

A **FISTFUL FROM FELLOWSHIRE** ADVENTURE MODULE

THE SHANNAVALE CONFLAGRATION



O-LEVEL FUNNEL

COMPATIBLE WITH
**DCC
RPG**

Kha

**Zardak the Dave
Presents**

an adventure for the

ARDANAK
DOMINION of IRON

Dungeon Crawl Classics RPG Campaign Setting


THE SHANNAVALE CONFLAGRATION

A 0-Level Funnel

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INTRODUCTION

 or a thousand generations, Halflings of Fellowship have dug warrens into the forest-dotted emerald hills of the largest of the Western shires of Ardanak. Moving east, the rolling hills become golden plains stretching to the Shiregulch. Here, quaint stone cottages, log cabins, and elaborate pressed-hay huts replace the warrens of Westfarthing. Beyond the steep canyon's edge of the Shiregulch lay the frontier: a place most Halflings have no interest in going.


Adventuring is better suited to gnomes and dwarves — and even those folk venture forth less now. Goyote marauders and refugees are finding their way north, and the meddlesome tendrils of the Elven Empire of Ansylar, recently returned from across the Worldsea, are complicating affairs of travel and trade. Though it is believed the Elves are well intentioned, their arrogance and entitlement have complicated the simple patterns of the lives of the peoples of *Ardanak: Dominion of Iron*.

Typical Halfling industry of an agrarian nature thrives in Fellowship. Apple cider and pumpkins are the chief Westfarthing exports. But the real prizes come from the Plainsfarthing in the East and South. The legendary Merrindale war-ponies, the rich cherry-leaf tobacco of Fleetfoot Farms, and the sky blue cotton, which under small fingers on halfling looms becomes the resilient and practical fabric known as *Danym*, are the real pride of Fellowship. But this is a secret pride, for few that covet these treasures even know they hail from Halfling hands. The haughty dwarven merchant-brokers of *Harta* rarely speak of the origins of these products to their customers.

It is indeed true that the words *Halfling* and *shire* are uttered scarcely in the complex tapestry of the wider, wilder world.

And this is just the way these gentle folk would have it.

ELVES & IRON

 either sun nor moon sets upon the Elven Empire of Ansylar.

The Elves, ancient, immortal, and fair, are the sole wielders of sorcery on the world of *Merna*. For millennia they have ruled over all.

Elves are susceptible to iron. Iron only comes from Ardanak. And all Iron is held under the care of the dwarven order of the Scarlet Guard. The Guard has honoured a millennia-old oath to restrict access to Iron by any but the Elves. But with the arrival of the Auroraborne, some within the order's ranks have begun questioning the merit of this ancient alliance.

All weapons that are non-iron and non-magical are dice-shifted -2 when used against an elf.

Suffice it to say, Iron is the only thing feared by Elves, and Iron is under the care of the Dwarves who no longer seem so steadfast in their loyalty to the Empire of Ansylar. To add to their concerns, the increasing regularity with which Iron is showing up in southern Ardanak, the growing belligerence of the *Woo-Seethan Confederacy*, and whispers that the Lords of Chaos are stirring in the east and one can understand the sudden renewed interest the Court of Ansylar has taken in the continent of Ardanak.

JACKPOKES & GUMCASTERS



Guardians of Ardanak's southern border, *Jackpokes* are the legendary rabbit riders of the Plainsfarthing. Donning their hallmark yellow *bycocket* hats and armed with the mysterious *gumcaster*, they are a formidable defence against the constant Goyote and Seetha push northward.

The key component of the legendary gumcaster — the stretchy and recoiling chord — hails from mysterious and peculiar Fathomshire to the north. Rumour has it that the gum is collected and distilled from sub-aquatic mushrooms using strange underwater craft fashioned from the enormous nut of the Oakwa tree.

