs keep an eye on these buildings.

21. Pastrycook

The delicious smells of cooking drift around this area that make your mouths water. A woman is busying herself hardly looking up from their work while asking you "what do you want ma darling?"



Lucy Dannage is the pastrycook for the village and both sells pies and pasties herself and supplies them to Grimbald who sells them in the inn. She is a very good cook who has a lot of contact with people of the village, Grantham Barr for flour, Nortum Chantar for meat, the various farms for vegetables and even Clara for herbs for flavouring. She is a happy, good natured, optimistic type, which makes it all the stranger that she is friends with Kellen Lucksure. Deep down she believes he is a good guy that has had a tough upbringing and he just needs a bit of guidance. Probably this delusion has something to do with the fact they grew up together.

Although pretty, she hasn't married yet and harbours a secret hope that Kellen will mend his ways and sweep her off her feet. In truth she is really quite naive about

many things.

Lucy Dannage human, guild artisan: AC 10; Speed 30ft; hp 6; #AT 1 at +2; Dmg 1b

Str 10, Dex 10, Con 12, Int 10, Wis 7, Cha 14

Skills: Persuasion +4

Other proficiencies: Cook's utensils

Languages: Common.

Equipment: 12gp, 8sp, 145cp

Things she is likely to say.

"Why can't we all be friends?"

"Don't worry, i'm sure something will turn up?"

"Kellen is a sweetie really, you just have to get to know him"

22. Herbalist/Healer

This small store is just a converted front room of a house. It has a pleasant air about it with pots and jars labelled with the names of various plants and herbs. A woman is bent over cleaning the inside of a pot. She turns noticing you and her face is like a ray of sunshine as she says hello.

Clara is the herbalist, healer, midwife of Forest green. She is a slim, strawberry blond with bright blue eyes and freckles. Everyone is in love with her because of her good nature and she has a way of getting people to help her, seemingly just by asking. She has a good knowledge of Herbalism and that really helps in a small outpost like Forest green. Although she has no children herself her midwife skills have proved very useful for the poorer families within the village and she tries to help those poorer than herself.



Clare is friends with Tamerrae and has learned much about herbs and plants from the druidess although she has no interest in druidism beyond that. She tries to mediate between the druid and townsfolk when tensions are raised and can see both points of view. She tries to stay (ironically!) neutral in the matter. She has a healthy, happy romance with Bolen Greyport and she listens to him playing when she can.

Clara, 0 level human, guild artisan: AC 12; Speed 30ft; hp 5; #AT 1 at +2; Dmg 1b

Str 10, Dex 14, Con 10, Int 15, Wis 14, Cha 17

Skills: Insight +4, Medicine +4, Persuasion +5, Perception +4, Religion +4

Other proficiencies: Herbalism kit

Languages: Common, Elvish

Feats: **Skilled**

Things she is likely to say

"It is our duty to help those less fortunate than us."

"I will help you any way I can"

"The sun on the meadow was beautiful this morning, Bolen sang me a new song"

Treasure: 22gp, 33sp, 90cp

23. Talin Ironbrow

A sullen looking man in dirty but impressive plate armour is shambling along with his gaze fixed somewhere on the floor. Despite his dishevelled appearance he has the look of menace about him and villagers step out of his way as he approaches.



Many years ago Talin was an adventurer and one of note as well. This huge 6ft 6in man had explored the far north wilderness and visited such places as the jungles of Kaboule and the great plains of Yeth. Now though he is a broken man, who drowns himself in drink and hardly leaves his home except to buy provisions. The tale is a sad one. Talin used to adventure with his lover and best friend Bearl, a fiery and passionate thief. Together they had roamed the whole of the north and had even planned to settle down and start a family one day. This was to change when after another blazing row over something trivial Talin stormed off. When he had calmed down he returned only to find Bearl in a desperate fight against a Wyvern.

Plunging into the Frey, Talin slew the creature with powerful strokes from his sword then cursing dropped to his knees by the fallen and mortally wounded Bearl. With life ebbing from her she glimpsed a truth in that the magical sword she had been using was none other than the fabled sword of emotion. This powerful weapon attunes itself to its owner and amplifies the most dominant emotions and traits that naturally exist in the person and also the ones they are currently experiencing. This sword she saw with the insight of the dying was responsible for the arguments between her and Talin, pushing her feisty

character into a fiercely confrontational one. She tried to warn Talin of the danger of the blade but could only croak out "my sword" and "you" which Talin read in his grief that she was giving her sword to him.

