



# **The Tower of Falengrath**

**L David Gehrig**

## **Preface**

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## Intro

The young acolyte, clad in the yellow robes of a newly minted novitiate, fumbles a scroll tube from his belt. The portly middle aged soldier standing beside him, sighs – you'd guess probably not for the first time – and glares down at your group with his one good eye.

Still fighting the ties holding the scroll tube, the acolyte addresses you. “The Highest Cleric of Knight City of Castle ... Castlebush, uh, the Highest Cleric has seen the portents and delivers unto you this mission. Um.” He seems to have managed to knot his fingers into the ties; his fingers turning white as his increasingly frantic attempts merely tighten the bounds.

Sighing harder, the soldier pulls a wickedly sharp hunting dagger from his belt and deftly slices the ties. The tube clatters to the floor, where the young man bends down to pick it up.

“Alright, listen up. I'm Sergeant Block, 3<sup>rd</sup> Garrison Castlebush. By order of his Lordship you lot are impressed into service. The high priest says some gods or other are the ones for the job, so lucky you and I don't care. His Lordship says you're the ones for the job – so you're marching out of here tomorrow morning, upstream Ganneth then upstream The Forty Souls to the Marshes of Sorrows. There's a tower needs clearin'. You're clearin' it.”

“It's the Over-Tower of the Wizard Falengrath the Fallen,” says the acolyte, trying to figure out who among you to hand the scroll case to. “I think. The infernal languages are really weird with their placement of descriptors like adjectives. Maybe the tower is the wizard?”

The sergeant snorts his reply. “Enough school. Get a good nights sleep, recruits, because you've a long march in the morning.” He grins and tosses a bag of coin onto your table. “And, since you've just accepted the King's coin, I'll make sure the innkeeper gives you a nice and early knock-up!”

The acolyte, shrugging, puts the scroll case on your table then hurries after the sergeant.

- The bag contains 8gp per party member

## The Scroll

*Greetings Adventurers!*

*I, High Cleric Donathan Thresher, write of the vision provided by the grace of Odin.*

*A tower, once fierce and proud, stood atop a mountain peak. It reached out toward the other planes and spheres of existence, and touched that which should not be sought. A great and terrible foe was awoken, one who stretched forth a mighty tentacle and, wrapping it around the tower, hurled it far from the mountain, far from the places of man, far from memory.*

*The First Age ended, then the Second Age. The fiery horror that brought forth our Third Age returned the tower to the ken of man. One man probed the tower for its secrets and was defeated by its guardian. A second arrived – and never left. A third, a fourth, a chain of death and evil.*

*Then one arrived, a man whose left eye is larger than his right. He stood a day and night outside the tower; unmoving, watching. He entered, and left. Without his prize, but knowing what the prize was, and an evil smile upon his face.*

*He gathers allies and forces, and he makes ready to re-enter the tower to take its prize.*

*He must not take the prize. It **must** be recovered and brought here to the temples of Castlebush.*

*The time to strike is now. The greatest physical threats in the tower are neutralized, but I warn you not to underestimate the moral hazard that might remain! Time is short – so I have imposed upon His Lordship to bring you into his service immediately.*

*I have enclosed a map to guide you to the tower. There is something about the tower itself I do not understand, some twist of the Demonic language I cannot puzzle. So beware!*

-----  
*Your Devoted Servant,  
Donathan Thresher  
Head of the Order of Knowledge and Prophecy*



## Rumors

- A woodcutter, who has heard your story, approaches with a grin on his face. “You know how there's no air at the top of mountains? Makes it hard to breathe, hard to think. Must be the same in them priests' towers. It's not the 'Over Tower of Some Fallen Idiot' – it's 'The Fallen Over Tower'. If they ever talked to us about the world, well, their worldview would be changing for sure!”
- The Lich Falengrath occupies a tower in the Marshes of Sorrows. Fortunately he keeps to himself – and the locals know to stay FAR away. They say the will-o-wisps in the marsh are the souls of those who poked their noses into Falengrath's business
- The weeds and vines of the Marshes of Sorrows bear a hatred for all humanity
- Lizardfolk live on the edge of the Marshes of Sorrows. They trade with a handful of trappers, timber-men, and small villages. If you come across them say, “Glabbu! Glabbu!” But you'll need something to trade to them – and it just so happens I have a collection of sea shells and driftwood they find irresistible (*2gp to purchase*)
- Weeks ago, a man with an enlarged left eye somehow obtained access to the Temple of Prophecy. He slew the inner guardian and was found the next morning still reading the scrolls kept in the forbidden section. When confronted, he opened his mouth and released a stream of hornets that drove those stung briefly mad. And then he ran up the wall and out one of the windows
- It is said that a beholder makes its lair at the heart of a mysterious tower in the Marshes of Sorrows

## Travel to the Tower

- The journey to the tower will take four days. The first day the party will travel with a group of bargemen. The second and third days they will be marching along the Forty Souls River. The fourth is a march inland
- Sergeant Block will see the party off and provide the following:
  1. Two potions of healing
  2. One *Lantern of Insect Repelling*
  3. One detection orb
- The detection orb is a glass sphere containing an arrow. It is enchanted to point at the treasure sought by the temples. The arrow grows larger as the group gets nearer. It is ineffective beyond one mile – the party will basically need to be in the tower before it will help
- If the party has not heard the lizardfolk rumor, one of the barge crew will inform them. Except the price for the goods will be 6gp!

## Travel – Day One

As promised, the innkeeper wakes you before dawn is even a thought on the horizon. He seems to take a sadistic glee in roughly kicking at your doors and reminding you of your mission. Yawning, you make your way down to the common room and quickly down some cold gruel and colder water.