Table 1: Occupations

Roll	Occupation	Trained Weapon	Trade Goods
1-2	Butcher	Cleaver	Bag of Preserving (full of steaks)
3-4	Baker	Rolling pin	Premium flour, yeast
5-6	Candlestick Maker	Iron candlestick	Jar of bees wax
7-8	Librarian	Iron paperweight/scarf	1st Ed. <i>Ansylarian Tactics</i>
9-10	Sheriff's Deputy	Sling and iron bullets	Beacon helm
11-12	Fisher	Net	Hand-tied lures
13-14	Brewer	Iron tankard on a scarf	Brewers yeast
15-16	Winemaker	2 Corkscrews (as claws)	Six bottles of Year of Onyx Mulberry Merlot
17-18	Distiller	Iron pipe	Silver flask with potion of +5 Intelligence
19-20	Bootlegger	Light crossbow	Cap of Rabbit Hearing
21-22	Haberdasher	Two pairs long scissors	Bucket of solid Iron buttons
22-23	Hat Maker	Iron head (hat-holder) on a rope	Five premium Jackrastler caps
24-25	Cooper	Ball-peen hammer	3 Iron bands
26-27	Fletcher	Fine Elven short bow	Fletchers kit
28-29	Slinger	Sling and six iron stones	Hawk-Goggles (+1 Missiles)
30-31	Miller	Millstone on a rope	Powdered Devil's Ivy
32-33	Gardener	Hedge-trimmers	Harvo Acorn's <i>Plants of Ardanak</i>
34-35	Doctor	Umbrella	Doctor's bag
36-37	Blacksmith	Forge hammer	Block of pure Ardanakean iron
38-39	Warrener	Warrening spade	Blueprints for a halfling warren complex
30-41	Pumpkin Farmer	Two hand spades	Petunia Pumpernickel prize pumpkin seeds

Roll	Occupation	Trained Weapon	Trade Goods
42-43	Leafminder	Leaf grinding mill (Iron)	Plainsfarthing Premium Pinch
44-45	Woodsman	Axe	Tree-climbing gear
46-47	Tanner	Skinning knife	Premium white stag hide
48-49	Trapper	Heavy trap chain	Fox, raccoon, badger, mink pelts
50-51	Hunter/Tracker	Short bow	Track-Mask Foot Powder
52-53	Undertaker	Cane	Potion of Resurrection (1)
54-55	Jackpoke	gumcaster	Jackpoke cap (bycocket) +2 Personality (Halflings)
56-57	Astrologer	Sky-Orb on a chain (Iron)	Telescope
58-59	Cabinetmaker	Mallet	Bag of Iron nails
60-61	Well-Witcher	Forked staff of Ash	Iron witching ring
62-63	Merchant	Spring loaded <i>knee-blade</i>	10 Asylarian Silver Lorens
64-65	Lawyer	Satchel	Wilo Wiggins's <i>Words Worth Working</i> +2 Personality
66-67	Saddler	Two awls	Saddlebags of Holding
68-69	Beekeeper	Crossbow and 10 bolts	Fogger
70-71	Sculptor	Hammer and chisel	Bust of the Elf-King
72-73	Cheesemaker	Cudgel	Horrible-smelling cheese, Earring of Odourlessness
74-75	Woodcarver	Ironwood gauntlets +1	Immaculate Ansylarian bird carvings
76-78	Florist	Pruning shears	Prize orchid seeds
79-80	Minister	Staff	Holy symbol
81-82	Spinster	Knitting needles	50- spider-silk and iron rope
83-84	Sharpener	Ansylarian short-sabre	Whetstone +1
85-86	Milkman/woman	Whip	Case of 6 glass bottles of milk
87-90	Wainwright	Wagon-wheel throwing shield	Pull-cart
91	Carpenter	Iron level d6	Jar of 500 iron nails
92	Barber	Straight razor	Ring of Masking (Polymorph Face spell)
93	Stable Keeper	Pitchfork	Jackeroo boots +2 Stamina
94	Tavern Owner	Iron nightstick	Premium Merrindale pony (Mov + 5ft)

Roll	Occupation	Trained Weapon	Trade Goods
95	Perfumer	Spray bottle with (blind-spice)	Ansylarian lavender bodywash
96	Potter	Kneading hammer d4	Substantial amounts of clay
97	Fiddler	Fiddle string garrote	Fiddle and bow
98	Scholar	Quill darts d4	Mysterious Grimoire (1 random spell/ day)
99	Chronicler	<i>Scrying Dagger of Farlore</i>	<i>Ring of Translation</i>
100	Jeweller	Iron garrote	X-ray Monocle

BACKGROUND

Harvest season in Fellowshire is marked every year by *Shannashindig*, a festival honouring the halfling goddess Shanna, Goddess of the Luck of Misspent Youth. It is a time to give thanks for the produce that fills the pantries as much as it is a time to show appreciation for the fellowship that overflows from Halfling hearts. In Fellowshire, the celebrations are comprised in no small part by over-indulgence in food, drink, and esteemed Plainsfarthing pipe-leaf. Shannashindig is a time for thanksgiving and its highlight is an all-night-long dance celebrating the coming-of-age of all shirelings reaching their 22 season: the age of adulthood. A last hurrah if you will, before departing Shanna's grace to assume the responsibilities of vocation and family.

