Blood, Salt & Bones

Two Dozen Fantastical Ships and the Sailors Who Crew Them



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It is my pleasure to bring you this collection of amazing fantasy ships and their crews from some of the Dungeon Masters Guild's finest creative minds. Each entry details the ship itself, its crew, significant nonplayer characters, and offers a few ideas on how to introduce the ship to your campaign. Each ship also presents a map and a stat block like those found in *Ghosts of Saltmarsh*. While this product was created as a supplement to those adventures, it can be used in any nautical campaign.

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ACE OF HEARTS

Fool's luck is a concept known and despised by many who have lost a hand of cards against a drunkard or were cheated out of their hard-earned coin by a skeevy salesman. For the gambler and habitual drunk, Jace Dawson, luck was how he survived.

Jace had always been a dreamer and a storyteller. He could enchant listeners and passersby with his fantastical stories, weaving tales of make believe that sounded so real it stole the breaths of those listening to him perform. It was an act, of course, as Jace had never seen any of the grand things he was talking about and didn't come from a faraway place of wonder. He was from a small village and had never seen the monstrous beings he talked about in his tales.

When he couldn't flee into his stories, he fled into drink, dulling the dissatisfaction he felt about his own life with cheap alcohol. What little coin he earned from his performances that wasn't spent at the bar, he either lost or doubled at the gambling tables, spending some nights sleeping off his drunkenness in a feather bed and others waking up, dirty and cold, in a dark alleyway.

Jace's charms started to wane as his drinking problem became worse. He spent more hours drunk than sober, and the friends who had once supported him were turned away by his fouler mood and his habit of begging them for coin. Young and handsome, he had been the talk of the town among the younger residents, all pining after the emphatic storyteller. Now he was a cautionary tale, a warning of what happens to those who dream of the grand life Jace once preached.



Jace's life changed the night he won his ship. On that evening, the fool's luck that kept him alive gave him a night of unbound winnings. Placed against a nobleman with his pride to defend and money to lose, Jace's luck shone through, drawing him an ace of hearts to win the hand. With it, he stripped his rich opponent for all he had to bet—including the slender trading vessel sitting in the harbor that the nobleman had just purchased.

With a mind foggy from drink, Jace staggered to the harbor to take a look at his winnings, finding a beautiful ship made of dark wood and scarlet sails. Falling asleep in the ship's hold, clutching his earnings and dreaming of the adventures he once told off so vividly, Jace was unconscious for several hours. He only woke when a bucket of cold sea water was thrown in his face, leaving him sputtering for breath and harking loudly for a few moments before he was able to speak.

Before him stood the crew of the ship, his crew now, and none of them seemed terribly impressed with their new captain. The one who spoke for them, a female half-elf calling herself Allika, was not afraid to let Jace know how pathetic of a sight he was making for himself, starting laughs amongst the other crew members. When Jace didn't laugh, still coughing and now vomiting as well, Allika found what pity she could muster for the drunk young man and led him to the sleeping quarters, ensuring that one of her crewmates cleaned up after their captain's mess.

Jace, comfortable with his miserable life, attempted to bargain with Allika to let him leave the ship, but she refused, instead confining him in the captain's quarters until he sobered up. When he eventually did, and started asking for wine, he was brought water and light food instead. When he wanted to go to a nearby tavern, Allika went with him, commenting on the disgusting floors and tables, as well as the equally foul patrons sitting at the bar. Jace did what he usually did when anyone gave him attention: started telling stories. Grand stories of faraway places and lost treasures, all things present only in dreams and children's tales. Allika wasn't impressed.

Instead of wanting more stories, she asked him about his life. She told him she merely wanted to know more about how troubled her new captain was,

and she would find those answers quicker if Jace stopped telling stories.

Jace began talking about himself. For the first time in years he talked about his own life. About his parents and siblings he hadn't seen in years. How they believed he was off to make his fortunes in the big city. How proud they were of him. He told her of his years sleeping in alleys and his drinking. About the gambling and the winning and the losing. About the friends he'd lost and the enemies he'd made. He talked honestly for the first time in his adult life, and Allika was there to listen to it all.

The days that followed were not easy on Jace. Allika was patient with her blubbering captain, teaching him the tools of the trade and introducing him to the other scoundrels on the crew. Without the smell of wine clinging to him like a shadow, the charms that had abandoned Jace started to return, and he made friends with the crew surprisingly quickly. He laughed with Gipper, the old, cranky cook of the ship, and was taught nautical terms by Scout Swiftwing, the energetic aarakocra lookout. He even taught Allika some basic dance steps, to much amusement among the crew, who could see that the elegant way Allika moved around the ship definitely did not translate into her dancing.

As he rose to the occasion, Jace became as much the captain of the ship as a true part of the crew. A crew, he found out, that had more than a little experience running gambits against the more fortunate parts of the aristocracy. Before it became the Ace of Hearts, as Jace had named it, the ship had been a pirateering vessel that fell on unsuspecting trading ships owned by the rich and wealthy. The crew would then take what they needed before vanishing in the night, taking care to only hit those ships carrying the belongings of the wicked and corrupted.

It only took a little convincing to get Jace excited about this idea. The best of his tales had always involved the lives of scoundrels and loveable villains, and the life of a pirate promised Jace the thing that he had always dreamt of—adventure.

The *Ace of Hearts*' reputation reaches far and wide. It is seen as a scourge among the higher classes and wealthy merchants, and the ship has been involved in multiple skirmishes attacking slaving ships, freeing the people kept as cargo in their holds, earning them a reputation as heroic vigilantes among the commoners in the harbor cities of the world. Stories of the ship's crusade against the corrupted upper classes are only elevated to greatness by Captain Jace Dawson, whose charming ways put a romantic spin on the criminal life of a villainous pirate.

Tall, Dark Stranger

With its dark, wooden exterior and its colorful, crimson sails, the Ace of Hearts is a beautiful sight for those not carrying valuable cargo. The wealthy merchants instead see the red sails as a bloody warning, marking its crew as nothing but filthy thieves and pirates.

The red sail is decorated with a painted playing card made out in black and white with a single red heart in its center. The name of the ship is written in bold letters on the side of the hull, and the figurehead shows a female figure holding a bright, red heart in her outstretched hands.

The Ace of Hearts relies on swiftness and maneuverability in a fight, easily positioning itself out of reach of enemy weapons and firing back with its own artillery. With its fast movement, it often whips past the sides of enemy vessels, using its expandable iron hooks to rake across the side of the enemy ship.

Ace of Hearts

Gargantuan vehicle, (60 ft. by 20 ft.)

Creature Capacity 30 crew, 30 passengers

Cargo Capacity 5 tons

Travel Pace 6 miles per hour (144 miles per day)

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
19 (+4)	18 (+4)	18 (+4)	0	0	0

Damage Immunities poison, psychic

Condition Immunities blinded, charmed, deafened, exhaustion, frightened, incapacitated, paralyzed, petrified, poisoned, prone, stunned, unconscious

Actions

On its turn, the ship can take 3 actions, choosing from the options below. It can take only 2 actions if it has fewer than fifteen crew and only 1 action if it has fewer than seven crew. It can't take these actions if it has fewer than two crew.

Fire Ballistas. The ship can fire its ballistas (DMG, ch 8).

Iron Hooks. The ship can use its iron hooks.

Move. The ship can use its helm to move with its oars or sails.

Hull

Armor Class 15

Hit Points 400 (damage threshold 20)

Control: Helm

Armor Class 17

Hit Points 75

Move up to the speed of one of its movement components, with one 180-degree turn. If the hull is above halfway full, it can only make one 90-degree turn. If the helm is destroyed, the ship can't turn.

Movement: Sails

Armor Class 12

Hit Points 100; -10 ft. speed per 20 damage taken

Speed (water) sails, speed 50 ft.; 25 ft. while sailing into the wind; 75 ft. while sailing with the wind.

Movement: Oars

Armor Class 12

Hit Points 100; -10 ft. speed per 25 damage taken

Speed (water) speed 30 ft. (requires at least 20 crew).

Weapons: Ballistae (4)

Armor Class 15

Hit Points 50 each

Ranged Weapon Attack: +6 to hit, range 120/480 ft., one target. *Hit:* 16 (3d10) piercing damage.

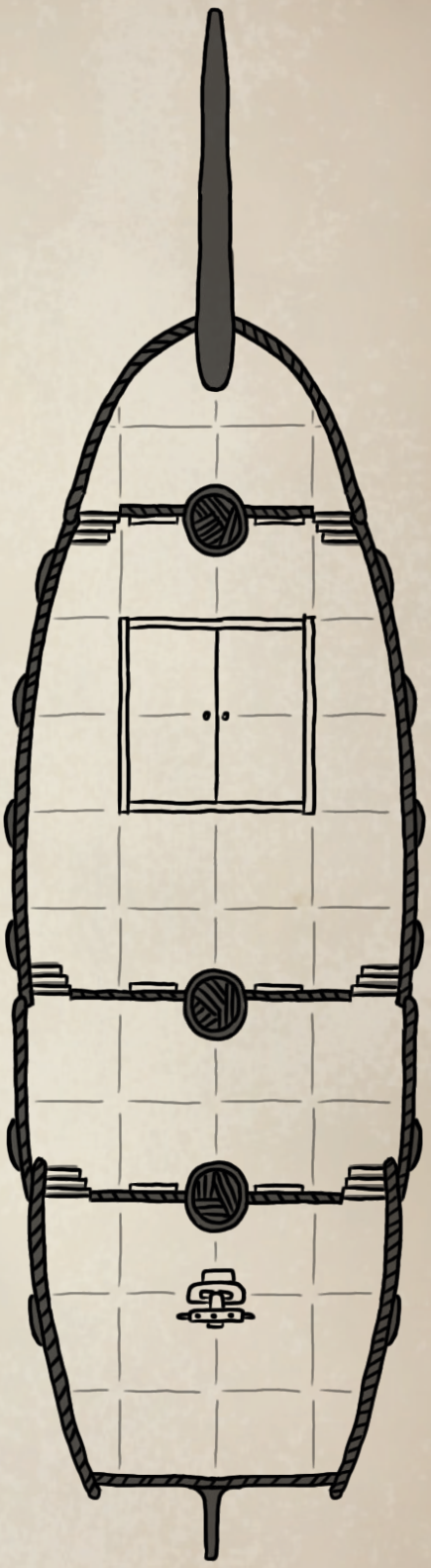
Weapons: Iron Hooks

Armor Class 17

Hit Points 50

Melee Weapon Attack: +8 to hit, reach 15 ft., one target. *Hit:* 27 (5d10) slashing damage.

A bright spot of red, standing in sharp contrast to the dark ocean, approaches with unnerving speed. The sound of shanties sung out of tune hits your ears as the vessel whips past, the laughing crew members blowing kisses at those who catch their eye.



Who's on Board?

The crew of the *Ace of Hearts* is a varied and colorful one. Of the thirty crew members, twenty sailors are responsible for repairing, using, and operating the weaponry aboard the ship (**bandit**, MM, 343). Six take on the roll of brutes and combat specialists (**bandit captain**, MM, 344), and the remaining four have special roles aboard the vessel.

Captain Jace 'Ace' Dawson

After taking on the mantle of ship's captain, Jace cleaned up his life and started anew. He has sworn off drinking, though he is not at all opposed to his crew indulging in wine and rum when the ship decides celebrations are in order.

Called 'Ace' by many landlubbers after the vessel he commands, Captain Jace Dawson is an lovable scoundrel who is not afraid of cheating and lying to get out of a troublesome situation. His charms are his most lethal weapon, and he uses them happily whenever he has the chance. To those who get close to him, he is a relaxed and loyal man, who believes in the goodness of others. These qualities make it so some consider him an idealist and hero, while others see him as a filthy and lying pirate, intent on nothing but plunder and robbery.

Captain Jace Dawson uses the stats of a **swashbuckler** (VGtM, 217).

Allika Dawson

The half-elf helmsman and quartermaster, Allika, was always a no-nonsense kind of person, ever since she was young. Among the crew, she acts as a person of absolute authority, breaking up fights should they occur and giving out orders when the captain is unable.

Her standoffish nature can mean she seems rude or cold, but this hard exterior started to wane as she struck up a friendship with Captain Jace Dawson. Whether it was by the grace of his good looks, his charms, or some other reason, the unlikely pair were married a little over a year after first setting sail under Jace's command. Despite their difference in rank, she never hesitates to tell her husband her opinion or to give him advice on a course of action while sailing the seas.

Allika uses the stats of a **martial arts adept** (VGtM, 216).

Old Gipper

No one knows exactly how old Old Gipper actually is, and the ancient, crusty gnome refuses to tell anyone.

Old Gipper is a cranky and impatient gnome who has made his home in the galley of the *Ace of Hearts,* making the meals for the crew and chastising them if they are wounded in combat. He makes his dislike for other people very clear, cursing and sputtering at anyone who dare take a step into his cooking area. Despite this, he is more loyal to the crew than anyone, and is as hard to get rid of as the barnacles clinging to the hull of the ship.

Old Gipper uses the stats of a **guard** (MM, 347).

Scout Swiftwing

By far the youngest member of the crew, Scout Swiftwing is a nervous young aarakocra who is always looking over his shoulder after would-be attackers. Scout was found hiding in the crow's nest of the ship after a heavy storm, claiming to have been with his family when they were attacked by harpies.

After his wounds healed, Scout stayed with the crew. He keeps out of everyone's way, an easy feat to accomplish with his wings, and is liked by most of the crew, though some of the bruisers consider him a bit of a weakling. In combat, Scout does his best to stay out of the fray, but his keen eye and fast flying has saved the *Ace of Hearts* from many ambushes, earning him well-deserved respect among the crew.

Scout Swiftwing uses the stats of a **spy** (MM, 349). He has a flight speed of 30 feet.

Using the Ace of Hearts

Battle on the Seas. The *Ace of Hearts* has swooped down on a traveling merchant vessel, boarding the ship and stealing some of its goods.

On the Run. Sailing rapidly with the wind, the *Ace of Hearts* is on the run from the law, who's right on their tail! Using the high maneuverability of the vessel, the ship twists and turns close to dangerous areas to get rid of the ship chasing it.

Time for a Party. The sounds of singing and music can be heard clearly across the still water as the crew of the slow-moving *Ace of Hearts* are having a celebration! Being ever the friendly lawbreakers, they are more than willing to allow people on board, as long as they don't cause trouble.

THE ARGENT TANAGER

In the far north reaches of the Sword Coast, the frozen waters are impassable to normal ships. Smaller, lighter sailboats were designed, with buttressed stabilizers added and metal blades installed along the keel and stabilizers (not unlike an ice skate). These design changes allowed the ships to better navigate the choppy, storm-tossed waves of the north and also to traverse the ice fields of the Sea of Moving Ice.

The *Argent Tanager* is one of only a few of its kind. It is a sleek, grey vessel. If on water, it is rigged with sails and can also use oars. The true wonder of the *Argent Tanager* is its ability to traverse on the surface of the frozen waste. It can transition seamlessly due to the design of the hull and the adamantine blades it glides on. This ship is very valuable, but thankfully its assets are usually hidden beneath the waves.



It has a small crew and is captained by a Rudic, a northman of rugged stock. The *Argent Tanager* was originally a commercial whaling vessel but has found a different calling due its ability to go where other vessels can't.

What Is It?

The *Argent Tanager* is a grey ship, smaller than most ships. As is bounds over the waves, a wink of the adamantine-plated hull can be seen. The crew is small and many members serve multiple roles. It has one mast, an array of sails, and oars. Most of the crew labor on the oars while at sea.

It was built as a whaling and fishing ship for a wealthy merchant in Neverwinter. While on a hunt in Hartsvale, near the frozen ruins of Voninheim, Rudic found a relic of a giant city. He secreted this item on the ship. Following a mutiny, Rudic took control of the vessel and sailed it into port at Neverwinter. He used this relic to purchase the ship from the merchant and again they set a course for The Great Glacier.

In the distance a tiny ship seems to hop along the whitecaps of the choppy sea. Gleaming metal flashes where the hull rises from the wake before crashing down again. How does this ship make way in such rough water? As the vessel comes nearer, you spot oil lamps, and and plume of smoke trails the ship. You see harpoons hanging from racks but the ship tows no kill. It trawls no net. The smell of smoked fish and stale beer wafts from below deck. Crewmembers above deck are wrapped in winter gear and have icicles hanging from their hair and coats, and ice cakes their gloves. Their faces are gaunt and ruddy with windburn. They welcome you below deck where a fire burns in a big pot-bellied stove, cooking stew, drying clothes, and warming sailors.

The Argent Tanager

Gargantuan vehicle, (30 ft. by 20 ft.)

Creature Capacity 10 crew, 10 passengers

Cargo Capacity 1 ton

Travel Pace 5 miles per hour (120 miles per day)

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
16 (+3)	12 (+1)	21 (+5)	0	0	0

Damage Immunities poison, psychic

Condition Immunities blinded, charmed, deafened, exhaustion, frightened, incapacitated, paralyzed, petrified, poisoned, prone, stunned, unconscious

Actions

On its turn the ship can take 2 actions, choosing from the options below. It can take only 1 action if it has fewer than five crew. It can't take these actions if it has fewer than three crew.

Fire Harpoons. The ship can fire its harpoons.

Move. The ship can use its helm to move with its sails or oars.

Hull

Armor Class 15

Hit Points 400 (damage threshold 20)

Control: Helm

Armor Class 18

Hit Points 50

Move up to the speed of one of its movement components with one 90-degree turn. If the helm is destroyed, the ship can't turn.

Movement: Sails

Armor Class 12

Hit Points 100; -5 ft. speed per 20 damage taken

Speed (ice, water) sails, speed 45 ft.; 25 while sailing into the wind; 60ft. While sailing with the wind.

Movement: Oars

Armor Class 12

Hit Points 100; -5 ft. speed per 20 damage taken

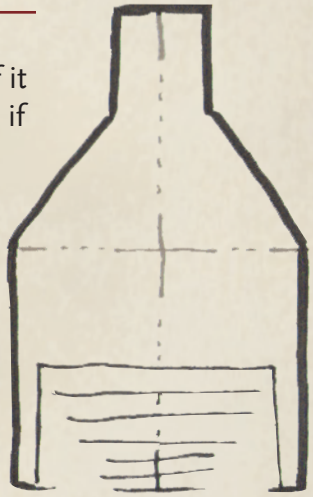
Speed (water) speed 20 ft. (requires at least 5 crew). The oars cannot be used if traveling on ice.

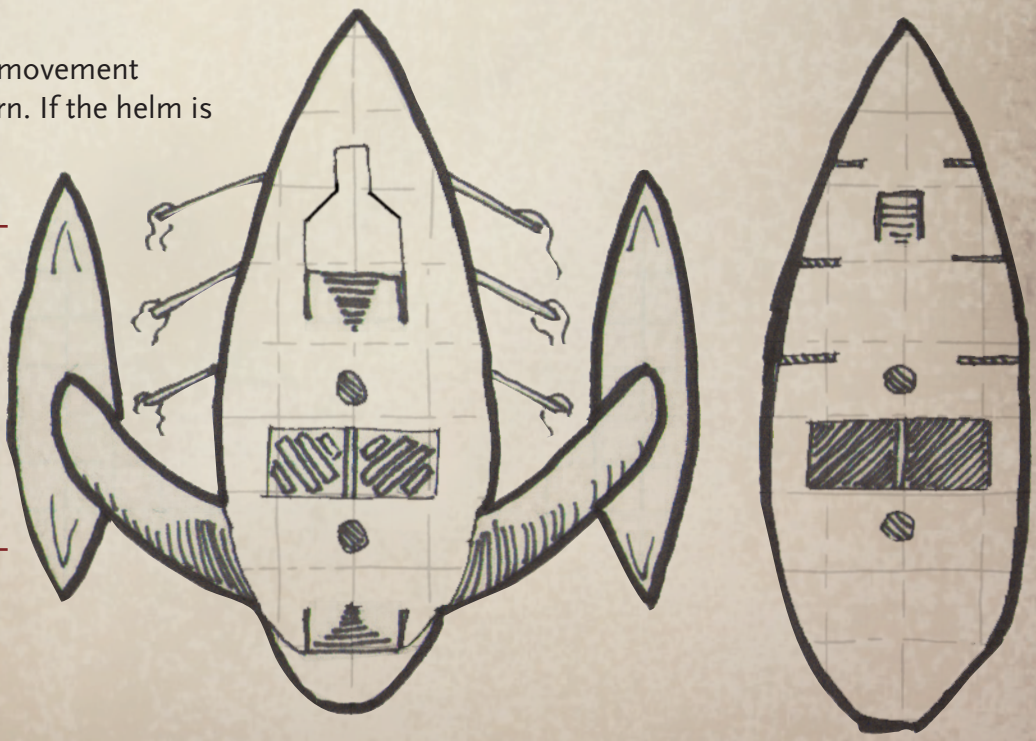
Weapons: Harpoon (Ballista) (2)

Armor Class 15

Hit Points 50 each

Ranged Weapon Attack: +6 to hit, range 120/480 ft., one target. *Hit:* 16 (3d10) piercing damage.





Ice Travel

The *Argent Tanager* is able to travel on water and ice. The *Argent Tanager* can only traverse water or ice. If it enters a space that is neither water nor ice, it crashes and stops moving. If the *Argent Tanager* moves into a space that is ice, the captain must succeed on a DC 12 Intelligence (Water Vehicles) check or the ship crashes as it transitions onto the ice. Once on the ice, the ship can't use its oars for propulsion and can only execute one 45-degree turn per round.

Captain Rudic has become obsessed with searching the frozen seas of the north for Voninheim and for more relics of Ostaria. He will hire himself to those who wish to venture north but is not always forthcoming with his reason for taking the job. Lately Rudic has had a dream of finding the corpse of Ulutiu and taking his necklace. What purpose he has controlling the ice floes none can guess.

Who's on Board?

The Crew

The crew is very small, composed mostly of northerners who are accustomed to the harsh weather of the Great Glacier. Use the **commoner** stat block for the crew (MM, 345).

Captain Rudic Halverson

Rudic Halverson is very tall with long braids of blonde hair, blue eyes, and a flat nose. He has a tattoo of a compass on his palm and is missing several fingers and toes due to frostbite. He grows more isolated from his officers and crew as his obsession with Ostaria deepens.

Captain Halverson is a chaotic neutral human **berserker** (MM, 344).

Jarl Ulav (First Mate)

Jarl is a match for Captain Halverson in size and skill in battle, but he lacks Rudic's skill at the helm. Jarl often uses the promise of the next great treasure they will find frozen in the ice as a means to quell dissent among the crew. He has red hair and a bushy beard.



His brown eyes are sleepy and his skin and lips are cracked and chapped.

Jarl is a neutral human **berserker** (MM, 344).

Ott Steiner (Quartermaster)

Ott is short and a bit portly, with blonde hair and fair skin, a bulbous nose, and promient moles on his face. He is a skilled navigator but sets course based only on where Captain Halverson tells him to go. His days as a gunner have left him with very poor hearing, often misunderstanding a question and giving a nonsense answer. He is missing a foot and has a tattoo on his forearm of crossed cannons.

Ott is a chaotic good human **scout** (MM, 349).

Chidi Na'thia (Surgeon & Cook)

Chidi is a short half-elf woman with dark skin, long, black hair and brown eyes. She keeps her hair up in a tight bun and always wears her apron. She has been known to set broken bones with a rolling pin. She has freckles and a warm smile featuring gapped teeth. Though she is anxious as the rest of the crew, she tries not to show it. She would like to leave but can't abandon the crew, as they need a skilled healer.

Using The Argent Tanager

The *Argent Tanager* is a ship capable of traversing the ice floes of the Great Glacier. The types of adventures that best utilize this ship would be ones that take place in colder climates. Adventurers should be equipped to handle the cold with appropriate gear or magic.

Scar Tissue. Captain Halverson has taken the characters on board as part of another expedition to Hartsvale. Along the journey, a massive, sentient, aquatic monster recognizes the unique hull of the ship from it's whaling days and attacks the vessel relentlessly. Can the group avoid the monster and return to safety?

Marooned on the Ice. While the characters are exploring a place of interest on an iceberg or floe, the captain and crew take the ship and leave. They eventually return but in the meantime the characters must find a way to survive the brutal cold.

Relieved of Duty. While the characters are aboard, Captain Halverson has another bizarre dream and demands the quartermaster set a course to a remote location. The food and water supplies will not last the return trip but the captain insists. The officers stage a mutiny and ask the characters to help secure the captain and pilot the ship to port.

Frozen Salvage. While traveling aboard The *Argent Tanager*, a ship is spotted half buried in an iceberg. It looks like it crashed there and got stuck in the ice. Captain Halverson offers to make berth on the ice and let the characters search the ship for loot and supplies if they share a portion of their haul.

What Remains. The *Argent Tanager* is found drifting, tethered to an ice floe by its anchor. When the characters investigate, they find neither crew nor passengers, but a hold full of supplies. It would seem the ship was abandoned. If they take the ship, all is fine until night falls, when the cannibalistic ghosts of the former crew attack their uninvited guests.

CHARON'S BLESSING

Sailing the river of death and transporting the recently deceased to the gates of the Nine Hells, where eternal torment awaits them, is the duty of Charon, the ferryman of the River Styx. Uniquely molded to stand against the effects of the infernal river, both Charon and the vessel he commands can traverse the blackness of the stream safely, taking the unfortunate souls on board to their final destination.

Though Charon commands the vessel, he rarely, if ever, interacts with the passengers of his ship. His role is to act as helmsman for the deceased, and he has never failed in this regard. Ever since the creation of the Nine Hells, Charon has existed in conjunction with the plane. Like storms and seas and mountains, Charon has always been there, awaiting those who would eventually leave the world to move on to the next.



The ship's name could be considered a crudely constructed joke, as the passengers on board rarely, if ever, consider their presence on the ship a blessing. The name was made up by the imps and other lesser devils who often frequent the deck, and who enjoy teasing the passengers in their last moments of freedom before they are subjected to endless torture in the pits of the Nine Hells. The name might also come from the ship's ability to safely travel the black waters of the River Styx, its hull the only defense against the mind-altering effects of the river of death.

The fact that the vessel even exists as it does is somewhat of a blessing. Sailing the River Styx can be a dangerous and lethal endeavor that turns most people mad or infantile. Charon himself, as well as the ship he commands, are immune to all negative effects others might suffer by interacting with the River Styx. This fact is enough for other devils to respect, or even fear, the silent ferryman. Some devils even consider the River Styx a hellish realm of its own and sees Charon as the acting ruler of this Hell. Most archdevils aggressively dismiss this theory, but none of them actively oppose Charon despite the heinousness of these rumors. Charon is a necessary evil in the most literal sense. He is needed for the Nine Hells to function, and his role in infernal society is respected by most of his diabolic fellows.

Though these rumors about the potential power of Charon might fluctuate amongst the denizens of the Hells, he seemingly cares little about them. His purpose is found on his ship, his role clearly laid out for him and others to witness. He has no interest in gaining riches, nor has he any interest in taking power from others. His call is to ferry the dead beyond the threshold of the mortal world—or bring them to the gates of the Nine Hells.

Dark Longboat

The deep black of the ship's hull makes *Charon's Blessing* look more like its made of rock than wood. It is a narrow, long vessel, one that is seemingly unmoved by any disturbance in the water as it glides smoothly across the waves.

The oars that steer it have no one wielding them, slowly rising and dipping into the water in a steady rhythm. These oars, controlled mentally by Charon,

are used for steering and finer maneuvering, as the real speed of the ship is pulled from the soul engine resting at the vessel's stern. A black box shaped to look like bones and skulls holds within it the souls of those who never made it to the gates of the Hells. These souls' energy is used to enhance the speed of Charon's Blessing, making it's journey across the waves of the River Styx easy and quick.

Charon's Blessing

Gargantuan vehicle, (70 ft. by 20 ft.)

Creature Capacity 20 crew, 120 passengers

Cargo Capacity 12 tons

Travel Pace 5 miles per hour (120 miles per day)

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
20 (+5)	7 (-2)	18 (+4)	0	0	0

Damage Immunities poison, psychic

Condition Immunities blinded, charmed, deafened, exhaustion, frightened, incapacitated, paralyzed, petrified, poisoned, prone, stunned, unconscious

Actions

On its turn, the ship can take the move action below. It can't take this action if it has fewer than four crew.

Move. The ship can use its helm to move with its oars or soul engine.

If it has half its crew or fewer, it moves at half speed. If the ship sinks or its captain is killed, the ship resurfaces with all of its hit points after 1d4 x 10 minutes.

Hull

Armor Class 15

Hit Points 300 (damage threshold 20)

Control: Helm

Armor Class 16

Hit Points 50

Move up to the speed of one of its movement components, with one 90-degree turn. If the helm is destroyed, the longship can't turn.

Movement: Soul Engine

Armor Class 20

Hit Points 120; -10 ft. speed per 20 damage taken

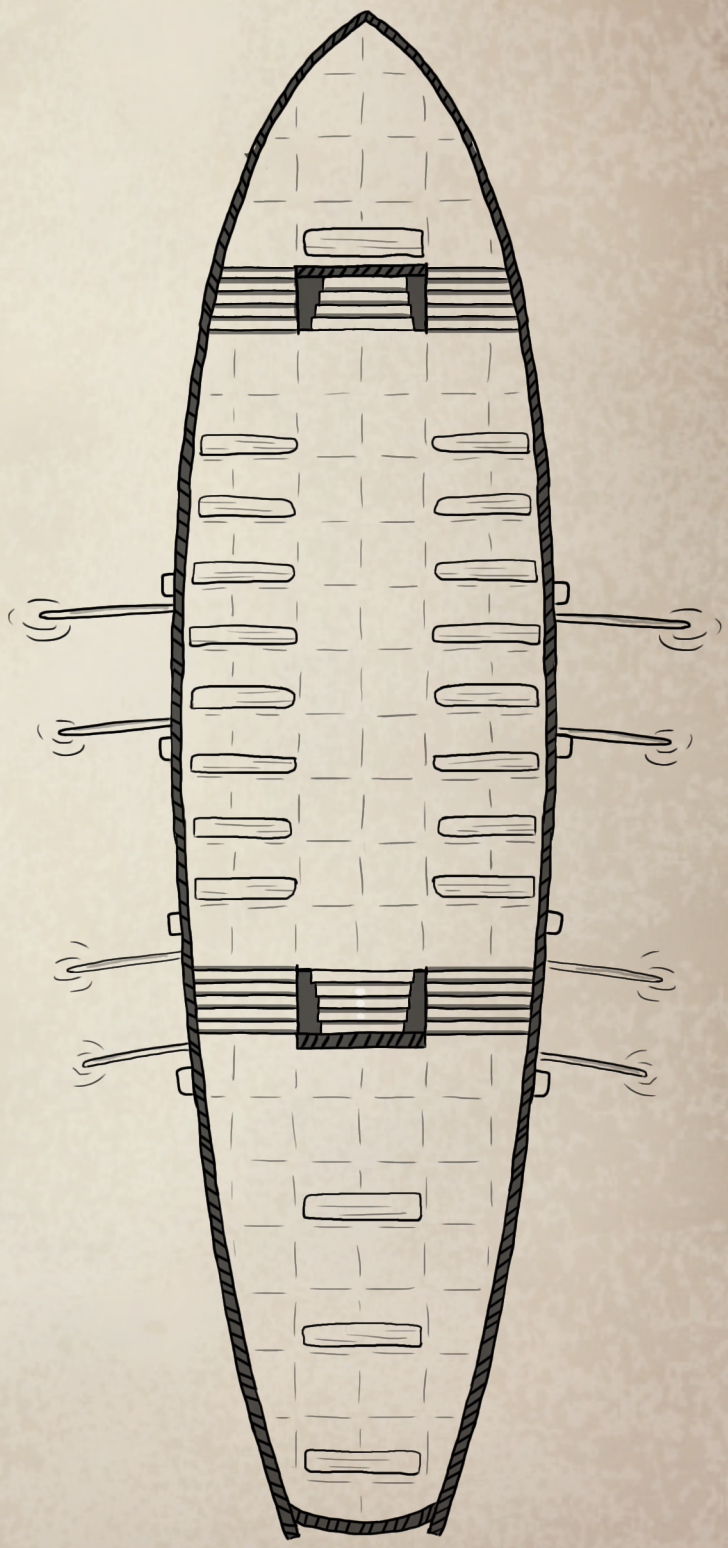
Speed (water) speed 60 ft.

Movement: Oars

Armor Class 12

Hit Points 200; -5 ft. speed per 50 damage taken

Speed (water) speed 20 ft. (requires at least 10 crew)



A black, slender vessel cuts through the water like a knife would through flesh. It is silent, moving as if a vision and not reality, except for the faint sighing that can be heard as you approach the ship's wake. Moaning from dozens of bluish shapes, seeping from the ship into the dark water below. Souls whose torment is propelling the vessel forward towards its destination.

Soul Engine

To move swiftly, *Charon's Blessing* utilizes the power of dead souls. These are the souls of people who were killed on the journey from the mortal realm to the gate of the Nine Hells. Be it by a devil or accident matters not. The soul in question is now forever doomed to serve the vessel it abandoned, its energy reused over and over again to push the ship forward at great speeds.

Adding souls to the engine is a simple and almost instantaneous process. If, for example, a passenger jumps from the ship while sailing and they aren't saved from the waters below, their demise can be briefly felt as *Charon's Blessing* gains a sudden, small burst of speed. This quickly fades however, as this new soul is added to the many others which exist to move the ship across the waves. The soul will never reach the Hells, instead being churned and torn repeatedly as it gives arcane energy to the ship's soul engine.

Who's on Board?

Besides the silent and looming presence of the captain, Charon, there are a number of lesser devils who exist on and around the ship. These devils are rarely ever permanent members of the crew, and most of them appear for only short periods of time to torment the passengers of the vessel. The crew is made up of 15 **imps** (MM, 76) and 5 **spined devils** (MM, 78).

Charon

As silent and looming of a figure as Charon makes, he is not a threat to those on board his vessel unless provoked. His only task is to transport the souls of the deceased to the afterlife, and he does this work with no complaint or comment.

To wake his ire, someone must stand directly between him and his purpose. This can include attempting to take over the ship, harming Charon, or trying to take some of the passengers off of the vessel. Should any of these things happen, Charon's retaliation is swift and ruthless. The devils who frequent the ship, though not loyal to Charon, understand his purpose and support him. Should their assistance be needed, they step in to help the ferryman, but are just as likely to lean back and watch as Charon decimates those daring to stand against him.

If a passenger wishes to come aboard the ship, they are allowed to do so only if they are deceased and are being transported to the Nine Hells. At least, that is the case for those who want to travel for free. Any other passengers must pay a toll to Charon of two gold coins, or be abandoned on the shore of the River Styx to fend for themselves against the scourges that exist within the Lower Planes.

Charon

Large fiend (devil), lawful evil

Armor Class 17 (natural armor)

Hit Points 230 (20d10 + 120)

Speed 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
20 (+5)	17 (+3)	22 (+6)	16 (+3)	17 (+3)	12 (+1)

Saving Throws Str +11, Con +12, Wis +9

Skills Athletics +11, Perception +9

Damage Resistances bludgeoning, piercing, and slashing from nonmagical weapons

Damage Immunities fire, poison

Condition Immunities charmed, frightened, poisoned

Senses darkvision 120 ft., passive Perception 19

Languages understands all languages, but can't speak

Challenge 17 (18,000 XP)

Devil's Sight. Magical darkness doesn't impede Charon's darkvision.

Down With the Ship. If Charon is brought to 0 hit points, *Charon's Blessing* begins sinking and is fully submerged after 1d4 rounds. After 1d4 x 10 minutes have passed, Charon resurfaces along with his vessel, having regained all of his hit points.

Magic Resistance. Charon has advantage on saving throws against spells and other magical effects.

Stalwart Captain. While he is on board *Charon's Blessing*, Charon is immune to any spell or effect

that would lower his ability scores or remove him from the ship.

Actions

Multiattack. Charon makes three oar attacks.

Oar. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +11 to hit, reach 10 ft., one target. *Hit:* 21 (3d10 + 5) bludgeoning damage.

Command of the River (Recharge 6). One creature within 60 feet of Charon of his choice must succeed on a DC 17 Dexterity saving throw or be flung overboard, as a whip of water curls up to grab them.

Power of Styx (1/Day). Charon targets one creature within 150 of him. The creature must make a DC 16 Intelligence saving throw. On a failed save, the creature takes 10 (4d6) psychic damage and its Intelligence and Charisma scores are reduced to 1. The creature can't cast spells, activate magic items, understand language, or communicate in any intelligible way. The creature can still identify its friends, follow them, and even protect them. The creature can repeat the saving throw against this effect after 30 days, ending the effect on a success. On a successful save, the creature takes 10 (4d6) psychic damage and it's ability scores aren't lowered.

Using Charon's Blessing

Flee Capture. *Charon's Blessing* has appeared to claim souls for the Nine Hells. It searches out ships and vessels whose crews have been selected as the unfortunate souls to either power the engine of *Charon's Blessing* or to inhabit the depths of the Hells as slaves and servants.

Save Unfortunate Souls. Not all those who find themselves on board *Charon's Blessing* deserves to be there. As it is not always Charon's choice who ends up on his ship, some mistakes can occur to place an innocent among the sinful passengers. In these cases, rescuing these passengers before they reach the Hells can be a race against time.

Travel into Hell. The road to the Nine Hells is a perilous, dangerous one. In some cases, when magic isn't available, traveling along the River Styx into the Lower Planes might be the only option for adventurers wanting to experience the evil found within the Hells. Assuming a suitable toll is paid, Charon is not opposed to a few additional passengers aboard his vessel.

THE CRIMSON CONCH

When they found their ship broken upon an island with no tools or supplies to fix it, the crew of the *Fortune's Fury* found themselves in a hopeless situation. With the ship broken in two, there wasn't much to be done.

However, unable to face defeat, Captain Krellos spent three nights searching the island for anything that could help them. To the amazement of the crew, Krellos had found a mammoth hermit crab, searching for a new shell.

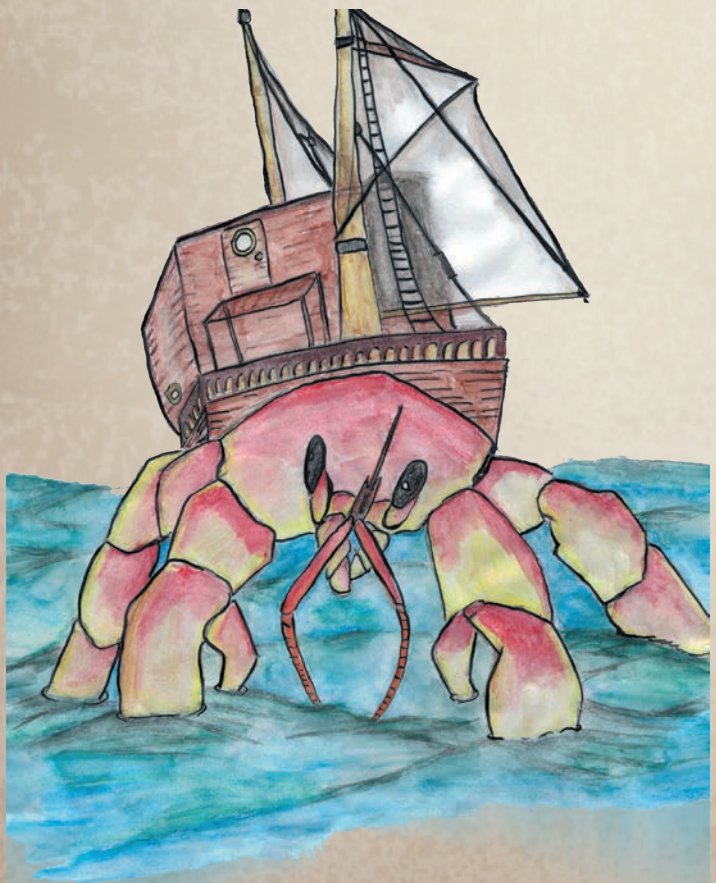
Renamed the *Crimson Conch*, the back half of their former ship slid nicely onto the back of the crab. Now tamed, the pirate crews are feared for their rather gigantic pet.

Giant Crab

Because of the large red crab drawing the ship forward in the water, it's more of a chariot than a boat. The boat has been fixed, built around the giant beast and so it maintains a hydro-dynamic profile.

The crab has been given armor that the crew needs to replace every few months as the crab grows in size. Each time this happens, the crew takes the crab to a safe location to molt while they expand the ship to suit the new size of their pet.

There is a cargo space in the lower area which has been sealed from water.



What Is It?

The ship itself was a two masted brigantine, not particularly large. The back half of it was roughly 50 feet long and 20 feet wide which is now partly the home of a gigantic tame hermit crab.

At first, you mistake the ship for one that has taken heavy damage. A single mast, reinforced for structure, is the only vertical mount you can make out. She rides low in the water, as though held down by heavy cargo. A ramshackle building sits as far back as possible, obviously added on as an afterthought.

The front of the ship is mostly immersed in the water, but the deck looks like it's been stained a bright red. Once the ship sails closer, you notice the decks aren't just red, but chitinous! The entire forward half of the ship is a gigantic sea creature, a crab of immense size. Two large claws draw the ship forward, speedily moving through the water.

Large sheets of metal have been strapped to the outer shell of the creature, granting it additional armor.

Who's on Board?

The *Crimson Conch* is run by a crew of 14 **scouts** (MM, 349) who are all loyal to their captain, to their first mate, and to their cook "Lucky".

