

# Terror at Triboar



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## INTRODUCTION

*Terror at Triboar* is a Dungeons & Dragons adventure designed to be completed in about 4-6 hours of play. The combat encounters have been calculated to present a tough challenge to four 2<sup>nd</sup> level characters. They will present a less difficult, though still enjoyable, challenge to 3<sup>rd</sup> level characters or larger parties.

Not every loose end is tied up in the following text, nor every possible reaction accounted for. Be ready to improvise, and do so with confidence!

In the following sections, the boxed text should be read aloud or paraphrased. Unless stated otherwise, assume NPCs have the stats of a **commoner**.



## TRIBOAR

*Triboar is an excellent home base for those wishing to explore the North. It is large enough to provide you with most modern amenities, yet it still retains an exciting frontier disposition.*

—Teth Farwalker, “Travels in the North”

The adventure commences in Triboar -

You have plenty of gold jingling in your purse and so you are drinking this afternoon at the **Triboar Arms**. Good ale and good company make for a good time – but some are complaining about the music. The bard is singing about St Oswin again, just like every other bard in Triboar.

You’ve heard the story about a dozen times now - how St Oswin single-handedly killed three enormous boars, how he founded the town of Triboar as a haven for travelers in the North, how he saved many lives over the years, and so on and so forth.

“I’m fed up with St Oswin,” mutters someone at the next table, to general agreement.

St Oswin’s Day is in two weeks. The celebration involves an assembly of the whole town at St Oswin’s memorial, followed by some dull speeches. But this year there is something different – the election. Every seven years the Lord Protector of Triboar is elected on the anniversary of St Oswin’s Day.

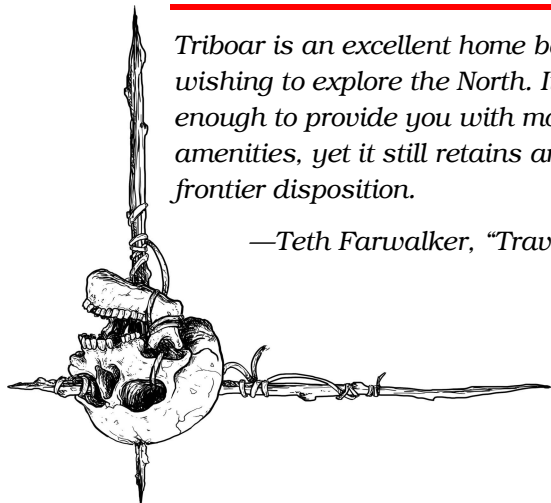
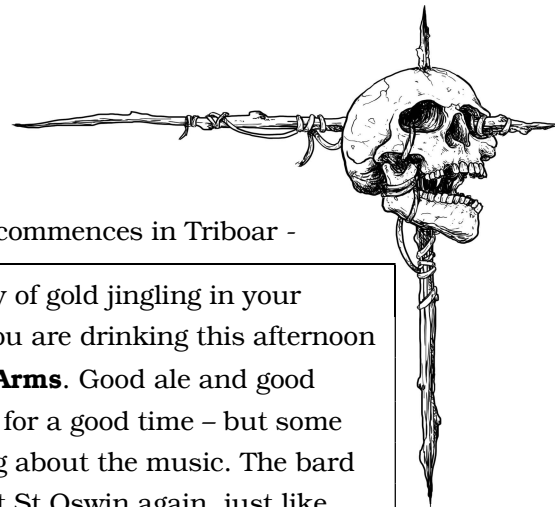
After that, everyone will seemingly forget about St Oswin for another year.