But this year, Shannashindig preparations have been wrought with tension. The new Elven governance in Port Ansylar is flexing its assumed authority more than ever, and word has reached the Fellowshire that enterprises both unprecedented and unsavoury are afoot in the port city. Suffice it to say, increases in both imperial traffic and bureaucracy have made a quagmire of commercial proceedings in the usually organized thoroughfare. There are even whispers that the tentacled ships of the Chaos Lords themselves have been spotted in the harbour. Would Elven sorcerers dare meddle in the eternal, cosmic war between Chaos and Law? All of it is unwelcome news to say the least — especially for a Mayor of Shannavale embroiled in scandal.

ALL THAT ALES US

Mayor Trontius Pinebloom came to power in Shannavale under suspicious circumstances and is not well liked. Lately, especially, because of the festival planning challenges arising from the bottleneck in Port Ansylar, he has been downright insufferable to be around.

The mayor's assistant, Tobo Corntassle has been sent to make a proposition to the PCs on the mayor's behalf.

As we begin the adventure, the PCs, are in Shannavale, applying their particular trade-craft to aid in Shannashindig preparations. Tobo arrives on wolfhound. Normally, one in a government position would ride a prized Merrindale pony, but Mayor Pinebloom is refusing to use the spectacular steeds due to a grievance with Brudo Lachborn, Reeve of Plainsfarthing.

"The short of it," Tobo shouts down at the curious assemblage. "is the damned elves have bunged everything up so bad at Ansylar, that the libations won't get here in time for the celebration."

The audible gasp of despair from the crowd would not have been out of place at dwarven funeral. Sleet, Tobo's magnificent specimen of wolfhound, had been standing typically proud and alert, but even he visibly shuddered at the negative vibe from the crowd.

"Mayor Pinebloom has asked me to offer 50 gold to pay a dozen of you to go and get it."

Another gasp of halfling desperation. This time, it was more horror than despair. Amongst all those assembled, none had even spoken to a soul that had journeyed to the Elven Port — let alone considered going there! But 50 gold — even split 12 ways was...

"And, because of the challenge of avoiding the damn Elven Calvary, he's offering 100 more, if the ale and spirits arrive back here in time for the festival."

Twelve-and-a-half gold is enough to dig a warren on the uppity end of Daisy Lane. Enough to get married and start a business — or not. It would fund a full retirement if one was so inclined: a fortune by any reckoning!

'You will take two chuckwagons and a stagecoach. Sheriff Parnor cannot spare any deputies right now but has suggested two drivers, two slingers and two mounted escorts for each vehicle. Gordo Sunflower's Tack and Stable has offered up burros and jacks.' The PCs notice the crowd thinning as many of those gathered — awkwardly feigning nonchalance — simply wander back to their tasks as though they had heard non of what Tobo had said. Some who remain are convinced they can see Sleet smiling around his bit at the boondoggle of the whole affair.

Tobo dismounts, and hands Sleet's reins to the most capable rider among the PC's. His face looks apologetic, like he fears for the few who remain.

"I am sure one rider, slinger and escort per wagon will be just fine too," he says. "Gordo is expecting you, the wagons are there, ready to go."

On foot now, Tobo looks anxiously about the vale. It is obvious, he wants to be done with this unpleasant business of recruiting youngsters for what is likely a suicide mission.

"Have any of you seen Sheriff Parnor? The Mayor has sent me to collect him. The Hickoryloom sisters said he was here."

Poky Miller hollers proudly that he hasn't seen the Sheriff, but that he saw Deputy Grovis Goldwheat helping raise the main tent.

Good enough! After a curt nod to Poky, Tobo assumes a formal tone with the still dwindling remains of the crowd. "Shanna speed then. May the goddess's kind eyes remain on you then over these last days of youth. We will tip tankard as never before upon your triumphant return."

