

IN THE DRAGON'S SWAMP...



THE PARTY MEETS...

{Darneth Bronzepar} A talented cook who escaped captivity at the hands of the dragon; Cruel acid burns on their face/neck have left him completely mute; Frantic to escape the marsh but latches on to any he believes could protect him in a fight

{Talking Vulture} Gained unnatural intelligence from eating a sorcerer's rotting corpse; Feasts on the remains of anyone they can lower deep into the marsh with tales of "sinking castles"; Smart enough to lie but not clever enough to tell a convincing one

{Nana Bellymelter} A fat little witch who hobbles through the marsh on stilts; Brews healing potions and "healing potions" that melt a creature's stomach from the inside out; Wants the dragon head so she can brew its blood

THE PARTY FIGHTS...

{Acid Ghouls} Tongues are long enough to wrap around the leg or arm of a creature several yards away; Acidic saliva melts flesh off the bone in a matter of seconds; Keeps creatures at bay by flailing its tongue around, dousing the surrounding area in its acidic saliva

{Dragon Belch} An acidic cloud of rot and decay belched from the dragon's belly; Soars over the swamp in a shape vaguely similar to a dragon;

Attacks any living creature it senses by fully enveloping the creature to melt away its skin

{Gwarple Toads} Massive, solitary toads whose deafening croaks make a distinct "gwarple" sound; Dragons and troll kings breed them as lookouts since their croaks can be heard from over a mile away; Exceptionally stubborn and will die before letting go of a caught meal

THE PARTY DISCOVERS...

{Shrivlelung Nuts} A vine-growing nut whose name comes from its disturbing resemblance to a shriveled up human lung; Eating a nut allows your lungs to breathe poisonous air without issue for 1d8 hours; Those allergic to the nuts are instead left exceptionally vulnerable to poisonous air for 1d8 hours

{Ruined Camp} Set up within the week by dragon-hunting knights and attacked by the dragon within the past 1d4 hours; Horse is still hitched to a nearby tree with one of its legs severely injured by acid burns {can't walk}; Portable shrine to a deity of armor and shields still stands at the center of the camp

{Ferry} A poorly built ferry that looks to be made from sections of stolen docks/boats; Hitched to a rotting tree with several large burlap sacks squirming across its deck; The ferry's owner is a particularly large {but cowardly} troll who is on their back from chasing down a traveling merchant