

Carion Crown

Chapter 1 - Part 4 Exploring Harrowstone



After defeating the flying, burning skulls, Wingnut leads the group back outside the building, noting the distress apparent in Alise and her attempts to convince the party to leave



I guess i barely know you iron lady, but I see your obvious discomfort with this place. If you wish to leave i can understand, but as we can well see, there is much suspicion around the death of the professor and i feel our best lead must lie within. Is there something we should know that makes you wary of such a place? Perhaps we can purge these screaming apparitions with these vials? Would that change your perspective. I for one am dearly curious as to the contents of this place and am loathe to leave without answers

So are we to proceed ... I echo my diminutive friend. Answers may lay inside as to our dear professors real fate



Well... that was a thing? Dealing with a haunted prison sounds 'fun' if we're dealing with the inmates, so... whatever we can bring to bear, do so.

Do we even know what those things really do? Is anyone here versed in combating spirits? Does anyone here know what the hell we're doing?



Low growling voices echo from the prison

That doesn 't bother anyone else?



I say we try throwing one of those vials at the screaming doors, see what happens

Wingnut picks a haunt siphon from Thallan 's haversack and hurls it at a door, The smoke whisps and the siphon breaks. It looks as if it should be used in a different way to trap the haunt

Thallan explains how the siphon works, by opening one nearby when a haunt manifests. He also admonishes Wingnut for stealing from him. Wingnut just shrugs



Let 's try it then

The party tries the door and Thallan opens the siphon as the haunt manifests. The haunt is now trapped in the siphon

Welcome to your new home

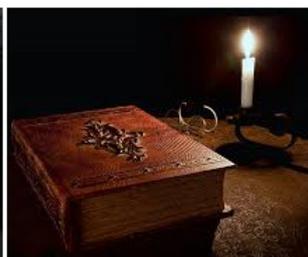


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Another door presents itself, a metal well locked door. Wingnut cannot force the lock, Alise and Tamos pull out adamantine weapons and hack their way into it. With a few strikes the door is wrecked.

A bizarre collection of antique goods rests upon wooden shelves that line the room. Several of the items contain tiny tags with labels written in a careful script. Wingnut finds a secret vault with more items



Tarnished silver flute

This masterwork flute was once owned by the man known only as the piper of Illmarsh

Bloodstained handaxe

Once owned by the lopper. This +1 Handaxe was the lopper's favourite murder weapon. No amount of cleaning can remove the bloodstains on the blade

Smiths Hammer

Once belonged to the Moss-water Marauder.

Collection of holy symbols

These holy symbols were used by Father Chartatan, who would select one from the collection that would match the faith of his victim as proof of his good intentions. There are a dozen holy symbols on fine silver chains— The collection as a whole is worth 300gp. The silver chains that attach the holy symbols cannot be untangled, and the 12 symbols themselves are stuck together

Mouldy Spellbook

This book once belonged to Professor Hean Feramin, the man who would eventually achieve fame not through academia but through murder. Known in his final days as the splatter man. Mould has destroyed most of the book's contents, but nine spells remain viable: Comprehend languages, dispel magic, false life, gust of wind, illusory script, levitate, mage armour, magic missile, and summon monster IV.

Thallan looks at the mouldy spell book and is almost overcome by fear. He relates this to the party who agree to leave the items. The safe is closed and hidden again. The broken doorway is barricaded with furniture.

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This spacious room smells of mildew and rot. A long desk and chair sit to the south, while to the northwest a narrow alcove contains a closed safe. Thick layers of dust cover everything in sight. Thallan seems distracted ...



Thallan? Are you well?

Thank you my friend. A momentary lapse. But we must be mindful



There is another safe, Tamos and Thallan search the room for a key ... to no avail, Wingnut tries the lock but his attempts result in naught, he levels his musket at the safe ... Thallan quickly steps in, gently pushing the barrel downward.



WHOA THERE! Words from the veterans... ricochet's a real thing!

May i take a look?