As only halflings can, Tobo Corntassle fades as if by sorcery into the frantic affairs of the party preparations.

His sad attempt at optimism does little to inspire confidence or hope amongst the young halflings, though they do not really notice.

For a heroic return with the precious cargo and the glitter of twelve -and-a-half gold is a blinding light to their bright young eyes.

TACK & STABLE



hen the PCs arrive at Sunflower Tack and Stable, Gordo is saddling two magnificent Merrindale war ponies.

There is a war horse recognized by the halflings as Thunder: one of only three horses in the shire. A large halfling could ride the legendary steed. There are also four regular ponies, three burros, and three war jacks: an old veteran of the Goblin War, a young buck, and a young doe.

Gordo does not seem happy about this whole affair. Sending young lads up against the Elven Calvary is irresponsible of this "snivelling weasel of a mayor!"

MOUNTED COMBAT (From DCC Core Rulebook)

- A mounted character moves at the horse's speed but uses his own action dice
- A trained war creature can also make an attack using its own action die, even while mounted. A normal horse (not trained for combat) that attacks in combat forces its rider to make an Agility check to stay mounted (see below)
- One initiative check is rolled for both horse and mount, using the worse of the two creatures' initiative modifiers
- A mounted character automatically receives a +1 AC bonus. When fighting an unmounted opponent, he counts as attacking from higher ground (+1 bonus to attack rolls). When charging with a lance or spear, a mounted character's damage dice are doubled. In addition, Mighty Deeds of Arms with a lance may send a defender flying from his saddle; see page 92
- A rider's Agility score determines his ability to remain mounted on his horse. If his horse is spooked, he must make a DC 10 Agility check or be flung from the horse. A character trained in horseback riding receives a +2 bonus to this check. (Training can be based on 0-level profession or subsequent training at the judge's discretion.) A character flung from a horse lands prone and must spend his next round standing up
- A normal warhorse is only spooked when it first drops below half its hit points. All other horses are spooked any time they suffer a wound.

Horse: Init +1; Atk hoof +2 melee (1d4+2); AC 14; HD 3d8; MV 60'; Act 1d20; SV Fort +4, Ref +3, Will +1; AL N.

Pony: Init +1; Atk hoof -2 melee (1d2); AC 11; HD 1d8+2; MV 40'; Act 1d20; SV Fort +2, Ref +3, Will -1; AL N.

Merrindale War Pony: Init +2; Atk hoof -1 melee (1d2); AC 12; HD 1d8+4; MV 45'; Act 1d20; SV Fort +2, Ref +4, Will -2; AL L.

Sleet the Silver Wolfhound of Fellowshire. Init +4; Atk bite +5 melee (1d5); AC 10; HD 1d8+8; MV 50'; Act 1d24; SV Fort +3, Ref +3, Will +5; AL L.


Burro: Init +1; Atk bite -1 melee (1d2); AC 11; HD 2d8; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SV Fort +4, Ref +2, Will +2; AL N.

War-Jack: Init +7; Atk bite +3 melee (1d4); AC 16; HD 1d6+8; MV 70'; Act 1d24; SV Fort +3, Ref +7, Will +5; AL L.

OLD COAST ROAD

Goyote Refugees: Init +3; Atk bite +2 melee (1d4+1), staff-sling +1 melee (1d6); or staff-sling ranged (1d4+1); AC 13; HD 1d8; 4 hp each; MV 30'; Act d20; SV Fort +4, Ref +1, Will -1, AL N.

Lily Galant: Init +4; Atk alchemist knife +2 melee (1d6+1) or alchemist knife ranged (1d6); AC 15; HD 2d10; 15 hp; MV 25'; Act d20; SP poison (3) DC 10 / mind leaches (2) DC 15 or madness / veil of shadow (2) +10 to stealth rolls for 5 rounds / acid wave (2) d8/round until DC 12 save / Speaks fluent elf, dwarf, gnome, goyote, seetha; SV Fort +5, Ref 0, Will +5, AL N.

 Goyote family wearing the sky blue cloaks of refugees is standing on the road. Two adults wave to the group. Two Cubs huddle close.


