



# FROSTBOURNE

*CAMPAIGN GUIDE VOL. I*



# FROSTBOURNE

## Welcome to Vol. I of the D&R Frostbourne Campaign Guide!

This guide offers a snapshot of where the world of Theria stands in the early days of *Dungeons & Randomness*'s newest campaign. Inside, you'll find lore, backstory, artwork, and behind-the-scenes context to deepen your experience as you listen along—or to help you jump in if you're just joining us.

We've included character details, a timeline of world events, glimpses of key locations, and an introduction into the NPCs that inhabit the world. As a snapshot, this guide is meant to be a living document, and future supplements and volumes will continue to grow alongside the campaign.

One note: you'll find a few light spoilers here and there if you're not caught up entirely, but nothing too revealing—we want you to explore Theria in the age of Frostbourne just as we are: one piece at a time, just as the story unfolds.

So... *enjoy*. And from all of us at D&R: *we're so glad you're here!*



**Writers** Jason Massey, Brianna Marie, Jamieson Alcorn, Ian Duncan, Jason “Jasper” Permenter, and Susan Spenader

**Layout & Design** Jason Permenter

**Cover Art** Andrew MacDougall

**Maps** Daniel Hasenbos

**Interior Art** Sam “Crowbar” Henry, Adam Kovar, Carlos XYZ, Xavier Trudeau-Deschênes, Jason “Jasper” Permenter, Jason Massey



**I** never expected to return to Theria in quite this way.

*For over a decade, we've built this world together—every story, every adventure, every heartbreaking loss and hard-earned victory. Theria has evolved, shaped by the choices of our characters and the passion of the people who play them. Now, with Frostbourne, we step into something both familiar and entirely new.*

*This is a world that has endured, but it has not stood still. The past century has reshaped the land, forcing cities to adapt or be swallowed by the cold. Some civilizations have fallen, others have flourished, and in the middle of it all, our new group has found themselves standing at the edge of something huge. Their pasts are tangled, their futures uncertain, but one thing is clear—they are meant to be here.*

*There's something special about the beginning of a new campaign. It's a fresh start, a chance to carve out a new path from the ruins of what came before. It's the thrill of not knowing exactly where the road leads, of setting foot into the unknown and trusting that the journey will be worth it. With Frostbourne, we get to rediscover Theria from a new perspective, one shaped by an endless winter, shifting allegiances, and the secrets buried beneath the ice.*

*This supplement is just one more piece of the puzzle—one that will grow and shift alongside the story, just like everything else in Theria. Inside, you'll find a glimpse into the world as it stands now—the characters at the heart of the story, the cities they walk through, and the forces already moving in the background. It's a snapshot of where we are, but trust me when I say that this is just the beginning. There are more surprises coming, more twists, more moments that will take your breath away. I can't wait to experience them with you.*

*To those who have been with us from the start, and to those who are just now joining us: welcome.*

*Let's see where this journey takes us.*



*James Henry*



# ELLARA ✧ 1378

## A WORLD TRANSFORMED

This first supplement to the ongoing **Dungeons & Randomness Frostbourne** campaign offers a glimpse of the world of Theria as it stands in 1378, now 112 years beyond any previous campaign, and at the beginning of our most ambitious story yet. Whether you've been listening for over a decade or are just stepping into the world now, what follows is a glimpse into a continent forever changed.

As longtime listeners know, Theria has never been static. From wars to resistance to divine silence, from the rise of tyrants to the fall of empires, this world has always evolved alongside the choices of its characters—and the people who bring them to life. But the past century has reshaped Theria in ways no one could have predicted. It is colder now. Harsher. And in many places, far more dangerous.

The greatest shift began in the north. Decades ago, the great black dragon Aru'thamar cast a ritual that altered the climate of the entire continent. The once-temperate lands of Ellara's upper reaches are now locked in near-perpetual winter. Snow blankets the roads. Storms swallow villages. Cities once thought unshakable have vanished beneath the ice. Those who remain have either adapted—or died.

Winterhaven, once a beacon of order and resilience, has become an overcrowded sanctuary for survivors. Refugees gather behind its magically fortified walls, clinging to what warmth they can find. Beyond the gates, only the bold—or desperate adventurers—still wander the wilds.

To the east, Or'Rash has risen from refuge to power. Dragonborn from across the world have gathered in its spire-laced canopies, forging a society of might, magic, and discipline. But now, whispers say Aru'thamar is dying. Her passing may trigger a seismic shift—redrawing borders, reigniting old feuds, or unleashing something far worse.

In the south, Brightport leads an industrial charge. Steam-powered ships, coal engines, and metal-clad constructs keep the city alive—but at great cost. Skies darken. Forests shrink. Progress marches forward, indifferent to what's lost. Uman'Yiro, once a floating arcane marvel, now lies grounded—its inner arcanum leaking unstable magic into broken halls.

The Evergreen, once divided by bloodlines, has found unity in the Moon'zogg: a people born of both orc and elf, blending old magic with new ferocity. Their rise is quiet but steady, their influence spreading beyond the forest's edge.

And beneath the mountains, Stonesunder thrives. Its Great Forge glows bright, but old wounds run deep. The truth of past betrayals—forgotten by some, never forgiven by others—simmer beneath every stone.

Theria is colder now, but not lifeless. The gods remain distant. Monsters thrive in the margins. Magic twists in strange new ways. And once again, adventurers take to the road—not just in search of gold or glory, but to reclaim what was lost... or forge something that's never been seen before.



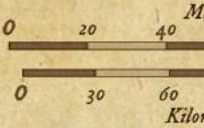
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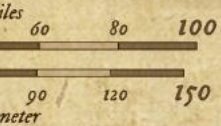
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# AREA

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# CHRONICLE OF ELLARA

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## 1266

Aru'thamar begins a campaign to strengthen the dragonborn community. The Pactbound group begins a pilgrimage to each dragonborn faction and invites them to Or'Rash. Many make the journey and settle in the Hazaan Mountains. Or'Rash slowly becomes a massive network of sky bridges and mountain canopies.

The gods select individuals to spread the word of their return. They seem to intend to take a slightly more hands-on approach going forward, though they do not appear outside the Blistering Peaks. There is a large temple in the mountains that serves as a way to communicate with them. Those who make the trip must be tested first. Only then can they speak with the gods.

Aubrey is shocked to learn that one of their own could be host to a demon—and furthermore, led an attempt to summon a vampire of incalculable power and evil.

Vampires living in Aubrey are treated with distrust and subjected to nightly searches and arcane restraint. Aubrey's high priest embarks on a ritual that would bind all vampiric life in Theria. After a glorious sacrifice, vampires can no longer enter homes freely, and Aubrey becomes a bastion of anti-vampiric sentiment. Refugees from Donhurst are enthusiastic about these changes.

A trial is held for Clarrisa Edmond. She is sentenced to death in 1267 AEC.

## 1270

The Onak-Al Eladrin begin to terraform the sand around their city. Over the course of decades, a jungle begins to creep outward from Onak-Al, bringing new life and complications to the region.

Or'Rash stretches beyond its original borders and now occupies the entire northern tip of Ellara and half of the Hazaan Mountains. Or'Rash and its borders are now over five times larger than they once were. Dragons from around the globe begin to flock to the mountains to nest. All dragonborn are formally invited to make their home in Or'Rash and better dragonborn society with their talents.

The red dragonborn have strengthened their army with others of their kind and can now engage in activity that was previously thought impossible. A shadow unit of black dragonborn are inducted into the armed forces for stealth missions and, if needed, assassinations. Blue and white dragonborn reinforce the city with magic and inventions, respectively.

The first firearm death is recorded within The Leaky Cask tavern in Brightport. It is said to be a demonstration of their effectiveness. It is a rousing success.

## 1276

The Bru'Gal orcs begin mobilizing for war. Spurred on by the display of power shown by the dragonborn to the north, it is decided to march west toward The Evergreen and engage with the traitors of the Moz'zogg camp.

Uman'Yiro takes a keen interest in the growing strength of dragonborn culture in Ellara. Eventually, it is decided to attack Or'Rash head-on to prevent another event like the burning of The Evergreen. The attack is a tremendous failure. With the combined efforts of the dragonborn and Aru'thamar, the city easily defends itself against the incoming attack by the mages. Many high-ranking archmages are lost.

## 1277

The Battle of Wisen River takes place, as Moz'zogg forces move east, away from The Evergreen in order to keep the destruction to a minimum. The Bru'Gal outnumber the Moz'zogg 8 to 1. As the two sides collide in the shallows of the Wisen, dwarven units close in from the east behind the Bru'Gal, while elven troops from the west reinforce the Moz'zogg.

The battle lasts for nearly two weeks, with losses estimated at nearly 16,000. In the end, the Bru'Gal are pushed back to their home territory after sustaining the heaviest casualties—but not before a last-ditch effort using the darkest magics available. Ushat, an orcish necromancer, unleashes hell upon friend and foe alike in a desperate attempt to regain the upper hand. King Takaard Stonesunder dies on the eighth day of the conflict.