Captain Krellos

Krellos is stern, yet fair. A human male well into his sixties, there isn't anything about being a pirate he doesn't love. His crew is his family, his ship is his home, and out on the sea he's free to experience freedom as lady fortune intends.

Statistically, Krellos is a **drow house captain** (MToF 184) but remove Fey Ancestry, Innate Spellcasting, and Sunlight Sensitivity.

First Mate Kate Desson

An accomplished sailor, Kate is a youthful moon elf. Leaving her homeland to fulfill her spirit, Kate was taken in by the sea.

Now a follower of the goddess of waters, Kate Desson considers the giant crab to be an actual aspect of her goddess: a living blessing as a sign of approval to her most devoted and faithful cleric.

Statistically, Kate Desson is a **druid** (MM, 346).

"Lucky"

A small kobold with a peg leg and a missing arm, only one eye and a large gash where she should have a horn, Lucky is a most unfortunate creature. However, to the crew, she's their lucky mascot.

Found while cleaning out a crab shell that had molted, the crew realized that Lucky must have travelled nearly 1000 miles, being alternately submerged in water and lifted up terrifyingly high as she clung to their crab from the last island they visited.

Ever since, Lucky has always been a point of pride for the crew and they would go mad should any harm befall her.

Lucky is a **kobold** (MM, 195).

Using The Crimson Conch

Strait to the Problem. Sailors report that a strait previously used for trading has been blocked off by shipwrecks overnight, as though some giant creature had placed them there.

Strange House Call. Captain Krellos has put out an offer to all pirates: anyone who can bring him someone who can cure a sick, gargantuan crab will be given half a million gold pieces.

The Crimson Conch

Gargantuan vehicle, (50 ft. by 20 ft.)

Creature Capacity 20 crew, 10 passengers

Cargo Capacity 50 tons

Travel Pace 6 miles per hour (144 miles per day)

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
24 (+7)	15 (+2)	17 (+3)	0	0	0

Damage Immunities poison, psychic

Condition Immunities blinded, charmed, deafened, exhaustion, frightened, incapacitated, paralyzed, petrified, poisoned, prone, stunned, unconscious

Actions

On its turn, the ship can take 3 actions, choosing from the options below. It can only take 2 actions if it has fewer than ten crew and only 1 action (either Crab Attack or Move) if all the crew are gone but the crab is still alive.

Fire Ballistas. The ship can fire its ballista. (DMG, ch 8).

Crab Attack. If the crab is still alive, it can use one or both claws to make attacks.

Move. The ship can use its helm to move with its sails or crab legs (if the crab is alive).

Hull

Armor Class 15

Hit Points 300 (damage threshold 15)

Control: Helm

Armor Class 18

Hit Points 50

Move up to the speed of its sails or crab legs, with one 90-degree turn. Even if the helm is destroyed, the ship can turn if the giant crab is still alive.

Movement: Sails

Armor Class 12

Hit Points 100; -5 ft. speed per 20 damage hit points.

Speed (water) speed 25 ft. 15 ft. while sailing into the wind; 35 ft. while sailing with the wind.

Movement: Crab Legs

Armor Class 18 (plate armor)

Hit Points 200 hit points, 0 ft. speed at 0 hit points.

Speed (water) speed 40 ft. If the crab is killed, the ship immediately stops.

Speed (land) speed 10 ft. If the crab is killed, the ship immediately stops.

Weapons: Ballista (1)

Armor Class 15

Hit Points 50

Ranged Weapon Attack: +6 to hit, range 120/480 ft., one target. *Hit:* 16 (3d10) piercing damage.

Weapons: Crab Claws (2)

Armor Class 18

Hit Points 50

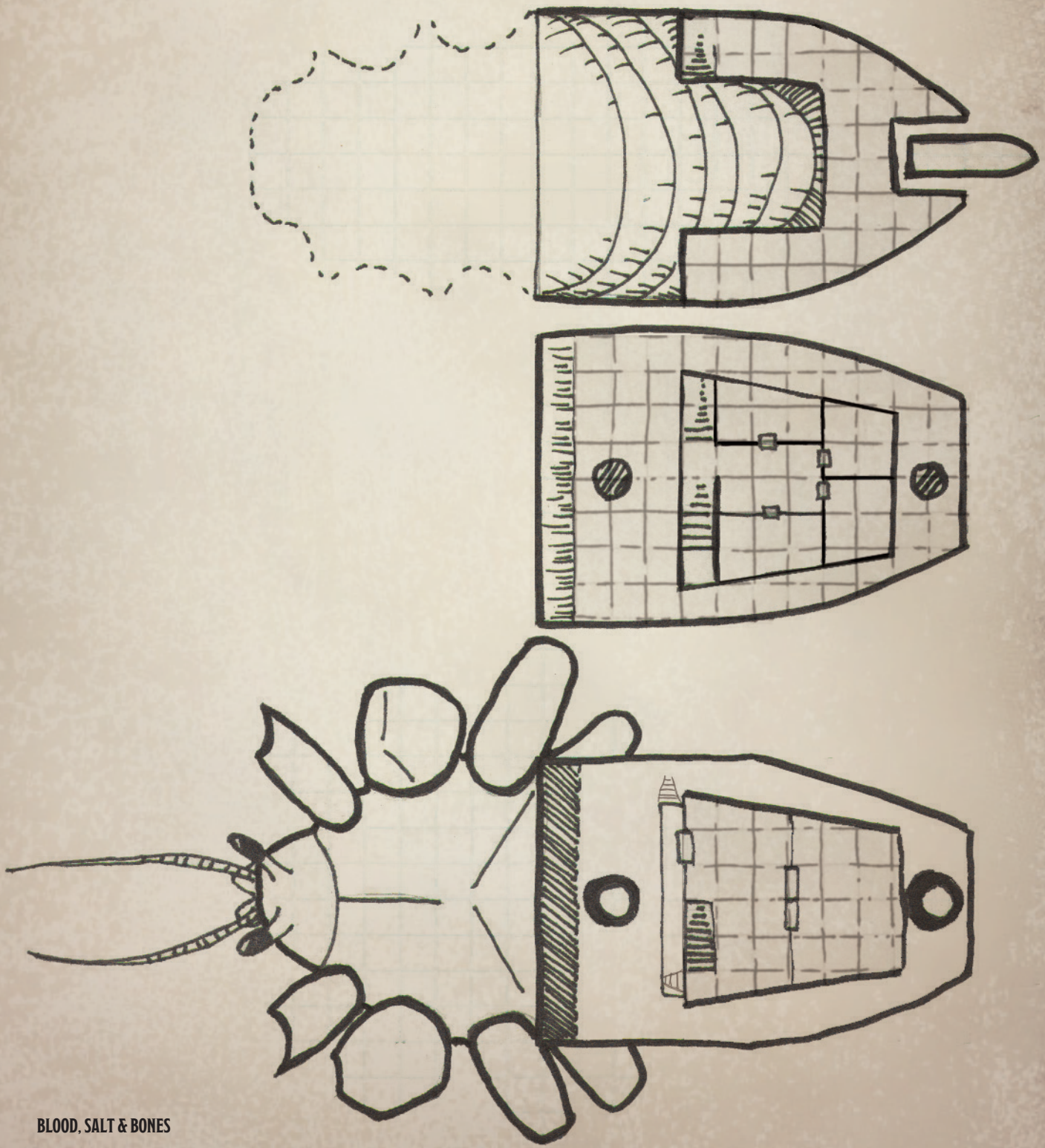
Melee Weapon Attack: +10 to hit, reach 15 ft., one target. *Hit:* 19 (3d12) bludgeoning damage. If both claws strike a vehicle that is huge or larger, the vehicle is entangled. Its speed is reduced by 40 ft. The Crimson Conch cannot use sails or the crab swim speed, instead moving with the entangled ship automatically, should it still have speed remaining.

Defenders can try to disengage a claw by making an opposed Strength check, ending the entanglement on a success.

Note for the DM

The crab is protected by plating crafted by the crew, granting the giant the same immunities as the ship. For all intents and purposes, the crab is more of an object than it is an actual creature.

The crab's brain is well protected, meaning to destroy the crab, the control, movement, and claws all need to be destroyed. If not, the crab will grow new limbs to replace the damaged parts.



EBN IBORU

The *Ebn Iboru* is a ship powered by spirits. The crew are a congregation of voodooists intent on restoring balance in the planes and putting malicious spirits to rest. Many of the ship's voyages take it to other dimensions, planes, even times. Many spiritualists and metaphysicians hail the arrival of the *Ebn Iboru* as a sign of good fortune. The imbalances of the realm will soon be made right again.

The ship and crew are capable of inter-planar travel. They do much of their work in the Material and Ethereal planes. Though they can go to any plane, they rarely have need to visit such places.

The *Ebn Iboru* is a beacon for lost souls or spirits with unfinished business. A fallen hero may find themselves awakening on board. Some choose to join its crew. Others barter a return to the lives they left behind. This bargain may come at a terrible cost.

The ship is captained by Mambo Nissa Eiako, though the officers and crew call her "Mother" or "Mama" Eiako.

WHAT IS IT?

The *Ebn Iboru* was once an ordinary ship made of wood and iron. It is now covered with fetishes, magical symbols, and writing that protect and enchant the ship. The sails catch unfelt winds, the oars have no one rowing them, it can draft above the waves, and at times the helm chooses the course itself.

Many of the officers and crew believe the ship is alive and aware of its purpose. Those who stay on to crew the ship do so because they feel a calling they can't explain or resist.

The *Ebn Iboru* is a conduit for spiritual energy and at times it is more like a lightning rod. Powerful entities and forces work their will upon the *Ebn Iboru* but the captain and officers ensure the ship serves no master but balance and harmony.

As the winds comes, so comes the Ebn Iboru: often felt before seen. At a distance it looks like a normal sailing ship, as it nears, the magical wards and seals on the hull and decking become clearer. The ship is nigh silent as it moves. Incense wafts from it, as does singing and music. There is an energy, one that at once brings calm and raises the hairs on the nape. The Ebn Iboru always is at full sail, even on a windless day.

EBN IBORU

Gargantuan vehicle, (40 ft. by 20 ft.)

Creature Capacity 20 crew, 10 passengers

Cargo Capacity 1 ton

Travel Pace 5 miles per hour (120 miles per day)

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
16 (+3)	12 (+1)	15 (+2)	15(+2)	17(+3)	20(+5)

Damage Resistances bludgeoning, piercing and slashing from non-magical weapons.

Damage Immunities necrotic, poison

Condition Immunities blinded, charmed, deafened, exhaustion, frightened, incapacitated, paralyzed, petrified, poisoned, prone, stunned, unconscious

ACTIONS

On its turn the ship can take 2 actions, choosing from the options below. It can take only 1 action if it has fewer than ten crew. It can't take these actions if it has fewer than three crew.

Fire Ectoplasmic Cannons. The ship can fire its ectoplasmic cannons.

Use Horn of Doom. The ship can use its horn of doom.

Move. The ship can use its helm to move with its sails or oars.

HULL

Armor Class 15

Hit Points 200

CONTROL: HELM

Armor Class 17

Hit Points 175

Move up to the speed of one of its movement components with one 90-degree turn.

MOVEMENT: SAILS

Armor Class 13

Hit Points 100; -5 ft. speed per 20 damage taken

Speed (air, water) speed 50 ft.

MOVEMENT: OARS

Armor Class 13

Hit Points 100; -5 ft. speed per 25 damage taken

Speed (air,water) oars, speed 25 ft.

Weapons: Ectoplasmic Cannon(4)

Armor Class 15

Hit Points 50 each

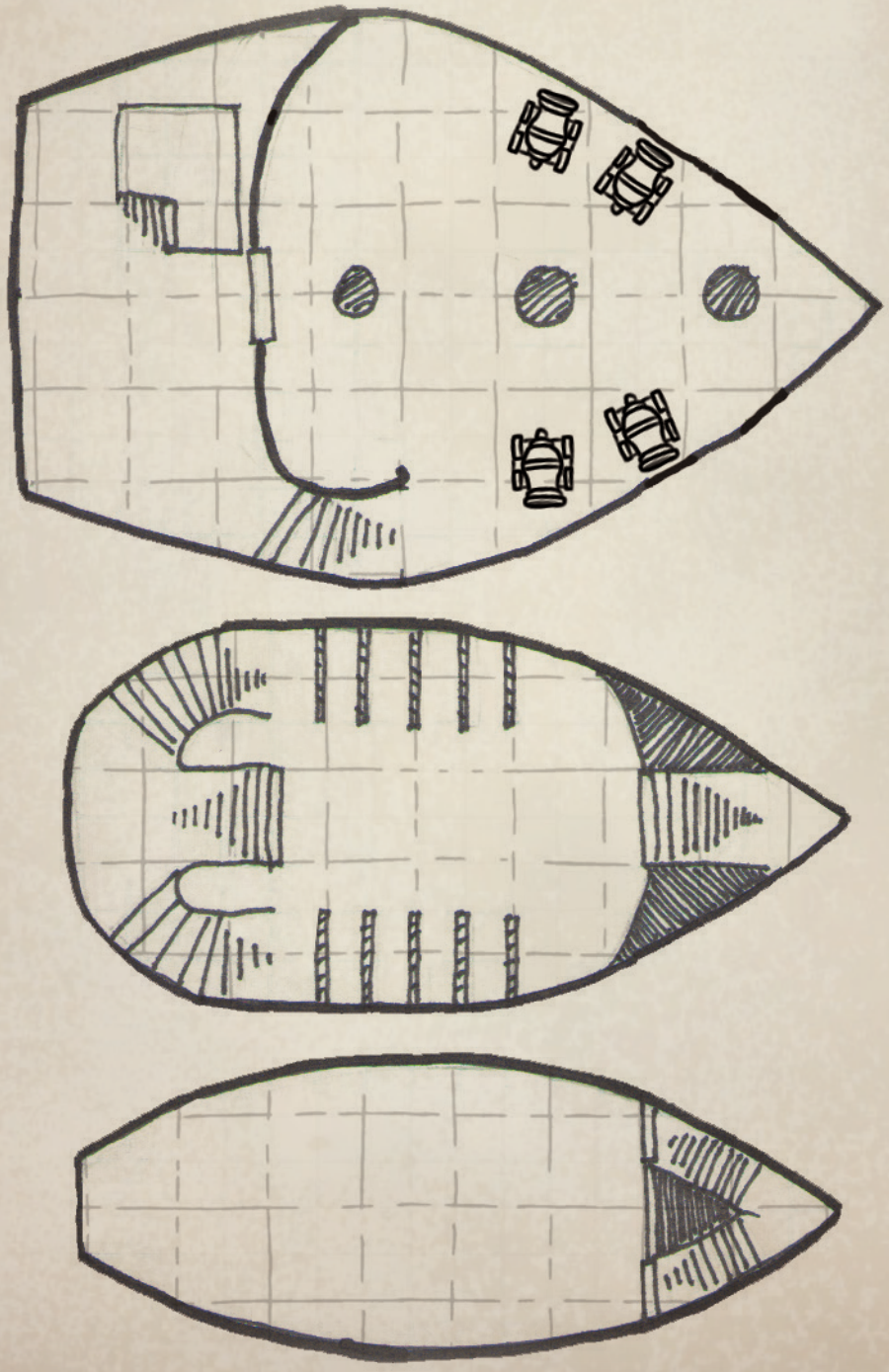
Ranged Weapon Attack: +5 to hit, range 100/200 ft., one target. *Hit:* 16 (3d10) necrotic damage.

Weapons: Horn of Doom(1)

Armor Class 15

Hit Points 50

Ranged Weapon Attack: +5 to hit, range 150/250 ft., one target. *Hit:* 11 (2d10) thunder damage and the target must make a DC 15 Wisdom saving throw. On a failure the target takes an additional 11 (2d10) psychic damage and is frightened until the end of its next turn. On a success, the target takes half damage and avoids being frightened.



Faith and Magic

As the conviction of the crew increases, so does the power of the ship. Likewise, if the crew's attitude sours, the ship begins to ebb. The officers know this and constantly try to inspire the crew with spiritual blessings and enlightenment.

Each day that the *Ebn Iboru*'s crew quality score is +8 or higher, the ship enjoys the following benefits:

- It can travel 6 miles per hour (144 miles per day)
- Its speed increases by 10 ft.
- All the ship's components gain a damage threshold of 10.
- All weapon attacks the ship makes deal an additional 11 (2d10) radiant damage.
- All officers have advantage on skill check rolls.

Conversely, each day that the *Ebn Iboru*'s crew quality score is 0 or below the ship incurs the following hardships:

- It travels 4 miles per hour (96 miles per day).
- Its speed decreases by 10 ft.
- The ship is no longer has resistance to bludgeoning, piercing and slashing damage from non-magical weapons.

The Ebn Iboru is a very potent ship. It is protected by totems, wards, and seals. It is crewed by the spiritualists and led by powerful officers. Many times, planes, and dimensions overlap and collide, causing things to slip from one to another. These wayward things and beings must be returned or at least neutralized. As many lost souls wander the expanses between realms, bringing spirits to rest and tranquility is also to duty of the Ebn Iboru. In the messy space between worlds, the Ebn Iboru is a unremitting custodian.

DM's Note: Voodoo Terminology

There are many traditions of voodoo and some of these terms have variant meanings in different sects of voodoo. What follows are terms to add flavor to your game.

Baka: Evil, malicious spirits. Only a bokor would contact bakas.

Bokor: A evil voodooist who curses people and practices magic for personal gain.

Gris-Gris: (pronounced gree-gree) A blessed, good luck charm, also called a "help".

Humfor: A place where voodooists worship.

Hungan: A person selected by the mambo to lead worship, usually an older male.

Ju-Ju: Evil, black magic used to curse and injure.

Loa: Good, benevolent spirits.

Mojo: Good magic, used to bless and heal.

Mambo: The spiritual leader, almost always female (Voodoo is matrilineal). Usually is addressed as "mother" or "mama," or Mama Smith. If male, "Papa," or Papa Smith.

Wanga: A cursed object bringing bad luck or harm. Only a bokor would make a wanga.

The Crew

The crew is made up of 20 humanoids. Use the **commoner** stat block for the crew (MM, 345).

The crew is a diverse mix of races, all with one common calling. They often refer to and address officers with parental titles like "Mama" and "Papa" and refer to each other as family; "brother", "cousin", "auntie" and the like.

The crew eat, work, bunk, and worship together. The lift each other up and will hold fast to the bitter end for each other.

Captain Nissa "Mama" Eiako

"Mama" Eiako is the mambo for the crew and officers on the *Ebn Iboru*. She is kind and maternal. Her voice is deep and soothing. Nissa is a halfing with dark skin, long, black, braided hair and grey eyes. Often she wears a dress or skirt and sandals. She loves to cook. She is also very fond of tea. She makes potent brews that can cure nearly any malady.

Hoku Iata (Firstmate)

Hoku is human. He is quite short and covered in lean muscle. He has short, black hair, a flat nose, brown eyes, and almost no body hair. He is covered with tattoos and ritual scarring. Though not the most imposing figure, he is feared and respected by the other officers and crew because he was once a bokor. The magic that powers the ectoplasmic cannons and the Horn of Doom are from his old grimoire. Hoku is "Mama" Eiako's hungan and leads the worship services. He is friends with Fazil Guerra.

Rohzuk Injerit (Bosun)

Rohzuk is a dragonborn cleric of Bahamut. Though he towers over most people at nearly seven feet tall, he is gentle. He's also an ingenious engineer. Rarely is there a repair he cannot make on the first try. He

laughs readily and heartily. He has a gold tooth and several silver hoops in his ears. He is friends with Orli Pimble.

Fazil Guerra (Quartermaster)

Fazil is a human of average height and build. He has brown hair, brown eyes and a meticulously kept pointed beard. He is very skilled at mathematics and reading star charts. He is handsome and very intelligent but painfully awkward in social situations. He also lacks the confidence that his newly granted officership requires. His friend Hoku Iata is helping him overcome his shyness.

Orli Pimble (Surgeon)

Orli is a skinny and spry gnome. She has fair skin, sandy hair, bright blue eyes, and prefers loose, brightly-colored clothes. She has a tattoo of a swallow on her shoulder and a rose tattooed on her breast. She is a potent healer who knows how to craft prosthetics for crewmembers who have lost limbs. She is pals with Rohzuk Injerit.

Gob Hilltopple (Cook)

Gob is a pudgy halfling who absolutely loves to cook. He has light skin, blue eyes and a mop of curly brown hair. He never wears shoes but always wears a button shirt, trousers with suspenders, and a vest under his stained apron. "Mama" Eiako sometimes joins him in the galley, as she loves cooking as well.

Using Ebn Iboru

The *Ebn Iboru* is a ship capable of travel to nearly any realm, time, dimension, etc. It is a segue tool if you're looking to relocate your group to a new setting. The captain and crew may accept payment to ferry a group to an otherwise unreachable destination or may approach a group of characters with a problem they feel they can't accomplish on their own. The adventures this ship provide may be suitable for characters of 5th level or higher, given how dangerous interplanar travel can be.

While most people on the *Ebn Iboru* are religious it is not a requirement. Most worship a primary god and supplement their faith by communing with Loa that align with their goals. Most of the officers and crew speak Common. Many speak an exotic language as well. Travel via the *Ebn Iboru* can be unsafe, so the crew and any passengers must be ready for adventure at a moment's notice.

Sam Hain. The boundaries between the planes have become blurry and things have begun to shift from plane to plane. Something very deadly and destructive is about to enter the Material Plane, and the characters on *Ebn Iboru* must stop it.

Funeral Barge. A potent shaman near the end of his life has summoned the *Ebn Iboru* to ferry him to his final resting place in the Far Realm. Many beings seek to intercept the ship on its course and extract the medicine man's secrets before he reaches his afterlife of blissful amnesia. The characters are hired as muscle during the voyage.

Sepulchral Bargain. The characters awaken on the *Ebn Iboru* en route to their afterlife after being defeated and killed by a powerful nemesis. They are overcome with a desire to return to life for another attempt at foiling the fiend's plans. What will this deal cost them and will they return in time to stop the villain? Will they yet be powerful enough to intervene?

Temporal Anomaly. The *Ebn Iboru* seems to have been transported forward in time and space into a modern world where magic has been supplanted by technology and automation. The only living things remaining are biotechnological hybrids. The magic of the *Ebn Iboru* begins to fade; the ship must return to its own timeline or risk being completely disenchanted. Can they find the rift and return? Once they get back, can they isolate the events that caused the rift and close it?

Driftwood. While traveling the *Ebn Iboru* happens upon a medieval style castle floating in the aether. When they enter the castle, everyone seems to be completely unaware that they are adrift between worlds. How did they get here? How long have they been here? Where are they from? How will they get back?



EVERMEET'S TALON

The *Evermeet's Talon* is the pride of the elven nation. Commissioned only ten years ago, it is the child of the famous shipwright Eandir Keove, whose understanding of woodwork borders on supernatural. Moreover, Eandir is a savvy diplomat who has convinced the Council of Matrons to try something new: instead of traditional swanships, Eandir proposed a series of completely new designs. The *Talon* is the first of the prototypes. If it proves successful, more ships will be built.

The Queen and the Council had long planned to increase the island's naval presence, not only in the region, but also along trade routes. This required a long-range ship, able to withstand punishment and independently operate even thousands of miles from home. Moreover, it had to be able to react quickly to any danger it couldn't meet head on.

Working closely with **High Admiral Keryth Blacksail**, Eandir came up with a revolutionary solution: giant eagles. Long used by the elves across Toril, Evermeet's eagles often prey on sea creatures, so sustenance wouldn't be a problem! Moreover, the island has one of the largest populations of those birds in the Realms. Eandir had to *only* design a ship that would incorporate a nest. He spent two years observing giant eagles and learning all he could about them. With a friendly druid, they proved that birds hatched at sea are more obedient and treat the ship where they hatched as theirs, which eliminated the need for druids on the crew, but increased the overall cost of the program.



Eventually, six years after the project began, the *Evermeet's Talon* left the shipyard. An egg was brought onto the vessel and—two years later—a fully-grown giant eagle named **Gawandir** became an official member of the crew.

Although it was immediately obvious that a lookout mounted on the eagle was a game-changer, it was the Battle of Sudden Fire that made admirals clamor for more ships like the *Talon*. In the engagement, a small fleet of fast pirate vessels tried to cut off a merchant convoy. Thanks to Gawandir, the traders were warned in time, changed course and sailed towards the *Talon*, leading the pirates into a trap. A sorcerer happened to be on board one of the rescued ships and—by accident—formed an immediate bond with the eagle.

She became the first Firebird and harassed the pirates with hit-and-run tactics, throwing fireballs from the air, while magic protected them from enemy arrows. The battle was a total victory, the pirates gave up even before the *Talon* came into range to fire her ballistae.

Now, more specialized spellcasters are paired with young eagles, shipyards are constructing more ships like the *Talon,* and Eandir is working on a design for a "roost-ship," a vessel capable of transporting several giant birds at once.

A New Design

The giant bird has been shadowing you for hours, lazily circling well beyond the range of your weapons and spells. Sometimes it would scream, announcing its vigil, but you are well aware that it could glide silently and unnoticed. What is it doing here, so far from land? Then the bird plummets and disappears beyond the horizon. You think it's gone, but a scream pierces the air once again and the bird rises over the skyline. A ship follows: a sleek, bright, elven-made hull with an unusually large aft'castle and two masts crowding the fore deck. The eagle circles the ship, and then effortlessly lands on the after castle. This must be the bird's nest!

The Evermeet's Talon is a sleek, elegant ship with an unusual design. Although it sports a wide deck typical for elven vessels to accommodate archer squads, the

two masts are moved towards the bow to make space for an oversized aftercastle, which houses Gawandir's nest. Moving the masts required a redesign of the whole rigging system, and untrained sailors might have difficulty figuring out what's what.

The figurehead depicts an eagle, its wings spread wide and beak open in a defiant scream. The crew call it "the little bird," as opposed to Gawandir, who is "the big bird."

Evermeet's Talon

Gargantuan vehicle (80 ft. by 20 ft.)

Creature Capacity 30 crew, 20 soldiers

Cargo Capacity 100 tons

Travel Pace 5 miles per hour (120 miles per day)

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
20 (+5)	8 (-1)	17 (+3)	0	0	0

Damage Immunities poison, psychic

Condition Immunities blinded, charmed, deafened, exhaustion, frightened, incapacitated, paralyzed, petrified, poisoned, prone, stunned, unconscious

Actions

On its turn the ship can take 3 actions, choosing from the options below. It can take only 2 actions if it has fewer than twenty crew and only 1 action if it has fewer than ten. It can't take these actions if it has fewer than three crew.

Fire Ballista. The ship can fire its ballista (DMG, ch. 8).

Move. The ship can use its helm to move with its sails.

Hull

Armor Class 15

Hit Points 300 (damage threshold 15)

Control: Helm

Armor Class 17

Hit Points 75

Move up to the speed of one of its movement components, with one 90-degree turn. If the helm is destroyed, the ship can't turn.

Movement: Sails

Armor Class 12

Hit Points 100; –5 ft. speed per 25 damage taken

Speed (water) speed 50 ft.; 25 ft. while sailing into the wind; 75 ft. while sailing with the wind.

Weapon: Ballista (2)

Armor Class 15

Hit Points 50 each

Ranged Weapon Attack: +6 to hit, range 120/480 ft., one target. *Hit:* 16 (3d10) piercing damage.

Who's on Board?

The crew is made up of elves from Evermeet. All of them are hand-picked elite sailors and soldiers who previously served on other vessels and want to prove their worth; everyone in the navy dreams of serving on the Talon.

The sailors are **commoners** (MM, 344) but with maximum hp (8) and +4 on ability checks related to sailing. For higher level games, the sailors are **guards** (MM, 347), with +4 on ability checks related to sailing.

Fifteen soldiers are **guards** with maximum HP (18) and armed with longbows. Five are **veterans** (MM, 350)**.** For higher level games, the soldiers are **veterans** and **knights** (MM, 347)**,** but they don't wear plate armor. If you have access to *Volo's Guide to Monsters*, consider using **archers** (VGtM 210) instead of knights.

Captain Marais Blacksail

The High Admiral's daughter, Marais Blacksail (lawful good female gold elf), fought hard to prove to the world that she deserved her own command, not because of her father, but thanks to her own skill.

Marais wears her hair short, her green eyes are almost always grim, and her face impassionate. She is direct and to the point. Marais believes that sailing is all about discipline, so she particularly hates "dashing swashbucklers." A mastercrafted leather shoulder pad marks her as the ship's captain. It proudly displays the vessel's emblem: a screaming eagle atop a fireball.

For Captain Marais, use either the **gladiator** (MM, 346), a reskinned **drow elite warrior** (MM, 128) with darkvision out to a radius of 60 feet and without Innate Spellcasting or Sunlight Sensitivity, or a **champion** (VGtM 212), and add proficiency with water vehicles. She carries a *sending stone* (DMG 199), paired with the one in Deidre's possession.

Gawandir

The first of its kind, Gawandir treats the *Evermeet's Talon* and her crew as his personal domain. Every crewmember loves the giant bird, having known him since hatching. **Deimora** must constantly remind them not to overfeed the "featherball," as they call him. Gawandir listens only to two people: Deimora and Marais, but, if ordered, he does allow other scouts to use him as a mount.

Gawandir's feathers are light brown, with a yellow pattern on the neck. When flying, he wears a harness for the rider, which simultaneously protects him from harm. It counts as leather armor and increases Gawandir's AC to 14.

Gawandir can also use the following ability:

Reaction: Barrel Roll. When Deimora is on Gawandir and either of them are hit with a ranged attack, the attack's target swaps places with the other partner. If the attack roll is lower than the new AC, the attack misses.

Deimora

Deimora's (chaotic good female wood elf) diminutive form is often misleading, and people tend to think her harmless. Her emerald eyes watch you warily, and a half-smile half-snarl is fixed on her face. A mop of unruly hair, pinned in place with a dozen or more colorful feathers, completes the picture.

Then she starts talking: a barrage of oddly-accented sentences that spin out of control into digressions and tangents, and then unexpectedly snap back to the point. She is only truly at ease when flying with Gawandir.

Deimora doesn't fully understand her connection to the eagle, and she doesn't care to know. This (and her often chaotic behavior) leads to clashes with the captain, because in order have more Firebirds, the elves need to understand the bond Deimora and Gawandir share.

Deimora

Medium humanoid (elf), chaotic good

Armor Class 12 (16 with *mage armor*)

Hit Points 30 (6d8)

Speed 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
20 (+5)	14 (+2)	11 (+0)	12 (+1)	12 (+1)	17 (+3)

Saving Throws Con +6, Cha +4

Skills Arcana +4, Animal Handling +5

Senses passive Perception 11

Languages Auran, Common, Elven, Sylvan

Challenge 5 (1800 XP)

Spellcasting. Deimora is a 5th-level spellcaster. Her spellcasting ability is Charisma (spell save DC 14, +6 to hit with spell attacks). She has the following sorcerer spells prepared

Cantrips (at will) *acid splash, fire bolt, light, mage hand, prestidigitation*
1st level (4 slots) *feather fall, mage armor, magic missile*
2nd level (3 slots) *misty step, invisibility*
3rd level (3 slots) *fireball*
Deimoracarries a *wand of protection from missiles* (see below) and a *sending stone,* paired with the one in the captain's possession.

Wild Magic Surge. When Deimora uses a spell of 1st level or higher, roll a d20. On the result of 1, roll on the Wild Magic Surge table on p. 104 PHB.

Meta Magic (Recharge 3-6). Deimora can use this ability to modify a spell in one of the following ways

Empowered Spell. Deimora may reroll up to 3 of a spell's damage dice.

Quickened Spell. Deimora may use a bonus action to cast a spell with a casting time of 1 action.

The Bond. Deimora always knows Gawandir's location and condition. They can also communicate as per the *Rary's telepathic bond* spell.

Actions

Dagger. *Melee or Ranged Weapon Attack:* +5 to hit, reach 5 ft. or range 20/60 ft., one target. *Hit:* 4 (1d4+2) piercing damage.

Reactions

Barrel Roll. When Deimora is on Gawandir and either of them would be hit with a ranged attack, the attack's declared target swaps places with the other partner. If the attack score is lower than the new AC,the attack misses.

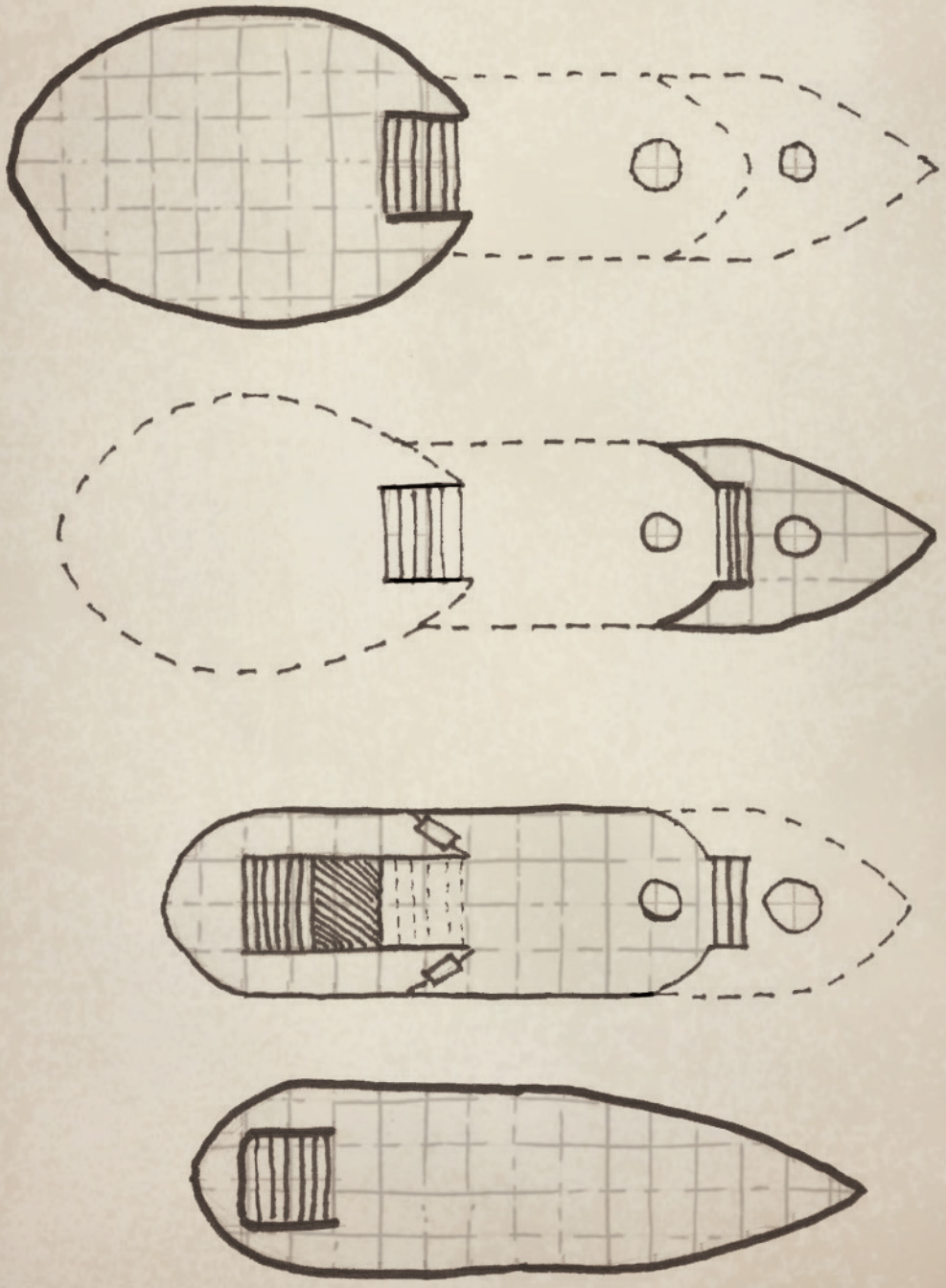
Using the Evermeet's Talon

The Eagle Has Landed. The characters come across the *Talon* and Captain Marais asks them to help find Gawandir and Deimora, who went down when scouting an uncharted island.

Secrets of the Elves. A pirate queen hires the characters to infiltrate the *Evermeet's Talon* and discover eagle-training secrets.

Gotta Catch 'em All. Eandir the shipwright wants to experiment with other species of flying creatures. As the characters move around a lot, he asks them to bring him eggs or the young of various flying beasts they encounter.

The Connection. One of the characters discovers they share the same bond with Gawandir as Deimora. This may greatly speed up the studies of the phenomenon. Marais asks the character to join her crew, even if they are not an elf. Some officers might dislike it, and Deimora may feel threatened.



THE FIRST SPARK

The shield dwarves of northern Faerûn are not known for their sailing prowess, but Clan Forgefire, a small family in service to Clan Battlehammer, seeks to rewrite that stereotype. Clan Forgefire, as their name might suggest, was charged with the critical duty of keeping the dwarven forges burning throughout the North. They are talented in manufacturing, science, and the summoning and binding of elementals and other dangerous outsiders—a closely guarded clan secret.

A priest of Moradin and noble of the clan, Durmar Forgefire, petitioned Clan Battlehammer for permission to craft a vessel that would be the pride of the North. The notoriously stubborn shield dwarves met the request with furrowed brows and annoyed mutterings about choosing to leave the citadel walls. For many months Durmar and his clan tried to sway opinion and were met with failure time and time again.

Durmar returned to his workshop, creating the forges that would be used for centuries. Lost in his craft, Durmar received what he interpreted as a message from Moradin: his forge roared to an inferno, sending Durmar's assistants running in a panic, and then the fire suddenly calmed to a small mote of flame no larger than a hammerhead. The flame burned hotter than a fire elemental, warping the stout stone and steel of Durmar's forge. The cleric was compelled to reach out and grasp the blazing ember and found it did not burn him.

Clan Forgefire returned to the ruling clans, petitioning yet again, showing what had occurred at Durmar's forge. Within a year the *First Spark* set sail on the Sea of Swords just west of Gauntlgrym.

Durmar still captains the ship and has become even more devout since the experience in his workshop. The *First Spark* has become a haven for craftspeople, especially clerics serving deities of creation and artisanship. Over the years of its service the ship has been fitted with a number of weapons and other systems, all crafted by its artisan crew.

What Is It?

Gleaming just off the horizon, a large, ponderous vessel approaches. As you near, you hear the sound of hammers ringing out from belowdecks. Curious weapons line the deck, creating quite an imposing sight. A gnome wearing a salt-stained red robe gives you a cheerful greeting, asking if you are friend or foe, as she pats the cannon atop which she sits.

The *First Spark* is a large iron vessel fashioned by dwarven hands. Its imposing hull is as pristine as its maiden voyage. Ornamentation is light, but where present masterfully worked. Belowdecks the *First Spark* is fueled by its namesake: the mote of holy flame presented to Durmar, and space not used for the crew's many small personal workspaces has been converted to storage.

Divine Propulsion

The *First Spark*'s engine is the true heart of the vessel. Durmar believes this small collection of white-hot flame was taken from Moradin's forge in Dwarfhome, but others have disputed that claim. You can adjust the exact nature of the artifact to fit your needs. See below for ideas on how to use the *First Spark* in your campaign.

While the mote's primary function is to provide propulsion for the the *First Spark*, it also has magical capabilities (see the stat block below). Overusing the Spark's magical capabilities leaves it vulnerable to fast-moving vessels, however.

First Spark

Gargantuan vehicle, (130 ft. by 70 ft.)

Creature Capacity 40 crew, 20 passengers

Cargo Capacity 125 tons

Travel Pace 6 miles per hour (144 miles per day)

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
26 (+8)	4 (-3)	23 (+6)	0	0	0

Damage Immunities poison, psychic, necrotic

Condition Immunities blinded, charmed, deafened, exhaustion, frightened, incapacitated, paralyzed, petrified, poisoned, prone, stunned, unconscious

Actions

On its turn, the ship can take 3 actions, choosing from the options below. It can only take 2 actions if it has fewer than twenty crew, and only 1 action if it has

fewer than eight. It can't take actions if it has fewer than three crew.

Fire Harpoon Ballista. The ship can fire its harpoon ballista.

Move. The ship can use its helm to move with its engine. As part of this move, it may use its hull blades.

On its turn, the ship may also choose to use one of the magical abilities below. Each time the ship uses one of these abilities, it loses 10 ft. of speed from its engine. The engine regains all lost speed every day at dawn. Durmar Forgefire must be present on the ship and not unconscious to use these abilities.

Fires of Creation. One ship component regains 4d8 hit points.

Forgefire Armaments. Allies onboard the ship deal an extra 1d6 fire damage on successful weapon attacks.

Radiant Shield. All attacks against the ship or creatures on its deck have disadvantage until the beginning of the ship's next turn.

Hull

Armor Class 16

Hit Points 500 (damage threshold 25)

Control: Helm

Armor Class 17

Hit Points 50

Move up to the speed of its engine, with one 90-degree turn. If the helm is destroyed, the ship can't turn.

Movement: Engine

Armor Class 18

Hit Points 100; -10 ft. speed per 25 damage taken

Speed (water) speed 40 ft. If the engine is destroyed, the ship immediately stops.

Weapon: Harpoon Ballista

Armor Class 15

Hit Points 60

Ranged Weapon Attack: +6 to hit, range 120/480 ft., one target. *Hit:* 22 (4d10) piercing damage and the target is grappled (escape DC 17). The iron cabling tethering the target to the harpoon can be attacked (AC 18 25 hp). If it is destroyed, the target is no longer grappled. At the end of each of its turns, the ship can choose to reel in any grappled targets, pulling it 20 feet closer to the ship.