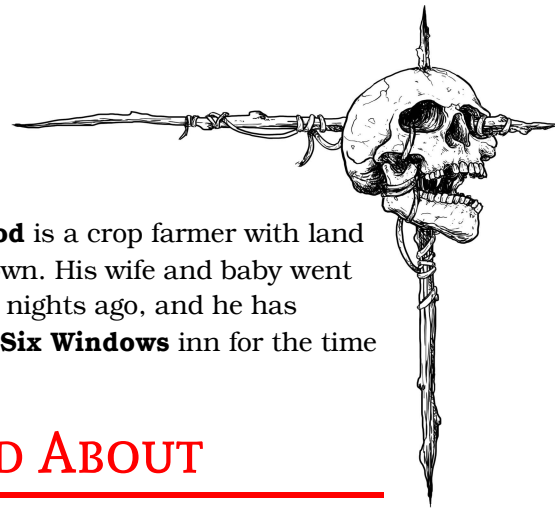
You drain your tankard as a rather foppish young man enters the Tavern. He comes to your table and gives a short, stiff bow.

“Friends, you have been summoned by the Lord Protector. Please follow me!”

The young man is **Foman Amblesheath**, assistant to the Lord Protector of Triboar.

For more information about Triboar, see the *Guide to Triboar* at the end of this document. For a map and detailed description of the town, please see *Storm King’s Thunder*.





## THE LORD PROTECTOR

The party are taken to the Lord Protector's Tower, a simple two-story building which overlooks the Market Square.

Your escort shows you into a rather extravagantly furnished office, bows again, and leaves. Seated behind an enormous desk you recognise **Darathra Shendrel**, the Lord Protector of Triboar. She looks weary, with a lined face and graying hair.

"Ah, thank you for coming," she says. "I heard about your recent exploits and thought you might be able to help me. Please, take a seat.

"There have recently been some strange reports from the farms around town. Livestock turning up dead, women and children missing, and people claiming to see a strange figure wandering the fields at night."

She pauses, and narrows her eyes. "I wouldn't normally pay attention to such things, but these reports are starting to cause quite a stir - people are becoming nervous and bringing up old superstitions. It helps no-one."

She sits up straight and looks directly at you. "Here is my offer - I'll give you forty gold pieces each if you can clear this mystery up."

If asked about the "old superstitions", Darathra will reluctantly share that there is a legend about a strange monster called the "Terror", which is said to haunt the fields about the town.

Darathra's offer is non-negotiable. Assuming the party accept, she has one major lead.

**Dorn Stonewood** is a crop farmer with land to the east of town. His wife and baby went missing several nights ago, and he has moved into the **Six Windows** inn for the time being.

## OUT AND ABOUT

This part of the adventure gives the players a lot of freedom. They will wander in and around Triboar for several hours (or days) looking for clues and having several small adventures.

Twelve encounters are described below. You will probably only want to use five or six of these unless you are playing a long session (and the players are having a lot of fun).

To help you out, each encounter has been tagged as either a *clue encounter* or a *random encounter*. The *clue encounters* supply important information, and are usually activated by a player action (e.g. "We go to the markets and talk to some farmers").

The key *clue encounter* occurs in the Market Square, where the players meet **Westra Greatdew**. Westra will direct them to **Tarmock Felaskur** the apothecary, who can show them the location of the *lost graveyard*.

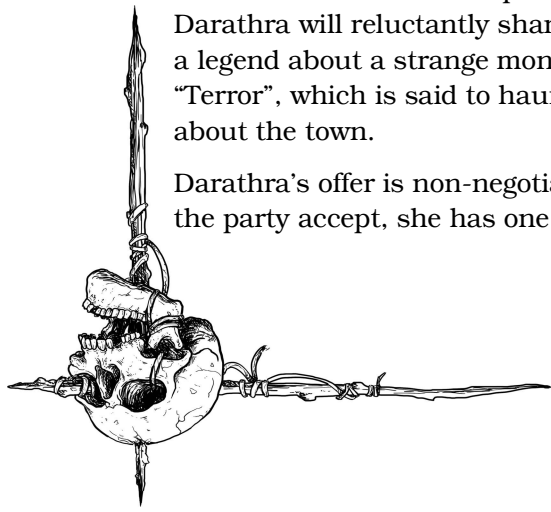
If the players are struggling to find the right clues, you might have the Lord Protector's assistant (**Foman Amblesheath**) pop up and offer some suggestions.

