

Dragons & Dungeons

A DUNGEONS & DRAGONS ADVENTURE FOR WARPCON 2006

BY BRIAN CABALL

Introduction

Saint George and The Dragon



Many years ago there was a land called England, and in this land there lived a great paladin named George. George rode the length and breadth of the kingdom righting wrongs and doing good, but he felt that something was missing. England was already a fairly good and godly place, and he felt that he needed to be smiting the forces of evil, and not just rescuing cats from trees.

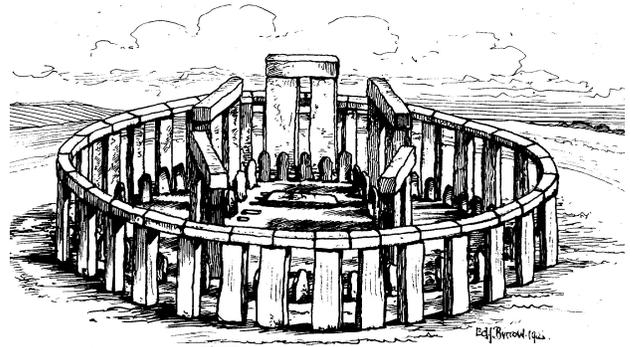
However, while resting at the end of the day in an inn, he heard a rumour that in the Earldom of Wiltshire, the town of Salisbury was having a problem. Apparently a great and terrible dragon had taken up residence at the spring that provided clean and pure water for the town, and insisted that he be provided a maiden a week to eat, in exchange for access to the water. The town had no choice but to comply. Several knights had already tried to oust the beast, but none had prevailed.

George rode to Salisbury, there to learn that the next morning, the daughter of the earl himself would go to feed the dragon. George would hear none of it, for he fancied the daughter of the Earl something fierce, and took off at once on his charger and called the dragon out to face justice. The two fought for many hours, but eventually George defeated the dragon, stabbing it into the mouth with his lance.

He freed the town and won the hand of the Earls daughter, and all was well. Except George was in demand again and again to slay dragons, all in Wiltshire. The noble knight was glad his prayers had been answered and that he had found a worthier foe than lost balloons, but perhaps he should be

fighting smarter and not harder. Where were all these dragons coming from?

Stonehenge



Long ago this part of England was home to a great civilization, wise in the ways of magic and the planes. They sought to understand more, and so build a great portal from our world to another. This portal was a great circle of stone pillars, holding aloft stone lintels. Though that civilization has faded into the grass, their portal remains, known by the inhabitants of England as Stonehenge.

The world on the other side of the portal was home to all manner of fantastic and magical beasts, chief among them the Dragons. While the wise among the race of man had mostly forgotten the purpose of Stonehenge, the dragons had not. Often the curious or adventurous among them crossed the portal, into a land that knew of dragons only in myths and legends.

George was a devout man of god, but he realized that this was a problem of an enchanted nature. Thus he sought out the pagan wizard Merlin, and asked him if he knew where all these dragons were coming from. Merlin knew of Stonehenge, and suggested it as a possibility. George was satisfied, showed mercy to the blasphemous unbeliever, and rode for Stonehenge.

George was lucky, for just as he was approaching, a dragon curious as to why his friends had not returned was traversing the portal. George slew it before it could close the portal, and then entered this new world. There he found a magical land, where legends walked the earth and where myth was real. He stayed there for many years, slaying dragons, smiting evil, and generally being the all round hero he always wanted to be.

Eventually he grew tired of the hero rap and pined for his Earl's daughter, and returned to the lands of England. He bullied Merlin into casting seals upon the portal to prevent it being opened from either

side, and settled down to rule over Wiltshire and eventual canonization for the cause.

The Present

The year is 1900. Henry William Montague Paulet is the son and heir apparent of Augustus John Henry Beaumont Paulet, the 15th Marquis of Winchester. Henry is therefore the current earl of Wiltshire. 38 year old Henry is curious and idly rich, with nothing better to do with his time than to mull over local legends and fairytales, dabbling in the occult and dark magics, whiling away the time until his father dies and He can become the Marquis.

While in London the Earl made an acquaintance of one Alistair Crowley, famous occultist and rumoured magician. Henry described to Alistair some of the local legends, and Stonehenge, and Alistair was intrigued. Together they examined the site, and in a dark ritual in the dead of night on mid summer's eve, they broke the seal placed by Merlin and activated the portal.

Beyond lay a land ripe for exploration, exploitation and plunder by the greedy British imperialist Henry. At once he threw his resources behind an exploratory mission, setting up a base camp at the other side of the portal. He kept the whole thing as quiet as he could... too many questions, no one would believe him, and besides this way he can try to avoid paying taxes on whatever he plunders.

The mission included geologists, botanists, soldiers, miners, and of course big game hunters. The British hardly even thought of the indigenous creatures of this new world as even sentient: Orcs, goblins, other monsters, fearie creatures, magical creatures, were either animals or unholy abominations to be shot and mounted over the fireplace.

Henry, who had taken great pleasure in Darkest Africa shooting such creatures as lions and elephants, knew that if there were unicorns and giant eagles in this place, there must also be... dragons. He would dearly love to shoot a great big dragon and mount it's head on a plaque.

His men had set up a mine, rich in all manner of metals and exotic materials, and they had reported seeing what must be a dragon prowling around! Henry was ecstatic, and at once fetched his elephant gun and 20 men for the expedition.

They cornered the dragon in it's lair and shot it dead. It was a magnificent beast. After cutting off it's head, they helped themselves to as much of the treasures that dotted it's lair as they could carry... including a curious golden egg. Then they set off for

the portal and England, so that Henry could have his mantelpiece ornament.

Arcadia

Arcadia is the name of the fantastic realm on the far side of the portal from England. It is a typical D&D campaign world, perhaps hit the conspicuous absence of humans.

