

HOUSE OF NOCTULA



A SPOOKTACULAR SEPULCHRE STORY FOR BRAVE SOULS
LEVEL 2 TO 3



HOUSE OF NOCTULA



A Dungeons & Dragons 5th Edition adventure for characters level 2-3.

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INTRODUCTION

House of Noctula is a cryptacular tale of sepulcher spooks for characters of second or third level. In order to play this adventure a group will require the Player's Handbook and the Monster Manual. Any unusual monsters encountered in the adventure are detailed within. Our setting for this macabre penny opera is the condemned mansion of an unholy and un-sane necromancer. The house has been much demolished from its lost grandeur, its vast grounds abandoned save for fallow foundations, hollow follies, and sunken cemeteries. Only one section of the manse remains, its doors and windows all bricked up save for the front door.

SYNOPSIS

The characters are summoned to the home of the reclusive Doctor Noctula. The Doctor is a distant relative or past associate of each of the characters (sample characters are provided in these pages but players are also encouraged to make their own characters with their own relationship to the Doctor). Noctula's eccentric behavior has estranged him from almost all contact and he has been living as a hermit for several years. The summons indicate that Noctula has passed away and that those summoned are to inherit the wealth of the Noctula clan. In reality though the Doctor has gone truly insane, achieving a sort of immortality as a disembodied brain in the crypts beneath his mansion, and in his madness he believes he must kill any potential heirs who might one day come looking for his riches, no matter how unlikely. To this end he is luring the characters to the mansion in order to trap them inside and seal their doom. The characters will have to survive the night and find their way out!

THE ADVENTURE

This mists part at the end of a dark and winding road, revealing the House of Noctula. Once a sprawling estate it has long decayed until only a single section of the manor now remains. Doctor Noctula is the last scion of a great family who's cursed line has withered beneath sickness and madness. For decades the cantankerous old necromancer has performed his unnatural experiments in the condemned ruins. Only a few estranged servants and distant relations have even seen him as he sequestered deeper and deeper into obsession with life beyond death. Whether or not he found the answer, he's dead now. Or so you've heard. You are the few who stand to inherit, and you've been summoned to hear his last will and testament at the old manor. The adventure begins with all of the characters sitting around the dining room table.

THE HOUSE

The following areas correspond to the labels on the map of the house.

*A note on locked doors: Unless otherwise stated, assume that a locked door can be opened with the appropriate key, a **DC 13 Dexterity (Thieves Tools)** check, or forced open with a **DC 16 Strength (Athletics)** check.*

1. The Dining Room

This is where the opening scene of the adventure takes place. It is assumed for the purposes of the story that the characters have arrived and proceeded directly to the dining room as per the instructions in their summons, as this is where the reading of Dr. Noctula's will is to take place. By the time the characters arrive at the manor the appointed hour of the reading is imminent and there is no

opportunity available to explore beforehand.

You sit at the dining room table, making awkward conversation. The tablecloth is more cobwebs than lace, with a pair of covered silver dining trays sitting atop it. Portraits of nameless ancestors and landscapes of dismal vistas decorate the peeling walls. Largest of all looms the likeness of Noctula, or at least as he must have appeared in his distant youth. It is from this picture that a voice suddenly emanates, produced by a disembodied mouth appearing on its face.

“Welcome all. I trust you know as well as I why you've gathered here tonight. An assembly of grasping petitioners seeking purchase on my death's issue. A shame upon our debased age that the noble line of Noctula should find itself so diminished that this is what remains of its heirs. Nevertheless, be assured that in the final reckoning each of you shall be given your fair apportionment of... Nothing. For you see, I have decided simply to live forever. To accept humbly that immortality for which I have labored long and deservedly. In the event that any of you should survive the night and find your way to the family treasury, I will consider a grant of a few baubles in addition to the gracious benefaction of your lives. If you do not though, take solace that the silence of your impertinent entitlements will be of no great loss to the eternity I shall henceforth enjoy. Now, if I could ask all of you to kindly snuff it...”

At this, the dining trays rattle with motion beneath them. From under one charges a whole pickled boar, spitting a moldy apple from its mouth and bearing down on one of those seated. From under the second emerges a viscous, quivering mass, shaking off spoiled pineapple slices and dolloping towards the nearest victim. (A **zombie boar** and **ocher jelly** attack the party.)



2. The Kitchen

Grease yellowed tiles line the floors. A rusted stove sits idle next to a large kettle caked with ages of ill-cleaned accretion. Scattered across the counter are discarded cooking implements and old food.

In one corner there is a large dumbwaiter. Sophisticated, with an industrial mechanism, it ascends into Area 9, the master bedroom, and descends into Area 16, the ghoulish pit. It requires a key to operate, and the lock is too delicate to be picked or forced. A medium sized character can fit into the dumb waiter if they crouch, but it can only accommodate one medium character or two small characters at a time.

Treasure: Investigating the flotsam will yield a **potion of healing**, and a **potion of lesser restoration**.

3. Downstairs Hallway

One end of the hall terminates in the magically barred and impassable front door, the other hooking at a severe angle upon itself before rising upward in a steep stair to the next level. The long carpet is meticulously crafted to the odd dimensions of the hallway, though it has become worn and filthy with generations of use. There are four doors off the hallway. One to the dining room, one to the library, one to the parlor, and one to the solarium. The doors to the library and the solarium are locked. The library door is barred magically and can only be opened with a key.

4. The Solarium

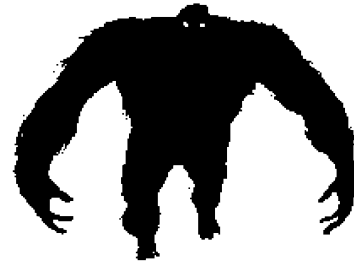
The only windows in the manor that haven't been bricked up are in the solarium, though their heavy crystal panes are too thick to be broken. Moonlight streams through them, casting shadows through tangled vines and clouds of mold. This is perhaps the only room that feels genuinely alive, though it is a life feral and primordial from neglect. From a bushel overgrowing a wicker chair ten **goodberries** can be plucked.