The *random encounters* are included for colour and fun. Only minimal information has been given for the random encounters - you must improvise!

## MARKET SQUARE

*Clue Encounter*

If the party go to the Market Square and ask around, they will learn that there have been stories about the "Terror" stretching back



years. It is said to stalk the fields of Triboar at midnight, and the commoners blame it for all manner of misfortunes, both great and small.

The most credible information comes from **Westra Greatdew**, a dairy farmer –

“About a week ago I was woken by a strange sound – sorta like an animal, but sorta not. When I went out, I saw a gray figure on the edge of my field, about a hundred yards away. I was so scared I couldn’t move. After a few moments, the creature moved on and was soon out of sight.”

Westra will also give the party a vital clue – she will mutter darkly that “All the trouble began when that apothecary, **Tarmock Felaskur**, started meddling with that old graveyard.” Westra will tell the party that Tarmock has a ramshackle old shop on the eastern side of town.

## SIX WINDOWS

*Clue Encounter*

Following the clue from the Lord Protector, the party may seek out **Dorn Stonewood** at the **Six Windows** inn. When the party ask for Dorn, the barmaid will fetch him down to the common room. The ale at the Six Windows is 3cp/mug, and is watered down.

Dorn is a young man who looks gaunt, pale and dark-eyed. He tells his story quickly, with downcast eyes and suppressed sobs.

“Three nights ago I was away one from home visiting a friend. When I returned the next morning, I found our little cottage had been knocked flat, and my darling Kelsie and our little babe were missing!”

He is now staying in town at night, and searching for his family during the day. He will show the party to his house if they wish.

## DORN’S HOUSE

*Clue Encounter*

**Dorn’s** tiny cottage was at the center of his farm, a few hundred feet east of town. It has been knocked flat. A **DC 15 Perception** check will determine there are claw marks on the door and two walls. You may allow an **Investigation** check instead.

If the party search for tracks, a **DC 20 Perception** check will find Kelsie’s footprints, leading north. She went out of her mind with fear when she encountered the Terror, and is now hiding with her baby in a thicket about half a mile north of the cottage. She will be easy to find once the players have found her tracks. She is suffering from severe shock and amnesia, and can tell them nothing.

## THE TWELVE

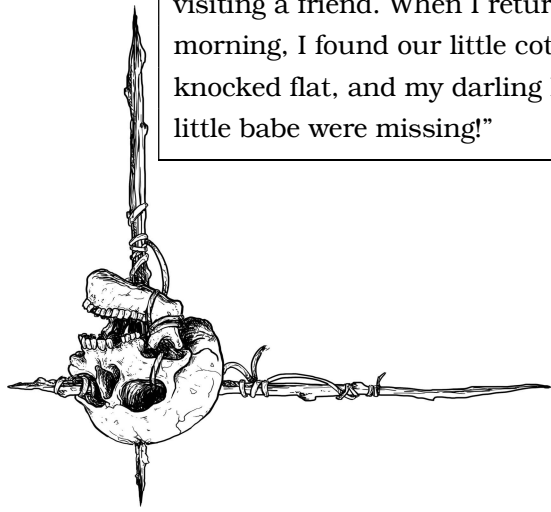
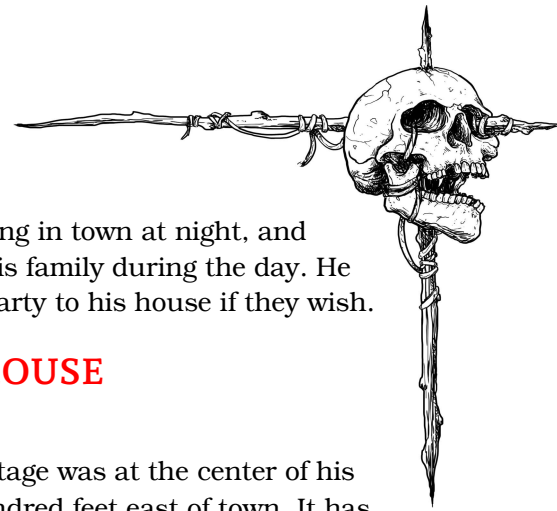
*Clue Encounter*

