GUILD

SOLO ADVENTURE

By Donathin Frye & Kienna Shaw



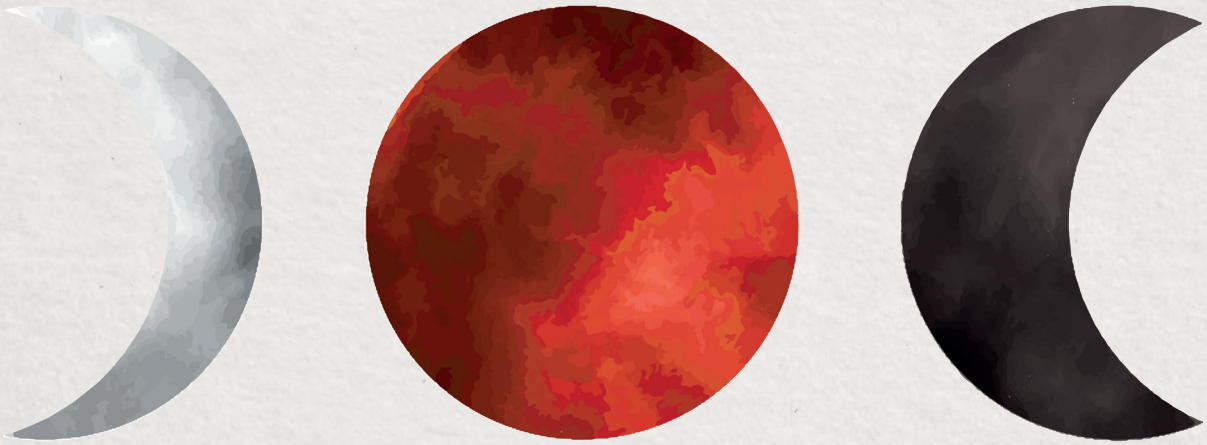
THE TEST OF HIGH SORCERY

Journey to the Tower of Wayreth to become a Mage of High Sorcery in this Dragonlance adventure for fourth level characters

THE TEST OF HIGH SORCERY

A solo Dragonlance D&D5e adventure and Dungeon Master companion resource for arcane spellcasters undertaking their Test of High Sorcery.

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INTRODUCTION

The Test of High Sorcery is a D&D5e adventure that can be played with or without a Dungeon Master—by yourself or with companions willing to risk their lives to help you pass your Test. Players can enjoy the adventure as part of any Dragonlance campaign, including Wizard of the Coast's *Dragonlance: Shadow of the Dragon Queen*, or as a thrilling standalone experience. Alternatively, elements of this book can be used for spare parts by Dungeon Masters looking for scenes, characters, and encounters to include in any sorcerous ordeal.

Dragonlance: Shadow of the Dragon Queen allows aspiring mages to take an abbreviated version of the Test of High Sorcery late in its story. If you play this adventure instead to take the full Test at the Tower of Wayreth, consider these adjustments and guidelines:

- This adventure is designed to be played by 4th level characters before they gain access to 3rd level spells.
- After you deliver a scroll to the mage **Wyhan** at her apothecary in **Kalaman** during Chapter 4: Shadow of War, she agrees to sponsor you to take your Test of High Sorcery before you begin working with the Kalaman military. When you are ready, she casts *teleport* to take you outside Wayreth Forest at the start of this adventure. The mages there can teleport you back to Kalaman when you finish the adventure.
- **Par-Salian**, the current white-robed leader of the Mages of High Sorcery, allows you to take your Test despite the ongoing war. He believes you might play a vital role in protecting Solamnia.
- Before you play this adventure, speak with your Dungeon Master. Decide together whether your character can die during the Test of High Sorcery—and whether any boons or magic items you receive return with them to *Dragonlance: Shadow of the Dragon Queen.*



The Test of High Sorcery

The deadly Test of High Sorcery is the most important event in most mages' lives, binding them to the Gods of Magic, who look down upon the world from Krynn's three moons. Those who pass the Test join one of three Orders of High Sorcery: the White Robes devoted to Solinari, the Red Robes faithful to Lunitari, or the Black Robes reverent to Nuitari. They become a family—dysfunctional at times—but united in purpose to protect and evolve magic in the world of Krynn. Mages who journey through the Forest of Wayreth and reach its Tower of High Sorcery undergo a perilous series of trials that challenge their skill and resolve. A mage's soul is forged by the Test of High Sorcery, forever changing them.

Many minor magic practitioners never take the Test, happy not to risk their lives in pursuit of the higher mysteries of magic. However, to keep the world safe from dangerous mages, the Conclave polices the use of powerful magic: any wizard, warlock, sorcerer, bard, or artificer who has not passed their Test and is seen casting a 3rd level or higher spell may be reported to the Conclave, branded a rogue mage, hunted, and stripped of their magic forever. For this reason, most mages who take the Test of High Sorcery are level 3rd or 4th level characters who have not yet gained access to more powerful spells.

Your adventure begins with a journey through the fey-haunted woods of Wayreth Forest in search of its Tower of High Sorcery. There you will meet other mages, each with their own ambitions and goals, while you prepare to take your Test. When you finally climb the long stairs to enter the Testing Grounds, know that each mage's Test is crafted for the individual, drawing on their past, present, and potential future. The Test challenges your fears, ambitions, vulnerabilities, and insecurities. The Test of High Sorcery is rigorous and dangerous; failure means death. The ordeal lasts for several days, allowing mages to rest and study several times.

Though each Test of High Sorcery is unique, every Test contains similar elements to determine a mage's worth and resolve. These shared experiences also help mages of different Orders and ideologies better appreciate and understand their kin.

- Every Test of High Sorcery presents eight unique trials the mage must undergo and survive.
- Every Test presents several challenges that examine the depth of a mage's knowledge and use of magic.
- Every Test presents several perils that cannot be solved through magic alone, testing the mage's other talents and ability to solve problems even when their magic becomes exhausted.
- Every Test presents a confrontation involving a known ally.
- Every Test presents a choice to save someone or something dear to them—or give up their magic forever.
- Every Test presents a deadly duel against a highly dangerous foe that encompasses the mage's greatest fears.

A voice speaks from beyond the veil, filling the dimly lit Hall of Mages with an echo of rasping whispers. "Can this young mage truly endure such a dangerous trial? I smell the fear on her flesh."

Par-Salian nervously twists his wrinkled hands around the haft of a golden half-moon staff. "This is what the Gods of Magic demand, and who are we to argue? Just two tired old men, really." The aged wizard leans forward, his thin frame barely visible beneath his clean white robes. "Solinari, Lunitari, Nuitari—they require champions of the arcane to lead this new generation of mages and face the troubles of the world. She has the potential, but her fire burns wild and bright. She must be challenged and shaped so she might find true power and purpose within herself."

"And what if she cannot be tempered by our Test? What if she burns too bright, Highmage, and grasps beyond her reach?" The raspy, ethereal voice swirls around the white-robed wizard's ears, almost taunting him.

Par-Salian frowns sadly, but his stormy eyes remain resolved. "Then we will let the wind carry away her ashes."

THE PERILS WITHIN

Your character's Test will wind through many paths presented by this adventure. While your choices will lead you to different challenges, some potential themes and scenarios you may face include alcohol, the death of loved ones, body horror, claustrophobia, drowning, nightmares, burning and fire, harm to baby creatures, undead, snakes, bullying, manipulation, force feeding, and high-risk moral choices.

The Test of High Sorcery seeks to push mages to the limits of their abilities, but that doesn't mean pushing past the limits of your comfort as a player. If your choices lead you to a scenario that explores content that you're not comfortable with, go off the written path or backtrack as necessary.

MAKING NARRATIVE CHOICES

The adventure is broken up into narrative sections signified with letters and numbers. Your adventure begins in section **A1**. When the text tells you to **go to a different section**, stop reading and turn to that section immediately. If you play digitally via the adventure PDF, you can click on the bolded text to jump to the correct section. Sometimes the text will only tell you to go to a different page if you meet certain criteria.

> **Example 1:** If you have fewer than half your maximum hit points remaining, **go to D23**.
>
> **Example 2**: If you noted the **Two Weeks From Retirement** trait, **go to D26**.

During the adventure, you will be asked to make choices to determine what happens next. Choices are presented in a specific format, and the text following a choice only occurs in your story if you choose that path for your character. For example:

- If you attempt to smooth talk your way into the tavern by lying or pretending to be someone else, make a **DC 16 Charisma (Deception) check**. If you succeed, **go to D41**. If you fail, the tavern guard isn't fooled, and you may try something else instead.
- If you decide to fight your way through the guard in broad daylight, **go to D43**.
- If you decide to give up and head back to the town square, **return to D10**.

How to Play

The Test of High Sorcery is inspired by classic interactive fiction series, or gamebooks, that ask you to make choices so that you have a new experience each time you play. This adventure lets you roleplay in the beloved world of Dragonlance and experience its iconic Test of High Sorcery. The dice and your wits and choices will determine the outcome, and to help you through the adventure, scenes are annotated so that you may keep track of your progress.

As the adventure progresses, you will come across **bolded text** that indicates important information or the need to roll the dice. Sometimes the outcomes of your choices during the adventure require you to note a trait. For example, the adventure may tell you to note the **Mastered Your Fears** trait. Keep track of the traits you have noted, as they will impact what happens as the story progresses.

If you are a beginner to D&D5e or want to jump into the adventure immediately, there are several premade sample characters in the back of this book and attached as an accompanying PDF to help you.

You should play a **4th level character** but can play a character of a higher or lower level to adjust the adventure's difficulty. Your character may possess an uncommon magic item. Mages undertaking the Test must be able to cast spells from the wizard, warlock, sorcerer, bard, or artificer spell lists. Companion characters who help a mage take their Test may choose any class. Wizard of the Coast's *Player's Handbook* and *D&D Beyond* are excellent tools for creating a new character. Make special note of feats, features, items, and spells.

At specific moments during the adventure, your character will receive opportunities to take **short or long rests**, allowing them to regain their hit points, spell slots, and other resources.

Your character can also gain new items, all of which you can refer to in the **Appendices** at the back of this book. Should you survive the Test, you will be forever changed in some ways based on your choices and the story's outcomes—as detailed in **Chapter Four: Epilogue.**

GOING OFF THE WRITTEN PATH

Of course, the most important part of roleplaying is using the power of your imagination! Your character may attempt to handle situations in ways that do not appear as options. If they do, consider the difficulty of what you want to attempt, select one of your character's skills that you believe applicable, and roll the dice to determine the outcome. If you cast a spell to solve a problem in a clever way that the adventure does not account for, either treat the outcome as a success or make an Arcana check to determine whether or not you succeed. Use your best judgment to select a path forward that most closely resembles your character's actions, and then reimagine what follows slightly to fit the story in your head.

Consult the following table to determine appropriate difficulties for ability checks in this adventure. If another character uses the Help action to aid your check, increase the difficulty by 3—the Test of High Sorcery's challenges increase when you bring companions rather than face it alone.

Difficulty Check (DC)	Difficulty
Very Easy	7
Easy	10
Average	13
Hard	16
Very Hard	19
Improbable	22

Theater of the Mind

Unlike many D&D adventures, *The Test of High Sorcery* does not use combat encounter maps, tokens, or miniatures. Instead, it asks you to play the adventure in your head cinematically, using your imagination to paint the scene and determine variables like distance and cover. If you prefer to use maps and tokens, you may find it helpful to draw out grid maps to keep track of combat, with each square on the grid representing 5 feet of movement.

Each combat encounter in the adventure provides guidelines on the **environment** that make the scene more dynamic, including a description of an enemy's **weakness** which a clever mage might exploit. Encounters also offer **enemy tactics** to help you make decisions for foes.

If you play this adventure alone, during its combat encounters, you will be required to roll initiative, make decisions, and act for enemy Non-Player Characters (NPCs) who are out to harm your character. To have the most fun, attempt to get into the mindset of the enemies and imagine what they might do or say in reaction to your character. Try as hard as you can to **root for the bad guys on their turns as much as you do for your character on your turn**. Your character's journey to the end of the adventure will be all the more fun and meaningful for their struggles, narrow escapes, and the moments where they overcame great adversity.



Destiny Points

Every adventurer has a destiny and begins this adventure with **5 Destiny points**. Destiny points represent the twists and turns of fate that allow adventurers to be heroic—or to escape danger by the skin of their teeth. During this adventure, you can choose to spend a Destiny point and receive one of the following benefits:

- When you fail an attack, ability check, or saving throw—succeed instead.
- When you hit with an attack, treat it as a Critical Hit. Roll all of the attack's damage dice twice and add them together. Then add any relevant modifiers as normal.
- When you are reduced to 0 hit points, immediately regain 10 (3d6) hit points.

Spend your Destiny points wisely, as they may be the only thing that can save your life in a challenging encounter. The number of Destiny points you have at the end of the adventure determines how well you performed on the Test of High Sorcery and what lasting impacts the harrowing ordeal might have on your character, as they are forever changed by the crucible of magic.

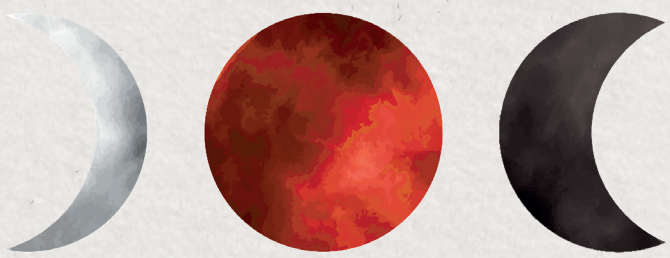
Playing With Others

You can choose to play *The Test of High Sorcery* with friends, in which case you should all create 4th level characters to form an adventuring party. Whether playing in person or online, you may wish to read the story out loud, or you might read each section quietly on your own. When you have to make a choice or decide which character will make an ability check, you can confer as a group or take turns making decisions.

If you play *The Test of High Sorcery* with one person acting as the **Dungeon Master (DM)**, they can guide the story as they would a traditional adventure module—or even borrow individual Test challenges and encounters to craft their own version of the Test.

Only one mage can take their Test of High Sorcery at a time, and other characters accompanying them act as companions to help them survive. However, the Conclave makes the Test far more difficult for those who dare not face its challenges alone. The following rule changes apply for a multi-character adventuring party playing this adventure:

- No matter how many characters are in the adventuring party, they all share the same pool of **5 Destiny points**.
- If there are **two characters** in the party, **double the hit points** of each enemy they encounter.
- If there are **three or more characters** in the party, also **double the amount of damage** dealt by enemy attacks and abilities.
- When a character uses the **Help action** to aid another in making an ability check, **increase the DC by 3**.
- When the adventure requires an **ability check or saving throw**, either a DM or the group as a whole must use the context of the story to decide whether one or more characters should roll and experience any consequences—such as taking damage or suffering an effect.
- If you're not playing with a DM, during each round of a combat encounter, rotate which player also gets to control enemy actions on their turn. Players roleplaying enemies and monsters are highly encouraged to narrate how the enemies act and what they do cinematically.



Making It Your Story

The Test of High Sorcery is an immersive adventure that you can make even more personal by keeping a journal of your character's experiences as you progress. If you do, consider what your character thinks about the people and creatures they meet. Fill in details about characters from their past that appear in the adventure—such as the ghosts of dead loved ones or childhood bullies. You might write a journal entry in your character's voice after each of the following portions of the adventure:

- The journey through Wayreth Forest and arrival to the Tower of Wayreth's guest chambers
- Your time alone in the private chamber and interview with the Mages of High Sorcery
- Each individual Test of High Sorcery and each long rest
- An overall reflection when you finish your Test of High Sorcery
- A final entry from beyond the grave, should you perish during one of your trials

Should you run out of Destiny points, your character can die during their Test. Of course, this is your story, and you may choose to continue playing if you wish. Or, should you die, you might create a new character with a different life story and motives, equally driven to pass the Conclave's deadly challenge.



WELCOME TO KRYNN

Krynn is a world scarred by ongoing wars between good and evil gods. Rarely do the gods enter into battle themselves. Instead, they play a cosmic chess game with the lives of mortals and dragons. Great Cataclysms reshape the world, and entire nations vanish into the dust of history. Knights of Solamnia ride out to quest for honor and defend against the dark armies of the Dragon Queen Takhisis while wizards explore the mysteries of magic under the constant observation of the three moons.

Krynn is a dark fantasy setting—its denizens often experience heartbreaking loss in the face of impossible odds. Yet there is always hope in the world, and even many of its villains are not beyond redemption. In Dragonlance, ordinary everyday people who fight to defend their homes and loved ones go on fantastic adventures and rise to become heroes.

Hundreds of fantasy novels and game supplements have been released to expand on the Dragonlance setting over the past few decades. However, you do not need to read any of them to enjoy *The Test of High Sorcery* as a standalone adventure. The Tower of Wayreth and its Test could easily exist in any fantasy setting that features a mysterious and exclusive mage conclave with only a little reimagining.

While all the information needed to play this adventure is contained within this book, you may wish to learn more. Dragonlance has captured the imaginations of millions and inspired generations of writers and creators. If you wish to delve deeper into the setting, recommended reading includes the online resource **Dragonlance Nexus** and the following *Dungeons & Dragons* game supplements and fantasy novels:

- *Dragonlance: Shadow of the Dragon Queen (5E)* by Wizards of the Coast
- *Towers of High Sorcery (3.5E)* by Wizards of the Coast
- *Dragonlance Campaign Setting (3.5E)* by Wizards of the Coast
- *The Dragonlance Chronicles* novel series by Margaret Weis and Tracy Hickman
- *The Dragonlance Legends* novel series by Margaret Weis and Tracy Hickman
- *The Lost Chronicles* novel series by Margaret Weis and Tracy Hickman

The following offers an introduction to Dragonlance, its most important gods, events, people, and themes. While you do not need to read these sections, they may help inspire ideas for your character.

Deities of Krynn

While mortals worship many deities in the Krynn pantheon, some gods play a larger role in the study of arcane magic and the major wars that have ravished the world. The following sections detail the gods most likely to impact the lives of young mages taking their Test. In particular, the three Gods of Magic influence the Mages of High Sorcery—the moons that represent those gods affect the arcane power of their followers' magic as they move from high conjunction to low conjunction in their lunar cycles.

SOLINARI

Solinari is often called the Mighty Hand, the Ivory Disk, and God's Eye. He is the god of good magic and is known to be patient, often preferring to let matters sort themselves out over time rather than directly intervene and possibly throw off the balance between good and evil in the world. Solinari is the son of Paladine and Mishakal, and a brother to Kiri-Jolith and Habbakuk. He works most closely with Lunitari and Nuitari, the other gods of magic, to promote the use of magic on Krynn.

Solinari is the patron of the Order of White Robes, mages who use their magic compassionately to protect others and prevent terrible events from coming to pass. He imparts upon his followers the belief that magic should be used to help everyone in the world. When good mages die, he guides their souls to the Beyond. He is often said to dwell on the silvery moon Solinari, which has the slowest lunar cycle of the three moons of Krynn.

LUNITARI

Lunitari is also known as the Veiled Maiden, Maid of Illusion, and the Night Candle. She is the god of magic used for neutrality or to maintain the balance between good and evil. Lunitari has a reputation as a trickster god who creates illusions and plays pranks on mortals to entertain herself. She is the daughter of Gilean and a companion of Solinari and Lunitari. She also is dear friends with Reorx, who sometimes helps her forge magical artifacts.

Lunitari is the patron of the Order of Red Robes, to which many mages who survive their Test belong. Beyond preserving the balance between good and evil magic, Lunitari encourages her followers to embrace freedom, adventurous curiosity, and unravel the mysteries of the arcane. She lives upon the red moon, Lunitari, which has a slightly faster lunar cycle than Solinari.

NUITARI

Some know Nuitari better as the Devouring Dark, Nightreaver, and Ungod. Sometimes depicted as a beautiful high ogre, he is the god of evil magic used to obtain power, wealth, and revenge. Despite being the son of Takhisis and Sargonnas, and twin of Zeboim, he largely detests the other evil gods for daring to twist magic and manipulate mages for personal gain. He often represents ambition and has proven to care greatly for the mages who follow his path.

Nuitari is the patron of the Order of Black Robes, whose members have included such powerful and world-changing mages as Fistandantilus and Raistlin Majere at times in their lives. Nuitari whispers to his followers, urging them to work within the laws of High Sorcery as he does, but only as a means to accrue more power and influence. His domain is the black moon, Nuitari, which has a much faster lunar cycle than the other moons. The black moon can only be seen in the night sky by Black Robe mages and others who worship Nuitari—to them alone, the moon is far brighter than the silver and red moons.

TAKHISIS

Takhisis has gone by many names, including the Queen of Darkness, the Temptress, the Dark Warrior, and, on other worlds, Tiamat. She is the goddess of evil and control. Takhisis has been responsible for many of the worst calamities to befall Krynn and created the evil blue, black, white, red, and green dragons around the dawn of time. Sister to Paladine and Gilean, she is one of the three deities summoned by the High God to create the world. As the leader of most of the evil gods, she consorted with Sargonnas to give birth to Zeboim and Nuitari.

Takhisis desires nothing more than to bring all souls under her control and dominate the world. She inspires her followers through a mix of fear, seduction, and temptation. Takhisis teaches them that the strongest should always lead those weaker than them. Most often worshipped by dragons, draconians, bakali, and evil members of other races, some non-evil people also worship Takhisis out of fear or due to her religion's belief in achieving total order in the world. She is represented in the stars by the constellation known as the Many-Headed Dragon.



PALADINE

Paladine, known as Bahamut on other worlds, is also called the Platinum Dragon by many on Krynn. He is the leader of the good gods and was one of the first the High God summoned to create the world. He represents divine magic, the soul's desire for greatness, leadership through setting a good example, and redemption. Paladine is the husband of Mishakal and father to Solinari, Habbakuk, and Kiri-Jolith. Though he is an enemy to all the evil gods, his greatest foe is his sister Takhisis. Paladine has opposed her many attempts to conquer the world.

Paladine rarely turns his back on evil people and encourages his followers always to help those who have fallen into darkness find their way back to the light. For much of history, he was the patron deity of paladins, the Knights of Solamnia, and the Knights of the Rose in particular. Many elves revere Paladine as the highest of their pantheon, calling him E'li. Of all the gods, Paladine most often walks amongst the mortal world in disguise to help others find the light without influencing them with his divine majesty. Some of his many guises include the helpful dwarven merchant Albin Shortlocke Hammerfist, the befuddled wizard Fizban the Fabulous, and the wise elf Valthonis.

GILEAN

Gilean is sometimes called the Book, the Sage, or the Gray Voyager. As the leader of the gods of balance, he represents knowledge and free will. He often acts as the mediator between the good and evil gods, siding with whichever faction threatens to upend the balance between the two. Gilean prefers to remain an observer when possible, often seeming to mortals and the other gods to appear cold and uncaring. Like Paladine and Takhisis, Gilean was summoned by the High God to create the world. His only child is Lunitari, and historians claim she sprung from his mind fully formed.

Gilean is the patron deity of scribes, librarians, historians, and scholars. His followers may never destroy a book, no matter the contents. One myth claims that a mortal scribe will be plucked from the River of Time to become Gilean—many believe the immortal scholar Astinus of Palanthas, who records all history, will fulfill this prophecy. Many scholars also believe that the High God gifted Gilean the Tobril, which contains the original plan for the future of Krynn.

OTHER GODS

Other Gods of Good in the pantheon include:

- Mishakal, god of healing
- Branchala, god of music
- Habbakuk, god of beasts and the sea
- Kiri-Jolith, god of honor and war
- Majere, god of meditation and order

Other Gods of Balance in the pantheon include:

- Chislev, goddess of nature
- Reorx, god of crafting
- Shinare, goddess of wealth and trade
- Sirrion, god of fire and change
- Zivilyn, god of wisdom

Other Gods of Evil in the pantheon include:

- Sargonnas, god of vengeance and fire
- Chemosh, god of the undead
- Hiddukel, god of lies and greed
- Morgion, god of disease and secrets
- Zeboim, goddess of storms and the sea

History of Krynn and Sorcery

The Orders of High Sorcery were first founded around the year 2638 Pre-Cataclysm (PC), during the Age of Dreams, and significantly influenced events across the world for at least three thousand years thereafter. In time, the Order built five Towers of High Sorcery. The Tower of Wayreth—the first tower—was the only one to survive the many trials of history and remained the most common location for aspiring mages to take their Test.

You can play the *Test of High Sorcery* adventure during many different points in history, though the surrounding sociopolitical and worldly circumstances affecting your character might vary. The adventure

does not assume any given time period, so you can choose for yourself. The following sections provide an overview of the world's history and its impacts on the Orders of High Sorcery.

ANSALON AND OTHER REGIONS

This adventure centers around the Tests of High Sorcery, so the following historical accounts focus on the continent of Ansalon in Krynn's southern hemisphere, where many of the most famous world events take place. The continent is notably home to the Towers of High Sorcery.

Ansalon was once mostly one large landmass until the Cataclysm struck, causing catastrophic changes to land and sea. During the Chaos War, the Second Cataclysm further transformed the continent's geography. Regardless of the era, the continent's ecosystems are incredibly varied—it contains vast forests, high seas dotted with islands, great plains, desolate wastes, blistering deserts, humid jungles, snow-capped mountains, freezing tundra, volcanos, and more. Beyond being the dwelling place for many chromatic and metallic dragons, Ansalon was also home to many diverse nations and tribes of men, elves, goblins, hobgoblins, ogres, trolls, dwarves, kender, minotaurs, gnomes, bakali, draconians, and other races. Ansalon's history has seen the rise and fall of great empires, magnificent cities, and the Towers of High Sorcery.

You can choose to play a character from another part of the world who has traveled to Ansalon in pursuit of greater arcane knowledge. You might play a character from the nature-loving underwater kingdom of **Watermere**, the far-off minotaur-ruled continent of **Taladas**, the subterranean realm of **Chorane** beneath the glaciers of the south pole, or one of the mysterious **Dragon Isles** hidden amongst stormy seas. You might even choose to play a character from another world looking to further their mastery of magic—the planet Krynn exists in the **Krynnspace system** and is accessible by planar travel or spelljammer vessels.

THE AGE OF STARBIRTH

The first age of Krynn predates recorded history and the rise of most sentient races. The era began with the mysterious High God summoning other gods—Paladine, Gilean, and Takhisis—to call forth a pantheon of other companion deities to aid them. Together, the pantheon created the world of Krynn alongside the High God. Once they finished their work, the High God withdrew from the world, leaving it to the pantheon to populate and decide its fate.

Treachery followed shortly thereafter. Takhisis corrupted the gods' first dragons to reflect her image, creating red, blue, black, green, and white dragons. Paladine and Reorx responded to Takhisis's betrayal by crafting monuments to the first dragons, then gave the monuments life, creating the first gold, silver, copper, bronze, and brass dragons. The All-Dragons War followed, resulting in the gods withdrawing from the world before the conflict left Krynn a ruined world.



THE AGE OF DREAMS

The most prolonged period of history, this age is often split into three eras: the Foundation (9,000 – 5,000 PC), the Time of Light (5,000 – 2,000 PC), and the Time of Knights (2,000 PC – 960 PC).

The Foundation saw the beginnings of the first civilizations of beautiful but cruel ogres, elves, and humans. Ogres were the most powerful of the civilizations until a compassionate ogre named Igraine renounced their peoples' cruelty and renamed their followers the Irda. The Irda sailed away to a far-off island, and the remaining ogres grew brutal and ugly. Eventually, the humans revolted against the ogres and began to build new civilizations alongside the Silvanesti and Kagonesti elves.

The Time of Light saw great growth and tremendous change across the world. Reorx created gnomes, and a too-curious gnome stole a dangerous living artifact known as the Graygem from the moon Lunitari. The Graygem escaped and spread wild magic across Krynn, transforming animals, plants, and peoples. The Graygem's magic resulted in the creation of many new races, including kender and dwarves. New nations rose and spread across the continent of Ansalon, leading to the accidental return of dragons. The First and Second Dragon Wars nearly destroyed much of the world but were ended when three mages who had mastered the art of wild magic commanded the earth to swallow the dragons. Their mighty spells stopped the dragons but caused thousands of innocent lives to be lost when the wild magic proved uncontrollable.

In response to the arcane tragedy, the three gods of magic summoned the three wild mages to their citadel and taught them the art of controlling their magic so they could return to the world and instruct others. Thus the three mages—Corenthas the White, Eriane the Red, and Shaud the Black—created the Orders of High Sorcery and built the Tower of Wayreth in a secret fey forest. They designed the first Tests of High Sorcery, and as more mages flocked to join their Orders, the study of magic began to spread across the continent. While the first great human empire of Ergoth began conquering much of the continent and building great cities, the Orders built four more Towers of High Sorcery in the cities of Daltigoth, Losarcum, Istar, and Palanthas. Powerful mages who refused to join the Orders were branded dangerous rogue mages and hunted, to either be stripped of their magic forever or executed.



During the **Time of Knights**, Ergoth's emperors grew ever more brutal and lustful for power until one of the empire's heroes, Vinas Solamnus, turned against his realm and began the Rose Rebellion. Vinas's rebellion rallied a massive army that won many victories, forcing the emperor to grant independence to many of his previous subjects. So the nation of Solamnia was founded, and Vinas formed an order of knights dedicated to doing good in the world. The **Knights of Solamnia** would become one of the most important factions moving forward, its ranks filled with legendary heroes and tragic villains.

As the Empire of Ergoth's strength waned, other nations grew, including Istar and Sancrist. At the same time, the Silvanesti elves grew ever more removed from the world and its people. When the Dark Goddess Takhisis resurfaced to unleash dragons upon the world, the Third Dragon War threatened to destroy thousands of years of civilization. The Mages of High Sorcery created mighty artifacts known as Dragon Orbs to defend their towers. But it was a Knight of Solamnia named Huma Dragonbane—and his beloved dragon companion Heart—who defeated the avatar of Takhisis in battle by impaling her with the first magical Dragonlance ever forged. Huma and Heart both sacrificed their lives to save the world, bringing an end to the Age of Dreams.

THE AGE OF MIGHT

The Age of Might lasted from around 960 PC – 0 PC when the Cataclysm struck and forever changed the world of Krynn. During the Third Dragon War, a cleric of the good god Paladine protected the growing city of Istar. Dwarves from Thorbardin began to split off to create new kingdoms, surviving wars with great hordes of ogres, while nations like Hylo and Solamnia established increased trade with other lands. The Silvanesti elves grew increasingly removed and isolated, briefly coming into conflict with the Empire of Istar before they could sign a treaty.

Over hundreds of years, the **Empire of Istar** expanded until it became the major power in Ansalon. In 280 PC, the first Kingpriest of Istar proclaimed the empire the moral center of the world and began using religious doctrine to repress freedoms. Later, another Kingpriest furthered the empire's growing zeal by creating the Proclamation of Manifest Virtue, which lists actions considered evil enough to warrant execution. Over time, the Proclamation's list of evils grew—certain races were considered evil and hunted. Istar began employing mind readers so that even having evil thoughts became a crime. During this time, the gods stripped many clerics of their divine magic and tried to sway the Kingpriests to turn away from their tyrannical zealotry.

Kingpriest Beldinas, the last in his line and an immensely powerful cleric, declared war on the Towers of High Sorcery in 19 PC. He claimed arcane magic itself was an act of evil. During the war, the Towers of High Sorcery in Daltigoth and Losarcum were destroyed. The Towers in Istar and Palanthas became abandoned, and the Mages of High Sorcery surrendered by agreeing to exile themselves to the Tower of Wayreth. Mages seemed to disappear from the rest of the world, like the elves before them.



Kingpriest Beldinas then declared that he would ascend to godhood. The gods sent Beldinas thirteen terrible signs to warn him of his folly. True-hearted clerics vanished into thin air, never to be seen again. Trees wept blood, and a mighty storm ravished Istar. But Beldinas and his followers believed their path was righteous and could not be dissuaded. The last hope to stop Beldinas was a quest the goddess Mishakal gave to the disgraced Knight of Solamnia, Lord Loren Soth, to seek out Beldinas and stop him. But Soth's vile heart was swayed from his path by paranoia and jealous thoughts toward his beautiful wife. When Soth turned away from his quest, a fiery mountain fell from the sky and smote the world.

The Cataclysm destroyed the Empire of Istar, shattered its lands, and created the Blood Sea. Millions of people died, and the event forever changed the geography and climate of Krynn. Afterward, divine magic and the gods seemed to vanish from the world, along with the surviving peoples' faith in them. Thus ended the Age of Might.

THE AGE OF DESPAIR

History divides this age into the Time of Darkness (1 AC – 331 AC) and the Time of Dragons (331 AC – 383 AC). While the Orders of High Sorcery began to operate openly again after the Cataclysm, many people did not trust its typically wealthy members, and many rogue mages chose not to join the Orders. The Conclave did not return to its former glory until later in the age, prior to the War of the Lance, under the guidance of the powerful white-robed wizard Par-Salian.

The **Time of Darkness** marks the post-apocalyptic period following the earth-shattering events that ended the previous age. Civilization fell back into lawless chaos, people starved in the streets, and deadly plagues spread without divine magic to stop them. Hungry dwarves turned against one another in civil wars fought over food, leading to the fall of the underground empire of Thorbardin. Lord Soth rose from his fiery grave as a terrible Death Knight, and the Knights of Solamnia were blamed for the Cataclysm and became maligned and persecuted by the people they once served. As people turned their backs on the old gods, cults worshipping "new gods" sprung up to take advantage of peoples' need to believe in something larger than themself.

Meanwhile, the evil goddess Takhisis toiled. She pulled the sunken Temple of Istar in the Blood Sea to the Abyss and created a haven for her evil followers in the land of Neraka. She sent her growing armies to steal the unhatched eggs of the good dragons. Takhisis then awoke the good dragons from their long slumber and forced them to agree not to interfere with her schemes in exchange for returning their eggs after the coming war ended. Secretly, however, she corrupted the metallic dragon eggs to create a new race that worshipped her—the Draconians.

History relates the **Time of Dragons** to the **War of the Lance** and the **Chaos War**, the most famous of Krynn's many epic conflicts. Takhisis required an artifact known as the *Foundation Stone* to be made whole again, so she sent her allies to find its missing piece. She placed her Dragonarmies under the command of Dragon Highlords, skilled generals who combined shrewd political alliances with vicious tactics to envelop Ansalon in a terrible war. During this time, the Knights of Solamnia regained their honor and respect, while the Mages of High Sorcery revealed themselves as allies to the world when it was most in need.

All would have been lost without the gods' return and the exploits of the Heroes of the Lance. The famous adventuring group included Sturm Brightblade, Tasslehoff Burrfoot, Tanis half-elven, Laurana Kanan, Caramon Majere, and many others. Their company also included Raistlin Majere, who rivaled the evil archmage Fistandantilus as the greatest mage the Orders of High Sorcery had ever known. Both wizards became masters of chronomancy and time travel, facing each other in sorcerous battles in the past, present, and future. It is unknown if, through the soul-stealing magic of the Bloodstone of Fistandantilus, the mages might actually be two versions of themselves at different times in their lives.

Takhisis and her armies were vanquished for a brief time. But the Knights of Takhisis rose from defeat to strike back, conquering most of the continent of Ansalon. To stop Takhisis, the few remaining Irda shattered the *Graygem artifact* and freed the entity

trapped within, known as Chaos. Chaos-spawned monsters began to swarm across the world, forcing the followers of both the good and evil gods to work together for survival. The gods and their heroes exiled Chaos from Krynn during a climactic final battle. Takhisis used the battle as a diversion, finally enacting her plan to dominate all of Krynn. In the aftermath, Takhisis moved Krynn to a dimension where she was the only god, causing all other gods to seem to be exiled. She tricked mortals into believing she had left Krynn, happy to rule from the shadows.

THE AGE OF MORTALS

The latest era of Dragonlance began in 384 AC, and the setting's known history currently ends in 433 AC. Takhisis's reign began with mortals losing divine clerical powers and the magic of High Sorcery. For a time, the Orders of High Sorcery disbanded, and people returned to the use of Mysticism—the magic of life itself—and the raw power of wild magic that once nearly destroyed the world during the Age of Dreams. However, even these forms of magic seemed to fade from the world as Takhisis's power grew in the shadows.

The fragile peace following the two prior wars ended with the arrival of alien dragons from other worlds, who began to slaughter native dragons and dominate the world. The arrival led to the rise of Mina, who led the **Knights of Neraka** and a great army of the undead serving the One God—secretly another name for Takhisis. The Knights of Solamnia, the Silvanesti elves, the Qualinesti elves, and many others allied against Takhisis's armies and suffered many defeats during the **War of Souls**. Many of the evil dragons, and even Lord Soth, refused to join Mina's army and were destroyed by Takhisis's power.

At last, Mina managed to summon Takhisis back into the world. However, when Takhisis appeared, Paladine revealed the gods had not abandoned the world and sacrificed his own godhood to make Takhisis mortal. The elvish queen Silvanoshei then sacrificed her life to slay Takhisis with a broken Dragonlance. Mina underwent a quest to rise to godhood, eventually repenting for all her evil tasks and becoming the Goddess of Tears, who brings comfort to mortals who feel sorrow. As magic returned to Krynn, a new Conclave of High Sorcery was founded in 422 AC at the original Tower of Wayreth. Mages again traveled to the tower to take their Tests of High Sorcery and unravel the mysteries of the arcane.



CHAPTER ONE: THE TOWER OF WAYRETH

A1 - Before a Dark Forest

You stand before Wayreth Forest, the ancient forest that holds the Tower of Wayreth within. Blackened and withered branches entwine, creating a dense skeletal canopy that blocks all light from the moons Solinari and Luntari above. Out of the corner of your eye, you swear you see movement between dead hollow trunks accompanied by red eyes that glow in the darkness. Thick fog curls around your feet, crawling up your body and slipping into your mouth—leaving the taste of death behind.

Everything about this forest cautions you of the dangers within, and every inch of your body instinctively seizes with hesitation. But to get to the Test of High Sorcery, you must continue your journey forward.

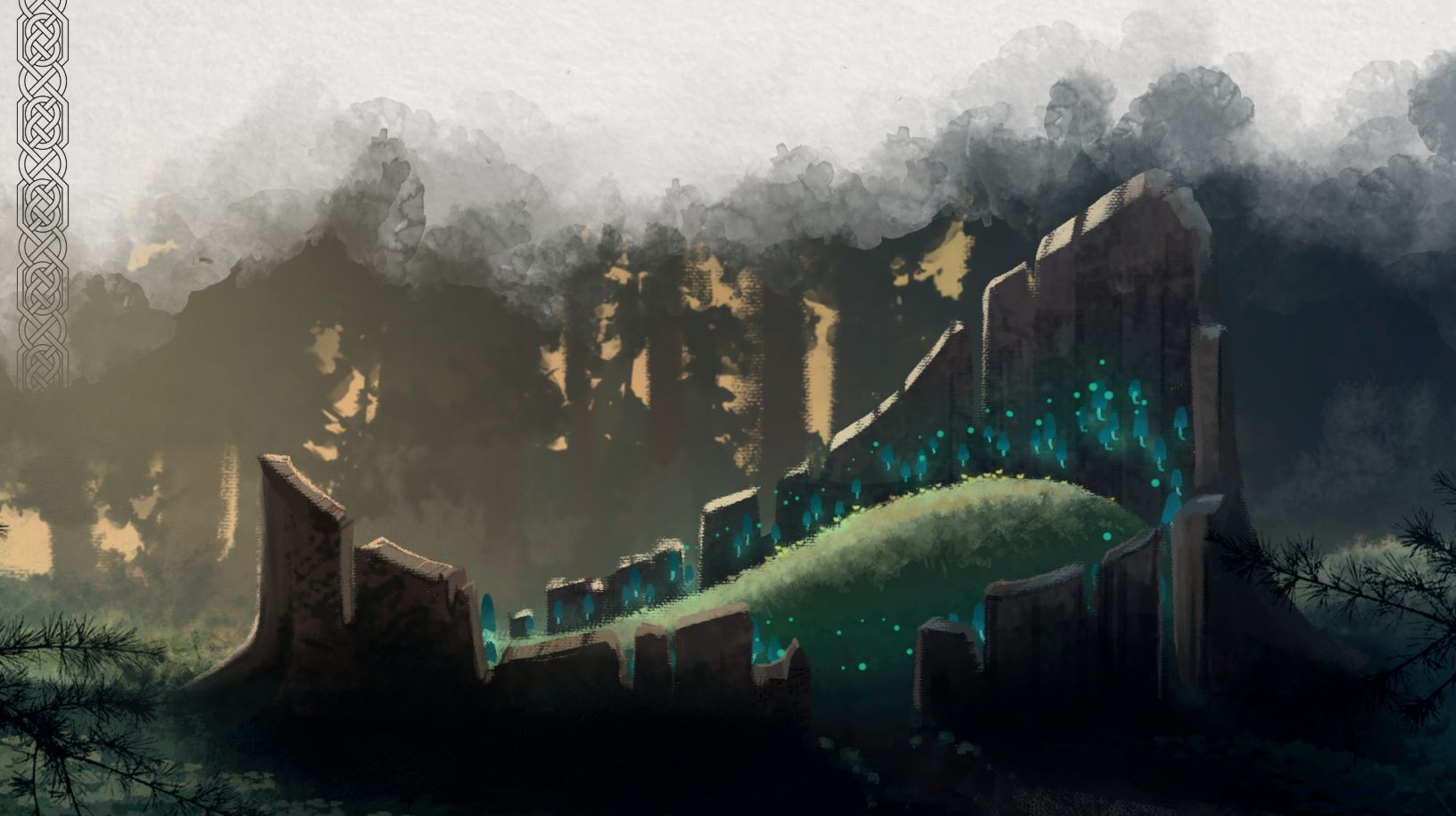
When you step into the forest, **go to A2**.

A2 - Wayreth Forest

The forest, once a near-impenetrable wall of dead trees, transforms before your eyes when you enter its embrace. Previously decayed branches bloom with vigorous life, forming familiar leaves and flowers that remind you of journeys past. The forest floor is damp, covered in fallen petals, and lit by clear moonlight from the sky above. As you look behind, you see that the forest has closed in on itself, trees moving to block the trail from where you came. The only path lies ahead.

You walk along the way for hours, accompanied only by the sound of your footsteps and rustling trees. As you approach a bend, you hear groans and whispers fill the air, brushing past your face and ears. When you search for the source of the eerie sounds, your attention is drawn to a ghostly hand that extends from the shadows off the path. Skeletal fingers curl, beckoning you towards it.

- If you go towards the ghostly hand, **go to A3**.
- If you ignore the ghostly hand, you rush down the path and turn the bend. When you look back, the hand is gone. **Go to A8**.



A3 - In Dark Seclusion

As you approach the hand, you see that the arm it is attached to simply slips into darkness, leaving you to imagine what the rest of its body looks like. A disembodied voice floats from the shadows, raspy and rattling, as the hand takes yours in its chilling grasp.

"Another youngling, brought here by the lure of the Tower. Tell me… as you march towards death, what are you most haunted by?"

- If you speak about the death of a family member or loved one, **go to A4**.
- If you share your painful regret about unrequited love, **go to A5.**
- If you admit that you have important business elsewhere left unresolved, **go to A6**.
- If you reply otherwise or do not answer, **go to A7.**

A4 - In Dark Seclusion

From within the depths of the shadow, a face appears, bearing a striking resemblance to a dead loved one, terrible and comforting all at once. From their lips, the ghostly figure speaks once more. "Magic bears wondrous powers, to even bring back the dead if so desired. But be warned: such strong desires can be warped, and so too can magic's purpose be twisted."

The ghostly hand and face vanish, leaving you alone in the darkness. Note the **Dead Loved One** trait.

As you return to the path, **go to A8**.

A5 - In Dark Seclusion

The ghostly hand gently trails up your arm, settling upon your chest, its chilling touch so cold that it's almost warm again. "The sweet bitterness of love, a poison unique in its power to kill you ever so slowly. You may yet find a chance to fill your heart, but you may have to sacrifice another's instead."

The ghostly hand vanishes, leaving you alone in the darkness with only the memory of its touch left on your chest. Note the **Unrequited Love** trait.

As you return to the path, **go to A8**.

A6 - In Dark Seclusion

The ghostly hand turns yours upwards, fingers trailing down unseen lines across your palm as if mapping the course of your past and future. "To live is to run along the wheel of destiny. Just as fortunes turn—and wheels tread upon the road—what you run from in the past will find you in the future."

The ghostly hand vanishes, leaving you alone in the darkness. Note the **Unresolved Business** trait.

As you return to the path, **go to A8**.

A7 - In Dark Seclusion

The ghostly hand withdraws, the voice within the darkness tutting under its death-rattling breath. "While the Test may provide you great fortune, no person has left those walls untouched by the ghosts of their trials. You may yet join us here in the shadows."

The ghostly hand vanishes, leaving you alone in the darkness.

As you return to the path, **go to A8**.

A8 - Wayreth Forest

Shaking off the chill of the dead, you continue walking down the trail. The trees begin to part, unfurling to reveal a clearing bathed in moonlight. A group of small fairies clothed in splashes of glittering dew and bright flowers dance in raucous merriment, feet stomping along the edges of a strange symbol carved on the ground. The fey creatures join their voices in song, a child-like rhyme floating through the air.

"Four hopeful mages enter the woods, three get scared by the ghosts, two enter the foreboding tower, and one dies with only vain hopes!" The fairies all giggle and cackle, then their heads turn in synchronous motion when they notice you standing there.

"Here comes a hopeful mage!" one of the fairies titters.

"How long do you think they'll last?" asks another.

"Poor thing, going to their death and doom!" a third chimes in.

"If they're smart, they'll turn back around," a fourth declares.

"But they could survive… if they eat this!" a fifth says, and with a wave of their hand, they reveal a piece of fluffy white bread—fresh and sweet.

When they stop dancing, the symbol on the ground flickers with glowing light. You feel a powerful hum of arcane energy emanating from it.