The sergeant arrives bearing a small knapsack. “A few gifts from His Lordship – too good for the likes of you, if you ask me.” He lays out the presents and then hands you a scrap of parchment on which is written *The Smiling Crocodile*. “Yer ride,” he says, “Best hurry – they’ll be pulling out soon!”

Racing to the docks you quickly find a barge on which flies a standard of a crocodile, standing on its hind legs, a flagon of ale in one hand, and a drunken smile upon its face. The captain, a lithe middle-aged woman with dark skin, is expecting your group, and you are quickly found places. The stronger among you assist the crew in pushing off from the dock. The barge, caught by the current, begins floating downstream. But the captain reaches up and pulls an amulet from a inside pocket of her vest. She murmurs some indistinct words and the amulet glows – and the barge begins moving upstream. The crew quickly move to their positions and take up steering the ungainly barge.

The first day passes uneventfully.



## Travel – Day Two

The barge travels throughout the night and the morning finds you at the joining of the River of Forty Souls and the Ganneth. A sharp-eyed crew member picks up a heavy arbalest, upon whose bolt is tied to a narrow thread rope. Siting carefully, he fires and lands the bolt in a tree on the east bank. Grinning, he ties the other end through an eye on a bollard.

The captain approaches you. “Time for you lot to go! Hup-hup!”

- The crew will tie a safety line to each person before they cross
- It is an *Athletics* (STR) check DC 12 to use the line to make it to the bank unscathed. Any lightweight small or tiny creature (gnome / halfling / etc.) may instead tightrope walk using *Acrobatics* (DEX) check with a DC 15
- Failing the ability check means the characters falls into the water. They will be fished out by the crew using the safety rope and will gain one level of exhaustion. They will then need to try again (note: the third time always works!)

You pull the bolt from the tree and toss it into the waters. The crew waves back and continues their journey upstream. You check your supplies and adjust your equipment, then begin marching along the bank upstream the Forty Souls River.

The march is long but the river at least keeps things cool. A day's march, and you setup camp.

### Travel – Day Three

The third day dawns brightly. As you continue your march, you begin noticing the terrain becoming more and more swamp-like. The river becomes wider and slower, and the banks become muddy and miry.

- The lizardfolk have a +4 to *Stealth* (DEX) and have setup to “ambush”

You are pushing your way through a particularly thick clump of vegetation, when there is a grunt and the vegetation suddenly pushes back! Croaking and warbling, a band of lizardmen rise up out of the swamp, weapons and shields ready.

- If the lizardmen successfully ambush or gain initiative, the leader will step forth and say “Glabbu! Glabbu!” and wave his shield
- If the party chooses to attack, a hidden shaman will release a fog cloud and the lizardmen will immediately retreat and vanish
- “Glabbu” is an ancient draconic word meaning “Trade”



## Trading with the Lizardfolk

- The lizardmen have a number of carved pieces for sale. Because the style is quite unique and, well, un-human, they will sell quite well back in Castlebush. The lizardfolk are not interested in gold but love silver – treat gold as silver, and platinum as gold
- The sea-shells are worth 400sp to the lizardfolk
- The Lantern is worth 200sp to the lizardfolk
- The following table lists the items available for barter – the party may attempt to make ability checks to improve prices ... but they will need to speak Draconic!

<u>Item</u>	<u>Human Value</u>	<u>Lizard Value</u>
Bone crocodile	10gp	10sp
Bone treant	50gp	50sp
Wooden squirrel	50gp	30sp
Potion of Vitality	5,000gp	500sp
Potion of Healing (3 avail)	100gp	75sp
Potion of Greater Healing (3 avail)	300gp	200sp

- If the lizardmen successfully gain the sea shells, they will be extremely pleased. Several of them will actually begin dancing and singing, and the shaman will emerge to deliver a blessing on the party (each player gains a luck point, as per the **Feat**)

## **Travel – Day Four**

The morning of day four dawns and, after a brief breakfast, you resume your march. You reach the area of the tower marked on your map by early afternoon, and you soon see the spires of the tower poking up in the center of a small, stagnant lake. The remains of what might have once been outbuildings or a wall are slightly obscured by mists rising from the water.

- At the edge of the water are 4 Twig Blights. They will attack when the party reaches 10 feet from the water
- Outside of the range of sight from the party are 4 Needle Blights (60 feet from the Twig Blights). When the Twig Blights attack, the Needle Blights will move in
- At the tower are 2 Vine Blights. They cannot attack until the party swims over
- If a character is grappled by a Vine Blight then they are held underwater – a CON saving throw against DC 13 is required to take a breath before being dunked. If the CON saving throw is successful, the player may hold their breath for a number of minutes equal to their 1 + CON modifier (minimum one minute), but on a failure only the number of rounds. Once breath runs out, the character must be freed within a number of rounds equal to their CON modifier or they will drop to zero hit points
- The Vine Blights will not attack or react until the players actually reach the tower
- It is 30 feet from the shore to the tower

## **Tower – Entrance**

Having defeated the deadly vine blight infesting the front of the tower, the great doors stand before you. They are scarred, seared, and bear the claw marks of some hideous beast. The doors hang askew, refusing to meet in the middle. With the vines no longer covering them, they stand open. A mist swirls behind them obscuring your view of the interior of the tower.

## **Tower - Ground Floor – Room 1**

You have entered a room of faded and decadent glory – one that must have been impressive at some far distant point in the past but now only reflects its past glory as in a dirty pond. An enormous chandelier hangs 50 feet above and lights the room in an eerie skeletal white light, a mist pouring from each candle holder. The walls bear the rags of tapestries; and shattered glass boxes speak of treasures and antiquities once proudly displayed, but lost forever to time.