Taking the blade, Talin is now trapped in horrible cycle of despair and grief amplified by the sword. He will not forsake the sword because it was the last act of the love of his life in giving it to him, but riddled by guilt and pain he is slowly killing himself with alcohol and lack of care. Every day he drags himself to Grimbolds to buy the alcohol he needs to drown out the pain with drunken oblivion and little else matters to Talin now.

Talin Ironbrow, 13th level human, soldier and champion fighter: AC 21/24*; Speed 30ft; hp 138(164) ; #AT 3 at +7(+9) ; Dmg 2d8+3(+5)s

Str 16(20), Dex 14(16), Con 14(18), Int 10, Wis 9 , Cha 13

Skills: Athletics +8(+10), intimidation +6, Survival +4, Animal handling +4

Other proficiencies: Cards

Languages: Common, Dwarvish.

Features: **Fighting styles (Defence, Protection), Second wind, Action surge, Indomitable x2, Improved critical, Remarkable athlete.**

Feats: **Heavy armour master, Savage attacker, Tough**

() The stats in parenthesis are if Talin was to free himself of the sword and clean up his act.

Equipment: **Sword of Emotion.** Talin owns a suit of **platemail +2** which he wears pretty much constantly. **Ring of free action**, key on a leather thong around his neck.

Things he might say:

"Get out of my way!"

"What?"

**glares*..... [Says nothing]*

Treasure: Talin owns a **large shield +1*** which is kept in a large chest under his bed (DC 25 lock), covered in linen, along with a **potions of superior healing**, a **potion of water breathing**, 1984gp, 623sp and 765cp from his adventuring days. The key for this he keeps round his neck.

The Sword of Emotion. Legendary item.

This longsword is centuries old, a minor artefact of antique design. It must be carried for a week before it becomes attuned to the wearer and its powers become available.

It has two primary powers, one which draws on the emotions of its wielder to power the enchantments woven into the hilt. The second exploits the emotions of the wielders' enemies, guiding his hand and using the emotions to power the runes on the blade. The runes bypass any resistances or protections that the creature has, regardless of the level of protection, and the wielder does an additional +1d8 psychic damage as the blade rips at the targets mind. Against foes who feel no emotion, such as automatons or the mindless undead, these runes have no effect.

The enchantments woven into the hilt exploit the bearers own emotions, conferring additional powers to the bearer depending on the personality and current mood. The exact powers are best left to the DM, but they should always be double edged, providing both a bonus and a penalty. For example, if a character was brave and courageous it might confer immunity to fear effects but a -2 to wisdom (fearless but rash) or, if a character was a cowardly sort it might give them a -2 to attack rolls but a +2 to AC.

It should be noted that the sword is not a cursed item as such, it can freely be given away if desired. However, there is no protection against the powers of the sword once it has been attuned.

Example: The sword is being used to attack a human wearing +2 magic leather armour, who has the Stoneskin spell in effect on them. A roll to hit would still be made against the magic leather, but if a hit was scored the Stoneskin spell would be bypassed due to the magic of the sword.

24. Jandor family

The Jandor family of four work on Barstrodes land as the Lucksures do. One daughter, Megan, works in Grimbolds and she is an attractive and popular barmaid.

Luther Jandor, 0 level human, non skilled: AC 10; Speed 30ft; hp 5; #AT 1 at +3 ; Dmg 1d6+1b

Str 13, Dex 11, Con 11, Int 9, Wis 12, Cha 11

Skills: Animal handling +3

Languages: Common

Equipment: Quarterstaff

Ivy Jandor, 0 level human, non skilled: AC 10; Speed 30ft; hp 3; #AT 1 at +3 ; Dmg 2b

Str 12, Dex 11, Con 10, Wis 11, Int 10, Cha 12

Skills: Animal handling +2

Languages: Common

Dabbin Jandor, 0 level human, non skilled: AC 11; Speed 30ft; hp 5; #AT 1 at +3 ; Dmg 1d4+1p

Str 9, Dex 13, Con 10, Int 12, Wis 9, Cha 11

Skills: Acrobatics +3

Languages: Common

Equipment: Dagger

Megan Jandor, 0 level human, non skilled: AC 11; Speed 30ft; hp 8; #AT 1 at +3 ; Dmg 1d6+1b

Str 12, Dex 13, Con 12, Int 12, Wis 12, Cha 14

Skills: Insight +3

Languages: Common, and she has been learning dwarvish from Grimbold.

Equipment: Quarterstaff

25. Mathen family

The Mathen family is another that works on Barstodes land, with all the fun that entails. There are six in the family, four of which are children.