Weapon: Hull Blades

Armor Class 15

Hit Points 50

Melee Weapon Attack: +5 to hit, reach 10 ft., one target. *Hit:* 16 (3d10) slashing damage.

Weapons: Smokepowder Cannons (4)

Armor Class 16

Hit Points 40 each

Ranged Weapon Attack: +5 to hit, range 80/320 ft., one target. *Hit:* 38 (7d10) bludgeoning damage. After firing the cannons, the ship must reload them before firing again (see Actions, above).

Who's on Board?

The *First Spark*'s crew is made up of twenty **commoners** (MM, 344), most of whom are dwarves or gnomes pursuing the artisan's path or devoted to a deity of creation and invention. The rest of the crew are 12 **guards** (MM, 347) who see to the ship's security, 5 **acolytes** (MM, 342) of various faiths (predominantly Gond and Moradin), and 3 **scouts** (MM, 349) who assist with navigation.

Durmar Forgefire

Durmar Forgefire is the shipwright and captain of the *First Spark*. He is a fair and just captain who honors hard work and determination over all else, and seeks such qualities in his crew. Having no real experience on the seas before setting out on the *First Spark*, Durmar relies heavily on his crew—especially Dysa, his first mate—to assist him. He has adapted well to life on the seas, however, adopting a short-cropped beard and hair while in warmer climates and adjusting to life under the sun.

As captain of the *First Spark*, Durmar seeks to spread the word of Moradin, Gond, and other artisan deities throughout the Realms. When in port he urges his crew to send him promising young artisans to train under the masters onboard the *First Spark*. When he is not with his crew, he maintains a small forge in the lowest decks of the ship, where he honors Moradin, the Soul Forger, by creating masterful works.

Durmar is a lawful good shield dwarf **war priest** (VGtM 218).

Tysa Dringle

Tysa serves as the ship's first mate and bosun, a role she refuses to relinquish to another crewmember. She is a native of Lantan and has survived two cataclysms—the Spellplague and Second Sundering—in her lifetime, a fact she often holds over younger crewmembers. She is a devout cleric of Gond and possesses the ability to create smokepowder. Tysa is a middle-aged rock gnome, having lived just over two centuries, with tight brunette curls and a kind smile. She wears a red robe under her armor, cinched at the waist with thick metallic rings—the traditional dress of Gondites.

She joined the crew after her own Lantanese vessel, *Smoke and Thunder*, was sunk during a run in with a dragon turtle. The *First Spark* came upon the wreckage and what was left of its crew and brought the gnomes on board. Many still serve under Durmar and Tysa.

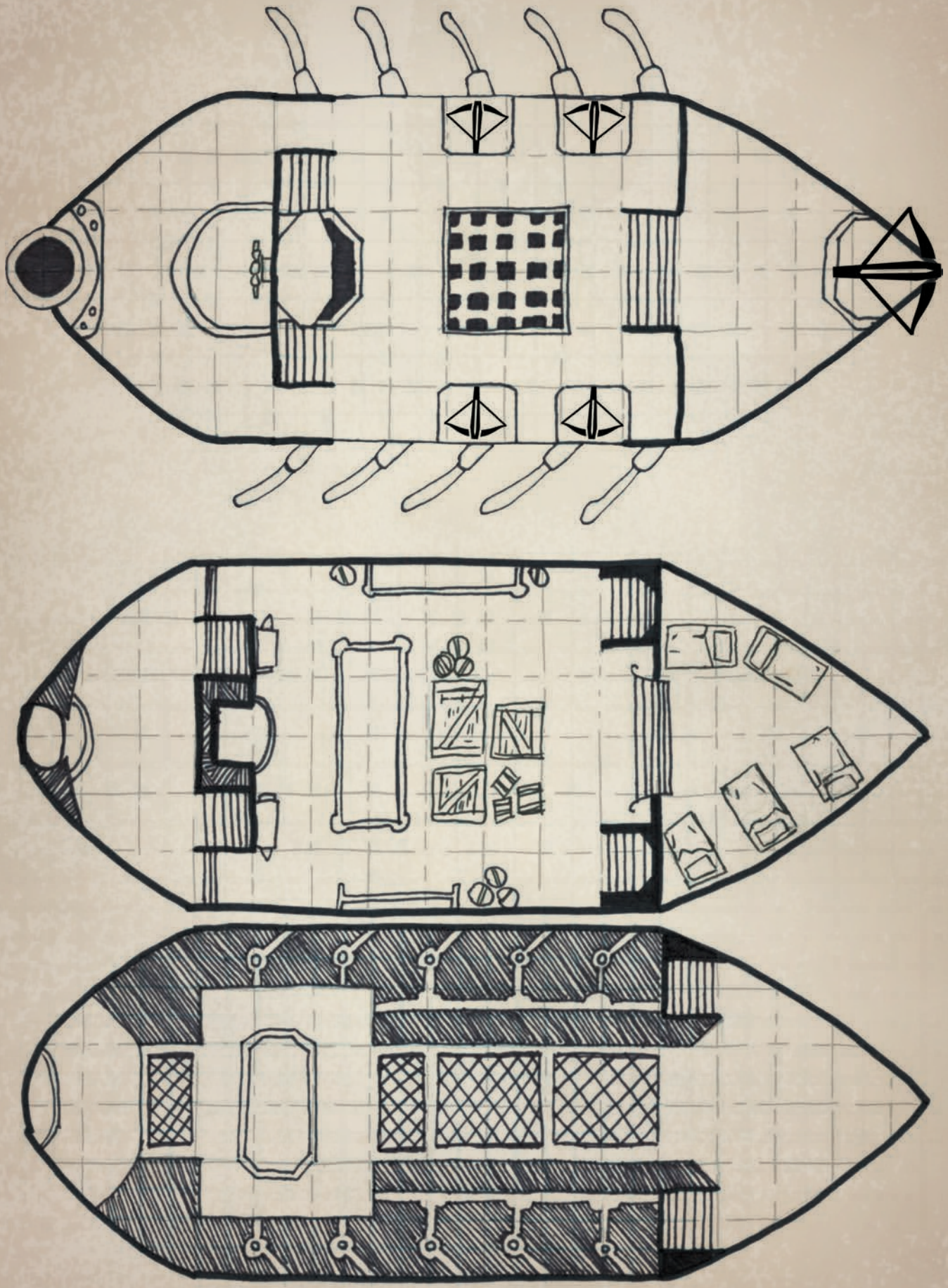
Tysa is a neutral good rock gnome **priest** (MM, 348).

Kelneiros Silverfrond

Kelneiros is not an officer on the *First Spark* and only reluctantly calls himself a crewmember. The young half-elf was brought on board in Amn a year ago, alongside Bulwark (see below). Kelneiros was born in Calimshan, destined to serve a merchant lord of the desert kingdom. Having shown some arcane talent, the pasha released Kelneiros from his duties (for no small sum, of course) to be kept under the tutelage of an accomplished artificer and archmage, a gnome called Safan the Wondermaker. While Safan instructed Kelneiros in the Art, he also slowly eroded the boy's sense of morality—to Safan, a wizard's studies should not be chained by such mundane considerations as morality or humane treatment of subjects.

Just a tenday before Kelneiros would escape, Safan had created a new collection of clockwork automatons. While most operated as expected, one, called Bulwark, had achieved sentience. Safan was fascinated by what had happened and began to devise ways to prod at Bulwark's mind, warping it to whatever the arcanist desired. Troubled by this, Kelneiros escaped with the construct and was





discovered by Durmar and his crew, who had docked at Amn.

Kelneiros serves as researcher and arcanist for the *Silver Spark*. He has never paid particular attention to the deities of the Realms, having been raised equally by megalomaniacal figures, and has been learning much while onboard the ship. Kelneiros and the more devout crew have regular heated debates over whether technological progress is predetermined or a function of mortal ingenuity. He hopes that he and Bulwark can return to life on land soon, but fears for their safety, should they be discovered by Safan.

Kelneiros is a neutral half-elf **transmuter** (VGtM 214).

Bulwark

Bulwark has the curiosity and world view of a five-year-old human child—a five-year-old human child who can toss a half-dozen sailors overboard in a tantrum. Dangerously curious but with a heart of gold, Bulwark is the source of much chatter among the crew. The seven-foot-tall stone and bronze construct has a form devoid of ornamentation or personality, so they choose to decorate themselves with whatever strikes their fancy that day. Although they know the circumstances of their creation, Bulwark views Kelneiros as their parent and the *First Spark's* crew as their family. Bulwark, being fiercely loyal to the crew, hopes to never leave the ship behind.

Although Kelneiros has spoken with Bulwark about gender, the construct thinks the concept is silly, simply seeing themselves as a living thing. Bulwark interchangeably calls themselves "he," "she," and "they," but becomes quite cross if called "it." They are not a chair, afterall.

Bulwark is a chaotic good **stone defender** (MToF 126) with the **self-repairing** enhancement and the **overactive sense of self-preservation** flaw. Bulwark has a 12 Intelligence and 15 Charisma. They speak Common, Elven, Dwarven, and Gnomish.

Using the First Spark

The *First Spark* can be used in most campaigns, both searfaring and landlubbing. Consider introducing the ship using one of the hooks below or create your own.

Attacked by Duergar. Black smoke on the horizon leads the characters to the damaged *First Spark*. Durmar and the others inform the characters that duergar ambushed them from below in a vehicle that could drill into the earth and sail under the sea. Will the characters be able to help the crew before the duergar return with reinforcements to finish the job?

Investigating the Spark. A scholar employs the characters to investigate claims that the *First Spark* is fueled by Moradin's forge. Will the characters be able to ingratiate themselves to the crew in order to learn more, or is deception—or violence—required?

Safan the Wondermaker. While in a port city Kelneiros frantically approaches the characters asking for help. Agents of Safan have discovered Kelneiros and Bulwark's location and kidnapped the construct. The characters must hurry before Bulwark's childlike exuberance is erased using one of Safan's machines.

THE FLAIL BARGE

The *Flail Barge* began as an idle experiment when the gnome Fagin Flutterspark and his family stole a skiff filled with captive magical beasts and made it out of port to the open sea. The carnage that ensued when the gnomes investigated the cargo was considerable, and in the aftermath the gnomes were left with a cohort of domesticated flail snails. Unlike the salamanders, basilisks, and mimics, the snails proved docile enough for the gnomes to keep without fatalities. Over time, as the ship stopped in ports and hidden coves, the gnomes began to recruit other castoffs to their cause. Occasionally, when a snail reaches maturity, the gnomes kill a specimen and sell the shell on the black market, fetching exceedingly high prices for comparatively little work.

Haphazard Machinations

The *Flail Barge* is an ugly and barely seaworthy barge held together by raggedy wooden planks and planks of tinkered metal that keep it from sinking entirely into the ocean. A huge water wheel propels it from behind.

The shrieking of arguing gnomish voices fills the air. In the distance, an ugly and barely seaworthy barge is edging into view. Little figures run about the surface, and the light glints off the deck strangely in dazzling displays of colour.

The Flail Barge

Gargantuan vehicle, (70 ft. by 30 ft.)

Creature Capacity 30 crew, 20 passengers
Cargo Capacity 200 tons
Travel Pace 3 miles per hour (72 miles per day)

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
17 (+3)	8 (-1)	16 (+3)	0	0	0

Damage Immunities fire, necrotic, psychic, poison

Condition Immunities blinded, charmed, deafened, exhaustion, frightened, incapacitated, paralyzed, petrified, poisoned, prone, stunned, unconscious

Actions

On its turn, the ship can take 2 actions, choosing from the options below. It can only take 1 action if it has fewer than fifteen crew. It can't take actions if it has fewer than four crew.

Fire Prismatic Cannons. The ship can fire its prismatic cannons.

Move. The ship can use its helm to move using its wheel engine.

Hull

Armor Class 16
Hit Points 300 (damage threshold 15)

Control: Helm

Armor Class 16

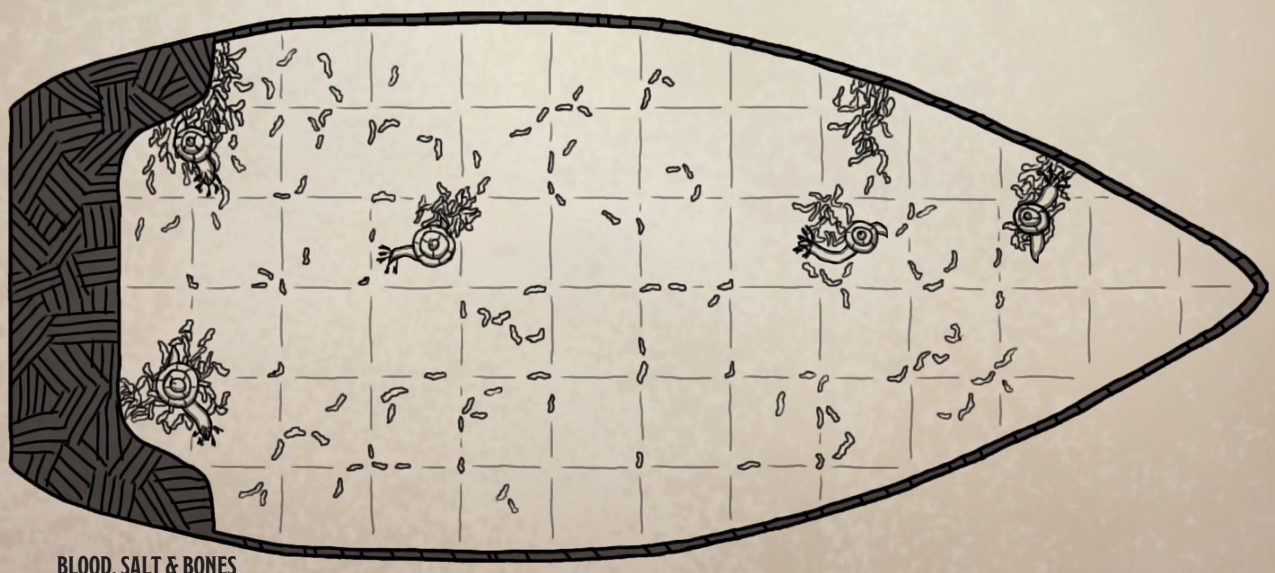
Hit Points 50

Move up to the speed of its engine, with one 90-degree turn. If the helm is destroyed, the ship can't turn.

Movement: Wheel Engine

Armor Class 18

Hit Points 100



Speed (water, solar powered) speed 10 ft. If the engine is destroyed, the ship immediately crashes. The ship cannot move at night.

Weapons: Prismatic Cannons (2)

Armor Class 10

Hit Points 25 each

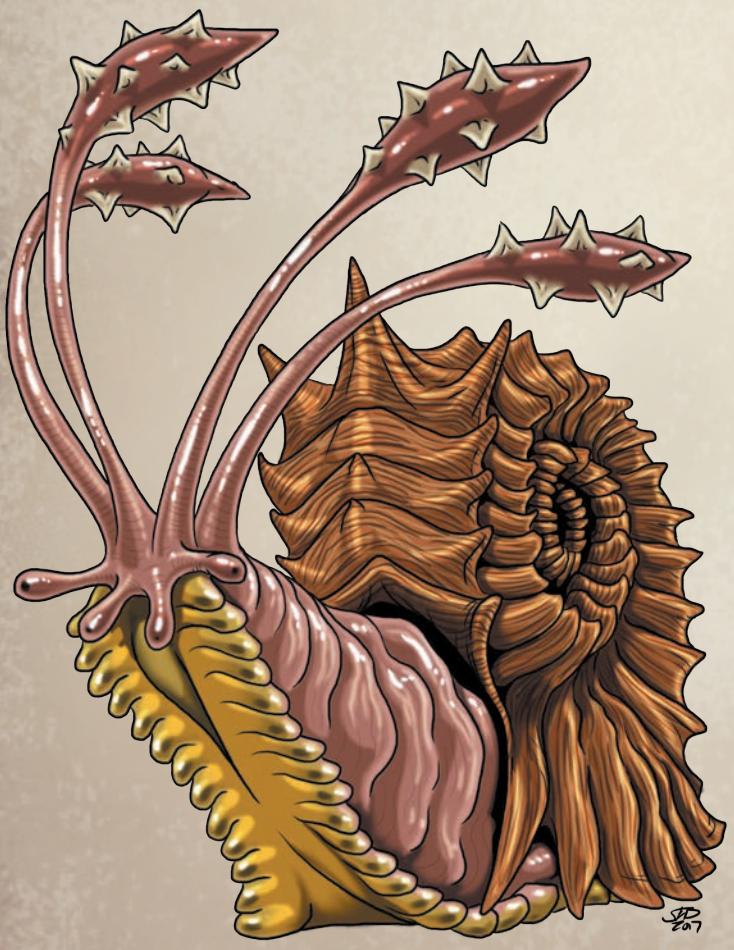
Ranged Weapon Attack: +6 to hit, range 120/900 ft., one target. *Hit:* 16 (3d10) radiant damage. If the attack roll is a 1 on the die, the cannon explodes, dealing 3d10 radiant damage to the hull.

Prismatic Cannons

The gnomes have crafted ingenious mechanisms to defend their snail farming barge from attack. The prismatic cannons fire a lance of concentrated light through lenses carved from the flail snail shells. The light scorches enemy vessels and incinerates creatures, all without the risk of a fire hazard.

Wheel Engine

The water wheel propelling the barge is powered entirely by the light of the sun, which is harvested by peculiar shimmering slabs of snail flail shell nailed up all over the ship and augmented to gather the light. At night, the ship stops moving entirely, something the gnomes have thus far been unable to rectify.



Who's on Board?

The crew is headed by Fagin Flutterspark, described below. He is accompanied by his wife, Fitzrovia (LE rock gnome **mage**, MM, 347), and his two sons Bingo and Bagshot (LE rock gnome **thugs,** MM, 350). The rest of the crew includes eight **bandits** (MM, 343) hired to keep trouble away and a horde of fifty **flail snails** (VGtM 144) below deck.

Fagin Flutterspark

An artificer at heart, Fagin (LE gnome **master thief,** VGtM 216) has a larcenous streak only eclipsed by his curiosity. He considers the *Flail Barge* a grand experiment which was very fun, but is looking for a way to dispense of the ship quickly and quietly, perhaps into the hands of someone with money to burn. To this end, he tries to sell the barge full of flatulent snails to anyone who might pay him a meagre price for it.

The Flail Snails

The flail snail collective, who have until recently accepted their captivity and harvest with quiet decorum, have been restless thanks to the appearance of a particularly large snail called **Monstro** (a Huge flail snail with 100 extra hit points). The snails are quietly unionising under Monstro to take over the ship, but sadly have not thought their ill fated plan through at all.

Using The Flail Barge

The *Flail Barge* is a place of wondrous inventions, peculiar sights, and rampaging snails. It is a lighthearted encounter and may even involve the players buying the wretched barge at a highly discounted price.

S.O.S. The characters see flickering lights blasting into the sky. These are the gnomes about the *Flail Barge,* who are desperately signalling any nearby ship for help as the flail snails launch a mutiny from the hold.

Ghost In The Shell. A ghostly flail snail appears aboard the characters' ship, and won't stop wailing until they follow it to the snail farm to cease the slaughter of its kinsmen.

THE GOD EATER

Once upon a time, there was a vulture who thought himself a proper pirate. A young man who attacked fish so small, others would toss them back into the ocean. One day he came about something curious: an old man, in a small boat, who carried an artifact of such raw evil, that he vowed to row until he fell off the edge of the world. The aspiring pirate not only took the artifact but also fed it to the old man in an act of evil inspiration. Immediately after, the old man's body underwent a tormenting transformation. It swelled up, cracked open, and hardened a hundred times over. In the end, the old man transmuted into a gruesome ship, with a hull made of bone, sails made of skin, black as the night—the sum of all evil. The pirate, who would become known as Cinderdane, named it the *Scourge*.

Inside the ship, Cinderdane found a beating heart, twice as large as himself. Cinderdane drank from the sea of blood surrounding the heart and not only became one with the ship, but immortal. Though his body rotted away, he lived on, and pillaged, murdered, and torched to his heart's content. Not all gods were pleased with his deeds, so they sent a gargantuan maelstrom his way, which would trap Cinderdane and the *Scourge* for all eternity.

After a maddening century trapped in the vortex, Cinderdane escaped his eternal prison through an errant portal. Alas, he lost his vessel in the process. An arduous journey was behind him when Cinderdane returned to familiar waters. Using his own blood, he turned a simple traveler into a new ship, to take revenge on the gods who so foolishly slighted him. His new ship, Cinderdane fittingly named the *God Eater*.

Now, Cinderdane roams the waters in search of strong fighters and magicians to add to his crew. Weak specimens are turned into building material for the *God Eater*. The number of Cinderdane's followers, as well as the size of his undead ship, grows by the day.

THE SHIP

The ship qualifies as an undead vessel in every regard: tattooed skin as sails, a bow made of bone, shrouds of woven hair, and skeletal deckhands. Surprisingly, there's no smell of decay, but you notice something curious: every other second, a deep bass shakes the surrounding air, and ripples flash across the ocean's surface. A flamboyantly dressed skeleton in the crows nest waves its hand and greets you with a creaking 'Ship ahoy!'

GOD EATER

Gargantuan vehicle (120 ft. by 20 ft.)

Creature Capacity 80 crew
Cargo Capacity 50 tons
Travel Pace 5 miles per hour (120 miles per day)

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
22 (+6)	10 (+0)	22 (+6)	7 (-2)	10 (+0)	6 (-2)

Damage Immunities poison

Condition Immunities blinded, charmed, deafened, exhaustion, frightened, incapacitated, paralyzed, petrified, poisoned, prone, stunned, unconscious

ACTIONS

On its turn, the ship can take 3 actions, choosing from the options below. If can only take 2 actions if it has fewer than forty crew and only 1 action if it has fewer than twenty crew. It cannot take these actions if it has fewer than three crew.

Fire Bone Ballistas. The ship can fire its bone ballistas.

Fire Skeleton Throwers. The ship can fire its skeleton throwers.

Move. The ship can use its helm to move with its bone oars or skin sails.

HULL

Armor Class 15
Hit Points 400 (damage threshold 25)

CONTROL: HELM

Armor Class 16
Hit Points 50

Move up to the speed of one of its movement components, with one 90-degree turn. If the helm is destroyed, the ship makes only 45-degree turns.

CONTROL: HEART

Armor Class 12
Hit Points 50

When the ship's heart is destroyed, the ship dies and disintegrates. The heart has total cover and is untargetable by most weapons, spells, and other effects while the ship has more than half of its hit points, and half cover (+2 to AC and Dexterity saving throws) while the ship has more than a quarter of its hit points. The heart only has cover against attacks made from another ship. Boarding parties can easily attack and destroy the heart.

Movement: Skin Sails

Armor Class 12
Hit Points 100; –15 ft. speed per 25 damage taken
Speed (water) speed 35 ft.; 15 ft. while sailing into the wind; 50 ft. while sailing with the wind

Speed (air) speed 35 ft.; 15 ft. while sailing into the wind; 50 ft. while sailing with the wind

Weapons: Bone Ballistae (4)

Armor Class 15
Hit Points 50 each
Ranged Weapon Attack: +6 to hit, range 120/480 ft., one target. *Hit*: 16 (3d10) piercing damage.

Weapons: Skeleton Thrower (4)

Armor Class 15
Hit Points 50 each
Ranged Weapon Attack: +5 to hit, range 200/800 ft., one target. *Hit*:1 **skeleton** (MM, 272) lands on the target and attacks the nearest creature. Detract 1 crewmember for each attack.

Awakened God Eater

When the God Eater awakens, its hit points, weapon capacity, crew capacity, and cargo hold double. Additionally it gains the following weapon, which it can fire using an action:

Weapons: Doomfire Flares (4)

Armor Class 15

Hit Points 100 each

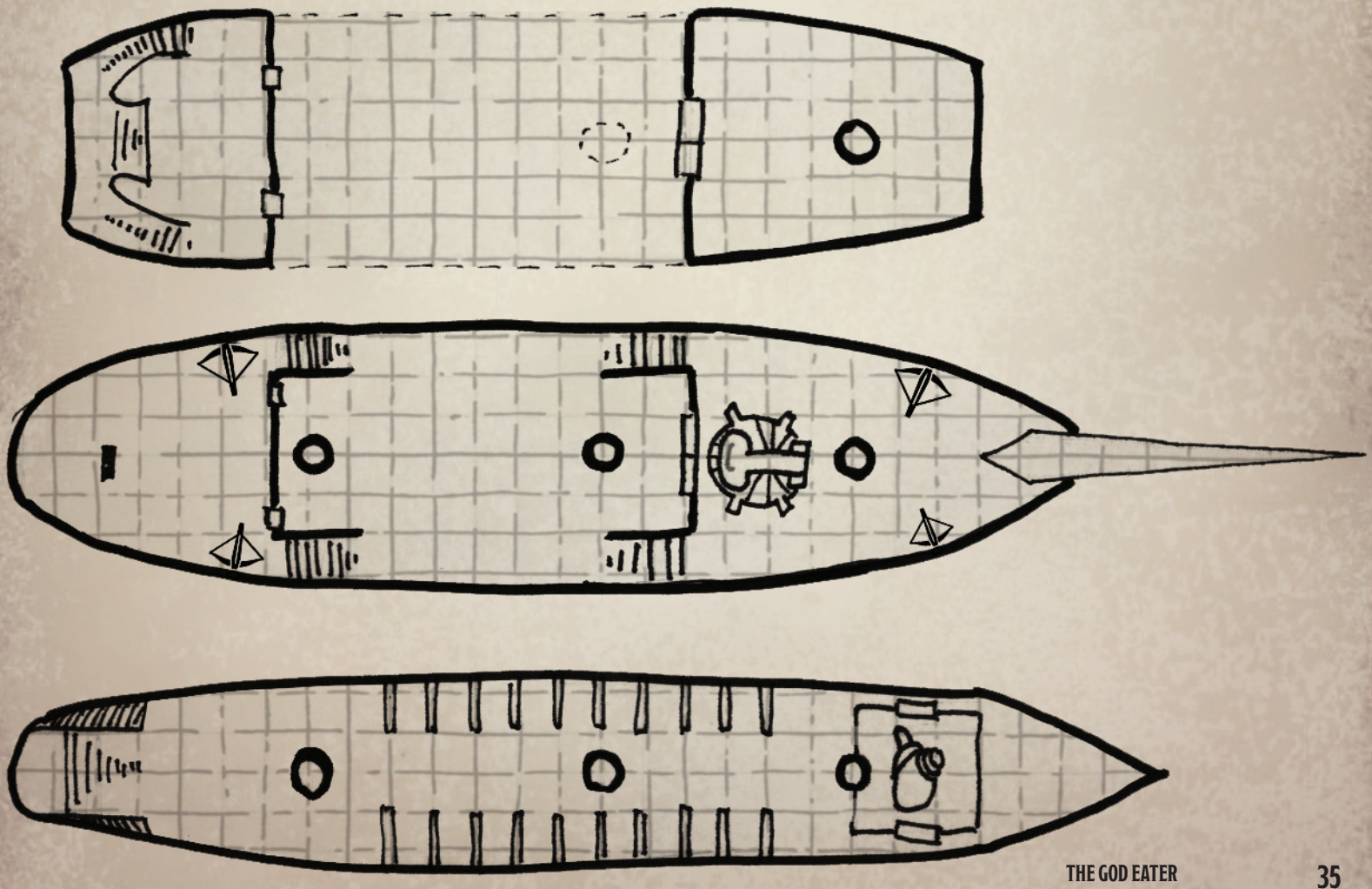
Ranged Weapon Attack: +5 to hit, range 300 ft. (can't hit targets within 30 ft. of it), one target. *Hit:* 35 (10d6) fire damage.

Features & Traits

Emergency Regeneration. Using an action, the *God Eater* recovers 100 hit points. This feature cannot be used again for the next 24 hours

Grow the Ship. The *God Eater* uses dead bodies as building material. Unliving corpses that remain on board the ship for 24 hours are completely absorbed.

Heartblood's Curse. A creature that drinks the *God Eater*'s blood must make a DC 20 Constitution saving throw. On a failed save, the creature is turned undead



and bound by the ship and Cinderdane's will. Affected creatures retain all ability scores, class features, and other traits, but their type changes to undead. The creature does not need to drink, eat, or sleep.

On a successful save, the creature is immune to the effect for the next 24 hours.

Unmanned Oars. The ship's oars don't need to be manned.

Turn Immunity. *God Eater* is immune to effects that turn undead.

The God Eater is a ship that constantly grows in size and power. Depending on the progress of your campaign, it can be encountered in various stages of its development. Consider introducing Cinderdane and his ship in the early stages of an adventure as an antihero who helps the characters with ancient knowledge and is a convenient source of income. When Cinderdane becomes serious in his quest to kill the gods, the characters might come to regret their actions.

The Crew

The crew is made up of 60 or 150 **skeletons** (MM, 272), depending on the *God Eater's* development. Additionally, there are a number of officers on board, as detailed below.

Cinderdane (Captain)

Cinderdane has several goals he wants to accomplish. In the short term, he wants to fill up the ship's ranks with powerful individuals. To facilitate that, he hunts down pirates with high bounties on their heads, since those must be the most powerful ones. Additionally, Cinderdane buys or digs up corpses when and wherever he can. It is known to certain circles that Cinderdane pays good coin for people's remains, no matter how old. Cinderdane continues collecting the dead until the *God Eater* is strong enough to handle real opposition. He argues that the time to lay low ends when the ship awakens.

In the long term, Cinderdane plans to raid towns and coastal cities, where he can harvest the freshest corpses. Cinderdane hopes that he and his ship grow strong enough to rival the gods. Cinderdane can't wait to force a god to drink of *God Eater's* blood, or add a god's corpse to his ship. The possibilities are... unimaginable.

Treat Cinderdane as a **deathlock** (MToF 128) or **deathlock mastermind** (MToF 129) before the *God Eater* awakens. After the transformation, treat Cinderdane as a **nightwalker** (MToF 216).

Jolly Jackie (Quartermaster)

Up until a few months ago, Jolly Jackie was a dreaded pirate captain. Cinderdane hunted her down and made her part of his crew. Treat Jolly Jackie as an undead **swashbuckler** (VGtM 217) or an undead **blackguard** (VGtM 211).



Jolly Jackie's bones are painted with tribal tattoos in various colors. Jolly plots the ship's course and is first in line when a ship is to be boarded.

Gold Tongue (First Mate)

Gold Tongue was a tiefling pirate once and renowned for her loose tongue. She stands out as a tiefling even after being reduced to a skeleton due to her impressive horns. After becoming part of the crew, she cast an actual golden tongue for herself. Treat Gold Tongue as an undead **bard** (VGtM 211) or as an undead **necromancer** (VGtM 217).

Gold Tongue's duties involve haggling with corpse sellers, gathering information about possible additions to the crew, and seeing that the crew is properly armed and trained.

Stringer (Bosun)

Stringer is a gnome who was already undead when he joined Cinderdane's crew. Since Stringer isn't bound by the *God Eater*, Cinderdane is somewhat wary of him. However, since Stringer brings valuable talents to the table, he is tolerated. Treat Stringer as an undead **illusionist** (VGTM 214).

Stringer mainly repairs and modifies the crew, and proposes new weapon systems to Cinderdane. Stringer wears flashy clothes and a thick fur coat to hide his rotting flesh. Additionally, he still carries the rope around his neck with which he was hanged.

Using the God Eater

There are three stages to Cinderdane's plan surrounding the *God Eater*. During the first stage, Cinderdane gathers his crew and slowly grows the ship with corpses he purchases. Once he has enough crew and power, Cinderdane plunders entire settlements. The final stage begins when the *God Eater* awakens and Cinderdane is replaced by a nightwalker.

Use the following hooks to introduce Cinderdane and the *God Eater* to your campaign.

The Corpse Peddler. A shady looking man in a small boat approaches the characters and asks whether they have any corpses to sell. After pressing him for more information, the characters learn that the captain of an undead ship pays up to 50 gp for corpses.

Emptied Graveyards. Rumors about unearthed graves and plundered graveyards spread like wildfire. After investigating the hearsay, the characters apprehend a man with a load of corpses on his wagon. He tells the characters about the undead ship that regularly visits a secret bay and buys up the cadavers.

Bounty Hunt. The characters hunt down an infamous pirate and right when they catch up to his ship, the *God Eater* appears out of the mist and boards the ship. When the characters catch up, the crew is already dead and the captain is about to taste of the *God Eater's* blood.

Ancient Knowledge. The characters search for information that was presumably lost centuries ago. Rumors about an undead captain with old memories are one possible lead. After finding the *God Eater*, Cinderdane agrees to help the characters in exchange for gold or corpses.

The Disappeared. After acquiring enough strength, Cinderdane depopulates a small town, but leaves behind all valuables and treasures. The authorities set a bounty of 5,000 gp for the destruction of the *God Eater* and its entire crew.

Doomed to Failure. After the *God Eater* awakens, Cinderdane taps into the Shadowfell to gather enough power to challenge the gods. Alas, he fails and is drawn into the Negative Energy Plane. A nightwalker replaces Cinderdane, assumes control of the *God Eater*, and starts eradicating all living beings. Meanwhile, Cinderdane finds himself trapped yet again.

HARBINGER OF THE MISTS

In hushed tones, sailors and longshoremen whisper the name of the *Harbinger* in every port town along their travels. Wherever the *Harbinger* goes, mists and tragedy soon follow. Those that have reported seeing her with their own eyes describe an aged barque, her decks and hull a haunted red which masks a windswept rot. Above her tanned and tattered sails, she flies neither flag nor colors, and she calls no port home. The ship's true name is lost to the ages, yet she is known to all by the same name—the *Harbinger of the Mists*.

Nipping ever in her wake, tendrils of thick white mist pursue the *Harbinger*. None save her captain and crew know the truth—those aboard flee the mists of Ravenloft. Caught between a squall and the misty borders of the Domains of Dread, the *Harbinger* escaped the Dark Powers of Ravenloft for the relative freedom of Faerûn. With the Mists of Ravenloft always on their heels, the captain and crew forever sail onward, hoping one day to finally be free.



The crew has lost count of how long it has been on the run. For nigh on three hundred years, the *Harbinger* has sailed the length and breadth of the Sword Coast, inadvertently terrorizing every small fishing village and city in her path.

The true curse for the crew is twofold. First, those who call the *Harbinger* home can't age while they are on or near the vessel. Second, the ship and the Mists can never be far apart, forever locked in a chase across the Sea of Swords until the Dark Powers reclaim their prize. The crew doesn't know—or perhaps refuses to believe—that they just can't flee the Domains of Dread without consequences. Until they accept their fate, the crew of the *Harbinger* shall forever run.

The *Harbinger* only makes port in cities when it must, stopping for a matter of hours for fresh supplies. Coast dwellers have learned to batten their shutters and let the ship pass in the night. Any who venture out or tarry while the *Harbinger* is near are seldom heard from again.

What Is It?

Cutting through the waves, this nameless ruddy vessel makes it way into port, docking without fuss. The hodge-podge crew of humanoids enter the city to purchase much-needed supplies before the ship leaves as quietly as it docked.
Not long after the Harbinger departs, a thick fog covers the bay. If you're smart, you're already inside.

Once known as the *Albion*, the *Harbinger of the Mists* is a sailing ship of Nova Vaasan design not otherwise seen on the Sword Coast. Her hull is ruddy from a stain made of beet juice, and her sails are patched and tattered from three centuries of near-constant use.

As the *Harbinger* must outrun the Mists, she has been long stripped of anything that may weigh her down. Thus, large weapons, dry cargo, and extra rations are surplus to requirements, and any passenger expecting creature comforts will be sorely disappointed.

Harbinger of the Mists

Gargantuan vehicle, (80 ft. by 20 ft.)

Creature Capacity 30 crew, 20 passengers

Cargo Capacity 100 tons

Travel Pace 5 miles per hour (120 miles per day)

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
20 (+5)	7 (-2)	17 (+3)	0	0	0

Damage Immunities psychic, poison

Condition Immunities blinded, charmed, deafened, exhaustion, frightened, incapacitated, paralyzed, petrified, poisoned, prone, stunned, unconscious

Actions

On its turn, the ship can take the move action below. It can't take this action if it has fewer than four crew.

Move. The ship uses its helm to move with its sails.

Hull

Armor Class 15

Hit Points 300 (damage threshold 15)

Control: Helm

Armor Class 18

Hit Points 50

Move up to the speed of its engine, with one 90-degree turn. If the helm is destroyed, the ship can't turn.

Movement: Sails

Armor Class 12

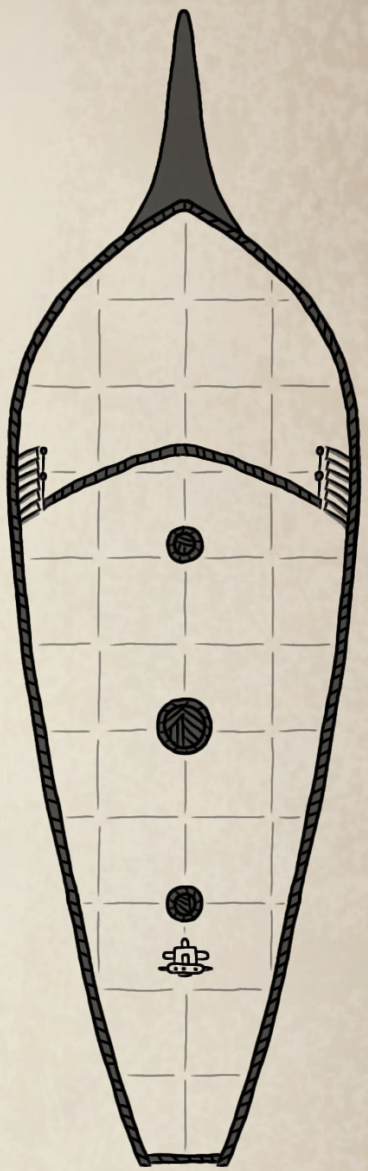
Hit Points 100; -5 feet per 25 damage taken.

Speed (water) speed 45 ft.; 15 ft. while sailing into the wind; 60 ft. while sailing with the wind.

A Cursed Life

You may choose to attune to the *Harbinger of the Mists* as though she were a magic item. While attuned, you no longer age and can go up to one month without eating or drinking. You can still die from hit point loss.

Once attuned, you are forever doomed to be pursued by the Dark Powers. Only a *wish* spell can break this curse.



Who's on Board?

The *Harbinger* boasts a small yet competent crew of twenty, composed mostly of **pirates** (MM, 343). While primarily crewed by Barovians, other unfortunate humanoids have joined the crew during the last three centuries.

To ensure funds for repairs, the captain offers passage to a small number of passengers that he carefully screens. The captain usually selects passengers whose disappearance is unlikely to trouble his conscience.

Captain Piotr Nesterov

Captain Nesterov is a middle-aged Barovian male with thinning red hair. He frequently dons blackened breeches and a greying shirt. Despite running for three centuries, he has an even-keeled temperament, neither laughing nor crying easily. His main badge of rank is the esteem that his crew holds for him.

Nesterov grew up near the Svalich Woods in Barovia. Upon reaching adulthood, he was permitted to travel east to the domain of Nova Vaasa. There, he found work as a sailor, eventually rising to the rank of first mate on the *Albion*.

While sailing the Nocturnal Sea, Nesterov's vessel came across a fierce squall that killed his captain. Faced with a deadly storm off his starboard and the Mists of Ravenloft off his port, he ordered his Vistana quartermaster to navigate through the Mists. When the *Albion* exited the Mists, she was in a new land—Faerûn.

After a pleasant week in the Sea of Swords, a crewman noticed thick fog coming up the aft of the ship. As the de facto captain, Nesterov ordered full sails, and the ship has been on the run ever since.

Nesterov is fiercely loyal to his crew, and he is not above sacrificing himself to protect them. Throughout the centuries, he has gleaned that Veroni (see below) is likely the reason the Dark Powers pursue the *Harbinger*. He has never betrayed this knowledge to anyone, including Veroni herself—but he might tell the right person if he believes that this will save the whole crew.

Like most Barovians, Nesterov doesn't have a soul. Whenever the *Harbinger* makes landfall, he visits priests of local faiths to discuss how one might obtain a soul from the gods. Throughout the centuries, he suspects that this may be how to end the unremitting chase.

Captain Nesterov is a chaotic neutral male Barovian human **bandit captain** (MM, 344).

Derwyn Eddoe

Derwyn is among the burliest of Ffolk from the Moonshae Isles. He pulls back his long blonde hair into a ponytail, and his thin beard has grown unkempt over the years on the ship. He is rarely seen wearing a shirt and provides the crew with much-needed muscle on the dangerous high seas.

Derwyn joined the crew almost 150 years ago. While the *Harbinger* was docked at his village, a group of marauding Northmen assaulted the ship. Honorbound to defend the *Harbinger*, he was still on board when Veroni gave the order to push off.

Captain Nesterov took Derwyn to their next port of call. While aboard, Derwyn attuned to ship. Leaving the ship at the next harbor, Derwyn sought passage home.

While the *Harbinger* was clearing the docks, the Mists crawled across the bay to claim Derwyn. He jumped into the water and swam to the *Harbinger*—where he has remained ever since.

Derwyn is very superstitious, and he has sworn an oath not to step foot on dry land until he returns to the Moonshaes. He still talks about seeing his sisters and nieces, and most have concluded that he is oblivious to the passage of time. Everyone that Derwyn knew is dead and long since forgotten. Perhaps this is why Captain Nesterov goes out of his way to plot courses that avoid these southern isles.