The broken and battered remnants of skeletons and giant rats lay scattered all across the floor. A great battle was fought here, and recently. Wisps of mist swirl about the skulls like souls cut adrift. In the center of the west wall is an enormous charred mark, with an enormous section of the wall literally disintegrated!

A great battle was fought here, and recently.

## **Tower - Ground Floor – Room 2**

This dust-filled room seems to be some kind of mage apprentice's room. A small bed rests against the far wall, along the north is a desk. A large bookshelf occupies the south wall, filled with many tomes and scrolls. A chest sits at the foot of the bed.

- The chest is empty
- The bookshelf contains standard wizard tomes – nothing of note or importance
- A journal sits on the desk. The last entry is dated several centuries ago



### **Tower - Ground Floor – Room 3**

This room is filled with dust and cobwebs. Many, many cobwebs! A small bed rests against the far wall, with a desk on the south wall. The north wall is filled with a large bookshelf, now empty. A chest, tipped on its side, rests mostly at the foot of the bed.

- The chest has a false bottom – *Perception* (WIS) DC 15 to notice. In the false bottom is a journal. The last entries are several centuries ago. A quick skim of the end indicates that the journal is a first-hand account of one of the apprentices of Falengrath watching his master descend into lich-hood.

### **Tower - Ground Floor – Room 4**

This room was once the sitting room for visitors to the tower. There were likely highly ornate decorative doors that opened to it – doors blown open by what you would guess was a *Fireball* or similar magic. Most of the furniture has been destroyed and burned beyond repair. By some fluke or other, a giant drinks cabinet along the south wall has been untouched by damage and stands unscathed.

- The cabinet contains *vintage* wines. They were vintage when the tower was new – they are now some of the most rare wines and liquors available. The bottles are insanely fragile, though they do not look it. Unless care is taken to properly pack the bottles they will break in the first combat or shock

## **Tower - Ground Floor – Room 5**

A fantastic hall greets your eyes as you open the doors. Four crystalline pillars rise up to the ceiling, reflecting and refracting your images as you move about the room. Every few moments a pulse of light rushes from the bottom of a pillar to its top, accompanied by a deep bass thrum.

In the center of the room are the remains of four enormous iron golems. One has an enormous hole blown through its chest, another is missing its head and its right arm. The third lies in rusted heaps of scrap, identifiable mostly by the pattern of the shavings that have fallen to the floor. The fourth stands with the top of its head twisted open, revealing a cavity that must have once held its animating magic.

A stairway leads up to the second level.

- An artificer (rock Gnome, Guild Artisan background, etc.) who examines the remains and makes a *History* (INT) check against DC 15 will activate the first golem's playback. A ghostly cube will show, from the golem's point-of-view



## **Golem Playback**

In a grating voice the golem speaks, "Playback mode engaged." A beam of light lances out from within the grill of its helmet, forming a cube about two feet across. It shows the room from the point-of-view of the golem, facing the entry door. The door opens and four figures, their faces obscured with hoods, storm in accompanied by a fire elemental.

There is no sound to accompany the playback; you watch a fantastic battle fought in pure silence. One of the figures wields two swords and engages a golem, almost immediately slicing off an arm. Another figure blows some kind of dust at another golem, which immediately begins to rust and fall apart. A third figure ducks under a clumsy swing by this golem, his hood falling back to reveal a scarred face with an unusually large left eye – an eye much larger than the other; an ugly asymmetry.

The strangely eyed man seems to almost glide backwards, his form shifting in a most unnatural way – ghostly afterimages that start slowly then rapidly catching up to his body. He opens his mouth and an impossibly colored shaft of light emerges, catching this golem in the chest. The golem's hands quiver uncertainly and then lock. The view, now fixed forward, begins fading, as the man before the golem turns his attention to the other golems.

### **Tower – Second Floor – Room 1**

At the top of the stairs you find yourselves standing in what once was once some kind of arcane testing laboratory. Cabinets dominate the southern wall, leaving a large work area between the top and bottom. The work area is covered with the broken remains of flasks and alembics, potion bottles, and mystic spell components. The middle of the room is open – except for the facedown dead body of a human. He is dressed in the robes of a sorcerer and a dagger, covered with some foul slime, is plunged deep between his shoulder blades.

- The contact poison on the dagger is incredibly virulent, but must be magically activated by the poisoner. Any character reaching for the dagger must make a DC 20 *Sleight of Hand* (DEX) save or they will get some of the slime on them. It will feel incredibly cold, almost burning with cold. The unfortunate will feel as if their very life essence was being pulled. In game terms, the character immediately gains a level of exhaustion – and will die soon after the adventure if the curse is not lifted

### **Tower – Second Floor – Room 2**

This is a well-appointed food stockroom. Sausages hang from hooks in the ceiling – sacks of different grains and vegetables sit on the floor before racks containing rare fruits and vegetables. The room is unusually chill.

- The room contains an enchantment that keeps food fresh for a long period of time

### **Tower – Second Floor – Room 3**

The door opens to a simple bedroom. A bed is pushed against the far wall, and numerous bookshelves occupy much of the wall space. A large desk takes up the west wall – several tomes resting open on it. An enchanted globe casts a soft light throughout the room.

- Searching the room reveals 2d20 gold pieces and 1d100 silver pieces

## **Tower – Second Floor – Room 4**

The ornate double doors opens to a throne room that extends the full length of the tower. An enormous throne rests on an even larger dais. The floor is pure black marble, and to your left stands a block of white marble nearly 30 feet long and almost reaching the ceiling.

The throne, which you initially thought empty, now seats a terrible and frightful figure. A skeletal figure, its right arm clutching a dragon-clawed staff, a golden circlet upon its bald skull, flames behind empty sockets, sits and gazes upon you. The figure wavers in and out of focus, in and out of transparency.

