

The Windstone Chronicles

by Ryan and Melissa Duncan



A Dryad's Fate

a spring narrative adventure module

Elf Wizard's story



heard the plunk of the plume on the bar and felt my heart sink into my boots.

She huddled with

Windstone at the end of the bar for what seemed like hours. They were talking about me.

Just when I could stand no more, and the worry for my Great Bronze Robin began to outweigh the need for my secrecy, she left. Windstone came to me directly with a dire tone on his tongue. The plume slid across the bar to my waiting hands and I knew it immediately. My robin. I belong to her, and she belongs to me.

Windstone said, "The Plumed Oracle received this several days ago, and rushed to get here from across the Copperbind. Your secret is quite safe, but I'm not entirely sure you are. I don't think it a coincidence that this plume arrived at the very moment you were to head to the meadow. The Oracle couldn't see exactly what the portents are, just that they are ominous, and the fate of the Copperbind hangs in the balance."

Windstone keeps my secrets, of course he does. He's the only one I could trust, and I needed his help. The last remnants of the Fourth Elven Kingdom lie in a

crate in the cellar of this very inn, deadly secrets held by its keeper. You'd forgive me for my deceptions if you but knew the things I have seen.



The hours grow short and the world seems to compress around me. The sounds of civilization grow sharp in my ears and my feet long for the earth of my home. She who I seek to find has been illusive, and time has run out. Windstone must come to my aid again and send to me his finest, for what I must do, I cannot do alone.

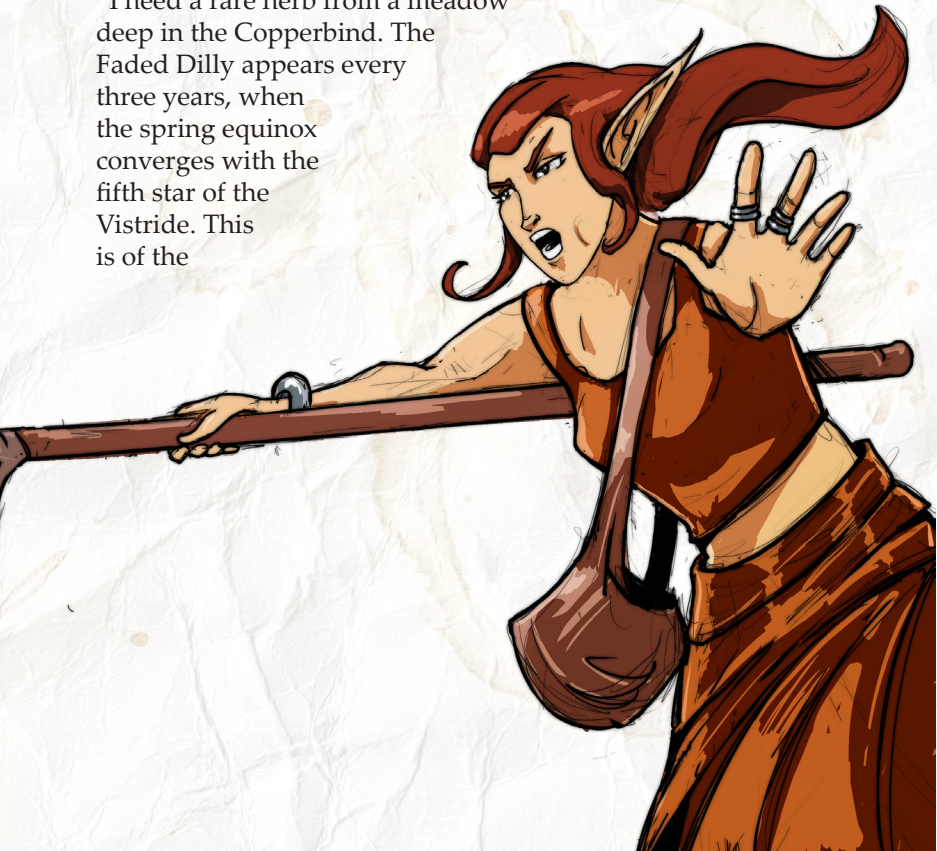
* * *

The elf wizard looks you and your friends over with a huff. She glances to Windstone as if to ask "*these* are your finest?" He nods and the elf begins to talk.