In the low dip in the road by a culvert a beautiful Kuldonan alchemist, Lily Galant, hides and listens. The Kuldonans are dwarven nomads who travel in caravans to procure ingredients for essential oils they use to alter physiology in beneficial ways. Buyer beware though — there is usually a downside price to be paid for the upside.

Lily Galant Wears a *Kuldansha*, a sash-like utility belt full of alchemical ingredients and corked vials of potions. She has been secretly assigned by the Crimson Guard to watch for a group of youngsters from Fellowship. Where possible, she is to aid them in their mission.

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GAMBLING GATEKEEPERS

Ansylarian Guards: Init +0; Atk star sceptre +1 melee (1d5+1); star-sceptre dart ranged 1d3+1 AC 12 HD 1d4. 5 HP each. MV 30' Act 1d20; SV Fort 0, Ref +3, Will 0, AL N

 hen the PCs arrive at the Wallbridge entering the Port city of Ansylar, a platoon of rambunctious young Elven enlisted guards (One for every two PCs is a suggestion), inebriated on almond-blossom wine challenge them to a dice game called *Lindellan Sly*.

The elves say no one is allowed into the city because there is a big show going on this evening. But they are bored so — if the halflings suggest it — the elves will let them all pass if they can win a hand of Lindellan Sly.

Lindellan Sly (pretty-much-Poker) Rules

Roll d4, d6, d8, d12, d20 and play it as a straight five-card poker hand with betting as per usual. Any 1 that appears is treated as an *Oak* (Ace) which can be played in place of another die.

An 11 for example would give you two “Oaks”. A 14 would be one Oak and a four. You must choose which numbers to discard. Only five are played.

If Lily Galant is among those who are invited up to the archery-blinds she leaves some surprises. Undetectable mind-leaches that will hatch instantaneously and attack anyone in the tower when the PCs pass this way again.

If things go badly, use Nif Nimbus to rescue Lily and the PCs.

NIF NIMBUS, HAWKEYE FOR HIRE

Nif Nimbus: Init +6; Atk gumcaster corns +5 ranged 1d5+1 (twice per turn); melee left *peppershaker* (spinning heel kick to the head or knee) (1d6) DC 10 *Fort SV or prone*. AC 15 HD 1d6. 12 HP. MV 25' Act 1d24; SP bank shot ignores all but full cover; SV Fort 0, Ref+5, Will +5

The players don't know this but they do not meet Nif Nimbus by chance. He is a resident of Port Ansylar who was taken as a child as a *hawkeye* by the elves. He has since deserted the Elven intelligence service and works as a freelancer. He has been hired to get the wagons into the warehouse to be loaded.

He proposes the warrel scheme to the PCs, which involves Lily Galant as well.

Hawkeyes: Halflings are by nature ambidextrous, but very rarely they are born left-handed. In every known instance, hawkeyes as they are called, or southpaws, are prodigious marksmen. They are also typically very wise.

Stolen or sold at birth to be trained as sharpshooters, entertainers, and artists, they often, due to their wisdom, emancipate themselves and become nomadic mercenaries and espionage agents — usually for noble and benevolent causes.

AWAKENING THE WARREL

Bim the Warrel: Init +10; Atk melee, antler-blades (1d12/1d12); AC 18; HD 8d8+4; MV 80'; Act 1d24; SV Fort +5, Ref +12, Will +2; AL L.



Yesterday, on the famed navy vessel *Lotholia*, an enormous and fascinating beast arrived. It now lay (anesthetized and shackled) on the large flat deck of the famed battleship in the space where elven marine commandos assembled to board enemy ships.

The Elves were calling the beast a *warrel*. A source inside the navy has told Lily the creature told them its name is Bim. It was exceedingly clever. Its snoring can be heard from the dock.

The proposed plan is that half the party will accompany Lily Galant to administer an antidote to unshackle and awaken the unconscious warrel, and the other half will go with Nif to deliver the wagons to the central warehouse for loading.

When the awakened warrel cuts loose, well...

...solid, rippling muscle, 15 elf-feet tall at the shoulder, Bim the warrel is a giant tawny-hued squirrel with pale gold blade-like antlers spread 30 feet wide.