A chuckle echoes hollowly throughout the room. Behind you the doors slam shut.

“I am Falengrath. State your business here, mortals.”

- The image is being projected by the will of the lich Falengrath. It has no substantiality and no presence. It cannot be dispelled. It cannot attack, nor can it take damage
- The lich is fully aware of why the party is here, but Falengrath is interested in seeing if the party will lie, speak truthfully, or deflect the question
- If the party contains a spellcaster ...

“I see you harness the powers of the arcane. I have conquered death and strode the planes of existence. I have witnessed the birth of stars and the deaths of empires. I make this offer to you – a chance to control such powers as you've never thought to imagine. Defeat my guardian on the floor above. Take the prize to the fools at the Temple of Prophecy – it will serve that weird-eyed freak right, and my plans shall proceed without it. Then, return here. At any time of your choosing – I have eternity, after all.”

- The lich will not answer any questions about the men who were last at his tower, save to say that they came near to claiming the prize. And the party, who would surely have been slain long before now, can take advantage of that

### **Tower – Second Floor – Cell 1**

Looking through the bars of this cell you see a figure chained against the far wall. It is the body of a dwarf, clearly dead – an ugly purplish bump on his neck.

- If the body is disturbed, it will begin to shake and vibrate. Moments later the purplish bump will explode out, expelling hundreds of spiders which will scatter throughout the cell

### **Tower – Second Floor – Cell 2**

The bars of this cell have been melted and eaten away by some kind of acid. The door, that which remains, lies on the floor of the cell. The manacles on the far wall contain dried blood – recent enough, however, that perhaps some prisoner was freed by the strange eyed man and his companions.

### **Tower – Second Floor – Cell 3**

This cell is empty.

### **Tower – Second Floor – Cell 4**

This cell is empty.

- An *Investigation* (INT) check with DC 15 will reveal that there is a secret door on the east wall. A *Sleight of Hand* (DEX) check, DC 10, will be necessary to open it.

## **Tower – Second Floor – Secret Room**

You are in a strange room. Various weapons hang from the walls – swords, maces, hammers, and even bows. Each glows softly with a dark purplish light.

You suddenly hear a voice in your head – and you know it is coming from one of the swords. “I am Fal, Razor of the East. Take me in hand, my power shall aid you in your quest!”

“That fool is cursed!” one of the hammers speaks, plainly audible. “He is Fal, Razor of the East – and you use razors to cut your own selves, do you not? His power works against you. I am Yarth, of the Iron Mountain Clan! Crush your enemies as did the dwarves of old with me in hand!”

“Imposter! Liar!” another voice erupts in your head. Your party is now experiencing quite a collective headache. “You are not Yarth! You are Yeth! Carved from the cursed tree of Hades itself! Yeth the Hammer, Arm of the Demon Julip!”

A shockwave runs through the room, rattling all of the weapons where they are held. A giant claymore speaks – obviously the source of the shock. “We are all cursed. Cursed to be here. Cursed to know centuries of existence trapped in these walls. Bear us from this place and set us free.”

- All of the weapons are cursed. Roll a d4 to determine the negative modifier the weapon applies
- All of the weapons radiate evil
- If a character does not wish to wield a weapon, and takes care not to directly touch it (wearing gloves, using tongs, etc.) then the weapons can be taken and stowed for travel

### **Tower – Top Floor – Room 1**

You are a mostly empty room. Bloody rags, crumbs of food, an empty wineskin, and other clues suggest that some previous group had taken a moment to pause here before opening and charging through the door.

- The blood is several weeks old

### **Tower – Top Floor – Room 2**

You open the door to be greeted with the sight of a phenomenal, but almost utterly destroyed, magical laboratory. Tables overturned, books reduced to kindling and confetti, glass crunching underfoot. Water pools in several places – obviously where pipes had broken and drains had been blocked. Scorch marks cover the floors, walls, and ceiling. The remains of a magic binding enchantment can be seen on the floor, clearly inactive, but also clearly not holding any demonic or devilish forces.

“The balor exploded! Exploded! Exploded! The man with the eye took it in single combat. Combat. Combat. What will you fight? Fight? Fight?” You cannot tell where the voice is coming from – you are hearing it directly in your heads.

- The spectator is hovering in the far corner against the ceiling. When the party sees it

“Glabbu! Glabbu! Glabbu!” A hideous aberration, all eyes and mouth, descends from the ceiling. “Shall we trade? Trade? Trade? Can you make something explode? Explode? Explode? Show me a demon. Demon. Demon. Kill. Kill. Kill.”

- The party is welcome to attempt to treat with the spectator. In conversation it will always repeat the final word of any sentence twice again (again again). It craves entertainment. A *Performance* (CHR) skill check against DC 25 will be sufficient for it to be peaceful – until the party attempts to take the treasure it guards (and that is pointed at by their direction finder)
- The spectator guards a large tome, decorated in leather made from some foul infernal beast. The party can tell it is written in Old Infernal – unreadable by them



### **Tower – Top Floor – Room 3**

This is the supply room for the outside laboratory. It is filled with arcane spell components, blank parchments of various kinds (vellum, papyrus, etc.), all of it labeled in a language unfamiliar to any of your party.

- Any magic caster can fully replenish their spell components with 1d6 minutes of searching and gathering
- A DC 15 *Investigation* (INT) check will turn up a 5<sup>th</sup> level scroll of *Magic Missile* that can be read by anyone

## **Returning to Castlebush**

The prize in hand, a confusing tome in an ancient and evil tongue, you head back to the stairs to exit the tower. As you exit the ruined laboratory into the empty room with the stairs, the wispy form of the lich Falengrath stands waiting.