Dragons

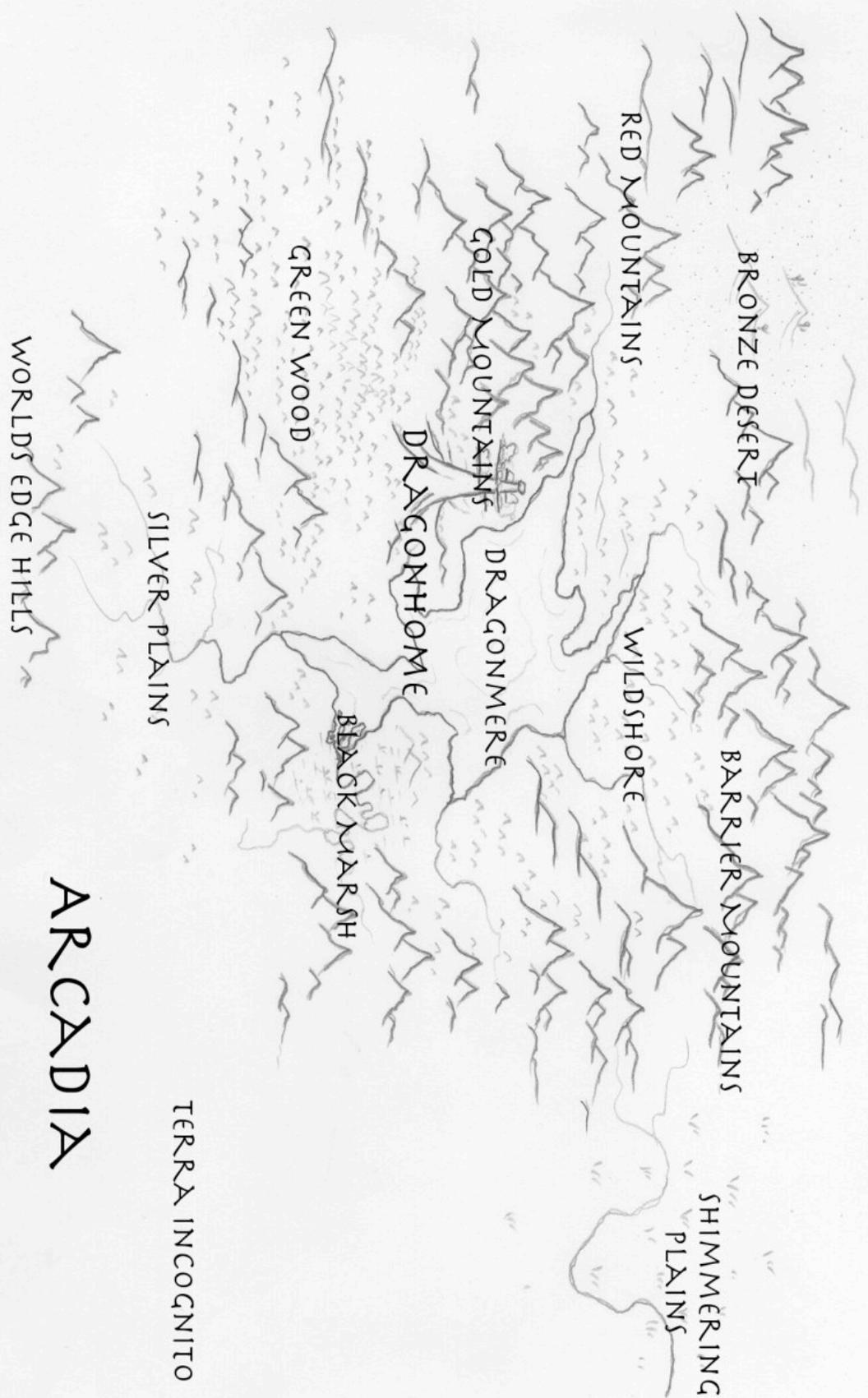
In many legends, dragons are huge reptiles, capable of flight on their mighty wings, able to incinerate whole units of soldiers with one fiery breath, and have hides proof against all but the most determined of blows.

These are legends that have grown in the telling, but the truth is quite different. The dragons of Arcadia vary in size from that of a large dog, to that of a human, to that of a small horse. While some of the more physical breeds possess thick, scaled hides, most do not. Those that have wings have only small vestigial limbs that cannot aid in flight, though they play an important role in balance and body language.

While it is true that some dragons can expel gouts of fire, or cold, or acid, this is on a far smaller scale than the searing infernos of legend. The dragons of St. George's time were much like the British of 1900... they were the dominant power in Arcadia, and were mighty warriors, terribly powerful sorcerers, with the world at their feet and burning with the ambition of Empire.

However, the star of dragon kind has long set in Arcadia. The dragons that remain have long grown soft and pedestrian in their mountain strongholds, grown fat off the efforts of their forefathers. The descendants of the mightiest warriors in the land now shrink from spiders and worry about wasps, wishing the world outside their immaculate lairs was as pristine and well ordered as inside. They tend to gardens and write poetry and literature, and grow out of breath if they have to run to the local shop before it closes. The thought of running down deer on the hoof... sure it must be **possible**, I mean our ancestors did it...