"I need a rare herb from a meadow deep in the Copperbind. The Faded Dilly appears every three years, when the spring equinox converges with the fifth star of the Vistride. This is of the

greatest importance, not only to me, but to the entire Copperbind herself! You must accompany me into the forest, as one cannot simply walk into the places I intend to go.

Save your questions, most I won't answer anyway. We must leave at once if we are to make it on time. Grab your gear, I do hope you have more than those paltry trappings, and let's be off."



On the Banks of Stonearrow Lake

Let's rest here before we move on.

Ash on the banks leading up into the forest.

This is odd.

Why is there a narrow path of ash cut through the trees? Look here on the ground its...

No it can't be! It's a Great Bonze Robin feather ... scarred with ash.

Just then a pair of two-tailed snarebats explode out of the sand.

It's an ambush! They were waiting for us!

Snarebats make their home in the Great Phoenix Desert. They burrow in the sand waiting for the footsteps of their prey.

Their tails are some of the strongest in the world and the venom within induces paralysis. They mostly hunt small creatures

but this pair have been trained as hunters.

Look they are wearing harnesses.

Don't let their tails **snare** you. You look strong enough to withstand the paralysis, but it will likely take you **1 round** to shrug it off and you will still take **1d4 DMG**.

The snarebats will try to either **burrow** or fly up into the sky when they are injured.

They also have a nasty **bite!** **1d4 DMG**.

The snarebats are a distraction, a trap meant to slow us down. I must get to the meadow and find my robin.

If 4 rounds pass the elf wizard will bolt into the meadow without you and your friends.

Where is my robin?



Meadow of the Faint

A figure stands in the middle of the meadow silhouetted by a large elm tree.

This is an unexpected pleasure! I thought this robin looked more bronze than copper.

His voice sounds like gargling fire. He throws my robin lifeless at my feet. I drape her body with mine, uncontrollable sobs begging her not to go.

I came here for the Copperbind Dryad, but will gladly settle for the lost dryad of the Bronzetike Forest.

I have worn this bracelet for so long. Disguised as an elf, I was afraid that if I removed it for only a moment, the forces of the Harbinger would sense me, and hunt me down.

Windstone gave me this bracelet, the rainy night I showed up at his door - The Bracelet of the Veiled Elf. He said he picked it up from Nina, and of course she overcharged him. It has not left my arm since he slipped it on my wrist. Windstone said that the time would come when I would feel strong enough to remove it. My hand now shakes for but a moment. This disguise is at an end, and I can once again be me.

I have deceived you and your friends, but know that the Copperbind is in real danger! We must stop this creature at all costs.

My form shimmers as I stand, no longer an elf wizard. Now rises a Dryad of the Bronzetike forest.

Hear me Cindash! You shall meet the same fate as your brethren those many years ago - at the hands of the last Guardian of the Bronzetike!



The Bronzetike Dryad

Great Elm imbued seven creatures as Guardians, each given great power and a duty to protect the Bronzetike Forest. He was the heart of the forest and all our magic stemmed from him.

I was once the Guardian Dryad of the Bronzetike forest, shepherd of the trees. Charged with attending the needs of the plants, trees, and all things that grow.

For ages, the Bronzetike was protected. Each guardian wielding powerful magic to keep the forest safe. Our charge, to protect the heart of the forest. We failed.

I failed.

The Bronzetike fell to the forces of the Harbinger. My fellow guardians are dead and Great Elm is destroyed. I am the only one left, lost and without a home.

I have been searching for a way to restore Great Elm, to regrow the Bronzetike, and reestablish what was lost.