“I am not impressed, but I will admit to feeling an emotion I have not felt for centuries. You have done well. So I wish you to carry a message to those at the Temple of Prophecy.

“The force that approaches is unlike any they have seen. It rivals the power of the Second Age – it might even be of the Second Age. Its avatars are already upon our land. They carry an eldritch sorcery the bane of us all.

“The Tower and the Temple must stand united against this foe. They must seek the Tomb of Alkuan, and from there gather the Seventy. Only then can our strongholds defend against incursions.”

The figure waves its hand and a sealed scroll tube appears in your hand. It bears the Seal of Falengrath. The lich's figure cocks its head to the side. “Ask the prophets if we shall meet again. I would be amused to know.” The wisps become completely insubstantial and vanish.

The passage back to Castlebush is uneventful and easier – you are traveling downstream. You even manage to catch a ride with a taciturn trapper on your second day; you ride in comfort back to the Knight City.

You deliver the treasure, the scroll case, and Falengrath's enigmatic message to the priests. They hurriedly confer among themselves, then ask you to wait for their and His Lordship's pleasure at your inn. It seems your army career will be a little longer than anticipated.

# Twig Blight

Small plant, neutral evil

<b>STR</b>	6	(-2)	<b>DEX</b>	13	(+1)	<b>AC</b>	13 ( <i>natural</i> )
<b>INT</b>	4	(-3)	<b>CON</b>	12	(+1)	<b>SPD</b>	20
<b>WIS</b>	8	(-1)	<b>CHR</b>	3	(-4)	<b>HP</b>	6, 5, 7, 3

## Skills

Stealth +3

## Condition Immunities

Blinded, Deafened

## Damage Vulnerabilities

Fire

## Senses

Blindsight 60 (blind beyond this radius), passive perception 9

## Languages

Understands Common, but cannot speak

## Special

### **False Appearance**

While the blight remains motionless, it is indistinguishable from a normal dead shrub

## Actions

### **Claws**

Melee, +3 to hit, 1d4+1 piercing damage

# Needle Blight

Medium plant, neutral evil

<b>STR</b> 12 (+1)	<b>DEX</b> 12 (+1)	<b>AC</b> 12 ( <i>natural</i> )
<b>INT</b> 4 (-3)	<b>CON</b> 13 (+1)	<b>SPD</b> 30
<b>WIS</b> 8 (-1)	<b>CHR</b> 3 (-4)	<b>HP</b> 12, 13, 10, 10

## Condition Immunities

Blinded, Deafened

## Senses

Blindsight 60 (blind beyond this radius), passive perception 9

## Languages

Understands Common, but cannot speak

## Actions

### **Claws**

Melee, +3 to hit, 2d4+1 piercing damage

### **Needles**

Ranged, +3 to hit, range 30/60, 2d6+1 piercing damage

# Spectator

Medium aberration, lawful evil

<b>STR</b> 8 (-1)	<b>DEX</b> 14 (+2)	<b>AC</b> 14
<b>INT</b> 13 (+1)	<b>CON</b> 14 (+2)	<b>SPD</b> 30 fly / hover
<b>WIS</b> 14 (+2)	<b>CHR</b> 11 (+0)	<b>HP</b> 35

## Skills

Perception +6

## Condition Immunities

Prone

## Senses

Darkvision 120, passive perception 16

## Languages

Deep Speech, Undercommon, telepathy 120 ft

## Actions

### **Bite**

Melee, +1 to hit, 1d6-1 piercing damage

### **Eye Rays**

The spectator shoots up to two of the following at targets it can see within 90 feet. Each ray can be used once per turn.

#### **Confusion Ray**

Target must succeed DC 13 Wisdom saving throw. On failure, it cannot take reactions until the end of its next turn. On its turn it cannot move and must use its action to make a melee or ranged attack against a random creature within range. If the target cannot attack then it does nothing

#### **Paralyzing Ray**

Target must succeed DC 13 Constitution saving throw or be paralyzed for one minute. The target can repeat the saving throw at the end of each of its turns, ending the effect on success

**Fear Ray**

Target must succeed DC 13 Wisdom saving throw or be frightened for one minute. The target can repeat the saving throw at the end of each of its turns, ending the effect on success (at *disadvantage* if the spectator is visible)

**Wounding Ray**

Target must make DC 13 Constitution saving throw, taking 3d10 necrotic damage on failure, half on save

**Create Food and Water**

The spectator can magically create food and water for itself

**Reactions****Spell Reflection**

If the spectator makes a successful saving throw against a spell, or a spell attack misses it, the spectator can choose another creature (including the caster) the spectator can see within 30 feet of it. The spell targets the chosen creature instead of the spectator. If the spell forced a saving throw, the chosen creature makes its own save. If the spell was an attack, the attack roll is rerolled against the chosen creature



# Vine Blight

Medium plant, neutral evil

<b>STR</b> 15 (+2)	<b>DEX</b> 8 (-1)	<b>AC</b> 12 ( <i>natural</i> )
<b>INT</b> 5 (-3)	<b>CON</b> 14 (+2)	<b>SPD</b> 10
<b>WIS</b> 10 (+0)	<b>CHR</b> 3 (-4)	<b>HP</b> 26, 30

## Skills

Stealth +1

## Condition Immunities

Blinded, Deafened

## Senses

Blindsight 60 (blind beyond this radius), passive perception 10

## Languages

Common, but speaks in a fractured version

## Special

### **False Appearance**

While the blight remains motionless, it is indistinguishable from a normal tangle of vines