Derwyn is a chaotic good male Tethyrian human **berserker** (MM, 344).

Berel Mirea

Berel is a tall and slender Vistana human. His well-groomed moustache peaks out behind a crimson cloak, which obscures numerous daggers and a metal flask.

For reasons never shared with captain or crew, Berel was banished from his clan. Already a skilled wayfinder by land, this skill translated to the sea, and he was soon promoted to the rank of quartermaster on the *Albion*. It was Berel who Nesterov called upon to navigate the Mists, and it was Berel who found the Sea of Swords. Many of the crew feel that Berel is responsible for this fate worse than death.

On moonless nights, the seas are filled with haunted cries of the innocents that the Mists have claimed while chasing the *Harbinger*. Berel is the only one who hears these sorrowful wails. He drinks heavily these nights, praying that the grog will drown out their lament.

Berel Mirea is a chaotic good male Vistana human **scout** (MM, 349).

Veroni

Veroni looks like a young human woman with dark black hair and an aquiline nose. She wears a gray bandana around her head and a wool-lined jacket for the cold nights at sea. Few other than the crew know that Veroni is actually a wereraven.

In Barovia, ravens are known to serve as vessels for lost souls. Veroni hosts all the Barovian souls who have died on the ship. It is these souls that the Mists have pursued the past three centuries.

Veroni has tried to create several kindnesses of wereravens along the Sword Coast. Despite bestowing her blessing on dozens of willing people, she has never found another wereraven when she again returned to port. She doesn't want to admit it, but the Mists have likely claimed them.

Veroni is a lawful good female **wereraven** (CoS 242).

Darci Sigglebottom

Darci is a youthful halfling who always wears a stained apron, and her light brown curls peek out from underneath a chef's hat. Short for even a halfling, she is youthful and more chipper than the rest of the crew.

Darci hails from the mean streets of Luskan. After her father abandoned her family, she took to begging and petit larceny to support her mother and younger sister. Eventually she joined a local gang, and she narrowly escaped justice after a botched burglary of a mansion.

In search of a fresh start, Darci sought passage on the *Harbinger of the Mists*. After Captain Nesterov outright rejected her request, she stowed away in the hold of the ship.

When the crew found her stealing from their meager food supply, Darci was nearly forced to walk the plank. The halfling appealed to the crew's humanity and offered to prove her worth by cooking a meal. After transforming moldy cheese and stale bread into a delicious rarebit, she was welcomed to stay on the cursed vessel.

Whenever the ship makes dock in Luskan, Darci uses her meager free time to search for her mother and sister. No one has seen them since Darci first left, and the crew doesn't have the heart to inform her of their almost-certain fates.

Darci is a neutral female lightfoot halfling **commoner** (MM, 345).

Using the Harbinger

The *Harbinger* is a cursed ship, doomed to run from an implacable and unrelenting foe. All who crew the ship have experienced tragedy of some kind. Those granted passage on the ship have questionable reasons for fleeing their present circumstances.

Despite her curse, there exists hope and the opportunity for redemption aboard the *Harbinger*—if only some heroes can find the key.

Waking Nightmares. You are staying in a small coastal village when the *Harbinger* is sighted offshore. Shortly thereafter, a thick fog rolls in from the sea—and with it, creatures of nightmare. Can you protect the villagers from a death most certain?

Bounty Hunting. While in Waterdeep, you hunt for a criminal hidden in the Docks Ward. While chasing your mark, he runs into an opaque mist that just rolled in from the bay. Do you continue pursuit, or do you seek shelter from the fog?

A Family Affair. You are excited for an uneventful trip north after securing passage on a ship called the *Albion*. On your journey, the winds die and suddenly and the crew is confronted by a halfling girl with a strange resemblance to the cook. She claims to be a servant of great powers who are owed their rightful souls. She begs the crew to stand down, as her masters do not seek all souls aboard the vessel.

THE HONEST WEIGHT

It happens to every ship sooner or later. You travel the length and breath of the Sword Coast and find one morning that there's an immense whale swimming alongside your ship. At first, it might seem like a happy coincidence. Until the whale opens its mouth and you are hailed by Honest Trader Grgblyrg, the captain of the Honest Weight.

The *Honest Weight* carries all kinds of exotic goods from ship to ship. Members of the *Honest Weight* crew trade goods they've scavenged from sunken trading ships or goods they've kept from other trades. These kelp creatures all have names nearly unpronounceable to other humanoids.

The *Honest Weight* is an immense blue whale covered in layers of barnacles. Inside the whale, many small creatures made of strands of kelp work to move crates of goods from the belly of the whale out to the mouth to be unloaded. The *Weight* is a generational ship. Captain Grgblyrg is the 17th in a long line of Grgblyrgs. Many generations of these kelp creatures have lived and died in the belly of this great beast. The whale doesn't seem to mind, as the crew seems to attract all sorts of tasty krill.

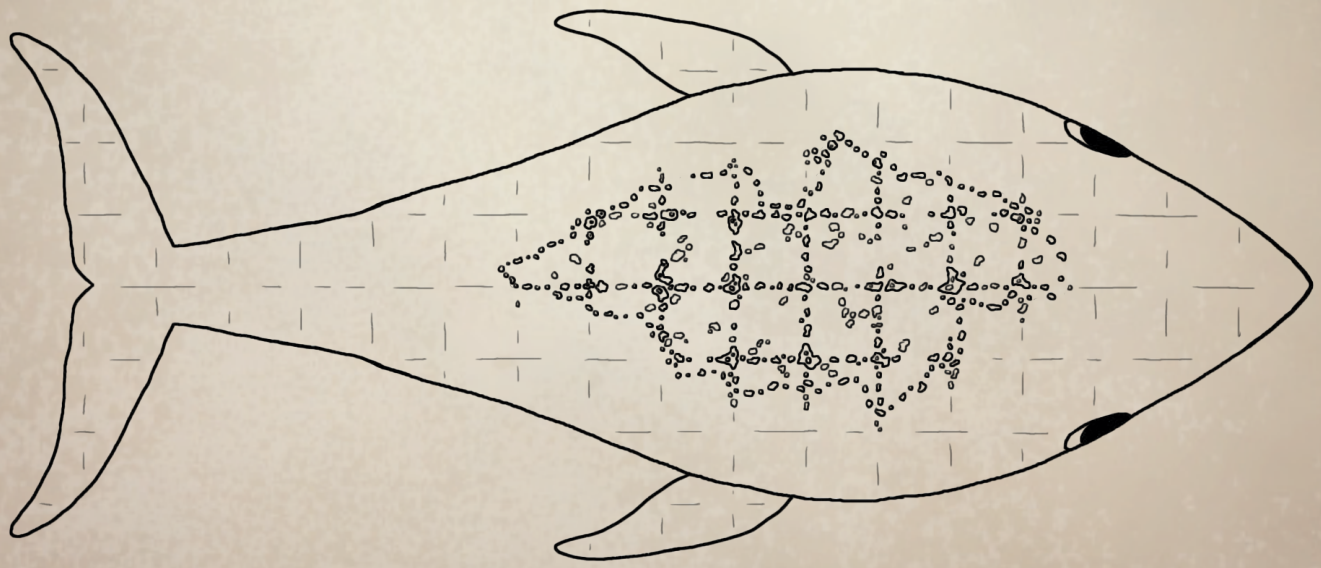
The kelp creatures spend their submerged time practicing their Common and adopting extreme versions of the niceties that they have observed with above-sea humanoids. They often try to practice humanoid greetings and trade practices, hoping to better serve in their new roles. Those that have met the crew of the *Honest Weight* have walked away a little unnerved, irritated, but with good and fair trades.

In truth, the kelp creatures don't have very much interest in trading. They don't see value in the things that they are taking off someone's hands only to say that it has value for people who they will trade these things to. While this proves to be a solid distraction for the colony, some are beginning to question the purpose in the long term. This new line of questioning isn't upsetting to them, it's simply a matter of practicality for the colony.

What Is It?

The *Honest Weight* is a large specimen of a female blue whale, encrusted with kelp and barnacles. It seems to be fully in its faculties but reacts and acts in a predictable fashion. From stem to stern, she is 90 feet long and about 40 feet from flipper to flipper. Her topside is a deep dark blue, with lighter shades of blue on her underside. The barnacles act as a rigid bone armor, protecting the whale's topside. When in danger, the *Honest Weight* dives well below the surface, hoping to avoid any pursuers or attackers. Since these vegepygmies are amphibious, they can survive perfectly fine underwater for a long time.

The whale is piloted from the inside, but navigated from the outside. A crewmember sits in the blowhole and communicates down to the other crew and the captain by banging rhythmically on the barnacle-encrusted topside. Inside, the captain gives information to the crew to steer the whale. The crew, in turn, prod, poke and massage the whale from the inside to get it to turn, dive, or surface when necessary.



Recently, there have been more and more questions from the crew about the age of the *Honest Weight* as a ship. As far as the crew knows this ship has been around for their entire people's history, but they sense the whale is at the end of its life. The captain has been starting to look about for a replacement whale before this one expires. Grglblyrg has started to include this question with any negotiations that occur with other humans, hoping they might have seen one that will fit their needs. So far, ones that have have been sighted do not meet the needs of the crew.

The Honest Weight

Gargantuan monstrosity, unaligned
Armor Class 17 (natural armor)
Hit Points 522 (36d20 + 144)
Speed 0 ft., swim 120 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
24 (+7)	10 (+0)	18 (+4)	5 (-3)	14 (+2)	7 (-2)

Skills Perception +5
Senses Blindsight 120 ft., Passive Perception 14
Languages --
Challenge 6 (2,300 XP)
Echolocation. The whale can't use its blindsight while deafened.
Hold Breath. The whale can hold its breath for 90 minutes.
Keen Hearing. The whale has advantage on Wisdom (Perception) checks that rely on hearing.

Actions

Bite. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +10 to hit, reach 10 ft., one target. *Hit:* 59 (15d6 + 7) bludgeoning damage.

The spray upon the deck is unusual as your ship rocks back and forth. As the crew scrambles to get the ship righted, some point over the starboard side. An immense whale has breached the waves, swimming alongside the ship. On its back stand a handful of small creatures, seemingly covered in kelp, one wearing a blue tricorn hat. "Ahoy, very wet brown and pink meat people!" it calls in a shrill voice. "We have things! Do you wish to trade for other things? You would do us a great and deep honor if you would give us your things... for which we will give you other things in return." The whole group of the creatures wave as your crew stands dumbstruck.

Who's on Board?

The crew of the *Honest Weight* are kelp creatures that are treated as 22 **vegepygmies** (VGtM 196) and 1 **vegepygmy chief** (VGtM 197). Additionally, these kelp vegepygmies can breathe and act normally underwater. They have a swim speed of 30 ft..

There are also large seaweed-covered dogs that look like giant bulldogs. They are treated as 3 **thornies** (VGtM 197) that help protect the crew, captain, and cargo. These creatures have a swim speed of 40 ft. and can breathe normally underwater.

Captain Grglblyrg the XVII

Grglblyrg is the seventeenth in a long line of Grglblyrgs. Its lineage has been captaining the *Honest Weight* since the kelp creatures found themselves awake inside the giant whale.

Since taking over command from its ancestor, Grglblyrg has run a good ship as a vegepygmy chief. The crew respects it and follows its orders without question.

Through extensive training, it has learned to speak broken Common, mostly from Prfmfrm (see below), who it relies on for the finer points of humanoid culture and language. Prfmfrm tells him that it should call itself captain, a title which it enjoys.

Having observed that humanoids like to weigh goods of value in order to determine a good trade, Grglblyrg has named the whale the Honest Weight, so that humanoids will know the ship is a fair dealer. Truth be told, the captain and his crew don't know what value humanoids put on certain items, so their collection of goods is eclectic and undervalued. This doesn't seem to bother the captain, as he looks for more and more ships to meet.

Honest Trader Prfmfrm "Isaac"

Prfmfrm is the sole expert on humanoid culture and language on board the *Honest Weight*. When the whale and crew investigated a shipwreck, they nursed several human survivors back to health. When Prfmfrm was only a sporeling, it learned much from these creatures while they were aboard. One of the humans nicknamed him Isaac, apparently after one of the human's siblings.

All the members on board the *Honest Weight* are called "Honest Traders." Prfmfrm believes that the title gives much credibility to the crew as they trade with other humanoids.

Prfmfrm gets some things mixed up, especially when it comes to personal human interaction. It's noticed from many of its trading visits that humanoids interact with each other in unpredictable and bizarre ways.

Prfmfrm has the unfortunate task from the captain to teach the rest of the crew Common. It often feels its task is impossible because the crew is very slow and forgetful.

Bosun Rbylflrm

Rbylflrm is what Prfmfrm refers to as a "bosun." This means, among other things, Rbylflrm manages the inventory of the ship and the cargo that the *Honest Weight* takes on. Rblylflrm is the best crew member at understanding human behavior other than Prfmfrm, but doesn't like talking to anyone. Having learned Common, it has started reading books in order to understand what the things amongst the cargo are worth.

So far, Rbylflrm has had little luck. All it can gather is that small bits of dried and powdered plants are valuable, as well as metals or rocks that are shiny. Rblylflrm thinks that the crew is being swindled. It's an issue that it has brought up to the captain before, but the problem doesn't seem to bother the captain.

Rblylflrm has seen many different wrecks of ships at the bottom of the sea. It has suggested to the captain and crew that they should search through these wrecks in order to get some things that humans like.

Rblylflrm has spoken to the different crew members, saying that they should borrow a human for a while. Rblyflrm hopes that the human will tell them what is valuable and what is junk. The other crew members seem to agree.

HYPERION'S HAVEN

The *Haven* sails through the seas, a hodgepodge of hulls, planks, and detritus, sailing with an uncanny efficiency through open ocean. At its core, *Hyperion's Haven* is a schooner. There is nothing obvious about the original ship remaining. Each rail, mast, rigging, and plank on the *Haven* is seemingly from a different ship.

Originally said to be captained by Hyperion, a human seaman, the *Haven* has taken in unique and wayward crew members from all sorts of different species. Darfellan, hadozee, grung, and xvart all have a place on the Haven.

The *Haven* seems like a wonderful place, serene and peaceful, but it hides a terrible secret.

Hyperion was marooned out to sea and clung aboard wreckage for much longer than a sane person could manage. In his desperation, he called out to anyone who would help him, promising his service to anyone who could send him aid. Aid came, in the form of an aboleth, called Xivannar, the Everwatching. Xivannar rescued the man and gifted him with the powers of a warlock. From then on out, Hyperion had dedicated his life to his new master. The *Haven* was built around the aboleth, using the aboleth as a means of propulsion and telepathic coordination. The hull provides an armored shell for the creature.

After the death of Hyperion a few years ago, the *Haven* runs the seas without a captain. The crew anticipate each others' needs, and seamlessly navigate the ship through storm and squall. Without a word, each of the crew members goes to their station and performs their duties, switching to other stations as the needs of the ship demand.

Since Hyperion's demise, the aboleth no longer needs the captain. Controlling the members in perfect telepathic communication, the crew sails the Sword Coast looking for more exiles to bring into the perfect harmony of Xivannar.

What Is It?

The sorest sight to meet your eyes on the seaes is most certainly the ship before you. Hyperion's Haven looks to be made of the pieces of lots of different ships. Its sails flutter about in the breeze straining from all the different fabrics The crew on the deck moves around quietly, but is just as strange as its ship. Comprised of rare and unique species, they mill about the deck, securing rigging, clearing barrels out of the way. An immense orangutan in a leather harness leans over the rickety rail. "Avast! Are ye lookin for some aid?"

Hyperion's Haven is hard to categorize as a ship. It boasts so many different features taken and retrofitted to the *Haven* from previous crashes. It is a mid-size sailing ship, sporting around 30 crew. It supports two masts with two supporting sails at the fore and aft. The sails themselves aren't even all canvas, but a conglomeration of thick, coarse fabric roughly stitched together. The hull is a composite of multiple colors and woods. Layers of different planking curl from warping and cause the deck to be just as treacherous as the waves. Multiple lenses are connected through complicated piping and engineering. All of them meet in the aboleth's chamber, allowing the creature to keep its eyes on his crew, as well as ships and potential slaves that are much farther away.

The crew navigate and operate through the ship with uncanny (and telepathically gifted) silent coordination. This level of teamwork is visibly uncanny, but not obviously unnatural.



Hyperion's Haven

Gargantuan vehicle (80 ft. by 20 ft.)

Creature Capacity 30 crew, 20 passengers

Cargo Capacity 100 tons

Travel Pace 5 miles per hour (120 miles per day)

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
20 (+5)	7 (-2)	17 (+3)	0	0	0

Damage Immunities poison, psychic

Condition Immunities blinded, charmed, deafened, exhaustion, frightened, incapacitated, paralyzed, petrified, poisoned, prone, stunned, unconscious

Actions

On its turn, the ship can take the move action below. It can't take this action if it has fewer than four crew.

Move. The ship uses its helm to move with its sails.

Legendary Actions

The Haven can take 3 legendary actions, choosing from the options below. Only one legendary action can be used at a time, and only at the end of another creature or ship's turn. Spent legendary actions are regained at the start of each turn.

Mass Hallucinations (1 action). Hyperion's Haven casts phantasmal force (no components required) on any number of creatures it can see within 60 feet of it. While maintaining concentration on this effect, the ship can't take other legendary actions. If a target succeeds on the saving throw or if the effect ends for it, the target is immune to the Haven's phantasmal force legendary action for the next 24 hours, although such a creature can choose to be affected.

Hydrokinesis (1 action). Open water within 90 feet of the ship surges outward in a grasping tide. Any creature in the water or on the deck of an affected ship, or another ship within 20 feet of the Haven must succeed on a DC 14 Strength saving throw or be pulled up to 20 feet closer to the Haven and knocked prone.

Madness In The Waves (1 action). Water around the ship magically becomes a conduit for Xavinnar's rage. The ship can target any number of creatures it can see in water within 90 feet of it. A target must succeed on a DC 14 Wisdom saving throw or take 7 (2d6) psychic damage. The ship can't use this lair action again until it has used a different one.

Hull

Armor Class 15

Hit Points 300 (damage threshold 15)

Ablative. The hodgepodge nature of the ship makes it impossible to critically damage connected systems. Once any component of the ship suffers a critical hit, it becomes immune to the next critical hit it would suffer from the same source.

Control: Helm

Armor Class 18

Hit Points 50

Move up to the speed of its sails, with one 90-degree turn. If the helm is destroyed, the ship can't turn.

Movement: Sails

Armor Class 12

Hit Points 100; –5 ft. speed per 25 damage taken

Speed (water) speed 45 ft.; 15 ft. while sailing into the wind; 60 ft. while sailing with the wind

Who's on Board?

Xivannar, the **aboleth** (MM, 13), is the coordinator and leader of the ship. Aboard the ship, there are seven **bandits** (MM, 343), two **berserkers** (MM, 344), one **mage** (MM, 347), and one **noble** (MM, 348) and even a crewmember who is a secret **kraken priest** (VGtM 215). It also boasts notable crew, like Kwan'watu, a loxo **druid** (MM, 346). Bosun Kippers is a hadozee **bandit captain** (MM, 344). The darfellan, Aaikee is an **assassin** (MM, 343). Patience, the hornhead saurial is a **warlock of the great old one** (VGtM 220).

Aaikee

Aaikee came to the *Haven* fairly recently. Darfellan are naturally refugees, being the victim of frequent and savage sahuagin attacks, but especially Aaikee. From a young age, she was not interested in the hunter/gatherer ways of her people and constantly questioned the elders about going to hunt the sahuagin before they were hunted to extinction. This plea was scoffed at by the village elders as "not their way." The young woman was the only survivor when her tribe was hunted in a sahuagin raid.

Aaikee spent all of her life since then in the pursuit of efficient hunting. Growing into a potent and trained assassin, she took the fight to the sahuagin, attempting to avenge her tribe.

The *Haven* found her floating in the ocean, unconscious after succumbing to injuries. After nursing her back to health, she struggled with their pacifist nature. She had a hard time understanding why the crew of the *Haven* would have no need to fight. Aaikee vowed to leave at the closest port, but never could bring herself to do it.

One day, Kippers brought her below deck to meet Xivannar. Nearly at once the darfellan sensed something wrong, but went to meet the aboleth. In Aaikee, Xivannar sensed the mind of a killer and hunter. The meeting was tense, but Aaikee agreed to stay on and be an eager part of the crew. In return Xivannar received the last line of defense if the ship were ever boarded or overran.

Aaikee is typical for darfellan, a jet-black, lithe, and muscular frame with white splotched markings. She favors practicality over modesty in her simple red pants, boots and brown leather halter top. She has a few piercings in her ears set with large gold hoops. Anyplace that could hold a sheathed dagger does so.

Bosun Kippers

The hadozee had been brought up from an innocent youth with Captain Hyperion. Spending his whole life on board, Kippers knows the ship inside and out. The different components change often, as bits of grounded shipwreck or flotsam are added to repair the ship, but Kippers seems to be familiar with every inch of it. While there is no leader amongst the crew of the Haven, Kippers takes on the role of ambassador.

He believes in the the initial dream of the Haven: to provide a home for any wayward soul. He's one of the few on board that remember and know of Xivannar. It is usually his grim responsibility to deliver new and indoctrinated recruits to meet the creature. If the introductions go well, it's Kipper's job to embrace the new member of the crew. If things do not go well, it's also his job to close the door between Xivannar and the recruit and let them sort out their differences.

Kippers has thick orange fur that covers his body. Some of the longer strands of fur are braided and fitted with glass beads. His face, hands and feet are a deep black-brown and leathery. As with most members of his species, he prefers to wear a leather harness for various tools rather than traditional clothing.

Kwan'watu

Kwan'watu hails from loxo tribes from the faraway Shaar. Being the runt of his tribe, Kwan'watu was ostracized. He felt a strong wanderlust and need to see other lands and peoples. Being in tune with the natural world, he heard the call of the wind to head to the sea. Night after night, the wind would call to him, begging him to come to the open ocean. He finally arrived after two years of searching. The shores were rocky and cragged, devoid of sand, aged shipwrecks littered the coast. One had worked its way up on shore, being repaired with detritus from other wrecks by a menagerie of other species. So far, his experience in civilized areas had been one of fear and anger from the townspeople, but the crew of the *Haven* took Kwan'watu in, putting him to work and giving him a purpose.

The loxo druid spends most of his time helping the *Haven* divine the weather and reading signs in the environment to predict safe passage. He has found his home, and even without the influence of the aboleth, he would be perfectly happy seeing out his remaining days aboard the Haven.

Kwan'watu is small for a loxo, only reaching 6 and a half feet tall. He is still heavy and muscular, but not nearly the size of the rest of his tribe. His pebbled grey skin is covered in dried paint of various hues, which he uses as his own tribal markings. He keeps his tusks capped in round bronze fittings, and one of his trunks flung over his shoulder.

Patience

Patience is the name that the Haven's crew gifted to this hornhead saurial. As saurial communication is mostly too high pitched to hear, or based on scent, Patience spent most of her life wandering in absolute silence. Most anyone she met didn't understand her, and her travels were lonesome to say the least. Severe depression and melancholy followed her wherever she went, as the ability to talk and communicate with others was not an option.

One day, while staring into the harbor waters of Waterdeep, the young hornhead contemplated throwing herself into the deep water, knowing she couldn't swim. A hearty greeting broke her morose thoughts, and she was greeted by the crew of the *Haven* pulling into port. She pondered some sort of way to give communication one last chance, but before she could try, Kippers was already answering her questions. Panicked at the thought that she could communicate with someone new, and someone knew what she was thinking, her mind raced with possibilities. While the crew tried to help answer her questions, they welcomed her on board. Before she knew it, people kept telling her "patience, things will

all be revealed in time." From then on, she would introduce herself as Patienc-e.

She has completely embraced her new home, giving herself entirely over to Xivannar for the gift of being able to share her thoughts with people. As a junior member of the crew, she defers to Kippers when he's communicating with outsiders.

Patience has the typical leathery skin and large head frill of all other hornheads. Her skin is a brown and green blotched amalgamation. Her horns are capped and connected by thin gold chains that connect to the center nose horn. She often wears loose clothing to help out on board the ship, and comfortable blue robes for the evening.

Xivannar

The sinister aboleth has had to survive from the rest of its kind for many an age. It has seen (and hunted) many of his kindred who have stationary bases or lairs. Xivannar thought that the best way to avoid hunters and establish its rule was to never be caught. It was with the young shipwright, Nyjal Hyperion, that the aboleth found a mobile base with cooperative followers to be the most agreeable.

For the last thirty-five years, the aboleth has dwelt inside the hull of the Haven, enticing new crew to come under its power. Instead of direct domination, Xivannar has found that these strange crew members work best under cooperation. Few fight or resist it when the time for its influence is revealed. This change in approach, and the effectiveness of this experiment, has made the aboleth ponder his outlook and the philosophy of his species.

Xivannar is a bit of an oddity for aboleth. It is narrower than most aboleth and longer. Its front is more angled and wedge shaped than rounded and he has mottled white splotches on light blue skin, further setting him apart from his peers.

THE IMPEDIMENT

Back in the not-so-distant past, a witch who lived by the sea fell in love with a wizard called Persimmon. Not so strange a story, you might think. It happens every day. Unfortunately for the wizard, he didn't love her back. Mostly because she ate children and generally acted in what he considered to be a very unreasonable manner. She also didn't alphabetize her books, which in his mind was the greater of the two sins. In a fit of rage, she cursed the wizard to wander the ocean until he "finds a way to love her." Compelled by the curse to head into the ocean, the wizard rather spitefully used his magic to deconstruct the witch's hut, ramming the assorted bric-a-brac together into a magically buoyant (and incredibly unseaworthy) ship. He sailed away, leaving her frothing at the mouth and cursing his name. For the last sixty years, he has sailed the sea in vain, working on his magic to summon and craft his own friends from the materials available to him.

This Might Float?

Is that an island in the distance? No... a house... or perhaps a ship? The boat is a ramshackle mess of household items, wind filling a gigantic tea towel repurposed as a sail. Skillets have been used as oars, and tiny batlike creatures flutter overhead.

The *Impediment* is a ramshackle and entirely improbable collection of kitchenware, wooden struts, and assorted secondhand items crammed together into the vague shape of a vessel. Some of the items have been magically enlarged to serve appropriate purposes. A gargoyle sits on the prow, leering out to sea.



The Impediment

Gargantuan vehicle, (60 ft. by 60 ft.)

Creature Capacity 20 crew, 20 passengers

Cargo Capacity 5 tons

Travel Pace 2 miles per hour (48 miles per day)

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
13 (+1)	8 (-1)	14 (+2)	0	0	0

Damage Immunities poison, psychic

Condition Immunities blinded, charmed, deafened, exhaustion, frightened, incapacitated, paralyzed, petrified, poisoned, prone, stunned, unconscious

Actions

On its turn, the ship can take 2 actions, choosing from the options below. It can take only 1 action if it has fewer than ten crew. It can't take these actions if it has fewer than three crew.

Fire Gargoyle Catapult. The ship fires its gargoyle catapult.

Move. The ship uses its magical winds to move using its sails.

Hull

Armor Class 8

Hit Points 300

Control and Movement: Sails

Armor Class 12

Hit Points 100, -5 ft. speed per 25 damage taken

Speed (water) sails, speed 60 ft.

Magical Winds: the ship is powered by magical winds conjured by Persimmon. If the winds are targeted by *dispel magic* or similar magic, they fail and the ship ceases to move. Persimmon can perform a 10-minute ritual to restore the wind.

Weapons: Gargoyle Catapult

Armor Class 15

Hit Points 50

Ranged Weapon Attack: +5 to hit, range 200/800 ft. (can't hit targets within 60 ft.), one target. *Hit:* 27 (5d10) bludgeoning damage, and the boulder unfolds into a hostile **gargoyle** (MM, 140).

Bedknobs and Broomsticks

The *Impediment* is entirely a construct of Persimmon's magic. For as long as the wizard lives, the integrity of the ship remains stable, even if he is asleep or incapacitated. Should he die, all summoned and animated constructs about the ship vanish or fall inert, and the ship falls apart over 1d4 rounds, collapsing into flotsam and jetsam. Whilst Persimmon lives, it is not possible to collapse the *Impediment* with the use of *dispel magic* or similar effects. Spells Persimmon casts while on the *Impediment* or other magical effects, such as the magical winds propelling the vessel, are still subject to *dispel magic* and similar effects.



Who's on Board?

The *Impediment* is manned entirely by Persimmon and his array of conjured servants. Persimmon is served by no fewer than thirteen **homunculi** (MM, 188) and five **gargoyles** (MM, 140).

The Wizard Persimmon

The wizard Persimmon is a master of transmutation and conjuration magic, summoning servants from other planes and animating ordinary objects to fulfil his will. An aged human with a long beard and a crazed look in his eyes, he rides the seas dressed in nothing but a bedsheet and overconfidence. He insists on being referred to as The Wizard Persimmon, and genuinely seems confused at the intricacies of human interaction—he's lived so long with only ambulatory kitchenware for company that he's quite forgotten what ordinary behaviour looks like. Those accustomed to manners, pleasantries, and other conceits might find Persimmon's behaviour strange, but the old man is rarely dangerous unless he wakes up on the wrong side of bed. He spends most of the day concentrating on keeping strong winds blowing through to the sails and mending broken objects. Persimmon has the statistics of an **archmage** (MM, 342), with a modified spell list (below). Persimmon is quite mad and, while he knows and could prepare many more spells, he chooses to only fill his already cluttered mind with these. At your discretion, you may supplement these spells with those found on the archmage's spell list.

Cantrips (at will): *gust*, mending*
1st level (4 slots): *Tenser's floating disk, unseen servant*
2nd level (3 slots): *enlarge/reduce, levitate, rope trick*
3rd level (3 slots): *tiny servant**
4th level (3 slots): *animate objects, fabricate*
5th level (3 slots): *control winds, telekinesis*
6th level (1 slot): *create homunculus*
7th level (1 slot): *sequester*
8th level (1 slot): *control weather*
9th level (1 slot): *true polymorph*

*Appears in Xanathar's Guide to Everything

If under attack, Persimmon uses *tiny servant* to animate bric-a-brac from all over the ship, conjuring a legion of tiny murderous household objects. If in serious danger from boarders, he might transform himself into a broom or a mop using *true polymorph* and hope to escape notice.

Boy

"Boy" is Persimmon's familiar, a **homunculus** that he talks to and treats like a person. Boy doesn't mind, mostly because he's very patient and doesn't know any other world than the rickety ship. He has a fondness for eating birds that alight on the ship, and can usually be found surrounded by feathers, sporting a bloody grin.

Flotsam and Jetsam

These two gargoyles are bad-natured squabblers, which usually translates to perching on either end of the ship staring balefully at one another. They flat out refuse to do anything Persimmon tells them to do, something Persimmon chalks up to "damnable recalcitrance."

Using The Impediment

The *Impediment* is a source of magical items, arcane lore, and humour. Indulge in the mad whimsy of Persimmon's behaviour, and his curmudgeonly love for his summoned creatures.

The Lockbox. An item the characters are looking for has been washed up aboard the *Impediment*—and seems to have developed a personality.

Matchmaker, Make Me a Man. The witch who cursed Persimmon has repented of her cruelty, and desires to have him back, if the old man can be convinced to leave his baubles behind.

The Secret of the Sea. Persimmon finds what he was looking for—the secret was inside him all along. He returns to land to find true love with the witch... who is long dead of old age. Filled with rage, he lays siege to the port with an army of animated objects.

THE LIFE GIVER

This giant floating island made of kelp, shipwrecks, and other sea detritus has humble beginnings. It all started when a sahuagin priestess, Moorven, came across an elf druid named Xandril adrift at sea. Moorven immediately set her sharks at the prey, but Xandril's magic calmed the fish, and soon after the sahuagin and elf began discussing plans to create a fantastic vessel. Xandril spent days at sea, exposed to the elements and suffering from many wounds. His mind was broken, but Moorven didn't think the vision he presented was crazy. She embraced it, planning to use the mad druid's powers for her own gain.

With their powers combined, the pair carried out a powerful ritual that not only attracted kelp and other plant life merging into semi-solid land, but also made it grow at an exponential rate. As sea currents transported the island, it has become a home for plant creatures, fungi, and a small pack of sahuagin, who, under Moorven's leadership, used it as a staging area for raids.

The raids were very successful, and Moorven's power grew. However, she failed to notice that as she raided, Xandril grew more and more fungi. One day, Moorven decided to get rid of the druid, and then her own sahuagin turned against her. Xandril worshipped Zuggtomoy, the Demon Queen of Fungi! With her help, he had infected the sahuagin, their captives, and everything else on the floating island.

Xandril calls the island *Life Giver*. When it encounters a ship, or currents carry it near land, small patches of kelp detach and float toward the target. They are filled with fungi and spores that attempt to infect anything they can. Infected sahuagin and other beings protect those "plaguebearers" from harm.

Xandril never leaves the *Life Giver*. He spends his days tormenting Moorven, who is now entombed in the mycelia, feeling and seeing everything other creatures in the "network" feel. She continues to struggle and sometimes manages to free a slave, who attempts to get away and find help— spreading the disease nonetheless.

A Seething Mass of Kelp

First, the stench hits you. The wet, salty odor of seaweed rotting in a puddle, with a tinge of mushroom. Then wind changes, parting mists, and you see a floating mass of kelp—a veritable small island! Broken masts jut out at odd angles, draped in seaweed and fungal growths. As you approach, the crew come to life. They're not undead, but they move like zombies. You see larger shapes, amalgams of twigs and leaves, as well as a large number of myconids. Using broken spars as tools, they pry off chunks of their vessel, board those small crafts, and soon a small swarm of boats is moving towards you!

The *Life Giver* is a floating island made of seaweed, small rocks, wrecked hulls and masts of absorbed ships and other flotsam. It is forever shifting and changing, as small patches of kelp drift away or new material joins the main body.

Full of hidden caves and passageways, the living island shelters an unknown number of fungi, myconids, and shamblers, as well as a colony of spore-slaves including sahuagin, their sharks, and victims of Moorven's raids. Day and night they work, dismantling wrecks and dragging the pieces deep into the kelp to fashion a rudimentary skeleton that supports the island and keeps it together. Those that can't work anymore are fed to the mycelium.

Meanwhile, deep within the island, in the center of a treacherous underground maze, Xandril sees all. Using Moorven and her mind as a scrying ball, he controls the life on the island, as well as scouts the sea, seeking new victims that can accept Zuggtmoy's blessings.

Seeds of Evil

The *Life Giver* has one mission: to spread the spores and infect as many creatures as possible. It does so by sending off small islets full of fungi and infected spore-slaves. Unlike the *Life Giver,* these small vessels—called sporeboats—are actual ships and can move without sea currents. A sporeboat has at least one myconid with Zuggtmoy's spore abilities. There are two main ways of spreading Zuggtmoy's gifts:

Creeping Death. When sea currents bring the *Life Giver* near land, Xandril sends forth a number of sporeboats that make landfall in secret. This may be just one boat or dozens of them. Typically they don't assault a settlement, but rather hide in a quiet corner of the coast, growing and corrupting local flora and fauna. The spreading cancer then reaches and incorporates a humanoids' settlement. Once it's been assimilated, the colony waits until the *Life Giver* returns to the area and reabsorbs the best specimens.

Deadly Stowaways. Out in the open sea, the vessel sometimes drops a sporeboat or ten, which then drift on their own. Occasionally, a passing ship spots them and closes in to investigate. Soon, everybody on board is infected or dead.

If attacked, the *Life Giver* releases a swarm of sporeboats that race toward the enemy hoping to overwhelm, distract, or chase away the attacker.

Due to the squelching wet strands that make up the entire island, it counts as difficult terrain.

The Life Giver

Gargantuan vehicle (120 ft. by 120 ft.)

Creature Capacity 100

Cargo Capacity 150 tons

Travel Pace 2 miles per hour (48 miles per day), this may change depending on ocean currents

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
20 (+5)	4 (-3)	20 (+5)	0	0	0

Damage Immunities poison, psychic

Condition Immunities blinded, charmed, deafened, exhaustion, frightened, incapacitated, paralyzed, petrified, poisoned, prone, stunned, unconscious

Actions

On its turn the ship can take an action to release 3 sporeboats (see below) and move. If it has fewer than twenty crew, it can only move. The ship can always move, even without crew.

Move. The ship drifts in the direction of the ocean currents.

Hull

Armor Class 11

Hit Points 700 (damage threshold 20)

Sporeboat

Large vehicle (10 ft. by 5 ft.)

Creature Capacity 2 Medium creatures and 1 Large creature or 4 Medium creatures

Cargo Capacity 500 pounds

Travel Pace 3 miles per hour (24 miles per day)

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
11(+0)	8 (-1)	11 (+0)	0	0	0

Damage Immunities poison, psychic

Condition Immunities blinded, charmed, deafened, exhaustion, frightened, incapacitated, paralyzed, petrified, poisoned, stunned, unconscious

Actions

On its turn, the sporeboat can take the move action below. It can't take this action if it has no crew.

Move. The sporeboat can move using its fins.

Hull

Armor Class 11

Hit Points 50

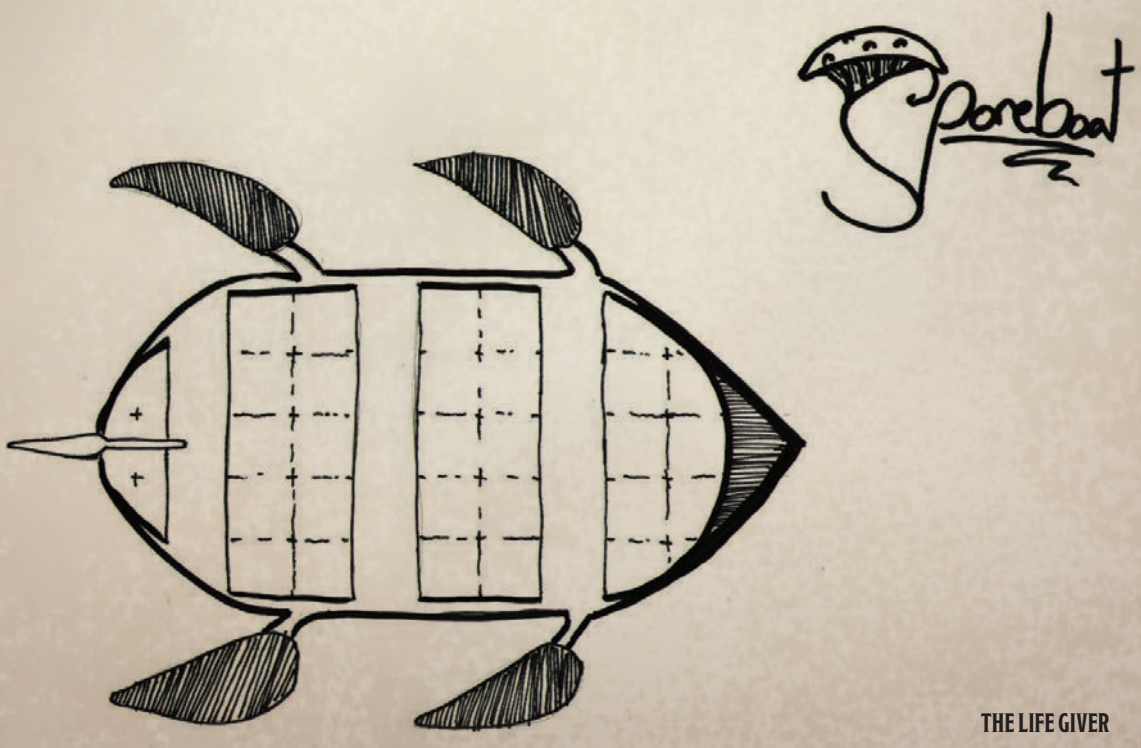
Control and Movement: Kelp-fins

Armor Class 12

Hit Points 25

Speed (water) 15 ft.

Move up to the ship's speed, with one 90-degree turn. Without fins, the boat's speed is 0.



Xandril's Servants

The *Life Giver's* crew consist of chaotic evil **myconids** (MM, 230-232), **gas spores** (MM, 138), **shambling mounds** (MM, 270), and **spore servants**. A spore servant can be any creature as detailed in the myconids entry in the *Monster Manual*. Common spore servants include bandits, giant octopuses, sahuagin, sharks, and other marine life. If you are looking to make an encounter with the *Life Giver* particularly challenging, Xandril and his servants may have found a dead bronze dragon or storm giant to reanimate!

Myconids that follow Zuggtmoy use deadly spores. Myconid adults can have two of the following spore effects. Myconid sovereigns have access to all of them. These originally appeared in *Out of the Abyss*.

Caustic Spores (1/Day). The myconid releases spores in a 30-foot cone. Each creature inside the cone must succeed on a Dexterity saving throw, or take 1d6 acid damage at the start of each of the myconid's turns. A creature can repeat the saving throw at the end of its turn, ending the effect on itself on a success. The save DC is 8 + the myconid's Constitution modifier + the myconid's proficiency bonus.

Infestation Spores (1/Day). When the myconid releases spores, they burst out in a cloud that fills a 10-foot-radius-sphere centered on it, and the cloud lingers for 1 minute. Any flesh-and-blood creature in the cloud when it appears, or which enters it later, must make a Constitution saving throw. The save DC is 8 + the myconid's Constitution modifier + the myconid's proficiency bonus. On a successful save, the creature can't be infected by these spores for 24 hours. On a failed save, the creature is infected with a disease called "the spores of Zuggtmoy." While infected in this way, the creature can't be reinfected, and it must repeat the saving throw at the end of every 24 hours, ending the infection on a success. On a failure, the infected creature's body is slowly taken over by fungal growth, and after three such failed saves the creature dies and is reanimated as a spore servant if it's a correct type of creature (see the "Myconids" entry in the *Monster Manual*).