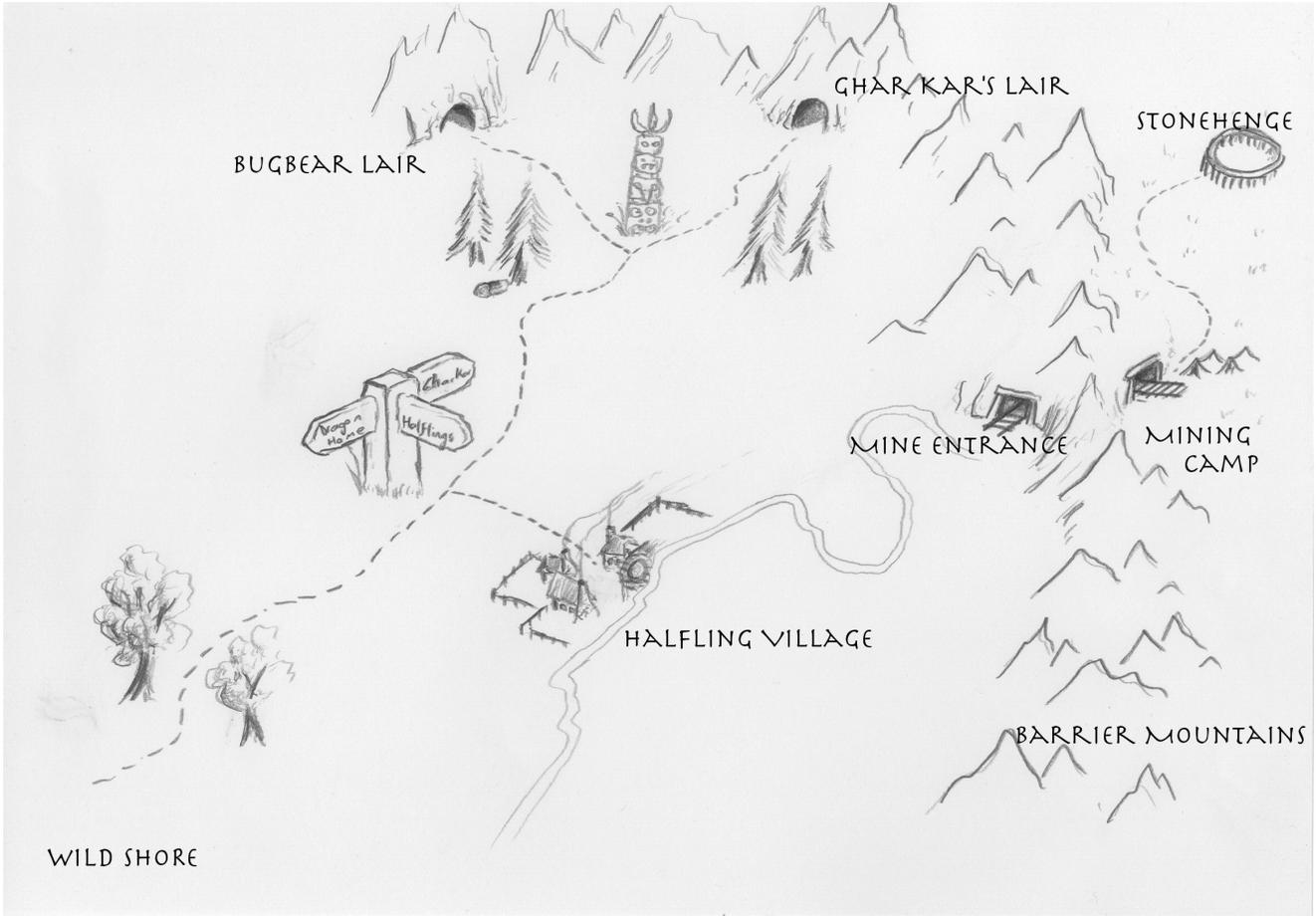
Much of the youth of dragons is wasted playing games and living in worlds created by magic and illusion, reliving the glories of the past but utterly unable to replicate them. Most dragons of Arcadia would run screaming at the sight of an armed human, images of Saint George flooding their minds.