## Actions

### **Constrict**

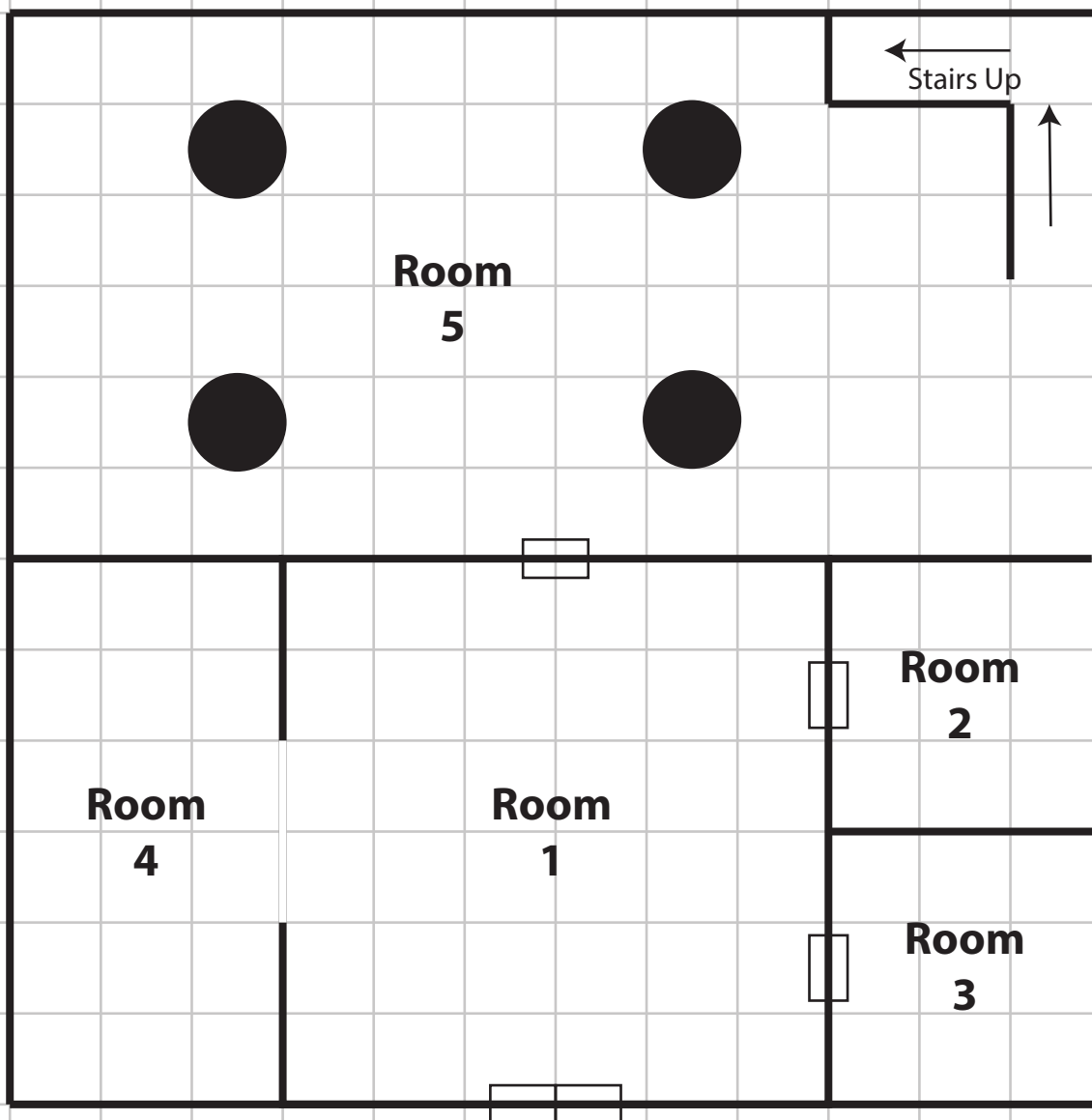
Melee, +4 to hit, reach 10ft, 2d6+2 bludgeoning damage

On hit, a Large or smaller creature is grappled (escape DC 12)

Until the grapple ends the creature is restrained and the blight cannot constrict another target