The local law enforcement is handled by a group of **veterans** known as the Twelve. They are led by a man named **Tarth Blackwarden**, who can usually be found patrolling the Market Square. He is grumpy and uncooperative, and doesn’t believe a word about the “Terror”. He is also very busy, preparing for St Oswin’s Day. If pressed, he will admit there have been reports recently of livestock killed overnight by some sort of clawed creature.

## SETTING A WATCH

*Clue Encounter*

Triboar is surrounded by thousands of acres of farmlands and woods, so setting a watch for the Terror is a nearly futile task. If the players do try it, there is a 5% chance on



any given night that they will sight the Terror, though only from a great distance (there is no chance of catching it). Anyone making a **DC 20 Nature** check will recognise the creature as “some sort of ghoul”.

## SHARKEY’S MEN

*Random Encounter*

A group of **three thugs** intercept the party in a back street, and tell them to “stop what they are doing, or there will be trouble”. They work for **Sharkey**, a petty crime lord who is trying to prevent the re-election of **Darathra Shendrel**. Sharkey knows the party are doing something for Darathra, though he is not sure what. If the party ignore the threats, the thugs will set an ambush for them.

## UPSETTING THE APPLE CART

*Random Encounter*

The party is moving through the crowded Market Square when they upset an apple cart. The owner is a reformed half-orc **berserker** named **Shem** who is trying to live a lawful life – but things keep happening that make him lose his temper...

## THE MENAGERIE

*Random Encounter*

The party notice an old farmhouse with a sign on the wall that says *Munglewort’s Magnificent Municipal Menagerie*. There is a sudden *crash* as a large **brown bear** bursts through the door and heads toward a group of youths. A small halfling runs after it yelling, “Ursula! Come back!”

## PROTECTION MONEY

*Random Encounter*

The party overhear **two thugs** bullying a shopkeeper for protection money. The thugs aren’t afraid of adventurers and won’t back

down. If a fight breaks out, some of the Twelve arrive at the end of the second round, and the party will need to explain themselves.

## THE MAGICIAN

*Random Encounter*

A halfling magician is performing tricks on a busy street corner. As the characters pass by, he declares that he will perform his greatest trick, and summon a strange and deadly beast from distant lands. The air shimmers in front of him - suddenly a **death dog** appears and leaps for the crowd with a roar.