Windstone and I have been working for countless years to try and find a way, but now the fate of the Bronzetike is facing the Copperbind. The forces of the Harbinger of the Phoenix are here in the Copperbind. The Great

Ooze has already taken one of the Copperbind Guardians.

Since the first Guardian fell, I have been desperately trying to find the Guardian Dryad to warn her and to help her in whatever way I can.

My powers are not what they were. With the loss of Great Elm of the Bronzetike I have lost much of what I once was.

In times past, life flourished under my every step. My kiss could heal any ailment. I could tree walk and appear from any tree in the forest in the blink of an eye. I could talk to the trees, and understand their ancient song.



I managed to salvage some items from the Bronzetike including several powerful items from the lost Fourth Elven Kingdom. One of them is atop my staff, the Ice Jewel of the Northern Wastes. It is this weapon I chose to attune to and wield against the coming fires of destruction.

The remaining items I entrusted with Windstone to be placed in the hands of heroes, like you and your friends.

Now I fear we are yet again unprepared for what is ahead. My robin is dead. If the Cindash are able to find the dryad, then another Guardian of the Copperbind will fall and the Harbinger of the Phoenix will be closer to destroying the Great Oak of the Copperbind.



The Cindash

Deep in the Great Phoenix Desert, Windstone's enemy, the Harbinger of the Phoenix, creates the most vile of creatures. Hideous abominations created by some horrible concoction of evil and flame walk the land under his control.

Cindash are born from the very ashes of the Great Phoenix's explosive demise.

The Cindash are the Harbinger's agents of precision. Sent into places for a singular mission. They are trackers, saboteurs, assassins, and hunters.

During the last days of the Bronzetike, a squad of Cindash were sent to hunt down the remaining Guardians. In the end, the Cindash were defeated, but I was the only survivor.

Look at the Cindash! See the darkness burning up his arms and legs? He is literally burning himself to ash.

Everywhere he steps death abounds.

A great cloud of ash proceeds their arrival. They ignite the **Ash Cloud** as cover to sneak around and attack from behind.

Worse than their **Scorching Hands** are their **Searing Blades**. From their sheaths they draw mighty tempered blades. Able to conduct the hottest of fires, the Cindash feed their blades the very fire within them.



The Battle

The Cindash is not alone. There are two. When the battle starts one of the Cindash will launch an **Ash Cloud**. The clouds are unpredictable and only last **1d4 rounds**.

The Cindash are fueled by fire and rage.

They may play it safe and alternate **Ash Clouds** to keep us blinded, then sneak up and use their **Scorching Touch** for **1d6 DMG**. There is no dodging their touch when ash is burning your eyes.

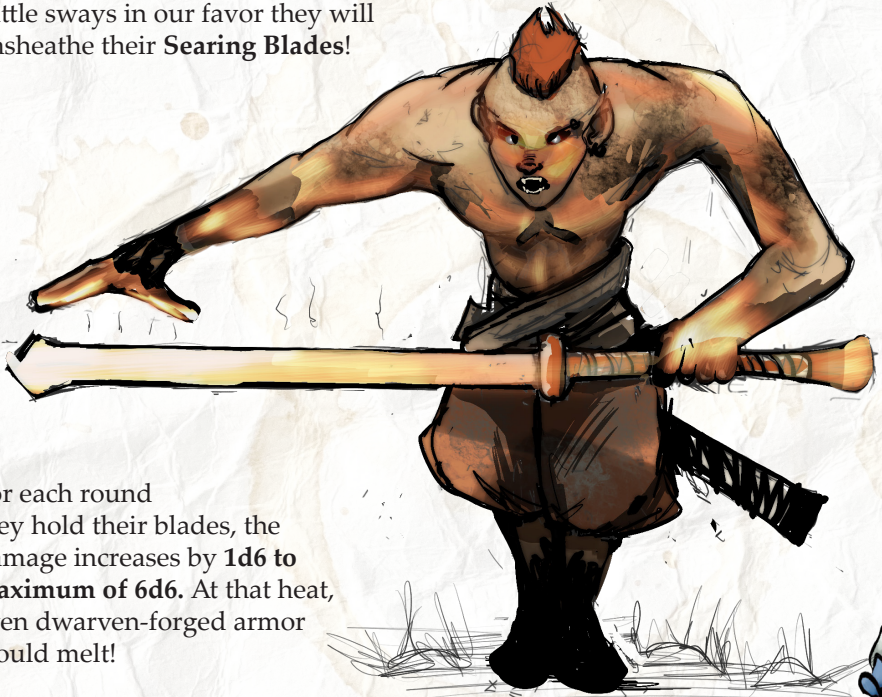
When their rage takes over, or the battle sways in our favor they will unsheathe their **Searing Blades**!

