

Game: Gloomwrought Campaign, D&D 5e

Date: August 3rd, 2019

Characters:

Ping the Vile, half-elf ranger - 8 (Dan Gilbert)

Bartleby, gnome hedge wizard - 3 (NPC)

Trogdor, human barbarian/bard - 6/2 (Nate Grim)

Vlad, lizardfolk pugilist - 3 (NPC)

Rear Admiral Nigel Ramsbottom, half-elf rogue/warlock - 5/3 (Quinton Laughman)

Ellie Finnbuckle, gnome wizard - 8 (Kayla Nicholas)

Duck Newton, half-orc cleric/fighter - 5/3 (Justin Nicholas)

DM: Andrew Smith

Log:

The heroes meet over brunch to discuss what they've done over the last few weeks. One by one, they go around the table and share more about their time in Blackangel. Ellie says she must leave. She's receiving an important Sending is coming and she needs some privacy.

Vlad thanks Trogdor for giving him the time to sow his wild oats. He tells the group about a tattoo artist in the lizard area of Jorba Lynde. He says that this artist can do magic tattoos, and demonstrates how his new tattoo of a cracked egg on his chest can now be used to cast the Alarm spell as a ritual once per long rest.

A gnome identifying himself as "Bartleby" shows up, but outside of his looks and dress he doesn't seem very much like the party's old friend. He seems defeated and empty, and he even seems to have a subtly different voice. Ping publicly takes him back. Unbeknownst to everyone, Ping is being blackmailed. Abraxas has purchased Ping's loyalty from Zemo - the Feywild pixie who has the real Bartleby and is threatening to kill him if Ping doesn't cooperate. Ping has secretly been given a magic bag by Abraxas that will allow him to duplicate any artifact that is placed inside it.

Ellie comes back in a change of clothes sobbing. Her rat friend Jeremiah has died! His dead body was left at her doorstep. It could have been a cat, but Ellie has an idea that it might have been Rooke Bartley. Rooke knows about Ellie's affinity for animals. The group picks up on the fact that the "Ellie" from before was in fact an imposter in disguise who has now gotten away.



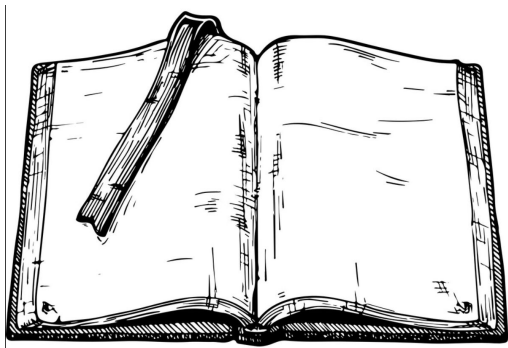
Ellie has been getting secret messages from Rooke. While going about her daily business she received a shocking Sending spell message from Rooke Bartley about her hero Professor

Belthos Liadon. “Don’t fall for Liadon’s tricks. Power corrupts. He’s not the same elf he once was. You don’t trust me. Be smart. Don’t trust him, either. “

Ellie has been worried that Professor Liadon’s plans to collect all the artifacts may not be pure. He hasn’t been himself lately. Instead of solitude, he’s hosted regular private meetings with Duck Newton. Ellie did a little snooping. Erendriel Fenberos, the elf mage Liadon cited as his character witness was recently murdered. Further probing revealed that Belthos Liadon spent a century in a high Elven prison before moving to Blackangel. Eleanor’s journals have nothing but good things to say about Professor Liadon. Eleanor couldn’t have been that wrong, but Ellie still worries.

Meanwhile, this imposter spooks Duck. He has had several secret meetings with Professor Liadon the two of them realized they were both servants of The Traveller. Liadon has located another artifact for his research into godhood. After losing the lute he’s anxious about this next mission. He asks Duck to meet him at a fancy club uptown named the Magister club that features powerful anti-scrying parlors to get away from Ellie and his staff.

Liadon sees the location of the artifact in his mind’s eye. He’s going to assign Ellie and hire the party to get one item in the room. He wants Duck to secure the actual artifact - the Spyglass of Ofrey! He asks Duck not to tell anyone! Even Ellie could be a traitor in disguise.