## DAMSEL IN DISTRESS

*Random Encounter*

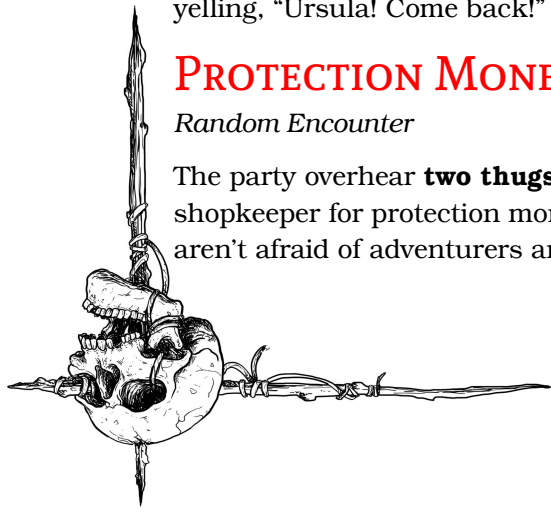
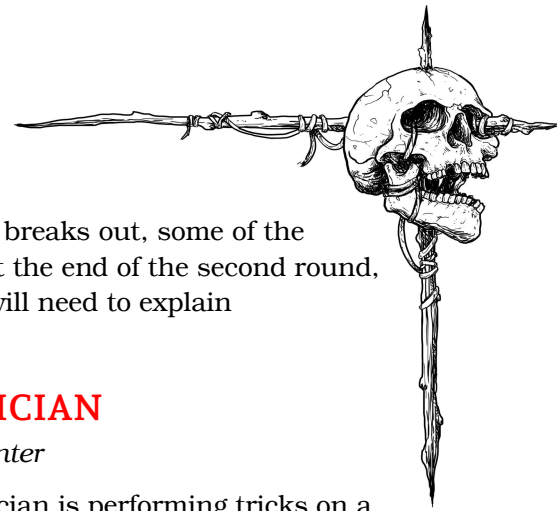
This encounter must take place at night. The party see a young woman about 50 yards ahead of them. She suddenly ducks behind a building and a moment later they hear her screaming terribly. If they follow, they find her in the process of transforming into a **wererat**.

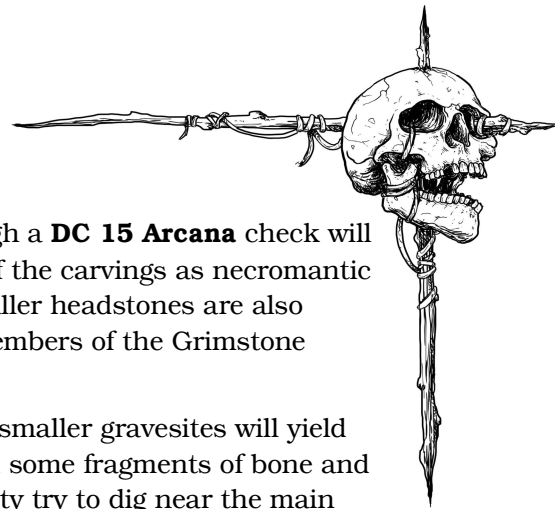
## THE APOTHECARY

*Clue Encounter*

**Tarmock Felaskur** has a ramshackle old shop on the eastern side of town, where he also lives. He describes himself as an apothecary, but the only thing he sells is a naturally carbonated “sweet water”, which he draws from a well in his backyard. It is rather delicious; Tarmock sells it for **1gp** per flask, claiming it has miscellaneous medicinal benefits.

Tarmock will greet the party with a friendly, “May the gods smile upon you” when they enter his shop. Once he understands their quest, however, he will deny any knowledge of the matter and try to get the party to leave.





If they persist, he will finally break down in tears. He blames himself for the coming of the **Terror**. His hobby is “archaeology”, he says, and some months ago he stumbled across a small graveyard in the western hills.

Several the gravestones were marked with strange, eldritch symbols. These piqued his interest, and he began excavating (he was intending to raid the graves for buried valuables - but he is unlikely to admit this).

One evening he stayed late at his morbid work - well past midnight. A gravestone suddenly lit up with occult light, and he beheld a terrible apparition which uttered dire imprecations. Tarmock fled in terror and has never returned to the graveyard. The Terror appeared soon afterward, and Tarmock believes the events are linked.

## THE LOST GRAVEYARD

After some persuasion, **Tarmock** will reluctantly agree to take the party to the graveyard; it is about 2 miles northwest of the town. When they arrive, read the following –

The graveyard lies near the base of a low hill, and is well hidden by a grove of ash and oak trees. The site is only about twenty feet square, and is marked off by an old and decrepit fence of iron pickets.

A large and elaborately carved cenotaph dominates the yard, and it is surrounded by perhaps a dozen smaller headstones. You notice that two of the graves have been dug up.

Tarmock will want to leave immediately. Under no circumstances will he remain at the graveyard after nightfall.

