

# OERTH JOURNAL

ONLINE SUPPLEMENT

July 2019 Summer  
Issue #29

## KHRY SARLION *Brault*

By Devin "MysteryCycle" Parker

, Human (Oeridian-Suel) Noble, NE, patron deity: Kelanen. Khrysarlion is the spoiled eldest son of Lord Sorlynn Brault, one of the Free City's wealthier noblemen, scion of one of its older families. Standing at an imposing 6'2", Khrysarlion maintains his athletic build through regular training with arms and horsemanship; his flowing mane of red hair distinguishes him whenever he removes his helm on the tourney field. Khrysarlion's freckled skin flushes easily when he's angered or drunk, and his charming smile can turn to a belligerent sneer in an instant. He has never wanted for anything in his life, yet believes he is put upon daily by forces both tangible and intangible who conspire against him out of jealousy (the notion that anyone would despise him for his atrocious personality and undeserved privilege is alien to him). Khrysarlion expects others to show him deference, and he punishes insolence first with crude insults, then with cruel bullying, and, if his antagonist is of gentle birth, a challenge to duel - commoners deserve only beatings, after all. As a contact, Khrysarlion is fairly useless aside from his knowledge of swordplay and jousting, which is admittedly impressive; he frequents the Patrician's Club but most of its patrons secretly think him an intolerable

boor while paying respect due his father's name. While he is a formidable foe with a blade to most folk, the true danger Khrysarlion presents is that of his family: anyone who wrongs him will earn the ire of his entire family, who will feel honor-bound to avenge any slights against their house. And Khrysarlion has *many* relatives.

**Plot Seed:** Khrysarlion is fond of descending from the High Quarter into the poorer wards of the Free City in order to harass and torment commoners for his amusement. He is usually accompanied by a few other young lordlings who share his interests in swordplay and bullying and who can help him get home when he's had one too many ales (a service his father has made clear that he expects from them as a form of *noblesse oblige*). Thus, it's quite likely that the PCs will encounter Khrysarlion abusing someone in a tavern he's slumming in, loudly demanding service, cursing the hosts, denouncing their fare as pig's slop and throwing it on the floor, harassing the wenches and lads, cheating at dice and cards - this is a fine opportunity to discover the limits of the PCs' patience. If the PCs harm or humiliate Khrysarlion, he will slip away to lick his

wounds (proverbial or literal), all the while promising retribution. That is when the Braults collectively declare war on the PCs:

*Family Member (1d10):* 1) Arkharyn Brault, uncle, high-ranking priest of Pelor; 2) Dastryr Brault, youngest brother, hunting enthusiast; 3) Felstarra Brault, cousin, occultist and poisoner; 4) Irwyck Brault, cousin, legal scholar; 5) Istibard Brault, uncle, lieutenant of the Grand Citadel garrison; 6) Melaunsany Brault, younger sister, socialite queen bee commanding the loyalty of several eager suitors; 7) Mordlaw Brault, cousin, captain of the carrack *Horn Triumphant*; 8) Quandrym Brault, younger brother, student-mage in the Guild of Wizardry; 9) Yrmalena Brault, aunt, doctor of medical arts; 10) Zelannyth Brault, mother, celebrated matron of the arts.

*Acts of Vengeance (increasing in severity with each occurrence):* Public slander, harming reputation; public rebuke from religious authority for disturbing order; associates paid or intimidated to turn PCs away and refuse further service/aid; hired thugs sent to trash PCs' living quarters; Watch officers influenced to harass or unjustly imprison PCs; hired thugs sent to rough up PCs; PCs' loved one(s) intimidated as a warning; PCs framed for a crime; PCs' loved one(s) abducted and held for ransom; professional assassin sent to murder loved one(s); professional assassin (s) hired to eliminate PCs.

In the end, if the PCs thwart all of these attempts, Lord Sorlynn Brault himself will muster all of his temporal powers and influence to slay or exile the PCs from the Free City, and his surviving family members will attack the PCs on sight. The Lord Mayor, finding the situation

intolerable, will demand a stop to the feud, and if the PCs are not both of the nobility and notably wealthy, to restore peace he will find against them and order them to leave Greyhawk once and for all (or have them executed, if they have been especially violent in their actions against the Braults). But the Braults are not universally loved, and the PCs may find sympathetic allies amongst both the nobility and the common folk.