After much discussion with the dragonborn home city, Aru'thamar decides that a show of force is needed to ensure no more aggression comes to Or'Rash. Dozens of full-grown dragons, including Aru'thamar herself, attack Uman'Yiro in the skies. While the city has defenses, they are nowhere near the scale of the attack. The city sustains heavy damage and is forced out of the sky, crashing semi-softly in the region below. After the attack, Aru'thamar begins a ritual in Or'Rash that will be the exclamation mark on her statement.

## 1280

A peace summit takes place in The Evergreen between the Moz'zogg and the Evergreen elves. To the elves, the orcs had shown great forethought in taking the battle away from the forest, while the Moz'zogg admired the bravery shown in coming to their aid. The two tribes merge in a binding ceremony. The orcs pledge to protect the forest at all costs, while reinforcing the replanting efforts of elven druids to the south. The elves promise to share resources and arcane techniques to strengthen their new allies. By 1283, the two peoples have largely integrated. With the pact a rousing success, all defenses are taken down. The Moon'zogg are born.



Weather patterns begin to shift drastically as a result of Aru'thamar's ritual. Cold winds blow in from the north as snow falls nearly year-round. What was once the normal climate for Winterhaven and above now spreads well into the southern regions of the Blistering Peaks. People begin to panic as livestock dies and crops wither. A group is finally sent to Or'Rash to parlay with their queen.

## 1282

Pressure is placed on Winterhaven as they are the only northern city properly equipped to handle the year-round cold. Many abandon their homes and flock to the walled city for protection and food. Durnhollow is all but deserted by the end of the year.

Aru'thamar denies the reversal of her ritual and decrees that if certain races cannot shift and change, they were always doomed to a bitter end. It was merely expedited by her will.

Ebony Harbor is completely frozen over and ships are trapped in the ice permanently. Thunderspire is abandoned, and the Minotaur formally merge with the struggling harbor city. Structures are built near the city proper but far out onto the strengthened ice. These rigs punch through the caps to reach the sea life below. Still adjusting but surviving, the people begin to jokingly refer to the city as Ivory Harbor.

The Stonesunder dwarves begin work on The Great Forge—a project that uses the very mountains they live in as a churning furnace of such incredible heat and power that it eclipses anything previously attempted.

## 1285

Contact is completely lost with the northernmost regions of Ellara. This includes Camp Icebreaker and all small settlements north of Winterhaven. Aldmoor becomes a glorified logging camp, after receiving support from Brightport in exchange for supplying the major city with as much lumber as they can to keep the city warm and fueled. Crude coal engines are designed by former Uman'Yiro scholars and put to use in ships to gradually break through the ice.

## 1287

A final peace summit is held in Or'Rash when three of the remaining archmages make the pilgrimage to the dragonborn home city. After three days of tense negotiations, talks break down. The mages attack Aru'thamar, believing that if she were slain, the revolution would fall apart. Using an artifact smuggled into the city, they cause an explosion that engulfs several structures and kills dozens of dragonborn, including General Kriv—a high-ranking advisor to Aru'thamar and a cooler head in times of conflict.

Aru'Thamar survives.







In a mournful outburst, she irradiates the surrounding mountains with her breath weapon. The full force of her power cracks and splits everything within 50 miles of Or'Rash. Raw arcane force slips in and around every rock, tree, and blade of grass remaining. Tendrils of energy seep out from the city like the veins of a beating heart. The event is eventually referred to as "The Long Roar".

## 1291

The Moon'zogg begin work on rituals to keep their people from freezing to death in The Evergreen. Using magics deemed too strong for an elven body to withstand, they place shields within the forest and begin to regrow what was lost in The Scar.

Esterholt takes in many refugees from neighboring towns and cities. While overwhelmed at first, they begin construction on new homes and farms. The climate remains comfortable for most of the year, allowing them to thrive and sell overstock grain and crops to cities like Overdale.

## 1298

The first Moon'zogg babies are born of orcish and elven heritage. While it is initially feared that the pairing could cause complications or death during childbirth, most survive and carry over traits from both races. It becomes common to see viridescent half-elves with larger, more muscular frames, and leaner half-orcs with brutal speed and cunning. These babies become known as "Thalgar".

Animals and people are tainted by the constantly leaking arcane veins of Or'Rash. Goblins endure centuries of evolution within only several years. Now moving away from their mountain homes and into surrounding towns and settlements, they remain crude and rough around the edges but are deeply superstitious and believe heavily in witchcraft and ancient arcane rituals.

The Great Forge churns to life under the Stonesunder Mountains for the first time. Pipelines of molten heat spiderweb through the mountains, melting the ice and snow and flooding the Bru'Gal camps to the south. The fiery lines of the furnace light up the skyline and make Stonesunder a visible landmark for hundreds of miles.

## 1320

Brightport enters something of an industrial revolution after modifying ship engines to power heaters all over the city. Artificers and gnomish scientists begin work on steam-powered wagons and more. Thick black smoke is belched into the air above the city day in and day out.

Aubrey finishes construction of a new church dedicated to the new gods. This structure dwarfs anything else within the city. Worshippers are lined up around the clock to enter its hallowed halls.

## 1330

Ellara has now endured 50 straight years of blustering winter.

Aru'Thamar hasn't been seen outside of Or'Rash in years. Rumors of her sightings spread far and wide with each passing year. These stories call her the Black Shadow of Ellara.





## I345

The Divide is now the most treacherous place in Ellara, hands down. Very few make the pilgrimage from one side of the continent to the other without a small army to march alongside. Twisted creatures infest every inch of the now combined Deadwood and Pyre Forest. Many elect to take the far longer route to the south and spend an extra month traveling, rather than brave the Divide.

Lochfort celebrates its 78th year without werewolf attacks. Without the threat of constant death and destruction, many have abandoned the constant vigil of the town and focus on its growth and prosperity.

## I358

A party is finally sent to Camp Icebreaker in the hopes of finding survivors. They never return.

## I364

Winged creatures are spotted hovering around the temple high in the Blistering Peaks.

Many find the confines of cities to be too choked with masses of people. Adventurers once again begin to venture out on their own to dig through the remnants of a world claimed by frost. It is not uncommon to see groups of adventurers invest in a small settlement to call their own.

## I378

It is rumored that Aru'Tamar is dying. Most refuse to believe this is true, while others are concerned with another shift in weather or the dragonborn advancing beyond Or'Rash. The dragonborn now number in the tens of thousands and have even taken kobolds under their wing to perform menial tasks in exchange for protection.

Uman'Yiro lies mostly abandoned. Some of its most stubborn citizens and scholars still dwell within the husk of the city. The grand gem that once kept this marvel afloat is now cracked and leaking energy with every day that passes. However, the lights are still largely lit, and research continues in a few of the chilly, crooked halls.





# WINTERHAVEN

## Bastion of the North

In the past century, Winterhaven has truly earned its name. When the cold winds and freezing conditions covered most of Ellara, Winterhaven was the city most prepared for the status quo. Granted, adjustments still needed to be made. An influx of new citizens was the first major hurdle. Hundreds flocked to the northern capital in the first two years of Frostbourne. The common thought was that it was simply a harsh winter and things would die down eventually. When time passed and summer proved to be just as cold as the previous months, reality began to set in and panic began to take hold.

### 1267

After being assumed dead for years, Ian Serverus arrived at the front gates of the city with only one other companion. It was no secret that the opinion of Winterhaven citizens had soured considerably on their former lord. News of his treacherous acts was well known, and even his staunchest defenders couldn't excuse many aspects of his legacy. Ian was arrested and brought before the current lord, his son Nathaniel.

Nathaniel had earned a reputation as a fair leader and, though disfigured and in constant pain, worked tirelessly to improve the living conditions of his people. At only 17 years of age, he had the responsibility thrust upon him in the worst possible circumstances. The betrayal of his father was fresh in his mind, alongside an all-out war with the Overwatch, and the crushing pressure to protect his people while having no real idea of how to do so. Nathaniel rode south and joined the fight. Sadly, the great dragon Straad was summoned not long after and burned a good portion of the young man's body with magical flame. Instead of dying, he clung to life and continued to rule.

At the age of 21, his father was once again standing before him, a pain he probably thought he was done with. Ian sat in jail for four days before being seen by his son. He was allowed to see his minotaur companion once per day. He was treated relatively well by prisoner standards, but not fondly referred to. At the outset, Ian all but asked to be placed back in control of Winterhaven, believing he was still the rightful ruler. Slowly, over the course of four days, he began to realize the true extent of what happened shortly after his death.

He was granted an audience with his son on the morning of his fifth day in the city. It is said that Nathaniel needed time to gather his thoughts and prepare for what was to come next. If certain accounts are to be believed, he was ready to execute his own father if it came to it. Nathaniel had commissioned a mask during his recovery. He didn't want his people to be afraid of his presence, and though they would speculate about his condition, he would rather not show them the true extent. He survived the incredible pain of his mere existence by taking small doses of a very strong narcotic prepared by a close friend and advisor. Ian knew none of this.