The name on the main cenotaph is **Alberich Grimstone**. No year or other information is

provided, though a **DC 15 Arcana** check will identify some of the carvings as necromantic runes. The smaller headstones are also dedicated to members of the Grimstone family.

Digging up the smaller gravesites will yield nothing beyond some fragments of bone and cloth. If the party try to dig near the main cenotaph, after they get about a foot down the soil will turn revolting and putrid, and they will sustain **1d4 necrotic** damage each time they touch it.

## SKELETAL GUARDS

If the party are still in or near the graveyard after sunset, read the following –

There is a low roar as the ground begins trembling, and then a muffled boom as the earth bursts open before you. Six skeletons climb out of the ground, clad in rusty armor and wielding short-swords. They immediately charge.

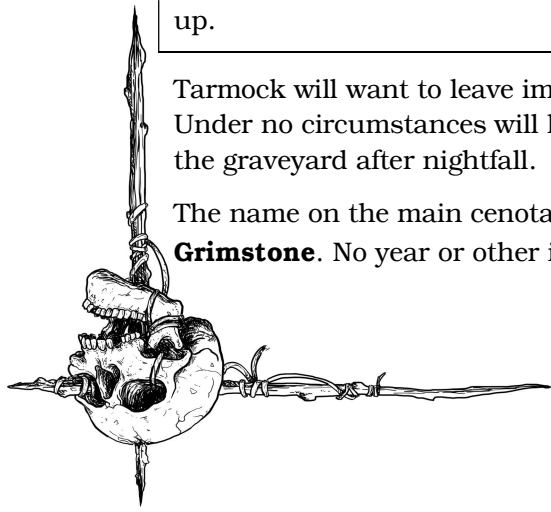
The **six skeletons** are bound by a magical charm that causes them to rise and attack any armed intruders. They will fight until destroyed.

## ALBERICH GRIMSTONE

After the party defeats the skeletons, read the following –

The main cenotaph begins to glow with a sickly emerald light. Cobalt flames begin dancing around the edges, and then a dark shadow emerges from the top. It has large and menacing eyes that flash with eldritch light.

“Who dares disturb my rest?” it thunders. The voice is loud but also sounds, somehow, as if it is coming from a great distance.



In life, this **wraith** was **Alberich Grimstone**, a necromancer and contemporary of **St Oswin**.

If the party talk to the wraith and are polite, it will provide them with information. It will become increasingly angry, however, if the party display stupidity or disrespect.

The wraith is not the **Terror**, but it knows who is. The Terror is St Oswin himself! Shortly before he died, St Oswin angered the High Priestess of Shar, who then laid a curse on him. Every fifty years he rises as a **ghast** and spends several months terrorizing the town.

The wraith suggests the party go to the St Oswin memorial and wait until midnight, when the ghast will emerge.

If the party attack the wraith, it will simply disappear. If they return the next night, a groveling apology will set things right. If they attack again, the wraith will fight and probably destroy them. Roll up a new party. If they somehow defeat it, they will never learn the secret of the Terror – but hey, they beat a wraith!

## THE TERROR

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St Oswin's memorial lies near the center of the old graveyard on the south side of the town - just about anyone in Triboar can show them the location. When the party arrive, read the following –

St Oswin's memorial consists of a raised stone sarcophagus and statue. The words "Here lies Oswin Boldfist, founder of Triboar" are engraved on the side of the sarcophagus, alongside relief carvings of various scenes from his life.

The statue depicts a fully armoured figure with a spear, and three dead boars at its feet.

The party are unable to open the sarcophagus by either might or magic. If they wait until midnight, however, the lid will suddenly burn with cerulean fire, then slide open and a **ghast** will emerge. When it spies the party, it will immediately attack.

If the party defeat the ghast and search the sarcophagus, they will find a gold necklace worth **300gp**, and 3 silver rings worth **50gp** each.