"His hide is a shifting mercurial variation of the metal of its enormous blade-like horns: hard as Auroran steel," Lily gulped. "And they boast an edge like a surgeon's scalpel. It will reduce the largest battleship in the Ansylarian Navy to toothpicks within minutes! The beast also possesses capable hands with opposable thumbs and has the strength of a titan of Chaos. By moonrise, Port Ansylar, seat of the Ansylarian Empire in Ardanak, will be slivers and cinders."

Emphasize the smile on Lily Galant's face. PCs should feel they are part of something bigger happening here.

Unbeknownst to the PCs in that moment, in addition to the antidote, Galant has also given the warrel an elixir of *Squirrel Nature*. The elixir will generate an entropy field around the warrel that will glitch reality into allowing it to move at the natural twitchy speed of a squirrel of the forest. The devastation to the Elven port will be spectacular.

INSIDE ELF

Meanwhile at the central warehouse, Nif introduces the PCs to Velus Taurelane and tells them the youthful and disfigured elf wishes to accompany them when they leave.

Valus Taurelane: Init +3; Atk short bow range +3 (1d5); melee dagger +2; AC 13 HD 1d6; HP 5. MV 30' Act 1d20; SP Flaming hands, Invisibility; SV Fort 0, Ref +2, Will +3

A crowd gathered in the town square growing restless.

Val has a handsome face despite missing his left ear and left eye. He is sickened by what Elven society has become. Galant has promised him she can alter his appearance to make him look like a Goyote refugee. Nif vouches for him.


Val speaks to Nif secretly and tells him he knows the real reason why the mayor has paid so much and risked these young halfling's lives.

The purple velvet box contains a contract Mayor Pinebloom has entered into with the Chaos demon Hoss-Ronderoth Peat. Only the mayor's seal ring will open it, and opening it seals the diabolical covenant.

Then, if all has gone according to plan, screams are heard from the town square, the singing of bow strings, and the chirpy, chattering laughter — deafening in both pitch and volume — of an unleashed and alchemically augmented Warrel (named Bim) razing Port Ansylar to the ground.

The wagons are loaded.

GREAT CALVARY CHASE

 n an incident the great sages of the world of Merna would come to call the Great Chase, a posse of halflings would survive. The *Fist of Fellowshire*, they would come to be known in the chronicles of history.

Because the elven forces are preoccupied with Bim, the PCs should have a good head start on them.

Top speed for the wagons is 30'. Using the Old Port Road, it is 240 miles from Port Ansylar to Fellowshire.

Every 20 miles (2 hexes), PCs roll to see if anything happens. The first roll is made with a d30, and — due to fatigue and mechanical wear — each successive roll is diceshifted -1 each time (d24, then d20, then d16...). If a 1 or 2 results, a roll on the *Chase Mishap* table is required.

Table 1-2: Chase Mishap

Roll	Event	Description
1	Pot hole	One wagon hits a nasty crater. drivers make Agility check or fall off (1d3 dmg). Roll d6 — if 1 or 2, a wheel is thrown (1d3 turns to replace).
2	Low branch	Roll d8, on a 1 or 2 a randomly determined driver is decapitated.
3	Rein loss	Rider or driver loses a rein. On a failed Agility check they are thrown (1d3 dmg).
4	Fallen tree	1d6 turns to unhitch teams and remove tree from road.
5	Seethan raiders	1d6 Seethan raider attack
6	Torrential downpour	Wagon mov reduced to 15' for next 40 miles. 1d12 every 10 miles or stuck in mud. 1d4 turns to pull out.
7	Forest fire	1 randomly chosen player is permanently blinded when a panicked burning bat latches onto their face. On a successful Stamina save, PC acquires sonar. Blind in daylight, but perfect perception (+4 Agility in twilight to total darkness). On a 1 or 2 on a d6 a burning moose slams into one of the carts. PCs have 3 rounds to put out fire or wagon explodes.
8	Goyote protest	Will not let you pass until you hear their opinions about Woo nation leaving the Woo-Seetha Confederacy to join Ardanak. On a successful Personality check they agree to ambush the Elves — or will accompany you (repair times all reduced to 1 turn)
9	Caltrops	Spikes unseen impale the feet of all mounts rolling a 1 on a d6. If a mount is affected, it falls and rider takes 1d5 dmg. If dmg is 4 or 5, mount breaks leg and should be euthanized.
10	Kuldonan caravan	Kuldonans on the road have potions that will invigorate the mounts: heal all mount HP, increase wagon speed to 50'. All agility checks to prevent falling off are now at -4.
11	Dire chickadees eating a dead roc	The chickadees attack immediately. On every turn players that fail a DC 10 Rf check take 1d3 swarm dmg. It takes 1-4 turns to hack through the roc carcass. It is too big to move.
12	Sheriff Parnor's posse	Re-roll this result if still more than 100 miles from Fellowshire. Proceed to Shannavale Conflagration (page 11.)

