

WAKE OF THE WYRM



I The earth shakes violently and you barely manage to get outside in time to see the jaws of the colossal serpent swallow the village whole. As you finally come to you find yourselves amidst the ruins of the village inside what appears to be a vast tunnel. The tunnel is completely blocked off by loose earth and debris in the other direction and the only way forward seems to be to advance deeper.

Your surroundings shake and you get the feeling that you need to move before the serpent feeds again.

I You see a toppled tower in your way. It's surrounded by a shimmering purple barrier and somehow the tower is completely intact. Inside an old clockwork automaton walks around dusting books and magical apparatus, only deviating from its orders if the order of the tower is disturbed. Notes and diaries found in the tower reveal that it belonged to a sage called Avarans and was swallowed by the serpent long ago. The sage sought an escape for years but could not complete a ritual to break through the serpent's skin. The final diary entries indicate that they left the tower desperate to find a weaker spot to test the ritual.

VII Tall twisted spidery trees fill the cavern. The forest is dead, from the trees to the lack of sounds of any kind. Navigating through the forest takes at least a day. Anyone perceptive enough might hear faint creaking sounds. Anyone who stays put for a while here can be ambushed by the forest: trees that move with surprising agility and attack with razor sharp branches appear seemingly out of nowhere. The Root-Mother stands waiting in a clearing near the edge of the forest. She is intelligent and seeks only to ensure the survival of her Branch-Children who crave light, water and nutrients.

VI From a distance the way looks like it's blocked by gigantic boulders but it quickly becomes apparent that the largest boulder blocking the way is in fact a granite giant. The giant is deep in thought but notices you when you get closer. It greets you in a voice resembling a gravel landslide and introduces itself as An'tro. It has been trapped here for centuries if not longer and wishes to know what has happened outside; the kingdoms and people it refers to are ancient history to you. It longs for conversation, it's been years since the last person, Avarans, came through here. If provoked or attacked it will not hesitate to crush such rude intruders.

II flows through the chapel's windows and a sickly sweet scent of incense wafts from the doorways. The Flock of Eternal Dusk has been holed up in the chapel longer than any of them can remember, their lives extended indefinitely by the grace of their deity as long as they never stop their Chant of Dusk. They remember Avarans, but only because they stole from their sacred library. The flock will turn hostile if they sense any similar intentions.

III The cavern keeps narrowing as you reach the tail of the serpent and the campsite of Avarans. There's a conjuring circle drawn on the ground that's been broken from the inside. Notes found in the camp describe a ritual for breaking through the serpent's skin but warn that focusing on a specific destination will take time and willpower during which the portal will be unstable and bring through beings from nearby planes of existence through. The portal will be active shortly after the ritual has started but entering it prematurely will lead anyone passing through into an unknown destination.

IV Shortly after the towers of the chapel come into view you can hear distant chanting. Pulsating purple light

III The lake filling the cavern from wall to wall seems out of place. The water is clear enough that movement can be spotted beneath the surface. Flotsam and makeshift rafts litter the shores and crossing the lake doesn't take long but loud sounds will wake the kraken.

V The ancient graveyard is eerily silent. Several graves have been dug open and the decrepit grave-stones are barely legible. If any of the graves are disturbed everyone in the graveyard immediately feels a sinister chill run through their bodies which is interrupted by a wail emanating from within the earth. Corpses severed from the natural cycles of the outside world begin clawing their way out of their graves. Ravenous for the warmth of life they attack any living creatures in the graveyard. Cut off from true death these corpses do not stay down for long and reassemble themselves eventually.