On a column sits a sundial. Around its edges are engravings of the lunar phases, waxing up the eastward side towards a large full moon and waning down the westward to a blank space for the new moon. The dial can spin to point at different engravings, and a **DC 14 Wisdom (Perception)** check can hear the sound of machinery under the floor when it is turned. If a specific combination is turned it will open a hidden stairway down to Area 15. The required combination is *full moon, new moon, waning crescent, waning gibbous, last quarter, waxing crescent*, in that order. A clue to this combination can be found on the attic level two floors up.

5. The Parlor

Opulent furniture, frayed and threadbare with age, litters the room in a chaotic pantomime of sophistication. Curiosities and conversation pieces are scattered on tables. On one table in the center of the room there are three items of particular significance. A music box, a strange lantern with a zoetrope, and a large handbell. The music box plays a soothing if slightly off key melody. If played while the party is undergoing a short rest it functions identically to the Bard ability **Song of Rest** (2nd level).

The zoetrope is a trap. If touched or handled the lantern in it will flare to life, casting shapes through the panels surrounding it which begin to spin rapidly of their own accord. The shadows that fall upon the room form a flickering tableau that congeals into three **shadows** that attack the party.



The handbell, if rung inside the parlor, will open a hidden door to the servant stair, which leads to Area 10, the servants quarters. Characters may make a **DC 12 Wisdom (Perception)** check to notice either a gap in the wall or a draft blowing the tattered curtains.

Treasure: Among the discarded novelties can be found a few things of value including a copper chalice with electrum filigree (worth 50 gp), a silver-plated dagger (worth 100 gp), and a carved ivory statuette (worth 250 gp).

6. Upstairs Hallway

The stairs from the downstairs hallway emerge on a passage that forks to the left and right. In total there are six doors off of this hall leading respectively to the spare room, the servants quarters, the bathroom, the master bedroom, the playroom, and the nursery. The doors to the servants quarters and the nursery are locked.

7. The Spare Room

Seemingly a barren dusty room containing only a single chest in the middle of the floor. Indeed the entire room is a large **mimic** that has attached itself barnacle-like to the house. It will attack any character to ventures deep enough into the room to investigate the chest. If the characters close the door it will smash through and pull its warped body partway into the hall to continue attacking them.

8. The Playroom

The floor is completely covered with broken toys and piled tchotchkes. The walls are lined by miniature furniture of a child's proportion. In amongst this bric-a-brac are a pair of large dolls with realistic clothing and painted wooden faces. These are two **scarecrows**, and they will lie completely motionless unless attacked. If the party attempt to make either a short or long rest in any of the upstairs rooms the scarecrows will attempt to sneak up on them and attack before their rest is completed. If the party is able to successfully lock the room they are in the scarecrows will scratch and rattle the door before retreating to the playroom and resuming their inert state.

Treasure: Sifting through the toys and knick knacks in the room yields some items of value: an eyepatch will pearls sown into it, a small mirror in a silver frame, and a jade comb (worth 100 gp each). As well as a box of turquoise animal figures with a few pieces missing (worth 200 gp).

9. Master Bedroom

A four poster bed dominates the room, its opulent canopy in tatters and its mattress sagging in the middle. Moth eaten finery lies in an untidy, moldering pile on the floor. Underneath the bed are jars of toenail clippings and other foul bodily leavings preserved for some inscrutable purpose. In one corner is the topmost level of the dumbwaiter from the kitchen. The lock on the door to the hallway is broken beyond repair and cannot be used.

10. Servants Quarters

Spartanly appointed, this room contains only a rusted bed frame with a mattress like granite and an ancient splintering wardrobe. Inside the wardrobe a ring of keys hang on one of the hooks. These keys are for the locked doors to the library, the solarium, the nursery, and the bathroom closet, as well as the key to operate the dumbwaiter. Underneath the mattress is a thin journal. It contains the recollections of Liebcroft, a one time family butler. In it he details the bizarre and yet often banal goings on in service to the degenerate clan of Noctula. Hosting blasphemous rites until they became droll, jaded, and entirely routine. Hauntings and otherworldly infestations that became so pervasive it was simpler just to tear down wings of the ancestral home rather than try to exorcise them. Curses layering upon the bloodline with each generations' feuds and dark pacts until it was impossible to keep track of them all or

indeed care about any of them. One account of rearing a young master of the Noctula, possibly even the Doctor as a boy, mentions installing a sturdy lock on the nursery because of the child's night terrors in which he was menaced by sinister dolls and that could only be assuaged by locking him securely into his room each night.

11. Nursery

Faded pink wallpaper bubbles off of the walls with the impression of diseased tissue. Painted clown faces decorating its surface warp and distend as rotten glue seeps from their seams. The furniture is all proportioned to fit a human child, complete with bed, nightstand, wardrobe, and even a writing desk. The only thing left in the wardrobe is a small antique sailor outfit. The drawers of the desk are seemingly empty but crammed into the back of one of them are crumpled drawings that depict a child's perspective of terrifying dolls. Dolls which strongly resemble those in the playroom.

12. Bathroom

Mundane compared to the rest of the house. A long-clogged water closet. A streaked, beclawed bathtub. A green copper wash basin. The closet door is locked. Inside the closet is a stairway leading up to the attic level.

13. The Attic

The air is hot and stale in the uppermost reaches of the house. Rafters intertwine overhead and a lone pillar of moonlight illuminates the room and its forgotten cache. Ballroom gowns on faceless mannequins form a silent cotillion, seeming to sway and whisper when your back is turned. A

large portrait leans against one wall, its canvas and handsome subject slashed through by a knife. There is an **ettercap** hiding in the rafters that will attempt to ensnare one of the characters in a spider silk noose and drag them up into its nest.

The pillar of moonlight descends from a skylight on the ceiling above. Around the skylight is written the following passage: "Bright eye. Closed eye. Fading arc. Gravid brilliance growing dark. Half gone. Then cresting thin. A lunatic turns the wheel to win." This is a riddle that describes the necessary sequence of moon phases to open the hidden stairway in the solarium using the sundial.