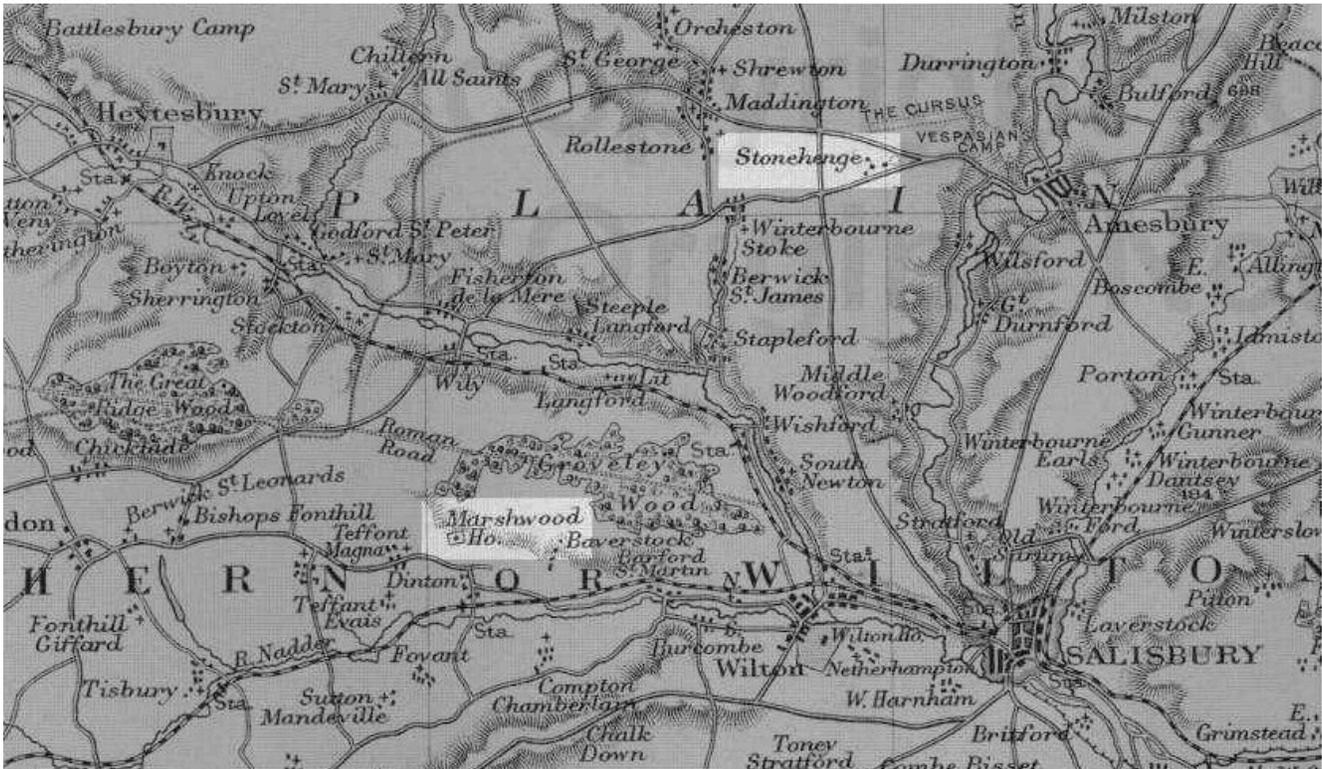
ARCADIA

TERRA INCOGNITO

Adventure location:



In Wiltshire:



The setup

The PCs are all young dragons, approaching the end of their schooling and looking forward to their first steps into adult life. They are however remarkable, quite set apart from their fellows. Unlike most young dragons, they are in the most part lean, eager, ambitious, and excel in their chosen fields. Or, at least, have the potential to do so.

They will surely grow up to become great leaders among dragon kind in the future. Therefore, they have been selected for a great honour... to spend a month in the summer with Ghar Khar, a great wise and ancient guru of dragon kind, tutor to kings and a mighty warrior in his youth.

The lair of Ghar Khar is far from civilized lands, in the mountains bordering the true and trackless wilderness beyond. This trek is seen as part of this whole character building exercise.

What they do not know of course, is that Ghar Khar has been killed by the British and his lair plundered! What's more, the egg the British stole is the daughter of the king, the un-hatched princess of the land!

The players set off on an adventure, a camping/hiking trip to a summer retreat. Little do they know that the fate of Arcadia will be decided over the next few hours!

Act One

Scene One

Scene one sees the PCs hiking through the countryside on their way to Ghar Khar's lair.

To be read to the players:

A boat dropped you off on the far shore of Dragonmere, the great lake beyond which stretches the wild. Here there was no jetty to greet you, and beyond no paths in the primordial forest, rising ridge upon ridge until in the distance, the white peaks of the Barrier mountains can be seen.

You spend the next six days hiking through this wilderness, catching your meals and cooking them over an open fire, navigating gorges and rushing rivers, walking through serene glades carpeted with drifts of golden leaves, tree trunks pillars with silver bark holding the verdant vault above you.

As the land rises, the character of the forest changes, soft needles replacing the crunch of dry leaves underfoot, and you weave now among gnarled and ancient trees clinging to rocky hillocks and escarpments.

It is the morning of the fifth day when you emerge from the wood into the wide meadows at the feet of the mountains. Soon you come to a road that leads in the direction you were told to go.

All around the ice shrouded peaks rise like veiled sentinels, marking the divide between that which is known, if even dimly, with that beyond which is not. The meadow sweeps majestically towards the mountain slopes, and to your right descends into a valley. You come to a crossroads, in which a neat signpost has been erected. Straight ahead it reads "Ghar kar", while in the direction you came it reads "Wildshore". To the right reads "Meadowshire".

The PCs may want to pause to investigate here, or just decide to go on.

About an hour or two later and you are beginning to rise steadily, the path becoming strewn with rocks and gravel, switching back on itself as it climbs the ridges and cliffs thrown out by the mountain ahead. A stream below the path falls in a series of steps along these ridges, producing a staircase of waterfalls and tiny lakes that climb towards the mountains flanks.

Another path turns off this one, and about 200 feet up the path you see a strange object, a series of great carved stone heads balanced on top of each other, each one more grotesque than the last.

If the PCs want to try investigating, this path leads to the Bugbear lair. Tracks of bugbears are everywhere.

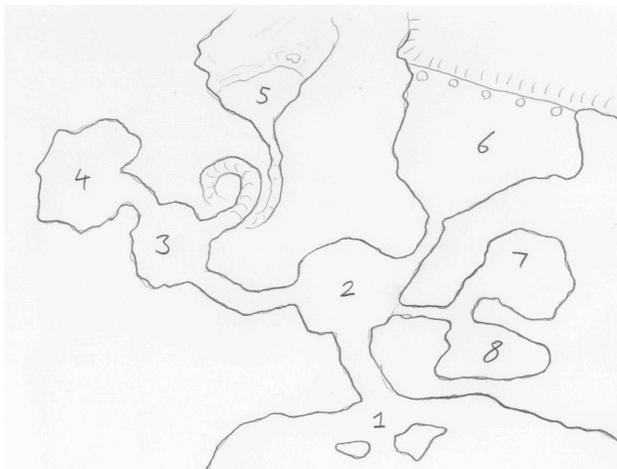
As evening begins to pale the sky, the peaks overhead are painted orange and red by the sun setting in the haze behind you. Ahead you see the path, now little more than a worn trail in the rocks, ending at the mouth of a cave.

Guarding the cave entrance is two bugbear lookouts. They will be quite alarmed at the approach of a pack of 6 dragons, seeing as their squatting in a feared dragon's cave!

Scene Two

At Ghar Khar's lair, the clan of bug bears that have been living in terror of him have realized he's dead... they've come to pick over his bones! Fight!

There are... enough bugbears in the lair. There will be 2-3 bigger tougher meaner bugbears too. Most of the scouts will run away from the PCs until they run into one of these. The big ones will recognize the PCs as "children", and will rally the troops to fight. The big ones have double hit points, +3 extra to hit and damage.