When they came face to face for the first time in four years, Ian was initially perplexed. The man standing before him was so different from the image he had of his son frozen in time. This Nathaniel was confident and forthright. He was still soft-spoken, but instead of being easy to ignore, it made Ian want to listen closely to the metallic-tinged words. Mostly though, Ian saw the pain he had caused his own son—not just the obvious physical scars, but the much deeper emotional ones. Ian had built his legacy on lies, deceit, and murder. So much so that he killed his own wife to try and protect himself and his station.

It's not often that you get to see the impact you have on those around you after you die—how you are actually remembered, and what your life brought to others. Ian was seeing this firsthand, and it disgusted him. He and Nathaniel talked into the night about many things. After the first hour, guards were asked to leave the area, leaving Ian, Nathaniel, his advisor, and a minotaur named Vela. This discussion has largely been lost to time, but it's said that Ian cried for the first time in front of his son. Nathaniel reached out a comforting, metal hand and placed it on his father's shoulder.

Shortly after, Ian left Winterhaven, vowing not to return until he found a way to make up for past transgressions.

### 1270

Ian returned with his wife after a long absence. They had spent the better part of three years researching and pursuing a more stable version of pain relief for Nathaniel. They had finally found a solution. An artifact known as Stanic's Goblet was rumored to cure some afflictions as long as the drinker was "worthy and pure of heart." Ian believed that if anyone could be such a thing, it was his son. He delivered the artifact, and the deliberation began. Advisors feared that Ian wasn't the type to risk his own life to do something purely out of altruism. Even if he had become such a person, there was no telling what the goblet would actually do to the young man.

Sadly though, by this time the narcotic Nathaniel had been taking was needed in stronger and stronger doses just to maintain his day-to-day life. Constantly in pain, and with little alternative, he trusted that his father was trying to do the right thing and drank from the goblet. The results were nothing short of a miracle. The scars on Nathaniel's body healed almost completely. His face, neck, and upper body slowly returned to a pre-burned state. And, though his arm couldn't be mended, the constant pain he felt gradually faded over the next week until it disappeared completely. Exactly one week after drinking from the goblet, Nathaniel appeared in front of his court without the need of a mask for the first time in nearly eight years.

### 1275

In the years since Ian's return, he became a valued member of Nathaniel's court—an occasional council member and friend. He stayed in the city with his wife and spent his days ensuring a stronger future for Winterhaven while making up for his past.





WINTERHAVEN





## 1280

Before the initial weather changes and turmoil, Winterhaven had been going through something of a renaissance. Early on, the city had sent diplomats to attempt to avoid an all-out war between the elves of the Evergreen and the Moz'zogg clan of orcs. Though tensions remained high for over a decade, the Battle of Wisen River in 1277 was a true unifying moment in the northwest region. Though Winterhaven had a fairly small military force compared to the dwarves and elves in the conflict, they did assist the Moz'zogg during the battle—a gesture remembered and appreciated by both the Moz'zogg and the elves. With the constant worry of all-out war in the area now a thing of the past, the city could focus much more thoroughly on its own expansion and issues.

## 1282

The great panic finally sets in for the area. By this point, Durnhollow had been largely abandoned and its denizens were standing at the gates of Winterhaven being processed. Crops were all but non-existent. The area was leaning very heavily on wild game, but this solution wouldn't last for more than another year or two. A cross-country expedition was mounted to the city of Uman'Yiro for aid in both protecting the city from some of the adverse weather, and finding a way to safely grow crops within the city. The expedition group was large and included many of the city's knights and luminaries. Among them were both Ian Serverus and Malchus Grimnas.

## 1283

The expedition group finally returned and brought with them two high-ranking mages and several druids. The timing could not have been better, as the city was reaching maximum capacity and food had become scarce. Rationing had been instituted several months prior, and many were lucky to receive a true meal once per day. Hunters were working around the clock to bring in fresh meat for the city, but the weather was getting worse by the day.

During the next several months, construction of special greenhouses was prioritized and a magical insulate for the city itself was being researched.

## 1290

After the events of The Long Roar, mages were thought to be largely dead if they had studied in Uman'Yiro. Some were found stumbling near the crash site, but most were still lying in the twisted heap of what remained of the floating city. A few mages did make their way to Winterhaven for protection and a place to study in peace. They were a great help in the continued protection of the walled city.

By this point, the greenhouse system was a massive success. Massive, layered buildings stocked with druids and arcane warmth grew a variety of crops year-round.

## 1291

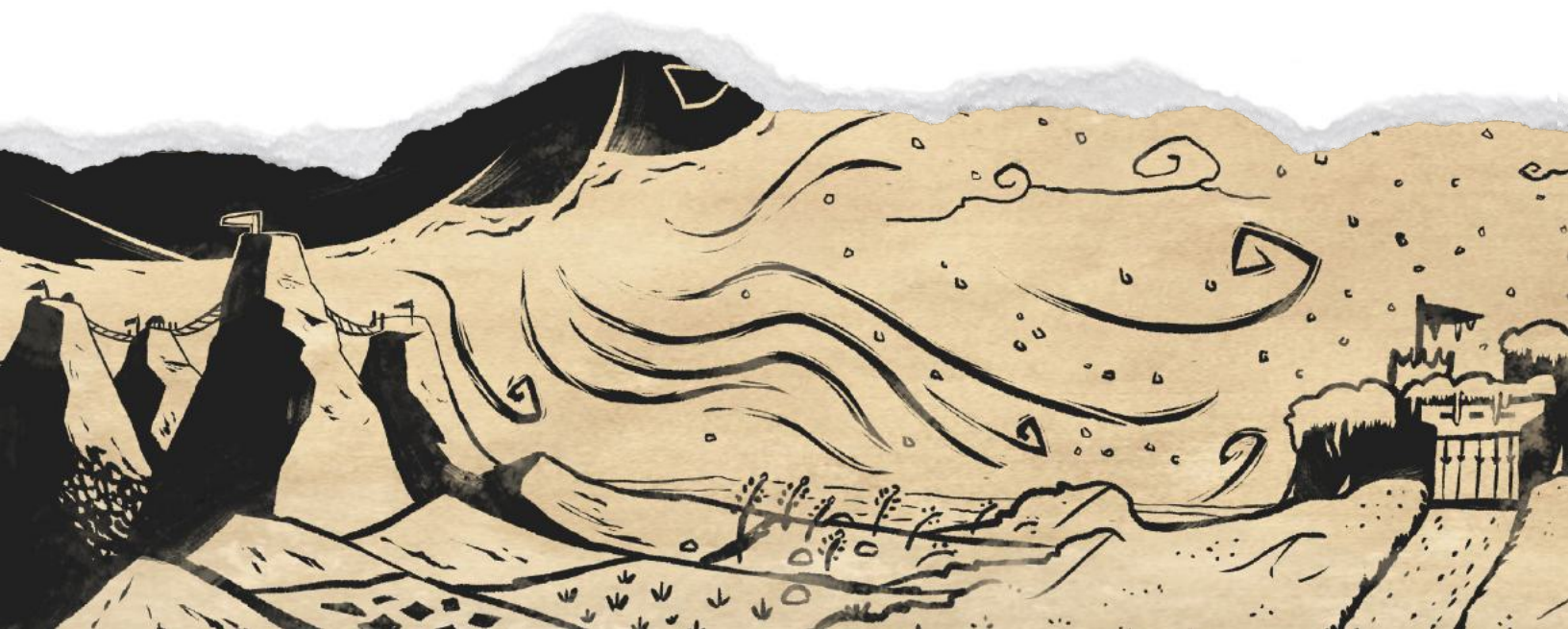
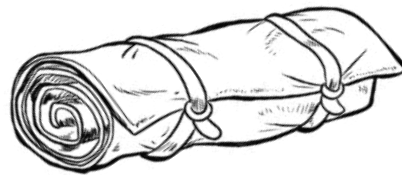
Ian Serverus died on a mission to deliver food to outposts in the region. It is largely suspected that he and the several knights accompanying him were cut down by crop raiders for the food they carried. He was given an honorable burial and celebrated by many who knew him well in his final years.

## 1298

After years of reinforcing the exterior walls with special adamantine-infused pillars, the project was finally complete. Arcane power began to flow through the pillars and created a temperature barrier for everyone within the walls. This raised the temperature enough to sustain a chilly but comfortable life for everyday citizens. While the temperature can be raised for brief periods, it puts a strain on the pillars and they must constantly be inspected for wear and tear. Any breakage in the chain could result in catastrophic failure.

## 1301

Nathaniel Serverus and his wife Allisa Moonshadow welcomed their baby daughter, Thelana Briahna Serverus-Moonshadow, into the world.





## I308

Relations began to sour with the neighboring city of Aubrey. The gap between the west coast and east coast grew ever wider. Winterhaven sought to reinforce Aubrey as a way to bolster those who wished to cross The Great Divide. Aubrey allowed knights from Winterhaven to stay in the city for a very brief period of time. The Clergy of Aubrey believed that allowing outsiders into the city who did not follow the new godly tenets weakened the resolve of their people. The knights were cast out late one evening under threat of death with no warning. They died before they could make it back to Winterhaven.