14. The Library

The floor is covered in loose pages, torn from tomes and left to litter the ground like foliage. Stacks of books form small cairns around the room alongside a henge of overturned shelves and desks. Alone in the center of it all sits a **nothic**, staring lidless into crystal ball and transfixed by meditating upon its contents. It will not immediately attack if disturbed, and will even engage in distracted conversation, though it is far more interested in contemplating the crystal ball in its hands. It was once an apprentice to Doctor Noctula, and grew jealous of the Doctor's parsimonious sharing of knowledge. It stole into the library one night while the Doctor was studying, intending to plunder its wisdom after the Doctor left. When the Doctor closed the door though it never reopened, trapping the apprentice inside for so many years it has forgotten exactly how long. It consumed every bit of insight it could to survive, sometimes literally consuming and eating pages from books as madness took it. Finally it became obsessed with the orb, believing it to view realms of knowledge beyond what could be reckoned my mortals. It stared into the orb's depths unceasingly, indifferent to the mutations that gradually twisted its form from doing so. If the characters ask too many

questions it may begin to think they are trying to steal its secret insights and will attack them out of paranoia.



Treasure: Among the torn pages and half-eaten notes can be found a few intact spell scrolls. **Unseen Servant, Identify, False Life, and Tascha's Hideous Laughter.** Also in the notes are diagrams of the machinery in Area 18 which can be used to disable it. If obtained, the orb functions as an arcane focus (worth 200 gp).

15. Crypt Hallway

The stair emerges into a cellar of dark and oppressive stone. Interlocking slabs of granite hold aloft the sagging foundations of the house above, adorned with funereal inscriptions obscured by veins of lichen. There are four doors off the of hallway. One leads to the ghoul pit and its door is trapped (see Area 16). Two more lead to the rat maze and the lightning gallery. The last leads to a chamber which has caved in, rendering it inaccessible.

16. The Ghoul Pit

A brick vault with a low, arched ceiling. White shards line the floor like snowflakes, part bone fragments part shattered porcelain. The vault's occupants are three ravenous **ghouls** which will attempt to devour any living thing which enters the room. There are two entrances, one from the basement hallway and one from the dumbwaiter. The door to the hallway is rigged with a trap that will inflict a **shocking grasp** upon whoever tries to open the door, whether from the inside or the outside. It can be detected by a **DC 15 Intelligence (Investigation)** check, and disarmed by a **DC 15 Dexterity (Thieves Tools)** check or a **DC 15 Intelligence (Arcana)** check.

On a shelf outside the door is a notebook containing scribbled observations. "They seem to like the veal and capers, served with the fifty seven vintage. A good year, not surprised they're partial. One of them used a fork in my sight, if only for a moment. We're making progress. I'm convinced that a civilized palette can be used to redeem these wretches of their foul appetites. Perhaps I'll go back to lobster."

Treasure: Sifting through the ghouls' discarded dinner implements there are several pieces of authentic, if bent, silverware (worth 50 gp).

17. The Rat Maze

All around are cages, pipes, and glass enclosures haphazardly constructed. One has to climb over them in order to reach the door on the other side of the room. The door is sealed, unable to be opened by any means other than pulling a large switch on the wall. The switch is jammed partway open and can be freed by a **DC 13 Dexterity (Sleight of Hand)** check. Once pulled the door will open, as well as opening all of the rat enclosures releasing a

mischief of **cranium rats** that will attack in a frenzy. Several of them have also become entangled into a **cranium rat-king**.

Treasure: In amongst the wire nests of the rats can be found several precious gems hoarded away. Blue quartz (worth 40 gp), zircon (worth 100 gp), and amethyst (worth 200 gp).

18. The Lightning Gallery

There is the sound of rushing water and machinery. The room is lit by arcs of electricity emanating from coils and wheels on large metallic devices. Lying on slabs around the chamber are pieces of grisly experiments in reanimation. The machines are powered by an underground river beneath the stone floor. Disabling the machinery, requiring either the instructions from the library or a **DC 16 Intelligence (Arcana)** check, will open the subterranean waterway and empty the well in Area 18. It will also discharge electricity into one of the experiments on the slab, causing it to rise as a **mummy** which attacks the party.



19. The Well

A small brick room with a dirt floor and a large well filling its interior. The inside of the well has indentations that can be used to climb into it. If the machinery in Area 18 is still working the underground river that powers them backs up into the well, filling it. If they have been disabled the river will flow freely and drain the well in the process. When the water is drained out it is possible to climb to the bottom and pass through an opening into a cavern.

20. Caverns

Walls glow green with luminous fungi and phosphorescent lichen. A river flows between the stalagmites, originating from a crevice in the rocks and winding down a tunnel into darkness. The water is knee deep and can be waded through safely at a slow pace.

Down the passage the river flows into a deep subterranean lake. Its dark, glassy surface is pierced by crumbling pylons of the house's foundation. On its far shore a single torch burns next to a boat bobbing in the water. The boat is connected to the near shore by a hidden chain running beneath the water and buried in the sand near the party's feet. The chain can be discovered by a **DC 15 Wisdom (Perception)** check or a **DC 15 Intelligence (Investigation)** check. Once unearthed the chain can be used to pull the boat to where the party can board it, but it is tangled around one of the pylons and must be freed. The water is bitterly cold, slowing the blood and freezing sinews. Swimming across, either to one of the pylons or to retrieve the boat, requires a **DC 13 Strength (Athletics)** check while wearing no armor. There is also a boulder just beneath the water that can be perceived by a **DC 13 Wisdom (Nature)** check, which offers a stepping stone to the pylon around which the chain is stuck. Leaping from the shore to the boulder to the pylon can be done with a **DC 13 Dexterity (Acrobatics)** check. Once the chain is freed the party is able to use the boat to cross.