Rosie makes contact with Elle, calling the heroes to the Arcane Academy. The entire group is ushered directly into Professor Liadon’s office. Liadon tasks them with traveling to an island in the swamps of Highport bay to find a book written by Zid named “Traitors Without Sin.”

This book of fiction is about the travails of a mighty lizardfolk warrior in love with the daughter of a rival tribe. The love story blossoms but eventually the two tribes war. The warrior betrays his own clan, but is

later double-crossed. The daughter of the rival tribe is forced to consume the entrails of her lover in the last chapter.

Liadon describes a one-room home of a mad mage. It includes a loft with a library and a simple nautical telescope on a tripod. The home features a messy bed, tables with bottles, tubes, organs, bodily fluids, burners and cages with crazy animals with wings, tentacles, and heads where they shouldn’t be. Stillborn abominations in jars line the shelves. Pet beds and bones on the floor indicate that the mad mage has some sort of pet. There are cages with roosts, and two fancy guitars are placed in a corner.

Of course, Liadon has lied to the group. Duck already knows that the real artifact that needs to be recovered is the spyglass. This magical spyglass was once the prized possession of the

famous pirate “Deathly” Lura Ofrey. It is said that a part of her soul still lives within the glass, whispering wisdom, lunacy, or both to any sailor who takes it up to scan the horizon. It has an aura of strong divination magic which will help Duck confirm he has the right item.

Nigel has been working like a dog for Abraxas the past few weeks. The fiend wants errands run. He needs Nigel to find people for him. He wants to know more about the Arcane Academy’s defenses. Rooke Bartley has stopped making regular contact with him and he’s pretty sure she doesn’t want anything to do with him. It is pretty clear Abraxas isn’t happy with Nigel’s work.

In service of his patron, Nigel finds the walls of the academy are magically trapped. Failure to disarm them would lock the interloper in a magic cage and alert the guard. Trogdor caught Nigel snooping around the walls of the Academy earlier in the month. It was pretty embarrassing. Nigel managed to make some sort of awkward excuse, pretending he lost something but Trogdor didn’t buy that excuse.

Nigel procures a boat. It is a simple cog ironically named “The Hulk” that he borrows from his friend Bear. Bear pines for Nigel, giving him big puppy dog eyes, and holding on to hugs just a little too long. Nigel spends the night with the longshoreman, but his sleep is disturbed. Nigel’s astral form is plucked from his body. He hears a voice in the disembodied darkness. It is Abraxas.

“Nigel, could we speak privately please?”

Nigel is whisked to the pocket plane of Abraxas. There, the massive collections of the fiend are on display. Unique animals and gemstones, books, papers, and artifacts are all carefully laid out behind secured glass display cases across a seemingly endless shadowy room. Abraxas leads you into his private business office. He sits behind the desk and gestures for Nigel to sit.



“Nigel, it has been great working with you. I gotta be honest, you’ve been a real blast to have as my warlock. But recently I’ve been very unhappy at your performance. Look, I know you managed to help me come up with the Lute, but not getting that Tulwar was hard for me. “

A grim, subtle smile crosses the fiend’s face as he looks directly into Nigel’s eyes.

“I’m going to have to let you go, Nigel. You’re fired.”

Abraxas, stands up and gestures toward the door. Nigel feels the power given to him by the fiend drain from his soul, leaving an empty hole in the core of his being.

“No hard feelings, okay? This was just a business deal, nothing personal. Understand?”

Abraxas stops Nigel at the door to the office, his hand on the knob. He sneers.

“Also, understand that now you gotta stay out of my way. I’m not gonna lie. If you meddle in my plans I’m going to kill you just like I would anyone else. You got that?”

Abraxas opens the door. Nigel is ejected into an antechamber of nothingness. Abraxas, steps through the door. He enters an arcane code into the door using a set of words and gestures. Nigel realizes that Abraxas literally has a password that can be used to access the magical realm of his collections. Abraxas keeps Nigel from seeing any of it, but if Nigel could somehow get that code, he could perhaps reset it to lock Abraxas out. Nigel thinks to himself that could one day be used as leverage against the fiend. His vision goes black. Abraxas coos in his ear.

“Don’t be dumb. I don’t want your blood, Nigel. It’s just business. Best of luck, buddy.”

Nigel wakes in a cold sweat. He can no longer access the spells, invocations, or pact features of his warlock levels. He’s unsure of his future, and ponders life for a bit. The rest of the heroes meet on the docks and begin to set sail for the artifact by way of Highport.