- If you approach the fairy offering, **go to A9**.
- If you approach the symbol, **go to A12**.

A9 - A Well-Lit Clearing

The fairies resume their singing and dancing around the symbol, now circling it at a dizzying speed. The fairy with the bread flies up to you, the bread extended in her hand. "Come now, sweet one, eat up! The stuffy-headed mages won't let you take our gift into your Test, so you have to eat it now if you want our help!" There's surprising strength in her grip as she presses the morsel of food into your hand, her smile wide and eyes sparkling with expectation.

- If you eat the bread now, **go to A10**.
- If you try to secret the bread away, **go to A11**.

A10 - A Well-Lit Clearing

You accept the offering, taking a bite of the bread. It's impossibly light, dissolving on your tongue immediately before you can even chew or swallow. As it goes down your throat, you feel lighter. A warm, tingling sensation washes through every inch of you. Strength returns to tired limbs, and your eyes see with new clarity.

The fairies all cheer, and the one who offered you the bread pats your cheek, the twinkle in her eyes shifting to an all-knowing gaze. "We'll see you soon," she whispers sweetly, giving you a wink.

In a blink of an eye, the clearing vanishes, along with the fairies and mysterious symbols. Before you stand imposing, gold and silver gates. The Tower of Wayreth looms above your head. Note the **Fey Dealings** trait and **go to A15**.



A11 - A Well-Lit Clearing

You attempt to fake eating the bread, trying to slyly stuff the bread into your bag. **Make a DC 13 Dexterity (Sleight of Hand) check**.

If you fail, the fairy quickly grabs the bread, her once cheerful expression growing cold even as her smile remains. "Come on, sweet one. Eat. Up." In a flurry of motion, you're beset by the group of fairies. Tiny fingers force open your mouth and shove the piece of bread down your throat. You choke, but the bread dissolves into sweet nothingness, and a warm, tingling sensation washes through every inch of you. The fairies all jeer, giggling with malice, before disappearing in the blink of an eye. Before you stand imposing, gold and silver gates. The Tower of Wayreth looms above your head. Note the **Fey Dealings** trait and **go to A15**.

If you succeed, you fake chewing the bread while carefully and swiftly slipping it into your bag. The fairies all cheer, and the one who offered you the bread pats your cheek, the twinkle in her eyes shifting to an all-knowing gaze. "We'll see you soon," she whispers sweetly, giving you a wink.

In a blink of an eye, the clearing vanishes, along with the fairies and mysterious symbols. Before you stand imposing, gold and silver gates. The Tower of Wayreth looms above your head. Note the **Stole Fey Bread** trait and **go to A15**.



A12 - A Well-Lit Clearing

Ignoring the fairies and their taunting song, you walk towards the symbol carved on the ground. The sigil is a circle that frames five entwining lines, the intersections marked by ancient runes. As the fairies dance, their footsteps mar and desecrate the carving, and the symbol pulses dark red with each motion. **Make a DC 10 Intelligence (Arcana or Religion) check**.

If you fail, you are uncertain what the symbol represents or what the faeries' ritual dance does. **Go to A13**.

If you succeed, you recognize the symbol as a sign of power belonging to Takhisis, the Queen of Darkness, goddess of evil dragons and domination. The wild dance of the fairies is not just a frivolous whimsy—the dance is fey magic that weakens the unholy power of the symbol, leeching away Takhisis's mark on this region of Wayreth Forest.

As you're about to walk away from the symbol, you hear a whisper, soft and velvety. "Please, adventurer. Stop these terrible creatures from destroying me. I promise I will reward you richly..."

- If you let the fairies continue dancing, **go to A13.**
- If you try to stop them, **go to A14.**

A13 - A Well-Lit Clearing

You stand back and let the fairies continue their wild dance. The crimson light of the strange symbol slowly fades until it becomes dark and silent. The fairies then stop dancing and giggle to each other as if they share a secret joke you aren't part of.

"Hope you remembered all that—we won't be helping you again!" one of the fairies declares between fits of merry laughter. Note the **Watched a Fey Dance** trait.

In a blink of an eye, the clearing vanishes, along with the fairies and mysterious symbols. Before you stand imposing, gold and silver gates. The Tower of Wayreth looms above your head. **Go to A15**.

A14 - A Well-Lit Clearing

You step into the ring, waving your arms and hands to disperse the dancing fairies. They immediately scatter, flying up into the air with angry chitters. They shoot dirty looks down at you before disappearing into the forest canopy's shadows. The symbol beneath your foot glows with renewed strength, shimmering with alternating red, blue, black, white, and green arcane light. The whisper returns, louder in your ear.

"Thank you, adventurer. You will be rightly rewarded, and sooner than you know… should you accept my gift."

Energy thrums around you, tinged with a darkness that sinks deep into your heart. The symbol of Takhisis melds into the forest floor, and then the clearing vanishes. Before you stand imposing, gold and silver gates. The Tower of Wayreth looms above your head. Note the **Mysterious Friend** trait and **go to A15**.

A15 - At the Tower Gates

Polished silver and gold arches loom above you, the gate's metal twisting in ornate patterns that reflect the ethereal moonlight. You can see a courtyard of dust and stone through the bars, overgrown weeds creeping through cracks and crevices. There's no one in sight, yet you feel like someone is watching your every movement.

Just before you place your hand on the gates, they swing open, allowing you to step into the courtyard beyond. You take a breath and steel yourself beneath the shadow of the Tower of High Sorcery. You know this is your last step before it is too late to turn back.

When you take your first step beyond the gates, four connected mage towers rise into the night sky. The wall around the towers forms an equilateral triangle decorated with depictions of Krynn's moons in different phases. The towers themself are crafted from black stone and etched with glowing stained glass and arcane runes. The two tallest towers lean precariously, looking as though they could topple over at any moment.

Between you and the Tower of Wayreth awaits a dusty, unspectacular-looking courtyard. When you proceed into the courtyard, **go to A16**.



A16 - The Courtyard

Your footsteps echo against the stone, leaving imprints in the dust. The feeling of being watched intensifies, the sensation prickling up your back, and you turn around quickly. Right before your eyes stands a nervous half-elven woman wringing her hands, a ratty apprentice robe wrapped around her mousy form.

"H-Hello! I'm sorry if I startled you. I was just..." Her words trip over each other in their quickness, her voice vibrating from anxiety. "Well, I've been waiting here for a while to take my Test, and I was starting to think I was the only one here, so I was beginning to doubt if I was even in the right place. But then you showed up, so maybe you too are a mage here to take..." she takes a deep breath in, her voice lowering to a conspiratorial whisper, "...the Test of High Sorcery?"

Before you can even answer, she looks you up and down, her hands now coming to press to her cheeks in embarrassment. "What am I talking about, of course you're here for the Test. Otherwise, you wouldn't have made it through Wayreth Forest." Letting out a sigh, she collects herself and sticks out her hand to you. "I'm Kyrian. It's nice to meet another mage hopeful here. It's been pretty scary waiting here alone. Honestly, it's terrifying to think about the Test, too. I'm worried that I'm going to fail and die, or maybe I'll say the wrong thing to the mages, and they'll kick me out—or maybe I'm not even supposed to be here in the first place and me trying to be a mage is all just a big mistake!"

Kyrian sheepishly claps her hands over her mouth and goes silent for a moment, before she slowly speaks through her cupped fingers. "Sorry. I ramble a lot when I'm nervous. I'm just so uncertain about what's waiting in the Tower, you know? I get anxious just thinking about it."

- If you commiserate and share your own apprehensions, **go to A17**.
- If you project self-confidence, **go to A18**.

A17 - The Courtyard

Relief washes across Kyrian's face, and she smiles. "It sometimes seems like everyone knows what they're doing, and it's kind of nice to hear you feel uncertain, too. Like I'm not so alone." She takes your hands in hers, then looks over to the door of the fore tower. "It'll be okay, right? We can go in together."

You both make your way to the Tower of High Sorcery's large wooden doors, which open as soon as you approach. Note the **Uncertain About the Future** trait, then **go to A22**.

A18 - The Courtyard

Kyrian scratches the back of her head, disappointed that you seem much more confident than her. Then her expression changes and her eyes sparkle with a new admiration. "You really seem to know what you're doing. I'm only taking the Test because magic is the only thing I'm okay at and because my parents and grandparents were mages, too." She looks at you, eagerly leaning in. "Can you tell me what gives you so much confidence? I-I mean, there has to be something that motivates you, right?"

- If you speak about your desire for power and riches, **go to A19**.
- If you share your hope to help others, **go to A20.**
- If you reveal that you want to move on from your past, **go to A21**.

A19 - The Courtyard

Kyrian's head tilts as she considers your answer. "That makes sense. I mean, I've always been picked on, and at least when I started learning magic, people started leaving me alone. A little. Bullies always like picking on people they think are weaker than them. And having more gold would be nice too..."

The large wooden door of the fore tower creaks open on its own, inviting you to step inside. Kyrian looks at you and smiles. "Guess we should go in!"

Note the **Greed and Ambition** trait, then **go to A22.**

A20 - The Courtyard

Kyrian smiles widely, grasping your hands in hers warmly. "You really seemed like a nice person when I was watching you from the other side of the courtyard. And now I know you are one! I think we all should try to help people when we can. Everyone deserves a little help sometimes, right? I mean, I'd like to think so anyhow."

The large wooden door of the fore tower creaks open on its own, inviting you to step inside. Kyrian looks at you, her demeanor bright. "I think that's our cue!"

Note the **Helping Hand** trait, then **go to A22**.

A21 - The Courtyard

Kyrian frowns, patting you on the shoulder with soft empathy. "That sounds really rough. I mean, sometimes I wish I didn't have to think about all the times in the past that people laughed at me, or pushed me around, or said I was silly for wanting to be a mage..."

The large wooden door of the fore tower creaks open on its own, inviting you to step inside. Kyrian looks at you and smiles hesitantly. "Guess we should go in?"

Note the **Unresolved Business** trait if you haven't already, then **go to A22**.

A22 - The Antechamber

As soon as you enter the Tower of High Sorcery, you're greeted by two mages wearing red robes, their eyes keen but silent in their assessment of you. A group of other would-be mages is assembled in the large entrance antechamber, some sitting in quiet meditation while others chat and gossip.

A wealthy-looking human man looks over at Kyrian and snickers to his three companions. Kyrian bows her head, looking away as the man swaggers over to the two of you, hands in the pockets of his luxurious and well-groomed clothes.

"Looks like they'll let anyone take the test these days," he sneers, eyes fixed on Kyrian. The half-elf woman tries to shrink away and hide behind you. "Little mice who don't know what they're doing should go home and hide in their little holes. The Test of Sorcery is for real magic users only. You'll be ripped to shreds."

Kyrian tries to speak but only manages to squeak and blush in shame.

- If you stand up to the human mage, **go to A23**.
- If you leave Kyrian to deal with the mage alone, **go to A24**.

A23 - The Antechamber

You step in front of Kyrian, ready to intercept and defend her. **Make a DC 16 Charisma (Persuasion or Intimidation) check**.

If you fail, the man's face reddens with rage, his fists balled up tightly. Before he takes a swing at you, one of the red-robed mages steps in, reminding the two of you that fighting among test takers is forbidden and will result in exile. The bully becomes flustered, scowling at you fiercely. "You'll rue the day that you crossed paths with Darien Ariantal!" he declares as he strides away. Eager to escape the intense stares of her peers, Kyrian grabs your hand and pulls you into the dining hall. Note the New Rival trait and go to A25.

If you succeed, the bully's hand tightens in a fist for just a moment before he looks around at the gawking crowd, then back to you with a scowl. "Looks like the mouse has a guard dog after all." He turns around and walks back to his companions in a huff, leaving you and Kyrian in peace.

Kyrian smiles at you, taking your hand once more. "Thank you. It really means a lot that you would help me out there. And if I can, I'll try to help you out too, to return the favor!" The two of you chat until the red-robed mages call for you to enter the dining hall. **Go to A25**.

A24 - The Antechamber

You step away from Kyrian and decide not to get involved. She looks over at you with fear and betrayal in her eyes. The human mage begins to demean her with cruel words, and after a few seconds, she flees to the other side of the room—eager to be away from them and you. You slink off to a quiet corner to avoid being bothered by anyone, steering clear of the wrath and attention of the bully mage. There you sit until the mages wearing red robes call for you to enter the dining hall.

Note the **Fear of Bullies** trait and **go to A25**.

A25 - The Dining Hall

The dining hall features a blazing hearth. In its center, a long table sits surrounded by several chairs, with just enough seats for each test taker present. Supper is hot and fresh, with plenty for each mage to have their fill. While much of the large spread of food you are familiar with, there are stranger dishes entirely foreign to you. While the good meal and refreshing drinks are comforting in some ways, the tension in the air is palpable.

Some of the test takers talk quietly and lightly to each other, while others stare grimly down at their plates like this might be the last meal before their doom. Kyrian looks like she's about ready to faint. At the same time, the pompous young mage seems unphased by the gravity of your collective situation.

Dinner comes and goes quickly, whether you speak with other nervous would-be mages or keep to yourself. Before long, you are each escorted to individual chambers to rest for the night.

Go to A26.

A26 - Your Private Chambers

The guest chamber prepared for aspiring Mages of High Sorcery is small but surprisingly elegant. Pleasing herbal and citrus scents fill the room, mixed with the odor of old parchment and a hint of nutmeg. Moonlight spills through a large green stained glass window near a luxurious four-post bed, effusing the room with an ethereal glow. A small hearth stays lit with a magical flame that keeps the room warm even on cold nights. Near the hearth, a claw-foot bathtub has been drawn with steaming hot water. Soft towels and vials of multi-color bath salts fill a rack nearby the inviting bath.



A simple bookshelf rests along the right greystone wall, stuffed with books of every shape and size. Between the bookshelf and the bed sits a round obsidian study table with a single wooden chair. Dozens of names have been carved onto the underside of the table. A few of the oldest carved names include Nalib Courtkey, Gadrella of Tarsis, Karal Baavluurch Chulzurkh, and Ronald Greely. The only object on the stone table is an inert scrying orb held within a platinum base that resembles a dragon's claw.

Tonight might be your last, and time is short. Spend it wisely. You can take a short rest, copy or prepare spells, and pursue other basic downtime activities. You might also enjoy some of the room's luxuries or investigate its intriguing items.

- If you have already engaged in two of the following activities or are not interested in them, **go to A27**.
- If you enjoy a hot bubble bath, **go to A28**.
- If you lay down on the comfortable bed, **go to A29**.
- If you sit at the table to examine the orb, **go to A30**.
- If you investigate the bookshelf to find study material, **go to A31**.

A27 - Your Private Chambers

Your private time becomes suddenly interrupted by three loud knocks upon the chamber door.

Rap. Rap, rap.

Without warning, the door flies open and three Mages of High Sorcery sweep into the room, each wearing different color robes. You recognize them immediately—the leaders of the Orders of the White Robes, Red Robes, and Black Robes. The black-robed archmage enters last. When they do, the magical fire in the room's hearth dims, and the chamber grows colder.

"I hope you have found our accommodations relaxing. Encouraging. A well-deserved respite." The white-robed mage's voice is soothing, full of empathy, but a little sad.

"I hope you have not *wasted* what little time might be left to you on mundane frivolities," the black-robed mage interjects, their inflection bordering on threatening.

"Their time is *their* time. How they spend it is not our concern. We are simply here to interview them and craft their Test of High Sorcery. Let us waste no more time—ours or theirs—by bickering." The red-robed mage moves between the others and speaks with calm authority. A moment later, the mages turn towards you and gesture for you to take a seat at the stone table.

"Let us begin," the mages say in unison. **Go to A40**.

A28 - A Hot Bubble Bath

The inviting bath calls to you. After disrobing and sprinkling magical bath salts into the tub, you sink into its steamy water. As the magical salts begin to work, multi-colored bubbles begin to rise to the foaming surface. Your muscles relax, and the bubbles continue to rise. A few stray white, red, and black bubbles drift away from the bath and float slowly about the room.

You can see dreamlike images of your possible futures within the floating bubbles, each a vision of yourself, but older, wearing a different colored robe. The visions contain other figures, too—people you have not yet met but you somehow know might become important to you. You try to hold onto the details of the images before the bubbles pop, but like most dreams, their details begin to fade from memory once they are out of view.

The rest of your bath is very soothing but uneventful. Gain **Inspiration**, which you can spend to grant yourself advantage on an attack roll, saving throw, or ability check. Additionally, after you finish your next long rest, **gain 7 (2d6) temporary hit points**.

Once you finish your bath, **return to A26**.

A29 - A Comfortable Bed

You collapse onto the four-post guest chamber bed. Its black satin sheets are cool to the touch and have been scented with lavender. Its pillows and mattress seem to almost immediately mold to your body and position, causing you to sink, and sink, and sink. Moments later, your eyes peacefully shut.

If you have the **Uncertain About the Future** trait marked on your character sheet, **go to A32**. Otherwise, your comfortable rest quickly turns into a disturbing nightmare.

In your dream, you wade through stormy waters in a dark sea cove as thunder shatters the sky. You flee from the storm, swimming through a twisting subterranean tunnel lit by green phosphorous fungi. Your heart beats so hard in your chest that it feels like it might burst at any moment. You know in your gut that something is coming for you. The storm causes the water to rise, and you swim harder, trying to reach the end of the tunnel to find dry land. But no matter how hard you push yourself, the end of the tunnel seems to stretch on and on, as though it's getting further away.

Moments later, you take a last gasping breath and are pulled underwater by something slimy wrapped around your leg. The fungi's phosphorous lights flicker like candles and go out, casting you into magical darkness. You struggle but cannot escape. You can feel something—many somethings—watching you in the dark. Waiting. Hungry.

And then, your eyes open, and you wake from the nightmare with a start. Note the **Dreamt of Drowning** trait and **return to A26**.

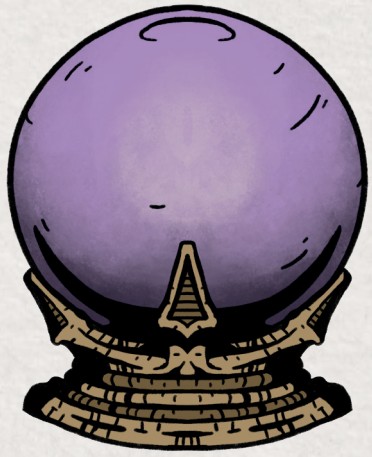
A30 - The Scrying Orb

When you investigate the orb further, its dim interior begins to glow with pale blue light. The glass sphere rattles within its dragon claw base. Shapes begin to form within the orb, half-shrouded in mist. You observe a ship sailing into a monstrous lightning storm. The vision shifts after a few moments, revealing a large red door etched with glowing arcane runes. Then the image changes again, showing a tall, crumbling tombstone, behind which stands a shadowy figure with an outstretched hand. At last, the light inside the orb dims until it is merely a pale flicker. To use the orb, **make a DC 13 Intelligence (Arcana) check**.

If you fail, the orb's light fades entirely, and you cannot use it—**return to A26** and pursue another activity instead.

If you succeed, you can focus on one of the images you saw and attempt to conjure it again in more detail.

- If you conjure the vision of the ship and the storm, **go to A33**.
- If you conjure the vision of the large door and arcane runes, **go to A34**.
- If you conjure the vision of the tombstone and shadowy figure, **go to A35**.
- If avoid the orb and pursue another activity instead, **return to A26**.



A31 - The Dusty Bookshelf



The imposing wooden bookshelf fills the entire length of the chamber on one side. An old ladder leans against the far corner, several of its lower rungs splintered from use. Motes of dust dance silently off the shelves, glowing in the nearby hearth light. Each shelf is crammed with heavy leather-bound books, stacks of parchment tubes, slender journals, and untitled volumes. There seems to be little method and much madness in the bookshelf's organization.

At a glance, a few interesting but unhelpful titles include *A History of the Second Dragon War, Raising a Sorcerous Child Safely, 101 Delicious Recipes for Dwarven Guests, Drowning in the River of Time: The Unpredictable Dangers of Chronomancy*, and a tattered brochure titled *So You Want to Be a Hero?* that advertises a far-off academy for prospective adventurers.

You could easily spend hours or days sorting through the bookshelf's mess to find something useful.

- If you search for a book about the Tests of High Sorcery, **make a DC 10 Intelligence (Investigation) check**. If you succeed, **go to A36.** If you fail, you cannot find anything on that subject and may search for something else instead.
- If you search for a forgotten spellbook, **make a DC 13 Intelligence (Investigation) check**. If you succeed, **go to A37**. Otherwise, you cannot find anything useful on that subject and may search for something else.
- If you search for something obscure, **make a DC 16 Intelligence (Investigation) check**. If you succeed, **go to A38**. If you fail, you cannot find anything intriguing and may search for something else.
- If you cannot find anything you were looking for or give up, **return to A26**.

A32 - A Strange Dream

You dream of sitting inside a small ferry boat. A figure clad in grey robes rows the boat through still, black waters using a gnarled wooden staff. A large cowl hides their face behind a mask of shadows.

Thin red mist rolls gently across the endless river, carrying with it the putrid scent of decay. The night sky above is dark, and the stars are nowhere to be seen. Solinari and Lunitari seem muted, their white-and-red moonlight barely reflecting off the water. The ferryperson rows and rows—their motions are slow and rhythmic. They say nothing. You try to greet them and ask where they are taking you, but the only sound that escapes you is that of a croaking frog.

At last, the ferryperson stops rowing. You can see a shrouded riverbank in the distance ahead. You croak again, trying to plead with them not to stop, to bring you to the shore. From beneath the ferryperson's cowl, they speak in a familiar voice. "The future doesn't mean forgetting the past. The past is always with you, no matter how far and how fast you run. Be brave, look it in the eyes, and smile."

You watch as the ferryperson slowly lowers their cowl to reveal the face of your best childhood friend, smiling at you encouragingly. Memories come flooding back, and you recall the times you spent together in your youth—shared adventures, daydreams, loss, and longing.

A moment later, you stir from the dream. Note the **Remembered Your Childhood Friend** trait, then **return to A26**.

A33 - Vision of a Storm

The swirling mists inside the orb dissipate, revealing a vision of one possible future. You witness a great storm at sea that splits the sky wide open with violent forks of lightning. You see yourself there on a small wooden ship, a sloop with a single mast and headsail. You sail through the storm towards dark, rolling fog in the distance. Crashing waves toss the vessel about like a toy, but somehow you manage to steer the ship into the screaming winds toward the mist.

The vision in the orb expands, showing your vessel being pursued through the sea by an Amphi Dragon—a monstrous creature that looks like a giant toad with sea-green scales covered with yellow, acid-oozing warts. As the Amphi Dragon swims closer to your sloop, you witness yourself turn around just in time to spot it cresting the waves. The Amphi Dragon's extremely long tongue flies from its maw towards you—and you cast an attack spell to counter, striking true and severing the monster's tongue before it reaches you. The Amphi Dragon roars in fury and pain, then descends beneath the water's surface.

A moment later, mist clouds the inside of the orb. Its light dims, then goes out entirely. The vision ends. Note the **Scried the Amphi Dragon** trait, then **return to A26**.

A34 - Vision of a Door

The swirling mists inside the orb dissipate, revealing a vision of one possible future. You witness yourself in the vision, standing in a narrow bone-littered dungeon corridor. Before you is a large door made from crimson metal, etched with strange runes that fill the hallway with cold white light. At waist height on the door is a hand-shaped hole. You watch yourself turn from the door and pick up a skeletal hand from the ground, then stick it through the hole in the door.

The hole suddenly closes around the skeletal hand, trapping it in the door. After a few seconds, the door opens inward. You don't wait to see what is on the other side, though. You immediately turn and run all the way toward the dead end on the other side of the hall.

A moment later, mist clouds the inside of the orb. Its light dims, then goes out entirely. The vision ends. Note the **Scried the Arcane Door** trait, then **return to A26**.

A35 - Vision of a Graveyard

The swirling mists inside the orb dissipate, revealing a vision of one possible future. You observe yourself within the image, standing in a mist-shrouded graveyard surrounded by dead, twisted trees. There you stand before a tall stone tombstone, but the vision is too blurry to read what is written on it. Standing behind the headstone is a large shadowy figure wearing a black-cowled robe. The shadow pulls back its hood, revealing a hideously bloated corpse face twisted in agony. Then the specter extends a ghostly finger toward you.

You witness yourself in the vision do something strange next. You look over the headstone carefully, then twist your torso to turn your back to the ghost. You place your head and palms flat on the dirt at your feet, then kick up your legs into a headstand. The specter pulls its shadowy hood back over its head, and it lowers its outstretched hand.

A moment later, mist clouds the inside of the orb. Its light dims, then goes out entirely. The vision ends. Note the **Scried the Hideous Specter** trait, then **return to A26**.

A36 - At the Reading Table

After you clean the dust off of a small but well-loved tome titled *The Foundations of High Sorcery*, you sit down at the stone table to read it by hearth light. The introductory chapter describes the historical events that led to the founding of the Conclave of High Sorcery following the tragic events that ended the Second Dragon War. The histories were recorded by Highmage Corenthas the White, one of the three founding members of the Conclave.

You absorb the history in detail, noting that Corenthas seemed uncertain that balance could truly be maintained between good and evil mages. At the end of the chapter, Corenthas presents the Foundations of Magic that all Mages of High Sorcery must abide by:

- All wizards must follow the bidding of the Conclave and their Order.
- No outsider must learn the secrets of the Orders.
- All wizards must report any renegade mage activity they discover.
- Altering the forces of creation and the fabric of magic is forbidden unless the Conclave grants permission to do so.
- Breaking any of these rules will result in the Conclave passing judgment. The severity of said judgment may vary, ranging from sanitary duties at the tower, ex-communication and stripping the guilty individual of their magic forever, and execution without the possibility of resurrection.

Near the back of the book, Corenthas describes the Test of High Sorcery and the Conclave's philosophies on crafting the exam to be so rigorous that failure means death. Each Test is crafted for the individual, drawing on their past, present, and potential future to forge their soul in the Crucible of Magic. It challenges their fears, ambitions, vulnerabilities, and insecurities. The Tests last for several days, allowing mages to rest and study at specific times during the ordeal. Additionally:

- Every Test presents several challenges that examine the depth of a mage's knowledge and use of magic.
- Every Test presents several perils that cannot be solved through magic alone, testing the mage's other talents to solve problems even should their magic be exhausted.
- Every Test presents a confrontation with a known ally.
- Every Test presents a choice to save someone or something dear to them—or give up their magic forever.
- Every Test presents a deadly duel against a highly dangerous foe that encompasses the mage's fears.
- Mages may call on an ally to help them face their Tests, but the ally's life is put at risk, and the Tests' difficulties increase appropriately.

Once you finish studying the book and jotting down notes for later, **return to A26**.

A37 - At the Reading Table

Wedged behind a thick cookbook titled *A Cannibal's Guide to Health and Happiness*, you find something even more unexpected—a ratty-covered tome with no title that nearly falls apart in your hands. Inside the front cover, a message has been scrawled in sloppy ink.

> *Welcome to the Community Spell Library! Us novice mages gotta stick together.*
>
> *Take one scroll (ONE SCROLL) and hide this tome somewhere those old coots would never look. Use it during your Tests! And if you survive, be a friend and put a fresh scroll back inside for the next poor sod that comes along.*
>
> *Sincerely, good luck!*
> *Nalib C*

You sit down and crack the tome open. Loose spell scrolls spill onto the table, some of them quite old.

You can add spell scrolls to your inventory. Each scroll bears the words of a single spell, written in a mystical cipher. If the spell is on your class's spell list, you can read the scroll and cast its spell without providing any material components. Otherwise, the scroll is unintelligible.

- **Artificer Spell Scrolls:** *Cure Wounds, Darkvision, Enhance Ability, Identify*
- **Bard Spell Scrolls:** *Comprehend Languages, Cure Wounds, Enhance Ability, Identify, Knock*
- **Sorcerer Spell Scrolls:** *Comprehend Languages, Darkvision, Enhance Ability, Knock, Mirror Image*
- **Warlock Spell Scrolls:** *Comprehend Languages, Hellish Rebuke, Protection From Evil and Good, Mirror Image, Ray of Enfeeblement*
- **Wizard Spell Scrolls:** *Comprehend Languages, Darkvision, Identify, Knock, Mirror Image, Protection From Evil and Good, Ray of Enfeeblement*

If you take more than one spell scroll, note the **Stole From the Community** trait. Once you finish with the tome and replace it, **return to A26**.

A38 - At the Reading Table

During your search for something intriguing, you find yourself scanning through a painfully earnest and dreadfully overwrought book of love poems written by a long-dead mage. As you turn the page from a poem titled *My Lucky Cerulean Tears* to another titled *Bewitched and Heartbroken*, your fingertip sticks to the parchment. You notice two pages are glued together. Carefully, you peel the pages apart, and a smaller slip of paper falls out. The slip contains whimsical handwriting but no signature.

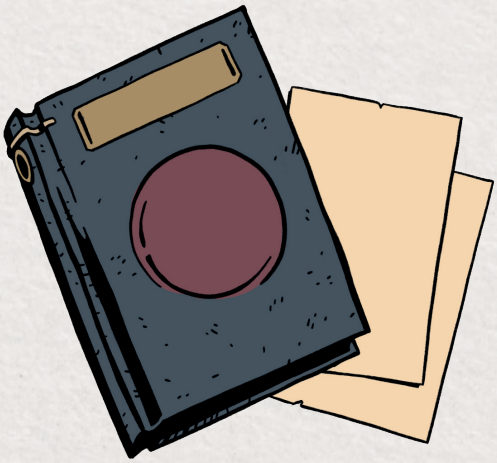
If you're reading this, that means I didn't survive my Test. I guess I needed more luck than I thought I would! Mother always told me I had more confidence than brains. Do me a favor and play one last game with me. A scavenger hunt! It'll be worth it, I swear.

If you accept your mission, start by finding the Phobia Encyclopedia and turn to page 13. That's my favorite number!

If you decide not to waste your time on a scavenger hunt and do something else instead, **return to A26**.

Otherwise, your scavenger hunt begins simply enough, but each clue gets progressively more frustrating. If you succeed on a **DC 13 Intelligence (Investigation) or Wisdom (Perception) check, go to A39**.

If you fail, your search drags on and on. At last, you reach a dead end when a cryptic clue leads you to rip open all the bed's pillows in search of a single strand of green thread. There is no thread to be found, and now you've spilled pillow feathers all over the floor. **Go to A27**.



A39 - Under the Bed

You endure an exhausting whirlwind of questionable-at-best puns and malicious puzzles. The scavenger hunt's final clue, *"Quack! Quack! You're on the right track. Just look for the crack under your back, Jack!"* eventually leads you to look under the bed. There you find a cracked, loose chunk of stone. You pull away the stone and find a hidden hollow beneath.

Reaching your hand in, you fish around and pull out three very different objects—a moldy toy duck that squeaks when you grab it, a spell scroll tied with a dusty pink bow, and a magic wand crafted from bone with a pair of dice attached to its tip. Investigating the toy ducky, you find smudged words inked onto its underside, *"Congrats! Good luck!"*

The spell scroll is a *Scroll of Identify*, which you can keep or use immediately to cast *identify* on the magic wand. If you identify the *Wand of Fickle Luck*, you can attune to it. Add any of the items you want to take to your inventory. The moldy toy ducky is entirely mundane. When you finish, **go to A27**.

WAND OF FICKLE LUCK

Wand, uncommon (requires attunement by a spellcaster)

This wand is crafted from the humerus bone of a kender with a small brass doorknob set into its base. A pair of unmarked obsidian dice attached to short brass chains dangle from the tip of the wand.

This wand has 2 charges which it regains daily at dawn. While holding the wand, you can use your reaction when a creature you can see within 60 feet of yourself succeeds on a saving throw.

Roll 1d20. On a 3 or higher, the triggering creature must reroll their saving throw and take the lower roll. Additionally, you have advantage on your next attack roll, ability check, or saving throw you make within one minute. On a 1 or 2, the wand explodes in your hand and is destroyed, dealing 7 (2d6) fire damage to you.

A40 - Your Interview

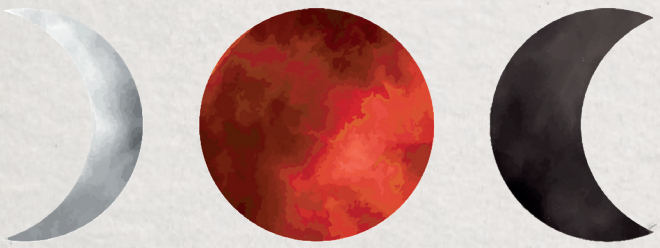
It is difficult to help but feel small seated at the little study table with three of the most powerful archmages in the world staring at you from beneath their cowls. A long moment passes before the red-robed mage gestures gently around the room. The figure speaks, their firm but curious gaze locked upon you.

"You being here means your sponsorship to take the Test of High Sorcery has been accepted. Before we continue with this interview, understand that we will be using sorcery to peer into your mind and ensure you cannot lie to us. If you have protections against mind reading, now is the time to remove them. If you resist our magic, as is your right, your time here at the Tower of Wayreth will be at an end."

With a hint of compassion in their voice, the white-robed mage adds, "Simply speak the truth. Be honest with us—and yourself. It is essential to the integrity of the Test and your growth as a mage." The white-robed figure then sets a copper piece down on the table in front of you and rubs their thumb over its surface until it begins to glow faintly.

You did not come this far to turn back now. Once you agree to the terms, the white-robed mage casts detect thoughts, and the red-robed mage casts *zone of truth* centered around the study table. For the remainder of the interview, the archmages can look into your mind, and you cannot lie to any question they ask.

You can feel their presence in your mind already. It is gentle enough but itches slightly in a way that is difficult to comprehend. **Go to A41**.



A41 - Your Interview

The black-robed mage rubs one palm over their knuckles. They speak with a voice like honeyed poison, a little louder than a whisper.

"While I'm certain you already know of the gods of magic, their realms of influence, and their corresponding moons—I would hate to overestimate you, so let us review! There is Nuitari the Black, god of magic used to pursue personal ambition, wealth, influence, and revenge. Luntari the Red, goddess of magic used to maintain balance, unravel mysteries, and embrace personal freedoms. And last of all, Solinari the White, god of magic used patiently and compassionately to create a better world. Better by whose standards, though? I do wonder."

The red-robed mage clears their throat and taps a finger against an amulet around their neck. The white-robed mage purses their lips tightly but says nothing at the snide comment about their Order. The black-robed mage continues to whisper, smiling a little too wide for comfort.

"White, red, and black. Three Gods of Magic. Three Orders of High Sorcery who, as much as we bicker and disagree, work together to further the advancement of magecraft. Assuming you survive your Test, which seems very unlikely if I'm being honest… which Order would you join?"

- If you declare for the White Robes, note the **Chose Solinari** trait.
- If you declare for the Red Robes, note the **Chose Lunitari** trait.
- If you declare for the Black Robes, note the **Chose Nuitari** trait.
- If you say you aren't sure yet, note the **Uncertain About the Future** trait if you haven't already.

When you give your answer, the black-robed mage steps back. They continue to stare at you, though, a little like one oggles a delicious dessert. **Go to A42.**

A42 - Your Interview

The red-robed mage offers you a small smile and slight nod, then explains, "Of course, you cannot simply declare which Order you will join. The Test itself will determine to which god you are best aligned. Though your answer is certainly noted."

The white-robed mage clasps their hands together, softly interlocks their fingers, and then steps forward to speak. "Even the greatest mages in history experienced moments of imposter syndrome. If we accept them as parts of who we are, fear and anxiety can be a source of strength and wisdom. An honest understanding of one's weaknesses is a mage's greatest strength."

The red-robed mage steps forward to stand next to the white-robed figure. They look through you as though you were made of clean glass. "Subtlety and fortitude are also strengths great mages possess. But which of those two strengths is your weakness?"

- If you claim subtlety is your greater weakness, note the **Unsubtle** trait. The red-robed mage clicks their tongue to the roof of their mouth twice, then takes a step away from you. **Go to A43**.
- If you claim fortitude is your greater weakness, note the **Lacks Fortitude** trait. An unspoken sadness touches the white-robed mage's eyes, and they nod grimly. **Go to A43**.
- If you claim neither is a weakness for you, the black-robed mage lets loose a laugh that begins in their gut and ends in a brief cackle. After taking a breath, they say, "My apologies. But you have no idea how often we hear that." Note the **Overconfident** trait, then **go to A43**.

A43 - Your Interview

After a long moment of silence, the white-robed mage holds up their hand and taps three fingers to their heart. "Strength does not only come from the gods. Or even ourselves. It comes from others. No mage should isolate themselves with only their books to keep them company." After speaking, the white-robed figure hesitates for a moment, then nods quickly aside to their fellow mages.

The black-robed mage licks their lips, then draws two objects out from their robes. In one hand, they hold a tuft of brown bat fur, and they grip a small dropper bottle of pitch in the other. The mage squeezes a single drop of pitch onto the clump of bat fur. They roll their wrist, waving the pitch-stained fur in front of their lips, then speak a string of arcane words that sound like a hissing snake. A flood of magical darkness blacker than any night you have ever seen spills from the mage's mouth, enveloping you completely.

From beyond the darkness, the white-robed mage speaks again, their voice like thunder. "Imagine that you are sailing through a storm. Dark clouds smother the moonlight. The sea rages, looking to swallow you, and your mast has shattered. Who is your *anchor* in the storm?"

- If you think of a dear friend, family member, or rival, note the **Imagined a Companion** trait.
- If you think of a lover, whether or not you are still together, note the **Imagined a Lover** trait.
- If you imagine yourself alone in the storm, note the **Imagined No One** trait.

After you think of your anchor, the black-robed mage whispers into the darkness surrounding you. "It is my turn now." **Go to A44**.



A44 - Trapped in Nightmares

The black-robed mage begins to chant arcane words, their song beautiful and dreadful all at once. It seems to come from everywhere around you in the magical darkness. When the song ends abruptly, there is only silence. Then a terrifying vision assaults your mind until you feel like your skull might split open.

You see yourself standing amidst a small, silent crowd in a graveyard. All of their faces are featureless, blank slates of flesh. You push through the faceless crowd to the front of the gathering and look down at the headstone resting at the edge of a freshly dug, open grave. It is your name carved on the tombstone.

Someone familiar's laugh rings out from behind you. You turn around to see someone new standing in front of the faceless crowd, grinning and armed cross. They are someone from your past who bullied and tormented you. And their voice is just like you remember.

"You really think you'll survive the Test? You have no idea what *they* will do to you in there. And I'll be there, too. Watching from the best seat in the house. I want my laugh to be the last thing you hear when you die."

They point and laugh at you, and that laughter is echoed from the surrounding woods. A pack of hyenas slinks out from behind the trees, their maddening cackles growing to a fever pitch. Your tormenter cackles, too, watching gleefully as the hyenas creep toward you with hunger in their eyes.

You instinctively take a small step back, almost slipping on the soft ground and falling into your own grave. **Go to A45.**

A45 - Trapped in Nightmares

Surrounded by nightmares, you hear the black-robed mage's voice echo in your mind. "Fight me! Show me you have control. That you are the master of your mind, and not I!"

You realize that you can choose to attempt to push any or all of the nightmares from your mind.

To push your funeral from your mind, you must **make a DC 13 Intelligence saving throw**. If you fail or choose not to, note the **Fear of Dying** trait.

To push the cackling hyenas from your mind, you must **make a DC 13 Wisdom saving throw.** If you fail or choose not to, note the **Fear of the Wild** trait.

To push your tormenter from your mind, you must **make a DC 13 Charisma saving throw**. If you fail or choose not to, note the **Fear of Bullies** trait. If you already have that trait and succeed on your saving throw, instead erase the trait.

If you successfully rid your mind of all three nightmares, note the **Mastered Your Fears** trait. At last, the nightmares fade—either through your sheer willpower or when the archmage mercifully dispels the vision. **Go to A46**.

A46 - Alone in Your Room

You hear the red-robed mage's voice nearby, its tone balanced between empathy and resolve. "The Test of High Sorcery is a forge—and your soul is the metal its fire transforms. Push yourself. Challenge your beliefs. Face your demons head-on. Prove to the gods what sort of mage you will become. But first, rest. Tomorrow night, it begins."

Then the darkness fades, and you find yourself standing in the middle of your guest chamber, the archmages nowhere to be seen. The chamber's bookshelves have mysteriously vanished along with the scrying orb. Even the hot bathwater is gone, leaving behind only an empty tub. Thankfully, the mages left you the study table, the comfortable bed, and the blazing hearth to keep you warm. You realize that you are on your own until you finish your Test of High Sorcery.

After your nerves are calm, you can spend the rest of the night making final preparations for your Test by attuning to magic items, preparing spells, and finishing other downtime activities.

After you finish a long rest, go to A47.

A47 - The Next Night

The night before your Test passes dreamlessly in peaceful comfort. The next day at the Tower of Wayreth is quiet, and the aspiring mages you met the day before are nowhere to be found, perhaps having already begun their Tests. As the long, isolated hours pass, the sun rises and falls. You take a walk around the silent towers to the areas open to you and out to the empty moonlit courtyard, where the red moon Nuitari soars in High Conjunction, casting red light on the world below.

Coming back from your walk, you peek into the grand hall where the leaders of the Conclave gather. The Hall of Mages is an immense obsidian chamber with a sixty-foot domed ceiling. Twenty chairs sit in shadows, while one central chair gives off a cold white glow—the hall's only light source. All twenty-one chairs face the north wall.

The longer you stare into the room, the larger the chamber grows before your eyes. You can imagine the history of the place, spells of incredible power weaved by the world's greatest mages, and the critical decisions made here about the future of the Conclave. You realize you are now a part of that history, however small or great your destiny proves to be.

At last, you turn away from the Hall of Mages and find that you are not where you were previously. **Go to A48.**

A48 - The Long Climb

You stand at the bottom of a spiraling set of black stone stairs. The passage behind you has vanished entirely, and where the door to the Hall of Mages stood is now only a dead-end wall. You begin to climb the stairs, and it slowly dawns on you that you have been summoned to begin your Test of High Sorcery. The spiral stairwell seems to go on forever, lit by torches on the right wall that burn with white, red, and black magical flames.

At last, you see the landing at the top of the stairs. Beyond stands simple wooden double doors with a pair of silver door knockers. Along the left wall, large painted portraits hang at even intervals, portraying various past Mages of High Sorcery.

- If you investigate the hanging portraits of previous mages, **go to A49.**
- If you are through waiting and approach the door to the Testing Grounds, **go to A52.**



A49 - The Wall of Mages Past

The portraits are something of a mystery. Only twelve paintings hang on the wall for no apparent rhyme or reason. You cannot know for sure if you were meant to find these specific portraits, if the Conclave changes the portraits hanging randomly, or if everything you currently see is merely an illusion. Magic is very odd like that.

The painted mages wear a balance of black, red, and white robes. They all look very different from one another, featuring numerous races. Some of the paintings reveal scowling or bored expressions. Others portray more whimsical mages, obviously not taking themselves too seriously.

You observe the final five paintings with keen interest. The first is of a black-robed kender with an enormous, dazzling smile who wears a pointy hat and a monocle. The second portrait portrays a tall red-robed high ogre with blue skin and a very proud expression, clutching a magical amulet with his long fingers. The third painting shows a shy-looking black-robed young woman with dark hair and strange pupils shaped like golden hourglasses. The fourth portrait is of a white-robed elven woman with ghostly white hair, determination in her eyes, and an ornate rapier hanging from her rope belt. All of them—mages from every sort of background—took their Tests of High Sorcery and survived. Maybe you will too.

The final painting has no frame and is entirely black. Looking at it makes your skin crawl, and you feel like someone is watching you from the other side of its shadowy canvas.

- If you hurry past the black portrait, you can feel it watching you until finally reach the top of the stairs. **Go to A52**.
- If you try to pierce the veil through the black canvas, make a **DC 19 Intelligence (Arcana) check**. If you succeed—or if you cast a spell like *detect magic*, *detect thoughts*, *identify*, or *see invisibility* to help you peer beyond the veil—**go to A50**. Otherwise, you stare into the inky void, and it stares back at you, but the painting remains a mystery—**go to A52**.

A50 - The Black Portrait

The midnight-colored ink begins to swirl on the canvas, and you hear a man's deep, quiet, articulate voice in your mind. "More wood for the fire. Another sacrifice to feed the Conclave's pride. You are an interesting one, though, aren't you? With a little help, I suspect you might just make your mark on the world. No mage worth their salt is an island, after all."

If you noted the **Stole from the Community** trait, **go to A51**.

Otherwise, you can still feel invisible eyes upon you, but the creeping sensation eases. The black portrait seems less ominous now than it did before. The mysterious mage continues to speak in your mind, not answering any questions or revealing their identity.

"Even many of the most promising mages master their early tests, only to perish in the last, most vicious test. The corpses of those unlucky acolytes now lie, entombed, beneath this very tower. I alone can help you survive your final challenge. All that I ask, in exchange, is a small portion of your life force after you complete your tests."

- If you accept his offer, note the **Accepted a Mysterious Mage's Help** trait. The man's last words to you are void of emotion, "Very wise. Very promising. I will be watching your progress with rapt attention."
- If you reject his offer, note the **Angered a Mysterious Mage** trait. The man's voice grows loud and indignant in your mind. "How utterly disappointing that you have so little ambition or even an ounce of self-preservation. So be it. More wood for the fire."

When the mage's presence fades from your mind, the black portrait vanishes from where it hung on the wall. You inhale deeply, not realizing you had been holding your breath the entire time he spoke. With a hard swallow, you turn and finish the climb to the top of the tower. **Go to A52.**

A51 - The Black Portrait

You can still feel invisible eyes upon you, but the creeping sensation eases. The black portrait seems less ominous now than it did before. The mysterious mage continues to speak in your mind, not answering any questions or revealing their identity.