Euphoria Spores (1/Day). The myconid releases a cloud of spores in a 20-foot-radius sphere centered on itself. Other creatures in that area must each succeed on a Constitution saving throw or become poisoned for 1 minute. The save DC is 8 + the myconid's Constitution modifier + the myconids proficiency bonus. A creature can repeat the saving throw at the end of each of its turns, ending the effect early on itself on a success. When the effect ends on it, the creature gains one level of exhaustion.

Xandril

Fungus covers his skin, small buds sprout here and there, and long strands of mycelium grow on his head and face, resembling heavy and sickly pinkish dreadlocks. Soft fungal growth covers his entire body. From a distance, he looks as if he was wearing fur.

He walks stooped, heavily leaning on his staff made of the piece of wood that saved his life when he was drifting, just before Moorven found him. He talks slowly, taking long wheezing breaths, and something clicks and gurgles in his throat.

Use either **druid** (MM, 246) or **archdruid** (VGtM 210). Xandril's alignment is chaotic evil.

Using the Life Giver

They Came From the Sea. People disappear near a coastal community, while a strange prophet foresees the coming of a deliverer who is one and many.

Mushroom Picking. While sailing, the characters come across a sporeboat. Then another,and another—a whole string of them. Their navigator among the characters' crew realizes that the currents will soon take them to a nearby inhabited island. The characters can either go and warn the settlement, or follow the breadcrumbs to the source.

Sahuagin Survivor. The characters find a badly-wounded sahuagin. He tells them of the *Life Giver* and that it must be stopped. He even offers a joint strike, if the characters take him to his tribe. He seems genuine, but can this creature really be trusted?

MISS CALCULATION

Heavily armored with thick metal plating, the *Miss Calculation* is a submarine designed and built to survey the depths of the great seas, scouring the ocean floors for resources to be harvested and utilized by the crafty tinker gnomes who operate the ship.

In response to a lack of resources near their surface home, the gnomish crew put their heads together and built the *Miss Calculation*, a vessel strong and hardy enough that it can dive deep into the ocean without crumbling under the pressure.

The captain of the vessel, Captain Hallicent Sunvale, was the one who spearheaded the project when it was first conceptualized. Her gnomish peers thought her crazy for wanting to build a ship whose purpose was to explore beneath the waves, but Hallicent was not discouraged by their doubts.

It took many years before the ship could be considered as anything other than a death trap. When the vessel finally functioned correctly—a faulty measurement in the hull's thickness had caused endless problems— it was hardier than first anticipated. This fault in the design was what made the *Miss Calculation*'s first dive a success, happening completely by accident, surprising the crew and captain. It was because of this error the vessel was given its name, the *Miss Calculation*, and it is now bragged about far and wide by the gnomes who were there to witness Hallicent and her crew.

Now, the *Miss Calculation* is infamous in gnomish culture. The minerals and metals it is able to harvest from the ocean floors are extremely profitable and has made Captain Hallicent a legend among her people for pioneering new mining technology. Every few weeks, the *Miss Calculation* makes landfall to drop off its goods in a trusted harbor. Here they sell what materials they have stored in their hold before taking off to explore the dark oceans once again.

ARMORED MINING VESSEL

The *Miss Calculation* is unique in the sense that while it technically can sail above the water, it tends not to do so. The design of this ship allows it to move beneath the waves, diving all the way to the bottom of the ocean in search of minerals, metals, and other resources to harvest.

Visually, the ship looks like a long tube made out of enhanced steel plating. The name of the ship is painted on its side in large, yellow letters. The paint is worn and flaky, having been subjected to damage during its diving expeditions.

Along the bow, thick magically-enhanced glass allows for the helmsman of the ship to look outside as they steer the *Miss Calculation* through the waters. Two bright lights, both of which can be operated from inside the ship, are used to light the way when the ship explores the bottom of the ocean. It also has an expandable drill that can be used to mine into underground veins of metallic ore.

At the end of the ship is a propeller that is designed to spin fast enough to allow for forward motion through the waters. Wings on the sides of the metal tube allow for steering, but precise movement is extremely hard to accomplish with the *Miss Calculation*.

MISS CALCULATION

Gargantuan vehicle (120 ft. by 30 ft.)

Creature Capacity 20 crew, 30 passengers

Cargo Capacity 3 tons

Travel Pace 12 miles per hour (288 miles per day)

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
19 (+4)	7 (-2)	22 (+6)	0	0	0

Damage Immunities necrotic, poison, psychic

Condition Immunities blinded, charmed, deafened, exhaustion, frightened, incapacitated, paralyzed, petrified, poisoned, prone, stunned, unconscious

ACTIONS

On its turn, the ship can take 3 actions, choosing from the options below. It can take only 2 actions if it has fewer than ten crew and only 1 action if it has fewer than five crew. It can't take these actions if it has fewer than three crew.

Move. The ship can use its control dome to move with its arcane engine.

Drill. The ship can use its drill weapon attack.

Fire Torpedoes. The ship fire its torpedoes.

Water Boiler. The ship can use its water boiler attack.

HULL

Armor Class 19

Hit Points 750 (damage threshold 20)

CONTROL: CONTROL DOME

Armor Class 17

Hit Points 200

Move up to the speed of its arcane engine, with one 45 degree turn. If the control dome is destroyed, the ship can't turn.

Movement: Arcane Engine

Armor Class 16

Hit Points 100; -20 ft. speed per 10 damage taken

Speed (water) speed 120 ft. If the engine is destroyed, the ship's speed is slowed by 10 ft. at the beginning of each round until the ship's speed reaches 0.

Weapon: Drill

Armor Class 18

Hit Points 70 (damage threshold 20)

Melee Weapon Attack: +5 to hit, range 15 ft., one target. *Hit:* 27 (5d10) piercing damage.

Weapons: Torpedoes (2)

Armor Class 16

Hit Points 100 each

Ranged Weapon Attack: +5 to hit, range 300/1200 ft., one target. *Hit:* 33 (6d10) fire damage and 33 (6d10) piercing damage. Any creature standing within 15 feet of the hit must make a DC 14 Dexterity saving throw. They take 16 (3d10) fire damage and 16 (3d10) piercing damage on a failed save, and half as much damage on a successful one.

Weapon: Water Boiler

Armor Class 16

Hit Points 150 (damage threshold 25)

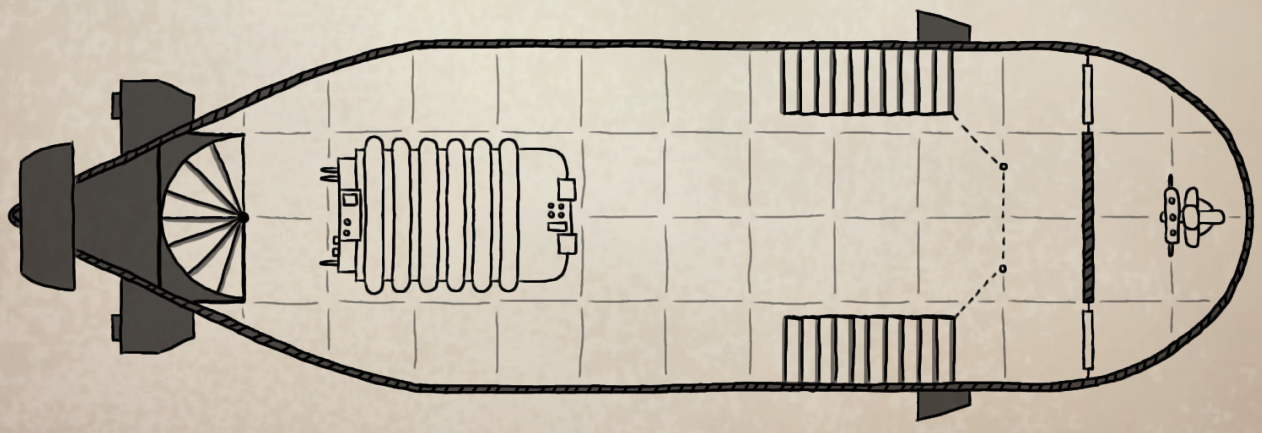
The ship heats the water surrounding it, sending it into a boil. Any creature in the water and within 15 feet of the ship must make a DC 15 Constitution saving throw. The creature takes 36 (8d8) fire damage on a failed save or half as much damage on a successful one.

A loud crash of water sounding like a massive wave hitting the side of a mountain erupts from below, as a dark, slender vessel breaks the tension of the ocean surface. The mechanical whirring of machinery is almost deafening at first, but it quickly grows quieter, replacing the screeching of gears with the low hum of an arcane engine.

Maneuver Pods

When maneuverability is required, such as when gathering resources from the ocean floor, two small mechanical pods are deployed from the back of the vessel. These are circular in shape and have two long tongs equipped with drills in the front that function like arms for the pilot. These pods are also equipped with many small propellers over the pod's hull that are used for gaining speed. The pod does not have a large main propeller like the *Miss Calculation*, meaning it travels much more slowly, but with greater mobility.

Both the pods and the *Miss Calculation* are heavily armored, though the pods to a less extent than the main vessel. Not only does the armor protect from the pressure of the ocean, it also shields the crew from the creatures living in the deep sea. The *Miss Calculation* has encountered dangerous monsters and predators, as is evident by the damage found on the hull of the ship.



Maneuver Pod

Huge vehicle, (15 ft. by 10 ft.)

Creature Capacity 3 crew, 3 passengers

Cargo Capacity ½ ton

Travel Pace 8 miles per hour (192 miles per day)

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
15 (+2)	14 (+2)	14 (+2)	0	0	0

Damage Immunities necrotic, poison, psychic

Condition Immunities blinded, charmed, deafened, exhaustion, frightened, incapacitated, paralyzed, petrified, poisoned, prone, stunned, unconscious

Actions

On its turn, the pod can take the move action below. It can't take this action if it has no crew.

Move. The ship can use its control dome to move with its arcane engine.

Hull

Armor Class 17

Hit Points 250

Control: Control Dome

Armor Class 15

Hit Points 50

Move up to the speed of its arcane engine, with one 180-degree turn. If the control dome is destroyed, the ship can't turn.

Movement: Arcane Engine

Armor Class 16

Hit Points 50; -10 ft. speed per 10 damage taken

Speed (water) arcane energy, speed 50 ft. If the engine is destroyed, the pod's speed is slowed by 10 ft. at the beginning of each round.

Weapon: Tongs

Armor Class 15

Hit Points 40 (damage threshold 20)

Melee Weapon Attack: +5 to hit, range 10 ft., one target. *Hit:* 11 (2d10) piercing damage.

A wind-up noise, as if from a mechanical toy, sounds as this circular orb of shining metal propels itself through water. It moves rapidly through the waves, changing direction with uncanny speed and precision.

Who's on Board?

The crew is made up of the gnomes who helped conceptualize and construct the *Miss Calculation*, as well as hired gnomish sailors. Ten members of the twenty-person crew (use the **tinkerer** stat block below) are responsible for managing everyday life on the ship, including cooking and cleaning . Five are responsible for running diagnostics and maintaining control of the vessel (**scout**, MM, 349) and four gnomes are in charge of steering the *Miss Calculation*, as well as controlling the pods when they are sent out to gather mined resources (**swashbuckler**, VGtM 217).

Lastly, and most importantly to some extent, is Captain Hallicent Sunvale, the one who had the idea to first build the submarine, and who runs her ship with a firm hand.

Tinkerer

Small humanoid (gnome), any alignment

Armor Class 11

Hit Points 11 (2d8 + 2)

Speed 25 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
10 (+0)	13 (+1)	13 (+1)	15 (+2)	11 (+0)	10 (+0)

Skills Arcana +4, History +4

Senses darkvision 60 ft., passive Perception 10

Languages Gnomish, Common

Challenge 1/8 (25 XP)

Arcane Cantrip. The tinkerer knows the mending cantrip. Intelligence is its spellcasting ability for this spell.

Artificer's Lore. Whenever the tinkerer makes an Intelligence (History) check related to magic items, alchemical objects, or technological devices, it adds twice its proficiency bonus to the roll.

Gnome Cunning. The tinkerer has advantage on all Intelligence, Wisdom, and Charisma saving throws against magic.

Actions

Club. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +2 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 2 (1d4) bludgeoning damage.

Light Hammer. *Melee or Ranged Weapon Attack:* +2 to hit, reach 5ft., or range 20/60, one target. *Hit:* 2 (1d4) bludgeoning damage.

Captain Hallicent Sunvale

Captain Hallicent, or just Halla to her closest friends, always yearned for adventure. Commanding the *Miss Calculation* is her fulfilling that dream of experiencing the world by exploring its vast waters, and even seeing things no one else can claim to have seen.

Captain Hallicent has a kind face and an even kinder smile, made sweet by how often she flashes it among her crew. She feels at home on the *Miss Calculation* more so than she does on land, or even in open air, and spends most of her time within the confines of the submarine. Unlike many of her crew, especially the newer members, she never feels claustrophobic from being confined within the metal tube.

While the submarine is out on the seas, Captain Hallicent is in charge of overseeing day-to-day activities on board, as well as make rulings on issues that arise among her crew. As long as they are beneath the water, her word is law and no one dares disagree with her. Hallicent is sweet by nature, to strangers and her crew alike, and no one knows the *Miss Calculation* better than she. Hallicent does not tolerate backtalk or halfassery concerning her life's work.

She is known for stepping into multiple other stations on the ship, including engine and hull repairs, as well as piloting the Maneuver Pods used for picking up mined minerals and ore.

Captain Hallicent Sunvale

Small humanoid (gnome), lawful good

Armor Class 15 (studded leather)

Hit Points 77 (14d8 + 14)

Speed 25 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
11 (+1)	16 (+3)	13 (+1)	12 (+1)	14 (+2)	11 (+0)

Skills Acrobatics +5, Athletics +3, History +3, Perception +4

Senses darkvision 60 ft., passive Perception 12

Languages Common, Gnomish

Challenge 4 (1,100 XP)

Artificer's Lore. Whenever Hallicent makes an Intelligence (History) check related to magic items, alchemical objects, or technological devices, she adds twice her proficiency bonus to the roll.

Gnome Cunning. Hallicent has advantage on all Intelligence, Wisdom, and Charisma saving throws against magic.

Actions

Multiattack. Captain Hallicent makes three attacks.

Shortsword. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +5 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 7 (1d6 + 3) piercing damage.

Hand Crossbow. *Ranged Weapon Attack:* +5 to hit, range 30/60, one target. *Hit:* 7 (1d6 + 3) piercing damage.

Reactions

Quick Draw. Captain Hallicent makes one ranged attack against a creature that just attacked her.

Using the Miss Calculation

Broken Engine. While mining an exposed vein of ore below the surface, the engine started sputtering and overheating. Fearing an arcane explosion, the crew were quick to return to the surface, where they must wait for rescue.

Enemies of the Deep Sea. Having someone intrude on your territory is something many dislike, and it is no different for the humanoid creatures living under the sea. Tritons and sea elves might not take kindly to a bulky tube of steel barging into their home, destroying or otherwise interfering with the local ecosystem.

Missing Shipment. The characters hear a rumor in port that the *Miss Calculation* has not returned at the scheduled date with the minerals they set out to gather. No word has been heard from the crew, which is unusual behavior for Captain Hallicent.

MODRON UNIT B9-3RR0R

Every seventeen cycles of the Great Wheel (289 years), Primus—the supreme ruler of the Plane of Mechanus—sends forth an army of modrons to gather information, an event called the Great Modron March. During the last March, a detachment of the army got lost when they crashed through a planar gate, and ended up on the Material Plane into a body of water. Lost and confused, they quickly adapted their vessel to the new environment and attempted to reestablish contact with the main force. They failed. While waiting for the superior modrons to contact them, Unit *B9-3RR0R* defaulted to their original standing order: seek information for Primus.

And so, the otherworldly vessel has been cruising Toril's waters doing exactly that: gathering intel. On everything. They chase ships and torment the crews with endless questions about the things they have seen, what they know, and what they don't. You can't just refuse. The *B9* relentlessly pursues you, at least until a higher priority target appears. They never attack first, but are perfectly fine with defending themselves. Unfortunately, the March ended a long time ago, and unit *B9* has been registered as lost.

After arriving to Toril, the *B9* used all their supplies to rebuild the ship and adapt it to the new conditions. Now they are unable to reconfigure the vessel to make it into a land vehicle or a submarine. Such a project requires tons of rare metals and more arcane materials, which most ships in Toril don't carry. Any magic objects made of metal are confiscated. Similarly, if another ship is made of rare metal parts, these are stripped down, which often results in the ship going to Davy Jones' locker.

At this point, the modron machinery constantly malfunctions or goes wild, because some of the crew began tinkering with ancient mechanisms, showing a surprising amount of innovativeness and free thought. Some of the top brass encourage such behavior, while others argue that any changes to the designs require permission from Mechanus. Although most drones don't realize this yet, something unthinkable may occur soon: a modron mutiny!

Cogs That Spin

Water churns around this huge, flat, and round, floating cog as it slowly moves across the surface. There is only one mast without any spars, sails, or even rigging! Strange, winged, bulbous shapes fly around the ship, tethered to it with strong ropes. More of the creatures bustle on the deck, some of them manning slanted towers with strange weapon-like machinery. Rhythmic metallic thuds carry over the water. Suddenly their pace increases, the sea around the ship boils...then there is a loud "boink!" and the gargantuan vessel leaps dozens of feet toward you! The strange, robotic crew signals you: "Would you mind answering some questions for us?"

The *B9-3RR0R* is a huge floating metal cog with a multitude of walkways crisscrossing the inner area. Small buildings and workshops sprout at regular intervals, and a tall mast in the center reaches into the sky. Another, larger cog is under the water, and both wheels are constantly turning in opposite directions. As a result, water around the vessel boils and churns, making swimming or sailing near the *B9* especially difficult.

Only the outer edge of the upper cog rotates. In the middle area (the deck), modrons of all ranks constantly work on the ship, improving, repairing, or redesigning. Scouts fly around the vessel, for safety tethered to the mast and railings. At first glance, it may appear that they are pulling the ship. When the *B9* leaps, it forcefully yanks them, and shouts of glee fill the air.

Four tilted towers that serve as weapon platforms guard the ship. A larger central structure supports the mast, serves as the bridge, and pins the whole vessel together. It also goes several stories under the water, acting as keel and counterweight.

Wind and Jump

The *B9* does not rely on sails or oars to move. It has two modes of travel. In cruise mode, the two spinning cogs produce enough force to slowly propel the ship forward. However, in pursuit mode the cogs work harder and wind a giant spring, which is then released to boost speed greatly. The winding process takes 2 (1d4) rounds.

Once per round, each time the *B9* uses this contraption or any of its weapons, there is a 20% chance that it malfunctions. If that happens, roll 1d6 and check the results on the table below:

Result	Effect
1	**Catastrophic failure.** The device stops working until it is repaired, which requires a successful DC 15 Intelligence (Arcana) check or DC 20 Strength (Athletics) check.
2	**Major disaster.** The device stops working for 1d4 minutes. If it is the cog, it spins wildly, creating huge waves of water around the ship. If it is a weapon, it accidently targets the *B9 itself*.
3	**A minor setback.** For the next minute it is more difficult to control the device. All ability checks, attack rolls, or other checks involving the device have disadvantage.
4	**It works!** The device works unusually smoothly. For the next minute, all ability checks, attack rolls, or other checks involving the device have advantage.
5	**As intended.** The device works as if it had just left the forges of Mechanus. If it is the locomotion system, the ship can adjust its position after a leap by up to 30 feet. If it is a weapon, it deals a critical hit. The hooks gain advantage on their next Strength check.
6	**Primus's blessing.** The cogs spin and whirr and the ship rises out of the water, immediately increasing or decreasing the distance to its target by 100 feet. Additionally, the ship may use a bonus action to Attack with one of its weapons if that weapon has attacked in the same turn.

B9-3RR0R

Gargantuan vehicle (100 ft. by 100 ft.)

Creature Capacity 100 crew

Cargo Capacity 200 tons

Travel Pace 1 mile per hour (24 miles per day)

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
20 (+5)	4 (-3)	20 (+5)	12 (+1)	14 (+2)	11 (+0)

Damage Immunities poison, psychic, necrotic

Condition Immunities blinded, charmed, deafened, exhaustion, frightened, incapacitated, paralyzed, petrified, poisoned, prone, stunned, unconscious

Actions

On its turn, the ship can take 3 actions, choosing from the options below. It can take only 2 actions if it has fewer than sixty crew and only 1 action if it has fewer than thirty. It can't take these actions if it has fewer than six crew.

Fire Ballistas. The ship can fire its spring-loaded ballistas.

Fire Grapple Hooks. The ship can fire its grapple hooks.

Fire Fire Spout. The ship can fire its fire spouts.

Move. The ship can use its bridge to move with its cogs or spring engine.

Hull

Armor Class 17

Hit Points 600 (damage threshold 20)

Control: Bridge

Armor Class 18

Hit Points 100

Move up to the speed of one of its movement components, with up to one 360-degree turn. If the bridge is destroyed, the ship can't move.

Movement: Churning Cogs

Armor Class 12

Hit Points 100; –5 ft. speed per 25 damage taken

Speed (water) speed 10 ft.

Movement: Spring Engine

Armor Class 15 (can only be targeted underwater)

Hit Points 80; –10 ft. speed per 20 damage taken

Speed (water) speed 35 ft. and 22 (5d8) extra feet; requires 2 (1d4) rounds to wind.

Spring-Loaded Ballistae (4)

Armor Class 15

Hit Points 50 each

Ranged Weapon Attack: +6 to hit, range 120/480 ft., one target. *Hit:* 16 (3d10) piercing damage.

Weapons: Grapple Hook Launcher (8)

Armor Class 15

Hit Points 50 each

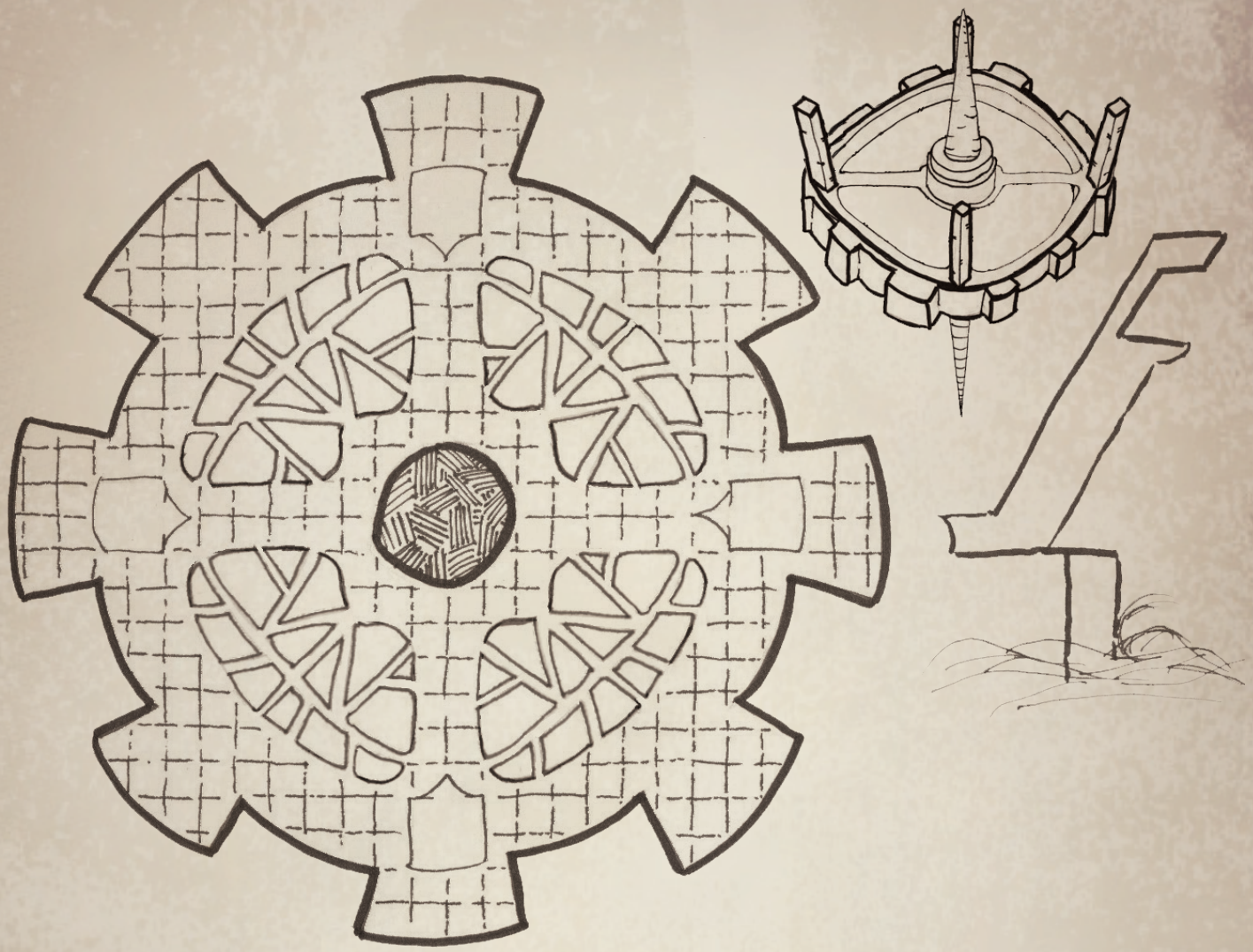
Ranged Weapon Attack: +5 to hit, range 40/100 ft. *Hit:* The target is restrained. Each round the target and the ship must make an opposed Strength check. If the target wins, it is no longer restrained. If the ship wins, it pulls the target closer by 35 feet. The grapple chains can be destroyed (AC 15 and 15 hp).

Fire Spout (4)

Armor Class 15

Hit Point 50

Flame tongue (Recharge 5-6). The ship produces fire in a 60-foot line that is 5 feet wide. Each creature



or object in that line must make a DC 15 Dexterity saving throw, taking 27 (6d8) fire damage on a failed save, or half as much damage on a successful one.

A Pyramid of Modrons

The crew is made of one hundred **modrons** (MM, 224-226). There are forty-five **monodrones**, twenty-five **duodrones**, twenty **tridrones**, ten **quadrones,** and five **pentadrones**. The ship can hold at least twice as many, but no replacements have arrived from the Mechanus. Note that if a modron is destroyed, another from the next lowest rank replaces the lost unit. Similarly, the promoted modron is replaced as well and so on. For example, if a tridrone is killed, the nearest duodrone instantly becomes a tridrone with full hit points, and the nearest monodrone becomes a duodrone, also with full hit points.

Unit B9-01-05A

This pentadrone became the ship's captain when a killer whale ate the previous skipper. It believes that the *B9* must continue its original mission, and seems oblivious to the dwindling number of modrons crewing the ship.

Unit B9-01-02B

This pentadrone is one of the oldest on the ship. It actually still remembers the March and, despite different subroutines that have overridden the unit's memory, it knows the *B9* should try to return to Mechanus before all the modrons perish.

Unit B9-03-34

Some time ago the "Oh-ones" (pentadrones) delegated this tridrone to infiltrate a pirate stronghold. Unit 03-

34 was captured and served as a pirate's pet, in the process acquiring strange quirks and mannerisms. For example, it talks like a pirate, wears an eyepatch, and has a parrot that follows it everywhere. For that reason, 03-34 is often sent as the lead investigator and inquisitor to talk to captured crews and acquire valuable intel.

Using the B9-3RR0R

One Question Too Many. The characters are warned about a strange ship that has been spotted nearby. Apparently, it attacks only when attacked, but it still chases other vessels, and those caught are lost for days. Those who survive the encounter are changed, react nervously when someone asks them even a simple question, or revel in destroying metallic objects.

Churning Waters. When the characters are visiting a pirate haven, a strange, small, cloaked being approaches, asking for help. The modron (as it is revealed) is Unit B9-01-02B's agent and wants to hire the characters to help in a coup. Once the old leadership has been overthrown, the *B9* will stop terrorizing local shipping lines and start searching for a way to return to Mechanus.

A Bug to Squash. A mysterious clockwork being from Mechanus hires the characters to destroy the *B9*. The unit is a bug in the system, and shouldn't have survived for so long. The characters are given a special magic device, which they must insert into a specific slot in the heart of the modron ship. When the characters find the *B9*, they discover they can use the device to control the modron unit. The ship's fate is in their hands!

The Modrons are Coming. The *B9* has finally broken down and is quickly approaching a coastal community. When the huge metal ship hits the town, not much will be left! The characters must find a way to stop the disaster.

The Strangest Catch. A group of locals try to sell the characters a couple of miserable looking modrons. They catch the creatures every day as they wash up on a nearby beach at sundown—everyone has one! If the characters investigate, they discover that the *B9* has sunk near the coast, and the modrons are out of their depth. Will the characters raid the submerged vehicle? Help to repair it?

Secrets of Mechanus. An evil wizard seeks the *B9* to harvest its secrets. In fact, it was the wizard's machinations that knocked the modron ship off course all those years ago! Now he has learned its whereabouts and hires the characters to help him complete his plan, making the characters rich, but destroying the *B9* and the hapless modrons onboard.

THE MORNING STAR

A century ago, after the Second Unhuman War, the Elven Imperial Fleet high command met at its headquarters in Realmspace over Evermeet on Toril. At this meeting, they ordered a new class of dual-use ships. These ships were to be built and used in multiple crystal spheres, for they were to be built in accordance with local technological standards and crewed by groundling elves recruited from the world on which the ship would be deployed. They were to have both modes of propulsion—a spelljamming helm and whatever was the most common mundane technological method of propulsion.

This solved several problems for Imperial Command. First, the Fleet wished to keep spelljamming as secret as possible. Second, it wished to stealthily monitor the Fleet's enemies. Third, it created official Fleet billets for groundling elves and half-elves, which reduced political pressure from groundling royal personages, who lamented the Fleet's preference for star-born elves.

The *Morning Star*'s keel was laid in Evermeet, built on a Lantanese design. Personally launched by High Admiral Serin Ghar herself, the Star began making merchant runs up and down the Sword Coast between Amn and Luskan, with side trips to the Moonshaes and Halruaa. After these shakedown cruises, she was posted to the Sea of Fallen Stars, in order to keep an eye on the Red Wizards, should they try to capitalize on their mastery of Netherese magic surrounding off-world travel. Occasionally she took to Realmspace over Evermeet as part of defense-plan exercises. After each exercise, she returns to the Sea of Fallen Stars, where she remains, save for infrequent airborne trips ferrying elves from the Yuirwood to Evermeet and back again.

What Is It?

You're walking the docks toward your favorite dive bar when you see an old but lovingly-maintained galleon casting off and stowing lines before heading out to sea. You can't help but notice, however, that while the crew are coiling lines and stowing deck tackle, none of the sails are set and she seems to be making decent way with no visible means of propulsion.

The gleaming head of what looks like a metallic construct- person peeks over the poop-deck rail before standing up and directing the deck crew, and an ornately-dressed elf in flowing robes steps onto the foredeck to light his pipe with a shower of magical sparks.

The *Morning Star* is not pretty, like a Flitter. She is not fleet and nimble, like a Damselfly. She is not powerful, like a Man-o-War. She is not a spacefaring ship by design. She is a sailing ship which also has a spelljamming helm. As such she can handle almost any mission, on the water, in the sky, or in Realmspace.

She doesn't look like much. To the casual—and even practiced—eye, she looks like a nondescript coasting merchantman common to the Sea of Fallen Stars, and a fairly leaky cargo tub, at that. It's only when you get below-decks that her true capabilities are seen.

The Morning Star

Gargantuan vehicle (80 ft. by 20 ft.)

Creature Capacity 30 crew, 20 passengers
Cargo Capacity 100 tons
Travel Pace 5 miles per hour (120 miles per day)

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
20 (+5)	7 (-2)	17 (+3)	0	0	0

Damage Immunities poison, psychic
Condition Immunities blinded, charmed, deafened, exhaustion, frightened, incapacitated, paralyzed, petrified, poisoned, prone, stunned, unconscious

Actions

On its turn, the ship can take 3 actions, choosing from the options below. If can only take 2 actions if it has fewer than fifteen crew and only 1 action if it has fewer than seven crew. It cannot take actions if it has fewer than three crew.

Fire Ballista. The ship can fire its ballista (DMG, ch. 8).

Fire Mangonel. The ship can fire its mangonel (DMG, ch. 8).

Move. The ship can use its helm to move with its sails.

Hull

Armor Class 15
Hit Points 300 (damage threshold 15)

Control: Helm

Armor Class 18
Hit Points 50
Move up to the speed of one of its movement

components, with one 90-degree turn. If the helm is destroyed, the ship cannot turn.

Movement: Sails

Armor Class 12
Hit Points 100; –5 ft. speed per 25 damage taken
Speed (water) speed 45 ft.; 15 ft. while sailing into the wind; 60 ft. while sailing with the wind

Weapon: Ballista

Armor Class 15
Hit Points 50
Ranged Weapon Attack: +6 to hit, range 120/480 ft., one target. *Hit:* 16 (3d10) piercing damage.

Weapon: Mangonel

Armor Class 15
Hit Points 100
Ranged Weapon Attack: +5 to hit, range 200/800 ft. (can't hit targets within 60 ft. of it), one target. *Hit:* 27 (5d10) bludgeoning damage.

Secondary Control: Spelljamming Helm

Helm of the Morning Star

Wondrous item, legendary (requires attunement by a spellcaster)

This ornate chair is designed to propel and maneuver a ship through space.

Passive Properties. The following properties of the helm come into play even when no creature is attuned to it:

- When placed aboard a vessel weighing between 1 and 100 tons, the helm generates an envelope of fresh air around the ship while it is in the void of space (but not underwater). This envelope extends out from the edges of the hull in all directions for a distance equal in length to the vessel's beam, so that creatures aboard and near the ship can breathe normally in space. The temperature within the air envelope is comfortable for warm and cold blooded humanoids alike.
- When placed aboard a vessel weighing between 1 and 100 tons, the helm generates an artificial gravity field while the ship is in the void of space, so that creatures can walk on the ship's decks as they normally would. Creatures and objects that fall overboard bob in a gravity plane that extends out from the main deck for a distance equal in length to the vessel's beam.

Active Properties. The sensation of being attuned to the helm is akin to being immersed in warm water. While attuned to the helm, you gain the following abilities while you sit in it:

- You can use the helm to propel the vessel across or through water and other liquids at a maximum speed in miles per hour equal to your highest-level unexpended spell slot.
- You can use the helm to propel the vessel through air and space at "tactical speed," or a speed in miles per hour equal to your highest-level unexpended spell slot × 10. At this speed, you can maneuver the ship normally, taking one 90-degree turn per action spent to move the ship.
- You can use the helm to propel the vessel at "spelljamming speed," or 4 million miles per hour, but only in space, and only in a straight line.
- Provided you have at least one unexpended spell slot, you can steer the vessel, albeit in a somewhat clumsy fashion, in much the same way that oars or a rudder can maneuver a seafaring ship.
- Whenever you like, you can see what's happening on and around the vessel as though you were standing in a location of your choice aboard it.

Drawback. While attuned to the helm, you cannot expend your own spell slots.

Evasion Pattern Gamma Seven. When you take the Dodge action using the helm at tactical speed, all creatures aboard must make a DC 12 Dexterity saving throw. On a failure, a creature falls prone. On a success, the creature leans left then right dramatically, or staggers across a passageway and bumps into a bulkhead.

Who's on Board?

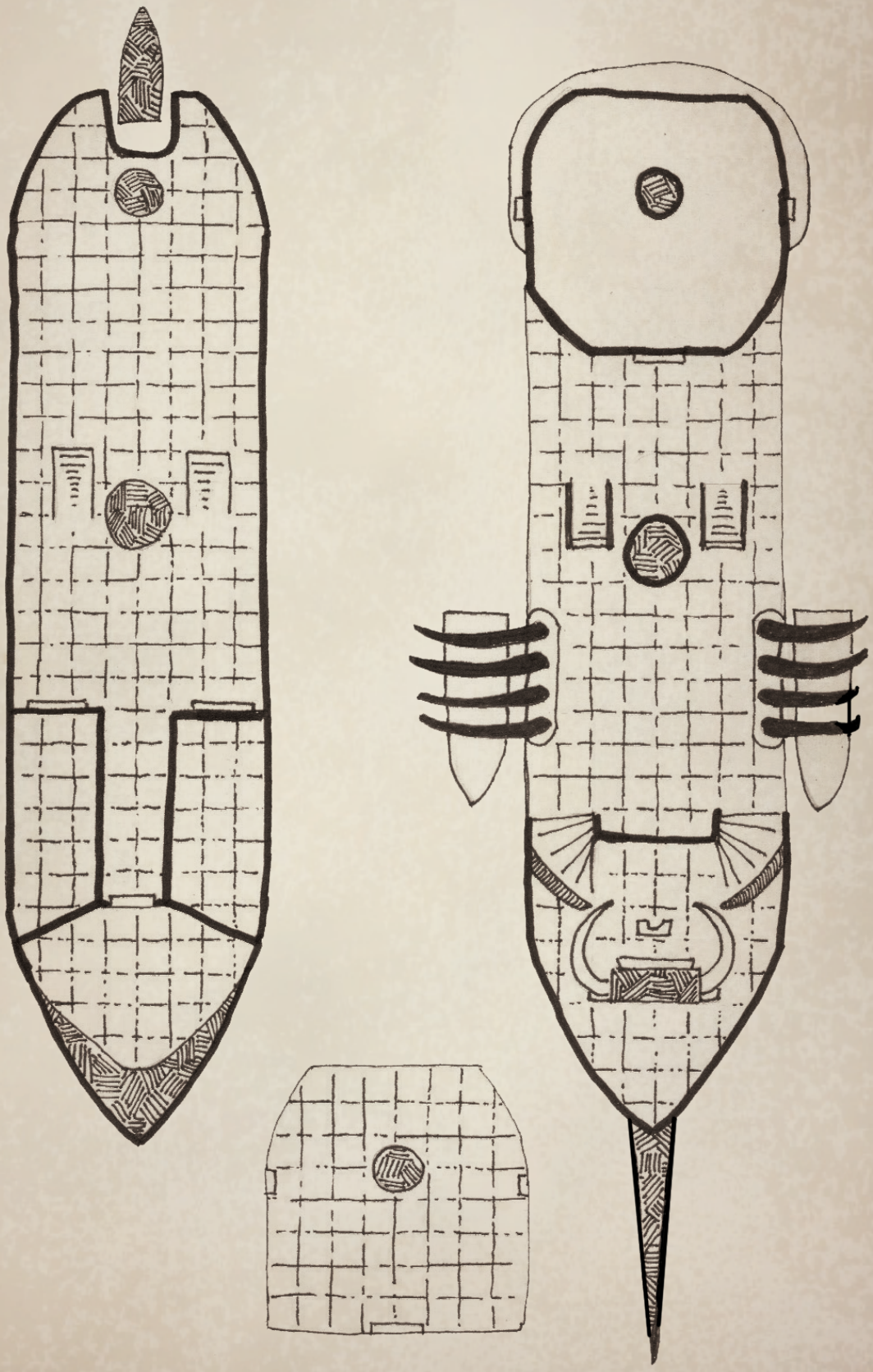
The crew consists of 15 elves and 15 half-elves (including most of the ship's officers). When the *Morning Star* is in port anywhere other than Velprintalar or Evereska, only the half-elven crew are permitted above-decks, to prevent comment at her uniquely elven crew. When she takes in lines and casts off, the full-blood elven crew come above-decks to assist in departure.

Most of the crew are **commoners** (MM, 345). These crew maneuver the boat and operate the siege weapons when necessary. 6 of the crew are full-blooded elven **scouts** (MM, 349).

Darfin Arahana

Darfin Arahana, the ship's captain, is a half-elf native of Waterdeep. Darfin is tall, good-looking, and charming, and is familiar with the docks and authorities of every city or town of any size on the rim of the Sea of Fallen Stars.

The *Morning Star* is his first command in the Imperial Fleet—and indeed the first command of a vessel by a half-elf in the Fleet's millennia-long history



(barring the odd Flitter). He is very much aware he's under the scrutiny of Fleet Command, and has a chance to overturn centuries of xenophobia in the high and star elves which comprise the Fleet's command structure. Sometimes he shows signs of buckling under that pressure.

Darfin Arahana is a lawful neutral half-elf **knight** (MM, 347).

Sparkle

Sparkle, the *Morning Star's* first mate, is a relic of the Second Unhuman War: a warforged from Eberron. Sparkle was picked up from a House Lyrandar spelljamming prototype when it ran into an asteroid, and has been a curiosity in the Imperial Fleet ever since. Sparkle is larger and more physically capable than the captain, and keeps the crew in line with a literal iron fist. Sparkle doesn't care about the Fleet's (or anyone else's) xenophobia. Sparkle only cares about running a tight ship and helping Darfin succeed. Though genderless, Sparkle prefers being called "she."

Sparkle is a lawful neutral warforged **gladiator** (MM, 346).