Porb Mathen, 0 level human, non skilled: AC 10; Speed 30ft; hp 8; #AT 1 at +4 ; Dmg 1d6+2b

Str 14, Dex 10, Con 10 , Int 11, Wis 14, Cha 10
Skills: Athletics +4
Languages: Common
Equipment: Farm tool (treat as quarterstaff)

Elena Mathen, 0 level human, non skilled: AC 10; Speed 30ft; hp 5; #AT 1 at +2 ; Dmg 1b
Str 10, Dex 10, Con 10, Int 10, Wis 10, Cha 10
Skills: Perception +2
Languages: Common

26. Kalthian residence

This is a decent sized house and has a certain style about it. One of the window shutters is boarded up though and the whole place needs a little bit of money spent on it.



Kalthian Pannerbarn is a proud and haughty noblewoman in her early forties, originally from the capital city. A striking beauty, she has just the touch of a fading rose about her now with fine lines around her brown eyes and a touch of grey streaked through her auburn hair. She is still an imposing figure, even though the curved boughs of her youth are more angular now. Kalthian detests the situation life has brought her to. Originally married to the first captain of the guard she moved to Forest green out of loyalty to him, but after his untimely death by an orc raiding party she found that the investments they had been making in a merchant business were worthless. Trapped in Forest green she longs to head back to the capital city where she has relations but lacks the funds and is much too proud to earn a wage working in the fields or in Grimbolds.

The situation is getting desperate though and if a suitably connected or charismatic character were to appear she would try and gain his favour. She has been considering the new captain but finds him too much of a bore and that simply wouldn't do. She might be forced to sell some of the last of her possessions soon that include a pearl necklace and silver bracelet (which are very personal to her) to pay for some passage. Kalthian resents Clara somewhat as she sees in her something she herself has lost and views the majority of those in the village as inbreds, but she is interested in the newcomer Hugo Skyclear.

Kalthian Pannerbarn, 0 level human noble: AC 11; MV 9"; HD 1; hp 4; #AT 1 at +0; Dmg 1b
Str 7, Dex 13, Con 9, Int 14, Wis 13, Cha 15
Skills: History +4, Persuasion +5
Languages: Common, Elvish
Equipment: Pearl necklace worth 200gp and a silver bracelet worth 50gp
Things she is likely to say. <div> "Please do not touch me you are covered with filth." "I once drank wine with the high sultan of Kanstbar..." "I do not wish to talk about that let me choose the topic of conversation."</div>

Treasure: Apart from her necklace and bracelet she has 8gp, 23sp, 56cp and various dresses and clothes of varying value.

27. Skyclear family

The doors and windows are open and the house is a hive of activity. People are carrying goods and furniture into the building from two large carts. A plump lady is directing a couple of labourers carrying a large chest and a number of people are pointing and talking in the commotion.

The Skyclears have only just moved into the region having come from a coastal city to the far west. Their large residence is still waiting for most of the furniture to turn up so is pretty sparse at the moment. They are a well to do family who have a merchant shipping business but their reasons for moving to Forest Green are generally unknown. The truth of the matter is that Hugo Skyclear is a cleric in the service of a god of life and he is following the tenants of his faith. Margo Skyclear is an outgoing socializer who feigns at being much less bright than she is. She acts as a good foil to Hugo's down to earth approach to things and he relies on her judgement at social gatherings.



A good looking man with dark hair and eyes, Hugo is head of the family and is a calculating, no-nonsense sort of character. He has a sharp, penetrating mind that has caused his business to expand considerably over the last few years, but now he needs a fresh challenge and Forest green is where the calling has directed him to. He can see there is money in the village but can't work out at the moment how all the coin is generated and quite how so many adventurers seem to pass through this way, but he understands that Grimbolds is at the hub of it. He pretty much got Barstrodes number as soon as they met, but keeps up a professional, conversationalist tone when dealing with him, despite his dislike of the man.

Hugo has an interesting interpretation on his faith, viewing trade and business as a method of spreading civilization and hence opening up the dark, more backward regions of the world to life and vitality. His success shows there is more than one way to worship the divine.

Hugo Skyclear, 5th level human, guild merchant and Life cleric: AC 12/19*; Speed 30ft; hp 36; #AT 1 at +4; Dmg 2b *(#AT1 at +4; Dmg 1d6+3b)

Str 13, Dex 13, Con 14, Int 15, Wis 16, Cha 15

Skills: Persuasion +5, Insight +6, History +5, Religion +5

Languages: Common, Elvish, a foreign human language

Features: **Disciple of life, Channel divinity: Preserve life.**

Feats: **Alert**

* If ready for trouble

Equipment: * Hugo owns a superbly gilded suit of plate mail that generally isn't worn and a **+1 cloak of protection** and **+1 mace** that he only brings out in case of trouble.