On the far shore a lone torch burns a guttering red, faintly revealing a heavy door carved with the seal of Noctula. Beyond lies the treasury.

21. The Treasury

This is it. Whether you came for the hoard within or just for the way out, the treasury is where the old man said it would be.

It seems... strangely barren. The coffers and chests lay empty. Gilt furniture has been stripped and splintered. In the center of the room sits a metallic pillar, around it arrayed urns of solid electrum. Slithering cables connect the urns to the pillar, atop which sits a crystal jar containing the **Brain of Noctula**. A horn-like device on the pillar swivels in your direction, and from it echoes the distant and tinny voice of Doctor Noctula.

"Welcome once again. I see that even asking you to die was perhaps too much for you to manage. This is truly an epoch of disappointments. I suppose you're here to make your clutching demands, so self assured of your worthiness to continue existing. Once again I sacrifice for you, taking on the tremendous responsibility of correcting your mistakes and imparting you with the truth. The wealth of Noctula is a part of me now, as it always should be. I melted it down to construct the glorious body of godhood you now behold, forever safe from your inadequacy. At least it will be once I am assured that you will never again attempt to possess it. Take heart, young masters. Your lives were never worth more than this, and it is no great inconvenience for me to part you from them."



Noctula makes one last attempt to destroy the party. In the back of treasury there is another heavy door, but it is impossible to open, being held closed by Noctula's psychic will. If the party can destroy Noctula his influence will vanish and the door can be pried. On the other side is an earthen shaft that leads to a mausoleum in a nearby cemetery. The characters are free and the adventure is over.

Treasure: There are five electrum jars, and emptied of their ichorous contents they are worth 400 gp each. Inlaid into the pillar supporting the shattered brain jar is an array of quartz, amber, and black pearl, worth 2000 gp in total.

 **THANK YOU FOR PLAYING!**

ZOMBIE BOAR

Medium undead, neutral evil

Armor Class 11

Hit Points 19 (3d8 + 6)

Speed 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
13 (+1)	10 (+0)	14 (+2)	2 (-4)	6 (-2)	5 (-3)

Damage Immunities poison

Condition Immunities poisoned

Senses darkvision 60 ft., passive Perception 8

Languages -

Challenge 1/2 (100 XP)

Charge. If the zombie boar moves at least 20 feet straight toward a target and then hits it with a tusk attack on the same turn the target takes an extra 3 (1d6) slashing damage. If the target is a creature it must succeed on a DC 11 Strength saving throw or be knocked prone.

Undead Fortitude. If damage reduces the creature to 0 hit points, it must make a Constitution saving throw with a DC of 5 + the damage taken, unless the damage is radiant or from a critical hit. On a success, the zombie drops to 1 hit point instead.

ACTIONS

Tusk. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +3 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 4 (1d6+1) slashing damage.

CRANIUM RAT MISCHIEF

Small swarm of tiny beasts, lawful evil

Armor Class 12

Hit Points 22 (5d8)

Speed 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
9 (-1)	10 (+0)	10 (+0)	12 (+1)	10 (+0)	8 (-1)

Damage Resistances bludgeoning, piercing and slashing damage from nonmagical weapons

Condition Immunities charmed, frightened, paralyzed, petrified, prone, restrained, stunned

Senses darkvision 30 ft. passive Perception 10

Languages Telepathy 30 ft.

Challenge 1 (200 XP)

Illumination. As a bonus action, the swarm can shed dim light from its brains in a 5-foot radius or extinguish the light.

Swarm. The swarm can occupy another creature's space and vice versa, and the swarm can move through any opening large enough for a Tiny rat. The swarm can't regain hit points or gain temporary hit points.

Telepathic Shroud. The swarm is immune to any effect that would sense its emotions or read its thoughts, as well as to all divination spells.

ACTIONS

Bite. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +2 to hit, one target in the swarm's space. *Hit:* 7 (2d6) piercing damage.

CRANIUM RAT-KING

Small swarm of tiny beasts, lawful evil

Armor Class 12

Hit Points 31 (7d8)

Speed 5 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
9 (-1)	9 (-1)	10 (+0)	15 (+2)	12 (+1)	12 (+1)

Damage Resistances bludgeoning, piercing and slashing damage from nonmagical weapons

Condition Immunities charmed, frightened, paralyzed, petrified, prone, restrained, stunned

Senses darkvision 30 ft. passive Perception 11

Languages Telepathy 30 ft.

Challenge 3 (700 XP)

Illumination. As a bonus action, the swarm can shed dim light from its brains in a 5-foot radius or extinguish the light.

Telepathic Shroud. The swarm is immune to any effect that would sense its emotions or read its thoughts, as well as to all divination spells.

Innate Spellcasting. The cranium rat-king's spellcasting ability is Intelligence (spell save DC 12). The cranium rat-king can innately cast the following spells, requiring no material components:

At will: *Detect Thoughts*, *Minor Illusion*

1/day each: *Crown of Madness*, *Hypnotic Pattern*

BRAIN OF NOCTULA

Medium undead, lawful evil

Armor Class 14

Hit Points 58 (9d8 + 18)

Speed 30 ft. (hover)

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
1 (-5)	1 (-5)	15 (+2)	17 (+3)	15 (+2)	10 (+0)

Skills Arcana +8, Investigation +8, Perception +7

Damage Immunities necrotic, poison, psychic

Condition Immunities blinded, charmed, deafened, frightened, prone, restrained

Senses blindsight 30 ft., darkvision 30 ft. passive Perception 12

Languages Telepathy 60 ft.