"It seems you have already taken more than your fair share of help. I wonder, does the Conclave know how easily cheating others comes to you? Not that you should care one iota about what those pretenders think! Truly great mages understand that no rule matters as much as the rule of *power*. Take what is yours, and do not let those dusty-robed fools stop you. Let that advice be my gift to you."

When the mage's presence fades from your mind, the black portrait vanishes from where it hung on the wall. You inhale deeply, not realizing you had been holding your breath the entire time he spoke. With a hard swallow, you turn and finish the climb to the top of the tower. **Go to A52.**

A52 - The Door to the Testing Grounds

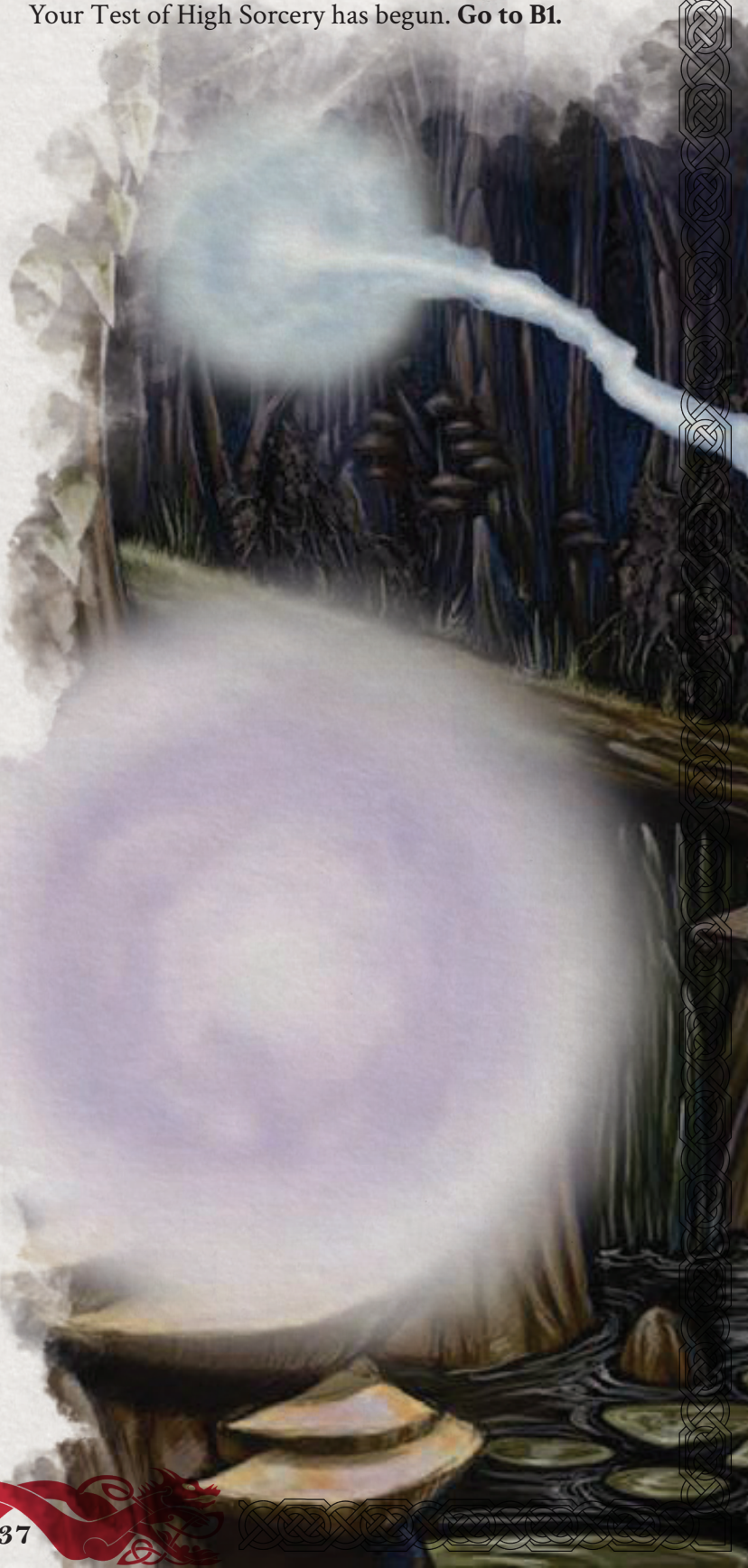
At first glance, the thick wooden double doors at the top of the stairs seem mundane compared to everything else you have observed around the Tower of Wayreth. However, you quickly notice they appear to have no handle or noticeable lock. Their only distinguishing features are a pair of remarkably detailed silver door knockers resembling your own face. With no other obvious way into the Testing Grounds, you grab one of the silver knockers and rap it against the door three times.

Rap, rap. Rap.

A moment later, the double doors open. Beyond lies the familiar fey-haunted woods you passed through to find the Tower of High Sorcery. Heavy fog rolls across Wayreth Forest. You can see the eerie red eyes of unknowable creatures flittering about in the mist.

You step through the door and into the forest. When you turn around, the Tower of High Sorcery is simply gone—vanished. Strange shapes made of mist dart about at the corners of your vision. Indecipherable sounds echo from deeper in the shadow-shrouded forest.

Your Test of High Sorcery has begun. **Go to B1.**



CHAPTER TWO: HIGH SORCERY

B1 - Wayreth Forest

The misty air is thick with the feeling of anticipation. The trees' dead branches are still, and the weird red-eyed creatures floating in the mist hold their breath, waiting for the first Test of High Sorcery to reveal itself. Solinari and Lunitari peer through the canopy, shining silvery and red moonlight down upon you.

You sigh, and your voice's echo snakes into your ear. "And so it begins..."

- If you noted the **Uncertain About the Future** trait, **go to B2**.
- If you noted the **Unresolved Business** trait, **go to B12**.

If you noted both the previous traits, decide which drives your character most, and erase the other trait. Otherwise, **go to B19**.



B2 - Riverside Shore

The damp softness of the forest floor turns to sand, the withered trees collapse into the ground, and the eerie creatures disappear. In a blink of an eye, you are standing at the bank of a river. The river rushes swift and deep, though it glows with an eerie white light, waves licking at the shore in ethereal wisps. A boat digs into the sand, and standing next to it is a figure in a gray hooded robe. In their hands, they hold an oar fashioned of metal shaped like a blade, shining in the little moonlight that reaches you.

Before you can say anything, the ferryman ushers you onto the boat, pushing off from shore and rowing in a steady rhythm. Your view of the other side of the river quickly disappears as fog rolls in, joining the water and sky into one wash of opaque white. Whispers rise around you, too quiet to make out their words, with no discernible source.

- If you noted the **Remembered Your Childhood Friend** trait, **go to B3**.
- Otherwise, **go to B5**.

B3 - River of Souls

Your memory stirs, and you realize this is all very similar to the nightmare you had last night. You lean forward and speak your friend's name—thankfully, this time, not with a frog's croak.

Unlike your dream, the ferryman doesn't reveal their face as they turn to you. Instead, they wordlessly offer you the oar in their hand and gesture for you to take the lead across the river. The words from your dream echo in your mind.

"The future doesn't mean forgetting the past. The past is always with you, no matter how far and how fast you run. Be brave, look it in the eyes, and smile."

- If you accept the oar, the ferryman passes it to you with great care. **Go to B4.**
- If you refuse the oar, the ferryman shakes their head and resumes paddling. **Go to B5**.

B4 - River of Souls

Carefully, you and the ferryman exchange places in the boat, and the vessel rocks gently with the motion. The oar is heavy in your hands, but as you dip the blade into the water, you settle into an easy, if sometimes clumsy, rhythm.

The water is calm, and the fog is still, but the intensity of the whispers ebb and flow, growing steadier and louder as they rise from the river. Ghostly faces begin to bubble to the surface, the spirits of mages who perished in this river bemoaning their fears, words overlapping in tumultuous anxiety.

"What if I die?"

"I can't fail..."

"How did I even get here? I should be back home..."

"Am I even ready to take the test?"

From behind, you feel the hands of the ferryman carefully cover your ears as best they can, their touch surprisingly warm and reaffirming.

You must succeed on a **DC 10 Charisma saving throw with advantage or take 5 (1d10) psychic damage** as the whispers worm their way into your mind.

The fog clears as the ferry boat hits the calm shore across the way, the anxious murmuring finally fading away. You feel the ferryman's hands let go of you, but not before giving your shoulder a soft squeeze. When you turn to hand the oar back, you see that the ferryman is gone, leaving only an empty gray robe behind.

Note the **Navigated Your Future** trait and gain **Inspiration** if you don't already have it. You disembark from the boat, stepping into your next Test of High Sorcery.

- If you noted the Unsubtle trait, **go to B27**.
- If you noted the **Lacks Fortitude** trait, **go to B40**.
- If you noted the **Overconfident** trait, **go to B49**.



B5 - River of Souls

As you sit back in the boat, the whispers ebb and flow, steadily growing in volume and fervor. Soon the sibilance grows to a cacophony of voices belonging to hopeful mages who wavered during their Tests of High Sorcery. Their anxious cries haunt the thick air. Some of the whispers echo your own thoughts, the quiet moments of uncertainty you've felt. **Make a DC 13 Wisdom saving throw.**

If you fail, you can't help but peer over the boat's edge, drawn by the whispers. Ghostly terrified faces look back, their eyes empty as they stare through you, their mouths moving in non-stop repetition of their hope and despair. Swirling among these faces are visions of potential futures: success, failure, death, and life. As the horrifying and wondrous site mesmerizes you, cold hands reach up from below and pull you into the river—its flow made up more of the souls of dead mages than water. **Go to B6.**

If you succeed on your saving throw, you grab onto your seat and anchor yourself to the boat, avoiding eye contact with whatever lurks in the river. Eager to look anywhere but the water, you notice a wooden dock through the fog. However, the ferryman doesn't steer the boat towards the dock, instead preparing to paddle right past it.

- If you try to take control of the boat, **go to B7**.
- If you allow the ferryman to keep going, **go to B11**.

B6 - River of Souls

Your body flails and thrashes as ghostly hands pull and caress you, countless ghosts now screaming their insecurities into your ear, a terrible symphony of uncertainties. Fingers pry at your mouth, tendrils explore the inside of your nose and ears, and the ghosts press into your mind. You must succeed on a **DC 13 Charisma saving throw or choose to either expend 2 (1d4) spell slots of any level or gain one level of Exhaustion** as the spirits wear away at you.

Your lungs burn, and your vision swims. Just as you're about to take a desperate gasp, you feel a hand roughly grab the back of your neck. Swiftly you're hauled back onto the boat, and the ferryman dumps you unceremoniously onto the seat. They barely look at you as they resume paddling, but their displeasure with you emanates from their form. **Go to B11.**

B7 - River of Souls

You stand up, and the boat rocks with the motion. You demand that the ferryman rows to the docks. Their paddling goes still, and as they straighten up, they appear to grow taller. The oar lifts from the water, looking even more like a weapon as the metal gleams in the foggy moonlight.

- If you attempt to persuade the ferryman to row to the docks, **go to B8**.
- If you try to push the ferryman into the river, **go to B9**.
- If you sit back down and let the ferryman continue, **go to B11**.

B8 - River of Souls

The ferryman doesn't turn to look at you as you begin to speak. **Make a DC 13 Charisma (Persuasion) check.**

If you succeed, the ferryman turns and tilts their head at you with silent curiosity. They hand you the oar, keeping perfectly still until you take it from them. Note the **Took Boat Control** trait, then **go to B10**.

If you fail, you see their chest and shoulders shake in a wordless scoff. Much quicker than you expect them to move, they spin around, barely rocking the boat as the flat of the oar is pressed to your shoulder. The oar's sharp edge nicks your neck threateningly, dealing **2 (1d4) slashing damage**. The ferryman takes a seat to begin rowing and gestures for you to do the same.

- If you try to push the ferryman into the river, **go to B9**.
- If you sit back down and let the ferryman continue, **go to B11.**

B9 - River of Souls

You rush forward to push the ferryman and grab hold of the oar. **Make a DC 13 Strength (Athletics) check**—you have advantage on your check if you cast a 1st or higher-level spell that pushes the ferryman to the edge of the boat, like *thunderwave* or *gust of wind*.

If you fail, the ferryman's strength beneath the ratty robes takes you by surprise. With a simple push, you are swiftly knocked off the boat, crashing into the river with a splash. **Go to B6.**

If you succeed, you take the ferryman by surprise. Their body is lighter than you expect, and they crash into the river in a fluttering of gray fabric. From beneath the water, hundreds of ghostly hands greedily grab at the ferryman, quickly dragging them under.

The ghosts leave behind no trace of the ferryman. You take the oar into your hands and start to row desperately. Note the **Usurped Ferryman** trait, then **go to B10**.

B10 - River of Souls

Quickly, you paddle your way to the docks, scrambling up from the boat onto the damp and splintered wood. When you turn back around, you see no trace of the ferryman. The river and its ghosts have fallen silent. The fog rolls in thick and heavy, obscuring your sight. Once the mist departs, you prepare to face your next Test of High Sorcery.

- If you noted the **Unsubtle** trait, **go to B27**.
- If you noted the **Lacks Fortitude** trait, **go to B40**.
- If you noted the **Overconfident** trait, **go to B49**.

B11 - River of Souls

The water is calm, and the fog is still as the ferryman continues paddling, but the river ghosts' whispers ebb and flow in intensity, growing steadier and louder as they rise from the river. You must succeed on a **DC 10 Charisma saving throw** or take **5 (1d10) psychic damage** as the whispers worm their way into your mind.

The fog clears as the boat hits the calm shore across the way, the anxious murmuring finally fading away. You disembark, and when you look behind, the ferryman has disappeared, leaving only the oar and their gray robe. Ghostly hands reach up from the water and pull the boat back into the river, and you watch as it drifts away into the fog.

You step onto the sandy shore and prepare to face your next Test of High Sorcery.

- If you noted the **Unsubtle** trait, **go to B27**.
- If you noted the **Lacks Fortitude** trait, **go to B40**.
- If you noted the **Overconfident** trait, **go to B49**.



B12 - Ancient Ruins

Footsteps turn from subtle clops on the soft forest floor to hollow thuds on echoing stone. You find yourself in an ancient ruin, dark and forgotten. The walls are carved with images of battles long past, featuring elves and humans engaged in fierce combat against strange, shapeless monstrosities. From within the carvings comes a trio of sighs, the air shimmering with light and energy that coalesces into the ethereal forms of three elven ghosts.

Their eyes are sightless, yet they look at you as they speak. You can't hear their words, only sighs rising from their throats, but you can read what they say from their lips.

"Please...free us from our perpetual suffering here. Put us to rest, and finally, let us join our siblings and parents in the Beyond..."

They gesture deeper into the ruins. In the darkness, you see three skeletons clothed in ancient battle gear, their bones in disarray and postures twisted in agony. Each of their hands holds a different item: the first holds a silver goblet with droplets of rubies, the second a sphere of cloudy quartz, and the third a golden crown with a sapphire in the shape of a shining star.

Before you can move, a confident voice cuts through the echoing grave air. "Oho, looks like you got here before me!" You turn around to see who appears to be another apprentice mage, hands propped on his hips as he looks at you. "Well, that's fine. How about you take one of the treasures, and I'll take another, and we call it fair? I mean, it's not like these elves need them anymore."

The ghosts shrink, almost hissing at his presence. Then they turn toward you and repeat their voiceless plea.

- If you go to take the treasure, **go to B13**.
- If you attempt to put the ghosts to rest, **go to B18**.

B13 - Ancient Ruins

The ghosts howl with sorrow, their faces shifting from their appearance in life to death, mangled and cracked skulls shrieking in endless pain. Their cries shake you to your very core as memories that aren't yours flash through your mind. On a battlefield, you recall being pierced by a sword, your lifeblood bleeding out onto soil well-watered by the gore of your friends and loved ones. **Make a DC 13 Wisdom saving throw**.

If you fail, you stumble back and collapse onto the floor, this mirage of pain overwhelmingly real to you. Take **5 (1d10) psychic damage**. Through your blurry vision, you watch the other mage swoop in and deftly snatch all the treasures. Sparing you only a wink, he turns heel and runs out of the ruins, chased by the wrathful ghosts. Soon everything falls quiet, and you're left alone in the dead air of the ruins. **Go to B14.**

If you succeed, you push aside the ghosts' projected memories, stumbling to reach for one of the treasures.

- If you take the goblet, **go to B15.**
- If you take the crystal sphere, **go to B16**.
- If you take the crown, **go to B17**.



B14 - Ancient Ruins

Shaking, you pick yourself up as the walls around you rumble. Bits of stone and dirt crumble from the already collapsing ceiling, and you push yourself away from the treacherous ruin. As you cross the threshold of the ruin's doorway, you step toward your next Test of High Sorcery.

- If you noted the **Unsubtle** trait, **go to B27**.
- If you noted the **Lacks Fortitude** trait, **go to B40**.
- If you noted the **Overconfident** trait**, go to B49**.

B15 - Ancient Ruins

You pick up the silver goblet, the weight of it surprisingly light. At the bottom of the cup are traces of a red liquid wafting with an herbal scent. Suddenly, another memory that doesn't belong to you flashes through your mind—someone takes the goblet and drinks deep from it, their war-inflicted wounds healing as they swallow. **Gain 7 (2d6) temporary hit points.**

The howling of the ghosts brings you back to the present, and the goblet dissolves into dust in your hands. With the wrathful spirits on your heels, you run to the exit of the ruins. When you finally cross the threshold of the ruin's doorway, you step toward your next Test of High Sorcery. Note the **Took Ghostly Treasure** trait.

- If you noted the **Unsubtle** trait, **go to B27**.
- If you noted the **Lacks Fortitude** trait, **go to B40**.
- If you noted the **Overconfident** trait, **go to B49**.

B16 - Ancient Ruins

You pick up the cloudy quartz sphere, the surface still smooth and polished after all this time. As you tilt the crystal, it catches the dim light, amplifying it. Suddenly, another memory that doesn't belong to you flashes through your mind—someone gazes into the sphere before writing down notes in their arcane tome, the crystal giving them clarity of knowledge. You have **advantage on all Intelligence (Arcana) check**s until you finish a long rest.

The sphere breaks apart into sand that runs through your fingers. Quickly, you escape the haunted ruins and howling ghosts. Your next Test of High Sorcery awaits. Note the **Took Ghostly Treasure** trait.

- If you noted the **Unsubtle** trait, **go to B27**.
- If you noted the **Lacks Fortitude** trait, **go to B40**.
- If you noted the **Overconfident** trait**, go to B49**.

B17 - Ancient Ruins

You pick up the golden crown, which is perfectly sized for your head, and notice an inscription carefully carved along the inside of its metal. Suddenly, another memory that doesn't belong to you flashes through your mind—someone takes the crown and places it upon their head, shouting a rallying cry and leading their people into a great battle. You gain **Inspiration** if you don't already have it.

The ghosts shriek and the crown dissolves into rust in your hands.With the wrathful spirits on your heels, you run to the exit of the ruins. When you finally cross the threshold of the ruin's doorway, you step toward your next Test of High Sorcery. Note the **Took Ghostly Treasure** trait.

- If you noted the **Unsubtle** trait, **go to B27**.
- If you noted the **Lacks Fortitude** trait, **go to B40**.
- If you noted the **Overconfident** trait, **go to B49**.

B18 - Ancient Ruins

You ignore the other mage and begin to walk forward. The ghosts float alongside you, their hands ever so gently nudging you toward their skeletons. Up close, the state of the bodies is even grimmer than you first realized. Each corpse was defiled and discarded by whoever struck the killing blows, leaving them to rot. Footsteps shuffle behind you as the other would-be mage attempts to leap in and grab a treasure, but the ghosts swiftly rear up in righteous fury, frightening him away.

You concentrate on rearranging the bones into proper positions to rebuild the skeletons. **Make a DC 13 Wisdom (Medicine) or Intelligence (Investigation) check**—you have advantage on your check if you cast a spell to help you with the meticulous work, like *unseen servant* or *mending*. Each time you fail, take **5 (1d10) psychic damage** as you see the forms of the ghosts distort, warped and mangled, reflecting their mismatched earthly vessels each time you place a bone in the wrong place. Repeat the check until you succeed, taking damage each time.

When you succeed, the ghosts sigh with great relief. They float past you, brushing your forehead with gentle fingers. Gain **Inspiration** if you don't already have it. All three ghosts close their eyes once they lie down inside their corpses. They slowly fade from this world and pass on to the next.

After the elven ghosts disappear, so do their bodies and the treasures, melding into the earth. Note the **Pacified Elven Ghosts** trait.

As you stand up and brush off the grave dirt, the partially collapsed ceiling of the ruins breaks open. A sea of icy shadow spills from the opening, enveloping you entirely. When the freezing darkness departs, you face your next Test of High Sorcery.

- If you noted the **Unsubtle** trait, **go to B27**.
- If you noted the **Lacks Fortitude** trait, **go to B40**.
- If you noted the **Overconfident** trait, **go to B49**.

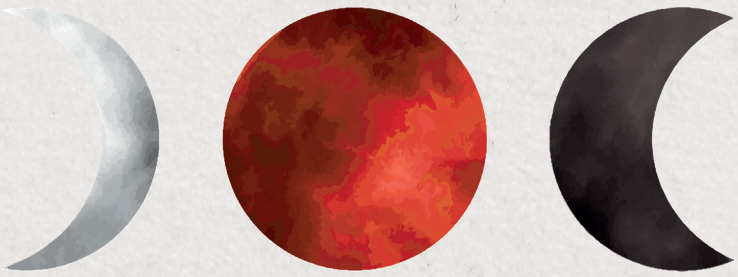
B19 - Windy Cliffside

The trees abruptly part, leaving you on the precipice of a windy cliff face. Ocean waves crash at rocks below, and the air is brisk and salty as it stings your face. Sitting on the cliff's edge is a woman with elegantly folded feather wings, a snake tail curling from her skirt, tethering her to the foundation. Beneath her beaked mask, she ponders a cracked stone, her lips curved into a melancholy frown.

As you approach, she turns her head to you, her hand beckoning you closer. "Please, can you help me?" Her voice is soft and lyrical, yet it cuts through the howling winds. "I've lost a stone—a special one that was given to me by my mother, who was given it by her mother before her."

She gestures to a pile of stones nearby, each identical in shape and size, all smoothed down by time. "I have spent days searching, and yet it eludes me. It's warm to the touch, shines purple under certain light, and is more sturdy than any other mountain rock."

- If you search for the stone through touch, **go to B20**.
- If you search for the stone through light, **go to B21.**
- If you search for the stone through force, **go to B22**.



B20 - Windy Cliffside

You kneel to sift through the rock pile, your fingers trying to assess which stone is of a different temperature. **Make a DC 13 Wisdom (Perception) check**. You automatically succeed if you cast the *detect magic* spell.

If you fail, you spend what feels like hours searching for the correct stone. Eventually, you pick one you are half sure about and offer it to the serpentine woman. She carefully brings it to her chest, cradling the stone before she shivers with the cold. Frost blooms across her body, quickly spreading from her hands to her head and the tip of her tail until she becomes solid ice. **Go to B23.**

If you succeed, your fingers wrap around a stone that gives off heat comparable to a cozy hearth fire—contained within a small, unremarkable piece of earth. When you hold it in your hands, that soothing warmth spreads to the rest of your body.

- If you take the stone for yourself, **go to B24.**
- If you give the stone to the lady, **go to B26**.

B21 - Windy Cliffside

You kneel to sift through the rock pile, trying to find which stone has the strange purple sheen the lady mentioned. **Make a DC 13 Intelligence (Investigation) check.** You automatically succeed if you cast the *detect magic* spell.

If you fail, you spend forever searching for the correct stone. Eventually you pick one and offer it to the serpentine woman. She brings it to her face, carefully examining it. The stone cracks, and a brilliant flash of red magic explodes from within. The serpentine lady falls to the ground and begins to writhe in pain. Blood begins to spill from her eyes and she covers them, almost as though to hold the fluid inside so it doesn't escape. **Go to B23.**

If you succeed, you spot a shimmer of purple in the moonlight among the marbled mass of gray and white. You pick up the stone, unable to look away from how the light catches on its surface.

- If you take the stone for yourself, **go to B24.**
- If you give the stone to the lady, **go to B26.**

B22 - Windy Cliffside

You stand up straight and prepare to break the piled rocks to see which one stays whole. **Make a DC 16 Strength (Athletics) check**. You automatically succeed if you cast *detect magic*, and you have advantage on your check if you cast a 1st or higher-level spell that can break stones, like *shatter*.

If you fail, you spend what feels like hours searching for the correct stone. Eventually, you pick one you are half sure about and offer it to the serpentine woman. She carefully brings it to her chest, cradling the stone. As she does, you observe the tip of her tail transmute to sparkling amethyst. The gemstone growth quickly spreads through her whole body until she becomes an entirely still amethyst statue. **Go to B23.**

If you succeed, you spot one stone that seems untouched by your efforts among the rubble of pebbles and shards. When you pick up the stone, the rock gleams as though it were proud of proving its resilience and strength.

- If you take the stone for yourself, **go to B24.**
- If you give the stone to the lady, **go to B26.**



B23 - In a Pile of Stones

As the serpentine lady meets her unfortunate fate, the cliff side around you begins to shake. Shifting rocks rise and part—as though the earth itself were trying to swallow you whole. Pulled down, you do whatever you can to keep from being crushed by jagged stone. You must succeed on a **DC 13 Strength or Dexterity saving throw**, taking **11 (2d10) bludgeoning damage** on a failed save, or half as much on a successful one. You have advantage on your saving throw if you cast a 1st or higher-level spell that teleports you past treacherous rocks or destroys them, like *misty step* or *shatter*.

After several suffocating minutes that seem like they may never end, the earthen burrow finally releases you. You brush debris and dirt from you and look around to prepare for your next Test of High Sorcery.

- If you noted the **Unsubtle** trait, **go to B27**.
- If you noted the **Lacks Fortitude** trait, **go to B40**.
- If you noted the **Overconfident** trait, **go to B49**.

B24 - Windy Cliffside

When you turn away from the lady with the stone in your hand, she quickly coils into an attack pose, shrieking with fury at your immediate betrayal. She swoops towards you, clawed hands reaching out to snatch the stone back from you. **Make a DC Dexterity 16 saving throw**—you have advantage on your check if you cast a 1st or higher-level spell that pushes the lady away, like *thunderwave* or *gust of wind*.

If you fail, she triumphantly snatches the stone from your hands, and her tail whips out to shove you off the cliff. Unless you cast *feather fall*, take **11 (2d10) bludgeoning damage** as you strike a jagged rock on your way down. You continue to fall through the air afterward. Note the **Stole the Rock** trait, then **go to B25.**

If you succeed, you manage to dodge and hold the lady at bay while keeping a firm grip on the stone. Though you move out of the way, you lose your footing and slip off the cliff's edge towards the water below. Add the Mountain's Soulstone to your inventory, note the **Stole the Rock** trait, then **go to B25**.

MOUNTAIN'S SOULSTONE

Wondrous item, rare

This plain-looking white stone is warm to the touch and fits comfortably in the palm of a hand. An ancient mountain spirit dwells within, preferring solitude at high altitudes while it listens to the wind's song. It can be compelled to offer its aid in the form of transmutation magic that turns your flesh as hard as stone.

You can activate the stone with a bonus action, gaining resistance to nonmagical bludgeoning, piercing, and slashing damage for one hour. When you use this ability in any location other than the spirit's home, roll 1d6. On a 1, the stone shatters after use, and the spirit travels back home. Once you use this ability, you cannot use it again until you take a long rest.

B25 - In the Air

You close your eyes, expecting to hit the salty embrace of the ocean. Instead, you don't feel anything at all. When you open your eyes, you find yourself suspended upside down in the air and in time. Slowly the world reorients itself, and in that dizzying suspension, you find yourself in a new place with your feet on solid ground. The Test of High Sorcery continues.

- If you noted the **Unsubtle** trait, **go to B27**.
- If you noted the **Lacks Fortitude** trait, **go to B40**.
- If you noted the **Overconfident** trait, **go to B49**.

B26 - Windy Cliffside

The serpentine lady clutches the stone carefully, cradling it to her chest with mirthful relief.

"Thank you," she says, smiling widely. Then she raises the stone up to the moonlight and murmurs a phrase of power. She stands up at the cliff's edge and leaps

into the air, taking flight in a graceful motion. As she launches into the winds, she transforms into a great flying serpent with scales of purple stone.

As you squint to observe the flying serpent disappear into the red moon's corona, the sharp ocean breeze blusters, making you close your eyes from its salty sting. When you open them again, your next Test of High Sorcery awaits you.

- If you noted the **Unsubtle** trait, **go to B27**.
- If you noted the **Lacks Fortitude** trait, **go to B40**.
- If you noted the **Overconfident** trait, **go to B49**.

B27 - Cave of Statues

You find yourself in a dim cave, lit only by the moonlight barely creeping through a single crack on the roof. Surrounding you are stone statues of people, each perfectly preserved in life-like poses. The statues' realistic features are frozen in various expressions, some looking ahead with complete confidence while others cower and shrink away from an unseen danger. Broken parts of the statues that have fallen off with time and erosion cover the floor, cracking underfoot.

On the other side of the cave, you see a heavy wooden door, the only clear exit from this place.

- If you move quickly but conspicuously, **go to B28.**
- If you move stealthily but slowly, **go to B33.**

B28 - Cave of Statues

Old stone cracks beneath your feet. Soon, the sound of crumbling statues is joined by something scaly scraping against stone. Something slithers very quickly toward you. **Make a DC 13 Strength (Athletics) or Dexterity (Acrobatics) check**—you have advantage on your check if you cast a 1st or higher-level spell that quickens your movement, like *longstrider* or *expeditious retreat.*

If you fail, you're mid-stride when a scaled coil wraps around your feet, quickly dragging you to the cave's floor. Your body slams into the ground, and the tail drags you viciously through the cave. Take **5 (1d10) bludgeoning damage**, then **go to B37**.

If you succeed, you focus on your breath, not even looking behind you as you outmaneuver whatever horrid thing is chasing you. You tug on the handle as soon as you reach the door, but the wood doesn't budge. The entry is quite securely locked. The sound of slithering grows louder, reminding you that you don't have much time to ponder your choices or escape.

- If you attempt to brute force the door open, **go to B29**.
- If you attempt to grab the key, **go to B30**.

B29 - Cave of Statues

You steady yourself and prepare to break the door open. **Make a DC 13 Strength (Athletics) check**. You automatically succeed if you cast the knock spell, and you have advantage on your check if you cast a 1st or higher-level spell that can break open wood, like *shatter*.

If you fail, you're mid-strike when a scaled coil wraps around your feet, quickly dragging you to the cave's floor. Your body slams into the ground, and the tail drags you viciously through the cave. Take **5 (1d10) bludgeoning damage**, then **go to B37.**

If you succeed, you feel cold scales and the flick of a tongue on the back of your neck right before the door opens to your will. You leap forward, spilling into a peaceful hallway. Stairs at the far end ascend to your next Test of High Sorcery.

You can take a short rest.

- If you noted either the **Fey Dealings** or **Stole Fey Bread** traits, **go to B61.**
- If you noted either the **Mysterious Friend** or **Watched a Fey Dance** traits, **go to B74**.

B30 - Nest of Eggs

You dive for the nest filled with eggs nearly the size of your head and stretch to grab the half-buried key. Suddenly, the slithering sound behind you stops. Out of the corner of your eye, you can see fragments of your pursuer: a long coiled snake's tail that merges with a humanoid torso, undulating hair, and clawed hands.

You don't see her face as she speaks, her harsh words sibilant and elongated, "Lisssssten here you sswindler, you ssscoundrel, you missssscreant. You bessssst sstay away from thossse if you know what issss wisssse. Lassst warning. Ssstep away from that nessst. Now."

If you try to discern more about this creature, you must make a **DC 13 Wisdom (Nature) or Intelligence (Arcana or History) check**. If you succeed, everything you've witnessed finally clicks in your mind, from the statues to the eggs to the snake tail. You face a medusa whose gaze can turn you to stone if you look into it. Should you end up fighting the creature, you automatically know the **medusa's weakness listed**. Once you realize the medusa's nature, make another choice.

- If you try to talk to her diplomatically, **go to B31.**
- If you try to threaten her eggs, **go to B32.**

B31 - Medusa's Nest

As you speak, you see the medusa's coil shift and curl, and you can hear her get closer to you. A flick of her long, forked tongue dances dangerously close to your face, but her gaze is just out of sight.

"Yessss, but don't you ssssee? You would make sssuch a good ssstatue for my collection. Maybe there iss sssomething elsse you could offer me? Perhapss a magic item of sssortss, to round out the accesssoriess for all my dear friendsss here."

- If you accept the deal and give her a magic item, **go to B38.**
- If you refuse the deal, **go to B39.**

B32 - Medusa's Nest

Taking one of the eggs into your hands, you lift it over your head, threatening to throw the fragile thing. **Make a DC 13 Charisma (Intimidation) check.**

If you fail, a long moment of silence hangs between you before the medusa sighs, though you can hear the glee in the drawn-out sound. **Go to B39.**

If you succeed, the medusa hisses at you, but she slowly backs away, giving you room to get to the door. You can feel her piercing glare as you put down the egg and grab the key. As soon as you step away, her tail moves to coil around the nest protectively.

With the key in hand, you unlock the door, step through it, and triumphantly enter a long corridor. Stairs at its far end ascend up to your next Test of High Sorcery.

You can take a short rest.

- If you noted the **Fey Dealings** or **Stole Fey Bread** traits, **go to B61**.
- If you noted the **Mysterious Friend** or **Watched a Fey Dance** traits, **go to B74**.



B33 - Cave of Statues

Carefully and quietly, you navigate the statues and the broken stone. You keep your eyes and ears keen for any movement. You crouch and sneak through a group of laughing statues arranged in a circle as if they were celebrating together. Somewhere a little deeper into the cave, you spot a figure with a snake tail and a humanoid torso dressing one of the statues in a cloak, chuckling to herself with amusement. As you try to pass by her, make a **DC 13 Dexterity (Stealth) check**—you have advantage on your check if you cast a 1st or higher-level spell that helps you go unnoticed, like invisibility or fog cloud.

If you fail, the creature quickly spins around on her coiled tail, her forked tongue flicking out to taste the air, and her gaze turns toward where you stand. **Go to B36.**

If you succeed, your cautious steps slowly lead you to the door. You tug on the handle as soon as you reach the door, but the wood doesn't budge. The entry is quite securely locked. You glance at something flickering in torchlight, and spy the glint of a key from inside a nest of large white eggs a few paces away,

- If you take your time and examine the door, **go to B34**.
- If you sneak to the key in the nest, **go to B35**.

B34 - Cave of Statues

You press your hands to the door, carefully examining it. **Make a DC 10 Intelligence (Arcana or Investigation) check.**

If you fail, you're engrossed in your work when a scaled coil wraps around your feet, quickly dragging you to the cave's floor. Your body slams into the ground, and the tail drags you viciously through the cave. Take **5 (1d10) bludgeoning damage, then go to B37.**

If you succeed, your fingers run across nearly invisible inscriptions embedded in the door handle. You mouth the words in a language you can read but not entirely understand, and the door clicks and creaks open. You quietly slip through, into a long corridor. At the far end of the hall your next Test of High Sorcery awaits.

You can take a short rest.

- If you noted either the **Fey Dealings** or **Stole Fey Bread** traits, **go to B61**.
- If you noted either the **Mysterious Friend** or **Watched a Fey Dance** traits, **go to B74**.

B35 - Cave of Statues

You sneak over to the nest filled with white eggs nearly the size of your head. The key is propped up, almost inviting you to take it. But when you peer closer, you notice the eggs sit on a writhing mass of small snakes. As you reach to grab the key, a larger cobra slithers from beneath the others and quickly bites you on the hand. You must succeed on a **DC 13 Constitution saving throw or take 7 (2d6) poison damage.**

You swiftly grab the key and pull your hand out of the snake nest. Your head swimming a little, you sneak back over to the door. The key fits perfectly, and you quickly and quietly slip through the door. Beyond the long hallway ahead your next Test of High Sorcery awaits.

You can take a short rest.

- If you noted either the **Fey Dealings** or **Stole Fey Bread** traits, **go to B61**.
- If you noted either the **Mysterious Friend** or **Watched a Fey Dance** traits, **go to B74**.

B36 - Cave of Statues

The creature begins to advance towards you, slithering along on a long coiled snake's tail that merges with a humanoid torso. Though you never quite see her gaze, you notice her head is wreathed with undulating hair.

She hisses gleefully, her voice sibilant and words elongated, "Look at thisss. They brought me a new mage for my ssspecial collection."

You take an unconscious step away from her, and your foot hits the edge of a nest filled with white eggs.

If you try to discern more about this creature, you must make a **DC 13 Wisdom (Nature) or Intelligence (Arcana or History) check.** If you succeed, everything you've witnessed finally clicks in your mind, from the statues to the eggs to the snake tail. You face a medusa whose gaze can turn you to stone if you look into it. Should you end up fighting the creature, you automatically know the **medusa's weakness** listed. Once you realize the medusa's nature, make another choice.

- If you attempt to fight her, **go to B39.**
- If you attempt to run past her, g**o to B28.**
- If you try to talk to her diplomatically, **go to B31.**
- If you threaten her eggs, **go to B32.**

B37 - Cave of Statues

You struggle and writhe in the creature's coils, its scales squeezing your limbs and neck tightly.You feel yourself being dragged across the hard floor, a captive to her whims.

"What a marvelouss addition to my ssspecial collection," she happily hisses.

- If you attempt to fight her, **go to B39.** You begin the encounter 5 feet from the medusa, grappled by her Constrict.
- If you try to talk to her diplomatically, **go to B31.**

B38 - Cave of Statues

The creature hides her eyes beneath her coils of serpentine hair in good faith, but you can see her eager smile half-hidden behind a snake's forked tongue. She stretches out a scaly hand to take your magic item—remove it from your inventory.

A moment later, she releases you. She uses the tip of her long tail to nimbly pick up the key and place it in your hand. When you quickly leave her cave of frozen horrors behind to unlock the door, the medusa has already started arranging your magic item on one of her statues. Her precious diorama is now even dearer to her.

Before she can change her mind, you unlock the door and step through. At the end of the long tunnel ahead lies your next Test of High Sorcery.

You can take a short rest.

- If you noted either the **Fey Dealings** or **Stole Fey Bread** traits, **go to B61.**
- If you noted either the **Mysterious Friend** or **Watched a Fey Dance** traits, **go to B74.**

B39 - Medusa's Nest

The medusa springs high onto her coils, each strand of her hair coming to life. Snakes writhe and wriggle, flicking their tiny tongues in bloodthirsty anticipation. The medusa's eyes flash gold, and she prepares to turn you into her next artistic masterpiece.

Roll Initiative for yourself and the medusa. Unless noted previously, you begin the encounter 15 feet from the medusa, surrounded by her diorama of petrified mage victims. If you defeat the medusa, you steal the key from her nest and escape through the door.

Before you continue to your next Test of High Sorcery, **you can take a short rest.** If you noted the **Fey Dealings** or **Stole Fey Bread** traits, **go to B61.** If you noted the **Mysterious Friend** or **Watched a Fey Dance** traits, **go to B74.**

THE ENVIRONMENT

Becoming Petrified. If the medusa turns you entirely to stone, no one comes to restore you, and your story ends with you forever encased in a petrified tomb. Remember that when you fail a saving throw, you can spend a Destiny point to succeed instead.

Statues of Failed Mages. The expressions of the medusa's petrified victims range from terrified to overly confident. If you use an action and succeed on a **DC 13 Wisdom (Perception) check**, you spot the nearby statue of a handsome mage bearing a triumphant smile, proudly holding up a gilded hand mirror. Unfortunately for the mage, his last mistake was aiming the mirror the wrong way—at himself rather than the medusa.

Once you notice it, you can take the mirror as a free action so long as you have a free hand. If you hold its reflective surface toward the medusa, she must make a saving throw against her own Petrifying Gaze at the start of her turn. On subsequent turns, she might avert her eyes from the mirror and have disadvantage on attack rolls against you.

Medusa's Weakness. You can use a bonus action to **make a DC 13 Wisdom (Nature) or Intelligence (Arcana or History) check**. If you succeed, you discover her stony scales make her vulnerable to thunder damage. Additionally, you know how her Petrifying Gaze works and that she is not immune to her own gaze.

ENEMY TACTICS

The **medusa** prefers collecting her victims in her lair, forever trapped as living statues for her amusement. When within melee range of her prey, she attacks with her Constrict or her Snake Hair, hoping to force the victim to stare into her Petrifying Gaze and turn to stone. She only attacks with her Longbow when her target is too far to reach by using her movement.

MEDUSA

Medium Monstrosity, Lawful Evil

Armor Class 15 (natural armor)
Hit Points 27 (6d8)
Speed 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON
10(+0)	16(+3)	10(+0)
INT	**WIS**	**CHA**
12(+1)	12(+1)	14(+2)

Skills Arcana +3, Perception +3, Stealth +5
Damage Vulnerabilities Thunder
Damage Immunities Poison
Condition Immunities Charmed, Poisoned
Senses Darkvision 60 ft., Passive Perception 12
Languages Common
Challenge 2 (450 XP)
Proficiency Bonus +2

Petrifying Gaze. When a creature that can see the medusa's eyes starts its turn within 30 feet of the medusa, the medusa can force it to make a DC 11 Constitution saving throw if the medusa isn't incapacitated and can see the creature. If the saving throw fails by 5 or more, the creature is instantly petrified. Otherwise, a creature that fails the save begins to turn to stone and is restrained. The restrained creature must repeat the saving throw at the end of its next turn, becoming petrified on a failure or ending the effect on a success. The petrification lasts until the creature is freed by the greater restoration spell or other magic.

Unless surprised, a creature can avert its eyes to avoid the saving throw at the start of its turn. If the creature does so, it can't see the medusa until the start of its next turn, when it can avert its eyes again. If the creature looks at the medusa in the meantime, it must immediately make the save.

If the medusa sees itself reflected on a polished surface within 30 feet of it and in an area of bright light, the medusa is, due to its curse, affected by its own gaze.

ACTIONS

Snake Hair. Melee Weapon Attack: +5 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. Hit: 6 (1d6+3) piercing damage plus 3 (1d6) poison damage.

Longbow. Ranged Weapon Attack: +5 to hit, range 150/600 ft., one target. Hit: 7 (1d8+3) piercing damage.

Constrict (Recharge 5-6). Melee Weapon Attack: +2 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. Hit: 7 (1d8+3) bludgeoning damage, and the target is grappled (escape DC 10). Until this grapple ends, the creature is restrained, and the medusa can't constrict another target.

B40 - Claustrophobic Passage

You find yourself in a long and narrow hallway, lit only by the sickly glow of luminescent moss that coats the ceiling and floor. You can barely stand up straight, and when you spread your arms out, you can easily touch both sides of the wall. With each step forward you take, the narrower the space becomes, forcing you to crouch and shimmy as you go along.

You walk for what feels like hours, perhaps nearly a day, yet no door or exit manifests before you. As you stop to take a breather and assess your surroundings, make a **DC 13 Wisdom (Perception) check.**

If you fail, the back of your neck prickles with the sensation of being watched, but you can't determine by what until it is too late. You feel a sudden weight as something falls onto your arm. You look down and see a disembodied hand, pale and twitching, clinging to you. Using its fingers like legs, the hand crawls up toward your face. Suddenly, you hear skittering sounds echo as many more hands drop from the ceiling. They swarm through the passageway, eagerly grabbing and tearing at you. **Go to B48.**

If you succeed, you hear the sound of nails clicking on stone, and your gaze is drawn toward the ceiling. You see a group of disembodied hands among the moss, each alive and crawling out of a small hole in the wall, using their fingers like legs.

- If you hide and observe the hands, **go to B41.**
- If you try to fight your way through the crawling hands, **go to B48.**

B41 - Claustrophobic Passage

You press yourself against the wall, watching in a combination of horror and wonder as the hands move like strange insects. Their fingers wave and waggle to each other, wordlessly communicating in dance-like motions. Blindly they look for you, fingertips raised to sense changes in airflow. You notice a rune on each palm flashes briefly as they search. Silently they come to an agreement, and the hands eerily creep back through the hole and vanish again.

When you dare to move again and carefully approach the hole, you can see writing scratched into the stony wall, illuminated by the moss. It reads, "With the help of a left hand, the right one can open the way."

You think you could try to fit your left hand into the hole, but quickly realize it is too tight a fight currently.

- If you cast a spell to help your hand through the hole like *enlarge/reduce, alter self*, or *grease*, **go to B42.**
- If you attempt to find another way around, **go to B45.**



B42 - Claustrophobic Passage

You cast your spell, take a deep breath, and slide your left hand into the hole. Despite your magic, the stone is snug around your fingers. Before your eyes, an arcane door begins to reveal itself, with the hole as its keyhole, the edges of it traced with glowing moss. Your thoughts are quickly interrupted as sharp pain shoots through your left hand and arm—like fire crawling through your veins. You take **5 (1d10) fire damage.**

When you try to pull your hand out of the hole, the stone grabs and holds on, eager to keep you in place. The air begins to fill with the sound of the hundreds of crawling hands finding their way to you in the passageway.

- If you try to wrench your hand free, **go to B43.**
- If you patiently wait and hope, **go to B44.**

B43 - Claustrophobic Passage

You twist your hand free, this time with great ease. Any relief you feel washes away as you look down to the end of your arm and see that your hand is missing, your wrist ending in a clean stump. The crawling hands push the arcane door you summoned from the other side. As the door swings open, the army of living hands squeeze themselves through and skitter around you on their hundreds of fingers.

Suddenly, you see your recently lost hand jumps out, landing on the cold ground. Your hand moves with a mind of its own! It waves at you with an index finger and then places itself between you and the other disembodied hands. Wordlessly it gestures and communicates to the hands, pointing in a different direction, and you watch as the swarm moves around you, disappearing into the darkness and leaving you untouched.