## I330

Some found the tight quarters of Winterhaven a bit too cramped for their liking. They struck out on various adventures and pursuits. Many made a living hauling goods from camp to camp in the area.

Bonds with the Evergreen were strengthened in the hopes of forging a protected pathway between Winterhaven and the mighty forest.

## I335

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## I340

After 10 years of leadership in Winterhaven, Lady Allisa decided to step down and hand over control to her daughter. Thelana had been groomed for this position since birth and at 39 years of age became Lady Thelana Serverus-Moonshadow.

Her mother, Allisa, returned to the Evergreen for a period of time to live with her mother in her final days. She also oversaw construction of the southern pathway.

## I342

Thelana and her wife, Griiri Sumrel, a drow mercenary, welcomed their son Rothlas Ian Serverus-Moonshadow into the world.

## I358

Some decided to see if there were any survivors in Camp Icebreaker. Contact was lost with the camp in the early days of winter. A large party that included guides and survivalists ventured north to discover what happened.

To this day, no one from Winterhaven has found out what happened to this team. Shortly after arriving at Icebreaker, communication ceased.

## I361

Explosions from a nearby underground mine rocked the area. Several pillars were damaged and hastily repaired. The cause of the explosion has yet to be discovered.

## I370

The already dangerous travel outside of the city was made more so by the appearance of strange new beasts and mutated animals.

## I378

A small guild was formed in the area for those who wished to travel and adventure like their forefathers. They invested in a former war bunker from the Wisen River conflict and began to rebuild. The hope is that by building up a barracks to the southeast of the city, it could remain a trade and travel hub for the weary.

The guild calls themselves *The Frostbourne*.

Some within this guild have motives outside of safe expansion for travelers.







# FROSTBOURNE



# NPCs & LOCATIONS

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## NPCs

**Synnamon “Sin” Grumblehoof:** Gruff dwarven trader in Winterhaven who sells the ruined Frostbourne fort to the party after tough negotiation.

**Lester Grumblehoof:** Naïve, overeager alchemy shopkeeper whose store is accidentally set on fire during the party’s chaotic shopping spree. Son of Synnamon.

**Grymble:** Green-skinned goblin with a sweet tooth and short arms who obsessively follows the group and eventually proves surprisingly helpful.

**Kolgoth:** Chimera’s shadowy patron—a powerful, manipulative grand demon with a history of making pacts across generations.

**Tealben:** Paranoid, ex-Uman’Yiro elven wizard and hoarder who supplies the party with a bizarre, mysterious, and costly magical component list.

**The Crimson Monarchs:** Underground courier group known for smuggling forbidden goods and wielding red butterfly tattoos.

**Hurzul:** Tactical, commanding Bru’Gal orc leader who negotiates a temporary alliance after the party returns a kidnapped child.

**Lursa:** Muscular Bru’Gal warrior with very little Common and a big appetite—for Chimera and combat.

**Doxxa:** Middle-aged, animated human caravan leader who helped establish the first group of settlers at Fort Frostbourne.

**Aeris:** Towering female Vorac carpenter with a heart of gold, who bonds with Chimera and joins the fort’s early community.

**Austin Everdon:** Arrogant, heavily armored herald from Esterholt who arrives uninvited and unimpressed by the party’s efforts.

**Eddie:** Twitchy, fast-talking grave robber found looting a mausoleum near Aubrey with his family’s camp not far off.

**Elsa Sarra:** Bitter spirit of the last surviving Sarra, who magically bound her family’s murderer—and their souls—inside a crypt.

**The Bound Ghost:** Silent, remorseful warrior, sewn shut and magically imprisoned with his victims, eventually freed by Ruby.

**Megan Fields:** Loud, opinionated halfling maskmaker in Aubrey who smuggles the party into the city and casually outs their target.

**Yvette “Vetty”:** Hyperactive teen tiefling and diehard Nythera fangirl who provides the party access to Aubrey’s restricted Vault Library.

**Arbeck Stonesunder (“Ebb”):** Disgraced, drunken dwarf and estranged Stonesunder noble who drunkenly reveals key details about his clan’s downfall.

**Raffin:** Desperate cart driver with gambling debts who agrees to run risky trade routes between Aubrey and Fort Frostbourne.

**Ganor:** Jewelry-obsessed halfling owner of Ganor’s Galore, tricked into handing over thousands in gems by a forged order and smooth lies.

## Locations

**Winterhaven:** Fortress-like northern city entrenched in eternal snow, serving as the party’s launch point.

**The Bottomless Bottle:** Cluttered alchemical shop run by Lester Grumblehoof, partially destroyed in an accidental fire during Episode 1.

**Green Lake:** Glowing, magical body of water with psychedelic algae that Ruby and Chimera consume in a vision-quest.

**Fort Frostbourne:** Crumbling, frostbitten outpost claimed by the party, slowly transforming into a livable stronghold.

**The Hidden Cave:** Echoing, mysterious crypt beneath a broken bridge, home to a bound ghost and the magically imprisoned Sarra family.

**Aubrey:** Orderly, paladin-ruled city with palatial churches, warm inner walls, and a sharp intolerance for anything infernal.

**Bonzo’s:** Chaotic steampunk restaurant and bar in Aubrey—styled like a mining-themed Chuck E. Cheese for grownups.

**The Church of Aubrey:** Monumental religious institution that publicly displays a slain demon’s horn among other grim trophies.

**The Vault Library:** Restricted wing of Aubrey’s library housing forbidden knowledge on demons, arcane rituals, and bloodlines.

**Ganor’s Galore:** High-end gemstone shop in Aubrey, protected by enchanted doors and goliath guards, unknowingly conned by the party.



# Logrhyn Cragborn

Logrhyn Cragborn was born 101 years ago on the day of the Battle of Wizen River, a pivotal moment that claimed the life of King Takard Stonesunder. His family, the Cragborn, was the most respected clan of stonecutters, stone carvers, and masons in Stonesunder Mountain, having played a vital role in shaping its halls. But by the time Logrhyn reached adulthood, everything had changed.

|                             |            |            |                       |            |            |
|-----------------------------|------------|------------|-----------------------|------------|------------|
| <b>Species</b> Dwarf        |            |            | <b>Class</b> Marshal  |            |            |
| <b>Age</b> 101              |            |            | <b>Armor Class</b> 17 |            |            |
| <b>Height</b> 4'3" (180 cm) |            |            | <b>Hit Points</b> 23  |            |            |
| <b>STR</b>                  | <b>DEX</b> | <b>CON</b> | <b>INT</b>            | <b>WIS</b> | <b>CHA</b> |
| 18 (4)                      | 9 (-1)     | 10 (0)     | 10 (0)                | 10 (0)     | 15 (2)     |

At the age of five, he witnessed the beginning of the Great Forge project, a collaboration between multiple clans: the Stonesunders, the Roundshields, the Cragborns, the Grithammers, and more. His family devoted years of labor to its construction, believing it would cement their legacy. But in 1297, the project was sabotaged—the Forge’s great bellows collapsed, cracking the foundation beneath. Logrhyn’s uncle, Zhannyr Cragborn, discovered evidence that the Grithammers were responsible, but when he presented his findings, the ruling council turned against him. Instead of justice, the Cragborn clan was blamed, disgraced, and exiled from Stonesunder.

Stripped of their home and legacy, the Cragborns relocated to Aubrey, where they found work building a massive new church. But exile took its toll. Their once-proud craftsmen turned to drink, their ambitions withering. Logrhyn spent his youth watching his family fade into a fog of complacency, but he never lost sight of their stolen birthright. Repeatedly, he petitioned for forgiveness and readmittance into Stonesunder, willing to pay any price.

When Zhannyr died in 1358, still in exile, Logrhyn made a fateful decision. He would stop asking for permission and start taking control. He traveled to Stonesunder along to request readmittance to the mountain for his clan. Thrown out and humiliated, Logrhyn decided he needed time to come up with a better plan. He went south and joined a mercenary company to sharpen his skills in combat, tactics, and diplomacy. Over the years, he built a network of favors and connections, gathering resources for a future claim on Stonesunder. After a decade he parted ways with the mercenary company and made his own way.

In 1370 Logrhyn encountered Ruby amid a group of Pettigrew orphans, running the streets of Brightport. She stood out to him and he took her under his wing with an offer to help her reach what he saw as great potential in her. By 1376, their reputation attracted the attention of Nythera

Rhyelith, better known as Raven’s Breath, a retired assassin looking to return to the field.

Logrhyn welcomed her immediately, recognizing the value of her experience. One year later, in 1377, while passing through Esterholt, they crossed paths with the Witch Light Cabal, a traveling circus troupe.

There, Logrhyn was conned by Chimera, a charismatic tiefling grifter who sold him a fake magical artifact. The group tracked the troupe and caught back up with them; instead of punishing Chimera, Logrhyn offered him a job.