That first night on the water under the night sky a comet shoots by. Soon after Nigel nods off to sleep. He once again finds himself in an unfamiliar place, talking with what can only be described as a demon in a business suit. The fiend addresses Nigel.



Good evening, Nigel. My name is Trey and I'm here to make you a very generous offer. I understand that you've recently lost your standing as an agent of Abraxas. I'm truly sorry to hear that. However, it does mean that you are now a free agent, and that you might consider working for a competitor.



That's right. None other than Bezos the Vendor would like you to be his delivery man. He's prepared to offer you a generous package of powers including:

- *The widest array of cantrip magic available for your power level including control over the elements, illusions, and the most powerful attack cantrip on the plane*
- *The ability to gain temporary vigor from the death of your enemies*
- *Superior darkvision through even magical darkness*
- *A variety of fire and darkness based spells, one of which duplicates your very own circlet of blasting*
- *The vendor will teach you an hour-long ritual that delivers a non-magical item worth no more than 100gp in exchange for coins and gems of the same value as the item*

In return, you would make regular reports to Bezos about the state of the world as you see it, paying specific attention to artifacts and personages of power. Bezos may also ask that you acquire or deliver items under potentially dangerous circumstances. As part of the deal, Bezos will not ask you to harm yourself, innocents, or any of your comrades. Bezos reserves the right to terminate the deal at will, and you are free to do the same.

Please enjoy the rest of your night's sleep. Think over this generous proposal, and if you have any questions or you would like to join the team, just ask for Trey. I'll be waiting...

Nigel finds himself once again back on the boat. He's determined to know what to make of all this. He begins to explore the space. Pacing back and forth. Then he spots a sparkle. Some small lightning bug is making its way through his cabin. However, as it slows down and gets closer Nigel realizes that it isn't an animal at all. It is a tiny fairy. It addresses him.



Hi honey! I'm Bettie, and I'm here to tell you about (drum roll please) your new patron! The Queen of Air and Darkness may sound awful, but lemme tell you, she's a hoot to work for. She has regular happy hours, there are retreats, gifts, great powers, and she offers dental! Now, of course you'll be working remotely for most of your tenure but rest assured I'll hook you up.

So, first things first. We're going to be co-workers! I'm gonna be your pixie partner. That's right! Your personal pixie, all to yourself. I've got powers, too! I can make you fly, put bad guys to sleep, and even dispel nasty magic. All on my own! You don't have to do anything! Isn't that wonderful? You'll be breaking the "action economy" which probably will drive your Dungeon Master wild. I can't believe he's even allowing this cheese! He must be craaaaazy!

Also, I can scout like the dickens! I fly around invisibly and if you turn off your own senses you can look and hear through mine. Isn't that wicked? You'll love fairy-vision. I guarantee it!

What's more, whenever you heal yourself around me you always get the maximum number on any healing die. No questions asked. Just get back the maximum amount. See, you'll love having me around!

Now what happens if I'm murdered dead you ask? You might have a point there. Exactly one point to be exact. One HIT point, that is! That's all I got. Hee hee! Nice pun, huh sweetie?

Well, you'll get your own powers too. The Queen provides you with a few clever cantrips and an array of spells focusing on support and mind control. In a pinch, you can even call up a cloud of sprites to bring the beat-down on an enemy.

Anyway, you can always bring me back after I'm dead just by doing nothin' but believing in fairies for ten minutes. Isn't that amazing?

What does the Queen get out of all this? Well, you'll have to make regular reports about things and stuff. All the boring details that she should know, but don't worry I'll take care of all of that paperwork for you. Just do your thing continuing to help out your friends as best you can! Be yourself! Engage in world-altering adventure! The Queen is totally on board, no strings attached. At any time, you can give up these powers, or the Queen can revoke them. It's all cool.

We'll be the best workmates you and I. We'll be a deathly team, making sweet, sweet love to all of those boring mc-stiffertons going rompers all over the jamboree. What do you say? Can I be your pixie partner? Please? Pretty please? Cross my heart and hope to lie, stick a cupcake in my eye? Act now! Operators are standing by! Yes? No? Will you think about it? Glitter!