## CONCLUSION

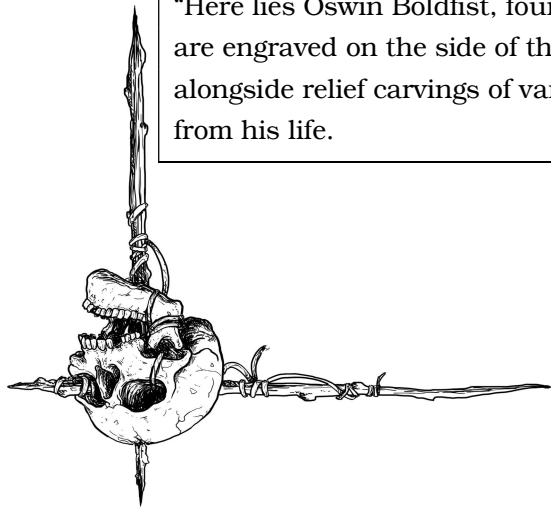
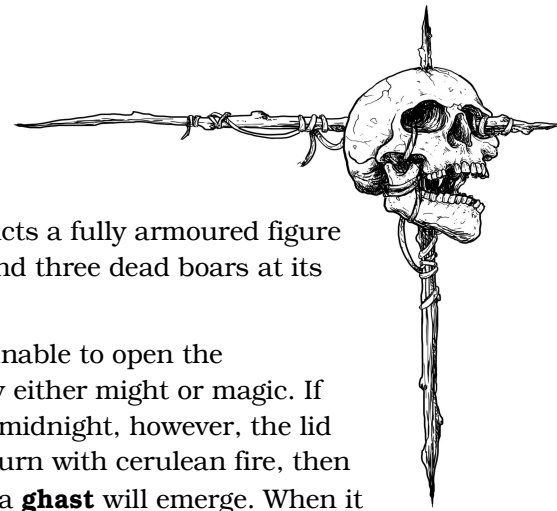
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About a week after they destroy the ghast, the party will be summoned by **Darathra Shendrel**. She will tell them that the sightings of the Terror have stopped, and will pay them the promised **50gp** each.

She will also invite the party to attend the St Oswin's Day celebration as her special guests, and will request that one of them give the "St Oswin's Day Memorial Address" – a short speech praising the virtues of St Oswin.

If the PCs attend the celebration, they will see no sign of a struggle taking place. They will also see Darathra Shendrel successfully re-elected Lord Protector of Triboar.

And as it happens, no-one in town will ever believe their wild story about St Oswin...



# A GUIDE TO TRIBOAR

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Triboar is a bustling frontier town that sits at the junction of the Long Road and the Evermore Way. It is a favorite stopover for merchants, traders, travelers and adventurers.

## **Brief History**

Legend states that Triboar was founded about 400 years ago by **Oswin Boldfist**, who established a traveler's hostel near the place where he once slew three boars. Years after his death, Oswin was (controversially) canonised by the cult of Gwaeron Windstrom, and he has been known as **St Oswin** ever since. The town's founding is celebrated every year on St Oswin's Day.

## **Population**

The resident population is about two thousand souls, though hundreds of visiting travelers, adventurers and traders may be found there at any given time. About half of the population live in the town proper, while the rest live on the surrounding farms and ranches. The resident population is mostly human, with a sizable minority of halflings.

## **Government**

Triboar is ruled by the Lord Protector, who is elected every seven years on St Oswin's day. The current Lord Protector is **Darathra Shendrel**. The laws of Triboar are called the Lord's Decrees.

## **Law Enforcement**

Triboar has a frontier feel, with folk mostly obliged to protect their own interests. The Lord's Decrees are enforced by a mounted squadron known as the Twelve. They are drawn from a larger militia of at least fifty (part-time) soldiers.

## **Economy**

Trade is the major source of wealth in Triboar, with large caravans arriving and departing every week. Agriculture is also a significant part of the economy, with many thousands of acres around the town under cultivation.