Your hand begins to wildly shake and flop around, almost as though it were laughing with glee. Then it leaps up to you and crawls up your clothes. With a sickening, slurping sound, it settles back onto your wrist. The sensation of your lost hand's flesh melting back into yours is uncomfortable and unlike anything you've ever felt. Once your detached limb is fully rejoined, your fingers move involuntarily in a small wave at your face before the hand falls still and relaxes. When you try to make your hand do what you want, it sometimes—but not always—cooperates. Note the **Living Hand** trait.

You can still hear the rest of the swarm of living hands scuttling down the corridor. You quickly step through the arcane doorway and into the dark tunnel beyond. It proves a long walk through shadows before you reach your next Test of High Sorcery.

You can take a short rest.

- If you noted either the **Fey Dealings** or **Stole Fey Bread** traits, **go to B61**.
- If you noted either the **Mysterious Friend** or **Watched a Fey Dance** traits, **go to B74.**

B44 - Claustrophobic Passage

You grimace and bear with the pain as the door fully appears. Take **5 (1d10) psychic damage**. At last, the arcane door opens, and the hole releases its grip on your hand. Imprinted on your palm is a rune—the same one you saw emblazoned on the palms of the crawling hands. Note the **Steady Handed** trait.

You peek through the open doorway and see the army of crawling hands. Now, though, they completely ignore you as though you are invisible to them. You navigate your way through the hands, trying not to step on any of them. The tunnel's luminescent moss slowly fades until the only glow is the rune on your palm. The rune and its light soon fade, too, vanishing from your skin and casting you into darkness.

When you take one more step forward, you begin your next Test of High Sorcery.

You can take a short rest.

- If you noted the **Fey Dealings** or **Stole Fey Bread** traits, **go to B61.**
- If you noted either the **Mysterious Friend** or **Watched a Fey Dance** traits, **go to B74**.

B45 - Claustrophobic Passage

You press yourself close to the hole. Above the cryptic words, you notice another carved symbol, older and long-covered with slightly glowing moss. You recognize the rune is identical to the one you saw on the crawling hand's palm.

- If you try to destroy the symbol, **go to B46.**
- If you try to use the symbol, you must cast either *identify* or *comprehend languages*, then **go to B47**.
- If you cast a spell to help your hand through the hole, like *enlarge/reduce, alter self*, or *grease*, **go to B42.**

B46 - Claustrophobic Passage

To destroy the symbol, you must succeed on a **DC 16 Intelligence (Arcana) check**. You automatically succeed if you cast a 1st or higher-level spell that deals damage, like *magic missile* or *acid arrow*. Each time you fail, you take **5 (1d10) force damage** as the rune flashes brightly and reflects your magic back at you.

- If you try something else, **return to B45** and make a different choice.

If you succeed, the rune glows and then fades, a large crack forming down the center of the carving. The wall rumbles, and the luminous moss merges to create a doorway in the stone. As you push against the rock wall, it swings open like a door. Littered on the ground are the many disembodied hands, now lifeless. Your path ahead is clear, and the twisting tunnel leads to your next Test of High Sorcery.

You can take a short rest.

- If you noted either the **Fey Dealings** or **Stole Fey Bread** traits, **go to B61.**
- If you noted either the **Mysterious Friend** or **Watched a Fey Dance** traits, **go to B74.**

B47 - Claustrophobic Passage

Once you understand the rune and how it works to create an arcane doorway, utilizing its magic proves as easy as whispering the words, "Lend me your left hand, for I am the right one."

The carving begins to glow brightly. Beneath the moss, a crack of a door appears, and you hear the sound of many skittering hands. A moment later, the arcane door swings silently open.

As you peek through the doorway, you see the swarm of crawling hands, but they completely ignore you as if you were invisible to them. You navigate your way through the hands, trying not to step on any of them. The tunnel's luminescent moss slowly fades until you are cast entirely in darkness. You take a breath, knowing that your next Test of High Sorcery is awaiting you with your next step.

You can take a short rest.

- If you noted either the **Fey Dealings** or **Stole Fey Bread** traits, **go to B61.**
- If you noted either the **Mysterious Friend** or **Watched a Fey Dance** traits, **go to B74.**



B48 - Claustrophobic Passage

Hundreds of crawling hands grab at you, each of them surprisingly strong. Their nails scratch your skin, and their fingers pull hard at every limb they can.

To push your way through the hands, you must succeed on a **DC 13 Strength (Athletics) or Dexterity (Acrobatics) check**—you have advantage on your check if you cast a 1st or higher-level spell that pushes the hands away or causes them to slip off you, like *grease* or *thunderwave*. Each time you fail, take **5 (1d10) bludgeoning damage**.

If you succeed, you fling off the crawling hands that cling to you. One of the hands passes perfectly through the hole in the wall, and a moment later, an arcane door appears on the stony wall. You continue to flail and bat away the army of crawling hands until the doorway finally opens. You bite into a finger tearing at your face, toss its hand aside, and rush through the door.

You find yourself cast into darkness, and the skittering hands vanish. You catch your breath, preparing to face your next Test of High Sorcery.

You can take a short rest.

- If you noted either the **Fey Dealings** or **Stole Fey Bread** traits, **go to B61.**
- If you noted either the **Mysterious Friend** or **Watched a Fey Dance** traits, **go to B74.**

B49 - In Darkness

You stand on the precipice of a small round platform, suspended amid inky-black darkness, a breath away from the nothingness beyond. The air is thick and still. Even the sounds of your breathing and movement seem stifled.

An ornate bronze brazier appears in the middle of the platform, fire roaring up in near-blinding flares of reds and oranges. Before the firelight, a tall and imposing figure looms, wrapped in a red cloak. The figure holds a golden staff in his backward-facing hand. His body is that of a humanoid tiger, white and black striped fur handsomely groomed, eyes glinting with fire and malice. The tiger mage taps the end of his staff on the platform, and you can feel the ground shiver with his presence as he looks you up and down with disdain.

"Another mage hopeful, full of potential, and yet stifled by such inherent weakness." His voice growls eagerly, sharp teeth flashing in the firelight. He points the staff to the top of the brazier, and the flames spark in another brilliant display of light and color.

"Come. Prove your worthiness and mastery of nuance. Your first challenge is so simple even you could not bungle it—move these flames towards me without directly touching them."

- If you cast a 1st or higher-level spell to move the fire or the brazier, like *unseen servant* or *floating disk*, **go to B51.**
- If you attempt to distract him and then physically move the brazier, **go to B50.**
- If you try to flee, **go to B58.**





B50 - In Darkness

You quickly craft a plan to distract the tiger figure so you can move the brazier yourself. Make a **DC 16 Dexterity (Sleight of Hand) or Charisma (Deception) check**—you have advantage on your check if you cast a 1st or higher-level spell to create a visual distraction, like *color spray* or *silent image*.

If you fail, you finish your distraction and move forward to try and tip the brazier over with your foot. The flames suddenly roar to life, and you take **5 (1d10) fire damage**. The tiger mage spins his staff in the air, calming the inferno, then purrs contentedly. "My, you are confident, though. A terrible, ugly habit for neophyte mages." **Go to B51.**

If you succeed, the tiger mage's eyes flick away for a moment. Seizing the opportunity, you swiftly tip the brazier over with your foot and step away, waving your hands as though you had just cast a spell. The tiger's gaze turns back to you, narrowing suspiciously. Then his lips peel back in a too-wide smile. **Go to B51.**

B51 - In Darkness

The tiger mage chuckles, amused but unimpressed. His eyes flicker side to side, silently judging you.

"You say you have no weakness to subtlety or fortitude, but there are flaws to be broken and mended in you yet." With a flourish, he thrusts the staff's tip through the fire, setting its intricate gold aflame.

"Choose your next challenge and prove your fortitude. Do you show it through knowledge? Or is your arcane prowess your strength? Perhaps it is your spirit you believe so incredibly precious that none can fault it!"

- If you declare a challenge of knowledge, **go to B52.**
- If you declare a challenge of arcane power, **go to B53.**
- If you declare a challenge of willpower, **go to B55.**
- If you try to flee, **go to B58.**

B52 - In Darkness

The tiger mage tilts your head as if to reassess you, eyes glittering with the pleasure of a predator that has its prey entrapped in its claws. "The challenge is a simple question, then. One so learned as you must certainly already know the answer. What is my true nature?"

You consider the question, noting everything you've observed about the tiger mage. You must succeed on a **DC 16 Intelligence (History or Religion) or Wisdom (Nature) check.** No spell can help you—the tiger mage appears capable of resisting your magic if he chooses.

If you fail, you feel your tongue twist and your mind stall, unable to conjure up the right answer. The tiger mage's smile becomes hungrier. He utters a foul arcane word and waves his staff, striking you with a rippling wave of telekinetic magic. You take **5 (1d10) force damage**. "You took too long, and I bore easily," he purrs nonchalantly. **Go to B56.**

If you succeed, you look at how his hand wraps around the staff, his palm and fingers reversed in place. Combined with the tiger features, you know that there's only one creature he could be—a rakshasa, one of the god Nuitari's servants who do his bidding in the hellish Abyss. When you proudly tell the rakshasa of this, he smiles wider, perhaps even pleased with you. **Go to B57.**

B53 - In Darkness

The tiger mage smiles, showing off his long and sharp canines, then lets out a hearty growl of a chuckle.

"Then here is the challenge—you may strike me with any combat spell you wish to cast, and I will do nothing to defend against it. However, you must allow me to do the same to you afterward."

- If you agree, **go to B54.**
- If you try to flee, **go to B58.**

B54 - In Darkness

As you channel your greatest attack, cast any spell that deals damage. The tiger mage does nothing to resist the damage.

However, he seems barely affected by the spell's power. The tiger mage rolls his head back into an unnatural angle, cracking his neck in preparation. His cloak falls open, showing the black moon Nuitari embroidered within the lining. When his head drops back into place, he nearly drools with anticipation.

"Mmmm, *delicious.* Now, my turn," he declares. He raises his staff to point it at you and casts the fireball spell. A rolling blaze of hungry inferno launches from the staff's tip, only growing larger as it spirals toward you and dramatically explodes.

- If you choose to fail the saving throw per your agreement, take **28 (8d6) fire damage**, spending a Destiny point if necessary to survive. When the smoke clears, the tiger mage looks at you with a glint of respect. **Go to B57.**
- If you flinch and leap out of the way of the fireball, you must succeed on a **DC 16 Dexterity saving throw**, taking **28 (8d6) fire damage** on a failed save, and half as much on a successful one. **Go to B56.**



B55 - In Darkness

From the depths of the tiger mage's cloak, he pulls out a handful of warped bones, which he tosses on the brazier's flame. The fire's smoke turns from a mild gray to a deep inky black as the bones come to life, animated with horrific unlife.

"Now then," growls the tiger mage, "look into my eyes and do not look away. Not even an inch. We will see if your willpower is as great as you believe."

As the shambling creatures of bone and fire make their way to you, they tug at your limbs. You can feel their presence inside your mind, pleading for mercy—for anyone to look at them and ease their pain. You must make a **DC 16 Wisdom saving throw.**

If you fail, you cannot help but look away from the tiger mage, your gaze drawn toward the poor creatures. However, you see nothing on the floor, and the creatures have vanished. Suddenly, the tiger mage growls with disappointment and waves his staff at you, striking out with telekinetic magic. Take **5 (1d10) force damage**, then **go to B56.**

If you succeed, you grit your teeth and hold firm, the undead creatures' horrifying screams and images mounting into a maddening crescendo. The tiger mage's eyes hold yours in cold disdain. His orange orbs flicker with fire. At last, he taps the base of his staff against the ground, and the tortured undead creatures vanish. The air hangs heavy with silence. **Go to B57.**

B56 - In Darkness

The tiger mage looks down at his claws, flexing his backward-facing hand. He lets loose a bored yawn, then purrs, "I had such low expectations for you, and yet you somehow failed even to graze them."

His deep orange eyes blink slowly, and he menacingly flicks his tongue around his lips. "Now, you could accept another challenge and attempt to redeem yourself. To *prove* your confidence is not shallow vanity. Or you could run—run far from here, a sniveling coward barely able to survive the beginnings of your Test."

- If you decide to try another challenge, **return to B51** and make a different choice. If you failed all the tiger mage's challenges, your only recourse is to flee in shame.
- If you decide to flee, **go to B58.**

B57 - In Darkness

The tiger mage's attention is entirely focused on you, looking you up and down again. His fascination is apparent in his grinning expression.

"Perhaps you will become more than a mewling kitten yet. I look forward to seeing what ruin you might boldly bring into the world." As he finishes speaking, he slams the base of his staff against the ground. The earth around you rumbles and shakes, and you are ripped through time and space, teleported to a safe corridor. At the far end of the hallway, a flight of stairs ascends to your next Test of High Sorcery.

You can take a short rest.

- If you noted either the **Fey Dealings** or **Stole Fey Bread** traits, **go to B61**.
- If you noted either the **Mysterious Friend** or **Watched a Fey Dance** traits, **go to B74.**

B58 - In Darkness

You turn away from the tiger mage and run to the platform's edge. The air quivers, and the mage roars, not ready to let his new toy escape so easily. Only darkness waits beyond. You only have a moment to consider your leap of faith before your feet leave the ground.

- If you leap as far off the platform as possible, **go to B59.**
- If you jump down into the abyss and hope there's something below, **go to B60.**

B59 - In Darkness

You leap far off the edge of the platform, your hands extended in the hope that you will grab onto something. You must make a **DC 16 Strength (Athletics) or Dexterity (Acrobatics) check**. You have advantage on your check if you cast the *darkvision* spell or have the Darkvision feature.

If you fail, you slam hard into the far wall and tumble into the abyss below. Take **5 (1d10) bludgeoning damage**, then **go to B60.**

If you succeed, you manage to grab hold of the rungs of an old rusty ladder hidden in the darkness. The ladder's sharp, wire-like metal painfully cuts into your hands. You take **5 (1d10) piercing damage** as you scramble up the ladder. Note the **Fiendish Fury** trait. You find yourself in a safe corridor when you leave the darkness behind. A flight of stairs at the far end ascends to your next Test of High Sorcery.

You can take a short rest.

- If you noted either the **Fey Dealings** or **Stole Fey Bread** traits, **go to B61**.
- If you noted either the **Mysterious Friend** or **Watched a Fey Dance** traits, **go to B74.**

B60 - In Darkness

You fall into the abyss, nothing but darkness and the echoing rage of the tiger mage's roar to fill your stolen senses. Minutes and hours pass before you finally leave the void behind and land somewhere else. Note the **Fiendish Fury** trait.

But that chilling darkness lingers, infesting your heart, filling you with a heavy sense of dread—you have **disadvantage on all Wisdom saving throws** until you take a long rest.

Through the darkness, you arrive in a safe corridor with a flight of stairs at the far end leading to your next Test of High Sorcery.

You can take a short rest.

- If you noted either the **Fey Dealings** or **Stole Fey Bread** traits, **go to B61**.
- If you noted either the **Mysterious Friend** or **Watched a Fey Dance** traits, **go to B74.**

B61 - A Cozy Hut

You stand in the middle of a cozy hut, the strong scent of herbs wafting through the air. Sunlight filters through foggy windows, shining on drying sprigs that hang from the walls. Shelves and cupboards are filled to the brim with jars and bottles featuring ingredients such as basilisk blood and unicorn hair. Before you can finish taking in your surroundings, an elderly human woman shuffles into the room.

"Oh goodness, you're finally here!" Her voice is as warm as sunlight, and her expression is gentle. She takes your hand to guide you to the dining room table. "Come, come, sit down dear, have some nice herbal tea and cookies. You must have had quite the tumultuous time in your test so far—that Conclave just doesn't know how to be gentle with youngsters."

Once you're seated,, she pushes forward a plate of freshly baked cookies and a fresh cup of peppermint tea already prepared for you. She wipes her hands on her apron and shuffles over to the fireplace where a black iron pot bubbles, filled with an acrid-smelling liquid. She continues chatting as she stirs the pot.

Really! The mages are so jaded by wars and conflict they've forgotten what it's like to be new to the world. Even getting through Wayreth Forest is such an ordeal these days, though thankfully, you came across the fairies when you did. New mages like you require all the help you can get." She looks back at you, her expression still kind but her eyes knowing.

"However, I should let you know that the bread you took, which I baked myself, doesn't have any effect until you're ready to pay the price. I wish things could be free, but that's just the way of the world, isn't it?"

- If you noted the **Fey Dealings** trait, **go to B62.**
- If you noted the **Stole Fey Bread** trait, **go to B70.**

B62 - A Cozy Hut

With a hum, she leans over the pot, breathing deeply of the mysterious liquid that boils within. "Now, why don't you come over here and help me out, dear?" When she speaks, something inside you lurches, and your limbs twitch. You must **make a DC 13 Wisdom saving throw.**

If you fail, you feel compelled to stand up, leaving behind the cookies and tea to walk over to the older woman by the fireplace. **Go to B63.**

If you succeed, you feel the urge to stand up and walk over to the older woman, but you manage to shake it off. She frowns, tutting softly. "Really, youngsters these days." Stirring the pot a few more times, she taps the spoon dry on the side of the pot and lets it sit on a counter.

"If you're worried, the price for my bread and my help is not unreasonable. I just need some assistance with my potion here, and then I can send you on your merry way with a fresh pep in your step."

The older woman turns her back to you and bends down, searching through some drawers, muttering under her breath about trying to find bat fingers.

- If you agree to help her with the potion, **go to B63.**
- If you try to sabotage the potion by adding a different ingredient, **go to B67.**

B63 - A Cozy Hut

The older woman beams at you and takes your hand in her small, wizened ones. As she looks at you, her face becomes sharper, her ears pointed, her eyes milky white, and the color drains from her apron until it is just a gray robe. Soon her transformation into a hag is complete, but even as her appearance shifts, her expression continues to be warm and gentle.

"I hope my true appearance doesn't alarm you—you can understand why I have to look a little more harmless at first." From within the hag's wispy white hair, you see some of the fairies from Wayreth Forest peek out, giggling and winking at you.

"Now then, dear, I don't need much help at all. Truly, all I need is a part of your flesh and blood to add to the potion. Only a little bit—a finger or an eye would be ideal—but I'll let you choose. The process will be quite painless, too, as a bonus." Her grip on your hand remains firm, her gaze expectant.

- If you offer a part of your body, **go to B64.**
- If you offer to fulfill a different task later, **go to B65.**



B64 - A Cozy Hut

As soon as you finish telling her which part of your body you give up for the potion, the hag lets go of your hand to grab the wooden spoon. With a magic word, a blade forms at the end of the spoon. She carves the air in front of you, and a painless moment later, the chosen body part appears in her hands. You see no blood, and your body continues to function as normal, though you take **5 (1d10) force damage**. Note the **Offered a Body Part** trait.

Swiftly, she drops your offering into the pot, stirring it in. The liquid bubbles and fizzes, turning from a murky brown to a bright green to a sickly yellow before it settles on a deep dark red. As the potion finishes brewing, the hag hums with delight.

"Very good, very good! I am so glad you were willing to help, my dear. Now, about that bread..."

The hag puts her hand on your face, patting your cheek. As she does, a flash of magic pours through you. You feel empowered—gain **10 (3d6) temporary hit points and choose to either regain 2 (1d4) spell slots or reduce your Exhaustion level by one.**

"Now go on, pass the Test with flying colors!" The hag shoos you off, and the fairies in her hair wave farewell. The hut fades into the ether around you, revealing your next Test of High Sorcery.

- If you noted the **Imagined a Lover** trait, **go to B86**.
- If you noted the **Imagined a Companion** trait, **go to B96.**
- If you noted the **Imagined No One** trait, **go to B107.**

B65 - A Cozy Hut

Her brows raise, regarding you with a motherly concern. "Now then, dear, you must understand that debts of this nature are not something you can so easily put off. Interest increases, and the next time you're called to pay the price, it will be much steeper than a body part of your choice."

The fairies tug on the hag's hair, whispering something into her ear, and she sighs. "However, if this is the path you wish to take, then I will let the bread take full effect now rather than later."

- If you insist on delaying the deal, **go to B66**.
- If you decide to fulfill the deal now, **go to B64.**

B66 - A Cozy Hut

As you affirm your decision, the hag can only give you a pitiful look. "Very well. All you youngsters these days, taking such risks, putting off until tomorrow what you should accomplish today."

She presses a hand to your chest, searing you with a brand marking your debt to the fey. You take **5 (1d10) force damage.** Note the **Fey Debt** trait.

When she finishes, she smiles with a certain level of sadness. "Now, about that bread..."

The hag puts her hand on your face, patting your cheek. As she does, a flash of magic pours through you. You feel empowered—gain **10 (3d6) temporary hit points and choose to either regain 2 (1d4) spell slots or reduce your Exhaustion level by one.**

I hope it was worth it dear." The hag sighs, disappointed, and shakes her head. Then the hut fades around you, revealing your next Test of High Sorcery.

- If you noted the **Imagined a Lover** trait, **go to B86.**
- If you noted the **Imagined a Companion** trait, **go to B96.**
- If you noted the **Imagined No One** trait, **go to B107.**

B67 - A Cozy Hut

You quickly look around, assessing the potion and the hut's many strange ingredients. You must make a **DC 19 Intelligence (Arcana) check.**

If you fail, the nature of the potion eludes you. Just before the hag turns around, you grab a random fistful of herbs and toss it into the pot. **Go to B68.**

If you succeed, you recognize this brew to be a potent transformation potion, able to turn whoever drinks it into a raven. You throw in dried wolfsbane and distilled fungus dew, which emulates the appearance of adding flesh but should nullify the potion's effects. **Go to B69.**

B68 - A Cozy Hut

The pot's liquid turns from murky brown to sickly green, stinking of acrid, rotting meat. The woman scurries over to the pot and frantically stirs. "Gods, you ruined it! Here, be a dear and test it for me?

She grabs your jaw, pulls your mouth open, and pours a spoonful down your gullet.You choke and hack as the liquid burns your mouth and throat, dealing **16 (3d10) acid damage.**

Woman lets go of your chin and brushes her hands swiftly against her apron. "Take this as a lesson, youngster—don't take deals if you aren't willing to pay up, especially when they come from us fey."

Note the **Angered Hag** trait. The older woman glares at you with disappointment and waves her hands about her, exasperated. Faeries from Wayreth Forest peek out from beneath her hair, booing and hissing at you. Slowly, the hut and fey creatures fade into the ether, revealing your next Test of High Sorcery.

- If you noted the **Imagined a Lover** trait, **go to B86.**
- If you noted the **Imagined a Companion** trait, **go to B96.**
- If you noted the **Imagined No One** trait, **go to B107**.

B69 - A Cozy Hut

The liquid bubbles and fizzes, turning from a murky brown to a bright green to a sickly yellow before it settles on a deep dark red. As the potion finishes brewing, the older woman turns around in delight. "My goodness, you were so eager to help you didn't even wait for my assistance. I would've made it painless, you know." Note the **Messed with Potion** trait.

"Now, about that bread..."

The hag puts her hand on your face, patting your cheek. As she does, a flash of magic pours through you. You feel empowered—**gain 10 (3d6) temporary hit points and choose to either regain 2 (1d4) spell slots or reduce your Exhaustion level by one.**

"Now go on, pass the Test with flying colors!" The hag shoos you off, and the fairies in her hair wave farewell. The hut fades into the ether around you, revealing your next Test of High Sorcery.

- If you noted the **Imagined a Lover** trait, **go to B86.**
- If you noted the **Imagined a Companion** trait, **go to B96.**
- If you noted the **Imagined No One** trait, **go to B107**.

B70 - A Cozy Hut

With a hum, she leans over the pot, breathing deeply of the mysterious liquid that boils within. "Now, why don't you come over here and help me out, dear?"

A long moment lingers, and her brows furrow in confusion. "You did eat the bread I made, didn't you?" Though her demeanor continues to be kind, there's a tinge of suspicion to her question.

- If you admit that you didn't eat the fairy bread, **go to B71.**
- If you lie to her, **go to B73.**

B71 - A Cozy Hut

She clicks her tongue and shakes her head at your admission. "Goodness, youngsters these days. You do understand that I can only help you on the rest of your Test if you eat the bread and then come here to help with my brew, yes? Besides, this is a limited-time offer, and that fairy bread will disappear as soon as you leave this place—you can't keep it forever."

- If you eat the fairy bread now and agree to the deal, **go to B63.**
- If you give back the fairy bread, **go to B72.**

B72 - A Cozy Hut

Note the **Honest with Hag** trait. She accepts the bread back, just as light and fluffy as when you first received it. "Too bad, dear. We really would've liked to help you..."

The fairies from Wayreth Forest peek out from plates and cups, all laughing at you. "Unfortunately, this all seems to have been a waste of time for everyone involved. And as a price for staying here in the comfort of my home and tricking me, you will have to pay with a magic item you own—your choice."

- If you give up a magic item, the fairies fly over to take it, placing it neatly on the shelves between jars of potion ingredients. Remove the item from your inventory.
- If you refuse to give up a magic item, you must **spend a Destiny point**. The older woman clicks her tongue and sighs, saying, "Youngsters these days, never honest in their bargains, never holding up their end of a deal that's good for them. Very well, then. You *will* give us something, dear. This is our hut, after all. A small piece of your soul, a tiny fragment of your destiny." She waves her hands a moment later, then adds, "And it's done. Tastes like cupcakes, if I'm honest,"

After the exchange is made, the hag shoos you off, and the fairies in her hair wave farewell. The hut fades into the ether around you, revealing your next Test of High Sorcery.

- If you noted the **Imagined a Lover** trait, **go to B86.**
- If you noted the **Imagined a Companion** trait, **go to B96.**
- If you noted the **Imagined No One** trait, **go to B107**.

B73 - A Cozy Hut

You begin to formulate a believable lie, but your deceptive thoughts do not go unnoticed. You can feel from within your equipment the piece of fairy bread stir, animated with uncanny life. The bread attempts to squirm out of your pack and escape!

You must make a **DC 16 Dexterity (Sleight of Hand) check** to try and keep the bread from escaping unnoticed—you have advantage on your check if you cast a 1st or higher-level spell to keep the old woman distracted, like suggestion or silent image.

If you fail, the fairy bread squeezes between your fingers, pops onto your hand, and begins squirming up your arm. Your jaw drops agape, and the bread shoves itself into your mouth, slithering down your tongue and forcing you to swallow it whole. As you inevitably choke and gag, you feel a tingling sensation as the magic of the deal takes hold. **Go to B63.**

If you succeed, you manage to keep the bread still without the older woman noticing. You viciously squish in your fist until it stops struggling. When the woman turns around, she seems confused and disappointed about what went wrong. "My poor bread! Well, I suppose some deals were just not meant to be. Go on with you, then, useless mage!" Note the **Lied to Hag** trait. The hut fades into the ether around you, revealing your next Test of High Sorcery.

- If you noted the **Imagined a Lover** trait, **go to B86.**
- If you noted the **Imagined a Companion** trait, **go to B96.**
- If you noted the **Imagined No One** trait, **go to B107**.

B74 - Shadowy Woods

You stand amid a forest, the branches of the trees ladened with blood-red leaves that fall around you in a cascade of scarlet. Your feet brush the edge of an arcane ritual circle carved into the ground, its lines crooked with a roughly hewn pentagram placed in the middle. At different points of the pentagram stands three bakali, each wearing ragged and ill-fitting robes. These lizard-like people stand tall on two feet, hunched over and squabbling with each other, their green and brown scales flaring with temper.

"I told you that we need an extra point here!" hisses one, gesturing to the circle.

Another bakali energetically points a clawed finger at the ritual circle. "Well then, it wouldn't be a pentagram, now would it?"

"Oh, come on, stop pretending like you know more than we do." the third grumbles.

Simultaneously, all three of the bakali turn their heads towards you, their reptilian eyes semi-blinking. "You're late!" The first bakali says, shuffling to you on clawed feet. "We've been expecting you ever since Her Majesty said you'd be coming to help us with the ritual. You got that mage knowledge we need."

The second one also ambles over to you. "I made some guesses, did the lines just like Her Majesty told me, but it's not lighting up. Got a clue why?"

- If you ask who "Her Majesty" is, **go to B75.**
- If you examine the symbol closer, **go to B80.**



B75 - Shadowy Woods

The three bakali look at each, then back at you, heads tilting in the same direction. "Her Dark Majesty, you know?" The third bakali finally speaks up, quizzical in their expression. "The Queen of Darkness? The Temptress? The Dark Warrior?" They keep throwing names and titles at you, their suspicion growing with each passing moment.

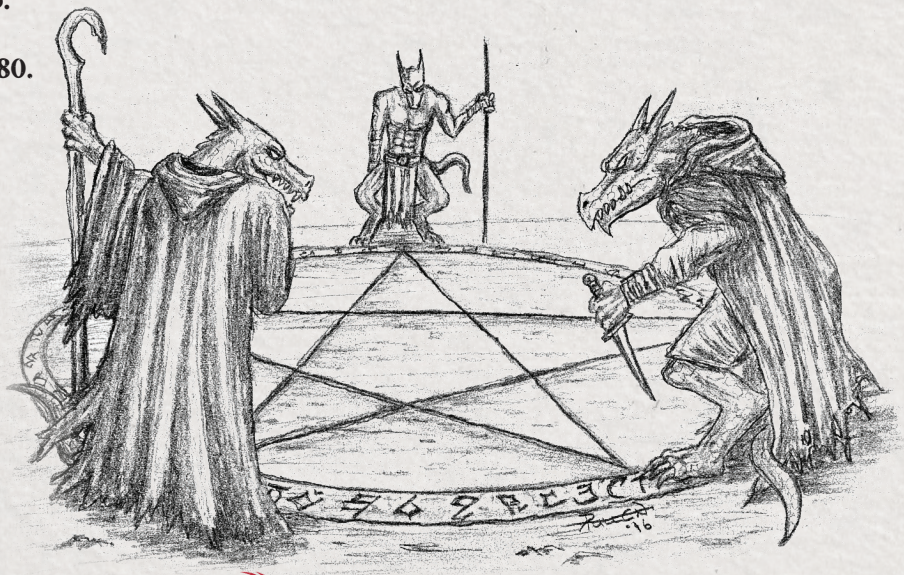
You quickly consider who their Dark Majesty might be. You must make a **DC 10 Intelligence (History or Religion) check.**

If you fail, the name feels like a vague memory, but the knowledge slips out of your fingers like a passing thought.

If you succeed, a shiver runs through you as you recognize who they're talking about—Takhisis, the Queen of Darkness, goddess of evil dragons and domination.

Regardless, the bakali interrupt your thoughts as they get closer to you, now towering over you as their eyes narrow. "How do we know that you're really here to assist Her Majesty?" they ask in unison.

- If you try to convince the bakali of your loyalty, **go to B76.**
- If you say that you're not aligned with Her Majesty, **go to B79.**



B76 - Shadowy Woods

All three bakali begin to crowd you, their questions and urgent demands to prove yourself to them overlapping each other in a cacophony of voices. You can barely follow a single one, let alone this many.

If you noted the **Mysterious Friend** trait, a voice emerges from the circle, faint but familiar. As soon as the voice speaks, the bakali immediately fall silent and bow, shuffling away from you. **Go to B80.**

Otherwise, you must decide how to answer the bakali's countless probing questions about your loyalty.

- If you answer one of the bakali's questions, **go to B77.**
- If you try to persuade them through other means, **go to B78.**

B77 - Shadowy Woods

You urge them to speak one at a time, and finally, they quiet down. They pull their heads together, hissing and whispering, finally agreeing on a single question.

"Alright… we all know that Her Majesty is known to be beautiful in her human form. But we think she looks even more spectacular in her true dragon form. How many heads does Her Majesty have when she's in dragon form?"

You must make a **DC 13 Intelligence (History or Religion) check**. You automatically succeed if you've encountered representations of Takhisis or descriptions of her previously.

If you fail, you hazard a guess, and the three bakali look at each other with ever-deepening suspicion. **Go to B79.**

If you succeed, you remember the great and terrible form of Takhisis, goddess of evil dragons, the stories and paintings portraying her as a five-headed dragon, each head a different chromatic color. As you answer the question correctly, the bakali look at each other and cheer.

"We knew you were one of us!" the first bakali says confidently, and all three of them take you to the symbol. "Now, take a look at this. Tell us what you think!" **Go to B80.**

B78 - Shadowy Woods

Sidestepping the questions, you attempt to persuade them with words that you are, in fact, an ally. **Make a DC 16 Charisma (Deception) or Charisma (Persuasion) check**—you have advantage on your check if you cast a 1st or higher-level spell to help convince them you're friendly, like *charm person.*

If you fail, your words fall flat, and the three bakali look at each other with ever-deepening suspicion. **Go to B79.**

If you succeed, the bakali look at each other and then shrug, everything you said going way over their heads. "We knew you were one of us!" the first bakali says confidently, and all three of them take you to the symbol. "Now, take a look at this. Tell us what you think!" **Go to B80.**

B79 - Shadowy Woods

"Tricky, tricky mage!" the three bakali screech. They charge you and hoist you into the air with ease. "You won't help us finish the circle, but your heretic blood will make the perfect sacrifice!"

They throw you to the ground. With your face right up close to the carved ritual circle, you recognize that this is the same symbol as the one in Wayreth Forest that the fairies danced around.

The shadow of the bakali fall over you as they approach with sharp crocodile-like teeth and bloodthirsty grins.

- If you try to stop the ritual, **go to B84.**
- If you try to fight off the bakali, **go to B85.**

B80 - Strange Symbol

As you approach the ritual circle, you recognize the symbol carved into the ground as the same one in Wayreth Forest clearing, if missing a few lines and a little crooked. From within the symbol, you hear a whisper, soft as velvet and rich as the deepest night sky. If you noted the **Mysterious Friend** trait, you recognize the voice that spoke to you in Wayreth forest, promising you a reward for chasing off the faeries.

"It is good to see you again, adventurer. I do not quickly forget those who cross my path. And you… have certainly intrigued me." The seductive whisper doesn't get louder, yet it feels closer to you, almost right in your ear. "You've heard many names from my loyal servants here, but you may know me by my true name Takhisis—be sure not to say it lightly."

As the voice continues to speak, the three bakali all tremble in awe, groveling in exaggerated reverence. "I see you are taking the Test of High Sorcery. A valiant way to chase ambition, yet so tedious and slow in its progress. By the time you even get the smallest taste of the power you could have, you've already bound yourself by the restraining laws of the Conclave."

For a moment, you swear you feel as though a hand has touched your cheek, but when you look, there is nothing there. "Would it interest you to know that you could gain power and prestige more easily? If you complete this ritual and survive your tests, I can give you power and purpose beyond the Conclave's wildest dreams."

- If you help complete the symbol, **go to B81.**
- If you try to destroy the symbol, **go to B84.**

B81 - Strange Symbol

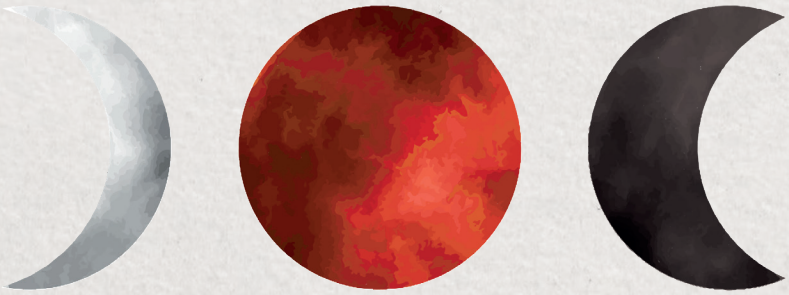
Beckoned forward by Takhisis, one of the bakali hands you a staff to help finish carving the symbol into the ground. As your hands begin tracing the lines, a swirl of taboo power rises from the ritual circle, and you feel darkness crawling into your heart, cold and ever so comforting. You must succeed on **DC 13 Charisma saving throw or take 11 (2d10) necrotic damage**.

As you lift the staff from the finishing stroke in the soil, the symbol glows, flashing brilliantly between red, green, blue, white, and black. The colors undulate along the lines, and the air shimmers with a palpable energy coursing through the area, fluttering your clothes. An amulet appears in the center of the ritual circle, bearing the five chromatic heads of Takhisis surrounding a red gem. The eyes of the bakali all glitter upon seeing the amulet, but they stay in place, held back only by the deep respect they hold for their Dark Queen.

Takhisis speaks again, stronger than before, no longer a whisper but a charismatic and commanding declaration. "Ah, yes, mage! You truly are interesting. If you wish to take your reward, I offer you this amulet. It will grant you a fragment of my power and more to be unlocked as your arcane might grows."

You reach to take the amulet, but a soft sting on your fingers reprimands you for grasping without permission. "But first—dedicate yourself to me. You may join the mages and continue your learning. But when I call for you to join me at my side, I expect your loyal presence."

- If you swear to Takhisis and take the amulet, **go to B82.**
- If you deny Takhisis and the amulet, **go to B83.**



B82 - Strange Symbol

You declare your loyalty to the Queen of Darkness, and though there is no physical voice to her manifestation here, you know that she smiles at you. The amulet floats into your hand, and as you place your fingers around the five heads of the dragon, you're nearly overwhelmed by the awe-inspiring presence of Takhisis coursing through you.

Takhisis chuckles, deep and sultry, as the ritual circle swirls, revealing a portal. The three bakali look at you and salute before they step through, disappearing.

"I look forward to the day I call for you… my adventurer." The voice of Takhisis fades, but the eyes of the five-headed dragons upon the amulet glint knowingly. Note the **Takhisis' Servant** trait and add the *Amulet of Takhisis* to your inventory.

When you step away from the circle, the portal collapses in a brilliant display of light. You blink out the spots swimming in your vision and find that your next Test of High Sorcery has already begun.

- If you noted the **Imagined a Lover** trait, **go to B86.**
- If you noted the **Imagined a Companion** trait, **go to B96.**
- If you noted the **Imagined No One** trait, **go to B107.**

AMULET OF TAKHISIS

Wondrous item, rare (requires attunement)

This elaborate pendant features five chromatic dragon heads, each a different color, surrounding a large red gem. When you attune to it, the gem appears to blink when viewed from certain angles, like an eye that is always watching you.

The amulet has 3 charges which it regains every dawn. While holding it, you can use an action to expend 1 of its charges to unleash the fury of a dragon's breath. Choose acid, cold, fire, lightning, or poison. Each creature in a 15-foot cone must make a DC 15 Dexterity saving throw, taking 14 (4d6) damage of the chosen type on a failed save, or half as much on a successful one.

B83- Strange Symbol

Even as temptation rises and you feel the urge to reach out, you take a deep breath and carefully step away from the amulet. Takhisis sighs with the greatest of disappointment, like a child who has broken a beloved new toy.

"I know you're wiser than your poor decision. Yet, perhaps you need to be a little less green to realize what a grave mistake you have made."

The three bakali seize the opportunity to leap for the amulet, each grabbing hold and fighting with the others, desperate to touch it. You watch them draw blood and gouge wounds, murdering each other. The last surviving bakali grips the amulet tightly. They raggedly whisper, "My Dark Queen!" before they perish from their injuries.

A moment later, you hear Takhisis's simultaneously seductive and threatening voice. "When next you are in my presence, you may find me less merciful."

Note the **Refused Takhisis Boon** trait. When you step away from the circle, the scarlet trees collapse onto themselves, and their branches wrap around you so tightly that you can see nothing else. After a long embrace, the forest unfolds in a flurry of fallen leaves, revealing that your next Test of High Sorcery has already begun.

- If you noted the **Imagined a Lover** trait, **go to B86.**
- If you noted the **Imagined a Companion** trait, **go to B96.**
- If you noted the **Imagined No One** trait, **go to B107.**



B84 - Strange Symbol

Note the **Stopped Takhisis Ritual** trait. You quickly examine the symbol and try to decide how to destroy it. You must make a **DC 16 Intelligence (Arcana) check.** You automatically succeed if you noted the **Watched a Fey Dance** trait, able to recall the faeries' song and dance in Wayreth Forest.

If you fail, you make hasty but decisive motions, using your body to wipe away some of the lines, destabilizing the ritual circle even further. With its last magical gasp, the ritual circle explodes with a wave of force that rends the earth and sends you flying away. You take **11 (2d10) force damage.**

If you succeed, you know how to destroy it quickly and efficiently, wiping away only a few key leylines to disable its magic without causing an arcane explosion. A moment later, the circle's light and energy sputter out.

Once the ritual circle has been destroyed, the bakali wither before your eyes, becoming desiccated corpse husks. They begin cursing you and your name. Between their dying hisses, you hear the faint whisper of the Queen of Darkness cursing you, too, promising she will remember what you did.

You brush off the dirt and shake off the lingering enchantment of the great, dark power that resided here. When you finish straightening yourself out, you notice that you are somewhere else entirely—and that your next Test of High Sorcery has begun.

- If you noted the **Imagined a Lover** trait, **go to B86.**
- If you noted the **Imagined a Companion** trait, **go to B96.**
- If you noted the **Imagined No One** trait, **go to B107.**



B85 - The Bakali

The three bakali advance upon you, their stances poised to pounce and tear you to pieces. You clamber between the lizardfolk and the ritual circle, quickly preparing to fight for your life.

Roll Initiative for yourself and each of the three bakali cultists. You begin the encounter 10 feet from the three bakali cultists in one direction and 10 feet from the edge of the broken ritual circle in the other direction. If you defeat the bakali, note the **Stopped Takhisis Ritual** trait.

You brush yourself off and continue onward, through the woods, and to your next Test of High Sorcery. If you noted the **Imagined a Lover** trait, **go to B86**. If you noted the **Imagined a Companion** trait, **go to B96**. If you noted the **Imagined No One** trait, **go to B107**.

THE ENVIRONMENT

Broken Ritual Circle. The broken ritual circle is 20 feet in diameter. An angry cloud of unholy ash whirls about within the circle. Good and evil-aligned creatures within the circle have disadvantage on attack rolls and take **3 (1d6) necrotic damage** at the start of their turn.

Bakali Cultist's Weakness. You can use a bonus action to make a **DC 13 Wisdom (Insight) or Intelligence (History) check**. If you succeed, you know that the bakali revere and respect strength above all else. If you defeat a bakali who has its maximum hit points with a single spell or attack, all remaining bakali flee from combat. Additionally, you understand the bakali are hesitant to approach the broken ritual circle, and you might gain the upper hand if you draw them into it.

ENEMY TACTICS

The **bakali cultists** wield minor divine powers through their worship of Takhisis. Capable hunters, the bakali use their limited magic effectively. Each turn, one bakali uses its Kneel ability if it can, trying to force its prey prone to grant advantage to their allies' attacks.

BAKALI CULTIST

Medium Humanoid (Lizardfolk), Chaotic Evil

Armor Class 13 (natural armor)
Hit Points 11 (2d8+2)
Speed 30 ft., swim 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON
15(+2)	10(+0)	12(+1)
INT	**WIS**	**CHA**
7(-1)	12(+1)	6(-2)

Skills Perception +3, Religion +2, Survival +3
Senses Passive Perception 13
Languages Common, Bakali, Draconic
Challenge 1/2 (100 XP)
Proficiency Bonus +2

Hold Breath. The bakali can hold its breath for 15 minutes.

ACTIONS

Bite. Melee Weapon Attack: +4 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. Hit: 5 (1d6+2) piercing damage.

Tail. Melee Weapon Attack: +4 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. Hit: 5 (1d6+2) bludgeoning damage.
Inflict Minor Wounds. Melee Spell Attack: +3 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. Hit: 5 (1d10) necrotic damage.

Kneel (1/Day). The bakali commands a living creature it can see within 60 feet to kneel. If the target can hear and understand the bakali, it must make a DC 11 Wisdom saving throw. On a failed save, the target immediately kneels and becomes prone. On a success, the target is immune to this ability until the end of its next turn.

B86 - Grand Banquet Hall

You are the single point of stillness in a scene of chaos. In a grand banquet hall, wood and stone rubble is what remains of dinner tables and elegant benches. The air is thick with dust and smoke. Unconscious people lay sprawled across the marble floor, and many more run past you, screaming in terror. You can see countless meteors falling beyond the hall's large open windows, streaking through the clouds as if the sky is shedding angry tears. Far off in the distance, a fiery mountain falls from the heavens.

Amid all the movement and destruction, you see someone kneeling by a pile of rubble, hands pulling desperately at something beneath the partially collapsed ceiling. As they turn to look at you, your heart skips a beat, and you recognize them—the love of your life.

If you noted the **Unrequited Love** trait, the ghost of Wayreth Forest's voice echoes in your mind: "You may yet find a chance to fill your heart, but you may have to sacrifice another's instead." You realize you might finally have the chance to fulfill your heart's greatest desire.

As you rush over to their side, they call your name and embrace you, tears welling up in their eyes. "I'm so glad you're here," they say, their voice cracking, "please, help me save her."

Beneath the rubble, you see a beautiful woman wearing a bridal gown, the white satin torn and burned. She lays unconscious, a gash on the side of her head bleeding and pooling onto the floor. Your love turns to you, still holding you close.

"Please, you have to save my fiancée, my bride. Today was meant to be our wedding day, and then disaster struck, and now..." They trail off, choking back helpless sobs.

Your heart twists, swelling with confusion as your love declares their devotion and desire for another. You can hear the remaining ceiling beams creak and groan, just as your mind does, and you're sure this place won't hold up much longer.

- If you try to convince your love to leave without their fiancée, **go to B87.**
- If you try to help save their fiancée, **go to B90.**
- If you leave your love and their fiancée to fend for themselves, **go to B95.**



B87 - Grand Banquet Hall

Holding your love closer, you try to convince them that it's too late and that they must prioritize their life first. **Make a DC 16 Charisma (Persuasion) check**—you have advantage on your check if you cast a 1st or higher-level spell to sway them, like *suggestion* or *calm emotions.*

If you fail, your words fall on ignorant ears, and your love withdraws from your embrace. They shake their head, smiling at you sadly. "Even if I could, I can't follow you to where you go. Your path to magic is yours alone to take." Before you can reply, the ceiling groans and a fiery piece of the ceiling falls atop your love, crushing their legs beneath its weight. **Go to B91.**

If you succeed, your words slowly coax your love to their feet. You take them by the hand and guide them away from the bride, though you catch them looking behind them, heartbroken. If you noted the **Unrequited Love** trait, **go to B88.** Otherwise, **go to B89.**

B88 - Grand Banquet Hall

Your heart pounds from the adrenaline, your hand holding your love's ever so tightly. As the two of you navigate the rubble and falling fiery debris, you must make a **DC 19 Dexterity saving throw**, taking **11 (2d10) bludgeoning and 11 (2d10) fire damage** on a failed save.