<p><u>Spells known</u></p> <p>Cantrips (∞): <i>Guidance, Light, Sacred flame, Spare the dying.</i></p> <p>1st level (4 slots): <i>Bless, Cure wounds, Command, Healing word, Guiding bolt, Shield of faith.</i></p> <p>2nd level (3 slots): <i>Lesser restoration, Spiritual weapon, Zone of truth, Augury.</i></p> <p>3rd level (2 slots): <i>Beacon of hope, Revivify, Tongues, Sending.</i></p>
<p>Things he is likely to say.</p> <p><i>"This whole region is ripe for expansion."</i></p> <p><i>"i don't make bad choices and there is something here"</i></p> <p><i>"Just how big is the orc threat I wonder?"</i></p>

<p>Margo Skyclear, 0 level human charlatan: AC 10; Speed 30ft; hp 8; #AT 1 at +3 ; Dmg 1d4+1p</p> <p>Str 12, Dex 10, Con 14 , Int 15, Wis 14, Cha 15</p> <p>Skills: Deception +4, Sleight of hand +2</p> <p>Other proficiencies: Forgery</p> <p>Languages: Common</p> <p>Equipment: Dagger</p>

Treasure: The Skyclears have considerable funds but present in Forest Green is 400gp, 500sp, 500cp in two locked poisoned trapped chests.

28. Fergus Gombars house

<p>This fine house has a smart looking man sitting on a step outside it. He has some parchment in his hands and a puzzled look on his face and is stroking his chin. A glass of red wine is placed next to him.</p>



Fergus Gombar is a politician who has moved to Forest Green while some false accusations of corruption against him die down and he is renting the building off of Barstrode. Much to his surprise though, he is enjoying his time here and the freedom that it brings away from the intrigue and double dealing of the big city. So much so that he may even make the move permanent. He has financed a few adventuring parties and one returned with real profit as to cover the apparent loss of the others and more importantly Fergus is enjoying the planning and involvement with these wilder more carefree folk.

Fergus is middle aged in his early fifties with a receding grey hairline but he keeps himself in decent shape. The political issues of his former home do worry him, but he is starting to feel that maybe it is time to be outside of that particular world. Otherwise though he has an easy-going charm and impeccable manners. He has a fine collection of maps that helps when it comes to planning adventures.

DM's note: Fergus would be a good patron for an adventuring party and if the DM needs a lead in man he is a good choice.

Fergus Gombar, 0 level human sage: AC 10; Speed 30ft; hp 7; #AT 1 at +2; Dmg 1d6b Str 10, Dex 11, Con 12, Int 14, Wis 14, Cha 14 Skills: Arcana +4, Persuasion +4, History +4 Languages: Common, two foreign human languages
Equipment: Staff
Things he is likely to say. <i>"It is a fine day isn't it...i wonder what it will bring?"</i> <i>"This may be a risk but think of the rewards eh?"</i> <i>"Let me buy you a drink my friend you look like you have travelled far."</i>

Treasure: 251gp, 260sp, 208cp in sacks in a chest. 12x50gp ruby's in a small bag. 2 x statues of dancing sprites, 100gp each. He could obtain more funds if needed. His map collection is also valuable. (DM decides)

29. Hakkars House

Hakkar was one of the oldest inhabitants of the village at 78 years old. He has died of poisoning and his body lies on the floor in front of the fireplace. The poisoning was an accident, he had been treating a stomach problem with an herbalism extract supplied by Clara but he was quite forgetful and took a vial of spider venom instead! His body hasn't been found yet because he tended to keep to himself and often wouldn't be seen for days. That coupled with the fact that he was a cantankerous old git and not that popular means it may be a little while before he is noticed gone.

There are some items of value in his house and it is ripe for a bit of thievery if that is your party's want. Remember if they were caught in the act (it is next door to the tower barracks!) they might have to explain a poisoning as well as the items in their pockets.

Treasure: Hakkar was forgetful and was always hiding some caches of money around his house. Roll 1d6+4 and this is the number of hidden stashes, each contains 2d6 gold, silver and copper with a 10% per stash of containing a 10gp gem. He does have one exceptional item, a **Driftglobe**, but this item was well known to be his in the village and if stolen would have to be kept hidden otherwise those responsible would definitely be accused of his murder.

30 The Tower

Casting a long shadow the Tower dominates its surroundings. A guard is looking bored outside its oak bound double doors but notices you as you approach near. Above the door are some indistinct worn carvings that have weathered away, but generally the tower is in decent condition considering its obvious age.

The tower barracks is the oldest and most impressive structure in Forest Green. It stands some 50ft high, is made of a hard stone and has three levels including battlements at the top. The tower is built at the highest point of the Forest Green mound, which is 60ft higher than the surrounding terrain. This gives an excellent

view over the marshes and down the main roads to Forest Green. If looked at closer the carvings seem to show an indistinct figure with many arms surrounded by people, possibly worshippers.

