

~ HANDOUTS ~

DEATH HANDOUT A

Things to do:
Get some sleep!
Talk to Cpt. Scarbally
Turnips
Update diary
Examine travel logs
Get more sleep!

- ADVENTURE HANDOUTS -

DEATH HANDOUT B

FROM SIX YEARS AGO:

I awoke this morning frightfully fatigued. I feel like the I spent the night in combat, not sleeping. My head hurts, and I feel weak. I can't miss work at the temple, but I think I'll confine myself to light tasks today.

THE NEXT ENTRY, DATED FIVE YEARS LATER:

The god help me! What happened? I awoke from some strange dream to find that five years have passed! Egil told me I was kicked out of the temple four years ago for violating the sanctum. Surely this is madness!

FROM SIX MONTHS AGO:

Life has resumed a kind of normalcy. I have won admittance back into the temple. My reception was strange, but everyone seems relieved that I am "back to my old self." I have so many questions about these missing years but it seems best to simply move on with my life now. If the god wills it, knowledge will come to me.

FROM FOUR MONTHS AGO:

Egil says that Milos was asking after me again, that he was worried about another "episode." Maybe he's simply concerned for the temple, but surely I have sufficiently proven myself by now. My life is mine again, and I'm not giving it up!

FROM TWO MONTHS AGO:

The dreams came again last night. I don't know that I'll ever get a good night's sleep! I dreamt of cities as tall as the clouds and creatures so alien in form that I can't describe them. Does this have something to do with my lost years or is this some fresh torment?

FROM ONE MONTH AGO:

It's clear to me now that I must find some answer if I'm ever to make the dreams stop. Thuron and Milos tried to discourage me—I think they fear what might happen to their temple. A pity their compassion does not extend to a living being.

FROM ONE WEEK AGO:

I have begun to feel like I'm being watched. I pray this is not a further milestone on the road to madness. I think I'll take my dagger with me in the morning. In a city like Freeport, I suppose one can't be too careful. Especially with pirates in port.

~ ADVENTURE HANDOUTS ~

TERROR HANDOUT A



TERROR HANDOUT B

THE TRUE AND SECRETE HISTORIE OF THE BROTHERHOODE OF FREE-PORT

Thousands of years ago, serpent people ruled the world. Their empire centered on a continent called Valossa—a vast island of cyclopean cities, its population devoted to the peaceful worship of Yig, the serpent god. Then this great race vanished overnight, their world-spanning civilization destroyed by the hand of the Unspeakable One, a loathsome deity born outside describable space. Most of the serpent people degenerated into savagery—but a few retained their sanity, including some of the cultists who had summoned the grotesque god.

The Brotherhood of the Yellow Sign—for that is what the cultists called themselves—persevered and transmitted their black secrets down the generations. The cult found a home in the remains of the once-great Valossa. You know it as Freeport. Over the centuries, the Brotherhood flourished along with the city. And it found a way for its members to move about in the daylight world. Its craftiest, most powerful priests disguised themselves as humans and established a church aboveground: the temple to the God of Knowledge.

TERROR HANDOUT C: DRAC'S SPEECH

This evening, Councilor Verlaine and the clergy of the God of Knowledge have been slain. Their murderers are the adventurers who of late discovered the caverns beneath our town: [Insert the names of the PCs here]. After an investigation by the Council and the City Watch, we have pieced together the truth.