Nigel is stunned. There are now two offers for his services. He is surprised by an angelic light and a third offer from a being who appears to look just like Sister Sabine from Gloomwrought.

Nigel,

It is I, Aurora - the lady of the light. You were there in my time of need. I would like to repay the favor.

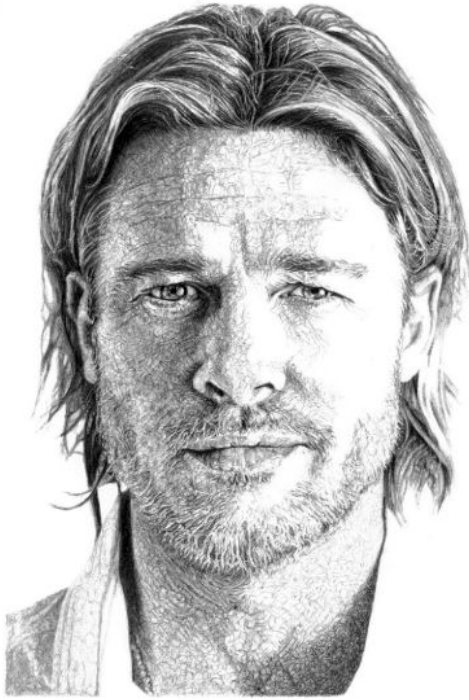
I offer you the power to be my agent in the darkness. The eclipse. You may wield the powers of healing the weak and smiting the sinister for as long as you stand by these three tenants:

- **Compassion.** *Aid others, protect the weak, and punish those who threaten them. Show mercy to your foes, but temper it with wisdom.*
- **Honor.** *Treat others with fairness, and let your honorable deeds be an example to them. Do as much good as possible while causing the least amount of harm.*
- **Duty.** *Be responsible for your actions and their consequences and protect those entrusted to your care.*



I'll be listening for your decision when things are quiet.

As the morning sun comes up, Nigel is exhausted. He lays down, but just as he does a final offer bursts into his cabin.



Hey bro,

You're asking yourself, "Who is this stunningly handsome yet mysteriously non-descript extra dimensional entity you see before you?"

I'm tall, but not too tall. I'm athletic, but not too athletic. I've got bluish-brown eyes and a thick head of darkish-blond hair. I've got a winning smile, and I see into your very soul.

That's right. I'm the Traveller. Pleased to meet you.

So, I hear that you might like fucking shit up. Giving it to "the man" and all that. Right?

That's cool, Nigel. That conviction means something. I could use someone like you. You could be like - my right-hand man. Yeah.

Let's make it official. Okay This will make the offer sound awesome. Ready?

Nigel, will you become the "Hand of the Traveller?" (thunder rolls in the distance)

Sick, right? What does the hand do? You'll simply get all the powers you never knew you always wanted.

If you aren't interested, that's no biggie. I'm plenty stacked with worshipers who love me already. I don't really need an agent who isn't dedicated.

If you are interested, find my man Duck. He knows the ritual to hook you up.

Traveller out!

Nigel is stunned. He thinks to himself that this is good news, but he isn't sure about how to proceed. Maybe the others have ideas?

Meanwhile, Ping is experiencing his own moment. Gritt has appeared only to him in a sailor suit. "I've heard about your situation with Zemo." Gritt says. "Did they get your chocolate in the peanut butter?" Ping acknowledges Gritt. "Who was it? Fancy boys? Shiny boys? I heard it was one of those turgid smoky boys." Ping confirms that it was fiends who have purchased his services from Zemo. "I'm gonna try to find a way to sneak you into the Feywild so you can perform for Zemo. You'll really have to bite me once this is over, though. In the meantime, you've gotta do what you have to do. Much squee from me! Glitter!1!!" Ping is less than satisfied with his friend's visit.

The party reaches Highport, and are immediately challenged by the guard for "docking fees." Nigel immediately pulls rank and puts the Highport guard in their places.

Ellie has been following her sister Evie's career for quite a while now. From her letters, Ellie knows that her sister recently moved to the big city of Highport to open her own bakery named "Evie's Edibles." Just like Ellie's skills with research, Evie is magic with her rolling pin and oven. Evie recently wrote with an open invitation to visit the next time Ellie is in town. Ellie brings her companions to the new shop. "Best friends! I've missed you!" Evie says. "Let's eat cupcakes and have a sleep over!" Evie introduces her cat Tom who watches over the store and eats the rats.