## **HARENA** - (just Harena)

By Mike "Milcheax" Crisefi

Harena is a young human girl of slight build, bony limbs, straw-like blonde hair (due to lack of care), and large, curious gray eyes. She was the daughter of a baker and her flourmilling husband. They were killed when the grinding ox went berserk (due to an unfortunate circumstance of a hot bed warmer burning through the floor above, landing on his back and burning through his grinding gear). Harena was forgotten about by neighbors as they watched the building burn down (no one liked the mother's baking; she used un-sifted flour far too often, and the father over-indulged in the [miller's toll](#)). Harena has been alone for over three of her ten years, living under porches, eaves, the occasional empty stable, and only during the winter on a log slab at the local temple. She could be a strong warrior (she loves playfighting swords) but needs adult guidance and care. She speaks in an unusual pidgin language as she has become relatively under-civilized throughout her late youth.

**Motivations:** Harena wants to be warm and to eat on a regular basis, like the other kids she sees playing in the town. She dislikes bread but eats it because it's often all people will deign to give her when they realize she's homeless. She loves watching adventurers go through town. Sometimes they are kind to her and give her treats greater than bread (she got a piece of bear jerky once that took her a whole day to eat!) In order to remain relatively unnoticed she's always running about, darting from here to there, both in search of a next meal, a place to sleep, and to avoid the wrath of local adults that might want to catch her (such as guards catch beggars, or nosy neighbors detain or report abandoned children). She knows that exchange of goods (either from a business perspective, or from a familial gift perspective) can be fraught with insincerity so tends not to hold any special

regard for people that give her things. It's a thing, she can get it some other way.

**Relationships:** Harena's parents (she doesn't remember their names, but they were Siclar the miller and Finna the baker), being the only adults who originally cared for her, were the only ones she learned to trust. She likes the nice groundskeeper at the temple because he keeps her warm and feeds her, but hates how he always kicks her out after every night or prevents her re-entry unless it's cold. There's a boy at the blacksmith that follows her around sometimes but she always manages to escape him.

**Other:** An example conversation with Harena might be as follows:

⇒ Adventurer:

*"Hello little girl, what's your name?"*

◇ Harena, shy:

*"Sharename Harena, muchlypleased meetmake!"*

⇒ Taken aback, the Adventurer continues:

*"How old are you?"*

◇ Harena, suspicious:

*"Oldyoung summersfew, neednot tellyou!"*

⇒ Still trying to process, the Adventurer offers:

*"Would you like a treat?"*

◇ Harena, tempted:

*"Muchlyplease veryyes! Thanklymuch sharingyou"*

It's conceivable she could learn to slow down her thoughts, be taught a consistent and easily-understandable mode of speaking... but you need to catch her and earn her trust first, and treats aren't going to get you very far.

## EMERAY O' THE GAMES,

By Devin "MysteryCycle" Parker

Human (Flan-Baklunish) Cleric 3 (Trickery), N,  
Patron deity: Rudd.

On any given night in the Free City, one may see Emeray in a tavern or in a busy plaza, merrily hawking her services: "a game of dice, a game of cards, a game of chance and luck, rewards for the fortunate and relief for the fool." Emeray is an ebon-eyed, sepia-complected woman with the slender build of an acrobat, dressing in a garish fool's motley adorned with the suits of a talis deck (flames, stones, waves and winds). She paints a bullseye pattern around her left eye, and her bare forearms are tattooed with stylized dragons like those found on Three-Dragon Ante cards. Following a narrow brush with death while training to become an assassin, Emeray experienced a divine moment of clarity and concluded she was called to one purpose in life: to allow all folk to test their luck, for weal or woe, and to be enlivened by the gamble. She genuinely enjoys the carefree life she now leads and seeks to guide others [Insight +4] to surrender their worries [Persuasion +4] and live for the moment. She is an expert in all



manner of games, always seeking to learn new ones, and at any given time carries with her 2d4 gaming sets to play or to sell and 5d10 gold orbs' worth of varied denominations for gambling purposes, all of which she keeps in a *bag of holding*.

Cantrips - *guidance, resistance, thaumaturgy*.  
Spells – (1st) *bless, bane, ceremony†, charm person, disguise self, sanctuary*; (2nd) *augury, locate object, mirror image, pass without trace*. (Spell save DC 12, Spell Attack Mod +4)  
†*Xanathar's Guide to Everything*

*Game Sets on-hand (1d12):* 1) Dragon Dice; 2) Nim [Chinese Checkers] ††; 3) Spellfire Deck; 4) Three-Dragon Ante Deck; 5) Talis Deck; 6) Knucklebones; 7) Draughts [Checkers] ††; 8) Dragonchess††; 9) Teetotum [Dreidel]; 10) Nine Man's Morris; 11) Fox and

Geese; 12) Backgammon. ††Not a game of chance, but Emeray likes the occasional test of wits, as well; she plays with a proficiency of +4.