Challenge 4 (1100 XP)

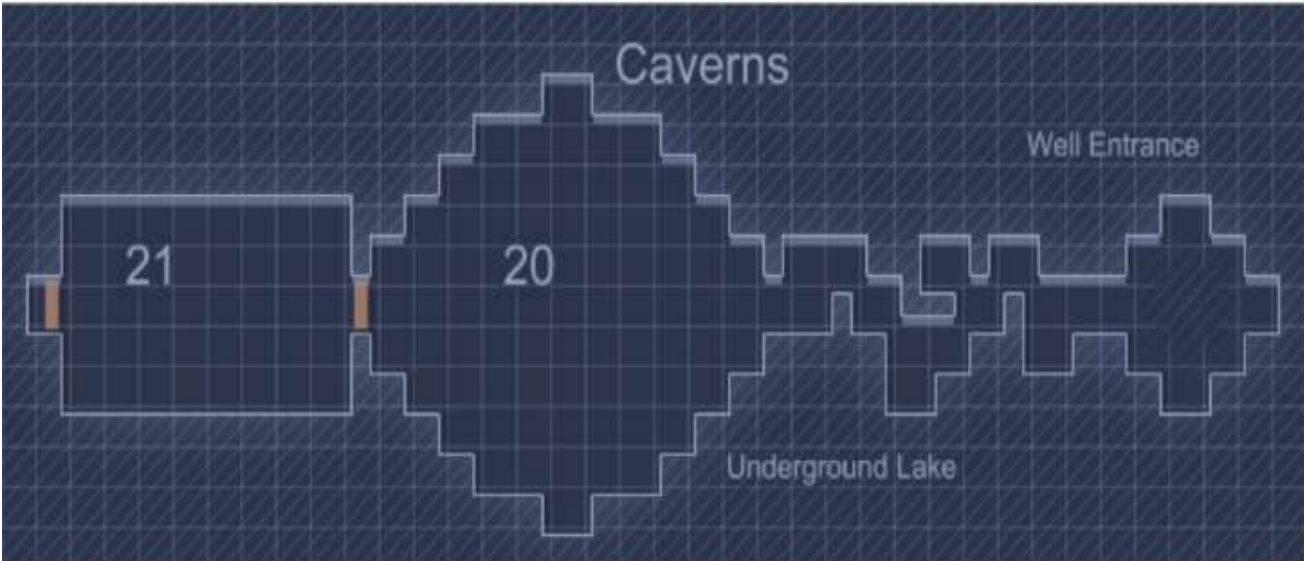
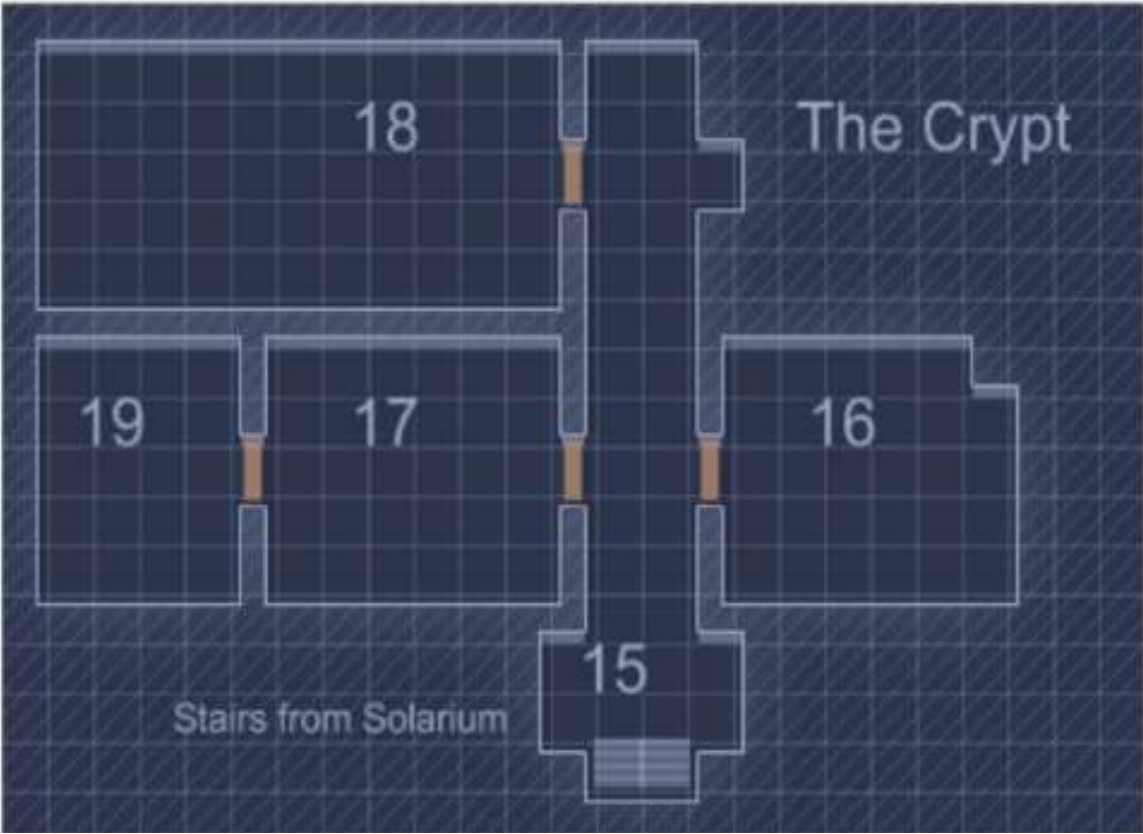
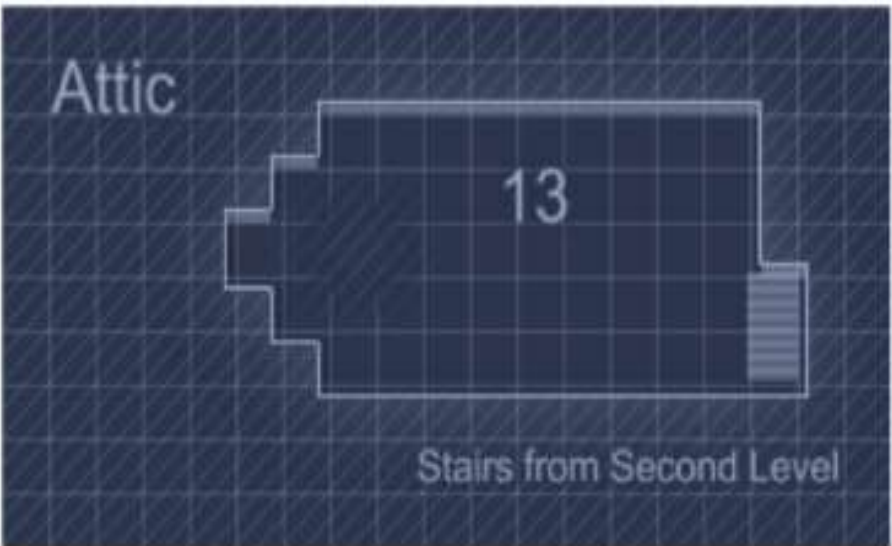
Spellcasting. The brain of noctula is a 3rd-level spellcaster. Its spellcasting ability is Intelligence (spell save DC 13, +5 to hit with spell attacks). The brain of noctula has the following wizard spells prepared:

