

## HANDOUT 1: NOTE FROM FATHER THORN

Provide this Handout to those PCs which just completed ABER4-1.

SAVIORS OF TARSITH,

NOW THAT YOU HAVE RESTED FROM YOUR ORDEAL, I WISH TO MEET WITH YOU TO DISCUSS THE WEAPON AGAINST THE DRAGONS THAT I MENTIONED PREVIOUSLY. I ASK YOU TO MEET ME AT THE SALTY WENCH TAVERN IN MARRAUK IN FIVE DAYS TIME.

MARRAUK IS A DESOLATE CITY, WITH WHIPPING SAND STORMS. MOST INHABITANTS FAVOR HOODED CLOAKS AND SCARVES TO COVER THEIR MOUTH AND EYES. ONE SIDE BENEFIT OF THE WEATHER IN MARRAUK IS THAT YOU WILL NOT GET STRANGE LOOKS KEEPING YOUR FEATURES HIDDEN FROM OTHERS.

I LOOK FORWARD TO SEEING YOU, AND TAKING ANOTHER STEP ON THE PATH TO THE END OF DRACONIC RULE!

FATHER THORN

## HANDOUT 2: NOTE FROM FATHER THORN

Provide this Handout to those PCs which have not played ABER4-1 before.

ADVENTURER,

I HOPE YOU CAN FORGIVE ME FOR BEING SOMEWHAT CRYPTIC, AS I HAVE INFORMATION THAT WOULD BE DEVASTATING IF IT SHOULD FALL INTO THE WRONG HANDS. I AM THE LEADER OF A SMALL GROUP OF REBELS ON THE CONTINENT NOW KNOWN AS RETURNED ABEIR. OUR FONDEST DREAM IS THE OVERTHROW OF THE DRAGONS THAT HAVE RULED OUR LAND BY TERROR FOR MANY GENERATIONS. RECENTLY I'VE BECOME AWARE OF THE LOCATION OF AN ITEM THAT MIGHT BE ABLE TO HELP TURN THE TIDE OF THIS CONFLICT. CULTIVATING NUMEROUS SOURCES, YOUR NAME CAME TO MY ATTENTION AS SOMEONE WHO WOULD BE WILLING TO ASSIST. IF YOU DESIRE TO SEE A FOREIGN LAND, FIGHT DRAGONS, OR HELP A NOBLE CAUSE, I ASK THAT YOU MEET ME AT THE SALTY WENCH TAVERN IN MARRAUK IN FIVE DAYS TIME.

MARRAUK IS A DESOLATE CITY IN THE DUSK PORTS, WITH WHIPPING SAND STORMS. MOST INHABITANTS FAVOR HOODED CLOAKS AND SCARVES TO COVER THEIR MOUTH AND EYES.

I LOOK FORWARD TO MEETING YOU, AND TAKING ANOTHER STEP ON THE PATH TO THE END OF DRACONIC RULE

FATHER THORN

Included with the note is a ticket for passage to the Dusk Ports from Waterdeep.

## HANDOUT 3: NOTE FROM FATHER THORN

Provide this Handout to those PCs which have completed ABER4-1 in the past, but have done other jobs since.

SAVIOR OF TARSITH,

IT'S BEEN QUITE SOME TIME SINCE THE EVENTS OF TARSITH. I HOPE YOU WILL REMEMBER THE SACRIFICES THAT WERE MADE SO THAT YOU MIGHT LIVE. IF YOU STILL WISH TO HONOR THEIR SACRIFICE, I ASK THAT YOU MEET ME AT THE SALTY WENCH TAVERN IN MARRAUK IN FIVE DAYS TIME.

MARRAUK IS A DESOLATE CITY, WITH WHIPPING SAND STORMS. MOST INHABITANTS FAVOR HOODED CLOAKS AND SCARVES TO COVER THEIR MOUTH AND EYES. ONE SIDE BENEFIT OF THE WEATHER IN MARRAUK IS THAT YOU WILL NOT GET STRANGE LOOKS KEEPING YOUR FEATURES HIDDEN FROM OTHERS.

I LOOK FORWARD TO SEEING YOU, AND TAKING ANOTHER STEP ON THE PATH TO THE END OF DRACONIC RULE

FATHER THORN

Included with the note is a ticket for passage to the Dusk Ports from Waterdeep.

## HANDOUT 4: BEATEN JOURNAL

The following journal entries might shed some light on the path taken, which will assist your efforts.

### TARSAXH 9 – MORNING

IT'S A FINE MORNING TO START ON THIS TREK. SOON WE WILL BE THE HEROES OF A FREE LAND! JONAS ASSURES ME THAT HIS RESEARCH ON THE SWALLOWED CITY IS THE MOST COMPREHENSIVE TO DATE, AND THAT WE'RE SURE TO FIND IT. ACCOMPANYING MY BROTHER AND I ARE TWO OTHER PILGRIMS AND FOUR SERVANTS. ONE OF THE OTHER PILGRIMS, FREIDRIC, IS A CAPABLE SWORDSMAN, AS ARE EACH OF THE SERVANTS. HOPEFULLY THEIR EXPERTISE WON'T BE NECESSARY, BUT THE RUMORS OF THE DANGERS OF MELABRAUTH MAKE THAT WISH SEEM UNLIKELY.