1. Two bugbear sentries guard the entrance, taking cover behind rocks. They are hidden (DC 15 to spot, DC 20 to spot before they get a chance to spot the PCs. They will run back to tell the others if they see the dragons. If the bugbears have time, an officer will gather 5 men and come here to have a look.
2. Entrance hall. Several tunnels branch off from here. If the PCs defeat the guards at 1 without raising the alarm, there may or may not be bugbears wandering around here.
3. Dining room/kitchen. A natural chimney allowed Ghar kar to cook here. There are some tables and chairs. If the PCs are as yet undetected, there is an officer and 5 regulars here.
4. Larder. Barrels of Halfling mead, dried or smoked meats, etc.
5. Bathroom. A natural underground lake, of clear, bitterly cold water.
6. Main hall. This is a huge marble floored cavern, that is open on one side. Pillars of limestone and alabaster line the edge of the precipice, while a waterfall roars into a chasm. The setting sun is reflected into the chamber from the white peaks outside. Ghar Kar's body is here, as is his magical "help me obi wan" message to the students.

7. Boys dorm

8. Girls dorm

Both of these have bunks, and would have been were the students were staying.

Scene Three

Ghar Khar managed to leave a magical message before his death, explaining that they may take The Princess. Do everything in your power to get her back!

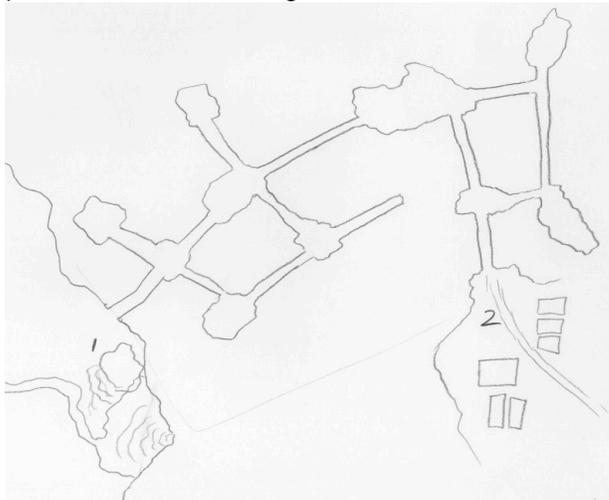
Act Two

Scene One

Halfling village. It's not necessary for the PCs to go here, but they can if they want. The Halflings will complain that their river is being polluted upstream. They had given Ghar Khar the mead as a "gift", telling him of this, in the hopes that he'd go check it out. He did, and it was a fatal mistake for him...

Scene Two:

The mine! Dungeon crawl! Kill humans! Miners with picks and redcoats with guns!



1. Back door. This is where all the slag and icky byproducts of the mine get put. It's polluting the little lake there, which is the source of the halfling's river. There will be some men here, plus 2 redcoats.
2. Front door. Tents, prefab buildings, train tracks, and those mine train wagon things. The road is not tracked, material from the mine is carried out on horse drawn wagon. There are various industrial things here, extracting ore from the mine, choking the air with pollutants and noise.

Inside the mine is mine stuff and miners. If the PCs get delayed, fleeing miners will alert redcoats, who

will make a defense inside the mine. Otherwise they'll catch them pretty much by surprise.

Scene Three:

Follow the road at the back of the mine. This will lead them to the British town built near the Stonehenge here. It may be an impossible task to assault the town, hopefully they will not. But they should be able to sneak past and into the Stonehenge. Watching the British for a while, they will see them using it.

Act Three

Scene One

Through the portal! On the other side there are some more camps and temporary warehouses and whatnot. The dragons may have to hide with the large numbers of humans milling about. If they go exploring, they will find pleasant farms and simple folk. If they venture into woods, they may be contacted by faeries, who will then fill them in on... everything. George, Merlin, and now this new lord and his court wizard. They can give them directions to the house.

Failing that, they can befriend an impressionable youngster (English is common), or they can just follow some guards... The house is "Marshwood house" on the map of Wiltshire.

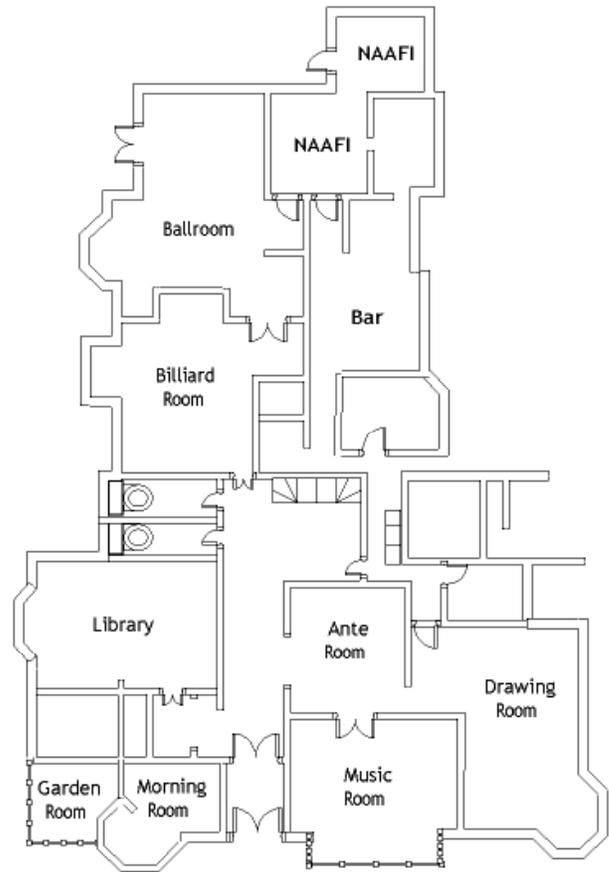
Scene Two

The house of Lord Henry, Earl of Wiltshire! Another dungeon. It's night, the household is asleep, but they will be alerted to activity. There are guards, butlers, maids, etc. Henry will be with his Elephant gun, and Alistair is a powerful sorcerer...

The house:



Here is a map to the lower floor:



Assume the top floor has the same layout except there are bedrooms etc. The Ballroom and billiard room form the master bedroom suite upstairs. The drawing room is Alistair's room. The egg is being kept in the music room (upstairs), which is Henry and Alistair's magical laboratory.