Captain Truel has twenty men under his command that he drills and trains regularly. These men are capable and can repair the defences of Forest green and undertake engineering projects. Tamerrae has even contacted Truel about his men re-erecting the waystone at the western forests edge and Truel thinks it would be a good project for his men, possibly in the summer. Fourteen of the men typically are armed with chain shirts, a light shield and helm and carry a short sword and dagger. Six wear leather and have longbows and a dagger. Typically, two men are always stationed at the main gate on a four hour watch and another two wander the village.

Forest green melee troops, AC 16; Speed 30ft; hp 11; #AT 1 at +3 ; Dmg 1d6+1p

Str 13, Dex 12, Con 12, Int 10, Wis 11, Cha 10

Skills: Perception +2

Languages: Common.

Equipment: Short sword, shield, chain shirt, 1d6 gp, 1d6 sp, 1d6 cp

Forest green longbow troops, AC 12; Speed 30ft; hp 11; #AT 1 at +3 ; Dmg 1d8+1p

Str 11, Dex 13, Con 12, Int 10, Wis 11, Cha 10

Skills: Perception +2

Languages: Common.

Equipment: Leather armour, longbow, quiver with 20 arrows, dagger, 1d6 gp, 1d6 sp, 1d6 cp

DM's note: At some point I intend to do a follow up mid-level adventure to this resource entitled, *Beneath the Forest Tower*.



Captain Truel was the replacement for Captain Peterson, the previous captain stationed here who was killed by an orc raiding party. He is a military man through and through and drills the troops stationed here regularly and maintains good discipline. He is respected by the men for his honesty, although not loved, as he is a stickler for rules and regulations. Truel sees himself destined for greater things and Forest green as a stepping stone towards that. If a touch boring, Truel is as solid as they come and unflappable. He is over 6ft tall, muscular, with a stout chin and slightly crooked nose. He keeps his brown hair tidy and always seems to be standing to attention even when sitting down.

Captain Truel, 5th level human, soldier and battlemaster fighter: AC 12/19*; Speed 30ft; hp 44 ; #AT 2 at +7 ; Dmg 1d6+4p

Str 16 , Dex 14, Con 15, Int 13, Wis 13, Cha 13

Skills: Athletics +6, Intimidation +4, Animal handling +4, Perception +4

Other proficiencies: Vehicle(land), Warhorse, Cartographer's tools, Dragonchess

Languages: Common

Features: **Fighting style(defence), Second wind, Action surge, Manoeuvres(Commanders strike, Parry, Precision attack, Rally)**

Feats: **Shield master**

* if prepared for trouble

Equipment: A finely crafted **+1 shortsword** which is a family heirloom, 4gp, 6sp, 3cp. * In dangerous situations we wears chainmail and carried a shield.

Things he might say.

"I've put the men on armour cleaning duty."

"Morning" (as he walks past to inspect the gates defences)

"Both these pieces of rope look the same but on inspection I've found that this one's thread is of lesser quality...not as many fibres."

Treasure: Truel owns a warhorse called Silvermane which is kept at **10. Stables and Barns** along with the saddles and tack. A chest hidden under his bed holds 120gp, 54sp, 51cp.

Outside the village walls.



- a. Garwood Farm
- b. Cassar Farm
- c. Pinben Farm

- d. The Waystone & Pool
- e. The Druid Grove
- f. The Fleeing Group

a. Garwood Farm

The Garwood family of Mark, Helonore and their daughter Blossom have lived and worked in their farmhouse for over ten years and they were one of the few farming families not under Barstrodes control. This abruptly ended three weeks ago when they were murdered and replaced by a small troop of dopplegangers. Up to now they have managed to fake enough to get away with it as the farmhouse didn't receive too many visitors as it was. They plan to try and kill one of the more prominent members of the village so they can make inroads there, Grimbold or Barstrode are the prime choices, but they are looking for opportunities and if the party book an extended stay they might well become targets. They are aware of Tamarrae and fear and hate her, so they plan to slaughter their livestock and make it look like it was the druidess that was responsible, when the time is right.

3 x Doppelgangers p82 MM

Treasure: 34gp, 9sp, 67cp scattered about the house. The Mark Garwood doppelganger wears a **ring of poison resistance**.

b. Cassar Farm

The Cassar family of four work on the land for Barstrode. Badallen is the head of the family and his wife is called Lisan with two younger children. Badallen works as hard as he can but has a twisted arm and finds it hard. They are terribly poor as Barstode charges them an exorbitant amount for rent and Clara and Frenmag visit with food now and again that is well received.

