

## **PLAYER'S SKETCHBOOK**

### EPISODE ONE

10/10/20 @ 7 PM

### CAST

**Victoria Ying** - Lvl 1 Half-Orc Druid - Cavdash

**Linda Chen** - Lvl 1 Elf Rogue - Linders

**Cathleen McAllister** - Lvl 1 Half-Elf Monk - Gypsum

**Alex Konstad** - Lvl 1 Dwarf Wizard - Sven

Greetings and salutations friends! Welcome to PLAYER'S SKETCHBOOK, a role-playing game where you get to watch pro artists doodle their exciting adventures *as they happen*. So settle in for a tale of heroism and peril, while you feast your eyes on the magic these magnificent creators conjure. Now, let's go around and meet our artists:

**Tell us your name, what you do, then give us some details about your character: "I'm a [level] [race] [class] named [name]."**

And I'm your Dungeon Master, Patrick Laffoon. Let's roll!

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Some quick backstory – you're all novice adventurers looking to see the world, find some action, and earn piles of gold. What luck that you found a job the moment you stepped out the door! One way or another you've all stumbled into the gig economy and have signed on to do some mercenary work in the dangerous Dragonspine mountains...

Days later, you've arrived at your post, a crystal mine that's been dug right into the lower slope of a towering peak with snow-covered tips. Thick trees surround the mining camp, and the chirping of birds almost drowns out the chatter of frustrated miners. All manner of kin appear to work this mine, but it's clear that the company is managed by a few grisly dwarves.

You each reach into your pockets and pull out a small scroll with your instructions. It reads: "Welcome to the Hero's Guild of Heroes, Inc! We know there are a lot of adventuring guilds out there, but we're thrilled you've chosen to work with us. Please report to the Blackstone Mining Camp located in the Dragonspine mountains, and speak to the foreman, Ingvar Bouldin. Perform whatever job he asks, within reason, and you'll

be handsomely rewarded. And consider signing up for our newsletter delivered by carrier pigeon..." The scroll goes on, begging you to sign up for various special offers you're sure are not so special. You put the scroll away and notice you're standing next to a few other travelers who look as lost as you. Your co-workers, you presume. Perhaps you should introduce yourself:

## **roleplay time**

Before long, your group has caught the eye of one of the dwarves running the mining camp. He's bald and lacking the traditional beard, but he makes up for it with his mighty blond mutton chops. With a wave, he greets the group: "Ello, there! You must be from the guild!"

"I'm Ruckfort Bouldin, but me friends call me Crumble."

"Pleasure to meet you all. Let me take you to meet my brother, Ingvar."

As you follow Crumble, you all notice there's not a lot of work going on. The mining camp currently looks more like a whining camp, with workers looking for ways to pass the time. Some chat, others sleep, and a few play a curious game where they throw rocks at other rocks.

"We've had a bit of trouble in the mine as of late. As you can see, our digging's been halted. Haven't pulled a gem out in damn near three days."

"There have been rumblings that the cave is haunted. Tommyknockers, they say. Don't know how much I believe in that sort of thing, but we're missing crew and we can't afford to lose anymore. Another miner strike will bury the Blackstone mine for good."

Your group arrives at a dumpy tent that smells like sweat and beer. Crumble calls inside, and out comes Ingvar, the Blackstone mine foreman, sipping a mug of beer. He's stout, dirty, and shirtless, with a big bushy beard as red as his jolly nose, and he wears a fancy cap atop his unkempt hair as an attempt at fashion. At least he's trying. He wipes some beer foam from his mustache and gestures toward you all:

Ingvar: "Ah, you must be from the guild. 'Bout time. They look a bit green don't they, Crumble?"

Crumble: "Aye, but eager to earn some coin, I'm sure of it."

Ingvar: "Very well, the task is simple. We need you to clean out the mine of anything dangerous you find in there, be it creatures, squatters, or... something else. And if you

can find any of our missing miners, we'll pay extra. Can't have another strike 'round 'ere. Here's some torches, a rope, and a potion for each of ya'."

### **Potion of Healing: 2d4+2**

"The mine is deep, but the main shaft you'll be scouting has got two bends, then the maw, which leads into a large open area where we were digging before be

Crumble: "A few of the miners swear they heard ghostly wailing after the second bend, near the glow worm pool, and at least two of our crew is missing. One of our demolitionists swears they saw something moving in the dark past the third bend, where the stalagmites and stalactites look like a gaping maw, but who knows what it was."

Crumble points you to the demolitionist, a female halfling sitting on a log, bundling dynamite together. Goggles hold her hair back while she works, and her drab overalls suggest this little firecracker is all work and no play.

As you approach, she doesn't look up: "What?" "Bertha."

"Look, I'll tell you what I told them. I was just past the maw, splicing fuses for a blast we had planned the next morning. I heard something moving further in the cave so I grabbed my lantern and went to go see what it was – thought maybe it was one of our missing guys, like he'd hurt himself and been crawling his way out or something. Then after a few yards I saw some bright silver eyes floating in the dark. They looked right at me, then disappeared. I called out to whoever or whatever it was, but nothing happened. So I turned around and came back out."

"I have no idea what it was, and frankly, I don't care. I only get paid if I blast, and I can't do that right now. You figure it out. That's your job right?"

"Here. Maybe this'll help." Bertha tosses you a BUNDLE OF DYNAMITE.

As you enter the mine, the light seems to be swallowed up by the black depths before you. Before long you can't see a thing...

The deeper you go, the quieter it gets. Stale air creeps into your lungs with each breath. Occasionally, you can hear something moving somewhere in the dark, but you can't tell if it's an animal, or a rock tumbling down a mine shaft, or something else...

When you reach the first bend...

**First bend: Swarm of Bats!**

**Second bend: glow worm pool, it looks and feels HOT, there's a bridge that's out, have to jump across the glow pool, DEX check to jump across**

**Third bend: Giant Bat!**

The Maw, a forest of stalactites and stalagmites. They look like monstrous teeth made of stone. Beyond them darkness...

**The Maw, unless they stick together, they get turned around, SURVIVAL check**

**LOST MINER, scared, human woman Hobina**

Core of the Blackstone Mine, the body of Yolf... And two silvery-eyed Gnolls!