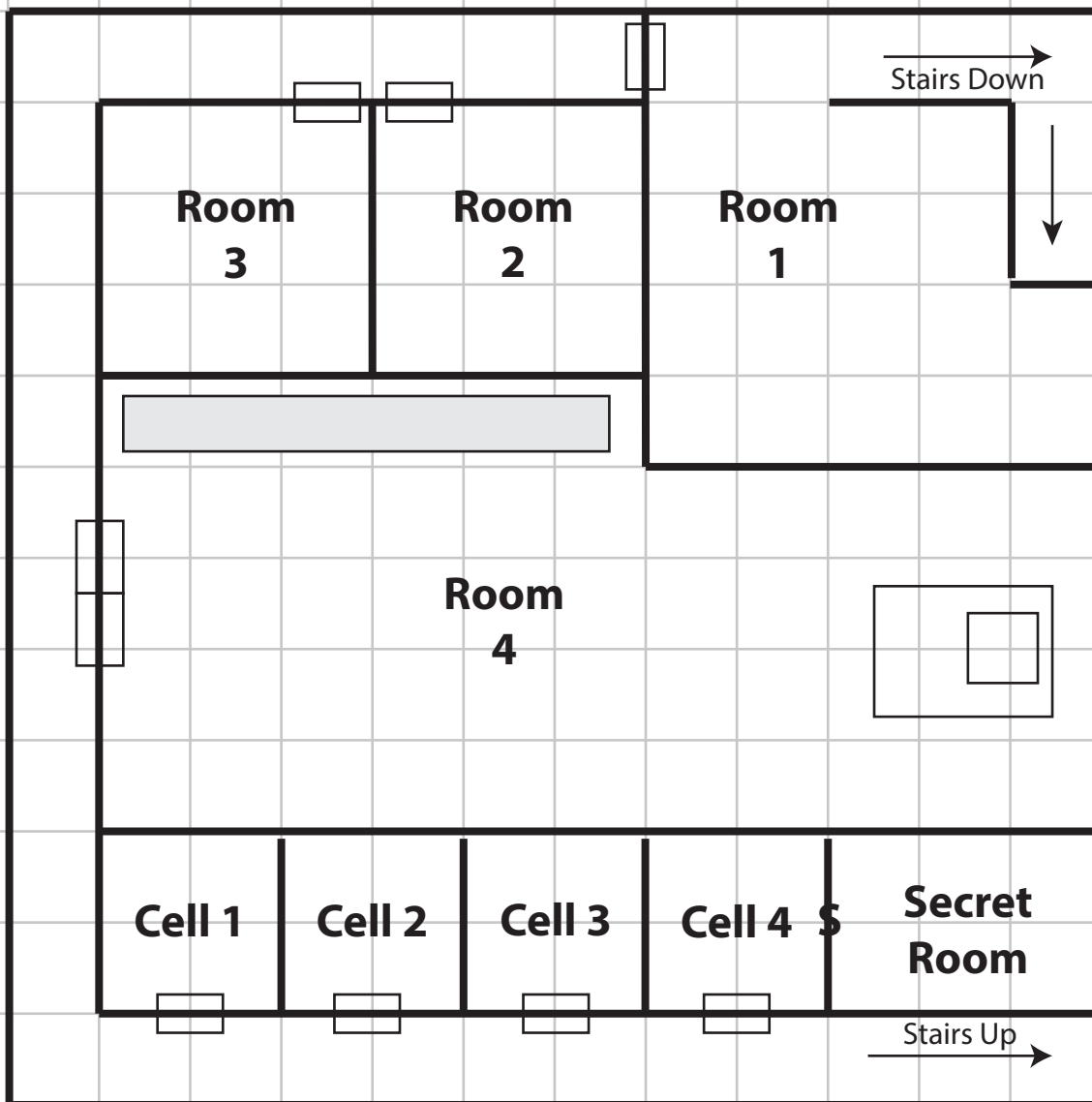
### **Entangling Plants (Recharge 5-6)**

Grasping roots and vines sprout in a 15 foot radius centered on the blight, withering away in 1 minute. For the duration, that area is difficult terrain for nonplant creatures. In addition, any creatures in the area and chosen by the blight when the vines erupt must succeed a DC 12 STR saving throw or become restrained. An entangled or nearby creature can use its action to make a DC 12 strength check to free the entangled creature