Cantrips (at will): *Acid Splash*, *Mage Hand*, *Minor Illusion*

1st level (4 slots): *Arms of Hadar*, *Chromatic Orb*, *Entangle*, *Witch Bolt*

2nd level (2 slots): *Cloud of Daggers*, *Ray of Enfeeblement*





 **CHADWICK**

You were always the favorite nephew. Or was it grand-nephew? Your relationship to Doctor Noctula has never been entirely clear, even to you, but some blood tie binds you together and try as you might you've never been able to escape it. Back when you still had living family people would gather for the solstice or for some feast day you'd never heard of, and the he would be there, typically with whatever horrible experiment he'd been working on in tow. If anyone thought it was strange for him to bring monsters to family get togethers nobody ever said anything. Maybe they were afraid of him, you certainly were, or maybe everyone was just that messed up. He'd always want to show them to you. Only you, and no one ever stopped him. That's how the accident happened. One of the experiments got loose and took a bite out of you. You were bed ridden for weeks with blood loss and infection, then afterward a wreck of insensate madness. Eventually you got better, or at least so you told people. You can still feel the icy cold teeth when the wind is right, as though they broke off inside you, and then there are the... fevers. Sometimes you just get... out of sorts. A fever overtakes you, a species of mania, in which you sometimes do... violent things. You don't really want to have anything else to do with your mad uncle, but you'll do this last thing just to be well and done with him forever.

 **PERSEPHONE**

It was hard enough to get an apprenticeship in the apothecaries guild, old boys club that it is. It was even harder to keep it with your unusual ideas and field of study. The dusty old chemists and transmuters never trucked with your interest in reanimation, hidebound by taboos and superstitions unbecoming learned men. If any corpses desperately needed a jolt it was them. They took every opportunity to stymie your progress. Why couldn't you just shill midwifing herbs like a proper lady? Your research required patronage, and since it wasn't forthcoming from your institution you were more than a little desperate when Doctor Noctula appeared with an offer of collaboration. At first it was validating just to have someone take an interest in your work, but as time went on you learned the Doctor was much more interesting in taking than he was in sharing, and his interest was in more than just your work. For your dearth of options you endured his stinginess of knowledge and lecherous advances until it became clear that Noctula wanted neither a colleague nor even a student, merely a pet. You left his tutelage only to receive a cold reception in the guild, having been black balled for your association with a known mad man. Since then you've continued your research as best you can with what work you can stitch together. There's many things you'd rather than go to hear the Doctor's will, but he still has some of your notes and you're determined to get at least a piece of your own back.

SKULDIGGER

Your family have been vassals of the Noctulas in one way or another for centuries. Once upon a time, in a fairytale era, you managed sprawling estates and defended border marches. Now you're gardeners and grave keepers. Each generation of the Noctulas, each succession of sycophantic and sickly princelings, has treated you more and more like the help. Most of your relations have long since left, with only you and your grandfather remaining. He still cleaves to the old obligations, no matter how much his lairds have ceased to deserve them, but his health is failing. The land grows fallow and wild, tombstones outnumber descendants, and livelihood is hard to find. Doctor Noctula has had a special employment for you these last years; exhuming graves from the cemeteries gradually consuming the demesne and dragging the remains back to the Doctor's lab. Its gruesome and backbreaking work, but he looks the other way when you pocket the valuables you find. Its hard to imagine the Doctor including you in his will but your family is owed certain concessions by ancient law and even he may be forced to honor them. If nothing else, now that he's gone there's nothing left to keep you here and maybe you can finally take your grandfather away from this place of decay.

LUCREZIA

The Noctulas have a long history of congress with the otherworldly, and your ancestors are an agnatic branch of the family issued by their diabolical pacts. You're something of a dirty secret, even for such a degenerate and scandalous clan, but for a long time you were at least kept in good stead. Your family was never acknowledged or inherited, but a stipend and enfeoffment made you country squires. It still grates though. Watching your Noctula cousins squander their endowments in decadence and folly, snubbing well found claimants of your own line for no other reason than your lack of inbreeding and an infernal heritage that they, not you, chose to beget. To add injury to insult they've chewed away at lands of your house to burgeon their failing holdings, exploiting your illegitimacy and reneging gifts promised in perpetuity. Now that the last true heir, Doctor Noctula, has finally died the future of your family is uncertain. You hold out a vain hope that his will shall secure at least what grants you have left, but you will not be paupered by his caprice. It isn't even about the money, or the land, its about respect. You will no longer be denied. One way or another you will be acknowledged.