A door finally comes into view, promising escape. Suddenly, your love pulls away from you just before you pass through the door.

"Thank you," they murmur softly. You can hear their voice pierce your heart, true as an arrow. "I… hopefully, I'll see you soon. Under better circumstances." Your unrequited love's attempt at a small joke cracks, broken by their heartbroken sniffle.

You look behind you, but your love is gone, and so is the ruined banquet hall. All you are left with is an empty hand and uncertainty at whether or not your choice here might mean there is some chance for the two of you to find each other again. Note the **Sacrificed Someone's Love** trait.

The Test of High Sorcery has no time for your feelings. As you stare back at the gray void where the hall fell to cataclysm, vibrant colors start to fill the space, painting over the gray. Your trials continue. **Go to C1.**

B89 - Grand Banquet Hall

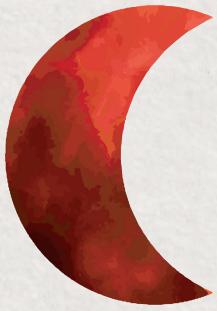
Your heart pounds from the adrenaline, your hand holding your love's ever so tightly. You struggle to ask why they are marrying someone else and instead focus entirely on surviving. The ceiling above groans and cracks as the two of you navigate the rubble maze, looking for an escape. Suddenly, another meteor strikes, sending a shower of fiery debris hurtling directly toward you.

Before you can be buried alive, your love grabs you and pulls you to safety. A cloud of ash and smoke fills the hall, shrouding it from your vision. Your lover embraces you—they are the only thing you can see amid the ruins and dead.

As your love holds you tight, they bury their face into the crook of your neck and whisper, "Love requires trust… and I trust that you will survive your trials, just as we weather the ones of our hearts."

The choking smoke washes over you, hiding your lover from your eyes. You try your best to hold onto them, to not let them go, but they fade away with the rest of the burning banquet hall. Slowly, the smoke clears, and you are utterly alone.

The Test of High Sorcery has no time for your feelings. As you stare back at the gray void where the hall fell to cataclysm, vibrant colors start to fill the space, painting over the gray. Your trials continue. **Go to C1.**



B90 - Grand Banquet Hall

Gritting your teeth, you dig into the rubble and attempt to pull the bride out. You must make a **DC 13 Strength (Athletics) check**—you have advantage on your check if you cast a 1st or higher-level spell to help loosen the stone, like *grease* or *unseen servant.*

If you fail, you pull and tug to no avail, and the rubble collapses further onto her unconscious body. As you're about ready to give up, your love lifts the largest piece of rubble with a tremendous show of strength. They strain under the weight, giving you just enough time to pull their bride free. A moment later, your love's grip slips, and they become trapped beneath the heavy rubble instead. **Go to B91.**

If you succeed, you work alongside your love and manage to pull the bride free from a smoking pile of shattered stones. A sickening crack resounds overhead, the ceiling's beams on the verge of collapse. You feel your love's hand take yours.

"We'll never make it. You should go, please. Save yourself," they softly urge. They use their other hand to pull the unconscious bride to rest on their lap, then continue, "You're on the path to becoming a mage. Don't let your feelings about me hold you back from your dreams." A gentle smile graces their lips as fiery debris starts to rain down all around.

Somehow, in your heart, you know you could be with your love again and save them. But to do so, you must give up your magic and ability to cast arcane spells forever.

- If you give up your magic to save your love, **go to B93.**
- If you defy the fates and attempt to save all three of you with your magic, **go to B94.**

B91 - Grand Banquet Hall

You look on in horror at the love of your life, partially crushed beneath the rubble, struggling to stay conscious. They reach their hand towards you, faintly taking yours within their gentle grasp.

"I wonder… I wonder if everything would've turned out different, better, if you hadn't left to become a mage. If we would have remained together, always. I wonder..."

Their voice begins to trail off, but they turn their head to look at the bride—their bride. "Please… take her away from here. Save her when I couldn't." With a last rattling breath, they fall unconscious. A meteoric explosion resounds nearby, and the ceiling groans, threatening to collapse fully.

Somehow, in your heart, you know you could be with your love again and save them. But to do so, you must give up your magic and ability to cast arcane spells forever.

- If you honor their request, **go to B92.**
- If you give up your magic to save your love, **go to B93.**

B92 - Grand Banquet Hall

Your lungs ache with the dust. With a grim sense of duty, you pull the bride away from flaming debris. You drag her behind you and run through the maze of rubble to safety. As you reach a door, you take one last lingering look at where the love of your life lies. Their unconscious expression bears a small, sad smile.

Then, you turn and escape from the banquet hall. As you step outside, you find yourself in a new place, your arms empty and your heart aching.

Note the **Honored Last Words** trait. The Test of High Sorcery has no time for your feelings. Vibrant colors start to fill the space around you, painting over the gray. Your trials continue. **Go to C1.**

B93 - Grand Banquet Hall

You make perhaps the hardest decision of your life, and in this moment, your heart knows it's what is right. You close your eyes and lift your hands, offering up your power and arcane knowledge. Magical energy flows from you, pouring into the banquet hall and freezing everything in place, creating a calm stillness in the chaos. With each passing moment, you feel the presence of magic draining away from you, but you remain steadfast.

You choose love before all else. As the last of your magic fades, you turn your head to look at the love of your life one last time.

If you noted the **Unrequited Love** trait, their expression shifts, and they look at you with a newfound fondness, one you haven't seen before. They silently mouth words that fill you with hope. "Thank you."

Otherwise, as you look upon the face of your dearest one, you swear that you hear them whisper, "I love you, and I will see you *so* soon."

You blink, and they are gone. You find yourself outside the dark and eerie trees of Wayreth Forest, with the Tower of Wayreth nowhere to be seen. In your hand, you find a golden wedding band. Inside the ring, you see your name inscribed alongside the name of your love.

Note the **Love Over Magic** trait. Your Test of High Sorcery has come to an end.

Go to Chapter Four: Giving Up Your Magic.

B94 - Grand Banquet Hall

The ceiling finally gives way as a meteor comes crashing through its beams, plummeting down towards the three of you. You must make a **DC 22 Intelligence (Arcana) check**—you have advantage on your check if you cast a 1st or higher-level spell that can destroy or shrink objects, like *shatter* or *enlarge/reduce*. Remember that you can spend a Destiny point to succeed if needed.

If you fail, your power is not enough. You share one last look with the love of your life, and before you can get the words out to say anything, the meteor strikes and annihilates everything in its wake. As your final thoughts swirl around in your mind, a sliver of hope takes purchase—perhaps, in another life, you will have a second chance to achieve your dreams of becoming a Mage of High Sorcery.

If you succeed, against all odds, you defy the fate the Test of High Sorcery has in store for the three of you. You feel your love empower your spell and unleash it, overpowering the meteor. As the dust settles, you turn and exchange one last lingering look with the love of your life before the space around you turns to pure white light. You feel the embrace of your love and the bride holding you tight before everything fades.

Note the **Power of Love** trait, and gain **Inspiration** if you don't already have it.

Your eyes close briefly from the fatigue, and when you open them again, the banquet hall is gone, and you are alone. The Test of High Sorcery has no time for your feelings. **Go to C1.**



B95 - Grand Banquet Hall

In a swirl of anger, you curse your love and their bride, bitter words spilling off your tongue, unable to hold them back even amid cataclysm. As your love reaches a desperate hand toward you, begging for help, you turn and run the other way.

You see an escape from the hall on the far side of a smoking maze of rubble. As the ceiling and walls shake with each meteor strike, you run toward the exit, navigating fiery debris as it rains down around you. You must make a **DC 19 Dexterity saving throw**, taking **11 (2d10) bludgeoning and 11 (2d10) fire damage** on a failed save, and half as much on a successful one.

Though part of you is too angry to even care about your love's well-being, a soft whisper from your heart urges you to give one last look back from the exit. All you can see through the dust and fire are the hands of your love and the bride, lifelessly outstretched from beneath the burning ruins, their fingers still intertwined.

Note the **Sacrificed Someone's Love** trait. As you run through the doorway and leave the burning hall behind, your heart aches with betrayal, but you resolve to turn it to stone in the forge of the trials ahead. **Go to C1.**

B96 - Stone-Walled Arena

You stand in a blood-stained arena enclosed by impossibly high stone walls. In the distance, faceless crowds roar in anticipation, their glee carried down by air that smells of iron and sweat. A pile of weapons sits in the center of the arena, ready for use. As you look around, you notice more than a dozen other test takers here, all looking as bewildered and bedraggled as you feel. You spot Kyrian across the arena from you, her face pale and her body shaking with terror.

"Welcome, one and all, to the Trial of the Terrorwind!" A voice booms through the air from an unseen source, and the crowds cheer loudly in response. The announcer pauses to allow for applause before they continue.

"This is a crowd favorite, but I'll make sure to repeat the rules for the new blood. In just a moment here, the terrorwind is going to appear. Now, all our hopeful mages have to do is survive. The trial ends when only one mage is left standing or if someone forever renounces their magic to save the others. Either way, it's going to be a fun one today!"

In the middle of the arena, a breeze begins to blow, swirling lazily. Soon it picks up speed, forming a ball of twisting and writhing wind. Swords, axes, spears, arrows, and maces spin up into the growing, living tornado—caught within its whirlwind.

"Let the trial begin!"

The announcer has barely finished their words when the terrorwind flies forward, carving through one of the unsuspecting mages, leaving behind nothing but gore and scraps of cloth. The crowds howl with the first drawn blood, and the cheering continues as the terrorwind advances its path of destruction. Many other test takers don't focus on the terrorwind, instead brutally turning on each other. Spells fly through the air, and blades are drawn against companions.

As you turn, you see the terrorwind start to spin its way toward Kyrian, who seems frozen to the spot in the face of impending doom.

- If you avoid danger and watch the terrorwind, **go to B97.**
- If you run to help Kyrian, **go to B99.**



B97 - Stone-Walled Arena

You press your back against the wall, focusing not on Kyrian or the other mages but on the mystical construction of the terrorwind itself. **Make a DC 16 Wisdom (Perception) or Intelligence (Investigation) check.**

If you fail, you spend nearly a minute trying to notice whatever you can about the terrorwind, but you can't decipher anything through its chaos. Distracted for too long, you don't notice when another test taker leaps upon you, stabbing you with a knife. You take **4 (1d4+2) piercing damage** as the blade cuts across your shoulder, leaving a scar. **Go to B98.**

On a success, you notice that in the heart of the terrorwind, there's a fragile crystal bead pulsing with energy beyond all the weaponry and dust-filled swirls. It rotates in whichever direction the terrorwind moves and seems to power the entity.

Your observations are interrupted by an alarming shriek. You look on in horror as the terrorwind sets upon Kyrian with a barrage of whirlwind weapons. You think you might be able to attack the terrorwind and stop it from killing the others, but you won't have time to save Kyrian.

- If you attack the terrorwind, **go to B102.**
- If you run to help Kyrian, **go to B99.**
- If you give up your magic to stop the terrorwind, **go to B106.**

B98 - Stone-Walled Arena

Sensing blood in the water, a handful of other mages focus their attention on you, deciding this is their chance to eliminate you from the competition. Several mages sling burning hands spells at you all at once in a coordinated assault. You must succeed on a **DC 13 Dexterity saving throw** or **take 21 (6d6) fire damage**. If you noted the **New Rival** trait, the bully Darien Ariantal joins your attackers, and you have disadvantage.

As you try to escape the mages, the terrorwind arrives, shredding your attackers. Their bloody, dismembered limbs join the whirlwind as it spins around to strike again. A pair of shaking hands pull you up, and you look up to see Kyrian's expression, horrified but determined. She drags you to a corner of the wall, her brief stint of confidence fading as she collapses onto the ground. Sobs shake her entire body.

"I-I don't want to be a mage anymore if it means being okay with other people dying. I don't want to watch you die! I can't just watch other people get… get..." Her voice trails off for a moment as she sniffles, her hands desperately grabbing at yours. "W-We can put a stop to this test together. Even if we give up magic, that doesn't mean giving up on life. And maybe… maybe we can figure out our futures together, away from all this."

Her eyes look to you, clear and pure, and you see hope on her face for the first time.

- If you agree to give up magic forever with Kyrian, **go to B104.**
- If you choose magic over Kyrian, **go to B105.**



B99 - Stone-Walled Arena

You run as fast as you can to Kyrian, trying to outpace the terrorwind. As you get closer, you see that Kyrian's attention is elsewhere, trying to fend off another test taker intent on killing her. If you noted the **New Rival** trait, you recognize her attacker to be none other than the bully Darien Ariantal.

The terrorwind quickly approaches. You could pull Kyrian to safety and let her attacker be killed—or you can tackle both of them out of the way of the terrorwind.

- If you pull Kyrian to safety, **go to B100.**
- If you tackle both of them, **go to B101.**

B100 - Stone-Walled Arena

You grab Kyrian, pulling her into your arms, then leap out of the way. You both watch as Darian is ripped apart, his limbs joining the terrorwind's whirling mass. When the terrorwind spins around to attack another group of test takers, you stumble together to find a brief moment of safety. Note the **Sacrificed Rival** trait.

"I-I don't want to be a mage anymore if it means being okay with other people dying. I don't want to watch you die! I can't just watch other people get… get..." Her voice trails off for a moment as she sniffles, her hands desperately grabbing at yours. "W-We can put a stop to this test together. Even if we give up magic, that doesn't mean giving up on life. And maybe… maybe we can figure out our futures together, away from all this."

Her eyes look to you, clear and pure, and you see hope on her face for the first time.

- If you agree to give up magic forever with Kyrian, **go to B104.**
- If you choose magic over Kyrian, **go to B105**.

B101 - Stone-Walled Arena

Recklessly, you leap forward and tackle the two of them to the ground away from the terrorwind's path. Whirling blades dig deep into your back as you try to protect them, dealing **11 (2d10) slashing damage**. Once the terorrwind spins around and attacks another group, you slowly rise from the dust along with Darien and Kyrian. Kyrian staggers and falls into your arms a moment later.

If you noted the **New Rival** trait, Darien looks at you with begrudging respect before he runs off to fight another group of mages. Note the **Saved Rival** trait.

"I-I don't want to be a mage anymore if it means being okay with other people dying. I don't want to watch you die! I can't just watch other people get… get..." Her voice trails off for a moment as she sniffles, her hands desperately grabbing at yours. "W-We can put a stop to this test together. Even if we give up magic, that doesn't mean giving up on life. And maybe… maybe we can figure out our futures together, away from all this."

Her eyes look to you, clear and pure, and you see hope on her face for the first time.

- If you agree to give up magic forever with Kyrian, **go to B104.**
- If you choose magic over Kyrian, **go to B105**.

B102 - Stone-Walled Arena

You summon your courage and brace yourself, focusing your magic on stopping the spinning funnel of weapons.

Due to its hurricane-force winds, you can't get close enough to the terrorwind to reach the fragile crystal bead at its eye. To destroy it, you must succeed on a **ranged spell attack against Armor Class 19**. If you succeed, **go to B103.**

If you fail, the elemental launches a pair of twirling longswords directly at you, and you must succeed on a **DC 13 Dexterity saving throw** or take **11 (2d10) slashing damage.**

- If you give up your magic forever to stop the terrorwind, **go to B106.**

Otherwise, you can attempt to make one more **spell attack against Armor Class 19**. If you succeed, **go to B103**.

If you fail, the terrorwind unleashes a deadly barrage of knives, axes, spears, and arrows at you. You must make a **DC 13 Dexterity saving throw**, taking **11 (2d10) slashing damage and 11 (2d10) piercing damage** on a failed save, and half as much on a successful one. Note the **Battle-Scarred** trait.

The terrorwind advances upon you, and you close your eyes in anticipation of being eviscerated when a pair of hands shove you to the ground, rolling you out of the way. You look up to see Kyrian's expression, horrified but determined. She drags you to a corner of the wall, her brief stint of confidence fading as she collapses onto the ground. Sobs shake her entire body.

"I-I don't want to be a mage anymore if it means being okay with other people dying. I don't want to watch you die! I can't just watch other people get… get..."
Her voice trails off for a moment as she sniffles, her hands desperately grabbing at yours. "W-We can put a stop to this test together. Even if we give up magic, that doesn't mean giving up on life. And maybe… maybe we can figure out our futures together, away from all this."
Her eyes look to you, clear and pure, and you see hope on her face for the first time.

- If you agree to give up magic forever with Kyrian, **go to B104.**
- If you choose magic over Kyrian, **go to B105**.

B103 - Stone-Walled Arena

Your determination and power prevails as your spell pierces and shatters the bead. The terrorwind unravels, the weapons clattering to the bloody sands, and a quiet hush falls over the arena. Soon the surviving test takers begin to cheer, their cries of relief echoed by the faceless crowds.

As you turn around and look for Kyrian, the sounds of victory ring in your ears. Only scraps of her robe and the bloody remains of her body remain. The arena begins to fade away from your vision, and Kyrian's corpse is the last thing that you see.

Note the **Chose Many Over One** trait. When color spills into the gray, the world begins to take shape once more, and you find yourself somewhere new. **Go to C1.**

B104 - Stone-Walled Arena

You take Kyrian's hands, holding them tight. You press your foreheads together, eyes closed, and hearts one in this moment. You both offer up your magic and arcane knowledge to the Conclave in exchange for stopping the massacre. Magical energy flows from the two of you, pouring into the arena and freezing everything in place, creating a calm stillness in the chaos. With each passing moment, you feel the presence of magic draining away from you, but you stay determined to choose friendship and life before all else.

You open your eyes and watch as the terrorwind disappears, transforming into a gentle breeze. The surviving test takers stagger about, embracing and holding each other in relief. Soon, however, the arena and the other mages begin to fade, washing away into white light like a bad dream.

You find yourself outside the dark and eerie trees of Wayreth Forest, with the Tower of Wayreth nowhere to be seen. Kyrian is with you, your hands still entwined with hers. She lets out a sigh of relief, which quickly turns into a joyful giggle, and the sound is wonderful after facing so much peril. Together, the two of you leave Wayreth Forest behind, preparing for a new journey.

Note the **Friendship Over Magic** trait. Your Test of High Sorcery has come to an end.

Go to Chapter Four: Giving Up Your Magic.

B105 - Stone-Walled Arena

The hope fades from Kyrian's eyes, but the determination stays. Roughly she wipes away her tears, then takes your hand in hers. "I understand. But that means you better survive the Test of High Sorcery and become the greatest mage ever known. I'll be cheering for you wherever you are, and maybe you can even come find me and visit!"

If you noted the **Helping Hand** trait, Kyrian shifts her grip on your hand, entwining your pinky fingers together. "And you better promise that you'll use your magic to help as many people as you can, just like you helped me. And I'll help as many people as I can too!"

Taking a deep breath, Kyrian closes her eyes and bows her head. As she does, you see rays of energy burst from her like multi-colored sunbeams, her magical powers draining from her and into the arena. The terrorwind unravels into a gentle breeze, its weaponry clanging to the sand. You reach your hand to one of the beams, and you feel like some small part of Kyrian's magic flows into you, awakening your senses to the arcane. You gain **Inspiration** if you don't have it already.

Soon the beams of light and magic are all you can see, and the arena fades away. The last thing you see is Kyrian smiling at you with pride. Note the **Magic Over Friendship** trait.

You blink and find yourself someplace new, wondering if you will ever see Kyrian again. **Go to C1.**

B106 - Stone-Walled Arena

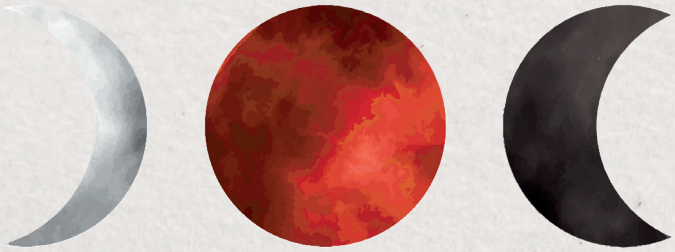
Seeing the senseless deaths around you, the blood spilled over ambition and power, you can only feel a sense of lingering dread and determination as you accept the only way to break the cruel cycle. You close your eyes and lift your hands, offering up your magic and arcane knowledge forever. Magical energy flows from you, pouring into the arena and freezing everything in place, creating a calm stillness in the chaos. With each passing moment, you feel the presence of magic draining away from you, but you stay determined to choose life before all else.

You open your eyes and watch as the terrorwind disappears, transforming into a gentle breeze. The surviving test takers stagger about, embracing and holding each other in relief. Soon, however, the arena and the other mages begin to fade, washing away into white light like a bad dream. You see Kyrian running towards you, calling out, but her words are without a voice. She reaches you and holds you in a big hug for a moment before you vanish from the arena.

You blink and find yourself outside the dark and eerie trees of Wayreth Forest, with the Tower of Wayreth nowhere to be seen. You're entirely alone, without your magic, and with no reason to ever return to the Tower of High Sorcery. You take a deep breath and turn around, ready to start walking down a new road with the promise of unexpected adventures awaiting you.

Note the **Life Over Magic** trait. Your Test of High Sorcery has come to an end.

Go to Chapter Four: Giving Up Your Magic.



B107 - Mirror Maze

You find yourself in a maze made entirely of mirrors, with no exit behind or in front of you. Each wall is reflective to a polished shine and stretches impossibly high, leaving you to wander your way through, your reflection repeated into infinity. The sound of your voice joins the quiet echoes of your footsteps, and yet you aren't the one speaking.

"Well, well. Look at where we are now."

You turn your head to the side, and your reflection does, too. It's only then that you see that your reflection walks not in a perfectly mirrored image. Instead, they walk in stride, independent of your movements and thoughts, and begin speaking again in your voice.

"How did we get here, stuck in a mirror maze, wandering until something terrible happens to us? Oh yeah, I remember now." As your reflection talks, the silver mirrors ripple. The mirror surfaces show fragments of your past, how you came to the Tower of Wayreth, and your many failures. As you relive every single injury you sustained during the Test of High Sorcery, their wounds ache in ghostly memory, reminding you of the physical toll your trials have taken.

"And what are all of our efforts for? To be counted among equals to mousy wannabe mage Kyrian or peers with that asshole who got off on tormenting other people?" An image flashes of Kyrian and the bullies in the antechamber.

You then see the faces of the three mages who interviewed you, each judging you with their gazes. "To be locked into subservience to one of three gods? To live in a lonely tower like a bird in a gilded cage?"

"To be drafted into wars at the will and whim of others, forced to fight against former friends and enemies you don't know?" The vision shifts again, revealing not your past but a possible future where you battle with another mage as war rages behind you. You witness your reflection's terrible magic leave death and destruction in its wake.

Your reflection abruptly stops in place, turning to face you fully, their head tilted. "And that's only if you survive the Test of High Sorcery in the first place. Wouldn't it be better just to stop now while you have life and limbs attached? Imagine what kind of future you could have if you chose it for yourself!"

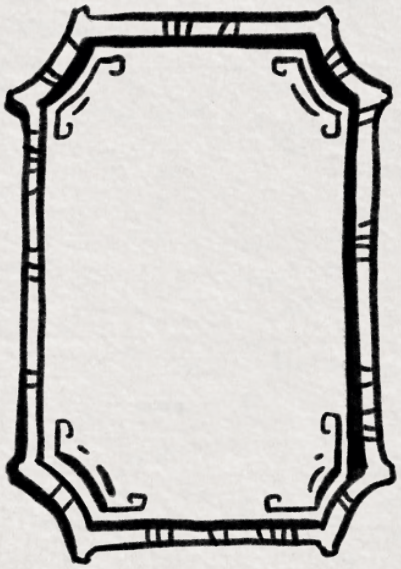
- If you continue moving forward and ignore the reflection, **go to B108.**
- If you pause to look at the reflection, **go to B109.**

B108 - Mirror Maze

You turn away from your reflection, trying your best to avoid looking at them. Suddenly, the mirrors shift, grinding metal against glass. You realize that the maze is changing, trying to trap you by blocking off your paths forward. You must make a **DC 19 Dexterity (Acrobatics) check**. You automatically succeed if you cast a 1st or higher-level spell to move quickly, like *misty step* or *expeditious retreat.*

If you fail, the mirror wall closes, and you nearly smash into the glass. Your reflection, now face-to-face with you, laughs cruelly. "If you can't even succeed in getting through here, how do you expect to pass the Test?" **Go to B109.**

If you succeed, you slip past the mirror. **Go to B116.**



B109 - Mirror Maze

As your eyes meet the glass, you don't see yourself as you are now, but rather a version of yourself who looks healthy and happy and whole, any scars from your trials gone. You see this version of yourself smiling, having a tight-knit and loving family, living in comfort away, untouched by the terror of war, and even going on an adventure or two.

"You see?" pipes up your reflection, "You could choose to have a simple, peaceful life. So many of the Test takers had this opportunity, and yet they threw it away for the path of magic. That path always has, and always will, lead to destruction."

The comforting visions shift, revealing now fractal echoes of many mages who have come to pass through the Test of High Sorcery. You watch as they're torn apart by monsters, impaled by spikes, and drowned in their own blood. The mages that do make it through look haunted, with many missing limbs or vacant expressions, forlorn of eagerness or hope. You watch the mages leave to fight wars and hunt rogue wizards. In the heat of battle, mages eviscerate each other in the most brutal and cruel ways. Mangled bodies and empty eyes fill your vision, and you can taste the copper of blood in your mouth.

Make a DC 16 Wisdom saving throw. You take **16 (3d10) psychic damage** on a failed save, and half as much on a successful one.

As you tear yourself away from the sight, the horrifying images fade away, replaced once more by your potential pastoral future. Your reflection reaches out toward you until their hand pushes through the glass, inviting you to take it and let it lead you away from the Test of High Sorcery to a better life.

- If you take the hand and forsake the path of magic, **go to B110**.
- If you refuse the hand and choose to rededicate yourself to magic, **go to B111.**

B110 - Mirror Maze

As you take the hand, you feel just how tired you are—a bone-weary fatigue that stretches beyond your body and into your heart and soul. You know now that the mage's path is not for you, and as the visions clear, you step through the glass.

You awake in a soft, cozy bed, in a small cottage, with sunlight streaming through a clean window. You no longer sense the presence of the magic within you, but you are filled with a peace you have not felt in a long time. Your new life is far away from war and the Tower of Wayreth.

Note the **Peace Over Magic** trait. Your Test of High Sorcery has come to an end.

Go to Chapter Four: Giving Up Your Magic.

B111 - Mirror Maze

The visions and the hand disappear, replaced by your frowning reflection. "Well, if you're really committed to learning magic, even if it means giving up on a nice quiet, peaceful life… why do you have to be in service to the Conclave? I mean, tying yourself to a patron god of magic just feels so *restrictive."*

Your reflection shifts, showing you in white robes, then red robes, then black. "Maybe… maybe you could just take what you know and leave? You would be a renegade, but you'd be free from the trappings of all this cultish nonsense."

- If you forsake the Orders of High Sorcery to become a rogue mage, **go to B112.**
- If you refuse and stay aligned with the Orders of High Sorcery, **go to B113.**

B112 - Mirror Maze

Your reflection shifts through the different robe colors again until the garment transforms into a multicolored robe that defies the rules of magic. At first, you admire yourself in the mirror, hope and ambition growing within, but the moment is quickly shattered when your reflection lets loose a shocked laugh.

"Really?" your reflection says incredulously, resonating with an amalgam voice of the three archmages who interviewed you. "You already had your chance to turn back. Now you'd become a renegade mage? Free to destroy and misuse powerful magic, with no law or creed to guide you?"

"We, of course, cannot allow that."

The mirrors begin to crack, then explode inward with a wave of arcane force. You must make a **DC 16 Dexterity saving throw**, taking **16 (3d10) force damage** on a failed save, and half as much on a successful one. You automatically succeed if you cast the *shield* spell.

As the light fades around you, the black-robed archmage's cold laughter rings through the air, and you can hear the white-robed archmage's distinct and disappointed sigh.

The red-robed archmage speaks firmly, "We take the matter of renegade mages very seriously. Their reckless actions have nearly destroyed the entire world before, after all. I hope, for your sake, you consider this a lesson well learned. Know that we have taken note of what has occurred here."

Note the **Renegade Mage** trait. Eventually, the laughter fades, and the darkness lifts to reveal a windy hilltop. **Go to C1.**

B113 - Mirror Maze

The mirrors vibrate as your reflection becomes agitated. It transforms into a twisted, undead version of yourself, eyes sunken and flesh rotten. You stare into the reflection and at your own mortality.

Your reflection nearly screams, the voice mixed with fury and deep desperation. "Then why? What is this all for?"

The walls continue to shake, and the mirrors begin to close in. The space you stand in becomes smaller and smaller, the glass threatening to crush you.

- If you do not flinch and redeclare your dedication to pursuing magic, **go to B114.**
- If you try to shatter the mirror, **go to B115.**

B114 - Mirror Maze

The mirrors stop a hairbreadth away from crushing you. Your reflection looks at you with unflinching grimness until it eventually shifts its appearance to look identical to you once more. It sighs, shrugs, and bitterly mutters, "Your funeral."

Note the **Grim Determination** trait. Suddenly, the mirrors rapidly tilt, and you fall into the inky abyss below. You fall and fall, hoping you aren't squished like a bug when you land. Thankfully, you meet the ground with the weight of a feather. Color fills the void around you, revealing a windy hilltop. **Go to C1.**



B115 - Mirror Maze

As the mirrors close in and begin to press your body between the panes of glass, you muster up the strength to break the maze. You must make a **DC 16 Strength (Athletics) check.** You automatically succeed if you cast a spell that deals thunder or force damage, like *thunderwave* or *magic missile*. Each time you fail, the mirrors close in tighter, you take **11 (2d10) bludgeoning damage**, and you must repeat the check.

If you succeed, the mirrors break into a thousand shards. Your reflection screams as their plane of existence falls to pieces. You take **5 (1d10) piercing damage** as some mirror fragments stick into your body.

Once the shards lie still at your feet, you find yourself somewhere new—a windy hilltop awash in moonlight. **Go to C1.**

B116 - Mirror Maze

You feel solid ground beneath your feet but see nothing before you—just a great emptiness.

You hear your reflection's voice again, though there is a deeper, eerie resonance this time, as if it speaks with many voices instead of just one. "If you choose the path of magic, it will lead you to places of the brightest light and the darkest shadows. When the darkness takes you, and the power of magic consumes you, what will you do then?"

- If you say that you would embrace it, **go to B117.**
- If you say you would never fall to darkness, **go to B118.**
- If you say you would rely on others to prevent that outcome, **go to B119.**

B117 - Mirror Maze

Your reflection cackles, their voice now sounding like the black-robed archmage who interviewed you. "Oh, I am *so* excited to see your inevitable downfall as you desperately try to hold onto power that you do not yet understand. Maybe, *just* maybe, you will prove me wrong."

Note the **Embrace the Darkness** trait. The void begins to spin faster and faster. The black-robed mage's dizzying laughter echoes until the darkness finally fades, revealing a windy hilltop. **Go to C1.**

B118 - Mirror Maze

Your reflection cackles, their voice now sounding like the black-robed archmage who interviewed you. "A naive plan, fit for a *fool*—though I know a certain white-robed busybody who will be happy to hear it. I cannot wait for the realities of life to crush your spirit to dust."

Note the **Deny the Darkness** trait. The void begins to spin faster and faster. The black-robed mage's dizzying laughter echoes until the darkness finally fades, revealing a windy hilltop. **Go to C1.**

B119 - Mirror Maze

Your reflection cackles, their voice now sounding like the black-robed archmage who interviewed you. "A measured answer, taken by itself. And yet you received this *particular* test because you imagined yourself alone in peril. Should you survive until the end, I *strongly* recommend you make more friends and allies you can imagine standing by your side. Otherwise, your only future is failure and dust."

Note the **Plan for Darkness** trait. The void begins to spin faster and faster. The black-robed mage's dizzying laughter echoes until the darkness finally fades, revealing a windy hilltop. **Go to C1.**



CHAPTER THREE: SOULFORGE

C1 - Whistling Crossroads

Having survived the first half of your Test of High Sorcery, you find yourself very weary from all you've faced so far. You stand beneath a gorgeous sunset sky at the top of a hill, at a crossroads overgrown with tangled weeds and dancing blades of pale grass. Cool winds whistle across the hilltop. Four paths cascade down from the crossroads—three offering locations where you might find rest and one hinting at a more perilous-looking trail.

The westward road leads to a small seaside village in the midst of celebration, its people singing lively off-key shanties from the town square. The northern road slopes to a beautiful glade surrounded by cozy trees and a sparkling pond. The eastern road curves around a rocky bend, and beyond lies a home that looks just like the one you grew up in, with a single lantern's light shining from a window.

The southern road disappears into the thick, choking fog—you can feel in your gut that way lies your next challenge in the Test of High Sorcery.

- If you take the road to the seaside village, note the **Stayed in a Village** trait and **go to C2**.
- If you take the road to the serene glade, note the **Stayed in a Glade** trait and **go to C3.**
- If you take the road to your childhood home, note the **Stayed in Your Childhood Home** trait and **go to C4**.
- If you decide not to take a long rest and journey to continue your Test, **go to C5.**

C2 - A Lively Seaside Village

You wander down from the hilltop to a small but lively seaside village square. Two-story wood and thatch buildings cluster there, leaning precariously overtop crowded streets. Lanterns shine from the salt-covered windows of homes and shops. Beneath their light, villagers dressed in simple clothes dance around a giant straw effigy that vaguely resembles a mermaid holding a trident.

The villagers sing a bawdy sea shanty about a brave but hapless young bard who falls in love with a mermaid who only wants to trick them into swimming down to her lair so she can feast on their bones. The bard in the story never flinches from their many exaggerated adventures beneath the sea, determined to find the mermaid's den and seal their misplaced love with a kiss. As you approach, several eager villagers take hold of you on either side and pull you into the party. Before you know it, you are dancing, laughing, and singing too—lost in the villagers' enchanting revel.

At last, the shanty ends with the bard getting their kiss and the mermaid getting their feast. Suddenly, the front doors to the nearby tavern swing open. A burly sailor steps out onto *The Salty Cataclysm Tavern's* porch and drunkenly bellows out into the night, "Free round o' drinks at th' tavern! Tell'em to put it on Strong Melcham's tab!"

Most of the raucous crowd cheers and begins to push their way into the two-story tavern. A few more tired villagers quietly leave the party and head home.

- If you decide to join the party, **go to C6.**
- If you look for someone to take you into their home for the night, **go to C8.**

C3 - An Enchanted Glade

Sunset gives way to a starry night, and you hike down the road that leads through an airy forest. As you wander through the woodland path, the flowers and trees slowly change from colorful spring blooms to the burnt hues of autumn. Where the road ends, you step into a beautiful glade of wild grass and fallen leaves. An inviting moonlit pool of crystal water and lily pads lies at the center of the clearing.

As you wander down to the pond to freshen up or take a drink, you are surprised to see the face of a beautiful woman wearing a sea-blue dress smiling up at you from beneath the calm waters. She rises from the water about ten feet from the grassy shore, her arms outstretched towards you. She appears young, with long ghost-white hair that spills down her back and floats peacefully atop the water. Her blue eyes contain a deep sadness that belies her beauty. You instinctively realize that the woman is some sort of spirit.

When the woman speaks, it's with an ethereal sing-song voice that sends a shiver down your spine. "It's been so long since my pond has had a visitor. It gets so lonely here, with only the trees to talk to. And the water—so *cold*. You must be lonely and cold, too, after everything you've been through to get here. But we are both magic, you and I. We can keep each other warm. Will you let me hold you? Will you warm my pond… if only for tonight?"

- If you wade into the pool to embrace the spirit, **go to C7.**
- If you reject the spirit's request, **go to C9.**

C4 - Your Childhood Home

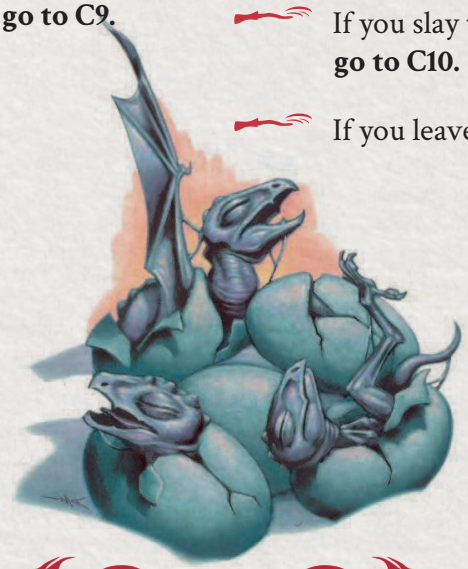
The sun sets as you take the long, winding path through rocky hills. The light of Solinari and Lunitari shines down upon the final stretch of road leading to the home that looks just like where you grew up. The entrance is open to you, and its interior is dark. No one appears to be home, and though you recognize furniture and objects from your past, everything seems to be in a slightly different place than you remember.

When you open the door to the room you slept in, you find it lit by warm lantern light. Keepsakes from your childhood stir strong feelings within you. You set your things down and take a long look around. The building is tranquil, but for a strange squeaking sound. You track the squeaks to a heavy blanket placed over a mound on the floor.

When you pull away the blanket, you reveal three small, blue dragons hatching from their eggs, cracking open their shells with a stretch of their tiny winged limbs. When one of the dragon hatchlings opens its eyes for the first time, it looks up at you curiously, and a spark of static electricity arcs from its flared nostril.

You know from your studies that blue dragons grow to become fearsome threats who serve the Dark Goddess Takhisis and can unleash devastation on whole towns. The hatchlings do not look dangerous now, though, as they huddle together for warmth atop their broken eggshells. You can't take them with you—and aren't sure that any of this is real.

- If you slay the blue dragon hatchlings, **go to C10.**
- If you leave the hatchlings be, **go to C11.**



C5 - The Choking Fog

You fully embrace the Test of High Sorcery's challenge by refusing your opportunity to rest, recover, and study. Instead, you follow the southern road into a choking fog. The mist smells strongly of copper and salt. Gnarled tree limbs hang over the road, taking on the appearance of skeletal arms beckoning you to leave the path. The way forward is rocky and uneven, but you boldly stay the course, knowing you are growing closer to achieving your goal of becoming a true mage.

You cannot take a long rest. When you are ready to continue, **go to C12.**

C6 - The Salty Cataclysm Tavern

You fall in with the crowd, and the villagers throw their arms around you, treating you as one of their own. They buy you drinks, fried fish, tavern nuts, and more drinks. The night quickly becomes a blur of wild revels without abandon. You vaguely recall standing atop a table dancing and singing, having deep philosophical conversations about the politics of Krynn, and sharing your personal feelings on how you believe you are holding up in your Tests of High Sorcery. Eventually, your memory of the wild party fades, leaving you only with questions about how your night ended.

When you wake up the following day, sleeping party-goers are strewn haphazardly about the tavern. No one stirs or awakens. You have just enough time to pursue downtime activities, prepare spells for the next phase of the tests, and slip out unnoticed.

When you finish your long rest, make a **DC 13 Constitution saving throw.** If you fail, take **3 (1d6) psychic damage.** If you succeed, **gain Inspiration** if you don't already have it.

When you leave the village to continue your Test, **go to C12.**



C7 - In a Cold Pond

You wade through the cold water to embrace the sad spirit. She tenderly wraps her arms around you and lays her head gently on your shoulder. Her skin is freezing, and her grip is supernaturally strong.

"I cannot remember the last time someone showed me kindness. I'd forgotten what this feels like," she whispers into the crook of your neck, then pulls you slowly beneath the pond water. The two of you sink beneath the moonlight into the darkness. You find yourself unable to escape or cast spells, yet you do not drown. You spend hours there in the cold, dark watery depths. The longer you float, embracing the spirit, the warmer her skin feels.

When the sun rises over the pool, its golden light stretches through the water until it illuminates you and the spirit. Her flesh appears rotten and bloated in the sunlight, and worms writhe within her empty eye sockets. She holds you tight for a lingering moment, then finally releases her grip. She smiles and whispers, "Thank you."

You swim back to the surface, only looking back once to see she is no longer there. When you reach the shore, you draw a deep breath, glad to be alive. Thoughts of your night spent with the strange spirit swirl around in your mind, though you try to push them away to focus on the challenges to come.

You can pursue downtime activities and prepare your spells. When you finish your long rest, make a **DC 13 Charisma saving throw.** If you fail, **expend 2 (1d4) spell slots of any level.** If you succeed, **gain Inspiration** if you don't already have it.

Note the **Embraced a Lonely Spirit** trait. When you leave the glade to continue your Test, **go to C12.**

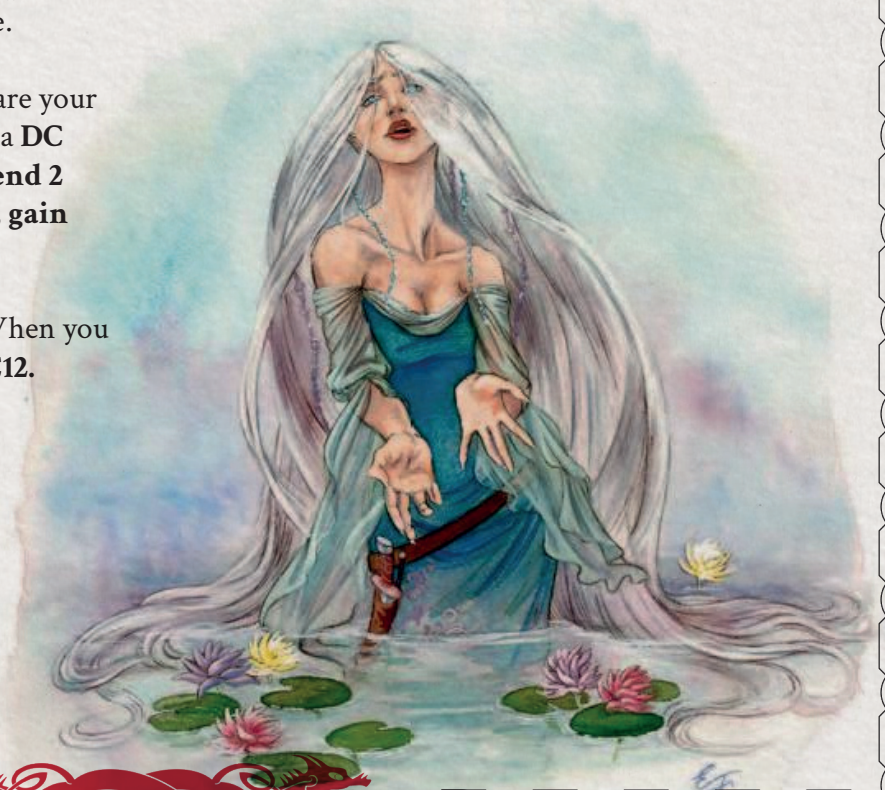
C8 - A Lovely Family Dinner

You pull yourself away from the wild crowd of partying villagers and look for someone who might take you in for the night. You meet an older man named Thomas. He smiles easily at your approach and tells you he knew you would be coming. He shows you to a small cottage, which he shares with his wife Henrietta, his daughter (also Henrietta), and his eight grandchildren—whose names he frequently forgets.

Despite how crowded the tiny home is, the night proves peaceful. Thomas's family invites you to join them for a simple dinner consisting of spicy onion stew and freshly baked bread. Around the dinner table, the grandchildren say a prayer to Paladine and share stories of what they learned that day in school. Soon enough, Thomas's family turns in for the night, sharing two small bedrooms between the eleven of them. Thomas makes up a small cot of clean linen in the kitchen for you. He gives you his pillow for the night and wishes you luck the next day on your Test.

While the family sleeps, you have time to study, pursue downtime activities, and prepare spells for the next day. When you finish your long rest, **gain 7 (2d6) temporary hit points.**

When you leave the village to continue your Test, **go to C12.**



C9 - Beneath a Murmuring Tree

When you hesitate to accept the spirit's request, crystalline tears streak down her cheek. "I'm *so* cold," she moans. She wraps her arms around her shoulders and slowly sinks into the pond's depths, disappearing into shadows below. You shiver again and look for somewhere safe to rest for the night.

After pursuing downtime activities and preparing spells for the next day, you find a soft tuft of flowers and grass beneath the shadow of an ancient weeping willow tree. You lie there and drift off to an enchanted rest. As the long hours of the night stretch on, the tree comes to life. It speaks in slow, deep murmurs, its voice half-swallowed by the sound of its hanging branches whistling in the cool breeze.

"No one … ever listens … to a tree's wisdom. Such … a great shame. After all … we trees see every heartbreak … every moment of wonder … every betrayal … every young wizard … seeking vain mysteries …"

The tree quietly rambles on and on, never stopping, even when addressed. Its voice is soothing, though, and you find your night restful despite its gentle complaints.

When you finish your long rest, make a **DC 13 Wisdom saving throw**. If you fail, you only remember bits of the tree's strange ramblings while you rested. If you succeed, you remember everything they said and receive the tree's blessing—until you take a long rest, your skin takes on a rough, bark-like appearance, and your **Armor Class can't be less than 16**, regardless of what kind of armor you wear.

When you leave the glade to continue your Test, **go to C12.**

C10 - Your Childhood Home

The blue dragon hatchlings have no means to stop you from slaying them. When the grim deed is done, you force yourself to turn your attention back to preparations for the next day of your Test. You can pursue downtime activities and prepare your spells before resting in your childhood home. Everything here feels so much smaller to you now than it did in your youth, and you realize just how far you've come since then.