Badallen Cassar, 0 level human, non skilled: AC 10; Speed 30ft; hp 6; #AT 1 at +2 ; Dmg 1d4b

Str 10, Dex 9, Con 9 , Int 12, Wis 12, Cha 10

Skills: Perception +4

Languages: Common

Lisan Cassar, 0 level human, non skilled: AC 10; Speed 30ft; hp 4; #AT none ; Dmg none

Str 10, Dex 10, Con 10, Int 10, Wis 9, Cha 13

Skills: animal handling +1

Languages: Common

Treasure: 6cp!

c. Pinben Farm

The Pinben family of five live and work for Barstrode in this farmhouse. Lort Pinben is the nominal head of the house. Of average height and build with salt and pepper hair and a hangdog expression. He tries as best as he can to keep Barstrode happy, as well as avoiding the ere of Tamerrae, but he lacks the wit to deal with either and is in somewhat of an impossible position. Because of his dealings with the Garwood family, he suspects that something strange is going on there as Mark has been very odd lately but cannot put his finger on as to why. He likes to drink in Grimbolds and voice his opinions about everything there.

Lort Pinben, 0 level human, non skilled: AC 10; Speed 30ft; hp 8; #AT 1 at +3 ; Dmg 1d6+1b

Str 13, Dex 10, Con 10 , Int 9, Wis 9, Cha 10

Skills: Athletics +3

Languages: Common

Trissa Pinben, 0 level human, non skilled: AC 10; Speed 30ft; hp 5; #AT none ; Dmg none

Str 9, Dex 10, Con 10, Int 10, Wis 10, Cha 10

Skills: Perception +2

Languages: Common

Treasure: 6gp, 13sp, 12cp

d. The Waystone and Pool.

Laying in a tangle of ivy and vines is a massive fallen megalithic stone. The whole area is overgrown but less than one would imagine. The stone itself would probably have stood about 20ft tall if erected and 10ft at the base. Directly in front of this fallen giant, about 100ft away is a pool of still water in a shallow earthen bowl. Shrubs grow all around the water's edge and the bough of an old elm dips lazily into the water.

The waystone was toppled in centuries past by forces unknown and has lain untouched since that time. Originally these waystones were erected at critical ley-line points for the Druidic faith and druids of great power were said to be able to travel through these stones all over Uruth. It is further proof of the fragility of the re-emerging Druidic faith that only Tamerrae has been sent to address this important task. The pool is a natural depression that animals come to drink at and children sometimes play in. In the distant past it was used as religious pool for the Druidic faith.

e. The druid grove

There seems to be signs of a small camp here with a cold fire pit and a simple shelter with bedding and an iron cooking pot. Some wind chimes are swaying in the breeze producing a slightly eerie clinkering sound but there is no-one to be seen.

Tamerrae has been appointed by the great druid to watch over this region and re-erect the toppled waystone. She is very tall for a woman, standing over six foot and isn't scrawny with that as well. She has long brown hair and brown eyes and the typical blue wode tattoos that druids typical have on Uruth.

Tamerrae, 7th level human, outlander and Moon druid: AC 11; Speed 30ft; hp 53

#AT 1 at +7; Dmg 1d8+4p

Str 17, Dex 13, Con 14, Int 10, Wis 16, Cha 16

Skills: Athletics +6, Nature +3, Survival +6, Insight +6

Other proficiencies: Herbalism kit.

Languages: Common, Elvish, Druidic

Features: **Combat wild shape, Primal strike**

Spells known

Cantrips (∞): *Druidcraft, Produce flame, Resistance*

1st level (4 slots): *Speak with animals, Entangle, Thunderwave*

2nd level (3 slots): *Darkvision, Enhance ability, Barkskin*

3rd level (3 slots): *Call lightning, Plant growth, Feign death*

4th level (1 slot): *Stoneskin*

Things she might say:

"the say the fey have retreated but I sense their touch in the woods"

"People must live, but why so much destruction?"

Laughing: "a farmer saw me bathing in the pool so I stood up and walked towards him. I thought he was going to pass out!"

She lives at the edge of the great forest so she can monitor the ingress made by the farmers and villagers of Forest Green. She tries to be patent in her dealings with the village but she is more of a huntress than a politician and sometimes finds it hard to keep her temper. Fortunately, her friendship with Clara helps in this and sometimes they sit by the pools edge drinking spring wine and talking long into the night. She detests Barstrode and will have no dealings with him, which doesn't help the farmer's situation (he typically sends one of them to talk with her). She has made it plain that the current treeline westward is the absolute limit and retribution would be forthcoming if inroads were to be made on this. Eastwards she is unhappy about any logging that takes place but feels that would be stretching the limit of her current influence. Sometimes she will prowl around this area though, in bear form, just to make a point. One of the reasons for her reluctance to intervene greater than she has is that she needs the assistance of Captain Truel and his men in erecting the toppled waystone that lies just within the edge of the forest.

