
1.05 – Interlude at Ostlea Hollow

Roleplaying Opportunity

Possibilities in Ostlea Hollow

Turn in the drake heads: Mayor Belem

Ask about the war or Atriar: Mayor Belem or Tarvis Makepeace

Investigate the strange stone: Marol

Help the Refugees: Delensay the Red

Look for food/Shelter/Work: See encounter 1.06 – Stanky.

Plot Points

- Ostlea Hollow is overfull with refugees. They are rapidly running out of food, fresh water and shelter.
- The obsidian object is a worship stone.

Read the following:

Once you are back on the river you start making good time, fifteen or more miles a day. You're glad for this as the drake heads are starting to get a little ripe. Nine days later, despite some heavy rain for three of those days, you pull up to the dock at Ostlea Hollow, a town of normally about 250. It is protected by a wooden palisade rather than a stone wall.

Over a thousand of Atriar's refugees are camping outside the village. There simply isn't room for them behind the walls. Worse, most of them are starving. All the game in the area has been hunted out and the crops won't be in for months. Few of the children are playing. Instead, they sit sullen and withdrawn in their tents.

Mayor Belem

The office of mayor in Ostlea Hollow is supposed to be an elected position, but no one has challenged Jasu Belem in almost twenty years. He runs the only trading post in town. His office is stacked with ledgers, scrolls and maps.

Mayor Belem

Male Human

Description: The mayor looks to be in his 50's, somewhat stocky. He is worried that the refugees will provide a tempting target to the Elven slave-takers and that Ostlea will be taken just like Atriar

Passive Insight: 14, Passive Perception: 13

Keywords: Overwhelmed

Possible Dialogue: On the Atal' Ashi Drake bounty

The mayor heaves a great sigh and pulls a piece of parchment from his desk. "I don't appreciate your timing, but I guess that's not your fault. You can turn this in at the bank."

On finding a place to sleep

"There are too many people in the city as it is. If we're not careful, we'll have the plague as well as the Elves, not to mention what'll happen if there's a fire, gods protect us. You look healthy and able to take care of yourself. No offense, but if it was me, I'd keep moving on."

On jobs or work in the village

"There isn't any. Hell, we'll be lucky if people aren't stabbing each other over food in a couple of weeks. Take my advice and get while the getting is good."

On the war or Atriar

"We sent messages to Prince Orni four days ago when the refugees started pouring in. I'm not expecting much in the way of help, but I do know that the Prince is calling a muster. I suspect that they're grabbing everyone they can find and that a new legion will be marching back out by midsummer."

Tarvis Makepeace

Tarvis and his forty men are all the soldiers that can be found in Ostlea Hollow. His instructions are to help keep the peace as best he can and to recruit as many soldiers as possible. He takes the latter order far more seriously.

Tarvis Makepeace

Human Male

Description: Tarvis is everything you would expect in a hero-type: cheerful in the face of oblivion, blonde, fit, tanned, completely unafraid... and dumb as a stump. It's almost as though an original thought would ruin his day.

Passive Insight: 11, Passive Perception: 10

Keywords: Loyal, thick-headed

Possible Dialogue:

On what happened at Atriar

"I was hoping you would tell me. I heard the Elves were just looking for an excuse to break the truce."

What happens next

"Maybe now we'll get to the real fighting and be done with all this talk. My boys are itching to get in there. Hey, you should sign up. The pay is good and the food is okay. You'd get a chance to be a hero."

On where to go

"West, mostly. I expect the capitol will be safe, seeing as that's where the army is."

Marol, Priest of Ioun

The priest has a collection of books and scrolls that fills most of his room. Marol doesn't have much of a flock, instead living off tutoring and examining things the villagers find.

Marol

Deva Male

Description: Marol has a quiet, thorough quality that can be more than a little annoying. He seems incapable of answering a question with just a yes or no. To make matters worse, he cannot stay on topic for very long.

Passive Insight: 16, Passive Perception: 13

Keywords: Intelligent, educated, wordy

Possible Dialogue:

What is the stone?

"That's a worship stone. They used to be more common in the old days, but I haven't seen one in a while. The devout can use them to store and focus divine energy. Sadly, I don't recognize the form or the prayer, but I can tell you it isn't any of the great gods. It must be from an exarch or one of the Forgotten."

What's an exarch?

"The exarchs are the assistants to the gods, empowered to help advance their goals. Sometimes they're specialists for part of the god's portfolio. Owepo, for example, serves Ioun as the Keeper of the Tomes. Most aren't worshipped directly."

What are the Forgotten?

"The Forgotten are difficult to describe. Most exarchs are kept on a short leash by their patron. Some, however, are granted so much freedom that they go their own way and gather their own power. They're not as powerful as the great gods, but that doesn't mean they aren't dangerous. Then there are the vestiges, leftover bits of old gods or exarchs. There are warlocks that have learned how to draw power from them, but they're no longer really part of the world."

What will you give us for the stone?

"I would buy it from you, but only as a curiosity. It can't be used for anything until you find the person to whom it is attuned. If you could find a worshipper of that power, then it could be worth a great deal."

Do not let them get rid of the worship stone.

Trigger

Any of the characters provides food for the refugees or openly discusses helping them.

Result encounter with Delensay the Red

Rewards

Delensay the Red becomes a contact.

An older human walks up to your group, dressed in scale mail with a large axe on his hip. His hair is starting to go gray, but it is still mostly red. He clasps your hand firmly and introduces himself as Delensay the Red.

“We can’t feed these people. The only solution I can see is getting them out of here somehow and that probably means building them better rafts than the bits of driftwood they used to get here. A few strong backs could probably do it in a couple of days if they put their mind to it. What say, you up to helping?”

Helping build rafts will take three days. The town provides axes and rope.

Delensay breaks out a small keg of ale and pours you all a mug. You watch families board the rafts and head downriver. “We did well. I don’t know if it’ll make much difference, but at least we gave them a chance. Thanks for your help.”

Delensay the Red

Human Male

Description: “Retired” adventurer trying to help the village. Not particularly trusting, but has a good sense of humor.

Passive Insight: 14, Passive Perception: 14

Keywords: Generous, well-intentioned, blunt.

Possible Dialogue:

On the refugees

“You know, I wish I could remember a time when we weren’t scrounging for boys to become soldiers. I had three brothers. Two of them are dead and the third might as well be for all of what’s left of him. In a year, we’ll be asking what’s left of this lot to fight. Makes me tired.”

On Tarvis Makepeace

“Oh, he means well, but that melon isn’t exactly ripe, if you take my meaning. I’m sure he’ll make an excellent captain. He’ll march those boys right into the maw of whatever hell takes them.”