Now, Logrhyn stands on the precipice of his greatest gamble yet. With his crew assembled and their fort claimed, will it be enough to take back what was lost?





# Nythera Ryelith

Nythera Rhyelith was born in a world where non-humans were hunted and oppressed under the brutal rule of Zannon Carter. Growing up amid that hatred, she learned early that survival meant staying unseen and striking first. By the time Carter fell, she had become a ghost in the night, known only as Raven's Breath, a name whispered in fear across the western coast. Her mastery of assassination, espionage, and subterfuge made her invaluable to those who could afford her, but as the continent settled into uneasy peace, she found herself without purpose. With no wars left to fight, she turned to selling secrets and playing kingmaker, growing reckless as her nihilism deepened.

|                             |            |            |                       |            |            |
|-----------------------------|------------|------------|-----------------------|------------|------------|
| <b>Species</b> Elf          |            |            | <b>Class</b> Thief    |            |            |
| <b>Age</b> 153              |            |            | <b>Armor Class</b> 14 |            |            |
| <b>Height</b> 6'2" (188 cm) |            |            | <b>Hit Points</b> 20  |            |            |
| <b>STR</b>                  | <b>DEX</b> | <b>CON</b> | <b>INT</b>            | <b>WIS</b> | <b>CHA</b> |
| 8 (-1)                      | 15 (2)     | 12 (1)     | 13 (1)                | 13 (1)     | 10 (0)     |

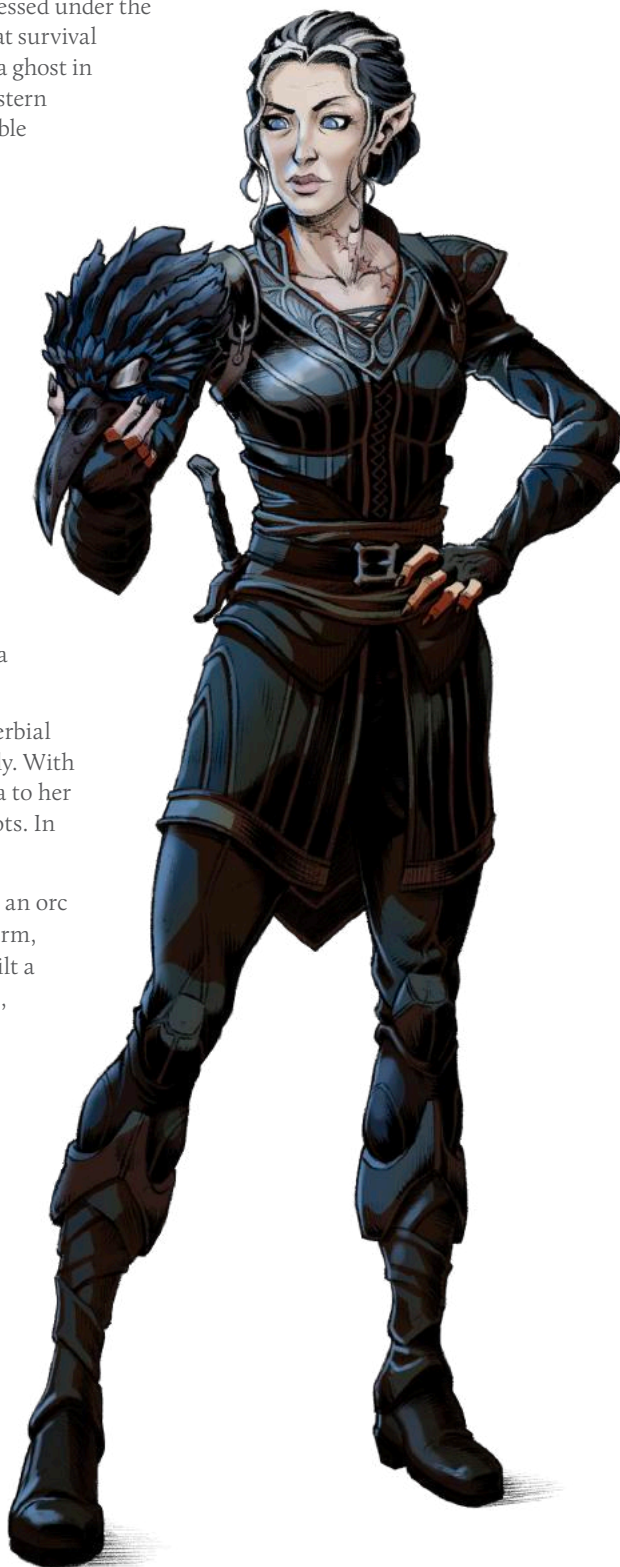
That spiral only worsened after the death of her first husband, Aelarion Thalor—an elven healer whose love and compassion had pulled her out of the shadows for nearly two decades. They raised two children, Caelith and Lorien, and Nythera truly tried to leave the blood-soaked path behind her. But when Aelarion was murdered by a rival from her past, she unraveled. Veyron Draethe's death did little to dull the ache of her husband's loss, and for a time, she sank into a hollow, joyless existence.

It was her daughter who pulled her back. Caelith found her mother in the proverbial gutter and reminded her that she still had something worth fighting for—family. With a sharp tongue and an unyielding sense of loyalty, Caelith reconnected Nythera to her children, grandchildren, and the dozens of lives that had sprouted from her roots. In them, Nythera began to find pieces of herself again.

She found something even more unexpected when she met Thranak Gorehide, an orc warrior of the Moz'zogg. He was her opposite in so many ways—boisterous, warm, and disarmingly funny—but she found in him an equal. With Thranak, she built a second family: Ranak, Taviel, and Sorelle. Where her first love taught her peace, Thranak brought her comfort, laughter, and a sense of home. When age finally took him, Nythera was by his side. Unlike Aelarion's death, Thranak's passing was something they faced together, and she was at peace with his loss.

Adrift once more, Nythera turned her attention to the role she never expected to relish—grandma extraordinaire. With five children, fourteen grandchildren, nineteen great-grandchildren, twenty-one great-great-grandchildren, and now seven great-great-great-grandchildren (and counting), her influence reached far beyond the blade. But even time erodes that purpose, and as her descendants grew up and found lives of their own, the edges of solitude crept back in.

That was when Logrhyn Cragborn and Ruby Pettigrew came calling. They offered not comfort, but challenge—a chance to shape something new in a broken world. Now, in her twilight years, Nythera walks the frozen roads of Ellara once more. Though she is a shadow of what she once was, a faint whisper of Raven's Breath still lingers when she moves through the dark. Whether she seeks redemption, legacy, or simply something to cling to before the end, she does so with blades ready—and a heart that still knows how to protect those she calls her own.







A  
Fireside  
Reflection



by Susan Spenader



A biting wind rustled the pine needles overhead, yet the small clearing remained strangely peaceful. A ring of stones surrounded a modest fire, its crackle the only sound for miles. Nythera Rhyelith, usually vigilant and calculating, settled against a log, her shoulders relaxing in the warmth of the flames. Beside her, Thranak Gorehide finished scraping the remnants of their simple dinner from a dented metal plate.

They had chosen this spot to camp after a long day of travel, close enough to the main road for safety, yet far enough to savor a rare moment of privacy. As the embers glowed against the snow laden ground, Thranak turned his attention to the quiet elf at his side.

"You're tense," he observed in his low, resonant voice. "Another ambush on your mind?"

Nythera brushed a stray lock of raven black hair from her eyes. "It's... habit. I've lived so long expecting a blade in the dark that it's hard to shake the feeling."

He nodded, setting his plate aside. The flickering firelight revealed the tusks that marked his orcsish heritage. "We're safe tonight. I promise."

A slight smile tugged at Nythera's lips. She believed him, if only for that moment. They sat in companionable silence, the flames dancing over their features. Finally, Thranak cleared his throat. "I've been thinking about the Bru'Gal," he began. "I heard rumors they've been raiding caravans near Aubrey."

Nythera's gaze flickered, an instinctual wariness rising. "Bru'Gal," she repeated. "Even among elves, we've heard of their... cruelty."

Thranak leaned forward, resting his hulking form on his knees. "Cruelty, yes. Brutality, certainly. But not all orcs follow their ways. The Moz'zogg has its own code. We believe strength is nothing without honor. The Bru'Gal... they believe fear keeps order. Sometimes, I think that's all they know."

Nythera studied the sharp planes of his face. For a moment, she pictured how many elves would dismiss him as a brute too. "I've heard others call all orcs savages," she said quietly. "But you've proven them wrong time and time again."

A faint throaty chuckle escaped Thranak. "I still remember the first time you saw me. You looked ready to cut me down where I stood."

"Well, it didn't help that I was drunk. And that was before I knew you were more than just muscle and a big axe," she teased, a tenderness in her tone. "Before I realized you'd patch me up instead of leaving me for dead."

He reached out and brushed the back of his hand against hers. "I've never met an elf quite like you, either."