### TARSAXH 9 – EVENING

TODAY'S TREK WAS SLOW, FOLLOWING THE COASTLINE, YET BEING CAREFUL NEVER TO GET TOO CLOSE TO THE WATER, FOR FEAR OF BEING SEEN FROM ABOVE. THE BUGS HERE ARE ENTIRELY TOO NUMEROUS FOR MY TASTES. IT WILL BE A MISERABLE REST.

### TARSAXH 10 – EVENING

WE LOST TWO OF OUR NUMBER TODAY TO A FOUL BEAST WITH FOUR HEADS THAT BREATHED FIRE. ONE OF THE OTHER PILGRIMS, JOSED, WAS KILLED BEFORE WE EVEN KNEW IT WAS THERE, AND ONE OF THE SERVANTS DIED TRYING TO FIGHT IT OFF. I DON'T EVEN KNOW HIS NAME. APPARENTLY THE CREATURE WAS SATIATED WITH ITS MEAL OF TWO, FOR IT DRAGGED THEIR CORPSES OFF AND DIDN'T FOLLOW US.

### TARSAXH 11 – MORNING

WE'LL BE LEAVING THE COASTLINE SHORTLY AND HEADING DUE WEST INTO THE JUNGLE. JONAS TELLS ME THIS IS THE FURTHEST WEST THAT THE SHORELINE GOES, AND IT IS THE CLOSEST IT COMES TO THE MOUNTAINS. APPARENTLY HE BELIEVES THE SWALLOWED CITY TO BE IN THE MOUNTAINS THAT BORDER GONTAL. THERE ARE MANY RUINS THERE; IT MAKES SENSE.

### TARSAXH 11 – AFTERNOON

WE ARRIVED AT THE MOUNTAIN EDGE AND JONAS IS NOW CASTING A COUPLE SEEKING RITUALS ATTEMPTING TO LEARN MORE INFORMATION.

## TARSAXH 11 – EARLY EVENING

JONAS SEEMS EXCITED, AND THINKS IT'S ONLY A SHORT WAY TO THE NORTH; WE'RE HEADING THAT WAY NOW. HE SAYS IT MAYBE TWO OR THREE HOURS AT MOST.

## TARSAXH 11 – EVENING

WE'VE FOUND A BUILDING, I CAN'T BELIEVE IT, IS IT REALLY DJERAD KUSOLD? IT'S RATHER SMALL ON THE OUTSIDE, BARELY MORE THAN A DOOR THAT LEADS INTO A CHAMBER. INSIDE ARE A FEW SIMPLE FURNISHINGS, ROTTED FROM TIME, AND A NARROW PORTAL WITH WRITING ON IT, SOME SORT OF RIDDLE MY BROTHER SAYS, DEALING WITH A HERO OF FAERÛN WHO SLEW A DRAGON LONG AGO. WHILE HE LOOKS, I EXPLORE THE DISPLACED EARTH AND ROCKS SURROUNDING IT. NOTHING OF NOTE, BUT IT IS POSSIBLE THAT SOME OF THESE ROCKS MAY HAVE ONCE BEEN BRICKS THAT HAVE BEEN ROUNDED BY WEATHER AND TIME.

## TARSAXH 13 – EVENING

IT'S HORRIBLE...MY BROTHER IS DEAD, EVERYONE ELSE IS DEAD. I WENT DOWN TO ONE OF THE MOUNTAIN STREAMS TO GET SOME WATER FOR COOKING THE MORNING OF THE 12TH. WHEN I RETURNED, I HEARD SCREAMS. RUNNING AROUND THE ROCKS AND TREES AT THE EDGE OF THE TREE LINE I CAME UPON THE MOST HORRID SIGHT. A RED DRAGON WAS TORMENTING THE REST OF OUR GROUP, TAUNTING THEM TO COME OUT. I STOOD FOR A TIME, FROZEN, NOT KNOWING WHAT TO DO. AFTER A WHILE, THE DRAGON APPARENTLY GREW BORED AS IT DREW IN A DEEP BREATH AND THREW FIRE ON JONAS AND THE OTHERS. SOBBING, I RAN INTO THE JUNGLE AND BACK TOWARDS MARRAUK, NOT KNOWING WHAT ELSE TO DO. I HAVE NO FOOD, ONLY A LITTLE DRINKING WATER, I FEAR I MAY NOT MAKE IT BACK ALIVE. HOPEFULLY, IF I DON'T MAKE IT, SOMEONE WILL FIND THIS JOURNAL AND RETURN TO DJERAD KUSOLD AND FREE OUR PEOPLE FROM THE BONDS OF SERVITUDE.