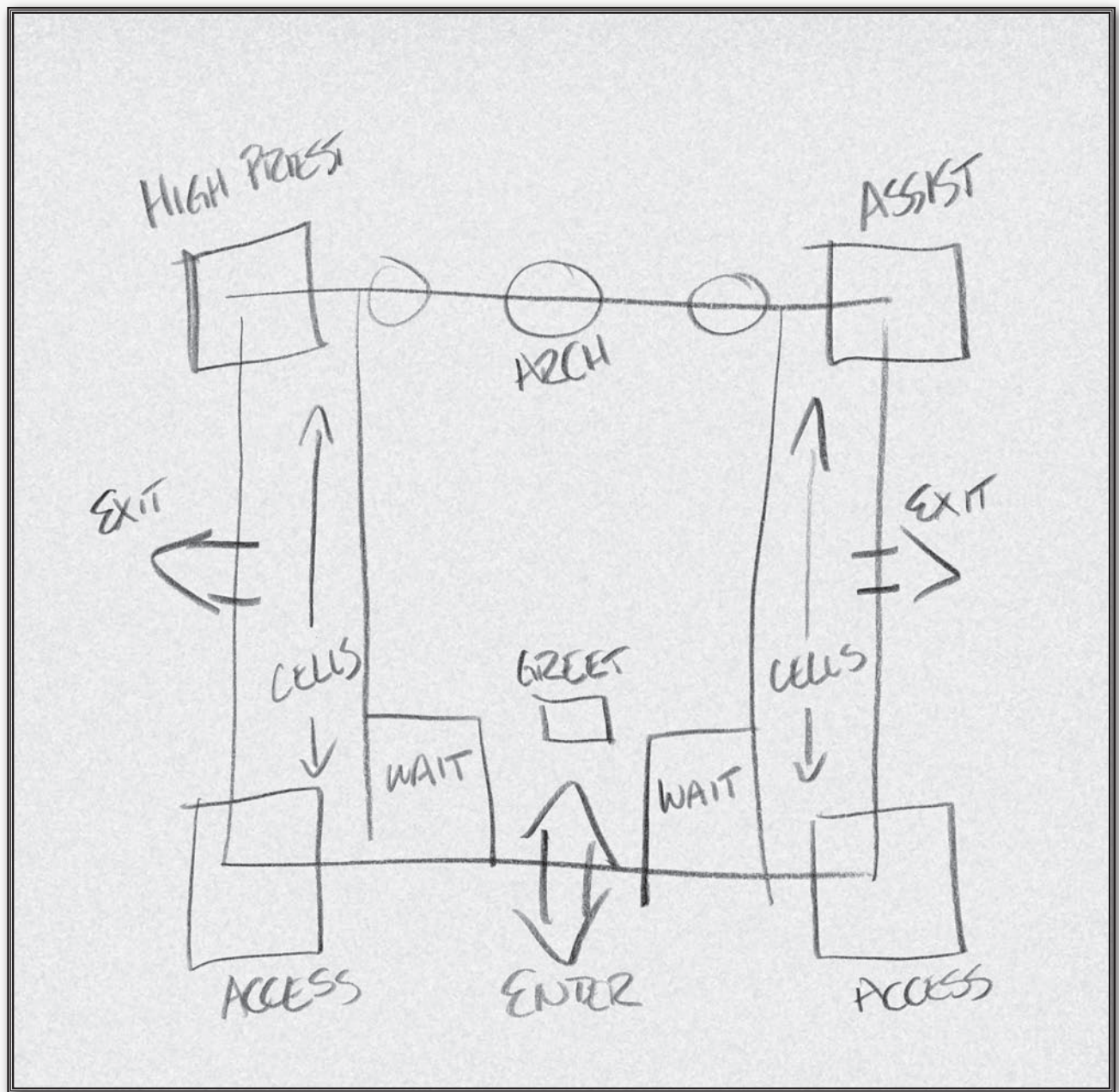
Chief Councilor Verlaine, that great servant to the city of Freeport, heard rumors about town of unwholesome activities at the temple to the God of Knowledge. He hired the wandering mercenaries to investigate. They made a tremendous discovery: The temple and its priesthood were a cover for the Brotherhood of the Yellow Sign, a grotesque cult of serpent people. The mercenaries joined the temple to gain its secrets, but they proved treacherous to both masters. They revealed the caves beneath the city and threatened to expose even more secrets unless the Brotherhood paid them a fortune in gold.

The Brotherhood agreed to their demands, on condition that the mercenaries accept one final task for their serpent masters—assassinating their erstwhile employer, Councilor Verlaine. The double-crossers carried out the grim job, but they quickly found themselves double-crossed. The Brotherhood refused to pay them their blood money. The mercenaries went mad with rage and slaughtered the cultists, but were killed themselves in the battle.

We mourn the loss of Councilor Verlaine, but his efforts brought this menace to light—and rooted it out of town, once and for all.

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TERROR HANDOUT D: MAP OF THE TEMPLE



HANDOUT E: THE DEPUTATION

As a duly elected officer of the City of Freeport, I appoint deputies of this Council, to carry out, with full discretion and authority, the infiltration of the temple to the God of Knowledge and uncover what secrets it may hold.

Signed,

Councilor Verlaine

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MADNESS HANDOUT A

Milton Drac—the most honorable Sea Lord of Freeport—cordially invites you to be his honored guest at the Grand Lighthouse Ball. You have been awarded the Order of Drac for your bravery in defeating the evil councilor Verlaine. Present this invitation at the gates of the Sea Lord's palace to gain admittance to the festivities. Prepare yourselves for an evening of entertainment you will not soon forget.

MADNESS HANDOUT B

... many a man can find the caves but they'll never find my

and the lads and I were carried away by the rapids. Old Sven lost his balance and fell clear out of the boat. We never saw him again.

At last, on the beach. There was a huge stone doorway at least half a mast tall and 20 planks wide. All kinds of drawings of snakes were on the surface. Big carvings of a snake and weird writing were on its front.

The head was the worst part of it. I told Tom not to touch the damn thing but he wouldn't listen. He will never be the same.

Finally, we all gave up and rowed our way back. I told the men to forget about that passage, and we boarded it up so as none of us would go down it in a drunken fit.