They lingered there, the warmth of his touch chasing away the chill of the night. Nythera felt the old tension in her chest loosen, a sensation she was still growing used to. She exhaled slowly, forcing herself to speak the thoughts she usually kept buried.

"You know," she began in a soft voice, "I've done terrible things. I've been many things: a killer, a hired blade, a ghost in the night. It's easier for me to believe in the worst in people. It keeps you alive... but it's lonely."

Thranak's gaze was unwavering. "I won't pretend the world isn't cruel. But it's also what we make of it. My people taught me that strength should protect the weak. The Bru'Gal took a different path." His voice softened. "Just as you once did."

Nythera's eyes flickered with old guilt. She thought of her countless kills, of the lives she had snuffed out in the name of coin or vengeance. As if torn from a place deep within her, she confessed, "Sometimes I wonder if I can ever be anything else."

"You already are," he said simply, taking her hand gently. "You're here, with me, talking about a better way. That's more than some manage in a lifetime."

For a time, they said nothing. The silence was not uncomfortable but rather brimming with unspoken trust. The distant hoot of an owl punctuated the stillness, reminding them they were not alone in the wilderness.

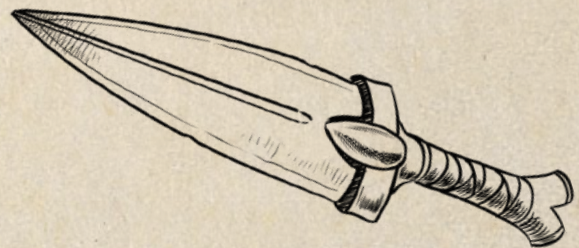
Eventually, a twig snapped somewhere behind them. Nythera's instincts flared. Her body tensed, and she reached for the dagger at her hip. Thranak gently rested his hand on her arm. "Just the wind," he murmured. "Easy now."

She let out a shaky breath, fingers relaxing on the hilt. "Sorry. Old habit."

Thranak smiled, warmth flickering at the corners of his lips. "I'd be more worried if you didn't reach for a blade. Wouldn't feel like you." He glanced back at the fire, his voice softer but steady. "Whatever comes, we'll handle it. Together."

Nythera leaned into him then, letting her guard drop in a way she rarely allowed herself. In the glow of the dying embers, she realized how safe she felt. Not because the night was free of threats, but because they had each other. For once, she was not Raven's Breath, the legendary assassin. She was simply Nythera, an elf sharing a quiet moment with the orc who saw the best in her.

They stayed like that until the fire was little more than ash and the stars shimmered overhead. In that hush, Nythera allowed herself the fragile hope that perhaps she could be more than her past. Thranak believed it, and for tonight, that was enough.





# Ruby Pettigrew



Ruby Pettigrew wasn't born into much, but she never let that stop her. Raised in Pettigrew Orphanage in Brightport, she learned early that survival meant being clever. While the other kids stole what they needed, Ruby built things. She could take apart locks by ten, craft makeshift grappling hooks by twelve, and design working mechanical devices by fifteen. She never considered herself a scoundrel—she was just a problem solver.

When the orphanage closed, the kids scattered. Some found work, others weren't so lucky. Ruby had always wanted out of Brightport, but not like this. She took on riskier jobs, designed more elaborate gadgets, and kept moving, never looking back. Eventually, her talent caught the eye of a small enclave of eccentric tinker gnomes in the gear-choked alleys near the docks. They didn't adopt her,

|                              |            |            |                                  |            |            |
|------------------------------|------------|------------|----------------------------------|------------|------------|
| <b>Species</b> Half-Orc      |            |            | <b>Class</b> Adept/"Gearslinger" |            |            |
| <b>Age</b> 30                |            |            | <b>Armor Class</b> 16            |            |            |
| <b>Height</b> 5'10" (178 cm) |            |            | <b>Hit Points</b> 29             |            |            |
| <b>STR</b>                   | <b>DEX</b> | <b>CON</b> | <b>INT</b>                       | <b>WIS</b> | <b>CHA</b> |
| 13 (1)                       | 17 (3)     | 14 (2)     | 13 (1)                           | 17 (3)     | 10 (0)     |

exactly—but they did something rarer: they respected her. They helped her hone her instincts, refine her work, and push beyond improvisation into innovation. It was the first time Ruby felt like she belonged anywhere outside the orphanage.

That's when she met Logrhyn Cragborn. He wasn't looking for an urchin—he was looking for builders. He hired Ruby and a small crew of orphans, testing their skill and adaptability. She didn't trust him at first, but he saw something in her. He didn't just offer work—he offered Ruby a future. A chance to build something that mattered. She said yes, and over time, she became one of his most trusted allies.

Not long after, Logrhyn introduced her to Nythera Rhyelith. Ruby had heard stories—who hadn't? But meeting the woman behind the Raven's Breath myth was something else entirely. Ruby took to calling her "Blackbird," part reverence, part challenge. From the start, she respected Nythera's poise, precision, and silence that somehow said more than words ever could. She watched her carefully, soaking up everything she could, eager to earn even a sliver of her approval.

Later, they crossed paths with Chimera, a tiefling grifter who conned Logrhyn with a fake magic amulet. It took two days to track him down, but instead of punishing him, Logrhyn offered him a job. Ruby thought it was a mistake—at first. But over time, Chimera became the annoying brother she never had, someone to tease, challenge, and rely on when things got messy. Even his patron Kolgoth—who Ruby treats like a toxic ex-boyfriend that won't take a hint—hasn't scared her off.

Now, standing on the brink of something bigger than she ever imagined, Ruby sees the outlines of a real home, a real family. Their crumbling fort outside Winterhaven isn't much yet, but it's theirs—and she's already drawn up half a dozen schematics to improve it. She believes in what they're building with everything she's got. Logrhyn gave her a chance when no one else did, and she'd follow him straight into the heart of a mountain if that's what it took. Until then, there's work to do, problems to solve, gadgets to test—and if she's lucky, a little time to sit by the fire and pick on the people she loves most in the world.



# Chimera

Chimera was never meant for an ordinary life, bucking conventions and authority. Born in 1345, he found his calling in the Witch Light Cabal, a wandering troupe of performers, con artists, and misfits who welcomed him into their world. With them, he became a man of many faces, many stories, and many tricks.

He was an actor, a fortune teller, a con artist, and, thanks to a careless pact in his youth, something more. His infernal patron, a shadowy entity named Kolgoth, granted him power, though at a cost he rarely acknowledges. Whether it was arrogance, desperation, or simple curiosity that led him to strike the deal, Chimera doesn't say. He only knows that the price will come due one day.

For years, he traveled with the cabal, weaving lies so well that even he believed them. He abhorred the ordinary, sought out chaos, and found a home among outcasts and the forgotten. The thrill of the con, the rush of illusion, was what mattered—until 1377, when he crossed paths with Logrhyn Cragborn in Brightport.

**Species** Tiefling  
**Age** 33  
**Height** 5'9" (175 cm)

**Class** Warlock  
**Armor Class** 11  
**Hit Points** 28

| STR    | DEX    | CON    | INT    | WIS    | CHA    |
|--------|--------|--------|--------|--------|--------|
| 6 (-2) | 6 (-2) | 15 (2) | 10 (0) | 19 (4) | 19 (4) |

Seeing an opportunity, Chimera sold Logrhyn a fake magic amulet, promising it would lead him to untold fortune. By the time Logrhyn realized the scam, the cabal had already moved on. It took Logrhyn, Ruby Pettigrew, and Nythera Rhyelith two days to track him down. Chimera expected violence, but instead, Logrhyn offered him a job. A real job, with a crew, a purpose, and the promise of wealth.

He could have refused. He could have vanished, picked up a new name, and started another con. But something about this crew intrigued him. They needed his talents, and Chimera couldn't help but be drawn to something bigger.

Now with Frostborne, he walks the thin line between truth and deception, magic and myth. His patron still whispers, hands on his shoulders, still waiting for the day when his contract is due, and his debt must be paid. Nothing's guaranteed, and so for now Chimera plans to enjoy himself.





# THE JOURNEY SO FAR

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The Frostbourne campaign unfolds in a Theria now trapped in endless winter. Over a century has passed since the last adventurers made their mark on Ellara, and now, survival is the only law of the land. Winterhaven, once a prosperous northern city, now serves as a final refuge for those who remain, while the wilds beyond its walls have become a frozen graveyard for the unprepared.

Into this world steps a new band of adventurers—The Frostbourne Four: Logrhyn Cragborn, Ruby Pettigrew, Nythera Rhyelith, and Chimera. Brought together by Logrhyn's long-held ambitions, they have pooled their resource along with an unknown group of investors to purchase an abandoned fort outside Winterhaven, a place they hope to rebuild into a stronghold of their own. But their journey is already proving to be more than they bargained for.