Chadwick

CHARACTER NAME

Barbarian 2nd
LEVEL & CLASS
300
EXPERIENCE POINTS

Human
RACE
True Neutral
ALIGNMENT

PLAYER NAME
Haunted One
BACKGROUND

STRENGTH
16
+3

DEXTERITY
14
+2

CONSTITUTION
14
+2

INTELLIGENCE
10
+0

WISDOM
12
+1

CHARISMA
8
-1

INSPIRATION

+2 PROFICIENCY BONUS

SAVING THROWS

- Strength
- Dexterity
- Constitution
- Intelligence
- Wisdom
- Charisma

SKILLS

- Acrobatics (Dex)
- Animal Handling (Wis)
- Arcana (Int)
- Athletics (Str)
- Deception (Cha)
- History (Int)
- Insight (Wis)
- Intimidation (Cha)
- Investigation (Int)
- Medicine (Wis)
- Nature (Int)
- Perception (Wis)
- Performance (Cha)
- Persuasion (Cha)
- Religion (Int)
- Sleight of Hand (Dex)
- Stealth (Dex)
- Survival (Wis)

13 PASSIVE PERCEPTION

14 ARMOR CLASS
23 MAX HP
TEMP HP
CURRENT HIT POINTS

HIT DICE
d6
d8
d10
2 d12
DEATH SAVES
SUCCESSSES
FAILURES
VISION
+2 INITIATIVE
30' SPEED

NAME	ATTACK	DAMAGE	RANGE	AMMO	USED
Maul	+5	2d6+3			

ATTACKS & SPELLCASTING

Rage: 2/long rest, +2 damage
Unarmored Defense
Reckless Attack
Danger Sense
Savage Attacker

FEATURES & TRAITS

Languages: Common, Abyssal

OTHER PROFICIENCIES & LANGUAGES

Clothes: Fine
Clothes: Travelers
Explorers Pack

80

INVENTORY & EQUIPMENT



Chadwick

CHARACTER NAME

AGE

HEIGHT

WEIGHT

EYES

SKIN

HAIR

-I like to read and memorize poetry. It keeps me calm and brings moments of fleeting happiness.
-I spend money freely and live life to the fullest. Knowing tomorrow I might die.

PERSONALITY TRAITS

-I have a dark calling that puts me above the law.

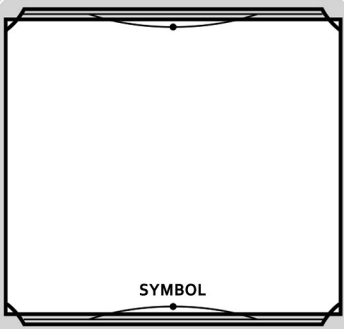
IDEALS

-A terrible guilt consumes me. I hope that I can find redemption through my actions.

BONDS

-I have certain rituals I must follow every day. I can never break them.

FLAWS



SYMBOL

Lined area for character backstory

CHARACTER BACKSTORY

Large lined area for character appearance and allies & organizations

CHARACTER APPEARANCE

ALLIES & ORGANIZATIONS

Large lined area for additional features & traits

ADDITIONAL FEATURES & TRAITS

Large lined area for treasure

TREASURE

Persephone

CHARACTER NAME

Wizard 2nd

LEVEL & CLASS

300

EXPERIENCE POINTS

Human

RACE

Chaotic Good

ALIGNMENT

PLAYER NAME

Guild Artisan

BACKGROUND

STRENGTH

8

-1

DEXTERITY

14

+2

CONSTITUTION

14

+2

INTELLIGENCE

16

+3

WISDOM

12

+1

CHARISMA

10

+0

INSPIRATION

+2 **PROFICIENCY BONUS**

SAVING THROWS

- Strength
- Dexterity
- Constitution
- Intelligence
- Wisdom
- Charisma

SKILLS

- Acrobatics (Dex)
- Animal Handling (Wis)
- +5 Arcana (Int)
- Athletics (Str)
- Deception (Cha)
- History (Int)
- +3 Insight (Wis)
- Intimidation (Cha)
- Investigation (Int)
- +3 Medicine (Wis)
- Nature (Int)
- Perception (Wis)
- Performance (Cha)
- +2 Persuasion (Cha)
- Religion (Int)
- +4 Sleight of Hand (Dex)
- Stealth (Dex)
- Survival (Wis)

11 **PASSIVE PERCEPTION**

12 **ARMOR CLASS**

14 **MAX HP**

TEMP HP

CURRENT HIT POINTS

2 d6

d8

d10

d12

HIT DICE

+2 **INITIATIVE**

30' **SPEED**

VISION

SUCCESSSES

FAILURES

DEATH SAVES

NAME	ATTACK	DAMAGE	RANGE	AMMO	USED

ATTACKS & SPELLCASTING

Arcane Recovery

School of Necromancy

-Necromancy Savant

-Grim Harvest

Healer

FEATURES & TRAITS

OTHER PROFICIENCIES & LANGUAGES

Scholars Pack

Healers Kit

- Antitoxin
- Chalk
- Fishing Tackle
- Alchemists Tools
- Spellbook
- Arcane Focus

110

INVENTORY & EQUIPMENT



Persephone

CHARACTER NAME

AGE _____

HEIGHT _____

WEIGHT _____

EYES _____

SKIN _____

HAIR _____

-I believe anything worth doing is worth doing right. I'm a perfectionist.
-I always want to know how things work and how people tick.

PERSONALITY TRAITS

-Everyone should be free to pursue their own livelihood.

IDEALS

-One day I will return to my guild and prove that I am the greatest artisan of them all.

BONDS

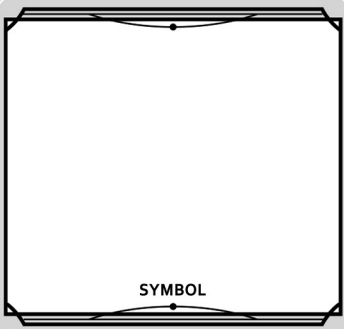
-I'm never satisfied with what I have. I always want more.