I shall use what remains of my powers to aid you.

My powers are not what they were but what I have left I will use to heal, sing to the trees, and bring forth the Ice Jewel of the Northern Wastes.

It is up to you and your friends to defeat these foes, for you answered the innkeeper's call and now you must save the Copperbind!

As Windstone would say, keep your eyes open, swords sharp, and ears up!



For each round they hold their blades, the damage increases by **1d6 to maximum of 6d6**. At that heat, even dwarven-forged armor would melt!

A Dryad's Fate

Now that my robin has been slain I fear my fate has been sealed. I have no way out of this realm when my time here has ended. I will seek out the Plumed Oracle to see what she knows and if she can help.

But not today. I must again put my needs aside. I have no choice but to find the Copperbind Dryad and help her overcome what devastation is being wrought upon her forest.

The Harbinger of the Phoenix will send more evil into this forest and the Copperbind Dryad is in grave danger!

I can only hope that helping her succeed will somehow make up for my failures- the Bronzetike deserved better.

With that, the Bronzetike Dryad fades into the nearest tree and is gone. All that remains at the base of the tree is a tiny vial containing a Dryad's Tear and a bronze robin plume.

Faded Dilly

You and your friends make your way back to the Fang Rat Inn to inform Windstone of all that has happened.

A pained look crosses his face when you tell him of the destruction caused by the Cindash at the meadow.

By my beard!

I fear for the faeries. The Faded Dilly, which only appears in that meadow, was our way of sparking a new Faerie Glade, which we so desperately need! And now all that remains of it is ash...

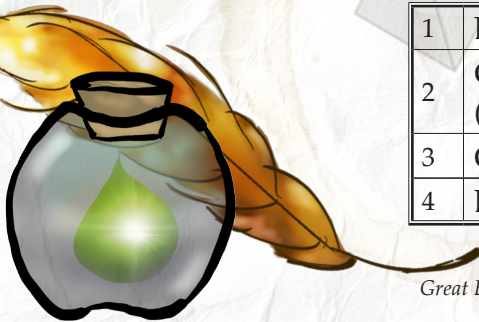
There is much work to be done, and I'll need you and your friends before long. Keep an eye out for my journals, your swords sharp to defend our beloved Copperbind, and your ears up for my call!



D4 Dryad's Gifts

1	Bracelet of the Veiled Elf
2	Cindash Searing Blade (+1 Sear DMG)
3	Great Bronze Robin Plume
4	Dryad's Tear

Great Bronze Robin Plume



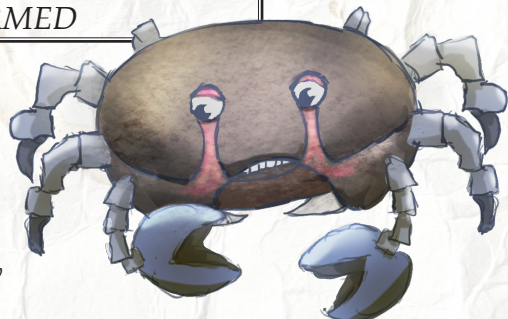
Dryad's Tear

D20 What's in the Meadow?