## Ep 1: A Single Step

In the frozen city of Winterhaven, four unlikely allies—Logrhyn, Nythera, Ruby, and Chimera—form a partnership to establish a foothold beyond the city walls. They strike a deal with the gruff trader Synnamon “Syn” Grimblehoof to purchase a ruined outpost called Fort Frostbourne, talking him down to 7,500 gold. While gathering supplies, an accidental alchemical explosion in Lester Grimblehoof's cluttered shop, The Bottomless Bottle, leaves the building in flames and the group scrambling—though Ruby leaves behind a hefty payment in apology. Chimera's demonic patron Kolgoth briefly manifests, issuing an ominous reminder of their pact, while Nythera notices a persistent goblin thief named Grimble tailing her. With sleds packed and tensions simmering, the Frostbourne Four set out into the snow, leaving fire, debt, and new beginnings in their wake.

## Ep 2: Little Green Men

With the deed secured, the Frostbourne group spend their final day in Winterhaven tying up loose ends. Nythera acquires a poisoner's kit, Ruby buys liquor for the road, and Chimera confesses that his demonic patron Kolgoth was behind the explosion in Episode 1. The party visits Tealben, an eccentric ex-Uman'Yiro wizard, who gives them a component list for a mysterious magical artifact Logrhyn commissioned—including precious gems, adamantine, and werebeast teeth. As they depart the city and begin their two-day trek to the ruined fort, they face biting cold, strained travel, and a surprise ambush by overconfident kobolds claiming superiority through their Or'Rash ties. The group dispatches them with bloody efficiency. That night, they camp—and Grymble the goblin returns, causing just enough chaos to test everyone's patience before being sent into the snow by Nythera. The next day, Chimera gathers strange green algae from a glowing lake, discovering its dual use as a poison or psychedelic. With danger behind and danger ahead, the group finally reaches the edge of their new home.

## Ep 3: House Warming

Arriving at their newly acquired stronghold, the party finds Fort Frostbourne in complete disrepair. While clearing debris and scouting the area, they witness a sled careening out of control and crashing near the fort. The sled carries a dying courier, a cryptic magical artifact, and—hidden beneath thick furs—a full-blooded Bru'Gal orc infant. With no sign of the parents and a growing sense of danger, the group investigates the courier's identity, discovering he was part of the Crimson Monarchs and likely stole the child. As they prepare to return the baby, a Bru'Gal war party arrives, drums pounding and weapons drawn. Through a tense standoff and a carefully worded negotiation led by Logrhyn, the party earns a fragile alliance—handing over the child, displaying the courier's corpse, and proposing an eventual partnership to dethrone Nokel Grimhorn from his regent's place in Stonesunder Mountain. For now, the Bru'Gal leave peacefully, but their favor has been hard-earned... and will hopefully last.

## Ep 4: World's Greatest Grandma

The Bru'Gal war party doesn't just accept the return of their kidnapped infant—they stay for drinks, dares, and deeply unexpected bonding. Chimera gets more than he bargained for with Lursa, a flirtatious orc who tests both his stamina and his metaphysical limits. Meanwhile, Logrhyn earns even more trust with Hurzul, laying the groundwork for a larger alliance, while Ruby and Nythera spar, drink, and connect with the orcs in their own ways. The following morning brings a rude awakening as a small kobold force ambushes the still-exhausted party. Despite multiple knockouts, the group fights back tooth and nail, finally triumphing in a chaotic melee. With Fort Frostbourne still in ruins and their new allies gone, the four adventurers now turn their eyes toward rebuilding—just as their reputation in the region begins to grow.

## Ep 5: Welcome, Wagon!

The episode begins with the group leveling up—gaining new skills, maneuvers, and personal insights—before turning their attention to strengthening Fort Frostbourne. Nythera and Ruby begin daily sparring; Grimble forms a bizarre but loyal bond with the dogs; Logrhyn quietly surveys construction plans; and Chimera and Ruby have a tense heart-to-heart about Kolgoth's hold. A mysterious flare draws attention, followed by a passing of the Everdawn Riders—flashy, famous heralds from Esterholt—and eventually the arrival of a battered but hopeful caravan: the very people who funded the group's new home. With Logrhyn delivering a rousing speech to calm concerns about the fort's condition, the party finally prepares to depart. Their first destination: Aubrey, a reknowned city of holy order and strict law, where one of the exiled Stonesunders might hold the key to information Logrhyn needs to help reclaiming his clan's honor and status in Stonesunder Mountain.



## Ep 6: Fear and Loathing

The group leaves Fort Frostbourne and begins the snowy journey to Aubrey, but not before Ruby and Chimera engage in a hallucinogenic ritual using dried algae, experiencing vivid sensory shifts and bonding over shared insight. As the party travels, they battle a pair of enormous winter wolves near a remote graveyard—only to discover the site is being plundered by a skittish scavenger named Eddie, who attempts to shoot Nythera before immediately surrendering. The party disarms and interrogates him, ultimately accepting his apology in exchange for information about a rumored weapons cache hidden in a nearby cave. With new XP, a few wolf steaks, and one more misfit marked on their map, the party turns back toward their goal: quietly infiltrating the city of Aubrey for information without drawing attention to Logrhyn's true identity.

## Ep 7: The Heart of the Matter

While journeying to Aubrey, the party stumbles on a ghost bound in place by arcane forces, unable to speak, but desperate for help. Ruby becomes determined to free him and the group discovers his heart hidden in a cave below. Inside the cave, they uncover that the ghost is a murderer—he slaughtered the Sarra family, whose spirits now guard the heart out of vengeance, held there by the last living Sarra: Elsa. Through tense negotiation and heartfelt persuasion—especially from Nythera—they convince Elsa to let go of her hatred and allow everyone to move on. Ruby returns the heart to the corpse, triggering a violent yet cleansing release of magic. In the aftermath, the ghost leaves behind a magical token of gratitude: a necklace of ghostly dinosaur teeth. The party earns powerful experience—and Ruby, her first ghost.

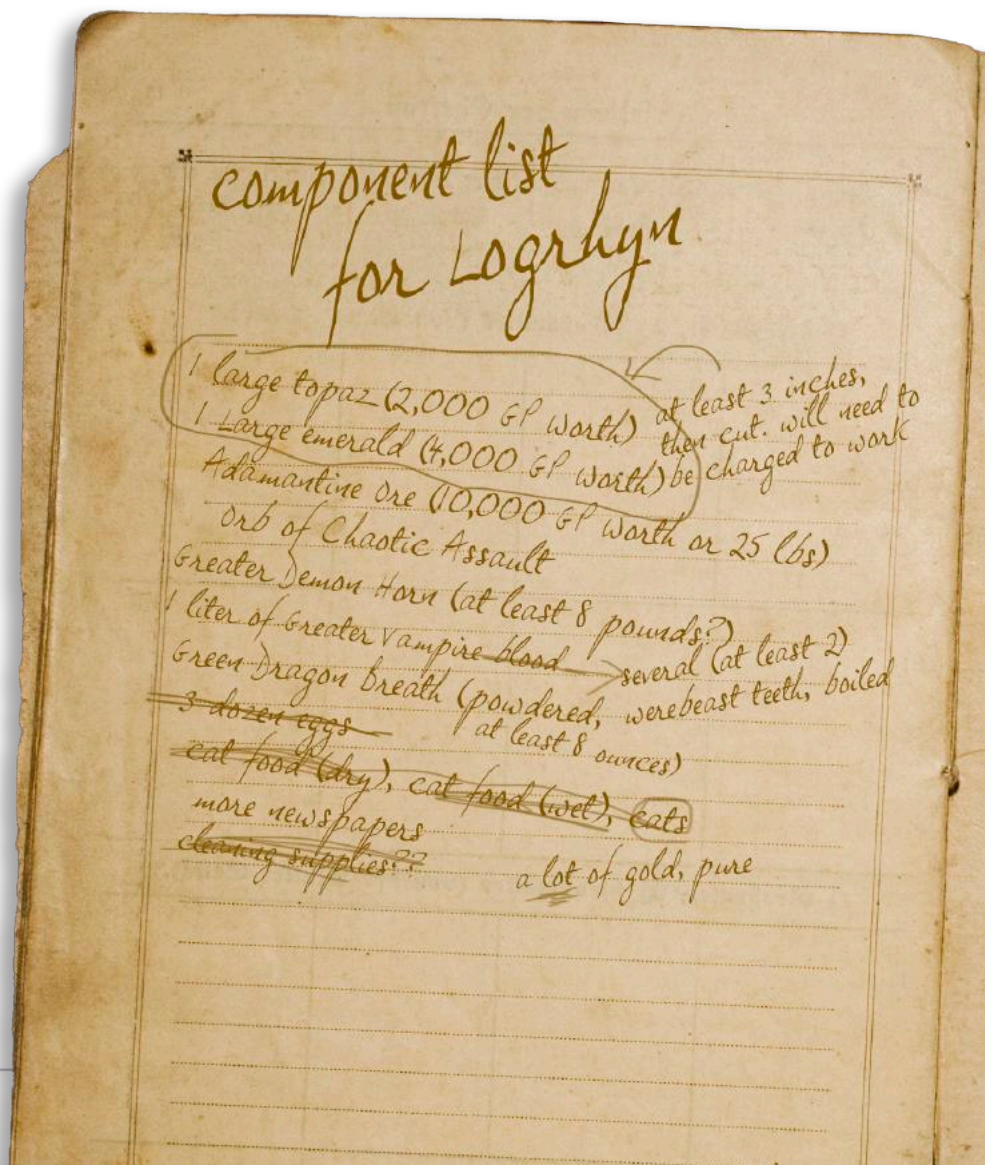
## Ep 8: Grand Theft Aubrey

The party arrives at Aubrey's gates in disguise, smuggled into the city by Megan Fields, a loud, opinionated halfling who sells beautiful masks—and casually reveals the location of a disgraced Stonesunder dwarf, Arbeck, also known as 'Ebb'. While Logrhyn and Chimera infiltrate Bonzo's to find Arbeck drinking himself into ruin, Ruby and Nythera scout the city's underbelly and meet Yvette, a hyperactive teen tiefling who reveres Nythera's old legend. She hands them a medallion granting access to the city's forbidden vault of knowledge, opening new possibilities for researching poisons, vampires...and Kolgoth. Meanwhile, Logrhyn learns from Arbeck (mostly through beer) the truth of the Stonesunder downfall, and more proof of the Cragborn exile: sabotage, political betrayal, and the