Scene Three

Egg retrieved, villains slain, the PCs make good their escape back through Stonehenge!

Bad Guys

Miners

The miners are just average Joes with mining picks and shovels.

Hits: 6

Initiative: 0

AC: 12

Attacks: Pick +1

Damage: Pick 2D4

Saves: All 0.

Red coats

The red coats, however, are highly trained fighters

Hits: 24

Init: 2

AC: 15

Attacks: Rifle +6, sword +4

Damage: Rifle 2D6, sword 1D8+1

Saves: +3/+0/+0

Feats: Rapid shot, point blank shot, weapon focus: rifle, precise shot

Officer:

Hits: 35

Init: 4

AC: 15

Attacks: Pistol +8, sword +6

Damage: Pistol 2D4+2, sword 1D8+1

Saves: +5/+1/+1

Feats: Rapid shot, point blank shot, precise shot, weapon focus: pistol, weapon spec: pistol

Cavalry

The Cavalry are elite shock troops

Hits: 35

Init: 3

AC: 18

Attacks: Sabre +7, pistol +6

Damage: Sabre: 1D8+4, pistol: 2D4

Saves: +5/+1/+1

Feats: Weapon focus, weapon spec: sabre

Officer

Hits: 46

Init: 4

AC: 19

Attacks: Sabre + 10/+4, pistol +8

Damage: Sabre: 1D8+5, pistol: 2D4

Saves: +6/+3/+3

Feats: : Rapid shot, point blank shot, precise shot, weapon focus: sabre, weapon spec: sabre

Henry William Montague Paulet

Henry is armed with a +1 elephant gun. It must be reloaded (1 round) after firing it's 2 shots.

Hits: 50

Initiative: 4

AC: 14

Attacks: Rifle +13, sword +7/+1

Damage: Rifle: 2D8+3, Sword: 1D8+1

Saves: +6/+6/+3

Feats: Rapid shot, point blank shot, precise shot,

weapon focus: Rifle, weapon spec: Rifle

Alistair Crowley

7th level sorcerer

Hits: 20

Initiative: 4

AC: 14

Attacks: spells

Damage: spells

Saves: +2/+6/+7

Feats: whatever

Skills: concentration +11

Favourite spells:

6/6/4

Magic msl: 1

Mirror image: 2

Lightning bolt: 3

Strikes like Dawn

5th level lawful good gold dragon paladin

STR	15	+2	HP	40
DEX	18	+4	AC	22
CON	12	+1	Touch	14
INT	13	+1	Flat.	18
WIS	14	+2	Init.	4
CHA	16	+3		

Fortitude	8
Reflex	8
Will	6

Attack	Bonus	Dam.	Crit.	Range
Grapple	7			
Claws	12	1D8+4	19-20	

Skill	Bonus
Diplomacy	11
Heal	10
Knowledge: Philosophy	9
Spot	6

Feats

Weapon focus: Claws
Weapon finesse: Claws

Special Abilities

Aura of Good
Detect Evil
Lay on hands (15 hits)
Aura of courage
Divine health
Turn undead x6/day
Dawn Aura x2/day

Notes

Dawn Aura: twice a day entire body can flare with light like the dawn. Gains a +4 AC versus evil creatures, or a +2 AC versus any other creature. Blind creatures or attacks are unaffected. Lasts 1rnd/level.

Spells

Bless x1/day

Stuff

Rising sun headband

Arcadia Dragons

The dragons of Arcadia were once a powerful race but have now fallen into apathy and decadence that comes with the slow old age of empire. Where once they were great explorers and warriors, thinkers and doers, now the arcadians are content to live life safe in civilized Dragonhome, letting the world outside take care of itself. The dragons are not the huge beasts of legend, but rather more modest sized serpents, incapable of flight yet possessing vestigial wings.

Appearance

You are a young male gold dragon, a sinuous and lean serpent with great cat-like feet and large retractable claws. Your scales are gold with a greenish tinge. You are too young yet to grow the long flowing whiskers that older males of your race take such pride in. You are perhaps 8 feet long if you laid yourself out fully straight, but mostly you coil your long thin body in constantly moving loops and curves. Gold dragons, like the green dragons, do not have wings.

History

You grew up to a poor but hardworking family, your father a gardener who took great pride in the cultivation of living things. The deadly balletic martial arts that was once the hallmarks of Gold dragons were an embarrassment in modern times, seen as a barbaric thing.

One day you met an ancient gold dragon, Waxing Moon, who still practiced the old ways. He offered to teach you, and though you were skeptical, you agreed. What you learned changed your world: far being barbaric, the disciplines, the meditations, the secrets and powers that Waxing Moon unlocked for you showed you how much your brethren were diminished for denying this heritage. You abandoned your old way of life and your old name, becoming He who Strikes Like Dawn.

Your father disowned you but you no longer cared. You are fast growing in power and knowledge and seek others to learn from. Waxing Moon has recommended you to a great teacher: Ghar kar. He lives far off in the wilderness, and occasionally takes students, to teach in all ways of dragon life. With 5 others you have set off in search of Ghar kar.

Arcady Shadowbane

5th level lawful neutral black dragon wizard

STR	7	-2	HP	27
DEX	17	+3	AC	15
CON	15	+2	Touch	13
INT	16	+3	Flat.	12
WIS	15	+2	Init.	7
CHA	9	-1		

Fortitude	3
Reflex	4
Will	7

Attack	Bonus	Dam.	Crit.	Range
Grapple	0			
Claws	0	1D6-2	19-20	
Acid spit	5	1D8-2	x3	100'
		(usable x10/day)		

Skill	Bonus
Concentration	10
Knowledge: arcana	11
Move silently	7
Perform: sing	6
Spellcraft	11

Feats

Skill focus: sing
Improved initiative
Dodge

Special Abilities

Wings: Double jump distance, halve falling damage.