Because of her ability to communicate with animals she effectively knows everything that is happening in the forest and surrounding area for miles around. She is aware of Lorcan Hales group but they don't concern her so long as they don't interfere with the forest but not what has happened at the Garwood farmhouse yet.

Treasure: Tamerrae doesn't have much in the way of coinage as she is self-reliant and doesn't care much for fancy trappings. She does own a **periapt of wound closure**, a **+1 spear** and **potions of superior healing and speed**

f. The Fleeing Group

In this small copse of trees a new problem for Forest green has arisen. A group of deserting soldiers (from wars in the east) have secretly camped here to rest while they consider what to do. There are twelve soldiers and a mage (Elkond Redwood) led by Lorcan Hale a charismatic corporal who is fully aware of their desperate situation. They cannot return to their units in the east, this group has seen too much horror and the thought of this is too much to bare. But, if they are found by the military they will be executed in a public and horrible way (to deter others). At the same time they have little food as they are not skilled hunters, with some still carrying injury's that haven't been able to heal on their long journey. This group are not evil as such and up to now have just resulted to stealing a few crops from farmsteads as they have tracked their way west, but still they are one step away from becoming a group of bandits, driven by their situation.

Lorcan Hale, **3rd level human, soldier and Champion fighter**: AC 19; Speed 30ft; hp 27 ; #AT 1 at +5 ; Dmg 1d6+3p

Str 17 , Dex 12, Con 15, Int 13, Wis 12, Cha 15

Skills: Athletics +5, Acrobatics +3, Perception +3, Persuasion +4, Mason's tools +2

Languages: Common, Orcish

Features: **Fighting style(Defence)**, **Second wind**, **Action surge**, **Improved critical**

Equipment: Lorcan has chainmail, a shield and a good spear but only a few coppers left (16cp)

<p>Elkond Redwood, 2nd level human, soldier and Illusion wizard: AC 13; Speed 30ft; hp 12; #AT 1 at +2 ; Dmg 1d4b</p> <p>Str 12, Dex 12, Con 12, Int 15, Wis 13 , Cha 10</p> <p>Skills: Arcana +4, investigation (+4, Athletics +3, intimidation (+2)</p> <p>Languages: Common, Elvish, dwarfish. arcane recovery, illusion savant.</p>
<p><u>Spells known</u></p> <p>Cantrips (∞): Minor illusion, Ray of frost, Blade ward, Shocking grasp</p> <p>1st level (3 slots): <i>Mage armour*</i>, <i>Colour spray*</i>, <i>magic missile*</i>, <i>Fog cloud</i>, <i>Disguise self</i>, <i>Silent image</i>, <i>Feather fall</i></p> <p>* typically prepared</p>
<p>Treasure: Elkond has nothing but his spellbook, a backpack and clothing.</p>

<p>Deserting melee troops, AC 16; Speed 30ft; hp10,8,7,6*,6,5,4,4,4*,3,3*,3* ;</p> <p>Str 13, Dex 12, Con 12, Int 10, Wis 11, Cha 10</p> <p>#AT 1 at +3 ; Dmg 1d6+1p</p> <p>Skills: Perception +2)</p> <p>Languages: Common.</p> <p>*injured, -1 to attack rolls.</p>
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The group wear chain shirts and shields and use spears in combat. The injured men are not wearing any armour and are AC 11 but they would still fight if they had too. The default hp of these men would be 11 but none have escaped the wear of the long journey and lack of food etc.

Lorcan plans on stealing some food from Barstrodes or the Garwood farms and after resting as long as he dares, continuing on their way. But, if the adventurers were to blunder across this group and gave them a reason they could well find themselves attacked. This group should be played as if on a tipping point that depends on the players reactions to them. If treated kindly and provided with provisions they would just move on their way, if not they could become a genuine menace to the area with a corresponding shift in their attitudes and effective alignments. A complicating matter is that Barstrode is aware of them (his bat) and may report them to captain Truel.