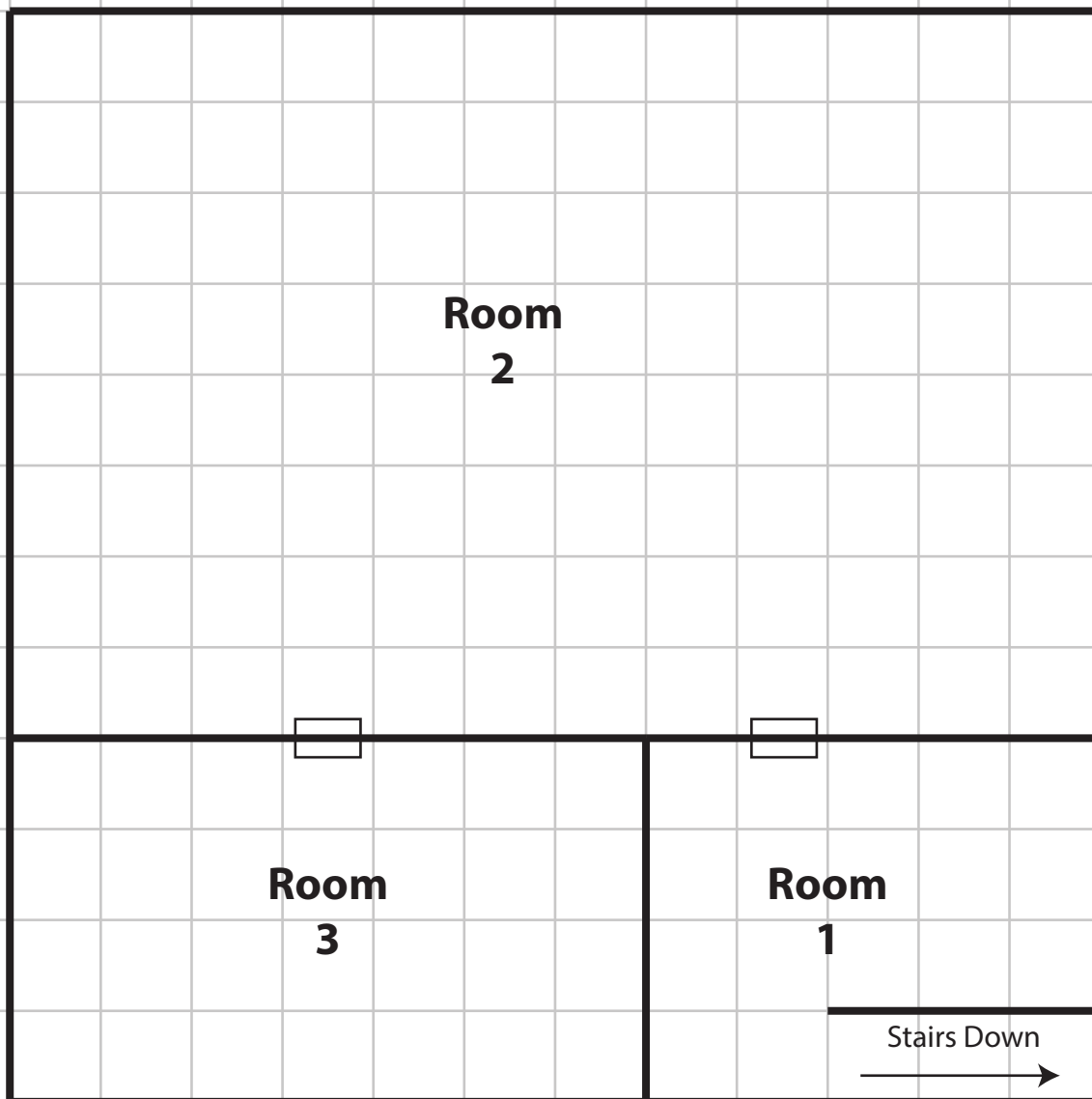
# Tower of Falengrath

## Ground Floor



# Tower of Falengrath

## Second Floor



# **Tower of Falengrath**

## **Top Floor**

# D&D BEYOND

CHARACTER NAME

CLASS & LEVEL

PLAYER NAME

RACE

BACKGROUND

EXPERIENCE POINTS

STRENGTH

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

Saving Throw Modifiers

SAVING THROWS

DEXTERITY

CONSTITUTION

INTELLIGENCE

WISDOM

CHARISMA

- ☐ Acrobatics
- ☐ Animal Handling
- ☐ Arcana
- ☐ Athletics
- ☐ Deception
- ☐ History
- ☐ Insight
- ☐ Intimidation
- ☐ Investigation
- ☐ Medicine
- ☐ Nature
- ☐ Perception
- ☐ Performance
- ☐ Persuasion
- ☐ Religion
- ☐ Sleight of Hand
- ☐ Stealth
- ☐ Survival
- ☐ \_\_\_\_\_
- ☐ \_\_\_\_\_
- ☐ \_\_\_\_\_

SKILLS

INITIATIVE

ARMOR

CLASS

DEFENSES

INSPIRATION

PROFICIENCY BONUS

ABILITY SAVE DC

SPEED

Max HP

Current HP

Temp HP

HIT POINTS

Total

HIT DICE

SUCCESSSES

FAILURES

DEATH SAVES

PROFICIENCIES & LANGUAGES

ACTIONS

PASSIVE WISDOM (PERCEPTION)

PASSIVE WISDOM (INSIGHT)

PASSIVE INTELLIGENCE (INVESTIGATION)

SENSES

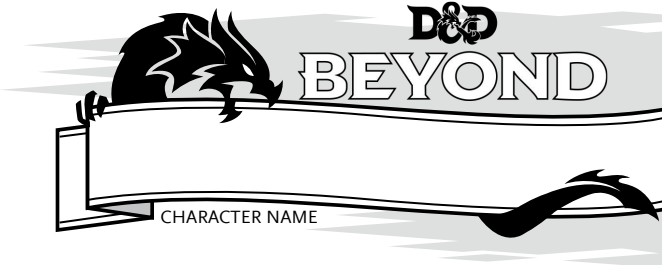
NAME

HIT

DAMAGE/TYPE

NOTES

WEAPON ATTACKS & CANTRIPS



CHARACTER NAME

CLASS & LEVEL

PLAYER NAME

RACE

BACKGROUND

EXPERIENCE POINTS

FEATURES & TRAITS

CP

SP

EP

GP

PP

WEIGHT CARRIED

ENCUMBERED

PUSH/DRAG/LIFT

NAME	QTY	WEIGHT	NAME	QTY	WEIGHT
ATTUNED MAGIC ITEMS					

EQUIPMENT



CHARACTER NAME

GENDER

AGE

SIZE

HEIGHT

WEIGHT

ALIGNMENT

FAITH

SKIN

EYES

HAIR

CHARACTER APPEARANCE

ALLIES & ORGANIZATIONS

PERSONALITY TRAITS

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FLAWS

CHARACTER BACKSTORY

ADDITIONAL NOTES





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- ☐ \_\_\_ Stealth
- ☐ \_\_\_ Survival
- ☐ \_\_\_ \_\_\_\_\_
- ☐ \_\_\_ \_\_\_\_\_
- ☐ \_\_\_ \_\_\_\_\_

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WEAPON ATTACKS & CANTRIPS

[illegible]

	NAME	QTY	WEIGHT	NAME	QTY	WEIGHT
CF						
ST						
EP						
GR						
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ENCUMBERED			ATTUNED MAGIC ITEMS			
PUSH/DRAW/LIFT						
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CHARACTER NAME

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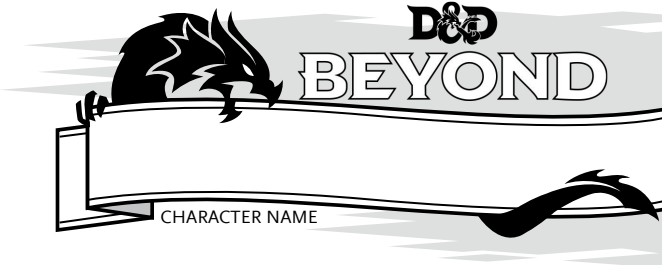
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ALIGNMENT	FAITH	SKIN	EYES	HAIR

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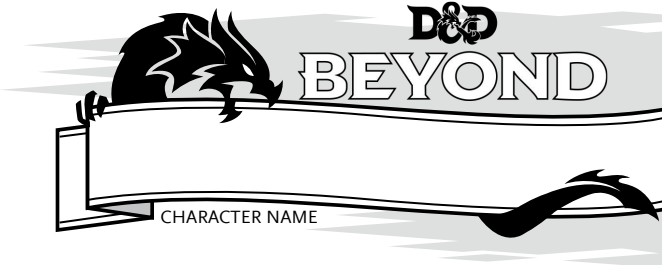
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