Notes

Spells

Specialty: Transmutation

Cantrips (5/day plus one extra transmutation)
all bar necromancy and enchantment

Level 1 (4/day plus one extra transmutation)
Magic missile, *Feather fall*, *Jump*, grease, mage
armour, reduce poison.

Level 2 (3/day plus one extra transmutation)
Spider climb, mirror image, flaming sphere

Level 3 (2/day plus one extra transmutation)
Haste, lightning bolt

Stuff

Spell book
Pouches of components
Silver "goth" jewelry
Parasol
Small steel rimmed glasses

Arcadia Dragons

The dragons of Arcadia were once a powerful race but have now fallen into apathy and decadence that comes with the slow old age of empire. Where once they were great explorers and warriors, thinkers and doers, now the arcadians are content to live life safe in civilized Dragonhome, letting the world outside take care of itself. The dragons are not the huge beasts of legend, but rather more modest sized serpents, incapable of flight yet possessing vestigial wings.

Appearance

You are a young female black dragon, a slight figure all limbs, tail, wings and head, almost more birdlike than dragonlike. So called friends joke that you must have cockatrice blood, and yet the stare you fix them with does not turn them to stone. Your skin is a pallid grey with black marks, your eyes large liquid emeralds in their sunken sockets. You are about 6 feet long and weight about 90 pounds.

History

You grew up in a large cotton plantation in the marshes, your family owning a vast kobold and goblin workforce. As such you were comfortably far off, but if that's the case, why did you **have** to live in the swamp? The swamp was full of bugs and other horrible things.

You loved visiting the capitol of Dragonhome, with it's clean streets and marble pillars, with no bugs or creepy crawlies, where books and plays were easy to find or see. It was to your delight that you were sent to study magic at Dragonhome. If you could figure out a way of staying there during the summer you would, but no you must return to that midge infested swamp every may!

Except now you've been chosen, as the head of your class, to join 5 other young dragons in a summer retreat with the great Ghar Kar, a legendary teacher. You leapt at the chance, anything to avoid the swamp. To your dismay however you discovered that Ghar Kar lives in a **cave**, and lives in a cave about a weeks walk into the wilderness! How can anyone walk for a whole **week**?! You have been sure to bring your parasol, or otherwise your delicate complexion will surely burn to a crisp under the cruel summer sun.

Raza Grimclaw

5th level chaotic neutral red dragon fighter

STR	18	+4	HP	53
DEX	16	+3	AC	20
CON	16	+3	Touch	13
INT	11	+0	Flat.	17
WIS	8	+2	Init.	3
CHA	11	-1		

Fortitude	7
Reflex	4
Will	0

Attack	Bonus	Dam.	Crit.	Range
Grapple	9			
Tail	11	2D6+9	19-20	
Claws	9	1D8+4	19-20	
Fire gout	8	1D8+4	x3	100'
		(usable x10/day)		

Skill	Bonus
Climb	10
Intimidate	4
Jump	10

Feats

Weapon focus: tail
Weapon specialization: tail
Power attack
Cleave

Special Abilities

Wings: Double jump distance, halve falling damage.

Notes

Spells

Stuff

Arcadia Dragons

The dragons of Arcadia were once a powerful race but have now fallen into apathy and decadence that comes with the slow old age of empire. Where once they were great explorers and warriors, thinkers and doers, now the arcadians are content to live life safe in civilized Dragonhome, letting the world outside take care of itself. The dragons are not the huge beasts of legend, but rather more modest sized serpents, incapable of flight yet possessing vestigial wings.

Appearance

You are a young male black dragon, a magnificent physical specimen. You are fully 8 feet long, weighing 300 pounds, all catlike muscle coiled and ready to spring. At the end of your tail is a huge double edged ridge of bone, which red dragons use in ritual combat. Your scales are a vibrant and brilliant red, your eyes blazing yellow orange. Your small wings do not allow you to fly, but they do help in balance and in jumping/landing.

History

You hale from the Red Mountains, far to the north west of Dragonhome, on the edge of the desert. While the dragons of the more civilized heartlands grow soft, red dragons in the far north west still live by the old ways, and your body is hardened and honed into a fighting and killing machine worthy of the old tales.

At your father's knee you also learned the true duty of a hot blooded dragon: to uphold the honour of dragon kind, to protect those weaker than yourself, to never forget a favour, debt, or insult. You have entered many tournaments and been victorious.

Your fame has preceded you, and you have been summoned before the great Ghar kar. This is a name well known to you, a renowned eldar dragon, a mighty warrior in his youth, a venerable and wise sage in his old age. His lair lies in the barrier mountains, in the wilderness beyond dragonhome. You and five other dragons must make this journey together. These other dragons are not reds like you but soft, "civilized" dragons of the interior. You are not sure what Ghar Kar would want of them, but it is fortunate that you are along, to protect them.

Argot Sundapple

5th level neutral green dragon ranger

STR	16	+3	HP	40
DEX	18	+4	AC	18
CON	17	+3	Touch	14
INT	9	-1	Flat.	14
WIS	12	+1	Init.	4
CHA	9	-1		

Fortitude	8
Reflex	7
Will	2

Attack	Bonus	Dam.	Crit.	Range
Grapple	8			
Claws	8	1D8+3	19-20	
Spine darts	9	1D8+3	x3	100'
		(usable x20/day)		

Skill	Bonus
Knowledge nature	7
Listen	7
Move silently	10
Spot	7
Swim	9
Survival	9

Feats

Point blank shot
Rapid shot
Precise shot
Track
Endurance

Special Abilities

Spines: any natural (unarmed, natural weapon) attack on you evokes an attack of opportunity with the following attack:
+8 to hit, 1D4+3 damage, crit x2.
You may shoot longer spines (as longbow), it takes you a day to regrow 20 spines

Notes

You have a wolf companion named "Cerberus".