Appendix A - Rumours and Plot Hooks

Apart from ones that hopefully you have gleamed from the characters descriptions here are, in no particular order, some rumours and plot ideas that can be used to spark an adventure or roleplaying encounter:

1. Barstrode is suspicious of Grimbold and the way he runs his business. He can't understand how Grimbold can be making a profit, and wants to hire the heroes to find out how he's makes ends meet.
2. Barstrode wants to remove the Cassar family from their house for non-payment of rent. Either he wants the party to handle it or Clara wants the party to stop it.
3. Barstrode is keen to expand his farmland on the west side of forest green and wants to hire the party to scare off Tamerrae, or even kill her, if the characters have shown the right stuff.
4. Barstrode has some "merchants" coming to visit him and wants to hire some extra bodyguards. There is a 25% chance they are actually just merchants, and a 75% chance they are representatives of the Thieves Guild that he wants to cut a deal with.
5. Barstrode is overheard talking to Kellen about removing Grimbold.
6. Kalthian is interested in a male party member (must have Chr 13+) and invites them to dine at her place.
7. Kalthian has taken a dislike to any female party member with a Charisma 14+ and is spreading rumours that she is a thief.
8. Kalthian is seen crying but gets angry if questioned causing a scene which is noticed by a wandering guard.
9. Kalthian has had her necklace stolen and begs a male member of the party to help find it. If the party member is a noble this is hard to turn down because of her standing.
10. John Dawson saw a strange humanlike creature prowling around the outer wall. When it saw him it ran off towards the farmsteads. It could be one of the doppelgangers or maybe an orc or goblin on a scouting mission.
11. John Dawson actually saw something the night Gerf disappeared. A winged shape flying off towards the marshes. He has been too scared to tell anybody. If the party show themselves to be particularly heroic he confesses this to them after a few drinks.
12. Talin is blind drunk and staggering around town throwing any object at people who try and talk to him. Jansen or/and Grimbold will intervene if things get out of hand.
13. Jansen is worried because a supply caravan is late. Will the party check it out?
14. Jansen is offering a 10% discount, today only!
15. Jansen has to visit his brother for a week and needs his shop guarding. This only occurs if the party have proved themselves trustworthy.
16. Kellen takes a dislike to a party member. If the character is weak Kellen will try to pick a fight. If the character is strong he will work against them. (spread rumours, sabotage jobs etc)
17. Kellen is seen threatening a farm worker as he shakes him down for a 'donation'.
18. Kellen secretly kills someone staying at Grimbolds, and an object of the players is found with the body.
19. Truel asks the groups help in erecting the waystone, as he doesn't want to tire all his men.

20. Truel wants to hire the players as scouts to comb the surrounding forest. They would be paid as skilled as hirelings for a period of 1-2 weeks. Orcs have been seen in the forest.
21. Truel has been sent orders that all those of magical ability must register themselves with him.
22. A woman turns up at Forest green claiming she is Bolen Greyport's wife. There is a 5% chance it is true, a 10% chance they were once but are now divorced, a 10% chance she is an assassin and a 75% she is a spurned former lover.
23. Bolen Greyport and Clara announce their wedding date! There is a 10% chance she is pregnant and (if so) a 10% chance he disappears. Needless to say Clara wants the heroes to track him down.
24. Bolen Greyport is interested in any movements or sightings of the elf Jaddith. He may have been sent to spy on the elf.
25. Bolen Greyport's lute is in fact magical, and that is the true reason he plays so well.
26. Clara needs some rare plants to help with a disease someone is suffering from.
27. Grimbald has a chest filled with gold and jewels somewhere in his rooms.
28. Grampa Dawson saw the remains of an orc encampment at the border between the marsh and swamp.
29. Hugo Skyclear's house is in disorder....maybe he wouldn't miss a few things.
30. Crespin buys some poison from Clara for his rat (Bolen) problem....
31. A bear kills one of the loggers working to the east of Forest Green. Some of his friends, mourning him over a couple of ales, say that it was Tamarrae, who has coincidentally disappeared, not a bear.
32. A child has found an ancient gold coin in the pool near the waystone. Tamarrae will point blankly refuse any sort of dredging/investigating idea. The coin could be linked with the tower in some way.
33. Grimbald is holding a party for his birthday. All are invited!
34. Fergus Gombar has found a strange map.
35. Fergus Gombar has a trio of horsemen turn up to arrest him. He proclaims his innocence. They could be assassins hired by the political rival that framed him. This could be a good "in" for the adventurers.
36. Hugo Skyclear is looking to put pressure on Barstrode to buy his land.
37. John Dawson is getting frantic, Grampa Dawson hasn't come back from his last trip into the marshes.
38. Grimbald knows that the carvings on the tower are from an ancient dead cult but he needs a certain book to fully decipher the writings. Will the group go and retrieve it?
39. A lone adventurer returns to the village bloody and fevered, raving about treasure at the base of the mountains.
40. A lone adventurer returns to the village battered and weary, begging for help for his wounded comrades. There is a 50% chance it's an honest request, and a 50% chance it's a trap.

Appendix B - Player Map