Thallan casts a spell and the safe falls open, inside are legal documents, cash and a bevy of potions

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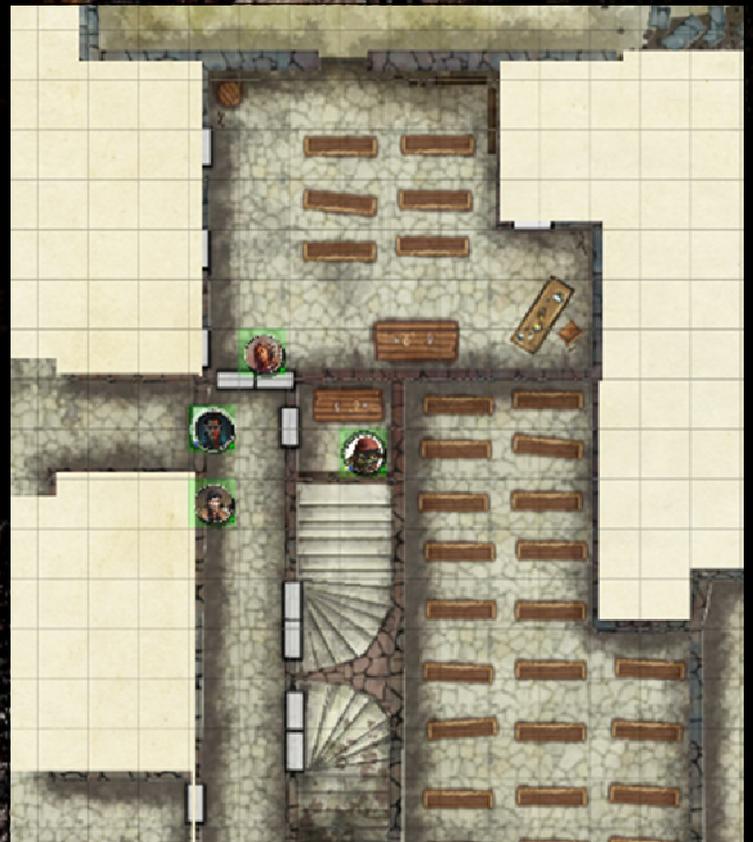


The party moves down the central dark corridor, to the right are stairs that once led down toward what must be a lower level, but it's now filled with a mess of large stone blocks and shattered timbers Wingnut observes that this is a deadfall, deliberately caused to fall



Further along and to the right are stairs leading up, at the end of the corridor double doors open to another room. Several mouldy cots lay strewn around this room, while doors to smaller, more private sleeping cells hang askew to the west. Judging from the rest of this room's decor, this must have once been the prison's infirmary.

As the party enters the room ghostly figures begin to manifest.



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A ghostly, skeletal figure rises up amid a whirling cyclone of tools, plates, utensils, and other loose objects.



Wingnut fires and hits, but does not seem to do full damage. Tamos steps up, swings and misses, he looks nonplussed, as if expecting something to happen... that didn't...

Thallan steps forward and casts a spell, it seems to do nothing. Alise swings and batters a second creature but does not do full damage

The creature (Buddy Bob) manifests fully, a feeling of dread washes over the party but all steel themselves against the mental onslaught.

The second creature causes objects around the room to fly about near Alise who manages to dodge them all.

Wingnut blasts buddy boy out of existence. Tamos casts a spell, a spray of water erupts at the remaining creature but does nothing. Tamos steps back and slashes the second creature from existence