Spells

Entangle x1/day

Stuff

Arcadia Dragons

The dragons of Arcadia were once a powerful race but have now fallen into apathy and decadence that comes with the slow old age of empire. Where once they were great explorers and warriors, thinkers and doers, now the arcadians are content to live life safe in civilized Dragonhome, letting the world outside take care of itself. The dragons are not the huge beasts of legend, but rather more modest sized serpents, incapable of flight yet possessing vestigial wings.

Appearance

You are a young male green dragon. Unlike other breeds you do not have wings, but rather from your back sprouts porcupine like spines and quills. You are perhaps 7 foot long, and weigh 200 pounds. Your scales are a rich mix of greens and golds, your eyes deep dark forest green.

History

Even your people, the people of the great greenwood, are turning their backs on nature and living instead in sterile and stifling villages and towns, in lairs of dressed stone and crafted glass. They tend gardens and herds of animals, and cook their food.

They have never slept out in the forest floor at night, staring up at the stars through the leaves. They have never felt the hot thrill of the hunt, the ecstasy of capture, the sweet rush of fresh blood. They have lost their soul to this experiment called "civilization".

You however were raised in the ancient ways of your people by your uncle, a great druid, a guru who is as one with the forest. Once young dragons would have flocked to him to learn what he had to teach, but in these modern times they are far too busy with their artificial and trivial concerns. You are now his only pupil.

Your uncle has taught you much, but to truly learn the ways of the forest and of dragon kind, one must learn from many teachers, see things from more than one point of view. With that in mind, your Uncle has sent you to Ghar Kar, a wise and ancient dragon who lives out in the wilderness. 5 other young dragons are also traveling to Ghar kar's lair. If they too are worthy of studying at Ghar kar's feet, you look forward to meeting them.

Piety Argentine

5th level neutral good silver dragon cleric

STR	13	+1	HP	40
DEX	13	+1	AC	17
CON	15	+2	Touch	11
INT	17	+3	Flat.	16
WIS	18	+4	Init.	2
CHA	9	-1		

Fortitude	6
Reflex	2
Will	8

Attack	Bonus	Dam.	Crit.	Range
Grapple	4			
Claws	4	1D8+1	19-20	
Cold gout	4	1D8+1	x3	100'
		(usable x10/day)		

Skill	Bonus
Knowledge religion	14
Heal	12
Concentration	10
Diplomacy	10
Decipher script	7

Feats

Skill focus: religion
Skill focus: Diplomacy

Special Abilities

Wings: Double jump distance, halve falling damage.

Notes

Spells

Domains: War, Law, Fire

0: 5/day
1: 4+1/day
2: 3+1/day
3: 2+1/day

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Holy symbol of Draconis, lord of Dragons.

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Appearance

You are a young female silver dragon. Silver dragons are the most cerebral of dragon kind, but they are also the least physical, often sporting pot bellies and thin limbs. You are quite svelte for a silver dragon, priding yourself in your uncommon dexterity and grace. Your scales are a ghostly grey with silvery highlights, your eyes a piercing emerald. You are about 6 feet long, and weigh about 140 pounds.

History

Once upon a time dragons were feral and barbarous creatures, living in the wild like beasts, hunting and rutting whenever they chose. That ended when Draconis gave dragons the light of civilization. They took this light and with it created an empire where once there was nothing but wilderness.

With Empire and wealth come other hazards to the soul: sloth and decadence, immorality and impiety. Among the youth of today this is especially virulent. You are part of the army of Draconis, fighting back against these evils, blessed that one so young shows such moral strength and fibre. You preach your message to your fellow young dragons whenever you can. Most turn away laughing at your "old fashioned" notions, but if even one listens and takes your message to heart, it is a soul saved.

Your teacher in the faith is a wise old dragon, a cleric of draconis of great standing and respect. He wishes you to know more about the faith, about the dragon condition, and so you are going on a summer retreat to Ghar Kar, an ancient guru and teacher. 5 other young dragons will be joining you in this pilgrimage.

Gharul Brazenmane

5th level chaotic good bronze dragon rogue

STR	9	-1	HP	29
DEX	18	+4	AC	17
CON	12	+1	Touch	14
INT	13	+1	Flat.	13
WIS	12	+1	Init.	8
CHA	19	+4		

Fortitude	2
Reflex	8
Will	2

Attack	Bonus	Dam.	Crit.	Range
Grapple	2			
Claws	7	1D8-1	19-20	
Lightning bolt	7	1D8-1	x3	100'
		(usable x10/day)		

Skill	Bonus
Move silently	12
Hide	12
Spot	9
Listen	9
Search	9
Climb	7
Bluff	12
Sense motive	9
Gather information	12

Feats

Improved initiative
Weapon finesse: claws.

Special Abilities

Wings: Double jump distance, halve falling damage.
Sneak attack +3D6
Trapfinding
Evasion
Trap sense +1
Uncanny dodge

Notes

Spells

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Appearance

You are a young male bronze dragon. You are lithe and limber, bronze dragons being a far slighter breed than most dragons. Your scales are a deep earthy brown with green highlights, your eyes golden orbs.

History

They say bronze dragons always have the last word, mostly because it's so hard to shut them up. You've never been one to respect authority or rank or station, and have spent your entire life in trouble for your unwelcome comments and observations.

Your parents are well respected in dragon society, and you have always been an embarrassment and a disappointment to them. They have tried reward, punishment, and yet nothing seems to quell your irrepressible ways, your innate curiosity and skill for sticking your nose where it's neither needed nor wanted.

They decided that perhaps the great and wise dragon guru Ghar Kar might be able to sort you out, and so they've sent you off to spend the summer with him in his lair far out in the wilderness. As much as you don't want to spend the summer with some crotchety old dragon, you're looking forward to the trip out in the wilderness. 5 other young dragons will also be going, you've no idea what they did to deserve being shipped off like you.