When you finish your long rest, make a **DC 13 Wisdom saving throw.** If you fail, the memory of the dragon hatchlings' final shrieks haunted you throughout the night—take 7 **(2d6) psychic damage.**

Note the **Dragon Murderer** trait. When you leave and continue your Test, **go to C12.**

C11 - Your Childhood Home

You cannot bring yourself to harm the dragon hatchlings and turn your attention instead to the hardships of the day to come. The hatchlings spend an hour crawling around on the floor and playfully biting at each other before they fall fast asleep on their eggshells. You spend the rest of your night in your childhood home, musing about how much smaller it feels now than it did in your youth. Despite any bittersweet or other feelings this place gives you, the rest of the evening is peaceful and comfortable. You can pursue downtime activities and prepare your spells before you finally rest.

When you finish your long rest, gain 7 **(2d6) temporary hit points**. When you leave this place to continue your Test, **go to C12.**



C12 - A Dark Sea Cove

The twisted, foggy road onward leads you away from the hill and, eventually, underground. The mist dissipates, and you find yourself standing upon a small, soggy dock within a sea cove. At the end of the dock, a wooden sloop sailing the flag of the crimson moon Lunitari rocks back and forth against the choppy waves. On its side, the name *The Night Candle* has been painted in red calligraphy that glows slightly with arcane light.

Outside the cove, a thunderous storm approaches, and rainwater causes the water level to climb and spill over the dock. At the back of the cover, away from the ship, you can see a subterranean tunnel lit by green phosphorous fungi. The tunnel seems to slope slightly upward, away from the rising sea.

- If you climb aboard the ship and try to set sail out to sea, **go to C13.**
- If you swim up to the subterranean tunnel, **go to C20.**

C13 - Sailing Into a Storm

The floodwaters continue to rise in the cove as you scamper up the gangplank and pull it up onto the ship's deck. Suddenly, the captain's cabin door flies open, and a large, wild-bearded man stumbles out onto the deck, wearing stained navy robes and a matching tricorn hat. He waves a bottle of rum wildly around in the air and rumbles loudly at you.

"Oi! This ain't yer mama's storm, ye slow-legged land-pup! I'll take the helm, and ye man the sails like yer life depended on it. 'Cause mark me words, pup, it does! The Sea Witch be hungry tonight, and scabby ol' Zeboim will gobble up yer bones whole if ye be short-witted. We got a ways to go if we e'er hope to sleep beneath the red moon again!"

The ship captain chugs the rest of his rum and throws the empty bottle carelessly overboard. You hurry to take up the sails and follow the captain's barked orders as well as you can. Soon enough, the two of you take *The Night Candle* out into the midst of the most vicious storm you have ever witnessed. Its wrath tosses your ship about like a toy. The thunder roars in elemental fury, and the captain roars defiantly back as he steers you toward a distant, beckoning mist of silver fog.

Just when it seems your fearless captain is every bit the match for Zeboim's storm, swirling funnels of water rise like columns from the churning ocean and batter your ship. One of the funnels floods the foredeck, washing the captain away from the helm and toward the frothing sea. Unmanned, the ship's helm begins to spin in wild circles, forcing your course in the wrong direction.

- If you grab hold of the wheel to steady the ship, **go to C14.**
- If you try to save the captain from going overboard, **go to C15**.

C14 - Through the Storm

You turn your back on the captain and slide across the flooded wooden deck to try to reach the ship's spinning helm. "Ye spineless, yellow-warted knave! Ye've not seen the last o' lucky Cap'n Lu-*aaaah!*" the ship's captain bellows out at you over the fury of the storm, his final words turning to a scream when a hateful wave sends him plummeting overboard to his watery grave.

Just before you get to the helm, a lightning bolt splits the sky wide open, and another giant wave comes crashing directly toward you. You must succeed on a **DC 13 Dexterity saving throw** or take **5 (1d10) bludgeoning damage**. After pulling yourself up, you finally reach the helm and steady T*he Night Candle's* course, directing the vessel toward the wall of dark silvery fog.

You begin to think you might yet survive the Sea Witch's fury. If you noted the **Scried the Amphi Dragon** trait, **go to C16**. Otherwise, **go to C17.**

C15 - Through the Storm

To try to rescue the captain, make a **DC 13 Strength (Athletics) or Dexterity (Acrobatics) check**—or cast a spell like misty step or levitate that helps you reach him or save him from falling into the sea.

If you succeed, you rescue him just before he is pulled down to his watery grave. Note the **Rescued the Captain** trait. He grips you in a brief but mighty bear hug and grumbles into your ear, breath stinking of rum, "Ye blessed old salt, ye! Let's go show Zeboim where she can be stickin' her lightnin' bolts."

If you fail, the captain cries into the screaming wind, "Solinari bless ye! At least ye tried, pup!" A moment later, the raging ocean swallows him.

After you attempt to rescue the captain, you spin around to get your bearing, soaking with rainwater. Beyond the storm awaits a wall of dark silvery fog on the horizon, and from within, no lightning flashes. If you noted the **Scried the Amphi Dragon** trait, **go to C16.** Otherwise, **go to C17.**



C16 - Through the Storm

As *The Night Candle* sails towards the fog ahead, you recall a vision you saw within the scrying orb in your private chambers. You remember witnessing this same ship, the terrible storm, and something else too—an Amphi Dragon lurking beneath the waters behind your vessel.

The memory fresh in your mind, you spin around just in time to see the monstrous winged toad-like creature from the vision rise out of the churning sea. It opens its massive maw, croaks grimly, then quickly lashes out at you with its long tongue. If you can, make a **ranged spell attack with disadvantage against Armor Class 13.** If you miss, **go to C17.**

If your spell attack hits the Amphi Dragon's tongue, your magic severs it before it reaches you. The amphi dragon croaks in fury and pain—then descends beneath the water's surface. Several minutes later, *The Night Candle* leaves behind the screaming storm and sails into the thick, silvery fog beyond. **Regain a spent Destiny point**, then **go to C19.**

C17 - Through the Storm

Suddenly, a long tongue covered in acidic warts strikes you, dealing **3 (1d6) acid damage** and sticking like glue to your body. The tongue quickly retracts, dragging you across the ship's deck toward the sea. **Make a DC 16 Strength saving throw**. If you noted the **Rescued the Captain** trait, you have advantage on your saving throw—he leaps to your aid, attempting to grab and pull you free from the retreating tongue. **If you fail, go to C18.**

If you succeed, you tear yourself free from the tongue, causing several warts to explode with sizzling yellow acid—take **3 (1d6) acid damage.** For a few moments, over the ship's deck, you see the vast maw of a massive sea monster resembling a cross between a giant frog and a dragon with small wings. The amphi dragon croaks in annoyance, swallows stormwater, and slowly sinks beneath the frothing waves.

Several minutes later, *The Night Candle* leaves behind the screaming storm and sails into the thick, silvery fog beyond. **Go to C19.**

C18 - The Roiling Waves

You are ripped off the deck of *The Night Candle* and into the hungry sea. A horrid monster rises from vicious waves before you. It is an amphi dragon—a creature that looks like a giant toad with a long tongue that hangs loosely out of its mouth and sea-green scales covered with oozing yellow warts.

Roll Initiative for yourself and the amphi dragon. You begin the encounter in the water adjacent to the ship. The dragon begins 15 feet away from you and 20 feet away from the ship. If you survive the encounter, you sail aboard The Night Candle, leaving behind the screaming storm to enter the dark, silvery fog beyond. **Go to C19**.

THE ENVIRONMENT

Navigating the Stormy Sea. Unless you have a swim speed, the water is considered difficult terrain, and at the start of your turn, you must succeed on a **DC 13 Strength or Dexterity saving throw**, or you cannot move or take reactions.

Returning to the Ship. You can climb 10 feet back onto the ship's deck by using an action and succeeding on a **DC 16 Strength (Athletics) or Dexterity (Acrobatics) check**. You automatically succeed if you cast a spell like *misty step* or *levitate*. If you noted the **Rescued the Captain** trait, his aid grants you advantage on attack rolls and ability checks while aboard the ship.

Amphi Dragon's Weakness. If you noted the **Scried the Amphi Dragon** trait, you recognize its **Sensitive Tongue** as its weakness. Otherwise, you can discover the weakness by using a bonus action and succeeding on a **DC 13 Wisdom (Perception) or Intelligence (Investigation or Nature) check.**

ENEMY TACTICS

The **amphi dragon** lurks in stormy waters, seeking to make a feast from unfortunate sailors far from safe harbor. It uses its Acid Breath first, then uses its Tongue to pull its prey close to it so that it can finish them off with its Bite attack. If a character retreats onto the ship's deck, it uses the Dash action on its next turn to follow by climbing onboard.

YOUNG AMPHI DRAGON

Large dragon, Neutral Evil

Armor Class 13 (natural armor)
Hit Points 51 (6d10+18)
Speed 20 ft., climb 20 ft., swim 40 ft.

STR	DEX	CON
22(+6)	14(+2)	16(+3)
INT	**WIS**	**CHA**
10(-0)	12(+1)	14(+2)

Saving Throws STR +8, CON +5
Skills Perception +3, Stealth +4
Damage Immunities Acid
Senses Blindsight 30 ft., Darkvision 120 ft.,
Passive Perception 13
Languages Draconic
Challenge 3 (700 XP)
Proficiency Bonus +2

Amphibious. The dragon can breathe air and water.

Acidic Warts. When an attack hits the dragon, creatures within 5 feet of it take 3 (1d6) acid damage.

Sensitive Tongue. The dragon's extended tongue is extremely sensitive. Creatures can aim at the tongue with an attack. The attack has disadvantage unless the creature is grappled by the dragon's tongue. If the dragon takes 10 or more damage aimed at its tongue on a single turn, it attempts to flee to deep water at the start of its next turn.

ACTIONS

Bite. Melee Weapon Attack: +8 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target Hit: 11 (1d10+6) piercing damage and 3 (1d6) acid damage.
Claw. Melee Weapon Attack: +8 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. Hit: 9 (1d6+6) slashing damage.

Tongue. Melee Weapon Attack: +8 to hit, reach 20 ft., one target. Hit: 3 (1d6) acid damage, and if the target is Large or smaller, it must succeed on a DC 16 Strength saving throw or be pulled up to 20 feet toward the dragon and grappled (escape DC 16). The dragon can only grapple one target at a time with its tongue.

Acid Breath (Recharge 5-6). The dragon exhales acid in a 30-foot cone. Each creature in that area must make a DC 13 Dexterity saving throw, taking 17 (5d6) acid damage on a failed save, or half as much damage on a successful one.

C19 - Sailing Into the Fog

You survived the Sea Witch's fury and refused to become breakfast for a hungry amphi dragon. Slowly, the dark silver fog consumes everything around you. The deck of *The Night Candle* vanishes beneath your feet. Eventually, the mist fades too, revealing your next Test of High Sorcery.

- If you noted the **Dead Loved One** trait, **go to C26**.
- Otherwise, if you noted either the **Helping Hand** or **Greed and Ambition** traits, **go to C42.**
- If you noted none of the previous traits, **go to C35.**

C20 - A Flooded Tunnel

You flee from the storm, leaving the rotting docks behind. You wade into the nearby tunnel, following the light of glowing green phosphorous fungi growing on its walls. As you swim further, the underground path ascends but becomes ever more narrow and choking. When you glance back over your shoulder, the way back to the docks is entirely submerged in frothing seawater that continues to push you forward.

Something about this place isn't right. Your heart beats so hard in your chest that it feels like it might burst at any moment. You swim harder, knowing in your gut that something is coming for you. The water level continues to rise, pushing you closer to the rocky ceiling. The end of the tunnel is nowhere in sight.

Suddenly, something slimy brushes against your leg beneath the water. And then the fungi's phosphorous lights flicker like candles and go out, casting you into magical darkness. If you noted the **Dreamt of Drowning** trait, **go to C21.**

Otherwise, unless you can see in magical darkness, make a **DC 13 Wisdom saving throw**. If you fail, your panic becomes overwhelming—you have disadvantage on all saving throws until you reach your next Test of High Sorcery. **Go to C24.**

C21 - A Flooded Tunnel

You remember witnessing this exact moment in the tunnel play out. In the vision, you were pulled underwater, where you felt like you were being watched by hungry entities you could not see.

- If you try to swim faster and dodge anything that tries to grab you, make a **DC 19 Strength (Athletics) or Dexterity (Acrobatics) check.** You have advantage on your check if you cast a 1st or higher-level spell that helps you move faster, like e*xpeditious retreat* or *misty step*. **If you succeed**, you pull your leg free and swim away as fast as possible—**go to C22. If you fail, go to C24.**
- If you cast a 1st or higher-level spell that creates magical light or allows you to see the unseen—such as *faerie fire* or *see invisibility*—**go to C23.**

C22 - A Flooded Tunnel

You swim up the flooding tunnel, seawater splashing into your mouth, your head cracking against the stone ceiling. At last, you begin to ascend a steep cliff toward blinding light above.

Before you can reach the bright chamber, a giant red tentacle rises from the flood below and slams into your back with incredible force. To dodge the tentacle, you must succeed on a **DC 13 Dexterity saving throw** or take **11 (2d10) bludgeoning damage.**

If you survive, you crawl to the top and become bathed in brilliant white light. You can no longer hear the rushing waters from the tunnel below.

- If you noted the **Dead Loved One** trait, **go to C26**.
- Otherwise, if you noted either the **Helping Hand** or **Greed and Ambition** traits, **go to C42**.
- If you noted none of the previous traits, **go to C35.**

C23 - A Flooded Tunnel

When you cast your spell, you change the outcome of the scrying orb's vision. The magical darkness is dispelled, and you can see what waits for you, hungry, in the rising floodwaters. A monstrous, slimy red tentacle pocked by grotesque black sores lets go of your leg, repulsed by your magic. Whatever aberration the tentacle is attached to retreats with frightening speed deeper into the tunnel. **Regain a spent Destiny point**.

But you are not safe yet. You find yourself surrounded by a horrifying sight. **Go to C25.**

C24 - Submerged

The slimy thing beneath the water wraps tightly around your leg. You take a last gasping breath and are pulled underwater amidst the darkness. You are ripped along the rushing current, battered against the rocky tunnel walls. You must succeed on a **DC 13 Dexterity saving throw** or take **5 (1d10) bludgeoning damage**.

At last, the tendril lets go of your leg. You can feel something—many somethings—watching you in the dark. Waiting. Hungry.

You kick up to the surface of the rising waters and suck in a deep breath. Somewhere ahead, brilliant white light casts back the shadows, revealing the horrifying creatures surrounding you in the water. **Go to C25.**



C25 - Swimming Eyes

Amidst the rising water, you are surrounded by dozens of floating eyeballs. Each is the size of a clenched fist—white orbs with bulbous red irises and no pupils. The eyes appear alive, swimming quickly through the water by spinning their slimy eyestalks like propellers. Several of the eyes swim toward you and crawl onto your body. As they do, their red irises split open with an insect-like chittering sound. Tiny maws of needle-like fangs extend from the open eyeballs, reaching for your flesh.

Roll Initiative for yourself and the swarm of swimming eyes. You begin the encounter in the center of the swarm's 10-foot diameter. If you survive, you swim further up the tunnel in the direction of the distant white light—**go to C22.**

THE ENVIRONMENT

Flooded Tunnel. Unless you have a swim speed, the flooded tunnel is considered difficult terrain. The tunnel is 15 feet wide, 20 feet tall half-submerged in water, and many hundreds of feet long.

Swarm of Swimming Eyes' Weakness. If you noted the **Dreamt of Drowning** trait, you instinctively realize the soft-bodied swarm of lidless eyes is vulnerable to fire, lightning, radiant, and thunder damage. Otherwise, you can discover the weakness by using a bonus action and succeeding on a **DC 13 Wisdom (Perception) or Intelligence (Arcana or Nature) check.**

ENEMY TACTICS

The **swarm of swimming eyes** are intelligent hivemind predators that feast on the life force of arcane spellcasters, using their natural ability to turn invisible to get close. On their turn, they attempt to move through their prey's space and attack with their Eyebites. If they cannot reach their target, they turn invisible, then use Dash actions on subsequent turns until they swarm around their prey.

SWARM OF SWIMMING EYES

Large swarm of Tiny aberrations, Chaotic Evil

Armor Class 11
Hit Points 36 (8d10-8)
Speed 0 ft., swim 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON
6(-1)	12(+1)	8(-1)
INT	**WIS**	**CHA**
14(+2)	10(+0)	16(+3)

Skills Perception +4
Damage Vulnerabilities Fire, Lightning, Radiant, Thunder
Damage Resistances Bludgeoning, Piercing, and Slashing
Damage Immunities Necrotic, Poison
Condition Immunities Charmed, Frightened, Grappled, Paralyzed, Petrified, Poisoned, Prone, Restrained, Stunned
Senses Darkvision 120 ft., Passive Perception 14
Languages — Understands Common, Deep Speech, and Undercommon but can't speak, telepathy 1 mile
Challenge 2 (450 XP)
Proficiency Bonus +2

Swarm. The swarm can occupy another creature's space and vice versa, and it can move through any opening large enough for a Tiny creature. The swarm can't regain hit points or gain temporary hit points.

ACTIONS

Eyebites. Melee Weapon Attack: +3 to hit, reach 0 ft., one target. Hit: 14 (2d6) necrotic damage, or 7 (2d6) necrotic damage if the swarm has half of its hit points or fewer. The target must succeed on a DC 10 Constitution saving throw or choose to lose either a Hit Die or expend a spell slot.

REACTIONS

Life Feast (1/Day). When the swarm is reduced to half its hit points or fewer, all living creatures within 20 feet of it must make a DC 13 Constitution saving throw. On a failed save, they take 5 (1d10) necrotic damage, and the swarm has advantage on attacks until the end of its next turn.

C26 - A Misty Graveyard

You wander through a mist-shrouded graveyard, surrounded by dead, twisting trees. You pass countless headstones, feeling drawn deeper into the cemetery. One row of graves reveals a single white rose placed before each tombstone. The rose-gifted markers have been inscribed with unfamiliar names—Moonshadow, Moonshine, Honoria Solanthus, Karal Baavluurch Chulzurkh, Aiden, Cryx, Losho, and Lily-Ohn. You stop to consider why those graves received roses, then notice the color of the blooms slowly change from white to red and then black.

Suddenly, a soft moan from behind you stirs in the wind. You stand before a tall, oddly-shaped tombstone. Behind it, a large specter looms, cloaked in its own shadow, its arms wrapped around the headstone. Beneath the shadows, you recognize the ghost's face. It's someone you think of often—a loved one taken from you far too soon.

You find yourself frozen in place, unable to move away from the tombstone. Your loved one speaks gently, and the air around you grows colder. "It's so loud here. Far too loud. But here you are, and I've been waiting so long to see you again. There's so much I never had the chance to tell you. But I can't. Not now. Not yet. Not unless you solve the mages' puzzle."

- If you try to solve the ghost's puzzle, **go to C27.**
- If you try to convince the ghost to let you go, **go to C28.**
- If you try to destroy the ghost of your loved one, **go to C30.**

C27 - A Misty Graveyard

When you agree, the ghost raises its shadowy arms to the sky. They whisper, "We all have something in us that's eternal. It isn't magic. It's not our names. It isn't our memories, and it isn't even our starlight dreams. It's in our bones—that little eternal something. Holding onto yours will depend on what you do next."

The shadowy specter of your loved one gestures back to the grave before you. "Five numbers carved onto dead stone. Three numbers more, inked onto rose blooms. All of the stone is the same as one perfect rose. Hold the perfect rose to the moonlight and walk away. Hold a flawed rose to the moonlight—and I will take one of your bones."

You reflect on your eerie predicament for a moment before observing the items mentioned in the riddle. You see five numbers carved onto the headstone: 06, 08, 19, 88, and 99. On the grave dirt, you find a red rose inked with the number 192, a white rose inked with the number 220, and a black rose inked with the number 385.

If you noted the **Scried the Hideous Specter** trait, **go to C32** if you haven't already. Otherwise, no spells can aid you in solving the puzzle of which rose is the right one.

- If you hold up the white rose, **go to C29.**
- If you hold up the black rose, **go to C31.**
- If you hold up the red rose, **go to C33.**
- If you try to destroy the ghost of your loved one, **go to C30.**



C28 - A Misty Graveyard

You plead with your loved one's ghost to let you go. **Make a DC 19 Charisma (Persuasion or Deception) check**—you have advantage on your check if you cast a 1st or higher level spell that creates an illusion to play to your shared history, like *silent image* or *disguise self.*

If you succeed, you can move again. The ghost of your loved one floats past the headstone and tries to embrace you, only to pass ethereally through you. For a moment, you can smell them, and bittersweet memories of times you spent together come flooding back. The ghost whispers, "Don't let them change you, those mages. And don't forget how much I love you. I'll see you soon… but hopefully not too soon."

Before you can say goodbye, the apparition fades, leaving you alone in the cemetery. A single strip of your hair or skin has turned entirely white. Note the **Ghost-Touched** trait, then **go to C34.**

If you fail, the ghost pulls away from you. Its moaning answer is full of sadness, "Quiet! Please, please. We all have our part to play and our story to tell. This is your story and my story. We must both play."

- If you try to solve the ghost's puzzle, **go to C27**.
- If you try to destroy the ghost of your loved one, **go to C30.**

C29 - A Misty Graveyard

You hold the white rose with the number 220 written on it up to the moonlight.

Moving faster than you can see, the ghost of your loved one reaches a spectral hand through your body, then pulls out a bone of your choice. You drop the white rose onto the grave and begin shivering uncontrollably. The ghost holds your stolen bone in its spectral palm, then folds it into their shadowy cloak. Take **5 (1d10) necrotic damage** and note the **Lost a Bone** trait. If you already noted the trait, take an additional **11 (2d10) necrotic damage** instead.

The ghost whispers longingly, "I can feel it. That piece of you. A little eternal something.

"Now, choose again."

- If you try to solve the puzzle again, **return to C27** and make a different choice.
- If you try to destroy the ghost of your loved one, **go to C30.**



C30 - A Misty Graveyard

As soon as you decide to attack your loved one's ghost, you find your legs able to move again. Immediately, skeletal hands burst up from the soft earth to grasp at your legs. Note the **What's Dead is Dead** trait.

Roll Initiative for yourself and the familiar specter. You begin the encounter 10 feet from the specter and the tombstone.

If you survive, the ghost whispers in a death rattle, "So many regrets… how they scream… too late! Too late!" Their ghostly form vanishes into the ether, leaving behind only a small memento from a past life on their grave. You can take it if you wish. **Go to C34.**

THE ENVIRONMENT

Grasping Hands. At the start your turn, you must succeed on a **DC 10 Dexterity saving throw** or become grappled by the skeletal hands (escape DC 10). If the save fails by 5 or move, you are also knocked prone.

True Face. If you noted the **Scried the Hideous Specter** trait, you remember the ghost's true visage from the vision seen in the scrying orb. You automatically succeed on saving throws against the specter's **Ghastly Reveal** ability.

Familiar Specter's Weakness. The specter is extremely sensitive to loud sounds. You can use a bonus action to make a **DC 13 Wisdom (Insight) or Intelligence (Arcana) check**. If you succeed, you discover they are vulnerable to thunder damage.

ENEMY TACTICS

The **familiar specter** turns hateful when you attack them. They seek to inflict the emotional and existential pain they feel upon you, then steal your bones so that they can take a physical form again. The specter first uses its Horrid Whispers ability, then moves 40 feet further away from you. On its subsequent turns, it moves toward you and attacks with its Spectral Touch.

FAMILIAR SPECTER

Medium undead, Lawful Evil

Armor Class 13
Hit Points 17 (5d8-5)
Speed 0 ft., fly 50 ft. (hover)

STR	DEX	CON
1(-5)	16(+3)	8(-1)
INT	**WIS**	**CHA**
10(+0)	10(+0)	16(+3)

Damage Vulnerabilities Thunder
Damage Resistances Acid, Cold, Fire, Lightning; Bludgeoning, Piercing, and Slashing from Nonmagical Attacks
Damage Immunities Necrotic, Poison
Condition Immunities Charmed, Exhaustion, Grappled, Petrified, Poisoned, Prone, Restrained, Unconscious
Senses Darkvision 60 ft., Passive Perception 10
Languages Understands all languages it knew in life but can't speak
Challenge 1 (200 XP)
Proficiency Bonus +2

Incorporeal Movement. The specter can move through other creatures and objects as if they were difficult terrain. It takes 5 (1d10) force damage if it ends its turn inside an object.

ACTIONS

Spectral Touch. Melee Weapon Attack: +5 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. Hit: 7 (2d6) necrotic damage. The target must succeed on a DC 13 Constitution saving throw or lose one Hit Die.

Horrid Whispers (1/Day). The specter whispers dark secrets about the most terrible deeds they committed in life. Creatures within 60 feet who can hear the specter must succeed on a DC 13 Wisdom saving throw or become vulnerable to necrotic damage for 1 minute.

REACTIONS

Ghastly Reveal (1/Day). When the specter takes damage but is not reduced to 0 hit points, it reveals its true, horrifying face—that of a bloated corpse rotting with maggots, its expression twisted in an eternally agonized grimace. Each non-undead creature that can see it must succeed on a DC 13 Wisdom saving throw or be paralyzed until the end of their next turn. If the save fails by 5 or more, the target also ages 1d4 x 10 years. The aging effect can be reversed with a greater restoration spell, but only within 24 hours of it occurring.

C31 - A Misty Graveyard

You hold the black rose with the number 385 written on it up to the moonlight.

Black petals turn a vibrant red in the moonlight, then fall from the rose's thorny stem and blow away with the cold breeze. Your loved one moans—you can't tell if the ghostly sound is pain, disappointment, or relief.

The ghost whispers, "Strength, cleverness, and a bit of good luck. I think you'll need all three to get where you're going. Along the way, don't forget me. Don't forget… that I love you."

Before you can say goodbye, the apparition fades, leaving you alone in the cemetery. Note the **Puzzle Master** trait, then **go to C34.**

C32 - A Misty Graveyard

You recall the strange images you saw in the guest chamber's scrying orb. When you stood before the specter, you twisted your torso to turn your back to the ghost, placed your palms flat on the dirt, then kicked up your legs into a headstand.

You do the same thing again now and find, though you cannot walk, you can lift your legs into the air. You immediately realize that when you are upside down, the numbers on the tombstone look quite different: 66, 88, 61, 80, and 90. You hold the headstand for as long as possible, memorizing the numbers. Then you lower your feet back to the earth and untwist your body.

Regain a spent Destiny point, then **return to C27** and make a choice.

C33 - A Misty Graveyard

You hold the red rose with the number 192 written on it up to the moonlight.

Moving faster than you can see, the ghost of your loved one reaches a spectral hand through your body, then pulls out a bone of your choice. You drop the white rose onto the grave and begin shivering uncontrollably. The ghost holds your stolen bone in its spectral palm, then folds it into their shadowy cloak. Take **5 (1d10) necrotic damage** and note the **Lost a Bone** trait. If you already noted the trait, take an additional **11 (2d10) necrotic damage** instead.

The ghost whispers longingly, "So many good memories mixed up with so much regret. Thank you for reminding me.

"Now, choose again."

- If you try to solve the puzzle again, **return to C27** and make a different choice.
- If you try to destroy the ghost of your loved one, **go to C30.**

C34 - A Misty Graveyard

Suddenly, skeletal arms burst up from the soft grave dirt below you and grab powerfully onto your legs. They pull you down, through the earth, deeper and deeper. Eventually, their bony grip releases you, and you sink until the soil deposits you somewhere else entirely. Brushing grave dirt off your shoulders, you stand up and prepare to face your next Test of High Sorcery.

If you noted either the **Chose Solinari** or **Dragon Murderer** traits, **go to C57.** Otherwise, **go to C50.**



C35 - Before an Arcane Door

You stand before tall, broad double doors crafted from crimson metal. Strange runes carved along its outside fill the area with cold white light similar to the light you saw in the Hall of Mages. When you turn around, you find yourself at one end of a narrow bone-littered dungeon corridor. At the other end of the hall is a dead-end.

You turn back to the arcane door again. As they often say, the only way out is through. The door features no handle. However, at waist height, you spot a hand-shaped hole through the door. You see only magical darkness through the hole into the next room.

- If you cast the *knock* spell to open the door, **go to C36.**
- If you stick your hand into the door's hand-shaped hole, **go to C38.**
- If you try to decipher the strange runes, you must succeed on a **DC 19 Intelligence (Arcana) check**—or cast either the comprehend languages or identify spells. **If you succeed, go to C37**. Otherwise, you cannot decipher the runes and must try something else.
- If you search the corridor, you must succeed on a **DC 16 Wisdom (Perception) or Intelligence (Investigation) check**. You have advantage on your check if you noted the **Scried the Arcane Door** trait. **If you succeed, go to C39.** Otherwise, you cannot find anything quite right to help you with the door and must try something else.

C36 - Before an Arcane Door

As soon as you cast your spell, the cold white light turns purple. Both sides of the double-door slide into the wall, revealing what awaits in the darkness.

If you noted the **Scried the Arcane Door** trait, **go to C40**. Otherwise, **go to C41.**

C37 - Before an Arcane Door

Studying the runes, you quickly transcribe their meaning. The runes repeat three series of sigils over and over again. Each series refers to one of three spells: *faerie fire, knock,* and *color spray.*

If you cast one of the spells listed by the runes, **go to C36**. Otherwise, you must **return to C35** and try something else.

C38 - Before an Arcane Door

Noticing the hole is shaped just like your hand, you do what seems most prudent and shove your hand through the door. Immediately, dozens of hidden needles stab into your hand. The needles pierce and tear your flesh, dealing **5 (1d10) piercing damage**, and you become poisoned for one minute.

Finally, the needles withdraw, and you pull your bloody hand back out of the hole. The double doors' cold white light turns purple. Both sides of the double-door slide into the wall, revealing what awaits in the darkness.

If you noted the **Scried the Arcane Door** trait, **go to C40**. Otherwise, **go to C41.**

C39 - Before an Arcane Door

You explore the nearby narrow hallway, picking through piles of bones and wondering how the corpses here came to die. You snap elbows, break off arms, and try shoving six different skeletal hands through the hole in the door. None of them fit.

The seventh skeletal hand proves lucky. As soon as you stick the hand through the door, hidden needles snap it into place, shattering its bones. It's a good thing you didn't stick your hand through instead!

When the needles withdraw, the skeletal hand falls into splintered pieces. The double doors' cold white light turns purple. Both sides of the double-door slide into the wall, revealing what awaits in the darkness.

If you noted the **Scried the Arcane Door** trait, **go to C40.** Otherwise, **go to C41.**

C40 - A Narrow Corridor

As the door opens, you remember the vision you saw in the tower's scrying orb. You remember seeing yourself standing before the door. Once it opened, you didn't wait to see what was on the other side. Instead, you turned and ran toward the dead end on the other side of the narrow corridor.

You repeat the actions taken in the vision, and the reason for fleeing becomes apparent a moment later. When you glance over your shoulder, you see a creature that looks like a nearly transparent cube made of acidic goo. Several jiggling skeletons and the shoddy remains of a spellbook's cover float, trapped within the creature's gelatinous form. The ooze shambles through the door, its mass filling the entire width and height of the corridor. It pursues you slowly down the hall, but you have a headstart.

Suddenly, you slide to a quick stop. The floor ahead of you has pulled away, revealing a large pit filled with metal spikes. On the other side of the pit is a narrow walkway, just wide enough that you could place your feet on it and hug the wall. With the ooze right behind you, you realize you need to make it to the other side of the pit. To do so, you must **make a DC 13 Strength (Athletics) or Dexterity (Acrobatics) check**. You automatically succeed if you cast a 1st or higher-level spell that can help you across, like *misty step, levitate*, or *spider climb.*

If you fail, you fall into the pit, are impaled by spikes, and take **11 (2d10) piercing damage**. As you free yourself, the ooze begins to spill over the pit's edge. To scale the wall and escape before the ooze falls into the pit, you must succeed on a **DC 16 Strength (Athletics) check or Dexterity (Acrobatics) check.** You automatically succeed if you cast a spell to help you escape. If you fail, unless you spend a Destiny point to succeed, the gelatinous ooze falls into the pit, engulfs you in its acidic mass, and slowly devours you. You die there, not even leaving behind your bones. As your final thoughts swirl around in your mind, a sliver of hope takes purchase; perhaps, in another life, you will have a second chance to achieve your dreams of becoming a Mage of High Sorcery.

If you succeed on either check to escape the pit, you hug the wall on the other side for dear life. The ooze falls into the pit, and the floor slides back into place. Not wanting to spend another moment in this place, you rush through the open door and into the darkness toward your next Test of High Sorcery.

If you noted either the **Chose Solinari** or **Dragon Murderer** traits, **go to C57** Otherwise, **go to C50.**



C41 - Through a Hungry Ooze

Through the open door, dim light reveals a corridor beyond. Something from the other side slimes through the doorway, an inch from touching you. The creature looks like a nearly transparent cube made of acidic ooze. Several jiggling skeletons and the shoddy remains of a spellbook's cover float, trapped within the creature's gelatinous form.

Unless you immediately cast a spell like *misty step* to help you past the gelatinous cube, you must **make a DC 16 Dexterity saving throw.** The gelatinous cube is the Conclave's creation and is immune to damage.

If you fail, you take **11 (2d10) acid damage** and note the **Ooze-Scarred** trait. You become engulfed by the ooze, restrained, and unable to speak. To escape through the ooze, you must succeed on a **DC 16 Strength (Athletics) check**—each time you fail, take an additional **11 (2d10) acid damage**. If you are reduced to 0 hit points and have no Destiny points remaining, you die trapped in the ooze, slowly devoured, not even leaving behind your bones. As your final thoughts swirl around in your mind, a sliver of hope takes purchase; perhaps, in another life, you will have a second chance to achieve your dreams of becoming a Mage of High Sorcery.

If you succeed on your saving throw or ability check, you push through the ooze's center mass as quickly as possible, burned by its acid. Once you dive out of the cube to the other side, you scramble to your feet and stumble down the long hallway.

Eventually, you climb a set of scorched stairs to your next Test of High Sorcery. If you noted either the **Chose Solinari** or **Dragon Murderer** traits, **go to C57**. Otherwise, **go to C50.**

C42 - Temple of Three Moons

You stand beneath a domed temple of smooth red stone and clear glass, open to the celestial heavens above. The red moon Lunitari hangs in the sky—an ever-watching eye. Smaller, the waning silver gleam of Solinari shines through the temple's dome, casting a streak of moonlight across its interior. Soothing lavender fills the air.

Four tall stone columns reach to support the dome, carved with sigils denoting the three moons in various conjunctions. The sigils seem to shimmer where moonlight touches them, shifting with a life of their own. Smooth stone chairs lie scattered across the empty temple, their seats tilted back at perfect angles for viewing the moons through the curved glass ceiling.

A slight breeze rustles the back of your neck, but when you turn around, you see no one there. You do see a set of stairs leading to an underground chamber in the center of the temple. Chromatic light spills up from the bottom of the steps, shifting hues between white, green, blue, red, and black.

- If you approach the chromatic glowing light, **go to C43.**
- If you search the rest of the domed temple before approaching, **go to C44.**

C43 - Chamber of the Orb

Descending the stairs, you enter a small circular underground chamber. At the center of the room, three metallic statues of robed figures face each other, their faces obscured by cowls. Bleached humanoid skeletons surround the statues on the cold floor.

All six of the statues' hands are extended and cupped, meeting together. A large orb ten inches in diameter rests where their hands meet, made of fragile-looking crystal. Within the orb, strange mist swirls and glows, shifting between five chromatic colors. Partially hidden in the mist, curious runes of pure magical energy drift about aimlessly, beckoning you.

- If you attempt to investigate the orb to understand it, make a **DC 16 Wisdom (Insight) or Intelligence (Arcana) check**. If you succeed, **go to C45.** If you fail, you spend a long time trying to comprehend the powerful magic trapped within the orb but cannot. **Go to C48.**
- If you decide to stand back and simply observe for a time, **go to C48.**

C44 - Temple of Three Moons

The feeling of being watched in the temple lingers, and you begin to walk around the dome's perimeter shadows in case you have missed something. You find many more moon runes carved into pillars and realize there is no exit from this place but for the stairs in its center.

Make a DC 16 Wisdom (Perception) or Intelligence (Investigation) check. If you cast a spell to help you see the unseen, like *see invisibility*, you have advantage on your check. **If you succeed, go to C47.**

If you fail, you see nothing useful. You turn back towards the stone stairs and the strange chromatic lights that glow from beneath. When you descend into the chamber, **go to C43.**

C45 - Chamber of the Orb

The longer you observe the runes drifting inside the misty chromatic orb, the more certain you become that the item is an intelligent artifact. You slowly realize that its personality is an amalgam of five chromatic dragon souls housed within the orb.

If you step away from the orb and observe, **go to C48.**

Otherwise, you try to manipulate the orb's magic to communicate with its intelligence. **Make a DC 19 Intelligence (Arcana) check.**

If you succeed, the swirling mist within the orb fades. You see within its crystal a great river with dark, slow-flowing water that sparkles with celestial starlight. **Go to C46.**

If you fail, the dragon souls trapped within the orb stir to the surface, staring outward at you with baleful eyes. Quickly, you begin to lose your sense of self. You find yourself reaching out to touch the orb, unable to pull away. You can feel the dragons inside your mind, trying to take control of your body. You take **11 (2d10) psychic damage** and become vulnerable to psychic damage until freed from the orb's control.

The dragon souls roar with fury inside you, and you find yourself roaring to match them, no longer sure where their minds end and yours begins. You must succeed on a **DC 19 Intelligence saving throw** to escape the orb's control and pull away from the orb. Each time you fail, you choose to either take **11 (2d10) psychic damage** or **gain one level of Exhaustion**. When you succeed, you banish the dragons from your mind, and the crystal orb shatters into a thousand tiny shards.

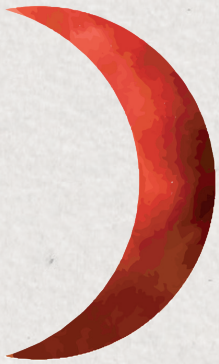
Suddenly, the chamber fills with barely audible whispers in a woman's silky voice. "The aspirant is unwise to reach beyond their grasp at that which they cannot fathom. They do not know their limits."

Another voice, strong and male, promptly agrees. "It is a shame, indeed. Orbs like this are precious, powerful beings."

A darker whisper answers, disagreeing, "One cannot achieve true power or knowledge without risk. Cowardice is not wisdom. And see there—this mortal survived, better prepared for future encounters with such artifacts."

The whispers fade away, and you begin to melt into the temple's floor. For a few moments, its stone and your flesh are one, and the sensation is every bit as harrowing as it is invigorating. When you fall through the floor, you find yourself somewhere else entirely. Your next Test of High Sorcery awaits.

Note the **Shattered the Orb** trait. If you noted either the **Chose Solinari** or **Dragon Murderer** traits, **go to C57**. Otherwise, **go to C50.**



C46 - Chamber of the Orb

You find yourself enraptured by the visions you see within the orb. It reveals to you the secrets of the River of Time, a unified timeline that cannot be altered through chronomancy, except in rare instances where Chaos creates tributaries in the river.

You glimpse the birth of the world and dragons, the Cataclysm, and many wars that ravage the world—past, present, and future. The information shared with you is overwhelming, and you find yourself withdrawing from the orb. You must succeed on a **DC 19 Intelligence saving throw** or choose to either take **22 (4d10) psychic damage** or **gain one level of Exhaustion.**

The orb's light fades and a silky female voice whispers, filling the chamber, "You risked much for this knowledge. What was only glimpsed will be revealed fully in dreams. May you have the wisdom to understand this is a gift—to know which way the River of Time flows, though you cannot change it."

Another voice, dark and compelling, offers another perspective. "Ah, but the river's flow can change under the right circumstances. For the right person. It has happened before and will happen again. Just think, this one could become another Fistand–"

A third voice interrupts, strong and soothing all at once. "Let us not put destructive ideas in this mortal's head. It is enough that they understand their place in the order of the cosmos."

The voices fade away, and you begin to melt into the temple's floor. For a few moments, its stone and your flesh are one, and the sensation is every bit as harrowing as it is invigorating. When you fall through the floor, you find yourself somewhere else entirely. Your next Test of High Sorcery awaits.

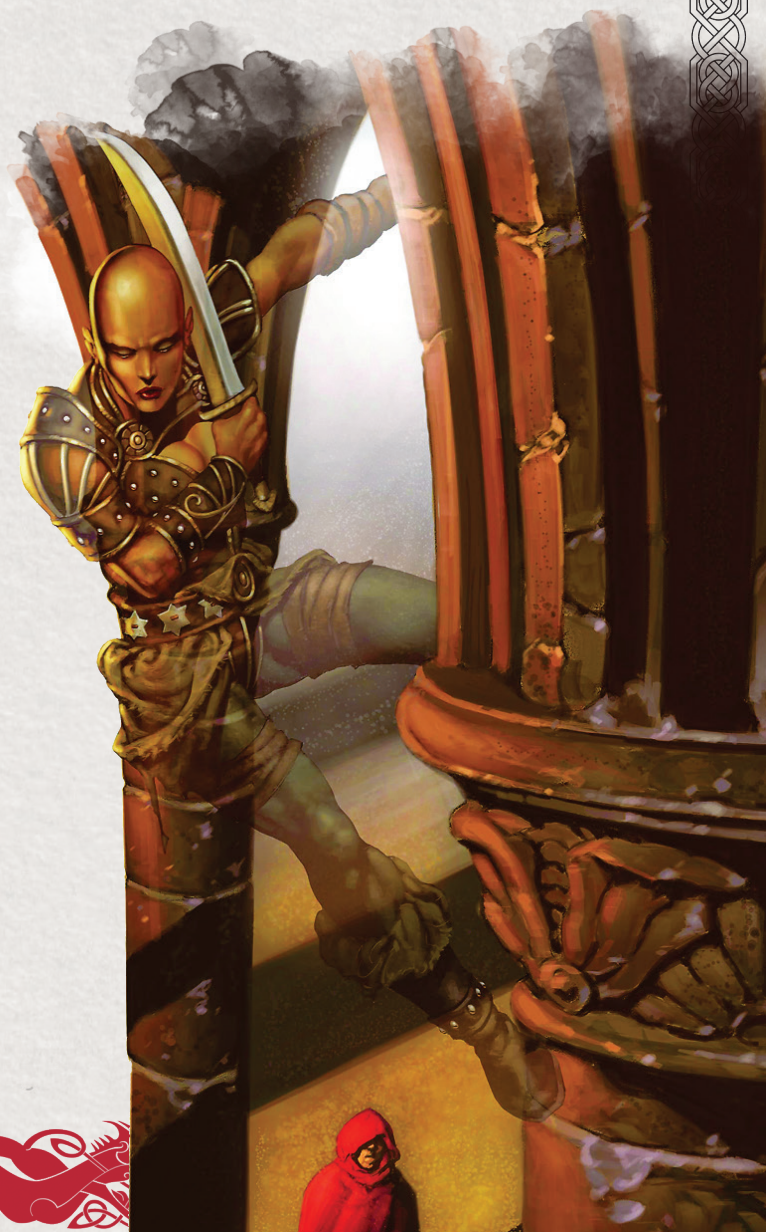
Note the **Controlled the Orb** trait. If you noted either the **Chose Solinari** or **Dragon Murderer** traits, **go to C57.** Otherwise, **go to C50.**

C47 - Temple of Three Moons

As you look around the domed temple, you spot another figure hiding above. A bald woman wearing banded leather armor wraps her legs around a pillar, perched near the top of the dome. She notices you looking up at her and casts an *invisibility* spell, fading into the ether. If you can see invisible creatures, you observe her leaping from one pillar and slide down another, silently landing in the shadows.

You try to find the woman, you cannot. If she is a thief, she is quite skilled. A thought stirs—she might be after something hidden in the temple and could beat you to finding whatever secrets await you here.

More wary of your surroundings than ever, you turn back toward the stairs and the strange chromatic light that glows from beneath. When you descend the stairs, **go to C43.**



C48 - Chamber of the Orb

When you linger to watch the orb but do not dare touch it, you feel that sensation again, like you are being watched. Suddenly, a bald woman slips out from the shadows behind you and rushes toward the orb. She wears banded leather armor, with a scimitar sheathed at her hip. With a wave of a hand, she curls her lips into a greedy grin and casts a spell.

A moment later, her eyes roll into the back of her head and she begins to convulse painfully. Five chromatic dragon's heads stir within the orb, each a different color, and the thief begins to roar—the sound a terrible mix of pain and fury. Their maws open wide in roaring unison, and though you cannot hear their sound, the thief roars in pain with them. Blood begins to flow freely from the mage-thief's nose, spilling onto the stone floor.

If you try to help the mage-thief, **go to C49.**

Otherwise, several horrifying moments pass and the thief wastes away before your eyes. At last, the thief's flesh sluffs off her bones like paper and her skeleton collapses into a heap.The dragons trapped within the orb fade, and its light winks out a moment later.

A man's strong voice fills the chamber, disapproving. "They did nothing to intervene. Did we not teach mages that they are meant to work together and help one another—their loyalty to magic itself?"

Another male voice answers, dark and compelling, "Why should this mortal have risked their life for a stranger? The only pity is their lack of resolve, or else they might have proven powerful enough to master the orb themself."

A third voice, silky and female, whispers thoughtfully, "Of their own free will, this mortal observed and learned of the power that such orbs contain. In the grand flow of the River of Time, the scales remain balanced."

The voices fade away, and you begin to melt into the temple's floor. For a few moments, its stone and your flesh are one, and the sensation is every bit as harrowing as it is invigorating. When you fall through the floor, you find yourself somewhere else entirely. Your next Test of High Sorcery awaits.