I or you, the judge, timing will be key to pulling off the amazing climax of this adventure. All but one of each players' characters should perish gloriously by the end.

SHANNAVALE CONFLAGRATION

Sheriff Parnor: Init +5; Atk gumcaster corns ranged +5 (1d5+1) (twice per turn), rapier melee +3 (1d6+2); AC 17 HD 2d6. 12 HP. MV 25' Act 1d24; SP seal ring; SV Fort +2, Ref+2, Will +3

Deputy Goldwheat: Init +2; Atk gumcaster corns ranged +1 (1d5+1); rapier melee (1d6). AC 16 HD 1d6. 8 HP. MV 25' Act 1d20; SV Fort +2, Ref+1, Will +7; AL L.

Elven Officers: Init +2; Atk navy cutlas melee +2 (1d6+1), hand crossbow ranged 1d4+1; AC 15 HD 2d8. 8 HP. MV 30' Act 1d20; SP stealth +2, charm; SV Fort 0, Ref+3, Will +3 AL N.

In a nutshell, the Elves catch up with the party just west of Shannavale. Just as it looks like they will have to surrender, Sheriff Parnor arrives to tell the Elves they have no jurisdiction over the youngsters in Fellowshire and that the booze was being all but stolen from them by the empire.

The Elves say the they don't want the youngsters or the booze. They just want the traitors, Nif Nimbus, Lily Galant, and Valus Tauralane. And they want the item in the purple, velvet box in the stagecoach.

"What is in the box?" Sheriff Parnor asks.
"An imperial matter," Commander Galadus insists.

BIM IS BACK!

Is they bicker, Bim the Warrel shows up and attacks the Elves.

The sheriff, who has suspicions about the mayor wants to know what is in the purple box. They attain it during the melee.

There is the seal of Fellowshire on the clasp. Sheriff Parnor wears a seal ring. She is the only one other than the mayor who has one.

As they are about to open it. The mayor arrives. "Don't open the box! Don't open the box!"

Sheriff Parnor opens the box.

HOSS-RONDEROTH PEAT

Hoss-Rondoroth Peat: Init +7; Atk giant hands melee +3 (1d12/1d12) heat vision ranged +3 1d12; AC 17; HD 5d10; HP 50; MV 60' Act 1d24; SP possession; SV Fort +5, Ref+5, Will 0; AL C.

Demon: Init +1; Atk bite +1 melee (1d3), flaming vomit +1 ranged (1d3); AC 11 HD 1d4. 3 HP. MV Fly 40'; Act 1d20; SP bank shot ignores all but full cover; SV Fort +3, Ref 0, Will 0; AL C.

Hoss-Rondoroth Peat appears, possesses the sheriffs body and grows to enormous size. The Bim charges for the demon immediately. The demon opens a portal and Bim is gone. Demons pour from the portal and the Razing of Fellowshire begins.

Turning to the PCs he says, "I am impressed with this Fistful from Fellowshire. Pity about your home — but your mayor offered up the souls of your kin folk as collateral when he promised his soul. BUT I do not have his soul — I have this one," he refers to the sheriff's he now wears). A much better deal for me! But a deal is a deal."

The party becomes aware of the sky filling with winged demons, servants of Hoss-Rondaroth Peat. Then sickening thuds by the hundreds as their kin rain from the heights to their deaths. Fellowshire is burning.

Giving his attention then to the Elven commander, the demon says. "Enjoy containing the revolution, Commander. You've earned it.

Give my regards to the witless waif that sits on the throne of Ansylar. The days of his rule are numbered. Woo-Skeetha comes north at last. Chaos shall reign."

With a flourish of nauseating entropy and a grotesque goyote-like cackle, Hoss-Ronderoth Peat, wearing the giant form of Sheriff Arlo Parnor of Fellowshire, vanishes.