FLAWS

CHARACTER APPEARANCE	ALLIES & ORGANIZATIONS
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<p>Spellcasting:</p> <p>Cantrips</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> -Mage Hand -Ray of Frost -Shocking Grasp <p>1st Level</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> -False Life -Witch Bolt -Ray of Sickness 	ADDITIONAL FEATURES & TRAITS
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CHARACTER BACKSTORY	TREASURE
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SYMBOL

Skuldugger

CHARACTER NAME

Rogue 2nd

LEVEL & CLASS

300

EXPERIENCE POINTS

Halfling (Stout)

RACE

Neutral Good

ALIGNMENT

PLAYER NAME

Urchin

BACKGROUND

STRENGTH
12
+1

DEXTERITY
17
+3

CONSTITUTION
14
+2

INTELLIGENCE
14
+1

WISDOM
8
-1

CHARISMA
10
+0

INSPIRATION

+2 **PROFICIENCY BONUS**

SAVING THROWS

- Strength
- Dexterity
- Constitution
- Intelligence
- Wisdom
- Charisma

SKILLS

- +5 Acrobatics (Dex)
- Animal Handling (Wis)
- Arcana (Int)
- +4 Athletics (Str)
- +2 Deception (Cha)
- History (Int)
- Insight (Wis)
- Intimidation (Cha)
- Investigation (Int)
- Medicine (Wis)
- Nature (Int)
- +1 Perception (Wis)
- Performance (Cha)
- Persuasion (Cha)
- Religion (Int)
- +5 Sleight of Hand (Dex)
- +5 Stealth (Dex)
- Survival (Wis)

10 **PASSIVE PERCEPTION**

15 **ARMOR CLASS**

17 **MAX HP**

TEMP HP

CURRENT HIT POINTS

d6 _____
2 d8 _____
d10 _____
d12 _____

HIT DICE

+3 **INITIATIVE**

25' **SPEED**

SUCCESSES ○○○○
FAILURES ○○○○

DEATH SAVES

VISION

NAME	ATTACK	DAMAGE	RANGE	AMMO	USED
Shortsword	+5	1d6+3			

ATTACKS & SPELLCASTING

Sneak Attack (1d6)

Expertise (Thieves' Tools)

Thieves' Cant

Cunning Action

Lucky

Brave

Nimbleness

Stout Resilience

FEATURES & TRAITS

OTHER PROFICIENCIES & LANGUAGES

Thieves' Tools

Disguise Kit

Burglar's Pack

Shortsword

Studded Leather Armor

Chalk

Caltrops

Mirror, Steel

Magnifying Glass

130

INVENTORY & EQUIPMENT



Skuldugger

CHARACTER NAME

AGE

HEIGHT

WEIGHT

EYES

SKIN

HAIR

-I don't like to bathe.
-I eat like a pig and have bad manners.

PERSONALITY TRAITS

-The low are lifted up and the high brought out. Change is the nature of things.

IDEALS

-I escaped my life of poverty by robbing an important person, and I'm wanted for it.

BONDS

-Its not stealing if I need it more than someone else.

FLAWS

<p>CHARACTER APPEARANCE</p>	<p>ALLIES & ORGANIZATIONS</p>
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<p>ADDITIONAL FEATURES & TRAITS</p>	
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<p>TREASURE</p>	
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SYMBOL

CHARACTER BACKSTORY

Lucrezia

CHARACTER NAME

Fighter 2nd

LEVEL & CLASS

300

EXPERIENCE POINTS

Tiefling

RACE

Lawful Neutral

ALIGNMENT

PLAYER NAME

Noble

BACKGROUND

STRENGTH

10

+0

DEXTERITY

15

+2

CONSTITUTION

14

+2

INTELLIGENCE

13

+1

WISDOM

13

+1

CHARISMA

10

+0

INSPIRATION

+2 **PROFICIENCY BONUS**

SAVING THROWS

- Strength
- Dexterity
- Constitution
- Intelligence
- Wisdom
- Charisma

SKILLS

- Acrobatics (Dex)
- Animal Handling (Wis)
- Arcana (Int)
- Athletics (Str)
- Deception (Cha)
- History (Int)
- Insight (Wis)
- Intimidation (Cha)
- Investigation (Int)
- Medicine (Wis)
- Nature (Int)
- Perception (Wis)
- Performance (Cha)
- Persuasion (Cha)
- Religion (Int)
- Sleight of Hand (Dex)
- Stealth (Dex)
- Survival (Wis)

13 **PASSIVE PERCEPTION**

16 **ARMOR CLASS**

20 **MAX HP**

TEMP HP

CURRENT HIT POINTS

d6 _____

d8 _____

2 d10 _____

d12 _____

HIT DICE

+2 **INITIATIVE**

30' **SPEED**

SUCCESSSES ○○○○

FAILURES ○○○○

DEATH SAVES

Darkvision **VISION**

NAME	ATTACK	DAMAGE	RANGE	AMMO	USED
Heavy Crossbow	+6	1d10+2	100/400	20	
Rapier	+4	1d8+2			

ATTACKS & SPELLCASTING

Fighting Style: Archery

Second Wind

Action Surge

Hellish Resistance

Infernal Legacy

FEATURES & TRAITS

Languages: Common, Infernal

OTHER PROFICIENCIES & LANGUAGES

Chainmail

Explorers Pack

Hunting Trap

Acid, Vial

Perfume, Vial

Manacles

Soap

200

INVENTORY & EQUIPMENT



Lucrezia

CHARACTER NAME

AGE

HEIGHT

WEIGHT

EYES

SKIN

HAIR

-No one could doubt by looking at my regal bearing that I am a cut above the masses.
-If you do me an injury I will crush you, ruin your name, and salt your fields.

PERSONALITY TRAITS

-Blood runs thicker than water.

IDEALS

-My house's alliance with another noble family must be sustained at all costs.

BONDS

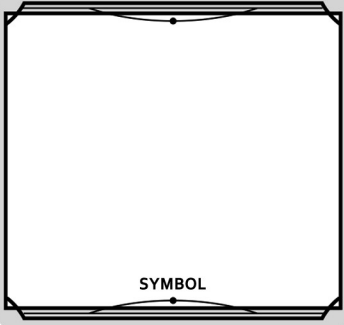
-I have an insatiable desire for carnal pleasures.

FLAWS

CHARACTER APPEARANCE	ALLIES & ORGANIZATIONS
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ADDITIONAL FEATURES & TRAITS	
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	TREASURE
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SYMBOL

CHARACTER BACKSTORY