1	Stonesplash Crab
2	Bloodshot Beetle Shell
3	Stonearrow Clay
4	Healing Herbs
5	Stardrip Flower Petals
6	A Key
7	Stonearrow Arrows
8	Flarchingale Egg
9	Stonearrow Reed
10	Healing Potion
11	Stonearrow Pike
12	Scarlet Edge Dagger
13	Cibrian Night Gauntlet (+1 DEX)
14	Stitched Leather Tunic (+1 DEF)
15	Rudgar Sapling
16	Herbalist Bandalier with 6 healing herb darts (1d6 HEAL)
17	Gnomish Retractable Net <i>Small ball that expands into a net</i>
18	Bearhog Hunting Spear
19	Horn of the Swan Caller
20	Spectral Promise Ring <i>Creates a ghost image of itself for 1d4 rounds</i> <i>When held (+6 CHR) to the giver</i> <i>When worn CHARMED</i>



Scarlet Edge Dagger



Stonesplash Crab



Monster Guide

Cindash

Sparked from the very cinders the Great Phoenix left behind- everywhere it steps- death and decay abounds

10 HP

Ash Cloud - blinds the battlefield for **1d4 rounds**

Scorching Grip - **1d6 DMG.**

When in the Ash Cloud there is no dodging this attack.

Searing Blade- **1d6 DMG**, plus **1d6** for each consecutive round held to a maximum of **6d6**.



Two-Tailed Snarebat

Trained by the Cindash to track and hunt down any prey
10 HP

Burrow - bury themselves in the sand.

Snare - Using their barbed tails to wrap up their prey and inject paralysis venom. **1d4 DMG, 1 round Paralysis**

Bite - Sink their teeth into you. **1d4 DMG**



Who is Staying at the Inn?



I remember the stormy night she emerged, not rightly sure where from, but I bet my beard she's an elf of the Bronzetike Forest. She won't talk about her past, only the future.

Strength: Trained in staff fighting (+1)

Dexterity: Light footed; barely makes a sound (+2)

Constitution: Spends her time with books and forgets to eat (0)

Intelligence: Once saw her summon an ice elemental, in the desert (+2)

Wisdom: Learning to Trust her gut (+1)

Charisma: Don't ask her about her past (0)

Equipment: wooden staff, Ice Jewel of the Northern Wastes, healing herbs



I remember the stormy night she emerged, she was lost, with no home. We spent nights talking, about how we could bring life back to the Bronzetike, but now I fear I will need her help in saving the Copperbind.

Kiss of the Dryad: Heals any ailment. 2d6 Heal

Tree Walk: Can teleport between any tree within the boundaries of the forest.

Song of the Trees: Can talk to the trees asking them for aide.

New Life: Wherever she steps new life abounds, at least it did, before the loss of Great Elm.

Equipment: wooden staff, Ice Jewel of the Northern Wastes, healing herbs







stonearrow Lake

Cranky Skunk River

FANG
RAT
INN

Canyon of the Fallen

Findrin's
Pass

NEW
THUNDERBIRD



The Windstone Chronicles

Vol. 1 Adventure Under the Fang Rat Inn

Vol. 2 Adventure in the Secret Faerie Forest

Vol. 3 Adventure Along the White Depths

Guardians' Saga

Minotaur: Lord of the Bonewood

Bear: Keeper of Breath

Dryad: Shepherd of the Trees

Pale Fox: Keeper of Truth

Green Dragon: Keeper of the Heart

Dream Road Saga

The Wizard's Tower

The Butterfly Sanctuary

The Dream Walker

Explore the World of Windstone

A Dryad's Fate

It's the Thought That Counts

The Rest is Still Unwritten

The Plumed Oracle

Landing of the Lost

Forging a Dwarf

The Copperbind King's Tomb

A Pilgrim's Journey

Rogue Quest