The shop is a struggling dingy storefront. All of Evie's seed money has been extorted by two Highport guardsmen. Evie identifies them as brothers, Spencer and Deryl who just happen to be Ping's half-brothers. Ping vows to make amends, and Ellie helps Evie with some money.

Ping's father, now retired from military service still lives in a bucolic village named Oak Land just outside of Highport. Ping has been away for quite a while, and he hasn't always been on the best terms with his step-mother Beatrice and his larger, militant half-brothers Spencer and Deryl. Ping has learned from letters that his father's health is declining and he may not have more than another season or two to live.



Ping travels Oak Land to meet with his family. His father in failing health is sitting on the front porch. Beatrice, Ping's stepmother works busily inside. The two share some thoughtful moments, and Ping's father offers an apology for not being there for his son when he remarried. He asks if Ping is in a jam, and tells his son to stay true to who he is. He offers Ping a magic sword of elven make that once belonged to his mother.

Ping sees Gritt again after meeting with his father and stepmother; He wears a racy nightgown, and pulls a sleep blindfold up over his eyes. "I'm still raking the toffee to get you here, brother Want to bring your

ossified friends? They could help set the stage for the performance.” Ping agrees that having the rest of the party would help free Bartleby from Zemo.

“I’m pulling a ‘lurk and jerk’ to get you here, but it will take time to pull it together. I’ll rescue your chocolate if I have to eat all of the peanut butter out of the smoky boys’ salty butthole myself! Glitter!!1!” The next morning, the party takes off in “The Hulk” toward the swampy island of the mad mage.



The party is attacked by two manticores on their way. They manage to fight off the abominations and they reach the island without further incidents.

As the group approach the house on the island they are challenged by more abominations. An army of mongrelmen, small beings made up of spare parts of giant insects, mammals, birds, fish, and shellfish join with a giant lamprey-man with tentacles on its head to fight the heroes.

Finally, the group squares off against more mongrelmen, a giant tentacled millipede abomination, and a chimera followed by both manticores before they are able to reach the mad mage’s home.

The shack looks exactly as Liadon describes, with a few exceptions.

The party searches the building. They realize that it belongs to Homestar, another member of the musical group “Cabala Kick” that they learned about in Blackangel. Ping reaches the loft first and throws the book into a sack, magically swapping it with one created by Abraxas. The telescope, the item that unknown to all except Duck is the true target of the expedition is gone. Instead, Nigel discovers a note recently delivered on the desk in the loft. It seems to point to the fact that another certain artifact is being traded.

My Darling Homestar,

It is so very good to hear from you again after the incident at Peacock Landing. It pleases me that you have secured the Spyglass of “Deathly” Lura Ofrey. As you know I do so very much wish to possess it. I have the artifact in question that you require. Let’s meet at Portusclepta immediately, and we’ll make a fair swap.

Sincerely,

-G

Duck Newton appears to be confused and shaken by this note. He has things to say, but he doesn’t feel comfortable communicating for fear of being scryed on. The gnome posing as

Bartleby is beaten unconscious and held in the ship. The heroes return to Highport. Ping is challenged in a sending spell by Rooke Bartley. The book is worthless.

Gritt shows up wearing a ninja outfit driving a tiny covered black carriage with a red stripe. Duplicates of the PCs pile out like a clown car as theme music plays in the background. "Welcome to the jamboree duplicates! Be good or you won't get my glamour." Gritt says as half-witted clones begin to start making themselves comfortable on "The Hulk."

"Climb on in you vile villains! It's time for you to show me how good you are at lovemaking! Hurry up, we don't have all day! Everyone into the carriage! Let's dunk the donut!" Confused, Ping ushers the other inside the tiny carriage.

Nigel gets Bear's attention and asks him to watch over the duplicates. The attempt might have worked. Gritt remarks as Nigel enters. "So much squee for you my darling! Look at those broad shoulders! Firm buttocks!"

The door of the surprisingly roomy carriage slams shut and the party is treated to a feeling of spinning. They step out into the light of the Feywild, and immediately see Bartleby leading an army of gnomes. "Finally! I've been waiting for you guys! We're under attack. Get them!" Bartleby charges toward a battle already underway between the gnomes and an army of ogres and giants.