Triboar is nicknamed "The Town That Never Sleeps", and is a hive of commercial activity both day and night. In the middle of the town is the famous Market Square, which is packed full of vendors, storekeepers, merchants, tradesmen, stallholders and more.

Some of the more popular shops are –

- Foehammer's Forge
- Happy Horse Ranch
- Merivold Pony Park
- Othovir's Harness Shop
- Uldinath's Arms
- Wainwright's Wagons

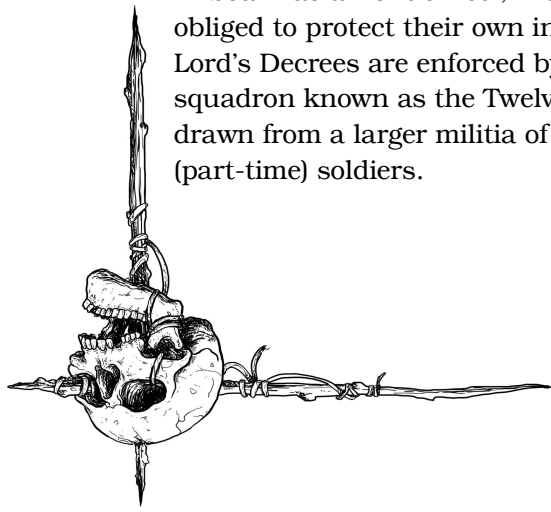
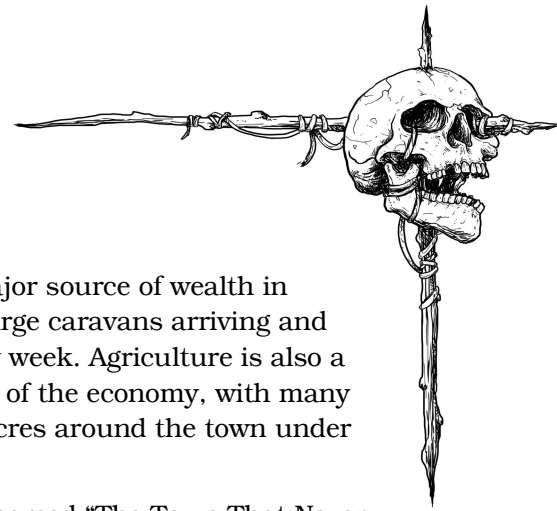
## **Taverns & Inns**

Drinking is popular in Triboar, and the town is home to the following taverns and inns –

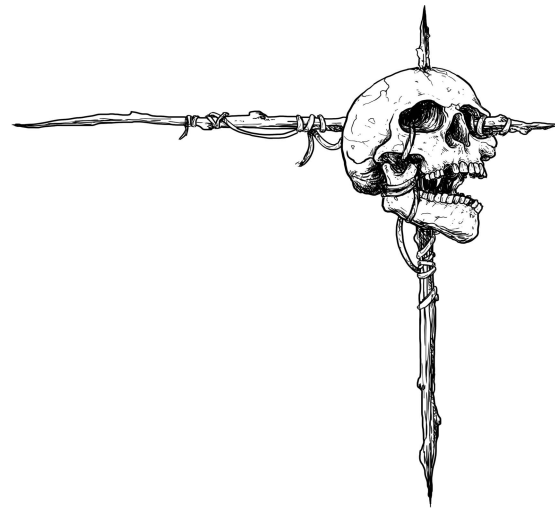
- Boar's Rest
- Everwyvern House
- Northshield House
- Six Windows
- The Pleasing Platter
- The Talking Troll
- The Triboar Arms

## **Religion**

There is little formal religion in Triboar, though the town is always full of itinerant clerics. The exception is a small wood to the west of the town; it is known as Gwaeron's Slumber, and is considered a holy site by the cult of Gwaeron Windstrom. The Lord's Decrees prohibit anyone from felling a tree in this wood.







## CREDITS & LEGALS

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