possibility that Queen Nemara Stonesunder was poisoned. Arbeck passes out in a heap, only to be arrested moments later by the city's silent, brutal enforcers—the Heralds of Aubrey. With their intel gathered and their disguises intact, the group regroups to prepare for research, recon, and their next move within the city walls.

## Ep 9: Not a Heist

The group splits in Aubrey, each taking on secretive missions under the guise of routine errands. Logrhyn and Chimera secure a forged document to "purchase" a fortune in gemstones from Ganor's Galore—a tense con pulled off with dazzling charm and false credentials. They also recruit a frazzled trader named Raffin to establish a new trade route between Fort Frostbourne and Aubrey. Meanwhile, Ruby and Nythera use Yvette's medallion to sneak into the Vault Library and uncover critical truths about Kolgoth, the demon bound to Chimera. They discover he's a grand demon linked for generations to a single bloodline and learn inklings of a ritual that could sever the bond, though it involves deadly risks. Their research also reveals clues about acquiring rare components for a mysterious artifact the group is determined to build, including a greater demon horn housed in Aubrey's church, and a mythical Orb of Chaotic Assault. After a raucous breakfast at Bonzo's and more city recon, the party regroups—loaded with stolen gems, dangerous knowledge, and the looming possibility of a real heist still to come.



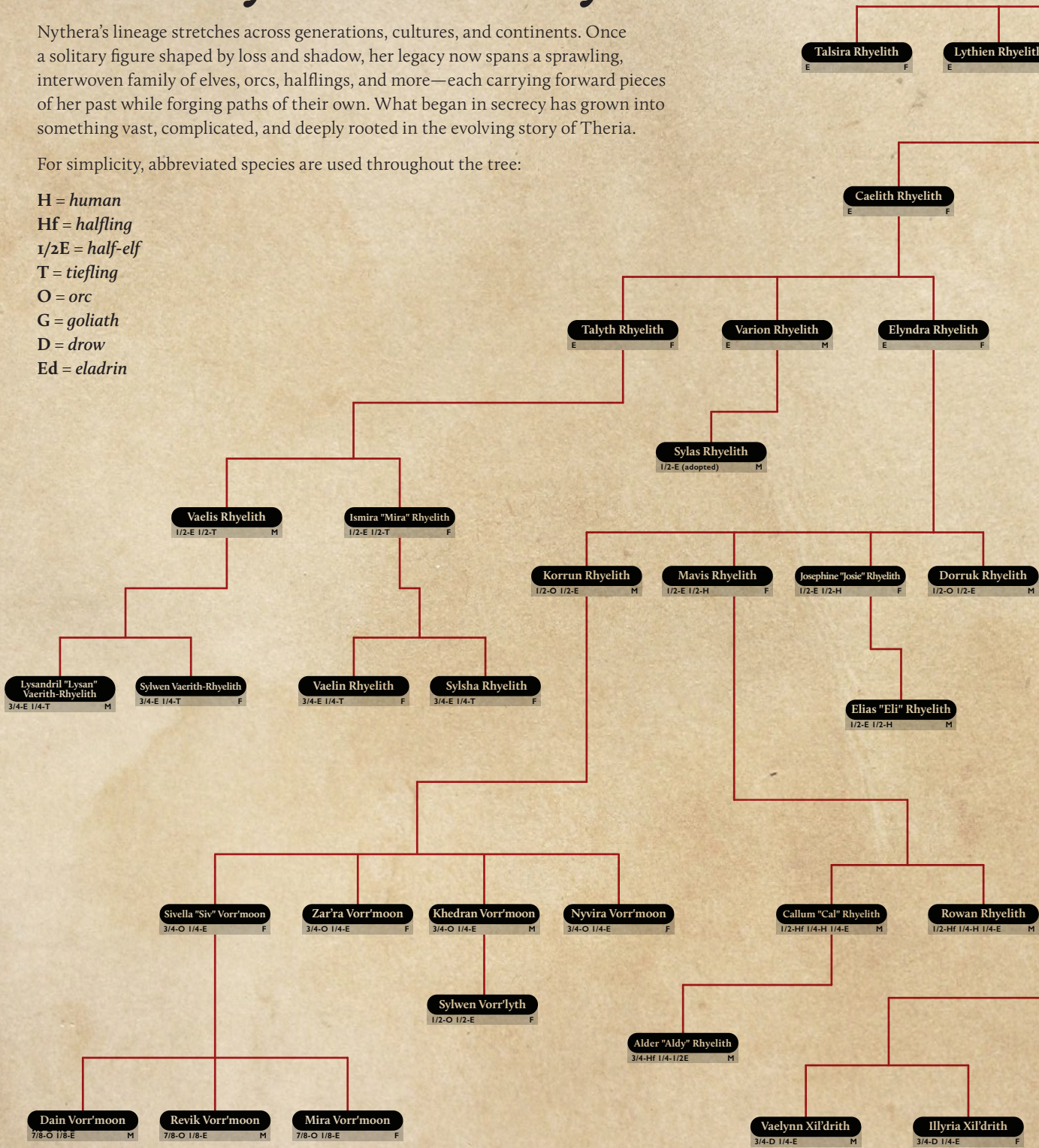


# The Rhyelith Family Tree

Nythera's lineage stretches across generations, cultures, and continents. Once a solitary figure shaped by loss and shadow, her legacy now spans a sprawling, interwoven family of elves, orcs, halflings, and more—each carrying forward pieces of her past while forging paths of their own. What began in secrecy has grown into something vast, complicated, and deeply rooted in the evolving story of Theria.

For simplicity, abbreviated species are used throughout the tree:

- H = human
- Hf = halfling
- 1/2E = half-elf
- T = tiefling
- O = orc
- G = goliath
- D = drow
- Ed = eladrin









# WHAT'S NEXT?

## We're just getting started!

The Frostbourne campaign has only begun to unfold, and there's still so much waiting on the horizon—more towns and cities to explore, strange and ancient relics to uncover, and a whole cast of NPCs you haven't met yet. This new and frozen world of Theria is vast, and this crew is just beginning to leave their mark on it.

Will we ever really know Chimera's full story, or he make sure that everything about him remains a mystery? Will the rest of the caravan step up and help turn Fort Frostbourne into something real? Will the trade route gain a foothold and flourish? Will the fort ever have working doors? What sort of contraption will Ruby engineer next—and will it actually help, or make things worse? Will Logrhyn's plan keep unfolding the way he needs it to, or is his dream of reclaiming his clan's honor at Stonesunder in danger of slipping away? Will Nythera's legendary past finally catch up to her? Will she find the resolution she needs? And of course, will Grymble ever get enough candy?

Beyond the bickering, the building, the plans, and the ghosts, a deeper truth is settling in: this endless winter isn't just a backdrop—it's a blight across the continent of Ellara. Perhaps a slow, creeping threat to all of Theria. Arcane magic is leaking out, shifting the landscape and evolving the roaming beasts. Will this unlikely group eventually find that they might just be the ones best suited to do something about it, once and for all?

However it unfolds, the stakes are rising, the ice is getting thinner, and the choices these characters make will shape the world around them—and themselves—in unexpected ways. Allies will be gained and tested, secrets will surface and be forgotten again, and the past won't stay buried for long.

There's so much more story ahead, and we can't wait to see where it goes next. Stick with Frostbourne and all of us at Dungeons & Randomness to find out what's in store!

D&R  
Theria 1378  
Playable Species

Human  
Goliath  
Elf  
Dwarf  
High Elves (Eladrin)  
Essai (Warforged)  
Drow  
Gnome  
Halfling  
Minotaur  
Dragonborn  
Kobold  
Lizardfolk  
Tiefling  
Orc  
Orraka  
Tozath  
Shifter  
Arazar  
Quaar  
Thadden  
Varak  
Goblin







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