But the watchful eye of Deputy Groves Goldwheat a veteran of the Goyote Siege of '87, notices something before the demon departs. The fist clenched, the pinky down: the battlefield hand sign for *East*.

FIST OF FELLOWSHIRE

"I am following the sheriff." Grovis's pale golden hair fluttered in the wind. "And I will see him reclaimed." Deputy Goldwheat sat astride Sleet, who was duly barded for battle. The massive silver hound looked the stuff of legends. The clasped hands forming the underside of a stylized heart sways on the deputy's lance. "We are what remains of Fellowshire," his innocent, handsome face looked solemn then. "We be the heart of Fellowshire "

"Nay, Acting Sheriff Goldwheat, if you will accept that honour." It was Nif Nimbus. He held his gumcaster in his left hand raised straight above his head.

"We are its fist."

Lily Galant steps forward and goes down on one knee.

"We know where the fiend has taken your brave sheriff. And we know that all of the citizens of your shire are not in fact dead — but are enwraithed in the well of Limbo." She stands now with a new nobility that surprises the PCs.

"I am fallen and estranged from the Ancient Order of the Scarlet Guard. Revolt against the Empire of Ansylar has begun." She casts a glance at Nif Nimbus. "Our truest allegiances are to honour and justice beyond the machinations of the empires of lords of Order or chaos.

"We are honor-pledged now to see Sheriff Parnor and the good people of Fellowshire returned."

TO BE CONTINUED IN...

... **Vortex of Iron Death** (a Level 1 adventure).



A Fistful from Fellowship Adventure Series for the DCC RPG.

THE SHANNAVALE CONFLAGRATION

A 0-LEVEL FUNNEL

Shannashindig is in less than three days, and the beer has not even shipped from Port Ansylar!

Mayor Pinebloom is promising five gold pieces if you can get the beer here in time for the festival. With five gold you could buy a pony and a warren on the best part of Daisy Lane!

But more important than all that, think of the hero you'd look to Petunia Peachblossom!

Now, if only you can convince your lazy, ambition-less friends to drive a beer-wagon 200 miles and back in three days. — with constables of the Imperial Elven Cavalry of Ansylar in hot pursuit no less!

VORTEX OF IRON DEATH

LEVEL 1

The forces of Chaos have possessed Sheriff Parnor and you and the other members of the Fist of Fellowship have been tracking the demon hordes east for three days.

Standing at the Shiregulch, you ponder going farther afield than any shirekin have ever gone before.

Warmole-rustling hill giants incite a stampede!
The mysterious Qiri (Lastborn) High Tribe of All Realms offer aid!

Alas, a miraculous alchemical discovery from beyond time!

Eldritch iron and explosive death...

...Demonsling!

DOMINION OF THE SCARLET GUARD

LEVEL 2

The Fist of Fellowship tracks the demon horde and their beloved Sheriff Parnor into the North. With the help of the Silken, an otter-like race of aquatic-miners, they make their way into the twin settlement of Dawnwind City and Wooawa Annex.

The dwarven paladin sect, Scarlet Guard, has a plan to defeat the demon fiends, but it requires the aid of their freelance gnome mechanic who has disappeared on a bender in Wooawa, a Goyote run sin-city across the river.

There are more weapons in Awoo-Wa than brains — but that doesn't mean you won't need your wits and your poker-face! A silver tongue wouldn't hurt either. Come to think of it you'll need your fists as well.

Yes, definitely fists.

CHAOS TRAIN TO HELL

LEVEL 3

All is finally revealed!

Battle with the hordes of Hoss-Ronderoth Peat is joined!
The rescue of Sheriff Parnor is at hand!
The Heartstone of Fellowshire is all but recovered!

But wait – betrayed by the Scarlet Guard!
A truce with the forces of Chaos!

And the Gronstead...

... a thousand-ton alchemical nightmare of iron and fire barreling into the inner-quantum core of reality to deliver an entropy elixir that will end all existence.

But alas, your finger is on the trigger of the demonsling.
Beneath your saddle are the reality-rending claws of a warmole of Limbo.

Is a halfling from Fellowshire really ready to save all reality? For a chance at even just one more pint of pumpkin-pie pale ale at Brudo & June's Daisy Lane Pub, you bet you are!

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