Samlar Bryric

Samlar, the helmsperson, has been an officer of the line in the Imperial Fleet for nearly 200 years. He was born on a planet he won't name and to which he'll never return, for it was destroyed by a witchlight marauder in the early stages of the Second Unhuman War in the 1360s DR. The young apprentice barely escaped on a Fleet man-o-war, leaving behind his entire family. Thereafter he fought as a gundeck battlemage in dozens of battles, and has had little stomach for fighting ever since. The majority of his time is spent piloting the ship, but when he's not in the helm he remains in his cabin, crafting scrolls and reading.

Samlar Byric is a chaotic good high elf **mage** (MM, 347).

Lafarallin Sarstina

Lafarallin, the ships, chaplain, was born to a human mother and star elf father a century ago in Stardock. He suffered much abuse at the hands of his father's people, and sought refuge in the chapel to Corellon, where a kindly cleric showed him that not all star elves are xenophobic bigots. He joined the Fleet a decade ago and has served on the *Morning Star* ever since.

Lafarallin is the *Morning Star*'s tactical pilot, taking the helm and maneuvering the ship during battle so Samlar can use his spells in battle.

Lafarallin Sarstina is a chaotic good half-elf **priest** of Corellon Larethian (MM, 348).

Using The Morning Star

It is likely that player characters first encounter the *Morning Star* in port somewhere on the shores of the Sea of Fallen Stars.

Squid Hunt. An elf or half-elf character is approached by Darfin and Tolith, who praise the party's expertise and invite them to hunt down and destroy a party of illithids which crash-landed their spelljamming ship a day's march into the wilderness.

Beat the Press Gang. The adventurers narrowly avoid a press gang of Thayan slavers after a harrowing chase through a port city's streets. They look up to see Darfin waving them aboard the *Morning Star*. He needs help for an exploration mission from Stardock into the Tears of Selûne. He offers them the job in return for saving them from the slavers.

Pirates Aren't Nice. The characters are sailing the Pirate Isles in the Sea of Fallen Stars, preying on innocent merchants, when they encounter the *Morning Star*, which defeats the pirate ship and captures them. The characters can redeem themselves and earn their freedom by performing a dangerous mission for the Imperial Fleet.

THE PEREGRINE

Certain death makes for strange bedfellows, and few understand this more than the crew of the *Peregrine*. Lost in lands unknown, this assemblage of wayward faithful have banded together in hopes of surviving to see familiar ports once again.

Once, two gods commanded the power of the sun — Amaunator, a god of the fallen Netherese empire, and Lathander, the Morninglord of the Sword Coast.

Following the Spellplague, the being named Lathander affirmed that he had always been the deity Amauntor. In light of this revelation, both churches merged into a single faith.

Many Lathanderians never accepted the unification of the churches. In public, some professed faith in Aumantor while secretly worshiping Lathander. This widespread heresy led to the founding of an inquisitive organization known as the Order of the Risen Sun. These inquisitors ferreted out apostates using bribery, threats and torture.

Weary of constant persecution, a hundred wealthy Lathanderites sought to leave the Sword Coast ten years ago. They chartered a longship named the Pescatoon, intending to sail from Daggerford to Chult to worship Lathander in peace.

The pilgrims' plan didn't escape the eyes and ears of the Order. A vessel crewed by inquisitors departed from Athkatla on the Highsun to intercept and judge the heretics aboard the Pescatoon.

After sighting the Pescatoon, the Highsun pursued the pilgrims for two days. Fearing capture, the captain of the Pescatoon sailed toward an eddy. The Highsun followed in her wake, and both ships found themselves in an extraplanar maelstrom. Unable to navigate the fierce currents, more than half aboard each ship perished before both ships crashed on an unnamed island.

On the beach, the pilgrims and the inquisitors nearly came to blows. The priests and paladins found that the connection to their gods was severed. Stripped of their divine power, both sides thankfully pursued a higher road to resolve their conflict.

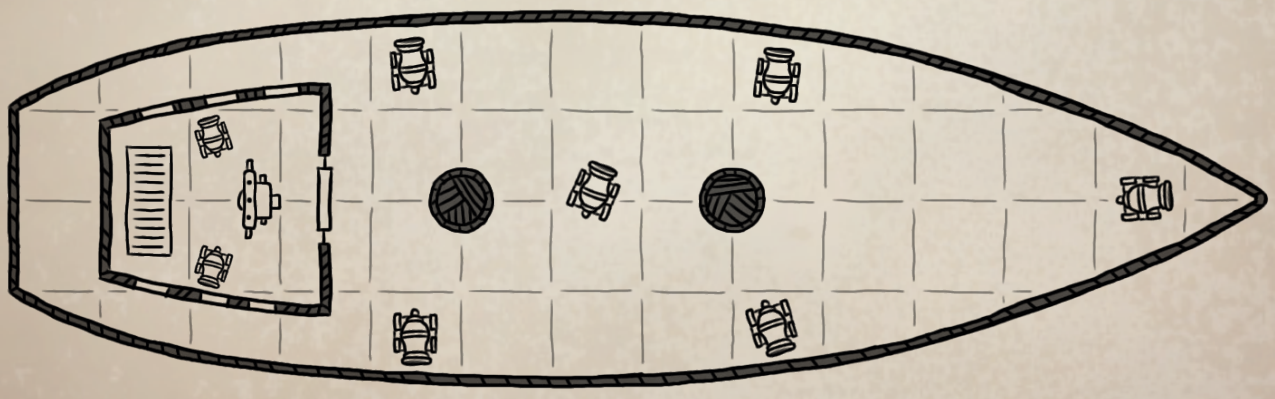
Over the span of two months, the two crews tore apart the wreckages to construct one working vessel to brave the seas. Originally named the *Patchwork Pinnance*, the new vessel was later renamed the *Peregrine* after the captain remarked that all aboard were on a pilgrimage home.

The Sundering

Following the events of the Second Sundering, Amauntor and Lathander have begun sending separate symbols and signs to their followers. The crew of the Peregrine aren't present on Faerûn to view this change.

For the past decade, the *Peregrine* has sailed a seemingly endless ocean. She occasionally makes port to pick up fresh supplies and to offer passage to paying passengers. When afforded the opportunity, the captain points the helm toward any new eddies that he feels might bring the ship home at last.

Much like their two faiths, the two crews have struggled to meld together. Nevertheless, the *Peregrine* sails along the horizon, chasing the sun westward in hopes of returning home.



What Is It?

At first glance, the *Peregrine* seems like an average sailing ship, much like any other that would stop at this port of call.

Upon closer inspection, the *Peregrine* is a patchwork vessel. Half of her planks are a stout oak, while the other half are a mixture of different pines. Her front sails are much narrower than her rear sails, and she only has half the number of oars she would carry. Clearly, something is unique about this vessel.

> Moored to the dock, a slender ship sways gently in the waves. A motley crew of mariners load barrels of salted cod and grog onto the deck. The first mate barks out to you in a foreign accent. "Dost thou need passage? This be a reliable vessel."

Peregrine

Gargantuan vehicle, (70 ft. by 20 ft.)

Creature Capacity 40 crew, 100 passengers

Cargo Capacity 10 tons

Travel Pace 5 miles per hour (120 miles per day)

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
20 (+5)	6 (-2)	17 (+3)	0	0	0

Damage Immunities psychic, poison

Condition Immunities blinded, charmed, deafened, exhaustion, frightened, incapacitated, paralyzed, petrified, poisoned, prone, stunned, unconscious

Actions

On its turn, the ship can take 2 actions, choosing from the options below. If can only take 1 action if there are fewer than twenty crew. It can't take these actions if it has fewer than four crew.

Fire Misty Cannons. The ship can fire its misty cannons.

Move. The ship can use its helm to move with its sails or oars.

Hull

Armor Class 15

Hit Points 300 (damage threshold 15)

Control: Helm

Armor Class 16

Hit Points 50

Move up to the speed ofone of the ship's movement components, with one 90-degree turn. If the helm is destroyed, the ship can't turn.

Movement: Sails

Armor Class 12

Hit Points 100; -10 ft. speed per 25 damage taken

Speed (water) speed 45 ft.; 15 ft. while sailing into the wind; 60 ft. while sailing with the wind

Movement: Oars

Armor Class 12

Hit Points 100; -5 ft. speed per 25 damage taken

Speed (water) speed 30 ft. (requires at least 20 crew)

Weapons: Misty Cannons (8)

Armor Class 13

Hit Points 75 each

Ranged Weapon Attack: +5 to hit, range 300/1,200 ft., one target. *Hit:* 27 (5d10) bludgeoning damage.

Misty Cannons

The master gunner, Sason Bragez, has outfitted the ship with eight magical cannons on the deck. A creature that starts its turn within 5 feet of a cannon must succeed on a DC 14 Strength saving throw or be teleported 30 feet off the bow of the ship.

Who's on Board?

Presently, the *Peregrine* is crewed by 31 souls. Aside from crew named below, most of the crew are **pirates** (MM, 343) or commoners (MM, 345). A smattering of surviving inquisitors are **knights** (MM, 347).

When it needs local coin, the *Peregrine* takes passengers to other ports of call. Despite holding upwards of 100 passengers, the captain refuses more than 25 additional souls aboard his ship at any one time.

Captain Gwil Nichols

Captain Nichols is an aging man with long silver hair. Due to his many hours spent on the deck, his skin is often sunburned — even through his white cotton shirts.

Originally the Pescatoon's captain, Captain Nichols was later appointed captain by consent of the pilgrims and the inquisitors. As one of the few survivors who

worshiped neither Amauntor nor Lathandar, his appointment was the first compromise between the ship's two main factions.

Still lost at sea, Captain Nichols has two main goals. First, he often serves as the referee between the factions aboard the *Peregrine*. Second, he is desperately searching for a way home because he knows that the ship's luck is due to run out soon.

While in port five years ago, Captain Nichols purchased a magic compass that guides him toward planar maelstroms like the one that stole them away from Faerûn. He surreptitiously plots courses towards these storms in the desperate hope that the next eddy will bring them back to the familiar shores of the Sword Coast.

Captain Nichols is a chaotic good male Illuskan human pirate captain.

Davorn Brice

Inquisitor Davorn Brice is a short, blonde-haired woman with a tenacious attitude. She wears a hooded black cloak that obscures the sheath of her deadly greatsword.

Inquisitor Brice grew up in a small village in the Dalelands. She first learned to cast a line and fish for her supper, and later learned to swing a sword in defense of her home and temple. She later took an oath of vengeance after being recruited by the Order of the Risen Sun.

Inquisitor Brice was third in command of the inquisitorial force, and she was the highest-ranking inquisitor to survive the maelstrom. She was appointed the first mate of the *Peregrine*, and she commands the respect of the surviving inquisitors.

Inquisitor Brice secretly suspects that Amauntor has separated herself from the order because they tolerate the Lathanderians. At night, she dreams slaying the heretics before following a grateful sun home to Faerûn.

Inquisitor Brice is a lawful neutral female human Chondathan knight. As she wears a breastplate aboard the *Peregrine*, her AC is only 14.

Thierna Folst

Thierna is a younger woman with an olive complexion and pecan brown hair. She has a long scar stretching along her neck that she covers with a blue bandana, and she wears a small amulet to Lathander below her shirt.

Thierna was raised in a radical temple to Lathander. From a young age, she channeled the power of the Morninglord to heal the sick and tend to the infirm. She volunteered to serve as ship's doctor for a small group of pilgrims headed to Chult.

When the Pescatoon crash landed, she found herself outside the embrace of Lathander for the first time in twenty years. Necessity forced her to learn mundane healing arts to treat the crew. She soldiers on, forever reminding the crew that the sun always rises.

Thierna is a neutral good female Tethyrian priest (MM, 348). While she is separated from the light of Lathander, she doesn't have the the Divine Eminence or Spellcasting features.

Sason Bragez

Sason Bragez is a jovial and portly gnome who is rarely seen without his magical staff. Pufts of gray hair poke out from underneath his black bowler cap.

In Faerûn, Sason worked as a mage for hire across the Sword Coast. He was never particular about his employer, working for demonic cults, nefarious gangs and even the the Zhentarim. While in Amn, he was hired to serve as a master gunner for a boatload of inquisitors.

While the Highsun was in the extraplanar eddy, Sason tried to teleport away from the danger. He instead ruptured the planar continuum, pushing both vessels into parts unknown.

When he washed upon the shore of the unnamed island, Sason vowed to Garl Glittergold that he would never harm another living soul. Now an avowed pacifist, he must now devise ways to defend the ship without breaking his vow. As proof of his oath, the ship employs magical cannons to eject boarders in lieu of more traditional weaponry.

Sason Bragez is a lawful good male rock gnome **conjurer** (VGtM 212). He doesn't select spells that deal direct damage.

Audre Tanruth

Audre is a young elven woman with short curly hair. She is never without her cloak of elvenkind which she draws tight around her neck with a large brooch bearing the symbol of Lathander.

Blessed with a beautiful singing voice, Audre was a psalter aboard the Pescatoon. While she survived the maelstrom with only superficial wounds, her partner

was thrown overboard (and is presumed dead). She still hasn't forgiven the inquisitors for the death of her partner.

Now that the pilgrims have found a safe place to worship, Audre harbors dark urges to rise up against her enemies aboard the *Peregrine*. In her spare time, she plots a mutiny, intending to leave Captain Nichols, the inquisitors and all other traitors on some deserted island.

Andre is a chaotic neutral female high elf **bard** (VGtM 211).

Shel

Visitors aboard the *Peregrine* can meet all crew members at any time of day—all save one.

In life, Shel was the Pescatoon's rigger. When the maelstrom tossed the captain from the helm, Shel grabbed the helm. He piloted the ship until the truck was torn from the mast, piercing Shel's chest. When the Pescatoon crash-landed, he was still fixed to the helm.

On the first full moon after the *Peregrine* set sail anew, Shel's ghost was at the helm of the ship. The crew discovered that Shel's power ebbed and waned with the lunar cycle.

Shel can communicate sparingly, and most sounds come through his sucking chest wound. While his presence permits the crew to sleep many nights, some believe that he is an agent of Myrkul. (Separation from their own gods prevents them from removing Shel.)

Shel is a neutral ghost who appears in the form of a male half orc.

Quilo

It's hard to survive on a seemingly-unending sea. Fresh drinking water is hard to come by, and food spoils after a few days unless it's brined in sea water.

Early in their travels, the crew came across a rowboat adrift in frigid waters. Upon inspection, they found an ice mephit sweating to death. Realizing the boon that a creature could provide, Captain Nichols asked him to join the crew. His true name is a secret, but everyone calls him Quilo (after the North Wind).

Quilo lives and sleep in one room in the hold. His mere presence keeps the room refrigerated, and he sculpts icy barrels and chests to store fresh food.

Owing to the influence of the crew, Quilo is a neutral **ice mephit** (MM, 215).

Using the Peregrine

The *Peregrine* was purposefully planeshifted to vague plane of the multiverse. This affords you a narrative opportunity to move your players across different settings, such as like Ravnica or Eberron, or even to a setting of your own devising.

Sea Devils. The *Peregrine* offers to help recover abducted passengers after the players' ship was attacked by sahuagin.

Long Sought Retribution. The captain of the Anthropol hires the characters to enact vengeance upon the ship that marooned him long ago. As the players pursue the ship, they learn that the captain's daughter serves aboard a ship called the *Peregrine*.

A Mad Captain. After securing passage on the *Peregrine*, the characters learn the crew is chasing the storm of the century.



THE REALMS MASTER II

During the time of troubles, a caravel sailed out from Halruaa in search for artifacts of great power. These artifacts were to be destroyed or contained by the powerful captain: a Haluraan wizard.

While it was observed to be an ordinary caravel, it could actually fly and given enough time it could even teleport. Although destroyed, it was a symbol of great heroism. Thus, the mageocracy had another built, identical in all ways.

What Is It?

The ship itself was a two-masted caravel with a masthead carved in the shape of Azuth, his arm extended outward.

Travelling in your direction is a smaller ship. It cuts through the water and seems quite fast. The two masts stand proudly, bearing the flags of a few nations making it hard to discern where this vessel originates. The figurehead is Azuth, carved with his arm extended, finger pointing ever forward.

Who's on Board?

The *Realms Master* was originally helmed by an adventuring party. Most of them have either died or departed in the time since the original ship was destroyed.

In the spirit of the original, the Halruaan council decided this ship too should be run by people from all across the realms.

The total crew consists of captain Grimwald, the golem first mate Minder, the tiefling wizard Ianatas Cloventail, the tabaxi assassin Bag of Nails.

Captain Grimwald

Grimwald is a tall, broad woman. A descendant in a long line of Halruaan captains, she is a stern woman of sharp features. She is infamous for her defeat of a Githyanki Dragon Knight.

Statistically, Grimwald is a **githyanki knight** (MM, 160), however her Psionics are instead Arcane.

First Mate Minder

A female dwarf who was saved from the last moments of death by having her soul transferred into an Iron Golem, Minder is the only crew member who was aboard the original *Realms Master*.

Although an iron golem, her body was altered by the dwarven gods, giving her an otherworldly design.

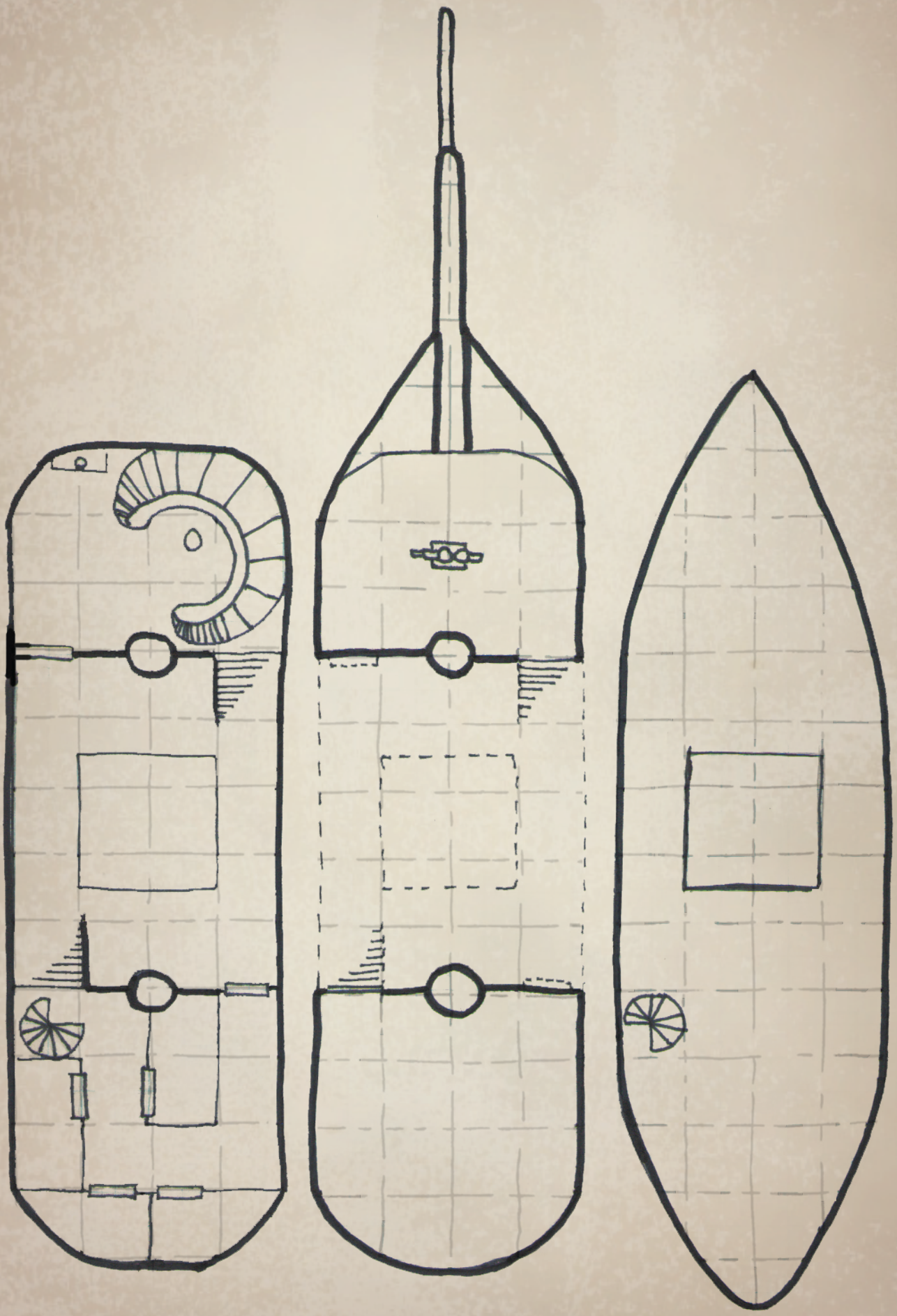
Minder is dedicated in the utmost to Grimwald, and feels the *Realms Master II* is more home to her than anywhere else in the realms.

Statistically, Minder is an **iron golem** (MM, 170) with the Stonecunning trait of a Dwarf.

Ianatas Cloventail

Ianatas (EE-ah-nah-tah-ss) is a tielfing from Narfell. His demonic appearance is like all other tieflings, although a run in with some horse riders left the end of his tail split in two.





Ianatas was found by the *Realms Master II* running from the Warlock Knights of Vaasa, as they were trying to induct him into their number.

Ianatas is still worried that those knights are chasing him, everywhere the Master goes. Ianatas serves as the armament for the ship.

Statistically, Ianatas is a **mage** (MM, 347).

Bag of Nails

An elder tabaxi from the lost city of Omu, Bag of Nails is the most recent crewmember to join the *Realms Master II*.

During the events of the Realms-wide "Death Curse", Bag of Nails had become senile, seeing all creatures as prey. This madness was cured once the curse was broken.

Bag of Nails yearns for a hunter's death, and agreed to join the crew for the chance to find that end for himself.

Statistically, Bag of Nails is an **assassin** (MM, 343) but uses a longbow instead of a crossbow.

Korias Deadwind

The joyless Korias joined the crew of the *Realms Master II* when he was instructed by the Raven Queen to dispose of a dangerous sentient artifact. Korias decided to stay aboard, in case the crew should come across any other strange or unusual sentient artifacts.

In truth, Korias is the sentience from the item, which took over his mind. All indestructible artifacts are kept in a dimensional space which is supposed to be sealed off, but somehow the artifact is still controlling Korias.

Statistically, Korias is a **gloom weaver** (MToF, 224) but with 2 uses of Legendary Resistance.

Styx Pacifia

A sea elf princess of such beauty that in her homewaters she was sought out by humanoids of all sorts from every corner of the oceans for a peek of her beauty, Styx's father locked her away and forced her to study Deep Sashelas.

Joining the *Realms Master II* to escape her tyrant father, humility has smacked her in the face. Where once she was able to get by on her position and beauty, she's found most people in the realms don't care one inch for either of those things.

Statistically, Styx is a **kuo-toa archpriest** (MM, 200) but without Sunlight Sensitivity or Otherworldly Perception.

Using The Realms Master II

Deus Vault. A magic relic from the deity one of the characters worships is in the vault of the *Realms Master II* and the character must retrieve it. The crew is unlikely to allow this.

Call to Arms. The crew is coming up against a problem that has allied itself with one or more of the characters' enemies. An alliance between the characters and the crew will be required to conquer this combined threat!

DM's Note

The purpose of the Realms Master II is the same as the original ship: find and destroy powerful artifacts designed for evil or chaos. Those that cannot be destroyed are placed into the vault: an extradimensional space similar to a bag of holding.
The vault is a simple door that leads nowhere, until you insert a magical key. This key causes the door to open into the vault.
Feel free to load whatever dangerous, volatile and narratively interesting artifacts you want into the vault.

The Realms Master II

Gargantuan vehicle, (60 ft. by 20 ft.)

Creature Capacity 3 crew, 5 passengers

Cargo Capacity 0.5 tons

Travel Pace 4 miles per hour (96 miles per day)

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
16 (+3)	7 (-2)	13 (+1)	0	0	0

Damage Immunities poison, psychic

Condition Immunities blinded, charmed, deafened, exhaustion, frightened, incapacitated, paralyzed, petrified, poisoned, prone, stunned, unconscious

Actions

On its turn, the ship can take 2 actions, choosing from the options below. If can only take 1 action if there are fewer than three crew. It cannot take actions with fewer than one crew.

Fire Ballista. The ship can fire its ballista (DMG, ch. 8).

Move. The ship can use its helm to move with its sails.

Random Teleport (3 actions). The ship can teleport. This functions as the teleport movement, however does not take 10 rounds. This does not function if the hull, helm, or sails have no remaining hit points.

All components immediately lose 90% of their current hit points (round down) and the ship can end up at any destination point across Faerûn (GM discretion). Once used the ship must be fully repaired before it can be used again.

Hull

Armor Class 15

Hit Points 100 (damage threshold 10)

Control: Helm

Armor Class 12

Hit Points 50

Move up to the speed of one of its movement components, with one 90-degree turn. If the helm is destroyed, the *Realms Master II* cannot turn.

Movement: Sails

Armor Class 12

Hit Points 100; -5 ft. speed per 20 damage hit points.

Speed (water) speed 25 ft. 15 ft. while sailing into the wind; 35 ft. while sailing with the wind.

Speed (air) speed 60 ft. 40 ft. while sailing into the wind; 80 ft. while sailing with the wind.

Weapons: Ballista (1)

Armor Class 15

Hit Points 50

Ranged Weapon Attack: +6 to hit, range 120/480 ft., one target. *Hit:* 16 (3d10) piercing damage.

Movement: Teleport

Teleportation (magic): The *Realms Master II* can teleport anywhere within the realms as per the *teleport* spell. The ship, everyone aboard, and all cargo teleport with it.

This teleportation effect takes 10 rounds, minus a number of rounds equal to the Intelligence bonus of the character at the helm. This character also determines the target location. The location must be somewhere they have "Seen Casually" or better and the area must be large enough to fit *The Realms Master II*.

THE SCOURGE OF SKULLPORT

Many of the ships sailing in and out of Skullport contain villainous and monstrous creatures. Few inspire such tales of terror in small port towns or stranded ships as the *Scourge of Skullport*. Scraping, chittering, clawing, the *Scourge* creeps through the water, its tattered sails and splintered masts somehow propelling it to its next victim. Its blackened hull slinks silently through the night.

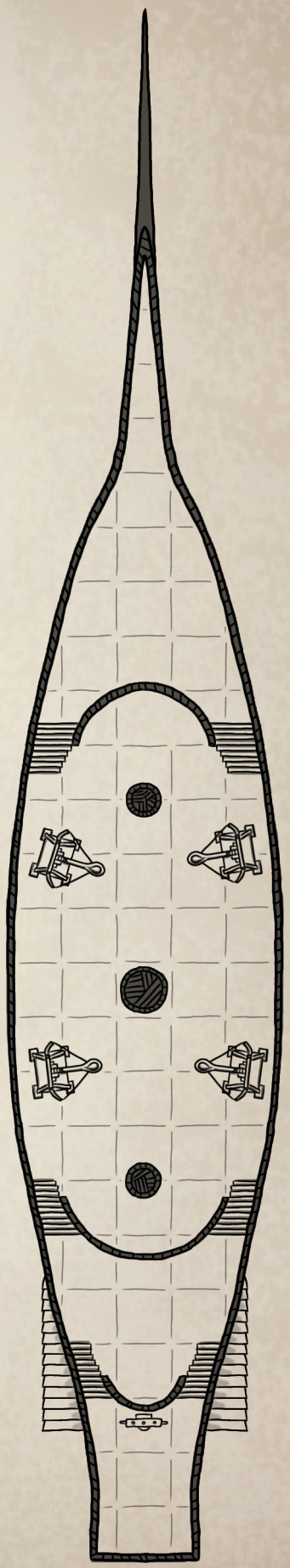
The *Scourge of Skullport* is a slaving ship, delivering fresh slaves to the port below Waterdeep and thence to the foul denizens of Undermountain.

A slave can expect the worst treatment aboard the *Scourge*. There are no official jailors below decks. Slaves are kept below, tongues removed, surrounded by hundreds of crawling, clawing, and biting rats.

Those that have seen the ship never get to tell the tale to another soul with their own tongue. Black masses of rats pour over railings of ships like an inky wave. Rat-men with yellow teeth and red eyes wield wicked barbed whips, taking every prisoner they can manage. Slaves are bled for weakness, infected with weakening diseases, and malnourished to the brink of death. Insolent or foolhardy slaves are devoured by the roving swarms, instilling terror in the rest of the cargo.

These same rats power the vessel below. Large water wheels powered by frantically scurrying vermin push the boat through the shallow waters of the coasts. The few wererat crew aboard form a tight brotherhood.

But all is not well and harmonious aboard the *Scourge*. A wealthy and powerful **mind flayer** (MM, 222) has given the crew of the *Scourge* **cranium rats** (VGtM 133) to help in their raids who act as spies for the ilithid. In exchange for wealth, supplies, and the cranium rats, the ithilid gets first choice from each of the shipments the crew make back to Skullport.



What Is It?

The *Scourge of Skullport* is a typical carrack, measuring 150 feet long and 25 feet wide. Its hull has been blackened and sealed, imposing a terrifying sight in the water. It has a wide and elevated forecastle with a very high sterncastle. It looks like, once upon a time, the *Scourge* was an ornate and luxurious ship, based on the pitted and tarnished silver inlay all along



the ship.The top deck and fore and sterncastles of the ship have been unchanged, decorated with whatever riches the wererat crew could steal from their victims. Below-deck spaces have been completely redone to accommodate slaves. Massive water wheels have been installed towards the aft, cutting out some of the spaces for the lower cargo.

On board, most of the work goes to the rats who swarm about the ship. The wererat crewman, between druids and creative use of pipes of the sewers, help control the rats and direct them to the appropriate stations.

The cranium rats are a new addition to the crew. Their operations around the ship help make any of the day-to-day chores performed by rats that much more efficient.

No song greets you from the sea, just the slosh of the waves and the creaking of planks. The light from the moon reflects off the water, sending small beams to light up tattered sails which float freely in the wind. The blackened hull of a large ship silently lurches through the water towards you. The only thing that you can hear as it begins to approach is the incessant chittering of thousands of tiny jagged teeth.

Scourge of Skullport

Gargantuan vehicle (150 ft. by 25 ft.)

Creature Capacity 80 crew, 40 passengers
Cargo Capacity 150 tons
Travel Pace 4 miles per hour (96 miles per day)

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
24 (+7)	4 (-3)	20 (+5)	0	0	0

Damage Immunities poison, psychic

Condition Immunities blinded, charmed, deafened, exhaustion, frightened, incapacitated, paralyzed, petrified, poisoned, prone, stunned, unconscious

Actions

On its turn, the ship can take 3 actions, choosing from the options below. It can take only 2 actions if it has fewer than forty crew and only 1 action if it has fewer than twenty crew. It can't take these actions if it has fewer than two crew.

Fire Ballistas. The ship can fire its ballistas (DMG, ch 8).

Fire Mangonels. The ship can fire its mangonels (DMG, ch 8).

Move. The ship can use its helm to move with its sails or water wheels.

Hull

Armor Class 15
Hit Points 500 (damage threshold 20)

Control: Helm

Armor Class 16
Hit Points 50
Move up to the speed of one of its movement components, with one 90-degree turn. If the helm is destroyed, the ship can't turn.

Movement Sails

Armor Class 12
Hit Points 100; –10 ft. speed per 25 damage taken
Speed (water) speed 35 ft.; 15 ft. while sailing into the wind; 50 ft. while sailing with the wind

Movement Water Wheels

Armor Class 12
Hit Points 100; –5 ft. speed per 25 damage taken
Speed (water) speed 30 ft.

Weapons Ballistae (4)

Armor Class 15
Hit Points 50 each
Ranged Weapon Attack: +6 to hit, range 120/480 ft., one target. *Hit:* 16 (3d10) piercing damage.

Weapons Mangonels (2)

Armor Class 15
Hit Points 100 each
Ranged Weapon Attack: +5 to hit, range 200/800 ft. (can't hit targets within 60 ft. of it), one target. *Hit:* 27 (5d10) bludgeoning damage. Alternatively, specially designed round metal cages can deploy 5 **swarm of rats** (MM, p. 339) aboard a target struck by this weapon.

Who's on Board?

23 **wererats** (MM, 209), 95 **swarm of rats** (MM, 339), 12 c**ranium rat swarms** (VGtM 133). Myriil Llanandose is a wererat **druid.** Captain Reed Middleton is a **bandit captain**. Piddwec is a gnome wererat.

Myriil Llanandose

Myriil grew up on the sea. Her parents were both sailors and fishermen and she spent all her life gazing at the open ocean. Even from a young age, Myriil spent her time with a deep connection to the water, becoming a druid in service to peoples of the Sword Coast. She served for a long time aboard merchant vessels, helping navigate the tides and currents of the Sword Coast. Until, that is, she met Captain Reed Middleton.

The captain of the *Scourge of Skullport* took her as a hostage in a raid, and refused to sell her into slavery, against the wishes of the crew. Myriil originally despised her captors, but was taken in by dishonest premises. Captain Reed Middleton had filled her heart with just punishments against whalers and raids against imprisoning pirates. As the wererat curse took hold of her, and her affection for Captain Middleton grew, Myriil saw all the sailors of the Sword Coast as enemies of the sea.

Currently, she helps coordinate the massive amounts of rats onboard with her ability to speak with animals. She sees to the crew's injuries and helps in a variety of other capacities. Reed often asks her about favorable sailing conditions and omens she may see in the seas.

Captain Reed Middleton

Reed grew up a homeless urchin on the streets of Waterdeep. As far back as he can remember, he had taken up with a bad crew down by the docks. Stealing what he could, he scraped by until he was caught and imprisoned by the guard.

In prison, he learned to survive by picking fights he could win and making friends where he could.

As luck had it, he was released from prison and taken into the custody of a dwarven merchant named Grimmold. Grimmold had a ship, a large ornate carrack that went by The Lily of Selûne . The merchant ship was stout and industrious, like her captain. Reed spent much of that time serving the crew and captain, but not sharing in any of the wealth that the others enjoyed from their voyages abroad. Every time Reed thought he was to earn a wage, Grimmold told him that his freedom from prison was still being worked off.

An infestation had taken the ship. Strange cargo was loaded below-decks and one by one the crew started to change. Wererats had slowly started to take hold of the crew. It became like prison again. Reed could make friends where he could and fight who he needed to in order to stay ahead. This time, though, someone different came for him. As the moon was full and the wererats were planning to take the ship, a stranger in rags came aboard in the middle of the ocean. He was cloaked and hooded, hidden from the rest of the ravenous and bestial crew, but somehow soothing them with hauntingly low set of pan pipes. The wererat crew obeyed the stranger's wordless commands and set to rounding up any unaffected crew and killing anyone else who stood in their way.

Grimmold begged Reed to save him from the crew and this stranger. The stranger promised Reed a handsome sum to hand the captain over to him. Since Reed was not under the sway of the stranger, he realized he could not be affected by the pipes. Dragging the dwarven captain over to the stranger, Reed agreed. As the stranger was to take the dwarven captain and the remaining crew with him, Reed reached deftly for a nearby cutlass, stabbing the stranger through the chest, at the surprise of all. The stranger crumbled to the ground, his now revealed face in shock. The wererat crew regained their senses to see their friend standing over the corpse of their captor.

Reed took command of the vessel and took his former captain and abusive crew to Skullport where he fetched a handsome sum.

From then on, Captain Reed Middleton has refit the ship into the *Scourge of Skullport*, and has been enslaving man and beast do to his will up and down the Sword Coast.

Piddwec

Piddwec is the newest addition to the *Scourge*'s crew. A forest gnome, Piddwec has an uncanny ability to speak to rats and other burrowing mammals. It was this talent that led him to the *Scourge*. In Skullport, Piddwec served as the servant to the Catanzaro Drow household. There he cleaned and cooked and tidied the trading office from which his mistress worked. Every day and night he would mutter to himself, even through the beatings the drow would give him for various reasons.

He muttered day in and day out, always muttering the same thing: that one day he would be free and come to wreak havoc on his captors. His words found the ears of rats within Skullport, who passed this message on to the captain of the *Scourge*, Reed Middleton. Knowing how useful a man with Piddwec's talents and knowledge could be, he arranged to buy Piddwec's freedom from the Catanzaro family. The price was high, but in the end, Reed took Piddwec back to the *Scourge*. He was almost immediately infected, but given his choice of task on the crew.

Aboard the ship, Piddwec helps manage all of the normal rat crew below decks. He has made many friends amongst them and has nearly memorized 692 of their names and personalities. He still dreams of the day where the crew of the *Scourge* goes back to Skullport and enacts Piddwec's vengeance on the Cantanzaros.

SUN OF SOLIA

Long ago, Solia was the prime sha'ir of Mulhorand. Working in secret, Solia made bargains with countless numbers of elementals, despite the warnings of the Mulhorandi pantheon's gods and their priests.

Using these bargains, Solia fashioned a large, elemental-powered caravel, hoping to secretly ferry slaves across the empire to safety.

The *Sun of Solia* spent the next hundred years evading the Mulhorandi across the Plains of Purple Dust. Many tried to catch her, but the Sun skidded along the sands faster than any horse or windrider could manage.

That was, until the Spellplague. After the destruction of the empire, the *Sun of Solia* sank into the sands, its oaths and bargains, forged from the original sha'ir, fulfilled.

The rumors and legends of the Sun have crept slowly throughout Chessenta, Aglorand and even as far as Cormyr and Amn in romantic tales. Many brave archeologists and adventurers have spent lifetimes sifting the sands for the ruined Sun, feeling the ship lies intact somewhere within the Plains of Purple Dust.

After the reformation of the Mulhorandi Empire, the country started to search for the Sun as a matter of cultural pride and national identity. Still fearing that it could be a powerful weapon against the Empire, adventurers and archeologists were banned from the desert upon threat of execution.

A young Rashemi man named Madislak fled slavery in Thay, running farther and farther eastward, across the Alamber Sea to the Plains of Purple Dust, every step hounded by Thayan pursuers. There he spent forty days and nights, evading the purple worms that plague the desert. Each night, he heard whispers from the desert air. One night, as the young man clawed at his throat from the memory of water and his split and cracked skin weeped blood, he saw a vision.The whipping sands were tearing at Madislak and a djinn appeared before him. This djinn, called Risumgajak, promised to save the young escaped slave and proposed a deal. If Madislak would honor the bargains made by the long-dead sha'ir, the djinn would teach the young man the secrets of the elements and raise the Sun from the windswept dunes. Madislak agreed.

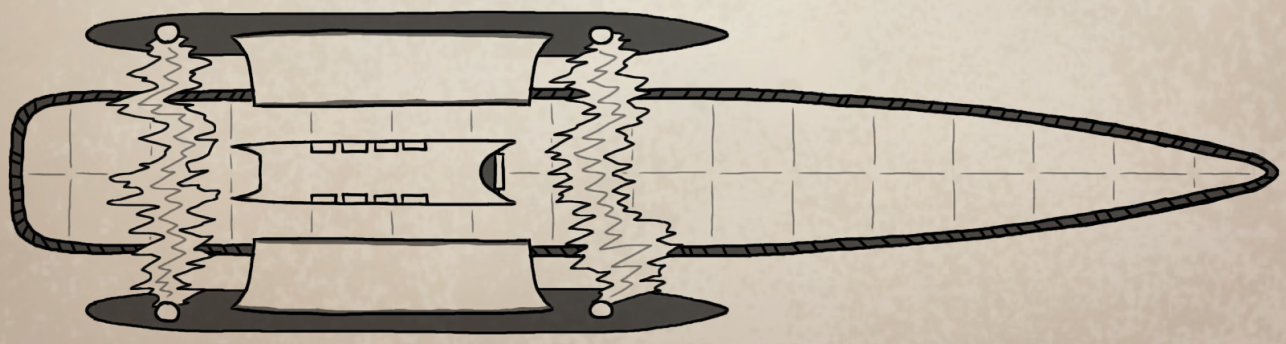
For the past four years the *Sun of Solia* has travelled the length and breadth of Eastern Faerûn, thwarting slavers and delivering people from oppression. With a ragtag crew, the *Sun of Solia* continues its original purpose from so long ago.

What Is It?

The *Sun of Solia* is a typical caravel hull in basic design, clearly modified without sails or rigging. Primarily designed for desert travel, its massive pontoons glide over the sands as it moves. It has a narrow beam, and it has a heavily angled and wedged prow, enabling it to slice through massive dunes.

It is powered entirely by an elemental ring that encircles the ship. During the day, this ring is powered by an efreeti. At night, the ring is powered by a djinn. The different elementals and djinni on board help the *Sun of Solia* wander the harsh deserts with little difficulty. The Sun has no masts or sails and is highly maneuverable. Its magical propulsion lends itself to an average speed of about 7 knots in the open desert.

A sandstorm barrels through the desert, leaving a wake of burning glass. Heading straight for you, it seems to twist and turn in the dunes, pursuing you. Drawing closer, it stops. As the dust settles, there is a ship, its hull covered in gleaming brass. Its swooping frame and narrow architecture help it skim through the sands. From the deck, several strange men stand, weapons in hand. One steps forward and pulls down a mask to reveal a Rashemi man. "It looks like you might be in a bit of danger." he says. "Do you need some assistance?"



Sun of Solia

Gargantuan vehicle (80 ft. by 20 ft.)

Creature Capacity 20 crew, 10 passengers

Cargo Capacity 1 ton

Travel Pace 9 miles per hour (216 miles per day)

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
14 (+2)	14 (+2)	12 (+1)	0	0	0

Damage Immunities fire (during the day), lightning (at night), poison, psychic

Condition Immunities blinded, charmed, deafened, exhaustion, frightened, incapacitated, paralyzed, petrified, poisoned, prone, stunned, unconscious

Actions

On its turn, the ship can take 2 actions, choosing from the options below. It can take only 1 action if it has fewer than ten crew and only 1 action if it has fewer than five crew. It can't take these actions if it has fewer than two crew.