Note the **Observed the Orb** trait. If you noted either the **Chose Solinari** or **Dragon Murderer** traits, **go to C57.** Otherwise, **go to C50.**

C49 - Chamber of the Orb

You try to rescue the entranced mage-thief, but the orb's immensely powerful magic lashes out at your mind, filling it with terrible draconic roars. You must succeed on a **DC 19 Intelligence (Arcana) check** or choose to either take **22 (4d10) psychic damage** or **gain one level of Exhaustion**. You have advantage on your check if you cast a spell that can move the mage-thief, like *thunder wave* or *gust of wind.*

Once you free the thief, the orb's fragile crystal shatters into a thousand tiny pieces. The mage-thief looks up at you, exhausted. She manages a brief whisper before she passes out in your arms. "Th-thank you."

Suddenly, a dark, compelling male whisper fills the chamber. "What utter mess. This mortal succeeded neither in learning anything from the orb nor protecting themself from its magic."

The silky voice of a woman agrees, adding, "They are, perhaps, too reactive. Mages should be determined and ready to accept the consequences of their actions."

A third voice, stronger and more comforting, contests the other two. They seemed quite determined to me, risking their very soul to help a fellow mage. That sense of responsibility to their community is something to be encouraged."

The voices fade away, and you begin to melt into the temple's floor. For a few moments, its stone and your flesh are one, and the sensation is every bit as harrowing as it is invigorating. When you fall through the floor, you find yourself somewhere else entirely. Your next Test of High Sorcery awaits.

Note the **Saved the Thief** trait. If you noted either the **Chose Solinari** or **Dragon Murderer** traits, **go to C57**. Otherwise, **go to C50.**

C50 - Gold Dragon Hoard

You look around to observe your surroundings—a breathtaking clearing amidst an idyllic deciduous forest at the edge of a misty lake. Gorgeous opalescent fog rolls across the lake, swirling around the rocky bank before you. And there, upon the bank, sits an old gold dragon resting its gargantuan head upon a mountainous pillow that looks fashioned for a giant. All around the dragon lies its great treasure hoard, a sparkling collection of gold, pearls, and unusual items.

A beard of drooping whiskers frames the gold dragon's reptilian face. Its eyes are open, glinting with golden light as they curiously watch you. There is an unmistakably keen cunning in the dragon's otherworldly gaze. When the magnificent creature shifts upon its hoard, its body undulates with serpentine grace, causing bright moonlight to reflect off its bright scales and dance through the night sky.

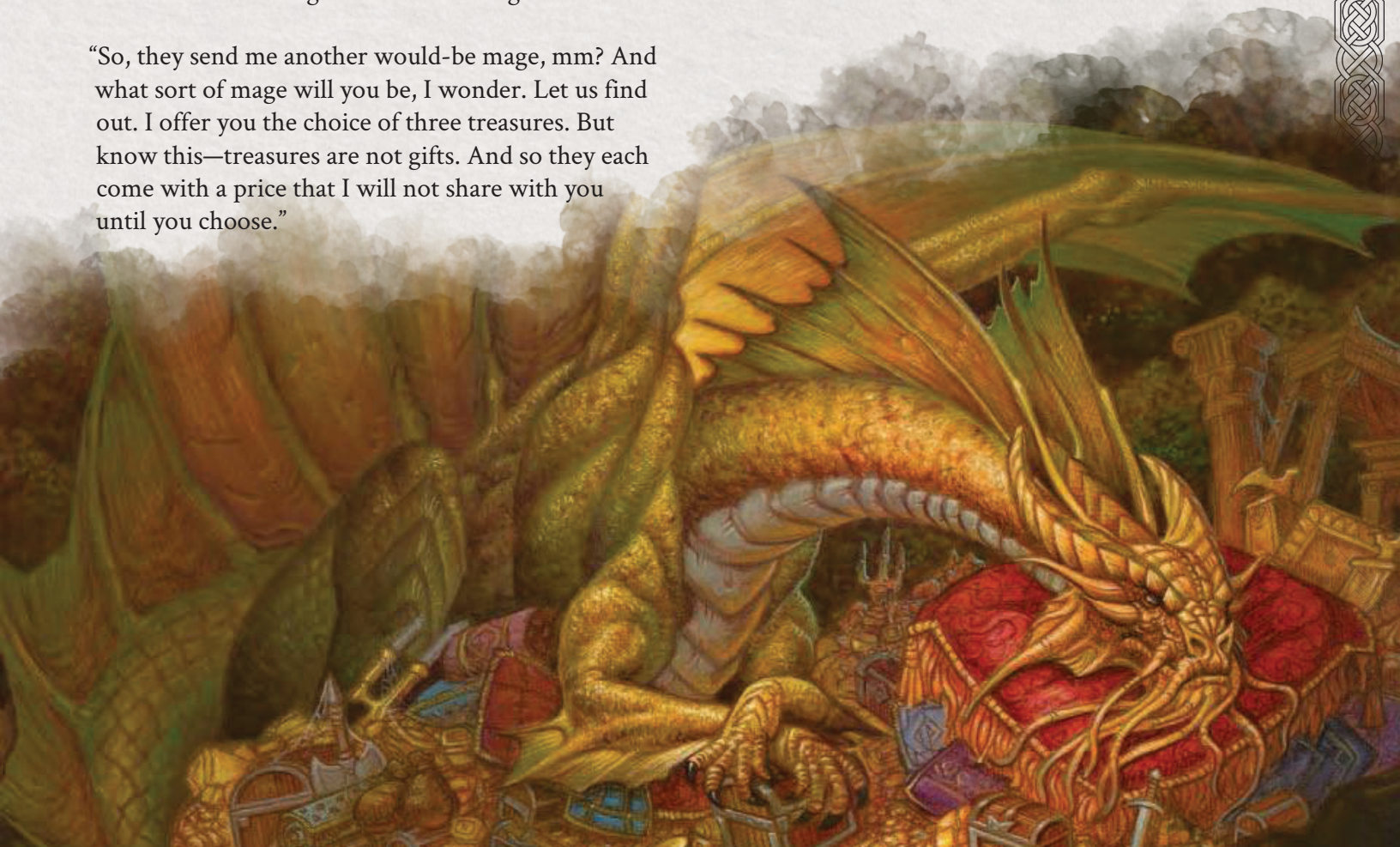
"Do not even think about stealing from my hoard, small one. I may be so old that I have forgotten my name, but be sure that I enchant every gift I receive. Their wards' magic is far more powerful than you are ready to contend with." The dragon booms, shaking the trees and causing leaves to fall like golden rain.

"So, they send me another would-be mage, mm? And what sort of mage will you be, I wonder. Let us find out. I offer you the choice of three treasures. But know this—treasures are not gifts. And so they each come with a price that I will not share with you until you choose."

Draconic words rumble from deep within the dragon's chest, and three small vials float out of the hoard and hover before you. The dragon bellows again, a small burst of fire flaring from its nostrils.

"One potion that allows your spells to heal others. Another that causes your spells to wrack foes with terrible pain. And a third, to let you see the flaws in any foe, no matter how great. One of these is yours to take."

- If you accept the *Potion of Reprieving Winds*, add it to your inventory and **go to C51.**
- If you accept the *Potion of Torturous Words*, add it to your inventory and **go to C52.**
- If you accept the *Potion of Insightful Instinct*, add it to your inventory and **go to C53**.
- If you attempt to slyly take multiple potions, **go to C54.**
- If you politely refuse any of the dragon's offerings, **go to C55**.



C51 - Gold Dragon Hoard

You reach and take the triangular vial filled with shimmering gas. The gold dragon purrs and gives an approving thump of their tail against the ground, shaking the treasure hoard.

"Wise you are, for one so tiny. Your treasure may be a gift to your friends when they need it most. And, as I've learned in my long life, true friends always repay the favor. And here is the cost—may you never risk your life for vain reasons, but only when you must to survive… or when it is in the service of the ones you love."

As the dragon rumbles, you realize they are casting a spell on you. You must succeed on a **DC 22 Wisdom saving throw** or be under the effect of a 9th level *gaes*. You automatically succeed on your saving throw if you are immune to being charmed. Until the spell ends, you take **27 (5d10) psychic damage** each time you risk your life unless it is in the service of survival or for the ones you love, but no more than once per day. A *remove curse*, *greater restoration*, or *wish* spell ends the effect. Note the effect's trigger and the **Dragon Gaes** trait.

The dragon yawns fire that streaks through the air above your head. "It is time for me to rest. You will need your rest for what is it come, too. But not here—you will find no reprieve in a dragon's hoard!"

After you say farewell to the gold dragon, you turn away from the lake and its shimmering treasures. When you do, you are somewhere you have been before—on a well-traveled crossroad beneath the light of the three moons. Note the **Chose Reprieve**, add the potion to your inventory, then **go to C65.**

POTION OF REPRIEVING WINDS

Potion, rare

This triangular vial is filled with a pearly gas that smells like fresh-baked bread and sparkles in direct light. When you drink this potion, whenever you cast a spell, an ally within 60 feet that you choose regains 14 (4d4+4) hit points. The potion's effect lasts for one hour or until you take damage.

C52 - Gold Dragon Hoard

You reach out and take the square vial of green ichor. The gold dragon grumbles, narrows its gleaming gaze upon you, and huffs smoke through its nostrils.

"Any little edge to use against others, mmm? Well, I cannot fault you entirely. You are rather small and easy to chew. Still, I would be an irresponsible member of my kind if I let you take such an object from here without certain precautious. Therefore your cost is this—may your magic never be used to kill the innocent in this world."

As the dragon rumbles, you realize they are casting a spell on you. You must succeed on a **DC 22 Wisdom saving throw** or be under the effect of a 9th level *gaes*. You automatically succeed on your saving throw if you are immune to being charmed. Until the spell ends, you take **27 (5d10) psychic damage** each time you cast a spell that kills an innocent person, but no more than once per day. A r*emove curse, greater restoration,* or *wish* spell ends the effect. Note the effect's trigger and the **Dragon Gaes** trait.

The dragon yawns fire that streaks through the air above your head. "It is time for me to rest. You will need your rest for what is it come, too. But not here—you will find no reprieve in a dragon's hoard!"

After you say farewell to the gold dragon, you turn away from the lake and its shimmering treasures. When you do, you are somewhere you have been before—on a well-traveled crossroad beneath the light of the three moons. Note the **Chose Torture**, add the potion to your inventory, then **go to C65.**

POTION OF TORTUROUS WORDS

Potion, rare

This square vial's glass is slightly cracked and contains dark green ichor with no odor or taste. When you drink this potion, whenever you cast a spell with a verbal component, one creature of your choice that can hear you takes 14 (4d6) psychic damage. The potion's effect lasts for one hour or until you take damage.

C53 - Gold Dragon Hoard

You reach out to take the round, red vial. The gold dragon tilts its reptilian head to one side and considers you for a long time. Finally, they break the silence with a booming laugh that shakes the earth.

"A true mage you are, then! Always seeking knowledge above power. Well, I can respect that. A word of wisdom: do not be too stingy with that treasure. You may need it soon enough. Now, now, for the price. Your cost is this—may you always share the secrets you unearth with others who deserve to know the truth."

As the dragon rumbles, you realize they are casting a spell on you. You must succeed on a **DC 22 Wisdom saving throw** or be under the effect of a 9th level *gaes.* You automatically succeed on your saving throw if you are immune to being charmed. Until the spell ends, you take **27 (5d10) psychic damage** each time you keep a secret from someone who deserves to know its truth, but no more than once per day. A *remove curse, greater restoration*, or *wish* spell ends the effect. Note the effect's trigger and the **Dragon Gaes** trait.

The dragon yawns fire that streaks through the air above your head. "It is time for me to rest. You will need your rest for what is it come, too. But not here—you will find no reprieve in a dragon's hoard!"

After you say farewell to the gold dragon, you turn away from the lake and its shimmering treasures. When you do, you are somewhere you have been before—on a well-traveled crossroad beneath the light of the three moons. Note the **Chose Insight**, add the potion to your inventory, then **go to C65.**

POTION OF INSIGHTFUL INSTINCT

Potion, rare

This round vial's glass is painted red. The clear liquid within smells faintly of ripe apples. When you drink this potion, you gain insight into the true nature of creatures you can see. You instinctively know their creature type, any weaknesses they have, and damage vulnerabilities, resistances, and immunities. The potion's effect lasts for one hour.

C54 - Gold Dragon Hoard

You begin to consider how you might swipe all three potions when the gold dragon's nostrils flare with a plume of smoke. The dragon bellows, "You are trying to figure out how to take more than what's been offered, aren't you? Do not lie to me!"

Under the dragon's golden gaze, you cannot even attempt lying. Their magic lays bare your mind and intentions. Dragonfear takes you, and your entire body begins to shake in terror. The majestic creature roars with outrage, causing a landslide of treasure to spill away from its roiling body.

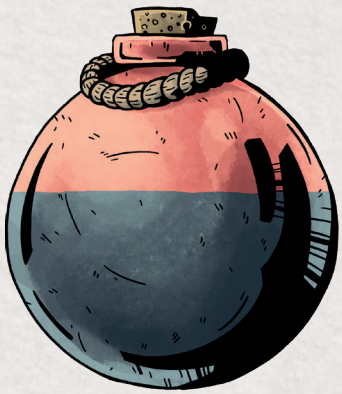
"Mages, they send me! Greedy little mages who make their own rules, the rest of Krynn be damned!"

If you try to calm the dragon's anger, you can only speak the truth. You must succeed on a **DC 22 Charisma (Persuasion) check.** You have advantage on your check if you noted the **Controlled the Orb** trait—or if you cast a spell to help convince the dragon not to harm you, like *suggestion.* If you fail, **go to C56.**

If you succeed, the gold dragon squints down at you. It draws in a deep breath that fills its belly with smoke and fire. Its noble voice rolls off its tongue with an unspoken warning.

"Your kind is short-lived and short-sighted. And yet, you have shaped so much of this world in your image. Very well, small one. You may take a treasure and pay its cost. But know this! I am watching you, and you cannot fool me."

Your panic begins to fade, and your vision clears. **Return to C50** and make a different choice.



C55 - Gold Dragon Hoard

The gold dragon rumbles another spell, and the three potions float back to the hoard. They lower carefully into an open treasure chest, and its lid slams shut a moment later.

The dragon lowers its head back to rest upon its giant red pillow, then purrs. "Confidence. Confidence is one of many keys to achieving greatness. Choosing no treasure is, after all, a profound statement to the Mages of High Sorcery. Very well, small one. I shall give you at least one parting gift, and this one comes without cost."

As the dragon speaks, you realize they are casting a spell on you. They cast *greater restoration*, granting one benefit of your choice:

- Reduce your exhaustion level by one
- End a Charmed effect
- End a curse, such as attunement to a cursed magical item, or magical aging
- End a reduction to an ability score
- End one effect reducing your hit point maximum
- Erase one of the following traits: **Living Hand, Offered a Body Part, Ghost-Touched, Lost a Bone,** or **Ooze-Scarred**

The dragon yawns fire that streaks through the air above your head. "It is time for me to rest. You will need your rest for what is it come, too. But not here—you will find no reprieve in a dragon's hoard!"

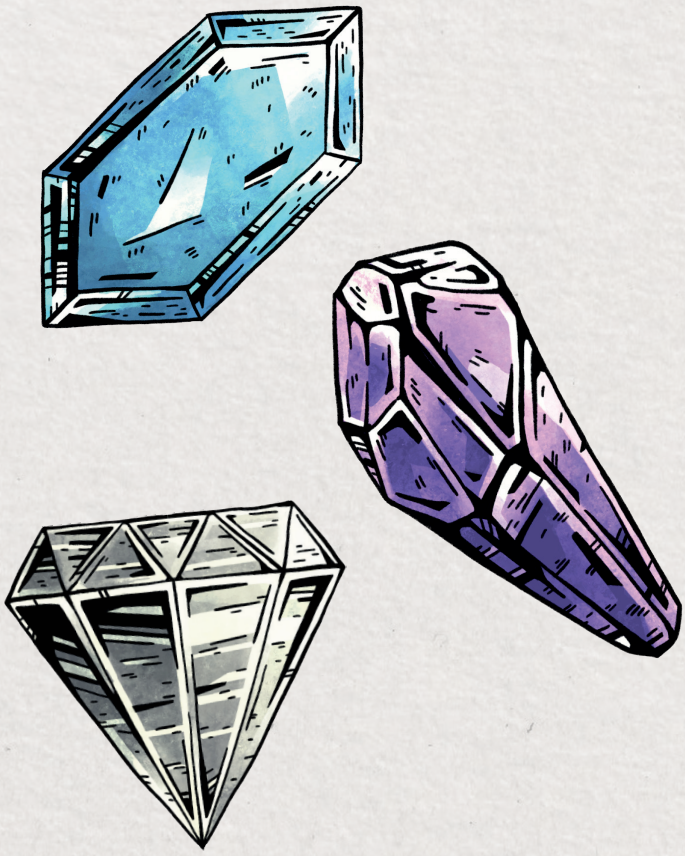
After you say farewell to the gold dragon, you turn away from the lake and its shimmering treasures. When you do, you are somewhere you have been before—on a well-traveled crossroad beneath the light of the three moons. **Go to C65.**

C56 - Gold Dragon Hoard

You try to weasel your way out of your predicament, but your words do nothing to calm the gold dragon's fury. Its great voice cuts through the air with a string of powerful magic words that summon the blinding light of Solinari to shine down upon you. The moonlight burns with judgmental intensity, cutting through your body and piercing your soul. Make a **DC 22 Constitution saving throw**, taking **44 (8d10) radiant damage** on a failed save, or half as much on a successful one.

If you survive, the dragon bellows indignantly again, though now they sound further away. "Mages! Mages, they send me!"

At last, the agonizing moonbeam dissipates, leaving your skin kissed by pale white scars where it seared your flesh like cold fire. You look around at your new surroundings and realize that you have been here before—on a well-traveled crossroad beneath the light of the three moons. Note the **Moon-Scarred** trait and **go to C65.**



C57 - Red Dragon Hoard

You look around to observe your surroundings—and the sight is grim, indeed. You have been transported inside a mountainous cavern deep within a snow-capped peak. Far above the mountain's open mouth, snow and ash mix in a furious, howling swirl. Though it is snowing outside, the air around you here is hellishly hot. Deep volcanic vents release choking sulfuric gasses into the air.

A giant mound of gold, gems, and stolen treasures fills the cavern floor below the jagged obsidian ledge upon which you stand. An enormous red dragon slumbers, half-buried in its treasure hoard. The great creature's scales are a dark, shiny red, as thick as ten stacked shields. Curved horns crest the dragon's reptilian head, poking through a pile of gold coins. Each of its snoring breaths is powerful enough to shake the mountain walls. The dragon's breath is so hot that it melts some of the treasure close to its maw, causing a small stream of liquid gold to trickle to the cavern floor below.

When you look upon the terrible and majestic creature, it does not matter that it is asleep—you can feel vile draconic magic gripping your heart and squeezing. Your throat goes dry, and your muscles tighten painfully.

You are in grave danger.

- If you try to sneak past the red dragon and out of the cavern, **go to C58.**
- If you try to sneak into the hoard to steal some of the dragon's treasure, **go to C59.**
- If you boldly announce your presence to the red dragon, **go to C60.**



C58 - Red Dragon Hoard

To leave the dragon's lair, you need to carefully climb the cavern's walls and follow its perilous paths up to the open mouth of the mountain above. Make a **DC 22 Strength (Athletics) or Dexterity (Acrobatics or Stealth) check**. You have advantage on your check if you cast a 1st or higher-level spell to help you ascend quietly, like *levitate* or *spider climb.*

If you fail, you slip on loose obsidian at the most inopportune moment and find yourself sliding down directly into the middle of the dragon's endless treasure hoard. Along the way, you rattle coins and gems before coming to a skidding stop only several feet from the dragon's maw. As the dragon starts to stir, your joints freeze in terror. The kingly creature opens one great eye that burns a dark molten red and looks directly at you. **Go to C60.**

If you succeed, you continue your exhausting climb, pushing your mind and body to their absolute limits. You nearly reach the mountain's mouth and can feel a cold wind pushing back against the heat of the cavern far below. Just as you reach to grab hold of the snow-capped peak and pull yourself up to breathe fresh air, the red dragon below you roars—its mighty voice as forceful as a hurricane. Obsidian rocks break away from the wall and fall hundreds of feet to the hoard below.

"Spy! Thief! Do you not know that I am the mountain's fury, given flame? Do you not realize that I am death, given name? How dare you steal a glance at the king of the sky and the earth!"

You struggle to pull yourself up, dangling from the edge of the peak with one hand. Dragonfear squeezes your heart like a vice, stealing your knowledge of magic and all else save terror. A moment later, the red dragon opens its maw and unleashes a cyclone of hellish fire that rises toward you.

At last, you pull yourself up and over the cliff moments before the flame reaches you. You leap blindly into the snow, hoping to avoid the dragon fire's flesh-melting heat. **Make a DC 19 Dexterity saving throw**, taking **27 (5d10) fire damage** on a failed save, or half as much on a successful one.

If you survive, you stagger into a swirling winter storm at the top of the mountain peak. Snow and ash fill your mouth and sting your eyes. Slowly the storm resides, and the horror of the dragon's lair with it. You look around at your new surroundings and realize that you have been here before—on a well-traveled crossroad beneath the light of the three moons. **Go to C65.**

C59 - Red Dragon Hoard

Few would dare, but you do. You carefully climb down to the red dragon's hoard and approach, searching for treasures you might steal. As you do, your heart begins to pound with supernatural terror. The great red dragon begins to stir, causing some of its treasures to spill away from its body in a small avalanche of gold. **Make a DC 22 Wisdom saving throw.** You have advantage on your saving throw if you cast a 1st or higher-level spell to help embolden yourself or stay quiet, like *heroism* or *silence.*

If you fail, you cannot help but let out a fearful squeak at the wrong moment. The dragon yawns, and a fiery column streaks from its maw through the cavern air. It opens one great eye that burns a dark molten red and looks directly at you. **Go to C60.**

If you succeed, you manage to control your fear and wait—still as the grave—until the stirring dragon returns to a more peaceful slumber. Knowing another mistake could be the end of you, you carefully bend down and begin to take treasure nearby, packing it with your other things. You find gems the size of your fist buried within gold coins minted by kingdoms long lost to time. Add two diamonds worth 500 gold pieces each and 2d20 x 100 gold pieces to your inventory.

After you finish, you glance briefly back to the sleeping dragon, then up to the opening in the mountain high above.

- If you try to sneak past the red dragon and out of the cavern, **go to C58.**
- If you boldly announce your presence to the red dragon, **go to C60.**

C60 - Red Dragon Hoard

If you boldly announced your presence, gain **Inspiration** if you don't already have it. Your noise awakens the slumbering red dragon, causing it to rumble deep within its chest, sounding like an earthquake. The dragon fixes its molten gaze upon you.

"I would call your intrusion brave, *thief*, but I make a point of never complimenting my snack before I devour it." The dragon's breath carries with its voice, and its sweltering heat shimmers in the air, distorting your view of everything around you.

You stand frozen in fear, trying to regain control of your faculties. When the dragon speaks again, its thunderous voice is a little quieter, and the pressure around your chest eases just enough that you can take a painful breath.

"I have eons inside me, and eons await me. Before I toast you like dessert and swallow you whole, sate my boredom. Tell me, morsel—why dare you come here and gaze upon me?"

If you have the **Dragon Murderer** trait, the regal creature grins ear-to-ear, revealing bone-white teeth as long as lances. "Wait. I have seen you in a dream! The Dark Warrior showed me your secret sin. Great hero you are! Slayer of hatchlings! Do you not know you stand in the presence of death itself?" **Go to C61.**

Otherwise, you can answer the red dragon.

- If you tell the dragon you are a mighty archmage, come to slay it, **go to C62.**
- If you tell the dragon you are there to revere its majesty or make up another lie, **go to C63.**
- If you tell the dragon that you are seeking to become a Mage of High Sorcery, **go to C64.**

C61 - Red Dragon Hoard

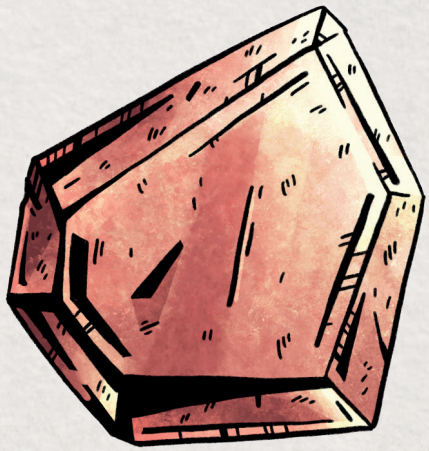
The dragon's breath is death—a furious cyclone of ash, smoke, and flame. You leap out of the way, trying to use the treasure hoard to provide some small measure of cover from its inferno. As the firelight grows so bright that seeing anything becomes impossible, the mighty creature booms, shaking the cavern with its mighty bellow.

"I am Death-Maw, the bane of all foes of Takhisis! I am Mountainous Perfection, embodied by the fires that forged this world! I am Mighty Fang, devourer of thieves and liars and spies! I am King of the Mountains, and all who look upon me tremble and die!"

Make a **DC 22 Dexterity saving throw**, taking **55 (10d10) fire damage** on a failed save, or half as much on a successful one.

If you survive, you fall upon melted piles of treasure, horribly burnt but alive somehow against the odds. The red dragon continues to rant, its crazed and hateful voice lifting to the sky. It beats its powerful wings and takes flight, soaring out of the cavern and into the stormy night above. You can hear its terrible cries for some time, echoing across the mountain peaks.

At last, the ash and smoke clear. You struggle to push yourself up to look around you and realize you are no longer in the red dragon's hoard. You are somewhere you have been before—on a well-traveled crossroad beneath the light of the moons. Note the **Dragon-Scarred** trait, then **go to C65**.



C62 - Red Dragon Hoard

You steel yourself and try to boldly convince the red dragon that you are a powerful archmage, come to slay it. **Make a DC 22 Intelligence (Arcana) or Charisma (Intimidation) check**. You have advantage on your check if you noted the **Controlled the Orb** trait—or if you cast a 1st or higher-level spell to manipulate the dragon's mind, like *suggestion.*

If you fail, the dragon is very still for a long moment. Then it rolls over in its hoard, sending gold and gems flying across the chamber and knocking you to the ground. Its bellowing laughter grows to a fierce roar that shakes the walls and causes loose rocks to come tumbling down the sides of the cavern. By the time you rise, though, the dragon is no longer laughing—it glares down at you with hateful molten eyes. **Go to C61.**

If you succeed, the dragon does not move an inch. When it finally speaks again, its mountainous voice is nearly loud enough to shatter your bones.

"Foolish mage! I am older than war itself and have withstood magic great enough to bring this world to its knees. Begone from here at once, or you will learn what true power is!"

- If you leave immediately, you climb up the sulfuric cavern, aware that the dragon never takes its eyes off you. When you finally ascend from the mountain, you find yourself at a familiar crossroads. The terror fades. For the moment, you can breathe more easily. **Go to C65.**
- If you do not leave immediately, the dragon opens its maw, revealing the inferno that fills its belly. **Go to C61.**

C63 - Red Dragon Hoard

Note the **Stoked a Dragon's Pride** trait.

Trying not to stammer, you spin the most gracious excuse you can to avoid being roasted alive, drawing upon your knowledge of red dragons' personalities. **Make a DC 19 Intelligence (History) or Charisma (Deception or Performance) check**. You have advantage on your check if you noted the **Controlled the Orb** trait—or if you cast a 1st or higher-level spell to manipulate the dragon's mind, like *suggestion.*

If you fail, the dragon grins wide, revealing its great maw of lance-like white teeth wreathed in fire. It rumbles, "The red-handed thief will say anything to save its own ugly skin." **Go to C61.**

If you succeed, the dragon's head moves closer, and its molten eyes squint curiously. When the dragon finally speaks again, it is far softer and more seductive.

"You have a good way of speaking… for a morsel. Tell me, morsel, how many titles can you invent that capture perfectly my mightiness—my *magnificence*? If you can give me one hundred worthy names, perhaps I will let you leave here uneaten."

Under great duress, you offer the dragon as many titles and names as possible to appease it. Luckily, you do not need to invent one hundred names for the creature, and he grows bored after your sixteenth title.

With a wave of a curved talon, the dragon huffs and lowers itself comfortably down upon its hoard. "Enough. I grow tired of your prattling mews. Begone now, before I change my mind."

- If you leave immediately, you climb up the sulfuric cavern, aware that the dragon never takes its eyes off you. When you finally ascend from the mountain, you find yourself at a familiar crossroads. The terror fades. For the moment, you can breathe more easily. **Go to C65.**
- If you do not leave immediately, the dragon opens its maw, revealing the inferno that fills its belly. **Go to C61.**

C64 - Red Dragon Hoard

Note the **Spoke Truth to a Dragon** trait.

You try to remind yourself that, no matter how terrifying, this is all part of your Test of High Sorcery. You tell the dragon the truth about seeking to become a true mage, and that path has brought you here to its lair. **Make a DC 19 Charisma (Persuasion) check.** You have advantage on your check if you noted the **Controlled the Orb** trait—or if you cast a 1st or higher-level spell to manipulate the dragon's mind, like *suggestion.*

If you fail, the dragon hisses, its voice like ash. "Well, well. Why didn't you just say so? I can smell your fear, little mage. But you need not be anxious about your Test of High Sorcery—because your story ends here, in flame!" **Go to C61.**

If you succeed, the dragon relaxes, though it never removes its fiery gaze from you. "You are not the first," the creature admits. "Many mages have come, though rarely when I am in the mood to entertain such mundane interruptions. One mage, I remember more than the others. I am mighty, but even I could sense the cataclysm locked within his heart. Fistandantilus, he now calls himself. A pitiful title for one who wields true power."

The red dragon snorts, and smoke plumes from its nostrils. It considers you for a long moment, then waves a curved talon dismissively in your direction. "I do not sense such greatness in you. Death gifted by me would be too great an honor and far too short than what no doubt awaits you. Go. Play your little mage games elsewhere, and leave me to count my precious treasures."

- If you leave immediately, you climb up the sulfuric cavern, aware that the dragon never takes its eyes off you. When you finally ascend from the mountain, you find yourself at a familiar crossroads. The terror fades and you can breathe more easily. **Go to C65.**
- If you do not leave immediately, the dragon opens its maw, revealing the inferno that fills its belly. **Go to C61.**

C65 - Whistling Crossroads

It seems like forever ago that you were here atop this wild hillside, though you know it was less than a day ago—if time even exists in a place such as the Testing Grounds. Before, you looked down upon four roads from the hilltop and made a choice.

Under the light of Solinari and Lunitari, no similar choice is offered to you this night. All roads twist and rejoin, leading to the same place. Weary from your gauntlet of sorcerous tests, you travel onward, hoping to find some reprieve before you face your final Test of High Sorcery.

- If you noted the **Stayed in a Village** trait, **go to C66.**
- If you noted the **Stayed in a Glade** trait, **go to C67.**
- If you noted the **Stayed in Your Childhood Home** trait, **go to C68.**

Otherwise, **go to C69.**



C66 - An Abandoned Village

The road winds around the hillside to the wreckage of the seaside village you recently sought refuge in. The entire village stinks of dragons, a smell you have recently come to know intimately. The unnumbered dead lie buried in the street, scorched limbs sticking from fallen buildings and mounds of ash. Several you remember dancing and singing in the town square are frozen solid within blocks of ice, their final expressions filled with horror. Crude swords, broken arrows, and draconian corpses are littered amongst the debris.

You look upon the ruins of war. One building stands remarkably untouched, a small temple to Paladine the Platinum Dragon—the Dark Goddess' greatest enemy. You seek refuge within its quaint walls, lighting torches to stave off the ghosts and shadows outside. While coming to terms with the families, fisherfolk, and lives lost, the friendly voice of an older person greets you.

"Oh, dear. Oh, hello!" You look over your shoulder and see a confused-looking older man peering into the temple from outside, dressed in simple gray robes and a pointed green hat. "Terrible! Absolutely horrible. These were good people here, with good hearts. And I always told them so, too! I say, friend, do you mind if I share this haven with you for the night?"

Before you can answer, the older man roughly scratches his scalp and wags a finger in the air. "Ah, wait. Oh, dear. I can't. Not tonight! And besides, you don't need me interrupting your studies, not when so much hinges on your performance! Forgive me, good friend, but consider it a rain check. I must be away."

The man promptly steps away from the doorway, moving faster than one might expect for a person of his age. When you go to look outside, he is gone. At the temple's step, however, lies a small figurine made of platinum, crafted in the likeness the noble dragon god Paladine.

If you add the statuette to your inventory, gain **Inspiration** if you don't already have it. You spend the rest of your night studying, resting, and preparing for the deadly trial to come.

When you finish your long rest, silvery mists begin to rise from the ground. They envelop you completely. You realize that soon you will face your final Test of High Sorcery.

- If you noted the **Accepted a Mysterious Mage's Offer** trait, **go to C70.**
- If you noted the **Angered a Mysterious Mage** trait, **go to C71.**

Otherwise, **go to C72.**

C67 - A Smoldering Glade

The road leads you through the scorched remains of ancient woods. Some terrible calamity has turned all life here to ash. The path ends at the edge of the pond you visited before. Despite the ruin, the water remains crystal clear, serene in the moonlight. You do not see the spirit who spoke to you the last time you were here.

You set up camp near the pond, clearing ash to create a clean place for you to study, prepare spells, and finally rest. The next morning, the sun's light seems gray, muted, and far away.

If you noted the **Embraced a Lonely Spirit** trait, you find a single blue rose resting upon the pond's bank. When you pick it up, a sense of peaceful warmth washes over you. The pond water ripples, and you can see the beautiful spirit's face beneath the surface. She smiles, remembering your kindness, before slowly sinking into the shadows below. Gain **Inspiration** if you don't have it already.

When you finish your long rest, silvery mists rise from the ground. They envelop you and you realize that soon you will face your final Test of High Sorcery—a duel to the death with a foe more powerful than you.

- If you noted the **Accepted a Mysterious Mage's Offer** trait, **go to C70.**
- If you noted the **Angered a Mysterious Mage** trait, **go to C71.**

Otherwise, **go to C72.**

C68 - Your Childhood Ruins

The road winds to what little remains of your childhood home. Flame has devoured the building, leaving the distinct smells of sulfur and dragons. Trepidatiously, you explore the ruins, grateful to find no remains of any people who might have been caught inside during the fire. You find mementos of a past life burnt beyond recognition among the ashes. When you wander past a mirror leaning against a crumbling wall, you are shocked at your reflection—you look so very different than you remember.

You finally come to the only room still mostly intact—your childhood room, where you slept. When you try to open the door, it falls freely from its hinges and shatters upon the ground. You step inside and find much of your room unchanged, unburnt, and entirely unoccupied. With little else to do but seek refuge, study, and prepare for the trial to come, you spend perhaps one last night in the room where you grew up.

If you did not note the **Dragon Murderer** trait, you find a large sapphire worth 1,000 gold pieces resting upon a countertop. Somehow, you know this was left for you as a gift. As you pick up the sapphire, you wonder what happened to the blue dragon hatchlings and hope they grow up to be less fearsome than the dragons that destroyed your home. Gain **Inspiration** if you don't already have it, and add the sapphire to your inventory if you want to take it with you.

When you finish your long rest, silvery mists begin to rise from the ground. They envelop you completely, feeling both cold and hot against your skin. You realize that soon you will face your final Test of High Sorcery—a duel to the death with a foe more powerful than you.

- If you noted the **Accepted a Mysterious Mage's Offer** trait, **go to C70.**
- If you noted the **Angered a Mysterious Mage** trait, **go to C71.**

Otherwise, **go to C72.**

C69 - A Peaceful Overlook

Whether your previous decision not to stop and rest when you had the opportunity proved brave or foolish—the road onward leads you somewhere else entirely this time. It climbs higher and higher to a picturesque peak on an adjacent hill that surveys the land all around. You observe only ruin below, as far as the eye can see. The seaside village is a scorched ruin, the nearby forest turned to a plain of ashes, and where your childhood home once stood remains only a blackened husk of a building.

Here, at least, you find a sturdy rock wall to shield you from the elements and an old stone firepit that likely hasn't been used in ages. You make due, studying and preparing for the trial to come, high above the ruins of the world below. And despite the harshness of the stone, when you finally rest, it is perhaps the most comfortable night you can remember in quite some time.

When you finish a long rest, **regain a spent Destiny point**. Silvery mists begin to rise from the ground. They envelop you completely, feeling both cold and hot against your skin. You realize that soon you will face your final Test of High Sorcery—a duel to the death with a foe more powerful than you.

- If you noted the **Accepted a Mysterious Mage's Offer** trait, **go to C70.**
- If you noted the **Angered a Mysterious Mage** trait, **go to C71.**

Otherwise, **go to C72.**

C70 - Within the Mist

The fog wraps around you like a silvery blanket, and the rest of the world fades away. Through that fog, a man appears, wearing robes as black as midnight, his eyes hidden beneath a deep hood. He is tall and slender with a long, iron-gray pointed beard. Despite his apparent age, his shoulders are broad, and he looks fit and athletic. He floats toward you, his feet never moving. A deep cold radiates from his body.

The mysterious mage speaks with a quiet, articulate bass, "I hope you did not think I would forget about our bargain." You immediately recognize the mage's voice that spoke to you through the black portrait just before you began your Test of High Sorcery. When he draws back his hood, you find yourself paralyzed, lost in the inky blackness of his eyes.

"I, Fistandantilus, have chosen you. Do not be afraid, for it does not suit a mage to be ruled by such base emotions. You have accepted my offer, and by doing so, you have become greater than the sum of your parts. Past, present, and future, you will swim the River of Time as either a memory—or as a player in the endless game."

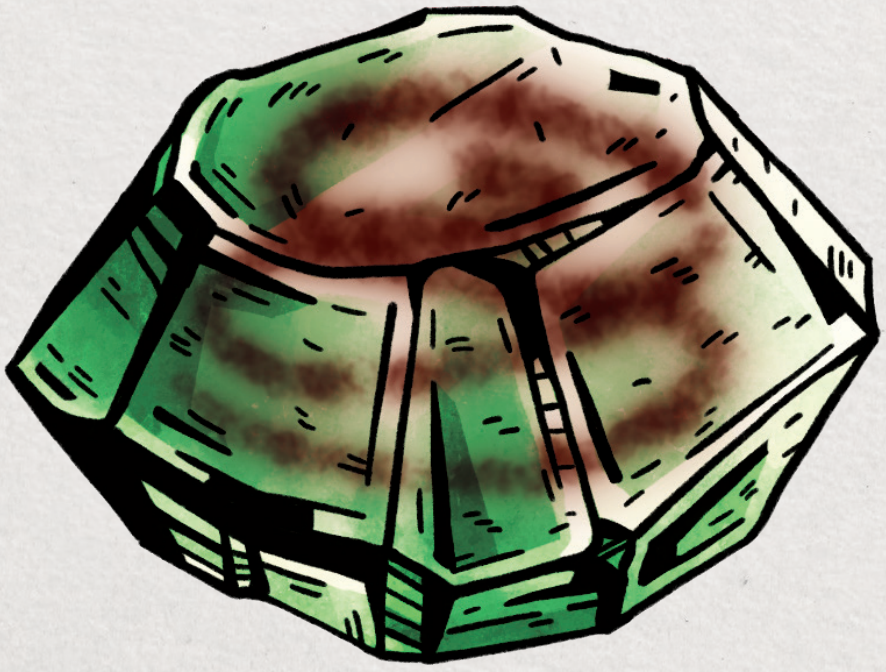
Fistandantilus draws a gemstone amulet set in silver from beneath his robe and holds it in one hand. The gem is oval, green in color, with flecks of crimson swirling about within. He presses the bloodstone amulet to your chest, and your heart stops. Pale green energy spills from the gem into your body. Then, bloody mist seeps through your skin, pouring back into the amulet.

Your heart begins beating again a moment later, and you take in a deep breath.

"The exchange is complete. My aid against the pretender mages' final challenge, in exchange for a small portion of your life essence, should you succeed. Sincerely, I pray that you do and that our paths will cross again."

Fistandantilus draws his hood back over his head and begins to float away, becoming shrouded in the fog. A moment later, you regain the use of your limbs, and the black-robed mage is gone.

Until the end of your Test of High Sorcery, you have **advantage on all saving throws**. Additionally, you gain **14 (4d6) temporary hit points**. Note the **Marked by Fistandantilus** trait, then **go to C72.**



C71 - Within the Mist

The fog wraps around you like a silvery blanket, and the rest of the world fades away. Through that fog, a man appears, wearing robes as black as midnight, his eyes hidden beneath a deep hood. He is tall and slender with a long, iron-gray pointed beard. Despite his apparent age, his shoulders are broad, and he looks fit and athletic. He floats toward you, his feet never moving. A deep cold radiates from his body.

The mysterious mage speaks with a quiet, articulate bass, "It would be petty of me to stand in your way of pursuing the folly of joining the Conclave's cult of sycophants. And yet, you have simultaneously stoked my ire and piqued my interest."

You immediately recognize the mage's voice that spoke to you through the black portrait just before you began your Test of High Sorcery. When he draws back his hood, you find yourself paralyzed, lost in the inky blackness of his eyes.

"I, Fistandantilus, have sailed the River of Time and explored its bountiful tributaries. I know what was, what is, and what is not yet. And still, I know nothing of you. Not a glimpse of your future, not a glean of your genesis. Why is it that you are hidden from me?"

As he speaks, his steady voice wavering with suppressed anger, Fistandantilus draws a gemstone amulet set in silver from beneath his robe and holds it in one hand. The gem is oval, green in color, with flecks of crimson swirling about within. He holds the gemstone close to your chest, trying hard to press it to you. When he cannot, he hisses in frustration, withdraws the amulet, and tucks it back into his robe.

"A ripple in the river, that is all you are. An impermanent mirage—without substance or meaning. An anomaly, soon to be another sacrifice to feed the Conclave's pride. You are merely more wood for the fire."

Fistandantilus draws his hood back over his head and begins to float away, becoming shrouded in the fog. A moment later, you regain the use of your limbs, and the black-robed mage is gone. Note the **Resisted Fistantantilus** trait, then **go to C72.**

C72 - Within the Mist

Slowly, the silvery mist begins to dissipate. You steel yourself, preparing for the final trial in your Test of High Sorcery—a duel against a foe more powerful than you are. You have enough time to make last-minute preparations before the departing fog reveals the arena of the harrowing ordeal to come.

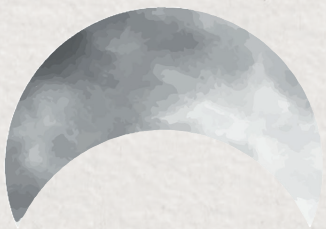
- If you noted the **Mastered Your Fears** trait, **go to C73.**

If you noted multiple of the following traits, decide which your character is most afraid of and erase the other traits.

- If you noted the **Fear of Death** trait, **go to C74.**
- If you noted the **Fear of Bullies** trait, **go to C75.**
- If you noted the **Fear of the Wild** trait, **go to C76.**







C73 - A Maddening Pocket Dimension

You stand amidst a truly alien dimension—a floating island of uneven black rock littered with the bones of mages who failed their final trial. Shattered obsidian shards float like pollen through the thick, humid air. Droplets of blood rain upward from the ground, splattering on your clothes. Putrid green clouds surround the island, stretching into eternity. In the distance, unrelenting forking arcs of purple lightning dance, casting dramatic shadows across the landscape.

Sixty feet from you, an aberration floats, their arms spread wide. They wear mage robes, and though they are vaguely humanoid, their jiggling flesh has turned slick and purple. The mutated mage's right arm has transformed into a long, writhing green tendril, and one of their eyes bulges so far out of its socket that it looks like it could pop at any moment.

The aberration moans, and their voice fills the air, mad with hunger. "You stink of bravery. Yes, yes, you do. Your soul will be… delicious. A rare treat in my endless oblivion." The aberration begins to float towards you, chanting arcane words. As they do, the landscape starts to shift wildly around you. Your final Test has already started.

Roll Initiative for yourself and the lost wizard. You begin the encounter with the wizard hovering in the air 60 feet away. The pocket dimension stretches many miles in all directions. If you survive, the wizard groans its final words, "Peace! Peace! Oblivion." A moment later, the mage and reality start unraveling around you. **Go to C77.**



THE ENVIRONMENT

Shifting Terrain. The pocket dimension's terrain shifts in unpredictable ways that affect all creatures in the area. At the start of each round, roll 1d4 and reference the Shifting Terrain table.

The Lost Wizard's Weakness. The mage's aberrant transformation has made its bones soft and spongelike, leaving its internal organs compromised. You can use a bonus action to make a **DC 16 Wisdom (Medicine) or Intelligence (Arcana) check.** If you succeed, you discover it is vulnerable to piercing damage.

d4	Shifting Terrain
1	A flood of blood rushes across the ground. Each non-flying creature must succeed on a DC 13 Strength saving throw or be pushed up to 30 feet toward the lost wizard and knocked prone.
2	Giant purple flowers sprout upward from the rock. When their strange blooms open, they release clouds of green gas before the flowers wither and die. Each creature must succeed on a DC 13 Constitution saving throw or be poisoned until the start of the next round.
3	The earth violently quakes and shatters. Howling winds whip through the demi-plane. The area becomes difficult terrain, and each creature must succeed on a DC 13 Dexterity saving throw or be unable to take reactions until the start of the next round.
4	The souls of test-takers killed by the wizard appear out of the ether in a swirling vortex, crying out for revenge. The lost wizard must succeed on a DC 13 Charisma saving throw or be stunned until the start of the next round.

ENEMY TACTICS

The **lost wizard** was once an aspiring mage who failed their Test of High Sorcery. However, through an unknown magical mishap, they did not die and remained trapped within the Testing Ground. They have gone mad over time, and the tower's magic transformed their body in incomprehensible ways. They attempt to stay within 30 feet of an enemy and attack with Arcane Burst. If they stun an enemy with Memory Trap, they use their next turn to move within 10 feet and Multiattack.