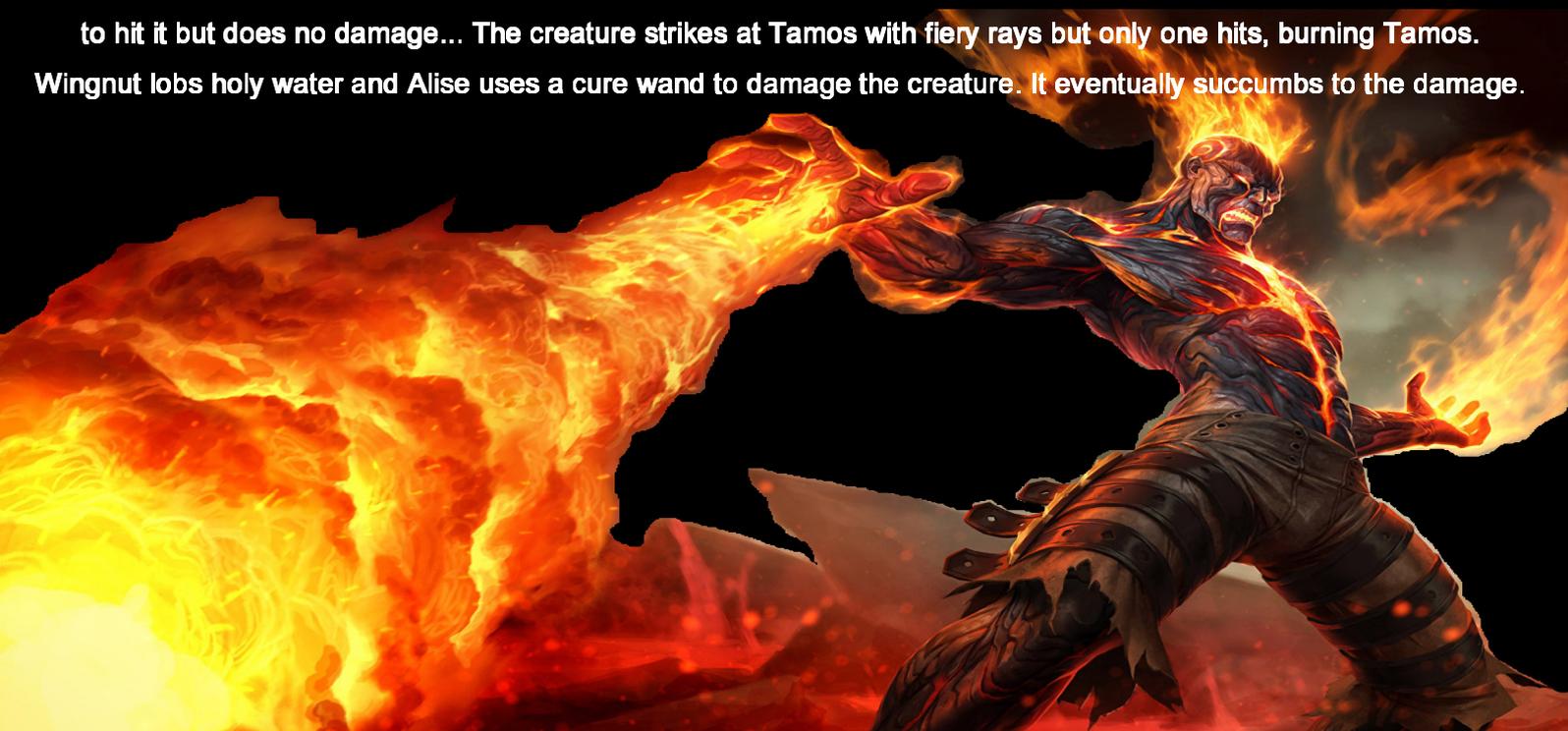


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A huge stone furnace dominates this room, large enough for a child to climb inside. An ancient fire has burned away the entire east wall the room, providing a panoramic, if eerie, view of the lake beyond. That same lake has gradually expanded into the room, flooding its eastern half.



As the party enters, something springs from the forge...spraying fire at Thallan, Wingnut casually steps round the corner and shoots at it, doing no damage... Thallan casts a spell and does some damage but not much, Tamos tries to hit it but does no damage... The creature strikes at Tamos with fiery rays but only one hits, burning Tamos. Wingnut lobs holy water and Alise uses a cure wand to damage the creature. It eventually succumbs to the damage.



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The door to this room has fallen from its hinges. The rectangular chamber beyond seems to have once been a chapel, but now thick sheets of what appear to be cobwebs drape everything within in gossamer threads.

Alise begins casting spark to burn up the webs.

From the webs a mess of spiders erupt

The spiders pour out and attack.

Thallan throws magic missile killing one.

Wingnut blasts another to pieces.

Tamos kills one

Alise kills one

Thallan misses one

Wingnut kills another

Alise kills the last of them.

The party find lots of holy water, scrolls and a wand.



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This chamber is in a shambles — old wooden benches lie in ruins along the walls, while rusty chains and bits of rotten rope lie scattered on the floor

Animated manacles appear, Tamos strikes them down in one blow.

“ Lets get out of this place “
says Tamos
“ this is not a nice place”

Several rusty iron tubs sit in this room, along with washboards, metal buckets, and heaps of mouldy clothing.

An animated straight jacket rises up, Alise charges at it but misses, the jacket then misses Alise,

Tamos and Alise both hit it, Thallan throws a disrupt undead which does nothing.

