

LOST TO THE STARLIT REPTILES

Since a few years strange lizard folk seem to have set up camp in the **Darkspire mountains**. The smolfolk of **Gillingsburg** don't like it much, like they dislike any change. Recently folk have started disappearing. At first only out-of-towners were missing, so the people of Gillingsburg didn't worry much, but now more people are gone, and it's starting to have an impact on the amount of fresh turnips at the weekly market, people are getting antsy.



1. GILLINGSBURG

A small, but bustling town filled with various smolfolk: goblins, gnomes, halflings & dwarves. Mostly peaceful types, but distrustful of bigfolk and other strangers. Most houses are not easily accessible for

humans and other larger humanoids, except for the *Stag & Boar Tavern* and the town hall. While all regular equipment is available at the shops, human sized gear and clothing might be sold add a higher price than usual. Every Saturday there is a big market, but especially the food stalls are lacking in wares at the moment.

RUMOURS

- A big green light fell from the sky a few years ago into the mountains. The light was visible for a few days.
- People are disappearing. It must be the weird lizard folk that came out of nowhere.
- Weird shiny birds are flying over the forest and the **Darkspire mountains**.
- The forest seems to be overtaken by mushrooms. There's more growing daily.
- It's a pity **Fim Fim**, the spore witch, was kicked out of town by the council after instigation by **Gideon Slugworth**, she knows how to handle a crisis.
- **Gideon Slugworth** has locked himself in his snailtower. He won't admit it, but it must be because he misses **Fim Fim**.

2. THE GASTROPOD

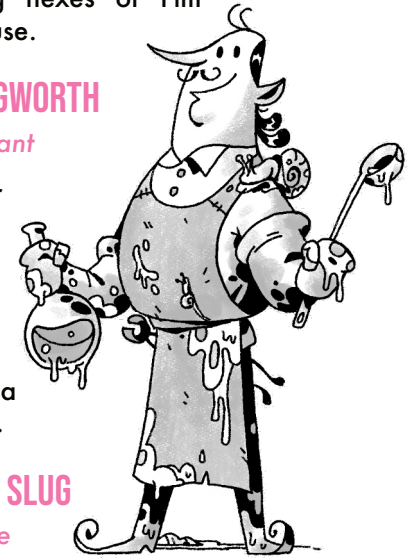
This big snail shell tower is the home of **Gideon Slugworth**, the bachelor **secretionist**, or as he likes to style himself: *Sludge-ologist Extraordinaire*. He hasn't been seen in town since the town council exiled his rival, **Fim Fim**, the **spore witch**. The timing of his disappearing is coincidence though: one of his experiments went awry, and he accidentally glued the door to his tower shut. He won't admit it, but in the past Fim Fim would have helped him, but he's too stubborn to ask for her help.

He can communicate through his top window with the party. If the party can source him some **Purple Pine Lichen**, he can brew a powerful solvent. He'll grant them a flask of both the solvent, and the powerful glue as a trade. Purple Pine Lichen is tricky to find, but grows mostly in the mushroom forest in the neighbouring hexes of Fim Fim's stilt house.

GIDEON SLUGWORTH

Slimy, Arrogant

The bachelor secretionist: an alchemist specialising in sludge & slime. Brews a mean potion.



GIANT TIGER SLUG

Goopy, Large

Slow, but steady these slugs will try to crawl over everything in their way. Easily distracted by anything they deem edible.

3. FIM FIM'S STILT HOUSE

In the middle of the damp mushroom forest stands the rickety stilt house of **Fim Fim**, the **spore witch**. As a petty revenge she wanted to create a spore powder to give all the townspeople the runs. Too bad that without the advice of her frenemy **Gideon Slugworth**, she got her measurements wrong. Her pot started to boil over, and in the resulting ruckus, she broke her glasses and accidentally created the **spore zombies**. Oops.

If the party can help her repair her magic glasses, she might be able to properly read her own handwriting and fix this mistake. Some powerful glue might help? With her glasses she can create a new spore powder that will reverse the zombification of the **spore zombies**.

If the party asks, she can point them in the direction of some *Purple Pine Lichen*. If the party helps her, she'll give them some spore powders and a blowpipe. Let the party pick three spells from the 1st Order list, or one spell from the 2nd Order



FIM FIM

Moldy, Know-it-all

A know-it-all spore witch recently exiled from Gillingsburg. Knows how mix up magical spore powders.

SPORE ZOMBIES

Infectious, Shambling

Overgrown with mold and fungus, these former humanoids shamble their way through the forest, trying to spread their spores to all folk they encounter. When cured, they will be weak

for a few days, and remember everything that happened as a weird fungal dream.

4. THE HANGOUT

When the lizard folk crash landed, at first repairs seemed to be possible. When the first repairs didn't work, the lizard folk split in two separate groups.

The hangout, a big hangar build from scrap metal, was built by members from the group that decided that fixing their ship just was no fun. These lizard dudes rather have big cookouts, drink fermented fruit drinks with tiny parasols and fly around in their zeppelins and hang gliders. All these recent disappearances and the weird mushroom people are seriously harshing their vibes, man.

If the party helps them recover their lost people and solve the **spore zombie** problem, they'll promise them free trips anywhere in their zeppelins. As long as they're home in time for the next cookout.

LIZARD DUDES & DUETTES

Chill, Tough

Not quick to aggression, but when prevented from partying, these lizard folk will not stand for it, man. They've taken to arming themselves with clubs and spears to combat the **spore zombies**. They wear colorful shirts, shorts and skirts, and always seem to have something to eat or drink at hand.



5. CRASHED STARSHIP

Between the sharp peaks of the Darkspire mountains lays the crashed **Purple Starlight**, which transported the lizard folk here. A small group of stubborn lizard folk is still trying to repair their ship. The last piece they need to repair is the main **crystal coil**, which has been shattered into hundreds of pieces.

The lizard folk here are a dour bunch. They feel left out of all the fun, and they have been harried by **spore zombies** for weeks now. They're very distrustful of any outsiders. They keep a tight schedule of repair work and combat training, with strictly timed mealtimes, where they eat simple gruel in their improvised mess hall.



LIZARD REPAIR CREW

Strict, Tough, Methodical

These lizard folk are dressed in neatly ironed coveralls, armed with the last remaining blasters. Trigger happy and easily provoked, these folk just want to return to their own world, where everything is neat and well organized, not like this heap of trash, thank you very much.

RANDOM ENCOUNTERS

1. **giant tiger slug**
2. 1d6+1 **spore zombies**
3. a **lizard folk** zeppelin flying over, a hang glider just taking off from it
4. a crashed hang glider in need of repairs
5. a smolfolk merchant riding a snail, pulling a cart full of merchandise
6. a **lizard repair crew** scouting party, trying to find shards of the **crystal coil**.

CREDITS

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