Fire Ballistas. The ship can fire its ballistas (DMG, ch 8).

Move. The ship can use its helm to move with its elemental ring.

Hull

Armor Class 13

Hit Points 300 (damage threshold 15)

Control: Helm

Armor Class 17

Hit Points 75

Move up to the speed of one of its elemental ring, with one 90-degree turn. If the helm is destroyed, the ship can't turn.

Movement: Elemental Ring

Armor Class 18

Hit Points 100; –20 ft. speed per 25 damage taken

Speed (air) speed 80 ft. If the elemental ring is destroyed, the ship immediately crashes.

Weapons: Ballistas (4)

Armor Class 15

Hit Points 50 each

Ranged Weapon Attack: +6 to hit, range 120/480 ft., one target. *Hit*: 16 (3d10) piercing damage.

Who's on Board?

Madislak, the captain, is a neutral good human **mage** (MM, 347). His trusted advisors are Risumgajak, a **djinn** (MM, 144), Aryshessik, an **efreeti** (MM, 145), and Vishka, a **dao** (MM, 143). Madislak's partner, the chaotic good water genasi woman Fahazhad, is a **bard** (VGtM 211). The few remaining mortal crew are **bandits** (MM, 343).

Aryshessik

This **efreeti** (MM, 145) takes the form of an alluring woman. When she is not bound to the Sun as its propulsion, she wanders the upper decks, admiring the vast ocean of sand. She is dressed head to toe with loose fitting bright orange silks that hint at a lithe, athletic physique. Multiple rings of brass adorn her ears, hands, eyebrows, and nose.

Aryshessik, as many of her kinsmen, is not known for an even temper. Her cleverness gets her into trouble with more straightforward humans. She often provides the Sun's locomotion during the day, but has her nights free. Aryshessik has taken an almost obsessive liking to Madislak, but so far he has refused her advances. While Fahazhad has no ill will against the efreeti, Aryshessik is often mean, jealous, and verbally cruel to the genasi.

Fahazhad

Fahazhad is a recent addition to the Sun's crew. While the ship can operate perfectly fine with minimal crew, each subsequent raid on slavers gains more and more permanent crew taking up the cause. Fahazhad was rescued from a slaving caravan where they kept her as storyteller and member of a harem. She is not comfortable around much of the crew, but has found a loving partner in Madislak. The rest of the crew can easily see the romance blooming, especially the efreeti Aryshessik, who has taken a grim dislike to the genasi. Fahazhad is a young water genasi female. She is quite skilled in storytelling, and likes to sooth the crew with her stories at night when they travel across the sands.

She is below average height for a human woman, with light blue skin and purple lips. Her eyes have no pupils, but are a deep emerald green. She keeps most of her body covered in loose earth toned robes with simple sandals.

Madislak

Madislak is an oddity even aboard his own ship. He is above average height for a human, with average, toned musculature. He is Rashemi by descent and his tanned skin has grown even darker after a few years in the desert. His dark hair has grown in, and he keeps it, and a small scruffy beard, as clean as he can considering time and effort. He wears layers of loose, earth-tone wrappings over light leather armor.

Madislak comfortably commands the Sun through their voyages in the desert. He maintains good relationships with his crew, who would lay down their lives for him. As captain, he is good at commanding his crew. To the djinni, he maintains good relationships and contracts of power that allow them no room for sly tricks.

He constantly second-guesses himself. He has found a wise advisor in Risumgajak, but doesn't trust the djinn fully.

Risumgajak

The **djinn** (MM, 144) known as Risumgajak is an enigma on the Sun. He was the one that originally made the bargains with Madislak to revive the Sun. He is busy during the night, pushing the Sun across the desert sands. He trades off with Aryshessik during the day and spends the rest of his time in and amongst the crew. He is captivated by humans and often amazed by Madislak, for whom he has a high regard. Risumgajak struggles on a day to day basis between a human for whom he has high esteem and furthering his own agenda through manipulation of the bargains he makes. While he respects Madislak and is his friend, Risumgajak's final goal is to return to the Elemental Plane of Air. He is unable, and his ability to transfer between planes (like all djinni in the region) has been taken away. His hope is that the Sun of the Solia and Madislak will accumulate so much elemental energy that it will create an elemental rift, killing the mortals and sending the genie home. He's not fond of killing the crew, but it's his only resort to returning home.

When not propelling the Sun during the nighttime hours, Risumjak appears as a white-skinned man. He dresses in greys and blues, with a tight white turban on his head. He is full bodied and barrel chested, but not fat. His only hair is a thick, braided black beard that descends to the middle of his chest.

Vishka

Vishka the **dao** (MM, 143) usually takes the form of a sour middle-aged woman. She is tall and resolute, with a stout musculature and firm glance. The rest of her features are surrounded in long black colored robes. Only her eyes and hands are visible. Her skin is a deep slate grey, with white eyes. When necessary, the cane with which she walks transforms into an impressive hammer and then back down to a cane when unneeded.

Vishka was the last of the genie to make bargains with the budding sha'ir. She acts little throughout the day, mostly as a guide through the sands. In difficult times or with particularly nasty sandstorms, Vishka parts the sands to make their way easier. Of all the other crew onboard the Sun, she is the least personable, and doesn't care to be involved in the relationships of the rest of the crew. She has recently learned of Risumgajak's plan, but sees the conflict in the djinn. Vishka has decided to wait to tell anyone about it, not wanting to take sides until absolutely necessary.

Eberron

In Eberron, the Sun of Solia is named after Solia d'Lyrandar, a powerful member of the same dragonmarked house. From this airship, Majera d'Lyrandar captains the Sun in and around the Lhazaar Principalities. There, she acts as privateer and raider against Lhazaar slavers.

TECUMBA'S PROMISE

The cataclysm known as the Second Sundering devastated not only Toril, but other worlds throughout the multiverse. A small piece of a faraway world broke off during the upheaval and went hurtling through the Weave. It appeared as a small island on Toril, some four days sail under favorable winds west of Chult, in the Trackless Sea.

The people brought along with the landmass are not of Toril but resemble the humans of that world. Their language is strange and heavily accented, but has a resemblance to the Common tongue spoken on Toril. Their technological achievements are far fewer than even the simplest peoples of Toril; smelting metal and hammering bronze tools or weapons is beyond their ability. They are not unintelligent or dull people, however. Much to the contrary the Zin'ashar—"the children of the land" in their tongue—are a wise and deeply insightful people.

As the Zin'ashar took stock of their situation, an adult green dragon called Kavathantalus, who had lost his lair in the Mhair Archipelago and suffered grievous wounds in the Second Sundering, took an interest in the island as his new domain, conveniently already populated with slaves to do his bidding. The Zin'ashar did not fall to the dragon's clever boasts of godhood and promises of being made powerful. Instead, the tribe's champion, **Tecumba**, led his people to strike down the weakened dragon.



The Zin'ashar, having some skill in ship making, elected to craft a vessel from the The Great Deceiver, as they call the dragon, and set out to explore this new world of theirs, perhaps finding a means to return to theirs. The egalitarian Zin'ashar agreed that Tecumba and a select few other heroes who helped bring down the dragon should lead the effort. *Tecumba's Promise* still sails the Trackless Sea, learning more about this strange world and its stranger peoples.

What Is It?

On the horizon you see approaching a great green-sailed ship flying no realm's colors. In place of a maidenhead, there is a reptilian skull, bleached by the sun and full of razor-sharp fangs—a dragon! As the vessel approaches, it is clear the whole of it is crafted from draconian bones and leather. On deck you see well-built warriors carrying leatherbound shields and primitive spears, many of them covered in geometric tattoos.

Tecumba's Promise, named for the oath its captain took to return home to his people, is predominantly made out of dragonbone, but reinforced throughout with stout hardwoods harvested from the Zin'ashar's island. The sails are a deep emerald green that seems to soak in sunlight—Kavathantalus's flayed and preserved hide. The deck is lined with primitive crossbows, strung with sinew and loaded with sharp wooden stakes

The crew share a living area below deck, two or three often claiming the same hammock. The Zin'ashar are an egalitarian people and, while they recognize the skill and importance of Tecumba and his officers, do not follow them blindly or afford them special privileges, nor do the senior crewmembers expect it. The lower deck is also used to house domesticated beasts—including dinosaurs—the Zin'ashar have brought aboard.

Tecumba's Promise

Gargantuan vehicle, (80 ft. by 20 ft.)

Creature Capacity 30 crew, 20 passengers

Cargo Capacity 100 tons

Travel Pace 5 miles per hour (120 miles per day)

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
20 (+5)	7 (-2)	21 (+5)	0	0	0

Damage Immunities poison, psychic, necrotic

Condition Immunities blinded, charmed, deafened, exhaustion, frightened, incapacitated, paralyzed, petrified, poisoned, prone, stunned, unconscious

Actions

On its turn, the ship can take 3 actions, choosing from the options below. It can take only 2 actions if it has fewer than fifteen crew and only 1 action if it has fewer than seven. It can't take these actions if it has fewer than three crew.

Fire Ballistas. The ship can fire its bone ballistas.

Move. The ship can use its helm to move with its dragonhide sails.

Hull

Armor Class 18

Hit Points 300 (damage threshold 15)

Control: Helm

Armor Class 18

Hit Points 50

Move up to the speed of its sails, with one 90-degree turn. If the helm is destroyed, the ship can't turn.

Movement: Dragonhide Sails

Armor Class 15

Hit Points 100 (damage threshold 10); -5 ft. speed per 25 damage taken

Speed (water) sails, speed 45 ft.; 15 ft. while sailing into the wind; 60 ft. while sailing with the wind

Weapons: Bone Ballistae (4)

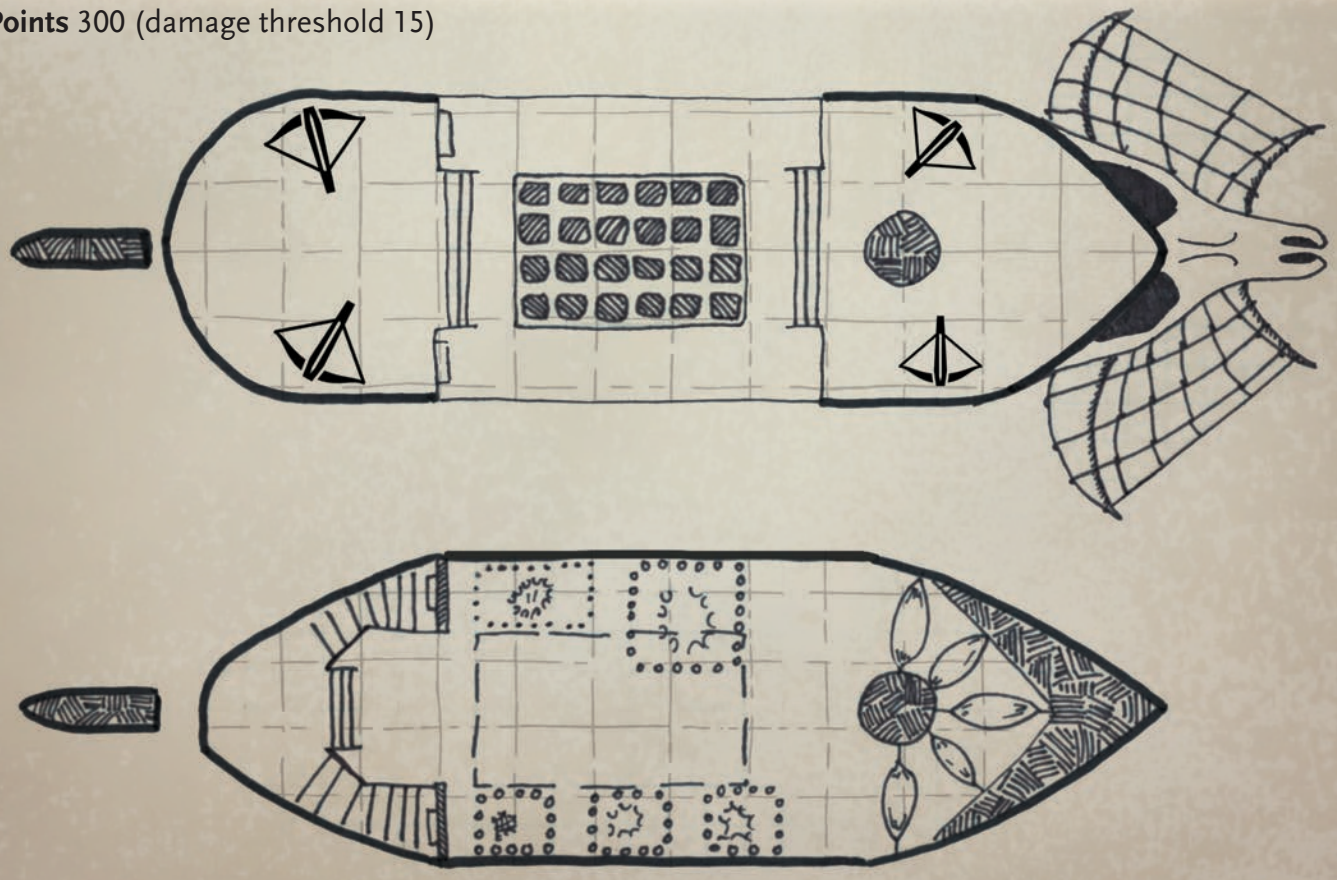
Armor Class 15

Hit Points 50 each

Ranged Weapon Attack: +4 to hit, range 120/480 ft., one target. *Hit:* 16 (3d10) piercing damage.

Who's on Board?

Tecumba's Promise is crewed by Zin'ashar warriors prepared to brave an alien world. The human crew is made up of twenty **tribal warriors** (MM, 350),



all of whom carry a leather shield, increasing their AC to 14, and ten **scouts** (MM, 349), armed with bone or obsidian blades and wooden bows. The ship also houses a number of beasts from the Zin'ashar's world, including six **velociraptors** (VGtM 140), three **pteranodons** (MM, 80) commonly seen hunting fish off deck, and a **giant crocodile** (MM, 324) called Two-Deaths, a beast Tecumba has reared since birth, seeing her as more a companion than servant. Two-Deaths flaunts her name well: a grim scar runs from her throat to her belly, the work of another dire crocodile, and one of her hind feet is nothing but a mangled stump, the result of a rival warrior's obsidian axe, who tried to claim Tecumba's head in battle.

The Zin'ashar people are deeply curious and do not immediately engage in hostilities, although they are well suited for battle and ensure that it is quick and final, if it is joined. They follow an animistic religion and seek to treat everything with the respect it deserves; the Zin'ashar are as likely to take offense to treating a piece of furniture incorrectly as they are to having a dagger drawn on them. They dress in simple leather and hide clothing—or at times little clothing at all—and use simple weapons made from bone, wood, and stone. But they are far from primitive in their thinking. Indeed, even a lowly Zin'ashar gatherer may spend hours in contemplation, looking up toward the twinkling night sky. It is likely that the Zin'ashar aboard *Tecumba's Promise* make inferences and ask philosophical questions well beyond what their technological state may belie.

Communicating with the Zin'ashar

How much of a hurdle communication poses is largely up to you. Yatzil (see below) can cast *tongues*, making communication possible under most circumstances. However, if Yatzil is not available, the characters will have to make do, interpreting the Zin'ashar's alien form of Common. Characters who succeed on a **DC 13 Wisdom (Insight) check** are able to determine simple ideas from the Zin'ashar and are not likely to make a grievous social mistake. If a character succeeds on a **DC 13 Charisma (Performance) check** they can communicate simple ideas to the Zin'ashar, using a mix of gestures, pantomime, and shared words. If you feel this sort of challenge would not be fun for your players, simply consider the officers and a few crewmembers to have learned enough Common to communicate with the characters.

Tecumba

Tecumba has led his people into battle many times, defending their lost home from rival tribes, foul sorcerers, and rampaging beasts alike. He is a tall, broad man with dark, tanned skin. The copious geometric tattoos along his arms and chest are difficult to discern now, having been faded by years under the sun. He wears a loose hauberk crafted from Kavathantalus's scales and wields an obsidian-bladed glaive. For all of his imposing exterior, there is a gentle kindness in his eyes. He is never far from his companion, Two-Deaths, for whom he feels a deep spiritual connection.

As captain of *Tecumba's Promise*, this talented warrior seeks to find a way back home for his people, or, failing that, a place to call home on Toril. He leads his crew with the worried determination of a loving father.

Tecumba is a neutral good human **warlord** (VGtM 220) with the following changes:

- He has a Wisdom score of 15.
- He wears a *green dragon scale mail* (DMG 165). His AC is 17.
- Instead of a greatsword, he wields a glaive (+9 to hit, reach 10 ft., one target. *Hit:* 10 (1d10 + 5) slashing damage. The glaive scores a critical hit on an attack roll of 19 or 20.

Quetzal

Quetzal was always a strange girl; she speaks to anyone—and anything—at hand. Rather than casting her off for what may appear to be a derangement by other cultures, the Zin'ashar embraced her and worked with her to understand her odd ways. The cause is unknown. Perhaps she was born under a particular alignment of the stars, or some otherworldly power was given her at birth. Nevertheless, Quetzal speaks with spirits of the Veiled World, as the Zin'ashar call it. She was chosen to accompany Tecumba on his journey for her unique abilities and talent for subtlety.

Not an imposing young woman, Quetzal stands barely five feet tall with a lithe frame. She wears dark leather armor cured from a jaguar's hide, reinforced with the beast's bones. Quetzal keeps her braided hair short and decorated with various feathers and semi-precious stones. While there is a deep wisdom in her eyes, she never seems to look at whom she is speaking, always gazing just beyond them, an unsettling characteristic to some.

Quetzal is a chaotic neutral human **master thief** (VGtM 216) with the following changes:

- Instead of a light crossbow, she wields a shortbow (+7 to hit, range 80/320 ft., one target. *Hit:* 7 (1d6 + 4) piercing damage.
- She has truesight to a range of 60 feet.

- She has one additional action: ***Etherealness.*** Quetzal enters the Ethereal Plane from the Material Plane, or vice versa. She is visible on the Material Plane while she is in the Border Ethereal, and vice versa, yet she can't affect or be affected by anything on the other plane.

Yatzil

Yatzil is a holy person among the Zin'ashar, one of the Twin Souls. Yatzil was born, according to Zin'ashar beliefs, with the spirit of both a man and a woman inhabiting the same body. Some of the Zin'ashar, and some of the so-called Twin Souls themselves, disagree with this interpretation, stating that assigning such labels to a soul is inaccurate. Rather than try to eradicate one, the Zin'ashar see the presence of two souls as a sacred offering from their gods, a person able to understand the different paths men and women of the tribe walk, and see where they might intersect when others cannot. Twin Souls often take up positions as judges, spiritual healers, and counselors among the Zin'ashar. Yatzil serves the crew in these same capacities and often meets with crewmembers to discuss the hardships and fears of living in an alien world.

Yatzil is a thin person in their late forties, but whose face and eyes carry decades more wisdom. They wear a loose roughspun robe belted at the waist with a cord made of interwoven thick hempen rope and delicate plant fibers. They are rarely seen on deck, preferring to spend much of the day below deck, studying, meditating, and meeting with the crew.

Yatzil practices what the Zin'ashar call the Way of Soul-Sight, a form of arcane magic prevalent among the Twin Souls. Yatzil does not approach their spellcasting as an academic art, as many wizards on Toril do. Instead, Yatzil believes they are able to manipulate the spirits of all things—a force arcane scholars on Toril would call the Weave. They keep their arcane spells etched on preserved tree bark bound together with bones from sacred animals. The spells are inked in a strange silvery material that seems to crawl along the thin sheets of bark.

Yatzil is a neutral human **diviner** (VGtM 213) with the following changes:

- They have a Wisdom score of 14 and Charisma score of 13.
- They have a +8 to Insight checks.
- They have the following additional trait: ***Deep Empathy:*** If Yatzil speaks with a creature within 30 feet of them for at least 5 minutes, they establish an empathic bond with the target. Yatzil understands the emotional state of anyone with which they have formed a bond, even if the target is taking measures to hide their emotions. This does not allow Yatzil to know the cause of the emotional state, however. For example, Yatzil may sense a target is fearful, but would have to engage them further to understand the source of their fear.
- Replace *stoneskin* with *tongues*, *teleport* with *project image*, and *maze* with *control weather*.

Mirdaak

The Zin'ashar are at war with a kingdom of lizardfolk on their world. The war has raged on for many generations, with devastating losses on both sides of the conflict. Mirdaak was the chieftain of the Hardfang Clan before he was bested by Tecumba in battle and taken prisoner, meant to be used as leverage in the endless war. Mirdaak was being held captive during the Second Sundering and was transported to Toril alongside his captors. During the battle against Kavathantalus, Mirdaak demanded the Zin'ashar to cut his bindings, as Tecumba and his warriors would surely die alone. Yatzil sensed the truth in Mirdaak's words and had him unbound. The lizardfolk took a spear and was able to scale the dragon, driving the spear into its eye, creating the opening Tecumba needed to slay it. As Kavathantalus fell dead, Mirdaak's leg was crushed under the dragon. Tecumba saw that the lizardfolk was healed by Zin'ashar shamans, although Mirdaak still walks with a limp, his strength never fully returning. Tecumba offered him a place on the crew, although he still watches the lizardfolk closely.

Mirdaak is an outsider among the close-knit crew. Many eye him suspiciously, waiting for the moment he turns on them. In truth, Mirdaak is conflicted and at constant war with himself. His upbringing tells him to slay these humans—although he cannot say why—but yet they allow him to live. He watches Tecumba closely, curious how this man leads his people with a tender hand and not the swift sword strokes demanded of a lizardfolk king.

Mirdaak is a neutral evil **lizardfolk king** (MM, 205) with the following changes:

- He uses a shield, increasing his AC to 17.
- He has a speed of 20 feet. His swim speed is not affected.
- He speaks Common.

Using Tecumba's Promise

Tecumba's Promise should pose a challenge to the character's expectations of a seemingly primitive culture. The Zin'ashar's aesthetic and technological advancement (or relative lack thereof) may lead many characters to assume they are similarly lacking in

culture and philosophical advancement. This ship and its crew are an opportunity for you to challenge those expectations and present worldviews that may not be as common in the Forgotten Realms. Here are a few ideas on how to introduce *Tecumba's Promise* in your game:

Strangers in Port. The ship has made landfall in the same port as the characters. Rumors fly about the mysterious ship and some say its captain, a warrior wearing the hide of a green dragon, has willingly given himself to the authorities for questioning. The crew have been asked to stay onboard, and tensions are high.

Tecumba's Demise. Quetzal appears onboard the characters' ship, having traveled through the Ethereal Plane. After ensuring the crew she means no harm, she tells a grim tale. Her crew came upon a small, strange island inhabited by **sea spawn** (VGtM 189). Tecumba, Mirdaak, and several warriors went to investigate the island but returned changed. Yatzil says their spirits have been assaulted and is keeping them in a magical slumber until Quetzal returns with help. What eldritch evil lies at the heart of the mysterious island? A morkoth? A kraken?



THE TIN STAR

Well, howdy, partner and welcome aboard *The Tin Star*, the most authentic and luxurious wild west vacation cruise ship in all the world. We got western cuisine, gambling, shoot-outs, and ever'thang else from the old west a true buckaroo could ever want. Saddle up for adventure in the untamed American West!

Now I reckon ya'll'd be wonderin what this hunk of iron and oak is doing in your neck of the woods. Don't fret none on that, cowpoke! Anachronism Incorporated has a vast fleet that's sure to have a thematic cruise vacation to wet your whistle without robbin' your bank.

Each Anachronism Incorporated ship is smaller than competitor cruise liners, to bring our clients a more intimate vacation experience. Take for example our crew: never a more rootin'-tootin' buncha broncos you ever did see (and some fine fillies too). Each one of 'em is knowledgeable and courteous, to make your wild-west experience a barrel of monkeys from the first time you swing open the saloon doors until you ride off into the sunset.

Each day our Captain, Miss Anabelle Oakley, visits the O.K. Corral to chew the fat with her crew and passengers at high noon, so mosey on down for some town gossip and a bottle of suds.

WHAT IS IT?

The *Tin Star* is a modern vessel designed to look like a riverboat casino. It is full of anachronisms, like the motor designed to look like a stream engine, solar panels, and modern power outlets. To the player characters, this will look like magic.

The vessel is huge and cumbersome compared to other vessels the characters have seen. The decks and hull are made of wood and painted garish colors. Lanterns with LED bulbs designed to look like gas lights adorn the cabins and walls.

Yet for as warm and inviting as the vessel appears to be, and unease permeates.

You can see the vessel now. It's huge and aglow with many lanterns, some throwing a nigh-impossible amount of light. As the vessel draws nearer you can hear raucous laughter, loud bangs, and other sounds of carousing. The wind carries the aroma of tobacco smoke, cooked meat. and the acrid smell of alcohol. A few passengers gawk and point at you.

STATISTICS

THE TIN STAR

Gargantuan vehicle (120 ft. by 30 ft.)

Creature Capacity 40 crew, 80 passengers

Cargo Capacity 100 tons

Travel Pace 4 miles per hour (96 miles per day)

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
19 (+4)	12 (+1)	16 (+3)	0	0	0

Damage Immunities necrotic, poison, psychic

Condition Immunities blinded, charmed, deafened, exhaustion, frightened, incapacitated, paralyzed, petrified, poisoned, prone, stunned, unconscious

ACTIONS

On its turn, the ship can take the move action below. It can't take this action if it has fewer than fifteen crew.

Move. The ship uses its helm to move with its engine. As part of this move, it can use its ram.

HULL

Armor Class 15

Hit Points 150 (damage threshold 20)

CONTROL: HELM

Armor Class 16

Hit Points 30 (damage threshold 20)

Move up to the speed of its engine, with one 90-degree turn. If the helm is destroyed, the ship can't turn.

MOVEMENT: ENGINE

Movement: Engine

Armor Class 18

Hit Points 80 (damage threshold 20) –20 ft. speed per 20 damage taken

Speed (water) speed 60 ft. If the engine is destroyed, the ship can't move or turn.

WEAPONS: RAM (1)

Armor Class 20

Hit Points 100 (damage threshold 20)

The ship has advantage on all saving throws relating to crashing when it crashes into a creature or object, and any damage it suffers from the crash is instead

applied to the ram. These benefits do not apply if a vehicle crashes into the ship. All damage dealt by this ship as a result of a crash is force damage. (see force field)

Features & Traits

Force Field. *The Tin Star* is not equipped with a weapon other than the thick metal plating on the bow, which can be used as a *ram*. Instead the ship relies on its powerful engine and energized force field to negate threats. The entire vessel is protected by the force field, converting all crash (bludgeoning) damage to force damage and granting every ship component a damage threshold of 20. If the engine is destroyed, the force field loses power and collapses.

The Tin Star is just one of a large fleet of miniature, thematic cruise ships owned an operated by Anachronism Incorporated. This vessel is very far from home thanks to a planar instability, a dimensional shift, or perhaps the good old Bermuda Triangle. Whatever the reason, the ship is now aimlessly steaming ahead, picking up stragglers for crew and hoping that whatever portal brought them here will reopen and take them home. They stop at ports and barter for needed goods. The Tin Star has been adrift for a long while. The passengers and crew tire of Captain Oakley's meandering and wish to take more proactive steps to return home.

DM's Option: Strappin' Iron.

The characters may notice the passengers and crew wearing pistols. Some worldly characters may actually have seen one or know how to use one. Upon closer inspection, these are tin and balsa wood props, little more than cap guns. The blades they carry are real though! Many of the seemingly genuine fixtures are for show only and the modern amenities will seem like magic to the characters. Describe them in strange terms like glow-glass instead of light bulb.

The Crew

The crew is made up of about 40 humanoids. Most non-humans working on the vessel stay below decks. Use the **commoner** stat block for the crewmembers (MM, 345).

The crew is mostly human, though they are an eclectic mix of nationalities from all over the Sword Coast. There are a few humanoid races aboard but only those who can pass as human are allowed above deck. Pointed ears must be tucked under hats and half-orcs must file their canines to be seen by passengers.

Below decks it is completely different, and the crew is a very diverse group. The captain is human, as is the surgeon, but the rest of the officers are not. The first mate is a burly half-orc, the bosun a dwarf, and the cook and quartermaster are elves.

Captain Anabelle Oakley

Anabelle is short and heavy set. She has olive skin, green eyes, a aquiline nose and freckles. She has a wild shock of red hair billowing from under her Stetson hat. She has a sparkling personality and keen wit. She always wears her buckskin vest with lots of cow gal fringe.

Hogrin Ham'rmash (First Mate)

Hogrin is a burly half-orc with thick muscles swimming under his dark, scar-riven skin. His head is shaved, and he has a long black beard. His piercing yellow eyes burn below the brim of a cocked bowler hat. Hogrin wears a bandana beneath his cap to soak up the sweat. He likes wearing leather chaps, and has a black pair with silver studs and an embroidered rose vine climbing up the leg. He is pals with Olunt the bosun.

Olunt Toetacker (Bosun)

Olunt is a thickly-muscled dwarf with long grey hair, a thick, braided beard, and deep-set brown eyes. He has a dark tan. He has a big nose with a mole on it. His hands are scarred and callused, his fingers thick as sausages. He is missing his left index finger at the second joint. He wears a huge sombrero and usually no shirt. His hairy chest and pot belly hang over his shortened trousers. He is friends with Hogrin and Wyatt.

M'Shriva Hanil (Quartermaster)

M'shriva is taller than most elves, and very thin. She has light caramel skin, brown eyes and bleached white hair. She is quiet and likes her privacy. She dresses in plain western garb, wearing no silver studs, pearl buttons or jewelry. She wears moccasins and prefers high-waisted pants. She has a tattoo on her left breast of a compass face, though she would never wear anything so low cut as to reveal it.

Wyatt Reynalds (Surgeon)

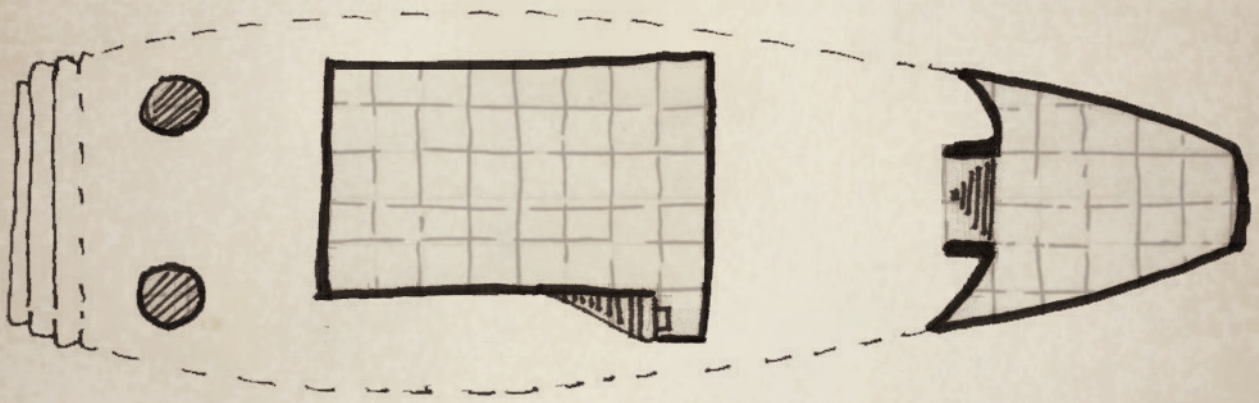
Wyatt is a tall human with blond hair, fair skin and blue eyes. He is handsome and charming. He believes laughter is the best medicine. He wears light clothes, a black vest and black leather cowboy boots. He has a tattoo across his knuckles that reads "Harm None." He could spend the night with any woman on the ship but he only has eyes for M'Shriva. Wyatt is the only person to see her smile. "Who knows," Olunt teases. "Maybe in a few hundred years she might laugh at one of your jokes!" Wyatt is friends with Olunt and Locan.

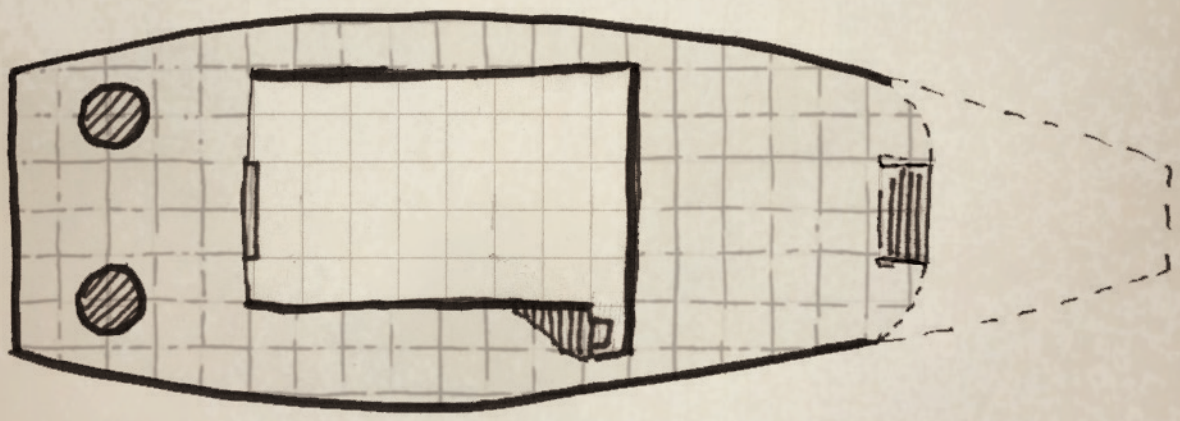
Locan Redleaf (Cook)

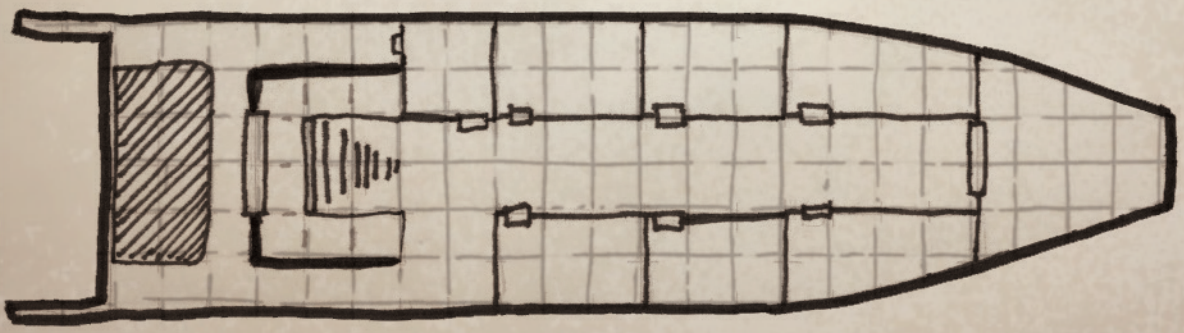
Locan is heavy set elf with fair skin and sandy brown hair, pulled into a tight ponytail. He has brown eyes and a hooked nose. He is jovial and at times raucous. He enjoys food as much as a good story or joke. He likes to experiment with new recipes and exotic ingredients. He wears a neckerchief and an apron and sometimes little more than a pair of briefs. He has a tattoo of a nude mermaid on his forearm. He is friends with Wyatt and Olunt.

Using The Tin Star

The Tin Star is a vessel out of its time and dimension. It can a luxurious place to rest, a wondrous place to explore, or a deadly trap. *The Tin Star* will gladly ferry wealthy characters to other ports for gold or just as readily attempt to press them into service for the long journey home.







The people on *The Tin Star* come from a place where magic is kept secret or is non-existent. Any character who uses magic openly can expect to be gawked at. Likewise *The Tin Star* comes from a place where humans are the only race of humanoid. Non-humans who look human will fit in fine but more exotic races like Dragonborn or Tieflings will draw stares and whispers. For the sake of simplicity, most everyone on board speaks Common as they have been in the realm long enough to learn it.

The Polder. The players need to travel by ship to continue their journey and the only vessel with room to let (or that they can afford) is *The Tin Star*. Once aboard, the characters are free to explore and enjoy themselves in this fun little sandbox. The journey is uneventful and they disembark from the vessel well rested.



The Fine Print. *The Tin Star* happens upon the characters when they are marooned, shipwrecked, or otherwise stranded. The captain offers to ferry the players to a port of their choosing in exchange for them helping the crew during the journey. The trip takes an inordinately long time; the characters are pressed into service indefinitely until they are able to escape.

Powder Keg. The characters are on a another ship and encounter *The Tin Star* adrift and smoking in open water. Upon boarding the vessel to investigate, they discover that the ship is in the throes of a mutiny over the best way to return home. Can the characters establish order once again?

Ship of Dreams. When the characters encounter this vessel, they see only crew, no passengers. The ship is large enough to accommodate passengers, indeed it is built for it. The characters are welcomed aboard only to discover that the solar panels that powered the engines were damaged beyond repair so the crew had to improvise a power source. In the belly of the ship the passengers sleep in hypersleep pods. Their biochemical energies are harvested to fuel the engines while they dream their lives away in a MMORPG type simulation. The characters each discover themselves trapped in one of these pods.

Ticket Home. *The Tin Star* arrives via a dimensional rift which closes behind it. The passengers plead with the local council of mages to reopen the rift so they can return home. The ingredients for such a spell are rare and can only be found in dangerous places. The characters are hired to gather the ingredients and use the ship to travel to remote places to find the components. Once the materials are gathered, the portal is opened once again and *The Tin Star* returns home. The portal is closed again and the council of mages asks the characters to find the answer to a question that has nagged them since *The Tin Star* arrived: Who opened the portal originally and why?

THE TURVEE

That hull bottom in the water isn't a bottom-up wreck—it's the *Turvee*, the triton-crewed ship that sails upside-down beneath the waterline. Nigh-undetectable at a distance and nearly impossible to combat in a traditional vessel, the *Turvee* harnesses elementals to traverse an overturned world.

The *Turvee* utilizes two kinds of elementals: air elementals in a specialized chamber on the lower deck, which control the ship's buoyancy and allow it to flip right-side-up when needed, and a team of four water weirds magically bound to the front of the ship that pull it like a sled team. The water weirds give the *Turvee* a consistent speed when the vessel is underwater; when it's right-side-up and its sails are unfurled, it becomes uncatchable.

What Is It?

The *Turvee*'s shape gives it the appearance of a classic sailing vessel, if a bit smaller than most in its class. Its hull is a swirl of gray and blue, which usually allows it to blend into the ocean waves at a distance when the ship is upside-down. If its ability to flip upside-down and right-side-up weren't strange enough, the *Turvee* can deploy four **water weirds** from the front of the ship that pull it forward; when the ship is right-side-up and unconcerned about stealth, the water in front of the prow of the ship churns as the water weirds move the ship forward with shocking speed.

Water flows over the keel of the upside-down ship as it cuts through the water towards you. The sea in front of the ship churns, and you see lithe, watery forms turning the ocean in front of the vessel like sled dogs through snow.

The Turvee

Gargantuan vehicle (80 ft. by 20 ft.)

Creature Capacity 25 crew, 8 passengers
Cargo Capacity 30 tons
Travel Pace 5 miles per hour (120 miles per day)

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
18(+4)	8 (-1)	22 (+6)	0	0	0

Damage Immunities poison

Condition Immunities blinded, charmed, deafened, exhaustion, frightened, incapacitated, paralyzed, petrified, poisoned, prone, stunned, unconscious

Actions

On its turn, the ship can take 2 actions, choosing from the options below. It can take only 1 actions if it has fewer than thirteen crew. It can't take these actions if it has fewer than three crew.

Fire Ballistas. The ship can fire its ballistas (DMG, ch. 8).

Move. The ship can use its helm to move with its water weirds or sails

Hull

Armor Class 17
Hit Points 300 (damage threshold 20)

Control: Helm

Armor Class 16
Hit Points 50

Move up to the speed of one of its movement components, with one 90-degree turn. If the helm is destroyed, the ship makes only 45-degree turns.

Movement: Water Weirds

Armor Class 13
Hit Points 200; –10 ft. to speed bonus per 50 damage taken; ship regains 100 hit points daily at dawn.

Speed (water) +40 ft. to the ship's current speed.

Movement: Sails

Armor Class 12
Hit Points 100; –5 ft. speed per 25 damage taken.