Alise Cleaves it in two

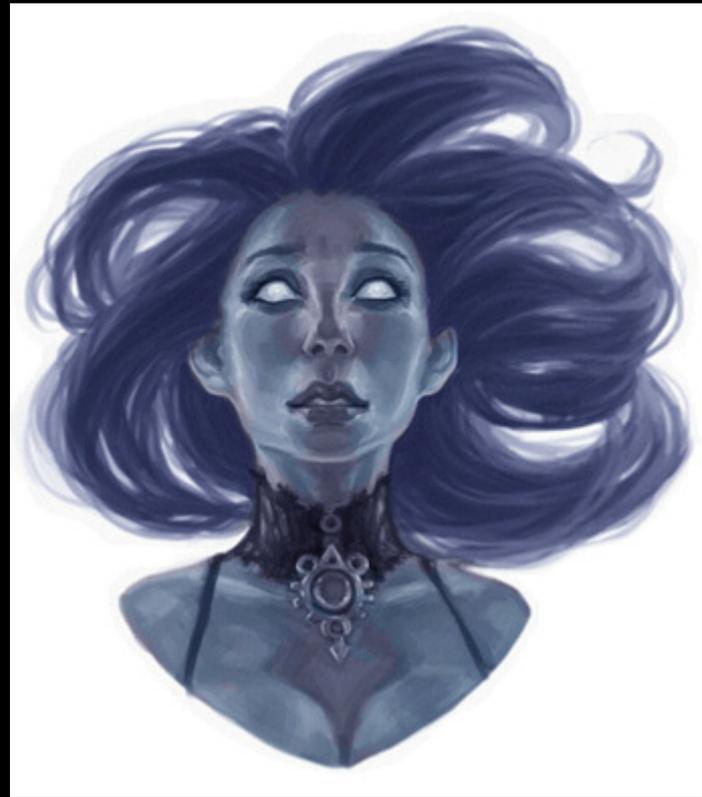
“ why is a straight-jacket in a guard's barracks... or is that a question one should NOT ask?... ”
muses Tamos





Tangled mounds of moth-eaten fabric sit on several wooden tables, each surrounded by workbenches. Various sewing tools - shears, needles, rolls of thread, boxes of chalk, and other objects lie scattered over the floor, while the arm of what appears to be a skeleton protrudes from a stained heap of fabric to the west.

Alise sparks the pile and ...



A blue ghost rises from the mound of moldering fabric as though it were its tomb. The apparition is female, middle aged, tear streaked cheeks mar her beauty even in death. Everything about her is blue, from her hair, to the clouds of smoke that drift from her lips when she speaks. She speaks like echoes reverberating on themselves. "You must be the new guards. You must be quick. The prisoners will escape and the town will be lost. My husband is gone, taken away

and lost forever." Later that night, after they murdered the man, the black-robed cultists finished their ritual. Whatever they did I felt the repercussions immediately. It felt like a horrific storm, yet one with no wind that chilled the flesh. This windstorm chilled the soul — it felt as if my very being was being pulled apart. Yet the horrific sensation passed in an instant... and when it had, the presence of my husband's spirit was gone. I can only assume that the black-robed cultists somehow managed to abduct his spirit, for since that hateful day I've felt no sign of either my husband or the black-robed cultists. Every day since that day, I can feel that the spirits of the murderers and sadists trapped within the walls of Harrowstone have grown more and more powerful. My husband's ghost kept them at bay before, but now that his ghost has gone, they would have escaped to wreak unimaginable havoc, had I not stepped in to do the job he could not...though now I feel my hold is slipping. I am sorry I cannot help you more, but there is one little ounce of knowledge that might aid you. In the prison's property room to the southeast - behind a false door you will find five objects, though they are cursed through their unholy link so take care as you handle them - but they will aid you in defeating the five ancient horrors. One of the five prisoners, the Splatter Man, is slowly eating away at my resolve. I can feel it, piece by piece.

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This stark room contains a low stone bench against the north wall and a ruined desk to the west that sits under three narrow, barred windows. An old brass brazier lies on its side to the south, surrounded by several rusty branding irons.

Creatures appear, floating glowing hot brands.

Wingnut blasts one...

Alise kills the other.