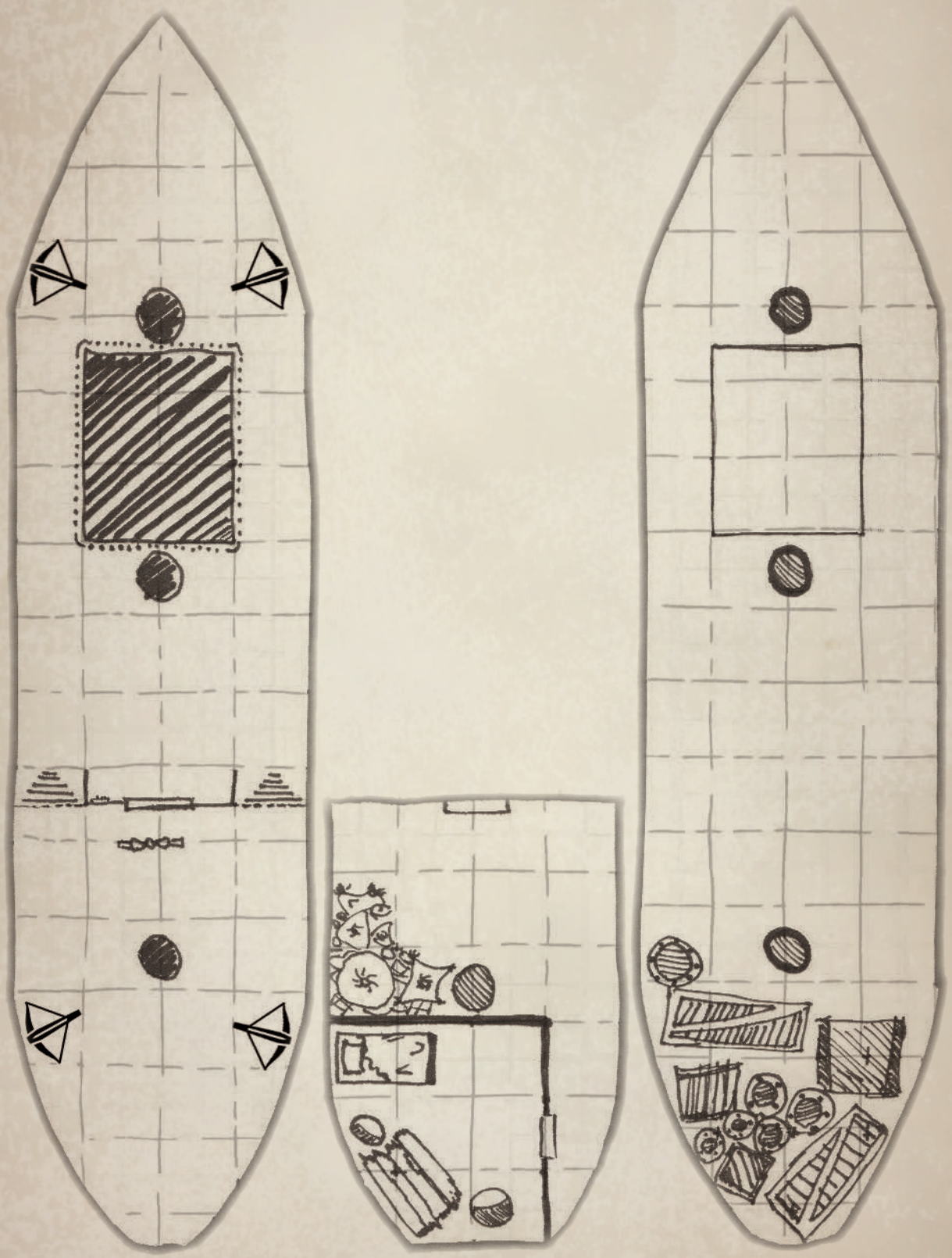
Speed (water) speed 40 ft.; 10 ft. while sailing into the wind; 45 ft. while sailing with the wind; see Wet Sails, below.

Weapons: Ballistae (4)

Armor Class 15
Hit Points 50 each
Ranged Weapon Attack: +6 to hit, range 120/480 ft., one target. *Hit:* 16 (3d10) piercing damage.

Features & Traits

Relative Gravity. The *Turvee* is enchanted with a spell that creates a light gravitational pull to the deck of the ship, regardless of whether it is upside-down or right-side-up. Creatures that finish a long rest aboard the *Turvee* become further acclimated to the ship's relative gravity and have advantage on all saving throws to



resist being thrown, pushed, or otherwise suddenly removed from the deck of the *Turvee* against their will.

Variable Orientation. The *Turvee* can be commanded to switch from upside-down to right-side-up and vice-versa as an action from the helm. While the *Turvee* is upside-down, its crew have advantage on Wisdom (Perception) checks to notice underwater creatures and hazards.

Water Breathing. Anyone in contact with the *Turvee* can be affected by the *water breathing* spell if the captain of the *Turvee* desires it.

Wet Sails. When the *Turvee* uses its variable orientation feature to turn right-side-up, its sails begin sloughing water and do not contribute to the ship's speed during the next round.

Who's on Board?

The *Turvee* is crewed by triton **commoners** (MM, 344) and **bandits** (MM, 343), with the exception of Captain Coras (see below). All of the triton crewmembers, including Captain Coras, have the following additional traits:

- **Speed** swim 30 ft.
- **Damage Resistance** cold
- **Languages** Common, Primordial
- ***Control Air and Water.*** The triton can cast *fog cloud* once per day. Charisma is their spellcasting ability for this spell.
- ***Emissary of the Sea.*** The triton can communicate simple ideas to beasts that can breathe water.
- ***Guardian of the Depths.*** The triton ignores all drawbacks from a deep, underwater environment.



Captain Coras

The *Turvee* is commanded by Captain Coras (N male triton **swashbuckler**,*VGtM* 217). Coras is an intelligent engineer and knowledgeable sailor; he helped design the *Turvee* and has expertly led its crew for seven years.

Coras is a sober and shrewd individual whose primary concern is the protection of the *Turvee* and its crew.

Additionally, Coras can cast *wall of water* using his Guardian of the Depths trait.

Using the Turvee

Pirate Hunting. The *Turvee*'s crew have been contracted to hunt a pirate vessel prowling these waters. They initially mistake the characters' ship for the target vessel and spring an ambush. The *Turvee* lies in wait as a potentially derelict vessel as the ship approaches, before turning upright and demanding surrender. Once the mistake is realized, Coras invites the characters aboard and offers an alliance to find the pirate ship in question.

Upside-Down Attack. The characters come across the upside-down *Turvee* under assault by sahuagin and and reef sharks. The sahuagin have taken the helm and are preventing the ship from turning right-side-up. With the characters' intervention, the ship can be righted and the threat of the sharks negated.

A MOTLEY CREW

If you are looking for a quick way to spice up your nautical game, roll on the table below to see who the characters meet next! Each entry is presented to give you just enough information to start your next adventure.

d100	Captain
1-4	Kwa-Win 'Moiety' Mistborn
5-8	Kurn & Churn
9-12	Greenskin the Nameless
13-16	Rahk the Crippled
17-20	The Feyseer
21-24	Hjollgar Bloodfist
25-28	Whiteback Uurlor
29-32	Mad Peshri
33-36	The Horned One
37-40	Balduran Returned
41-44	Fleetlord Shurka'h
45-48	Flameruler
49-52	Eiril
53-56	Zussadi the Mole
57-60	Fishman Dagagoog
61-64	Bruna Bloodpaw
65-68	Birsch the Shredder
69-72	Lithan'ildar the Seeker
73-76	Jonathan the Leper
77-80	Unbroken Vow
81-84	Raimundo the Magnificent
85-88	Emma Norkl Flittermoon
89-92	Tom Molehill
93-96	Lea
97-100	Tetra the Skald

Kwa-Win "Moiety" Mistborn

Kwa-Win (CN male half-elf **master thief**, VGtM 216) is a privateer who lost his legs to a kraken. His former first mate, Bootleg Bill, let him walk the plank after turning the crew against him. Kwa-Win boldly dove head first into the waves and gave pursuit. Despite the kraken that tore of his legs, Kwa-Win overtook the *Bloody Mary*, boarded it, and disposed of his former underling. At least this is what Kwa-Win tells you, if asked about his missing lower body. A kobold named Peshri built his prosthesis from a gutted modron and Kwa-Win is stronger ever since. His flag features a pair of white legs on black canvas. The crew is made up of the worst dregs and scoundrels the ports offer. Currently, the *Bloody Mary* chases an Amnian privateer's vessel.

Kurn & Churn

Kurn & Churn are two heads of an **ettin** (MM, 132) that splits the captain's duty between his two brains. On even days, Kurn captains the *Seaclub* and on uneven days it's Churn's turn. Alas, the two hardly ever agree on the right course of action. Often times, the ship swings between two destinations until the crew, on the verge of starvation, compels Kurn & Churn to compromise. The *Seaclub* is a hodgepodge of different vessels, the goblin crew half-arsedly cobbles together. The type of wood, color of sails, and general shape varies to such an extreme, that the ship stands out from a far distance. Currently, the ship circles the waters between two ports with provisions for the next three days.

Greenskin the Nameless

Greenskin the Nameless (N male half-orc **gladiator**, MM, 346) is the captain of the *Lost Cause* and victim of Umberlee's wrath. As punishment for killing her chosen shark, Ironfin, Umberlee put a terrible curse on Greenskin. He forgot everything about his past: his name, origin, family, and purpose. Now he roams the sea and hunts whales waiting for death. His crew is made up of simple whalers who value Greenskin's expertise and determination. The crew pities him but since Greenskin is the best whaler for a thousand miles around, they work for him and profit from Umberlee's curse. The *Lost Cause* is a fine vessel with a fresh coat of paint, white sails, and polished weapons. The curse can be broken thusly: Greenskin must go on land, kiss the ground three times, burn his ship, and never return to the seas.

Rahk the Crippled

Rahk (N female kenku **swashbuckler**, VGtM 217) was a street urchin once and stole when she was hungry. Instead of cutting off her hands for her transgressions, the headsman thought it funnier to cut off her wings. Later in life, Rahk became a pirate and assembled a crew of fellow outcasts. Tieflings, gnomes, half-orcs, and other misfits make up most of her crew. They are fiercely loyal to Rahk and form more of a family than a crew. Rahk's ship, the *Rising Winds,* is a fast schooner. They appear as a simple merchant vessel only to board their unsuspecting targets. Rahk's ultimate goal is to earn enough gold to regenerate her wings.

The Feyseer

The Feyseer is an infamous captain who roams the sea with unknown purpose. She is an unpredictable **spring eladrin** (MToF 196) whose eyes were replaced with enchanted facsimiles. With the help of these eyes, she watches the spirit world and plucks on lifestrings like a bard. On her nameless ship, she and her sworn eladrin and elven friends travel the high seas to kill and save seemingly random crews in an attempt to do fate's work. Mothers tuck in their children, warning them that the Feyseer might take them if they don't behave. Other people adore her, since she saved them from certain doom in the nick of time. Currently, the Feyseer heads towards a small village where a small child must be saved from their parents.

Hjollgar Bloodfist

Hjollgar is a downright evil pirate and pillager. The **berserker** (MM, 344) regularly only wears his tattoos, which cover his entire body. The tattoos depicts two wyrms that loop around his body and appear to eat Hjollgar's head. His ship, the *True Terror*, is painted completely black, aside from the sails, which feature large red fists. Before Hjollgar raids a village, he burns a dinghy filled with tar. The black plumes warn the denizens of their impending death. They either flee and Hjollgar can quickly take anything of worth, or the villagers have time to prepare and offer a greater challenge, which Hjollgar enjoys. His crew is made up of the worst scum and criminals imaginable, who torture each other for fun. Hjollgar's next target is a small town. The black smoke can be seen nearby.

Whiteback Uurlor

Uurlor (**bugbear chief**, MM, 33) is a terribly old bugbear with bad ears. He uses a large brass horn to improve his hearing and nobody in their right mind dares to ridicule him for it. Uurlor and his goblinoid crew often jump ship and are seldom spotted on the same vessel. They tear their ships down, live like pigs, and sink whatever is left after they board a new vessel. Uurlor's first mate is his son, Buurlor, who is dumb as a nail but submissive. Uurlor worries what will happen to his son after he dies. Currently, Uurlor is searching for a new ship and will board whatever he comes across.

Mad Peshri

Mad Peshri (**kobold inventor**, VGTM 166) is a female captain and her crew is made up of kobolds and automatons. Her ship, the *Dreadnought*, is a steam-powered vessel that employs several fire elementals to power it. Mad Peshri is mainly interested in gathering knowledge, resources, and workers to improve her ship, which is mostly made of metal. Peshri isn't mad in the usual sense, only curious. People often misjudge her experiments since the failed ones bother travelers on the sea. The mechanical acid-spitting octopus was especially bad for her reputation. Currently, the *Dreadnought* and her crew head to the site of a recent asteroid impact, where Peshri hopes to find rare minerals.

The Horned One

The Horned One is a **horned devil** (MM, 74), like his name suggests; his true name is Oz'gollaan. He entered into a contract with a minor sea-king, who goes by the name of Jojen. The contract states that Oz'gollaan must plunder and pillage in Jojen's name so that he can keep his rivals in check. More fame means more power in Jojen's court. After he dies, Jojen loses his soul to the devil but he doesn't much care about the afterlife. Oz'gollaan's crew is made up of **imps** (MM, 76) and **lemures** (MM, 76), which he himself summoned. His black ship, the *King Asmodeus,* is lit by green flames that burn the ship's sails but never destroy them. The bow of the ship features an immense pair of horns, completing the infernal look. Currently, the *King Asmodeus* is engaged with a military vessel.

Balduran Returned

A **doppelganger** (MM, 82) impersonates the famous explorer, Balduran, and claims that he has risen from the dead to set out and explore the world once again. The doppelganger, whose real name is Tziz, is truthful in regards to the latter. He does indeed dream of exploring the world in a seafaring vessel. However, he soon realized, that no one wants a doppelganger as their captain. Disguised as the famous explorer, Tziz rallied a large number of admirers and true believers who pitched in enough gold to outfit a ship. They named it after Balduran's original ship, the *Wandering Eye*, and have set out to explore. Currently, "Balduran" and his fearless crew are on their way west, to see if there is something to be found beyond the sunset.

Fleetlord Shurka'h

Fleetlord Shurka'h is a **hobgoblin warlord** (MM, 187), who assembled a waterborne host to conquer a kingdom of his own. His fleet consists of 13 ships; the flagship is the *Maglubiyet's Pride*. Each of the other ships is captained by a **hobgoblin captain** (MM, 186). The *Maglubiyet's Pride* is a massive ironclad warship that dwarfs the other ships in the fleet. The crews are made up of the usual goblinoids: hobgoblins, bugbears, and goblins. The ships' drums can be heard from far away and all vessels stay clear of the host. Currently, the fleet is heading towards a larger island kingdom that will soon find itself under siege.

Flameruler

Flameruler (**half-red dragon veteran**, MM, 180) is a pompous turquoise dragonborn whose only goal in life is to collect gems. An immense treasure horde is located in the belly of his ship, and Flameruler spends most of his time caressing his gems and looking at his face, which they mirror. Flameruler traces his unusual color back to his ancestors—clearly, a green and a blue dragon must have mingled to produce a special kind of offspring. In reality, it's a rare skin condition.



Flameruler roasts members of his crew alive who anger him but since the crew may keep anything of worth except gems, pirates and other scum flock to his banner. The hull of his ship, as well as the sails, are painted with stylized flames. Currently, Flameruler seeks out targets that might carry gems.

Eiril

Eiril is a female **djinni** (MM, 144) who travels the sea on her own in a truly exotic ship. Its curved shape makes it one of a kind and it seems to almost float above the ocean. It's made of white wood, which, paired with its shape, resembles a crescent moon. With her innate powers, Eiril ensures that the ship's round sails are never short of wind. Eiril is a trader who carries the most exquisite goods and rarest magic items in the region. With her ship, the *Weaver*, she visits even the most far-flung places to barter and taste the local cuisine. Eiril veils herself in a different illusion each day, but her ship is a tell tale sign as to who has arrived in port.

Zussadi the Mole

Zussadi is a **svirfneblin** (MM, 164) who left her ancestral homestead to explore and map the world above. She owes her nickname, "The Mole", to a thick pair of black glasses—a necessity she must wear as protection against the blazing sun. However, she doesn't mind her nickname much since she loves moles and had one as a child. Her cabin is filled with hundreds of maps, depicting coastlines in never-before-seen detail. She regularly sends ravens with copies of her maps towards home, in the hopes that they are properly archived and studied. Additionally, she sells her wisdom to explorers and merchants who appreciate the detailed sea maps, using the coin she earns to fund her expeditions Zussadi captains a small ship called the *Wildwanderer* and employs a few trusted deckhands. Currently, she is heading towards a volcanic island that only formed a few months ago.

Fishman Dagagoog

Dagagoog is a **kuo-toa archpriest** (MM, 200) who was born with a crippling disability: he cannot breath underwater. Shortly before the misshapen offspring was killed, Umberlee intervened and took him as her own. Delivered to the doorsteps of one of Umberlee's temples, Fishman Dagagoog learned the ways of the Queen of the Depths. Dagagoog is a feared pirate who employs both kuo-toa and sahuagin as crew, although there is also the odd human among them. Fishman

Dagagoog's only goal is to sink as many ships as possible—to send his goddess, waiting in the depths, souls and treasures. Currently, Dagagoog hunts down a simple merchant vessel, and Umberlee has sent a mighty storm to support her archpriest's effort.

Bruna Bloodpaw

Bruna bears the name Bloodpaw not without reason. She's a **werebear** (MM, 208) and often gets her hands dirty. Her strong muscular build and long, coarse brown hair are the result of her lycanthropy. This affliction has haunted her family for generations but they make the best of it. Bruna is a ferocious warrior who raids coastal villages with her **berserker** (MM, 344) crew. The spoils benefit her hometown in the far north, which she visits in infrequent intervals. During most full moons, Bruna heads for a deserted island where she transforms and takes out her rage on the local flora or fauna. The bow of her ship, the *Bloodrage*, resembles an upright standing bear. Currently, Bruna and her crew are returning home from a successful raid.

Birsch the Shredder

Birsch is a disgusting **orc war chief** (MM, 246) who cut off her own forearms to replace them with rusty axes. Her crew consists of several **orcs** (MM, 246) but many more humanoid slaves. The slaves are used as cannon fodder, actual fodder, and cheap labor. Whoever is captured and enslaved by Birsch knows that their lives are forfeit, but hope forces them to hold onto their doomed existence. Her ship, the *Grum Gorsh*, is adorned with skulls and bones of dead slaves. Additionally, Birsch has a dozen or so kuo-toa slaves she calls her "pets." The kuo-toa are used as beasts of burden to speed up the ship when needed. Currently, Birsch pursues a trader whose crew will be tonight's dinner.

Lithan'ildar the Seeker

Lithan'ildar (CG female elf **war priest**, VGtM 218) is an elven priest of Deep Sashelas with long white hair that reaches the ground. Her beauty is considered divine, even among elves, and she leads a large band of elven followers. Her humongous ship, the *Thārō*, is home to almost a hundred elves, who set out to find the God's Land many years ago. The ship is made of blonde wood and lit by hundreds of orange lanterns during the night, which are located on the sails and hull. Initially, Lithan'ildar was convinced that Deep Sashelas would show her the way. There were no signs or portents, however, and Lithan'ildar visits one arbitrary island after the other. Currently, her first mate, Ulhar'win, suspects that something is awry and is considering a mutiny once they find the next island.

Jonathan the Leper

Johnathan (N male human **commoner**, MM, 345) is the current captain of the *Death Knell*, a ship that collects sick people who cannot afford treatment. The black hull shows a large white cross on both sides, and a bell onboard the ship rings at all times. These measures are necessary to warn travelers and seaside towns of their coming. The ship stops in every port they come across, remaining for a few days until all the sick locals board the vessel. No one is allowed to leave the ship, and crossbows are trained on the *Death Knell* for as long as the ship remains. It is part service and part extortion since loads of supplies are delivered to the *Death Knell* in each port. Jonathan knows the towns will supply the ship with all they need to prevent the sick from swarming the settlement and infecting the populace. Currently, the *Death Knell* anchors in town and a slow trickle of sick and disfigured people board the vessel.

Unbroken Vow

Unbroken Vow (N female tiefling **assassin**, MM, 343) is a woman who escaped slavery after many years of suffering and torture. After her escape, she swore to kill every last slaver that walks upon the face of the world. After many years of fine work, her crew consists only of former slaves who flocked to her banner. Since she and her crew stop at nothing to reach their goal, they enjoy a dubious reputation. Unbroken Vow has sent many people, whom she suspected of wrongdoings, to their death. There were surely innocent among them but you can't make an omelette by breaking only rotten eggs. Her ship, the *Swift Judgement*, flies a flag that depicts a broken black chain on white canvas. The hull is adorned by rusted chains Unbroken Vow took off the people she liberated. Currently, the *Swift Judgement* anchors in a protected natural bay, where Unbroken Vow settles a dozen former slaves in a village she founded for the freed.

Raimundo the Magnificent

Raimundo (NE male human **noble**, MM, 348) trades in exotic goods, drugs, and slaves. The latter two he only mentions to special customers. On his ship, the *Silver Tongue,* he travels the world and dabbles in

every legal or illegal venture he comes across. His crew is not only paid very well, they also receive a percentage of the earnings. This, and a tattoo of a silver ring on their back, welds this crew together. The *Silver Tongue's* sails are painted to appear like a fine carpet, and before guests arrive, the crew lights incense and lanterns across the ship. Additionally, exotic dancers and fine wine are served to endear Raimundo's dear customers. Currently, Raimundo transports a handful of exquisite hand-picked slaves to a regular client.

Emma Norkl-Flittermoon

Emma (N female gnome **spy**, MM, 349) is a gifted inventor. Like many of her kin, she was enamoured by airships since a young age. Her granddad, Bupiddi Norkl, often told her about the great gnomish air-nomads of old while tucking her into bed. Emma and a few of her adventurous friends emulated the ancestral inventors and built an airship of their own. The *Fleecy Cloud* was a great success for the first week of travel. After that, it crash landed in the ocean. Currently, Emma and her gnomish crew sail from port to port to buy the parts they need to repair the ship and continue their journey in the sky.



Tom Molehill

Tom (NG male halfling **commoner**, MM, 345) is the head of the Molehill household. The Molehills are a family of around 30 halflings who live on a large houseboat and farm the ocean. They produce seaweed, oysters, sea cucumbers, and they fish. The so-called houseboat is a 300-foot square raft. A large mound of earth is located on top of the raft, in which the family lives. The whole endeavor is a proof of concept that halflings are safer on the oceans, far away from impolite robbers and intrusive raiders. Currently, the family fights off several hungry **giant octopuses** (MM, 326) that want to feed on their tasty oysters.

Lea

Lea is a **dryad** (MM, 121) who grew tired of her life in the forest and wanted to see more of the world. Since her grove was located not too far from the sea, she employed the labour of some very helpful loggers who lost their way and stumbled into her domain. After building a ship from the many trees the loggers foolishly felled, Lea moved her tree into the ship and took to the sea. She brought along a large number of **sprites** (MM, 283) and **pixies** (MM, 253), who form her trusted crew. Dolphins, seahorses, and exotic birds trail behind Lea's tree-ship and relish the tree's cleansing aura. Currently, Lea is searching for the fountain of eternal youth she heard so much about.

Tetra the Skald

Tetra is a female **frost giant** (MM, 155) who set out to become a giant bard, known as skalds. Tetra would never go as far as to call herself a skald before she has witnessed and can retell a story of legend. Therefore, Tetra travels from one place to the next in hopes of stumbling upon something worth her attention. She is traveling alone in her small ship, the *White Wolf*, which is small only from a giant's perspective. The *White Wolf* is constructed of wood and large bones—in fact, the bow of her ship is built from the spine of a dragon her father killed single handedly. Currently, Tetra is heading towards a city under siege to see whether one of the defenders throws back the invaders in a manner worthy of song.

SAILING GEAR

The following gear can be found in most port cities and in any well-stocked hold.

Item	Cost	Weight
Air bladder	3 gp	1 lb
Alchemical Caulk	2 gp	1 lb
Alchemical Flare	15 gp	1 lb
Alchemical Wood	25 gp	5 lbs
Anchor	25 gp	varies
Belaying Pins (10)	10 gp	10 lbs
Bucket of Tar	3 gp	5 lbs
Butt of wine (common)	25 gp	1 ton
Butt of wine (Elven)	500 gp	1 ton
Butt of wine (fine)	250 gp	1 ton
Captain's Bottle	2 gp	2 lbs
Cargo Netting (Hemp)	4 gp	10 lbs
Cargo Netting (Silk)	8 gp	5 lbs
Cask of Beer/Ale	25 gp	1 ton
Cask of Beer/Ale (Dwarven)	50 gp	1 ton
Cask of Distilled Spirits	45 gp	1 ton
Fishing Net	6 gp	10 lbs
Flippers, Webbed Gloves	2 gp	1 lb
Goggles, Snorkel	5 gp	1 lb
Hammock	5 sp	3 lbs
Herb Garden	12 gp	125 lbs
Life Preserver	5 sp	1 lb
Linseed oil	1 sp	1 lb
Mast and Decking Repair Kit	4 gp	20 lbs
Oakum	5 sp	2 lbs
Portable Distillery	20 gp	100 lbs
Portable Drying/Curing Rack	5 gp	7 lbs
Sail and Rigging Repair Kit	4 gp	20 lbs
Ship's Log	25 gp	5 lbs
Steel lashing	3 gp	3 lbs
Water Collection Tent	15 gp	125 lbs

Air Bladder. This waterproof, airtight, pouch is outfitted with canvas straps and a leather tube. It is designed to be worn across the back and usually made from the dried viscera of large creatures. The user fills the bladder with air and is able to breathe the air from the pouch with the leather tube. With the aid of an air bladder, the user is able to breathe for 10 minutes before beginning to *suffocate* (PHB 183).

Alchemical Caulk. A jar of this sticky goo is highly prized for its ability to seal leaks. It can be applied to any surface and makes an airtight, waterproof gap and seam filler. It cures in about an hour. It is a greyish color and stinks like vinegar. It must be applied carefully, for it bonds readily to skin and clothing. One jar is enough to do about a 20-foot-long seam.

Alchemical Flare. These brown sticks instantly light up when struck against a hard surface. They smell like sulfur and once lit, burn for about 1 hour. They are made from white phosphorus so they are unstable and burn very hot even without oxygen. Mariners use them because they burn underwater. An alchemical flare provides bright light in a 20-foot radius and dim light for an additional 10 feet even it in *murky water* (DMG 117).

Alchemical Wood. This tan paste is used to patch cracks, fill in holes, and mend all types of wood. It can be applied to any non-magical wood. It sets in 1 hour and hardens to a tough, flexible resin that is roughly the same hardness and density of wood. It is non-flammable and not waterproof. One jar of alchemical wood is enough to make a 10-by-10-foot patch about 1 inch thick.

Anchor. This heavy metal (sometimes stone) weight has hooks and rods designed to snag on the floor of a body of water, primarily used to secure a vessel from moving. In emergencies it can be used to stop or turn a vessel, though using it such a manner can cause damage to the hull. Anchors vary widely in size and weight; a ship may stow a few different anchors for different situations. A crew on a vessel with at least one anchor has advantage on skill checks to avoid crashing during foul weather or other environmental hazards.

Belaying Pin. A belaying pin is a wooden rod with a handle used on a ship to secure a line, bulkhead, etc. They can also be used to great effect as an improvised club. Ships usually keep a supply of spare belaying pins aboard. A sailor carrying a belaying pin gains advantage on a skill checks related to rigging during foul weather or other environmental hazards.

Bucket of Tar. This smelly black substance is used to seal and waterproof the bilge, hull, or deck of a ship. It is usually applied with a mop or wide broom. It is quite difficult to remove from a surface once applied. If applied to a deck, the space becomes difficult terrain until it dries (about 1 hour). If applied to a bulkhead or chest, a DC 12 Strength check is required to a open it

after it dries. One bucket of tar is enough to cover 25 square feet. It comes with a brush for application.

Butt of Wine. A butt of wine is a large barrel (sometimes called a cask) it contains about 126 gallons of wine. The fruit used to make the wine contains vitamin C, helpful in preventing scurvy. More pragmatic sailors simply carried a lime in their pocket, hence the term "limey." A surgeon makes all Wisdom (Medicine) checks related to a plague with advantage if wine is onboard.

- ***Common.*** A cheap but satisfying wine.
- ***Fine***. Wealthier crews may keep better-tasting, exotic wine.
- ***Elven***. This is rarely found aboard a ship that is not looking to smuggle it or sell it. It is a very fine wine and very expensive.

Captains Bottle. This is a glass bottle, sometimes wrapped in leather, with a wide bottom to avoid tipping when the ship lists. Many of these are collector's items; an older captain's bottle may fetch as much as 10 gp at the right market.

Cargo Netting. Cargo netting is used to secure goods on a ship. Some more agile sailors climb it for a better vantage point.

Hemp. A cheap and effective cargo net.

Silk. More expensive, but lighter and with a higher tensile strength.

Camouflaging. A cargo net with strips of black, grey brown and sometimes green canvas woven into it. It *lightly obscures* what is covers.

Cask of Beer/Ale. A cask of beer or ale is a large barrel. It contains about 126 gallons of beer. Drinking beer or ale with a meal can aid in digestion (ginger-ale or beer) and help sailors fall to sleep more quickly, so they get more rest. The captain may add 1d4 to the result of a Charisma (Intimidate) or (Persuasion) check to avoid a mutiny if a ship has a cask of beer or ale.



Dwarven. This potent brew is made with wine and aged in whiskey casks. A ship with this aboard also enjoys the benefits of having a *butt of wine*.

Cask of Distilled Spirits. Alcoholic beverages like beer and wine are fermented, and generally have lower alcohol content (5 - 20% by volume in most cases.) Distilling is a process by which water and impurities are cooked off and the alcohol is condensed and concentrated. Though spirits are often consumed for recreation, many ship's surgeons use it to treat illness or sterilize tools and surfaces. A ship's surgeon who has at least one gallon of distilled spirits aboard gains advantage on all (Wisdom) Medicine checks.

Fishing Net. A fishing net is dragged behind the vessel while underway. A ship must be size *Huge* or larger to use a *fishing net*. While using the fishing net, a character can make a Wisdom (Survival) check each day to gather food (see foraging, DMG 111). Only food can be gathered in this way.

Flippers and Webbed Gloves. These items are made of leather and treated with linseed oil. While using this gear, a creature has a swim speed of 10 ft.

Goggles and Snorkel. The goggles are made of leather with glass lenses, and the snorkel is made of bamboo wrapped in leather. Both are treated with linseed oil. While using the goggles a character is a able to see up to 20 feet underwater, even in saltwater or murky water. With the aid of a snorkel, the character is a able to swim an additional 10 feet per round provided the snorkel stays above water.

Hammock. Most sailors use them to sleep in but they can also stow gear. A character who takes a long rest in a hammock awakes feeling refreshed and well rested. Following the long rest they may make a DC 12 Constitution saving throw. On a success, they gain 5 temporary hit points which last until they finish another long rest. A character cannot gain this benefit more than once in a 24 hour period.

Herb Garden. A barrel or crate is filled with soil and a small garden is planted. Once per week, a character who has proficiency with herbalism kits may harvest enough herbs for one *potion of healing* or one *vial of antitoxin*.

Life Preserver. A life preserver is a cork-wood ring buoy wrapped in canvas and treated with linseed oil. A character who is using a life preserver gains advantage on Strength (Athletics) checks related to swimming.

Linseed Oil. Although it is toxic and extremely flammable, linseed oil is used to treat many things for waterproofing. Linseed oil can be used a thrown weapon like a flask of oil (PHB 152). A jar of linseed oil contains enough liquid to treat a 10 x 10 square or up to 10 pounds of material.

Mast and Decking Repair Kit. This kit contains everything one needs to repair decking and masts while underway. If a creature succeeds on a Strength (Carpenter's Tools) check while making repairs to the ship, they may chose to expend one use of this kit for the component to regain an additional 1d6 hit points. The kit can be used 10 times before it is depleted. A mast and decking repair kit can be used in addition to oakum and a steel lash.

Oakum. Oakum is used to fill gaps between wood. It expands when exposed to water and seals minor leaks in the bilge or hull. Oakum can be made with 10 feet of rope and linseed oil. The character must succeed on a DC 12 Wisdom (Survival) check. If they fail, the components are lost and no oakum is made. If they succeed, the components are used up and 2 pounds of oakum is made. If the character succeeds on a Strength (Carpenter's Tools) check while making repairs to the hull using oakum, the hull regains an additional 1d4 hit points. This action uses one pound of oakum. Oakum can be used in addition to a mast and decking repair kit and a steel lash.

Portable Distillery. This small distilling apparatus can be used to make any number of distilled spirits for consumption and sanitation purposes. It requires mash, sugar, and water at the very least. It is capable of producing one gallon of alcohol every four hours.

Portable Drying/Curing Rack. This small, wooden rack is used to dry and cure food. Smoked cheese, dried beef slices and cured fish become a staple of the mariner's diet when breads and grains grow stale or moldy. The smoking process requires a small fire and the drying and curing process requires salt. Smoking food takes about 5 hours and curing takes about 1 week per pound. While smoked meat has a shelf life of 5 days, cured meat can last for months if properly stored, vastly extending food stores.

Sail and Rigging Repair Kit. This kit contains everything one needs to repair sails and rigging while underway. If the character succeeds on a Strength (Carpenter's Tools) check while making repairs, they may expend one use of this kit for the sails to regain an additional 1d6 hit points. The kit can be used 10 times before it is depleted.

Ship's Log. Every captain who is seaworthy keeps a ship's log. It chronicles the events of the voyage, the weather, the bearing and reckoning, the condition of the ship and crew, and other helpful information. Every officer aboard keeps a daily records in this book. The ship's log for a lost or sunken ship may be worth a lot of gold if returned to the harbormaster of the ship's home port.

Steel Lash. Lashing is a 1-2 ft.long (2-8 inch wide) piece of ½ inch steel with holes cut into it. Bolts or nails are run through it to secure it in place. Steel lashing is often used to reinforce repair work done while underway. During dry dock repairs, steel lashes are removed and whole sections of timber are replaced. If a character succeeds on a Strength (Carpenter's Tools) check while making repairs and has at least one steel lash, they may select one ship component to regain an additional 1d6 hit points. Doing this uses one steel lash. A steel lash can be used in addition to a mast and decking repair kit, oakum, and a sail and rigging repair kit.

Water Collection Tent. A water collection tent is a way of harvesting rain water and condensation for drinking. It should be boiled after collection to avoid illness. A water collection tent is capable of producing 1 gallon of water each day.

RANDOM SHIP AND CREW GENERATION

Roll once on each of the tables below to create your own ship, determining its captain, crew, purpose, and significant history.

Type of Ship

d20	Type of Ship
1	A longboat from the north
2	A frigate
3	The bowels of a Zaratan
4	A small gnomish skiff powered by pedaling a paddle wheel
5	A hot air balloon
6	A small steam-powered airplane.
7	A zeppelin
8	An inflatable leather raft
9	A buoyant chair made of hemp and bamboo.
10	A house boat
11	An ice ship
12	Mordenkainen's Spectacular Ship
13	A ferry
14	The back of a enormous whale
15	A barge
16	A sloop
17	A submarine
18	A gigantic fallen tree that is now driftwood
19	A crash-landed spaceship repurposed for use at sea
20	A Trireme

Captain

d20	Captain
1	A gnome with clockwork leg.
2	A dwarf named "Wind-breaker"
3	A two-headed ogre whose heads bicker with each other
4	An aarakocra with a tiny human on its shoulder
5	A hippogriff explorer
6	A one-eyed goblin.
7	A halfling bodybuilder
8	An illithid (Mindflayer)
9	A dragonborn barbarian
10	A tiefling scofflaw
11	A prince in search of a pirate bride
12	A grizzled man nearly deaf from years of cannon fire
13	A exiled noble
14	A ruthless pirate hunter
15	A sea hag
16	An aasimar wizard
17	A retired knight templar
18	A saurian
19	A yuan-Ti pirate
20	A witch

The Crew

d20	The Crew
1	Solar powered automatons
2	Lacedons (water ghouls)
3	A rowdy bunch of elves and dwarves
4	An eclectic racial mix of slaves
5	Githyanki
6	Bugbears, orcs and goblins
7	Scavengers
8	Castaways trying to find their way home
9	Pilgrims
10	Werewolves
11	Islanders seeking another clan on the archipelago
12	Elven traders
13	Waterdhavian merchants
14	Refugees or exiles
15	Monks fetching supplies for their remote monastery
16	Lost explorers
17	Sahuagin
18	Smugglers
19	Knights on a quest
20	Privateers

Purpose

d20	Purpose
1	A pilgrimage to a distant temple
2	Smuggling vessel
3	Funerary pyre
4	Transporting troops for an impending invasion
5	Settlers looking for a new home
6	A penal colony
7	A luxury liner for royal parties
8	A dredging barge
9	Ferries from one shore to another
10	A salvage vessel scavenging sunken treasure
11	A rescue ship
12	An airship used for scouting
13	A dwarvish submarine used for mining gold from the river bed
14	A barge on a lake that is a man-made island
15	A fishing boat
16	A ship or boat used to repair other ships in the harbour
17	A small vessel used to ferry captains and crew into port in shallow harbours
18	An island-hopping vessel used to ferry supplies to lighthouses
19	A small coastal vessel used to relay news and supplies to passing ships
20	A crude barge or a skiff made by a marooned sailor for the voyage home

Background

d20	Background
1	Sailed into the harbour without a visible crew
2	Salvaged from the shoals
3	Was part of an armada that won a famous battle
4	Once used for smuggling
5	Has been around the world
6	Was once sentient
7	Is haunted
8	Was a wedding gift
9	Is a very new vessel
10	Is the last remaining vessel of an armada that lost a famous battle
11	Was built by a paranoid tyrant, so it has many secret compartments, doors, etc.
12	Is the flagship of a fleet of explorers
13	Is cursed with bad luck or plagued with constant repairs
14	Is from a distant land, it has an exotic design
15	Was formerly the ship of a famous captain or infamous pirate
16	Is a ship of aberrant or extraplanar origin
17	The vessel was blessed by a powerful cleric
18	Is a highly sought after design
19	Is a common design of simple construction, easy to maintain or repair
20	The ship has been bought and sold many times



Oliver Clegg has been creating D&D content for the past few years, fulfilling his mother's bitter prophecies about what might happen if he didn't apply himself at school. He creates/researches Ravenloft and horror resources, and lives in England where the ever-present gloom and rain sooth his frazzled nerves. He takes no responsibility for pirates, swashbucklers and/or parrots encountered/slain/adopted in this book.

Alex Clippinger has been an active Dungeon Masters Guild creator since 2017. His other publications include warlock handbook Tome of the Pact and Faiths of the Forgotten Realms. He started playing Dungeons & Dragons in high school and hasn't stopped since, running a home game and releasing a number of supplements on the Guild. He spends his off hours surrounded by pets in his home in the American Midwest.

R P Davis is a voice artist, independent games writer, and editor behind such best-sellers as Mordenkainen's Lost Notebook and the Encyclopaedia Formulae Arcana, in which he attempts to update every single magic spell ever seen in D&D to 5th Edition. He's been a gamer the entire time he's been sentient, through about 17 different careers. Now he spends most of his time in the office next to his recording studio in the south of the Netherlands. When he isn't walking his rescue dogs through the tulips, that is. You can find out more about R P Davis the writer here, the voice artist here, and via Twitter @WP2XX.

When not delving dungeons, piloting starfighters, or interpreting the Prime Directive, **Benjamin L. Eastman** works as a mild-mannered attorney in the Maryland suburbs. A friend of DeSoto, he thanks his wife and daughter for all the late nights he can play elfgames in their basement.

Matt Dunn is a middle school teacher living in Virginia with his wife and son. He has been designing gaming products for the past few years but has 25 years of playing board, video, and roleplaying games of all kinds.

Ben and Matt are the bestselling creators of *Elminster Takes Initiative* and the *Leverage: Waterdeep* adventure series. Follow them on Twitter at @edpresskey.

Christian Eichhorn did not start playing tabletop roleplaying games until 2016, but grew up with classics like Fallout, Fallout 2, Icewind Dale, Baldur's Gate II, Planescape: Torment, Diablo, and Morrowind. Since no game captured the spirit of these experiences in more than a decade, Christian set out to write his own stories.

Anne Gregersen is a writer, university student, and dungeon master from the cold reaches of Scandinavia. Though being a student and dungeon master are relatively new additions to her life, writing is like an old friend, as she has been creating stories since she cracked the spine of a fantasy novel for the first time. When she isn't writing about playing with kids or surviving the apocalypse, she enjoys painting and coming up with horrible pun-based monstrosities for people to groan at. Follow her on Twitter @AnnesFlashBack.

Bryan Holmes is the creator of *The Nobility of Waterdeep* found on the Dungeon Masters Guild. From the age of 14 and starting with with the *Dungeons and Dragons Black Box* (1991), he has become an eternal DM focused on the collaborative storytelling process. Away from the table he is a father, gamer, and programmer. Follow him on Twitter @FallenWyvern.

Jeromy Schulz-Arnold has been a writer for a little over ten years. He has been playing tabletop games for over twenty years. Jeromy writes poetry, short stories, and periodicals. He has worked with R P Davis, Christopher Walz, Travis Legge, and Ken Carcas on the Platinum bestseller *Mordenkainen's Lost Notebook* (now available in print!) and the Electrum bestseller *Halaster's Hoard*. In his spare time, he enjoys reading and painting miniatures. He lives near Allentown, PA with his wife and three corgis.

Janek Sielicki is a bestselling author of *Options for Trollskull Manor* and several other titles for D&D and other game systems. Recently, he has also started taking up translation projects to promote Guild titles among Polish fans of *Dungeons & Dragons*. Janek started playing RPGs in the 1990s and never looked back, exploring dozens of different games and settings. You can find out what he's currently into by following his Twitter account: @Janek_Sielicki.

Christopher Walz is the best-selling creator of *The Midnight Revelry* and *An Ogre and His Cake*, a children's charity project, for the Dungeon Masters Guild. He began his journey through roleplaying games when he was six years old, looking at the pictures in his brother's *Monstrous Manual*. When he isn't writing or killing his players, he is trying to turn his son into a dungeon master and looking for trolls in the wilds of Central Kentucky. Follow him on Twitter @DMChristopherW.