THE LOST WIZARD

Medium Aberration, Chaotic Evil

Armor Class 12
Hit Points 38 (7d8+7)
Speed 30 ft., fly 30 ft. (hover)

STR	DEX	CON
14(+2)	12(+2)	12(+1)
INT	**WIS**	**CHA**
18(+4)	14(+2)	14(+2)

Saving Throws INT +6, WIS +4
Skills Arcana +6, Athletics +4, History +6, Perception +4
Damage Vulnerabilities Piercing
Damage Resistances Poison, Psychic
Condition Immunities Charmed, Frightened, Poisoned, Unconscious
Senses Darkvision 60 ft., Passive Perception 14
Languages Common, Elvish, Deep Speech
Challenge 4 (1,100 XP)
Proficiency Bonus +2

ACTIONS

Multiattack. The wizard makes two Tentacle Smash attacks. If both attacks hit the same target, the wizard uses its Mindshatter against the target.

Tentacle Smash. Melee Weapon Attack: +4 to hit, reach 10 ft., one target. Hit: 6 (1d8+2) bludgeoning damage.

Arcane Burst. Ranged Spell Attack: +6 to hit, range 120 ft., one target. Hit: 15 (2d10+4) psychic damage.

Mindshatter (1/Day). The target must make a DC 14 Intelligence saving throw, taking 22 (4d10) psychic damage on a failed save, and half as much on a successful one.

REACTIONS

Abjurer's Shield (Recharge 5-6). When the wizard takes damage, it magically creates a protective barrier around itself. The barrier reduces the damage by 9 (1d10+4), to a minimum of 0, and then vanishes.

Memory Trap (1/Day). When the wizard takes more than 10 damage on a turn, it forces nearby creatures' minds to be trapped, reliving their worst memory. Each creature within 60 feet of the mage must succeed on a DC 14 Wisdom saving throw or be stunned until the end of the wizard's next turn.

C74 - Tomb of Fallen Heroes

You find yourself standing in the center of a square mausoleum with no doors or windows. A squeaking candelabra swings from the vaulted ceiling above, and its warm light stretches from one end of the chamber to the other, then back again. A dusty, cobweb-covered plaque at your feet reads, "Tomb of Fallen Heroes." Four sarcophagi are encased within the stone walls in cardinal directions, each of them featuring a stone relief carved in the likeness of the hero interred within. You see the names of those who slumber here carved upon their relief—Lieutenant Hulghar Ironjaw, Rakeesh of Kharolis, Sir Aponnas Solamnus, and Nalib Courtkey.

A few moments after examining your surroundings, a chill goes through your body, and the candelabra light above flickers. A cheerful, sing-song voice echoes through the mausoleum, "Why so grim-looking, mage? We all die someday! The best you can hope for is to die like these folks did, doing something that *matters.* At the very least, I hope you die with more grace than I did!"

A moment later, the relief to the sarcophagus of Hulghar Ironjaw blows open dramatically. A large skeleton wielding a massive wooden shield shambles forth with ghostfire burning in its empty eye sockets. The spirit's playful laugh rings in your ears. Your final Test has already started.

Roll Initiative for yourself and the ghost bard. You begin the encounter in the center of the small tomb, 20 feet east of the skeletal soldier possessed by the bard. The stone tomb is 50 square feet with a sarcophagus on each wall, depicting the resting place of a **soldier (west), rogue (north), sorcerer (east), and knight (south)**. If you defeat the bard, the final possessed hero's corpse gives you two skeletal thumbs up, then crumbles to dust. **Go to C77.**



THE ENVIRONMENT

Opening the Sarcophagi. You can open a sarcophagus of your choice by using an action and succeeding on a **DC 16 Strength (Athletics) check**—or by casting the *knock* or *shatter* spell on its door. Once you open a sarcophagus, you can use an action to scatter the inert skeleton inside, destroying it.

The distance between the north-to-south and east-to-west sarcophagi is 50 feet. The distance between all other sarcophagi is 25 feet.

Ghost Bard's Weakness. You can use a bonus action to make a **DC 13 Wisdom (Medicine) or Intelligence (Arcana) check.** If you succeed, you discover the bard is vulnerable to bludgeoning damage while possessing a skeleton. Additionally, you understand that the bard cannot harm you if no skeletons nearby remain intact.

ENEMY TACTICS

The **ghost bard** never achieved success or fame in life but eagerly serves the Conclave as a conjured foe during aspiring mages' final trial. It uses its Ghostly Taunt ability any chance it gets, playing on its foe's fear of failure and death in hopes they might overcome their anxieties. If its foe attempts to move between sarcophagi and open them, the bard pursues and uses opportunity attacks to harass them.

It enjoys challenging the will and fortitude of test-takers by possessing the skeletons of increasingly more powerful fallen heroes as the battle continues. The bard first possesses the northern tomb's soldier skeleton, then the western tomb's rogue skeleton, then the southern tomb's sorcerer skeleton, and finally the eastern tomb's knight skeleton. If a foe moves between sarcophagi to open them, the bard uses its Skeletal Swap or pursues and uses opportunity attacks.

GHOST BARD

Medium Undead (Kender), Chaotic Good

Armor Class 12
Hit Points 15 (2d8+6)
Speed 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON
16(+3)	14(+2)	16(+3)
INT	**WIS**	**CHA**
12(+1)	16(+3)	18(+4)

Saving Throws WIS +5, CHA +6
Skills Arcana +4, Perception +6, Performance +8
Damage Vulnerabilities Bludgeoning
Damage Resistances Piercing, Slashing
Damage Immunities Poison, Necrotic
Condition Immunities Charmed, Exhaustion, Frightened, Poisoned, Unconscious
Senses Darkvision 60 ft., Passive Perception 16
Languages Common, Kender
Challenge 3 (700 XP)

Body Snatcher. The bard is invisible. It can only affect or be affected by creatures while it possesses a skeleton within 120 feet. When the bard is reduced to 0 hit points, a skeleton it possesses crumbles to dust. At the end of the bard's next turn, it possesses another skeleton within range and is restored to its maximum hit points. If no skeletons remain in range, the bard's soul vanishes and returns to the Beyond.

Turning Immunity. The bard is immune to features that turn undead.

ACTIONS

Shield Smash (Soldier Skeleton Only). Melee Weapon Attack: +5 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. Hit: 5 (1d4+3) bludgeoning damage, and the target must succeed on a DC 13 Strength saving throw or be knocked prone.

Cursed Blade (Rogue Skeleton Only). Melee Weapon Attack: +5 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. Hit: 7 (1d6+3) slashing damage, and the target has disadvantage on attack rolls and ability checks until the end of its next turn.

Leaping Flame (Sorcerer Skeleton Only). Ranged Spell Attack: +6 to hit, range 120 ft., Hit: 11 (2d6+4) fire damage, and the bard can cause one other creature it can see within 30 feet of the target to take 11 (2d6+4) fire damage.

Blessed Longsword (Knight Skeleton Only). Melee Weapon Attack: +6 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. Hit: 9 (1d10+4) slashing damage plus 4 (1d8) radiant damage.

REACTIONS

Ghostly Taunt (Recharge 5-6). When a creature who can hear the bard makes an attack roll or ability check, they must succeed on a DC 14 Wisdom saving throw or have disadvantage.

Skeletal Swap (1/Day). When a creature opens a sarcophagus, the skeleton the bard possesses crumbles to dust. The bard possesses a skeleton within 120 feet and is restored to its maximum hit points.

C75 - The Minotaur Maze

The moon Lunitari's gleaming light shines upon an endless labyrinth of high, smooth marble walls. You find yourself in the center of that labyrinth in a crumbling marble chamber with exits leading in three different directions. From there, paths twist infinitely onward.

Behind you, you can hear cruel, familiar laughter. When you turn around, you see someone from your past who bullied you and made your life miserable. They drag behind them a massive axe, which scrapes eerily against the marble ground. The bully taunts you viciously without a hint of mercy in their voice. "So you wanted to be a mage? Poor, scrawny little sop. Came all this way just to embarrass yourself. I told you my laugh would be the last thing you hear before you die."

The sound of your bully's laughter grows, and you watch as their body begins to contort wildly. Their muscles bulge, their height stretches upward, and dark brown fur grows from their pores. Their nose flattens, and their nostrils flare. Two twisting horns crack through their skull to rise above their head.

The minotaur grins, its square teeth glinting in the moonlight. It lifts the giant axe from the ground with ease. Then it raises its other hand toward you, and lightning dances between its furry fingers. Your final Test has already started.

Roll Initiative for yourself and the minotaur mage. You begin the encounter 20 feet from the minotaur in one of the maze's many crumbling chambers. Each time the minotaur turns invisible and escapes, roll initiative again after the next time it ambushes you. If you survive, the minotaur's form transforms into the person who bullied you. They drop to their knees and beg for forgiveness. If you spare their life, note the **Spared Your Bully** trait. After you decide what becomes of them, **go to C77.**

THE ENVIRONMENT

Tracking the Minotaur. Each time the minotaur turns invisible and escapes, you must track it through the maze to continue your Test. You may prepare and cast spells but cannot benefit from a short or long rest within the maze. To track the minotaur, make a **DC 13 Wisdom (Survival) check.** You have advantage on your check if you cast a spell that helps you locate the minotaur, such as *see invisibility*. **If you succeed,** the minotaur gives away its location, allowing you to engage it in combat.

If you fail, the minotaur leads you into a trap before it attacks—roll 1d4 and reference the Trap table.



d4	Trap
1	You step onto an immobilizing rune, triggering a spell to freeze you in place. You must succeed on a DC 13 Charisma saving throw, or your movement speed is reduced to 0 for one minute.
2	You step onto a carefully placed poisoned needle. You must succeed on a DC 13 Constitution saving throw or be poisoned for one minute and immediately lose concentration on spells or abilities.
3	While wandering past a statue resembling the minotaur, its jaw opens wide and breathes a gout of flame at you. You must succeed on a DC 13 Dexterity saving throw or take 7 (2d6) fire damage.
4	You step onto a rune charged with psychic energy. You must succeed on a DC 13 Intelligence saving throw or take 10 (3d6) psychic damage and be frightened until the end of your next turn.

Minotaur Mage's Weakness. The minotaur acts tough but is more fragile than they appear. You can use an action to make a **DC 16 Wisdom (Insight) check.** If you succeed, you discover it is vulnerable to psychic damage. Additionally, you realize that you may be able to taunt the minotaur to lead it into a trap. When you track the minotaur and succeed on your Survival check, you can make a **DC 16 Charisma (Persuasion or Deception) check.** If you succeed, roll 1d4 to determine which trap you lead the minotaur into. It makes a saving throw to resist the effects, then engages you in combat if it can.

ENEMY TACTICS

The **minotaur mage** likes to toy with its prey. It uses its Turn Invisible reaction any time it can, recharging it with its Hurl Lightning. After turning invisible, on its next turn, the minotaur withdraws deeper into the maze. It baits foes into its traps to ambush them with a charging Gore attack. It cannot escape foes that can see invisible creatures and must instead stand its ground, using its Greataxe and Hurl Lightning.

MINOTAUR MAGE

Large Monstrosity, Neutral Evil

Armor Class 14 (natural)
Hit Points 52 (8d10+8)
Speed 40 ft.

STR	DEX	CON
18(+4)	10(+0)	13(+1)
INT	**WIS**	**CHA**
8(-1)	12(+1)	12(+1)

Saving Throws STR +6, CON +3
Skills Perception +5, Survival +5
Damage Vulnerabilities Psychic
Condition Immunities Charmed, Exhaustion, Unconscious
Senses Darkvision 60 ft., Passive Perception 15
Languages Common, Kothian
Challenge 3 (700 XP)

Charge. If the minotaur moves at least 10 feet straight toward a target and then hits it with a gore attack on the same turn, the target takes an extra 9 (2d8) piercing damage and must succeed on a DC 14 Strength saving throw or be pushed up to 10 feet away and knocked prone.

Labyrinthine Recall. The minotaur can perfectly recall any path it has traveled.

ACTIONS

Greataxe. Melee Weapon Attack: +6 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. Hit: 10 (1d12+4) slashing damage.

Gore. Melee Weapon Attack: +6 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. Hit: 8 (1d8+4) piercing damage.

Hurl Lightning. The minotaur hurls bolts of lightning at up to three creatures it can see within 60 feet. Each target must succeed on a DC 14 Dexterity saving throw or take 4 (1d8) lightning damage, and the minotaur recharges its Turn Invisible reaction.

REACTIONS

Turn Invisible (1/Day). When the minotaur takes damage, it turns invisible. This effect lasts until it attacks or until its concentration ends (as if concentration on a spell). Any equipment worn or carried by the minotaur is also invisible for the duration.

C76 - A Cackling Deadwood

You stand within a thick, fire-touched forest. Despite the winds howling, the dead trees are strangely still, their twisted branches frozen mid-gesture, reaching for the night sky. All around, dense thickets of leafless branches surround you. Solinari's silvery moonlight barely touches this place through the entwined canopy, and yet there is no lack of illumination. An eerie yellow fog rolls across the scorched earth, smelling of sulfur.

Bestial cackling rings out from behind a nearby tree, then crescendoes around you from all directions. A white-furred hyena-man wearing tattered clothes lumbers from the tree line, their long arms swinging madly back and forth. They slide to a stop, standing above you upon an ashen mound. The terrible sound of cackling hyenas swirls around you, though you see no beasts lurking in the forest tomb.

The gnoll mage raises a wooden staff topped with a human skull into the air. The staff rattles, and fire bursts forth from within the skull. Your final Test has already started.

Roll Initiative for yourself and the gnoll shaman. You begin the encounter in the middle of the deadwood, 20 feet from the gnoll. If you survive, clouds cover the moonlight above. A gentle rain begins to fall that snuffs all fires and embers in the scorched woods. **Go to C77.**

THE ENVIRONMENT

Scorched Deadwood. The smoldering forest floor is thick with dry bramble and fallen trees. At the start of the second round of combat, the gnoll's fire magic sets the dry wood aflame, turning the area into a fierce inferno. At the start of each creature's turn, roll 1d4 and reference the Environment table.



d4	Environment
1	The rising smoke from the forest fire blots out the light of Solinari from the sky. The moonlight cannot affect creatures until the start of the next round.
2	Choking smoke and ash cloud your vision. Each creature that needs to breathe must succeed on a DC 13 Constitution saving throw or have disadvantage on attacks and saving throws until the start of the next round.
3	A section of scorched forest collapses, creating a snagging maze of deadwood. Each non-flying creature must succeed on a DC 13 Dexterity saving throw or be knocked prone.
4	The blaze intensifies all around you. Each creature takes 3 (1d6) fire damage.

Gnoll Shaman's Weakness. The gnoll is terrified of the full moons and magic that channels their power. You can use a bonus action to make a **DC 16 Wisdom (Insight) or Intelligence (Nature) check**. If you succeed, you realize it avoids an area of the woods 60 feet away that is bathed in the silvery light of Solinari. If you reach the area, the gnoll reluctantly follows. Engulfed in full moonlight, the gnoll takes **3 (1d6) radiant damage** at the start of each of its turns. If you noted the **Chose Solinari** trait, you regain hit points equal to the radiant damage dealt this way.

ENEMY TACTICS

The **gnoll shaman** worships a ravenous demonic god and yields powerful dark magicIt uses its Curse of Vulnerability ability to amplify the havoc it can wreak with its fire-based attacks, then its Summon Spirit Hyenas ability on its next turn. If it becomes injured, it dismisses its spirit hyenas and uses its Bite to regain hit points. When foes flee, it attacks with Fire Bolt before closing to melee range.

GNOLL SHAMAN

Medium Humanoid (Gnoll), Chaotic Evil

Armor Class 13
Hit Points 38 (7d8+7)
Speed 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON
16(+3)	16(+3)	12(+1)
INT	**WIS**	**CHA**
12(+1)	18(+4)	10(+0)

Saving Throws INT +3, WIS +6
Skills Arcana +3, Perception +6, Survival +6
Condition Immunities Charmed, Exhaustion, Unconscious
Senses Darkvision 60 ft., Passive Perception 16
Languages Gnoll
Challenge 3 (700 XP)

Full Moon Terror. When the gnoll is engulfed in the light of a full moon, or a spell like moonbeam, it becomes vulnerable to radiant damage.

Rampage. When the gnoll reduces a creature to 0 hit points, it can take a bonus action to move up to half its speed and make an attack.

ACTIONS

Multiattack. The gnoll uses either its Curse of Vulnerability or Summon Spirit Hyenas ability if it can, then makes an attack.

Bite. Melee Weapon Attack: +5 to hit, reach 5 ft., one creature. Hit: 6 (1d6+3) piercing damage, and the gnoll regains an equal number of hit points.

Flaming Skull Staff. Melee Weapon Attack: +5 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. Hit: 7 (1d8+3) bludgeoning damage plus 7 (2d6) fire damage.

Fire Bolt. Ranged Spell Attack: +6 to hit, range 120 ft., one target. Hit: 11 (2d10) fire damage.

Curse of Vulnerability (1/Day). The gnoll curses a creature it can see within 60 feet. The creature must succeed on a DC 13 Charisma saving throw or become vulnerable to fire damage. At the end of their turn, the creature can repeat the saving throw, ending the effect on a success.

Summon Spirit Hyenas (1/Day). The gnoll summons the spirits of madly cackling hyenas in a 30-foot radius around it. At the start of their turn, other creatures in the area must succeed on a DC 13 Wisdom saving throw or become frightened until the end of their next turn. The gnoll can use a bonus action to dismiss the spirit hyenas, regaining 8 (1d8+4) hit points and ending the effect.

C77 - The Hall of Mages

You stand at the top of a spiraling set of black stone stairs. The door to the Testing Grounds shuts behind you with an echoing *thud*. You survived.

Slowly, you descend the stairs. On your right, large painted portraits hang at even intervals portraying various past Mages of High Sorcery. Some expressions are haunted, while others beam with pride or curl a smile suggesting a secret only they know. The last painting depicts you as you look now. Staring at your portrait, you realize that you are different—and not just in appearance. The Test of High Sorcery has changed you forever.

You continue down the stairs to the bottom. Beyond a grand archway looms the Hall of Mages, bathed in cold white light. The three archmages who interviewed you sit on their stone chairs in the hall, joined by eighteen other mages from different orders. All of them begin to clap for your arrival. Some claps are enthusiastic, while others seem half-hearted or even sarcastic.

"I suppose that congratulations are in order." The black-robed archmage's serpentine rasp fills the chamber. "It seems that, just *maybe*, I underestimated your skill and resolve. I will not make that mistake again."

The red-robed archmage's voice booms with a mix of pride and curiosity. "Several of your solutions, I had not even considered as a possibility. I will begin making adjustments to future tests tomorrow—I might inquire about your aid in that endeavor."

"Shh, shh. Enough talk of work and tests. The newest Mage of High Sorcery has earned themselves a well-deserved sleep on a real bed." The white-robed archmage interrupts the other two with a gentle shooing motion. Then they turn toward you to offer a conspiratorial wink.

"Wh-what do I do now?" you ask without thinking, surprised at the sound of your own voice.

The white-robed mage answers with a genuine smile, "Anything you want."

"*Everything* you want." The black-robed mage corrects while idly cleaning dirt from their nails.

"Perhaps," the red-robed mage offers as they stand up from their stone chair, "you would like to try on your new robes."

In the days to come, many—though not all—of the Tower of High Sorcery's locked doors open to you. The untold secrets of Krynn and magic lie beyond.

Go to Chapter Four: Epilogue.





CHAPTER FOUR: EPILOGUE

All good stories must come to an end to make way for new tales. This chapter offers guidance on what might happen after completing *The Test of High Sorcery* and what lasting consequences your character experiences during future adventures.

Should you continue playing your character in other adventures with a group, share your character's experiences in *The Test of High Sorcery* with your Dungeon Master. Discuss with them whether you can use any of the benefits noted in this epilogue—or keep any of the items gained during your adventure. If they decide not to allow certain items, be sure to turn them into the Conclave to curry the mages' favor. Finally, determine whether or not it is appropriate for your character to **advance to 5th level** or higher.

If you continue playing your character in *Dragonlance: Shadow of the Dragon Queen*, the Mages of High Sorcery can offer to teleport them to Kalaman to rejoin the war effort, regardless of this adventure's outcome.

Giving Up Your Magic

During every mage's Test of High Sorcery, they are forced to decide where to save something or someone dear to them—or give up their magic forever. If you chose not to finish your ordeal in the Tower of Wayreth, the Conclave stripped you of your ability to cast arcane spells, then transported you elsewhere.

Your new life begins now. You could retire in peace or decide to start brand-new adventures. You might even continue pursuing magic in a different form—through the power of the gods or elemental planes.

If you wish to continue playing your character, the effects of being stripped of magic might change them profoundly, allowing you to create a new character sheet with different classes, ability scores, and feats. Consider the following guidelines and determine with your Dungeon Master how to proceed:

- Choose a class other than Artificer, Bard, Sorcerer, Warlock, or Wizard. You cannot gain access to any of those classes' spell lists by taking feats or choosing class archetypes, like Rogue (Arcane Trickster) or Fighter (Eldritch Knight).
- You can become a divine spellcaster, drawing upon the power of gods, by choosing the Cleric or Paladin classes.
- You can become a primal spellcaster, drawing upon the power of the land and elemental planes, by choosing the Druid or Ranger classes.
- You can focus on martial or intrigue pursuits by choosing the Barbarian, Fighter, Monk, or Rogue classes.

Joining an Order

Congratulations on succeeding where so many mages before you failed. Now you must claim your robes to become a true mage and reflect upon how the crucible of magic has forever changed you.

The White Robes of Solinari, the Red Robes of Lunitari, or the Black Robes of Nuitari—which robe you receive and which Order of High Sorcery you join depends entirely upon the choices made during the Test. You might even be surprised to find yourself aligned with an Order you did not expect. In the days and years to come, you will work to learn the different orders' politics and how they cooperate to advance the study of magic despite their ideological differences.

Refer to the following chart and compare it to traits you noted during the adventure to determine which Order of High Sorcery you join. If you have two or more traits in one Order's category than others, you join that Order. If you have an equal number of traits (or differ only by one) in multiple categories, choose which you believe your actions best represent and join that Order.

If you continue to play your character and use the options from *Dragonlance: Shadow of the Dragon Queen*, you may take the Initiate of High Sorcery feat and one of the following feats depending on which Order you joined: Adept of the Black Robes, Adept of the Red Robes, or Adept of the White Robes.

Order of White Robes Traits		Order of Red Robes Traits		Order of Black Robes Traits	
Chose Reprieve	☐	Chose Insight	☐	Chose Nuitari	☐
Chose Solinari	☐	Chose Lunitari	☐	Chose Torture	☐
Deny the Darkness	☐	Chose Many Over One	☐	Dragon Murderer	☐
Embraced a Lonely Spirit	☐	Controlled the Orb	☐	Embrace the Darkness	☐
Ghost-Touched	☐	Messed with Potion	☐	Lied to Hag	☐
Honest with Hag	☐	Observed the Orb	☐	Magic Over Friendship	☐
Honored Last Words	☐	Plan for Darkness	☐	Marked by Fistandantilus	☐
Navigated Your Future	☐	Power of Love	☐	Sacrificed Someone's Love	☐
Offered Body Part	☐	Puzzle Master	☐	Shattered the Orb	☐
Pacified Elven Ghosts	☐	Refused Takhisis Boon	☐	Stoked a Dragon's Pride	☐
Rescued the Captain	☐	Resisted Fistandantilus	☐	Stole the Rock	☐
Saved Rival	☐	Sacrificed Rival	☐	Takhisis' Servant	☐
Saved the Thief	☐	Spoke Truth to a Dragon	☐	Took Ghostly Treasure	☐
Spared Your Bully	☐	Steady Handed	☐	Usurped Ferryman	☐
Stopped Takhisis Ritual	☐	Took Boat Control	☐	What's Dead is Dead	☐



Destiny Points

If you completed your Test of High Sorcery, the number of **Destiny points** remaining at the adventure's conclusion determines your test ranking and additional outcomes. The Conclave judges your test's ranking based chiefly on two elements—how well you performed and how much risk you took.

0 Destiny Points. The grave injuries you sustained during your trials never heal entirely, and your experiences cause you to think, look, move, or speak very differently than you did before—decide the nature of any changes that occur. The Conclave is aware that your survival was lucky, and proving yourself to your Order will take much time and hard work. Still, the mages gift you a common magic item.

1 or 2 Destiny Points. You suffer two lingering effects from your trials, which may flare up on nights when the moons are full—choose how the effects manifest for your character. Though you had plenty of close calls, your final ranking was average compared to other mages who passed their Test, and the Conclave is pleased to name you among its members. The mages gift you an uncommon magic item.

3 or 4 Destiny Points. You suffer one lingering effect from your trials, which you can hide from most people who do not know you—choose how the effect manifests for your character. Your triumphant results in the Test rank amongst some of the greatest mages to ever step foot into the Tower of High Sorcery, and you quickly find other mages look up to you. In recognition of your bright future, the mages gift you a rare magic item.

5 Destiny Points. You suffer no lingering injuries from your trials, but the experience has profoundly reforged your soul. You manifest one mysterious physical change noticeable by anyone who sees you. Choose what physical change you experience—you might have oddly colored eyes or skin, an unusual growth such as horns, a skeletal limb, or something else of your imagining. The Conclave is terrified by your success, noting that less than a handful of mages have ever performed so well on their Test of High Sorcery. Neophyte mages whisper about you behind your back, claiming you are destined for either greatness or horror. Archmages fawn over or resent you, drawing you into their webs of wizardly intrigue. The mages gift you a rare magic item and bestow upon you a sorcerous boon—you may take an additional feat for which you meet the prerequisites.

Traits and Future Adventures

Some of the traits you noted during *The Test of High Sorcery* may have a lasting impact or provide rich plot hooks for your character moving forward. If you noted any of the following traits, review the details provided and share them with your Dungeon Master during future adventures.

Angered Hag. You attempted to trick the hag to get the better end of a fey deal, and instead, you stoked her ire. Gossip spreads fast, and news of your interactions will have reached far among the fey. When you travel through forests, glades, and other favored dwellings of fairies, you may be subjected to cruel pranks and even crueler deals.

Dragon Gaes. After accepting a gold dragon's gift, you became enchanted by 9th-level *gaes* spell, which can only be removed by a *remove curse, greater restoration,* or *wish* spell. When you act in a manner directly counter to the spell's instructions, the gold dragon's fierce roar echoes furiously in your mind and you take **27 (5d10) psychic damage**—but no more than once per day. You may convince another Mage of High Sorcery to free you of the *gaes.* White-robed mages are unlikely to help, believing the gold dragon's spell to have been an important lesson and a key part of your Test. Red-robed or black-robed mages may be more willing to help remove the *gaes*—but are likely to ask for a challenging favor in return.

Dragon-Scarred. Few survive being caught in the center of a red dragon's fiery breath, but you did. The terrible experience has left you with very light or very dark scarring on your body. Additionally, you find yourself wheezing and out of breath more easily than you did before. If the scars are noticed, some strangers react fearfully around you, while those that recognize the scar's draconic origins may treat you like a hero and harass you for the story behind the encounter. The *greater restoration* spell can remove this effect.

Fey Debt. You accepted a deal with the fey but were willing to pay a higher price if the hag allowed you to pay later. She did not say the new price or when that payment would be demanded. However, when you achieve something of great importance to you, such as a hard-won treasure or starting a family, the hag will appear and demand it as payment—or she will take your life instead.

Fiendish Fury. You ran from your encounter with the rakshasa, who does not take well to being undermined in his trial. The rakshasa plots to embed himself in your life while in disguise, watching you for an opportunity to drag you into the Abyss.

Friendship Over Magic. With your friend Kyrian, you chose to give up your arcane magic. After spending time recovering in a quiet town, Kyrian proves eager to find new ways to help people, particularly those who have been disenfranchised and oppressed. Other former mages who also chose to give up their magic for equally selfless reasons find their way to you and Kyrian, drawing the attention of a hidden resistance group eager to recruit you to their fight against the forces of darkness.

Ghost-Touched. Embracing the specter of your dead loved one left you with a streak of ghostly white hair or a patch of pale white flesh that is cold to the touch. On nights when the moon Nuitari is full, the specter comes to visit you in your dreams, curious about your life and adventures. Over time, the dreams become more unsettling, turning to nightmares as the unrestful spirit becomes more twisted by undead hunger. Granting the specter final rest will require partaking in a dangerous ritual alongside a priest of Paladine or Habbakuk. The *greater restoration* spell can remove this effect.

Grim Determination. You stood firm when your reflection tested your will to become a mage. Your steadfast determination impressed the other mages. You particularly catch the interest of a red-robed mage who shares with you that there is a mage in the Tower of Wayreth who is attempting to sabotage the Conclave. They ask for your help rooting out the renegade mage that hides among your peers.

Life Over Magic. You gave up your arcane magic so others could live, preventing great bloodshed and violence. On certain nights you have nightmares of the trials you faced, the ghosts of those who didn't survive their trials haunting your dreams. One day you receive an invitation to meet with a group of other former mages, brought together by their belief that the Test of High Sorcery is too cruel. They ask you to help them create reform within the Conclave through diplomacy first—and action later.

Living Hand. After encountering strange magics, your left hand has gained independent life and will. Its agile crawling fingers give you advantage on Dexterity (Sleight of Hand) checks, but only when it's willing to stay on your wrist and cooperate. At night your hand detaches from your arm and wanders off, pursuing an unknown agenda before it returns in the morning. The *greater restoration* spell can remove this effect.

Lost a Bone. Your dead loved one's ghost stole a bone from your body but left the skin. The result is unsettling for many people if they notice. On nights when the moon Nuitari is full, you experience intense phantom pains and have disadvantage on Constitution saving throws to main concentration on spells. The *greater restoration* spell can remove this effect.

Love Over Magic. You gave up your arcane magic to save someone you love, whether your lover or an unrequited love. When you search for them after leaving Wayreth Forest, they have disappeared. The only clues to their location are the wedding ring with your names inscribed and a cryptic note.

Moon-Scarred. You enraged a golden dragon who cast a powerful *moonbeam* spell to punish you for your willingness to steal from them. After leaving the Tower of Wayreth, you discover that the spell has left a magical brand on your forehead that only appears when you stand in direct moonlight. The brand is shaped like a dragon's claw and glows with a dim golden light when visible. Superstitious folk or those who do not trust magic may be scared of you. Clerics of good gods like Paladine or Kiri-Jolith may understand the brand is punishment and either not trust you or wish to help you complete a quest of virtue to redeem yourself. The *greater restoration* spell can remove this effect.

Marked by Fistandantilus. Increase your Intelligence score by 2 and decrease your Constitution score by 2—reducing your maximum hit points. By accepting the infamous black-robed archmage's bargain, you gained a sliver of his arcane power and gave up some of your life essence in exchange. Though your understanding of magic has increased, you are physically more frail and prone to getting sick, with a lingering cough that can sometimes be off-putting at polite social gatherings. Within the next several months, a messenger delivers to you the book *Observations on the Structure of Reality* written by Fistandantilus. Inside is a letter invitation to become the archmage's apprentice and study more advanced magic at his keep. If you accept, you may come to know Fistandantilus better. Ultimately, the archmage's plans for you are the same as his other apprentices—help you become more powerful before he uses his bloodstone amulet to steal your soul and extend his long life.

Offered a Body Part. To fulfill a bargain with the hag, you gave up a part of your body for her potion. While you didn't experience much pain at the time, whenever you pass through territory with fey presence, you experience intense phantom pains. When you do, you have disadvantage on Constitution saving throws to main concentration on spells. The *greater restoration* spell can remove this effect.

Ooze-Scarred. You were badly burned by a gelatinous cube's acid, leaving a large portion of your body pocked and discolored. Hair and extremities like horns might have melted away and may not grow back. If the scars are noticed, some strangers avert eye contact when you pass by them, while others offer you looks of pity. The *greater restoration* spell can remove this effect.

Peace Over Magic. You gave up your arcane magic so that you could live a quiet and peaceful life. Though it takes time, you settle down, and the recollections of your time in the Test of High Sorcery become a faint but painful memory. However, the effects of war slowly creep closer to your new home, the conflict between good and evil inescapable, and you must choose to run from it or fight.

Refused Takhisis Boon. Though you refused the amulet, Takhisis' interest in you has only grown. She continues to send you gifts of tomes, magical items, and rare spell components to sway you to her side. The other mages become suspicious of this steady stream of gifts, questioning you as to who this mysterious patron could be. Should you continue to rebuke her, she eventually sends trusted and powerful minions to make an example of you.

Renegade Mage. You wavered at a crucial moment in your Test of High Sorcery, admitting that you were willing to betray the Conclave. The Orders of High Sorcery's leadership keeps a close eye on you, monitoring your movements and restricting your access to several resources. However, another mage is sympathetic to your plight and offers to help you regain the Conclave's trust in return for a challenging favor.

Resisted Fistandantilus. Your two brief encounters with the infamous black-robed archmage confounded him, and he admitted that he could not scry your thoughts or know your past or future. His attempt to steal your soul using his bloodstone amulet failed, and he left you with the feeling that your paths would cross again. Though researching Fistandantilus's long history proves difficult, you may be able to earn the Conclave's trust and gain access to the knowledge. Fistandantilus observes your growth as a mage from afar, believing your fates are somehow intertwined and you might threaten his quest for immortality. When he decides you have grown too strong, he commands his most powerful apprentice to destroy you. Should you survive, he plots to kill you himself—unless you find the means to destroy him first.

Saved Rival. Darien Ariantal remembers your mercy in the Test of High Sorcery. While grateful that you saved his life, so long as you did not give up your magic, Darian feels that he must prove that he's a better mage than you by repaying the debt in style. His temperament cools as he grows into his position at the organization, and the two of you spark a long-standing and somewhat friendly rivalry—even if it's somewhat one-sided.

Stole from the Community. Within the Orders, an unnamed group of tight-knit mages feels strongly that the Tests of High Sorcery are too deadly and throw away the lives of many mages of promise. They maintain the community spellbooks hidden in the chambers to help others survive the ordeal. The group becomes aware that you stole more spell scrolls than you should have. Three red-robed mages—Lunis, Quinn, and Firos—constantly undermine your activities within the organization and work to turn other mages' opinions against you. They plan a sorcerous heist to steal one of your magic items and intend to gift it to an anxious young mage about to take their Test.

Takhisis' Servant. You declared your loyalty to Takhisis, agreeing to work for her from within the Conclave in exchange for power. The tasks she demands of you start relatively simple, with requests to spy on the Conclave and other mages. Over time, though, her demands escalate to include sabotage and artifact theft. She also sometimes gives you seemingly frivolous tasks to continually test your devotion to her. Eventually, when she feels that you are ready, she calls for you to join her inner circle in preparation for her eternal war against the forces of good. To survive that long among an order of mages, many of whom might read your very thoughts, requires you to be very careful indeed.



A New Community

Wherever your character's future adventures take them, they will not be alone.

Countless mages have perished during the Test of High Sorcery. However, many others have conquered its trials and joined the storied history of the Orders of High Sorcery to push the boundaries of magic to new limits.

If you want to see how your outcomes compare to other mages who took the Test of High Sorcery, **please fill out this online survey!**

APPENDICES

Appendix A: Magic Items

FAMILIAL SWORD

Weapon (longsword), uncommon (requires attunement)

You have a +1 bonus to attack and damage rolls made with this magic weapon. This longsword appears to be made of simple iron. The blade is dented and chipped in one section, showing signs of heavy use. However, when attuned, the sword is incredibly light to wield, and its iron edge bites deeper than most blades.

When you make an opportunity attack with this weapon, you have advantage on the attack and can roll the weapon's damage die one additional time on a hit. Once you use this ability, you cannot use it again until you finish a long rest.

POTION OF INSIGHTFUL INSTINCT

Potion, rare

This round vial's glass is painted red. The clear liquid within smells faintly of ripe apples. When you drink this potion, you gain insight into the true nature of creatures you can see. You instinctively know their creature type, any weaknesses they have, and damage vulnerabilities, resistances, and immunities. The potion's effect lasts for one hour.

POTION OF REPRIEVING WINDS

Potion, rare

This triangular vial is filled with a pearly gas that smells like fresh-baked bread and sparkles in direct light. When you drink this potion, whenever you cast a spell, an ally within 60 feet that you choose regains 14 (4d4+4) hit points. The potion's effect lasts for one hour or until you take damage.

POTION OF TORTUROUS WORDS

Potion, rare

This square vial's glass is slightly cracked and contains dark green ichor with no odor or taste. When you drink this potion, whenever you cast a spell with a verbal component, one creature of your choice that can hear you takes 14 (4d6) psychic damage. The potion's effect lasts for one hour or until you take damage.

RING OF THE UNICORN

Ring, uncommon (requires attunement)

This simple wooden band appears to be entwined by evergreen ivy vines and inlaid with sparkling flecks from a unicorn's horn. Its top is decorated with a single, tiny rose petal that slowly blooms and then wilts over the course of a day. Each day at dawn, the petal begins to bloom again.

The ring has one charge, which recharges daily at dawn. You can expend a charge and use a minor action to regain 2d4+2 hit points. When you use this ability, you have advantage on your next saving throw made within one minute.

AMULET OF CHILLING FEAR

Wondrous item, uncommon (requires attunement by an artificer, bard, sorcerer, warlock, or wizard)

This onyx charm is always cold to the touch. The carving on the charm, that of a face which is half-alive and half-skeletal, changes to reflect the visage of its attuned wearer. While wearing the amulet, you have advantage on Charisma (Intimidation) checks.

When you hit a living creature with a weapon or spell attack, you can spend your reaction to force them to make a saving throw against your spell save DC. On a failed save, they become frightened for one minute. Once you use this ability, you cannot use it again until you finish a long rest.

AMULET OF TAKHISIS

Wondrous item, rare (requires attunement)

This elaborate pendant features five chromatic dragon heads, each a different color, surrounding a large red gem. When you attune to it, the gem appears to blink when viewed from certain angles, like an eye that is always watching you.

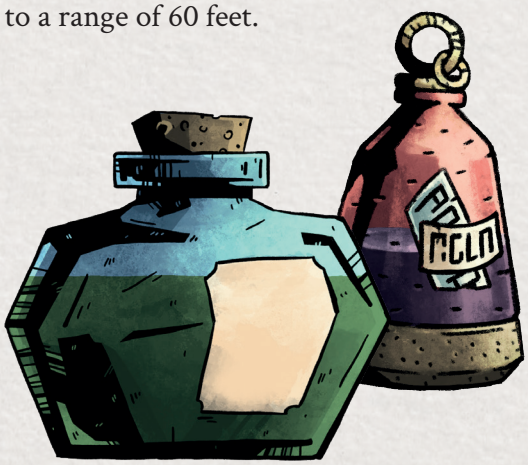
The amulet has 3 charges which it regains every dawn. While holding it, you can use an action to expend 1 of its charges to unleash the fury of a dragon's breath. Choose acid, cold, fire, lightning, or poison. Each creature in a 15-foot cone must make a DC 15 Dexterity saving throw, taking 14 (4d6) damage of the chosen type on a failed save, or half as much on a successful one.

FLUTE OF KEEN OBSERVATION

Wondrous item, uncommon (requires attunement by a bard)

The Flute of Keen Observation can be used as an arcane focus. This flute is carved out of a single bone, with silver entwined and embedded within the ivory. Its body has been smoothed out by time and the many hands that have used it over ages past. When played, its music is soft and haunting, but its magic is only revealed to those who attune to it.

The flute has one charge, which charges daily at dawn. You can expend a charge by spending at least one minute playing the flute's song. When you finish playing, you and an ally who heard the song gain heightened senses for one hour. Creatures affected by this ability have advantage on Wisdom (Perception) checks and can see in normal and magical darkness out to a range of 60 feet.



MOUNTAIN'S SOULSTONE

Wondrous item, rare

This plain-looking white stone is warm to the touch and fits comfortably in the palm of a hand. An ancient mountain spirit dwells within, preferring solitude at high altitudes while it listens to the wind's song. It can be compelled to offer its aid in the form of transmutation magic that turns your flesh as hard as stone.

You can activate the stone with a bonus action, gaining resistance to nonmagical bludgeoning, piercing, and slashing damage for one hour. When you use this ability in any location other than the spirit's home, roll 1d6. On a 1, the stone shatters after use, and the spirit travels back home. Once you use this ability, you cannot use it again until you take a long rest.

WAND OF FICKLE LUCK

Wand, uncommon (requires attunement by a an artificer, bard, sorcerer, warlock, or wizard)

This wand is crafted from the humerus bone of a kender with a small brass doorknob set into its base. A pair of unmarked obsidian dice attached to short brass chains dangle from the tip of the wand.

This wand has two charges which it regains daily at dawn. While holding the wand, you can use your reaction when a creature you can see within 60 feet of yourself succeeds on a saving throw.

Roll 1d20. On a 3 or higher, the triggering creature must reroll their saving throw and take the lower roll. Additionally, you have advantage on your next attack roll, ability check, or saving throw you make within one minute. On a 1 or 2, the wand explodes in your hand and is destroyed, dealing 7 (2d6) fire damage to you.

Appendix B: Non-Player Characters

YOUNG AMPHI DRAGON

Large dragon, Neutral Evil

Armor Class 13 (natural armor)
Hit Points 51 (6d10+18)
Speed 20 ft., climb 20 ft., swim 40 ft.

STR	DEX	CON
22(+6)	14(+2)	16(+3)
INT	**WIS**	**CHA**
10(-0)	12(+1)	14(+2)

Saving Throws STR +8, CON +5
Skills Perception +3, Stealth +4
Damage Immunities Acid
Senses Blindsight 30 ft., Darkvision 120 ft.,
Passive Perception 13
Languages Draconic
Challenge 3 (700 XP)
Proficiency Bonus +2

Amphibious. The dragon can breathe air and water.

Acidic Warts. When an attack hits the dragon, creatures within 5 feet of it take 3 (1d6) acid damage.

Sensitive Tongue. The dragon's extended tongue is extremely sensitive. Creatures can aim at the tongue with an attack. The attack has disadvantage unless the creature is grappled by the dragon's tongue. If the dragon takes 10 or more damage aimed at its tongue on a single turn, it attempts to flee to deep water at the start of its next turn.

ACTIONS

Bite. Melee Weapon Attack: +8 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target Hit: 11 (1d10+6) piercing damage and 3 (1d6) acid damage.
Claw. Melee Weapon Attack: +8 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. Hit: 9 (1d6+6) slashing damage.

Tongue. Melee Weapon Attack: +8 to hit, reach 20 ft., one target. Hit: 3 (1d6) acid damage, and if the target is Large or smaller, it must succeed on a DC 16 Strength saving throw or be pulled up to 20 feet toward the dragon and grappled (escape DC 16). The dragon can only grapple one target at a time with its tongue.

Acid Breath (Recharge 5-6). The dragon exhales acid in a 30-foot cone. Each creature in that area must make a DC 13 Dexterity saving throw, taking 17 (5d6) acid damage on a failed save, or half as much damage on a successful one.

BAKALI CULTIST

Medium Humanoid (Lizardfolk), Chaotic Evil

Armor Class 13 (natural armor)
Hit Points 11 (2d8+2)
Speed 30 ft., swim 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON
15(+2)	10(+0)	12(+1)
INT	**WIS**	**CHA**
7(-1)	12(+1)	6(-2)

Skills Perception +3, Religion +2, Survival +3
Senses Passive Perception 13
Languages Common, Bakali, Draconic
Challenge 1/2 (100 XP)
Proficiency Bonus +2

Hold Breath. The bakali can hold its breath for 15 minutes.

ACTIONS

Bite. Melee Weapon Attack: +4 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. Hit: 5 (1d6+2) piercing damage.

Tail. Melee Weapon Attack: +4 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. Hit: 5 (1d6+2) bludgeoning damage.
Inflict Minor Wounds. Melee Spell Attack: +3 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. Hit: 5 (1d10) necrotic damage.

Kneel (1/Day). The bakali commands a living creature it can see within 60 feet to kneel. If the target can hear and understand the bakali, it must make a DC 11 Wisdom saving throw. On a failed save, the target immediately kneels and becomes prone. On a success, the target is immune to this ability until the end of its next turn.



FAMILIAR SPECTER

Medium undead, Lawful Evil

Armor Class 13
Hit Points 17 (5d8-5)
Speed 0 ft., fly 50 ft. (hover)

STR	DEX	CON
1(-5)	16(+3)	8(-1)
INT	**WIS**	**CHA**
10(+0)	10(+0)	16(+3)

Damage Vulnerabilities Thunder
Damage Resistances Acid, Cold, Fire, Lightning; Bludgeoning, Piercing, and Slashing from Nonmagical Attacks
Damage Immunities Necrotic, Poison
Condition Immunities Charmed, Exhaustion, Grappled, Petrified, Poisoned, Prone, Restrained, Unconscious
Senses Darkvision 60 ft., Passive Perception 10
Languages Understands all languages it knew in life but can't speak
Challenge 1 (200 XP)
Proficiency Bonus +2

Incorporeal Movement. The specter can move through other creatures and objects as if they were difficult terrain. It takes 5 (1d10) force damage if it ends its turn inside an object.

ACTIONS

Spectral Touch. Melee Weapon Attack: +5 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. Hit: 7 (2d6) necrotic damage. The target must succeed on a DC 13 Constitution saving throw or lose one Hit Die.

Horrid Whispers (1/Day). The specter whispers dark secrets about the most terrible deeds they committed in life. Creatures within 60 feet who can hear the specter must succeed on a DC 13 Wisdom saving throw or become vulnerable to necrotic damage for 1 minute.

REACTIONS

Ghastly Reveal (1/Day). When the specter takes damage but is not reduced to 0 hit points, it reveals its true, horrifying face—that of a bloated corpse rotting with maggots, its expression twisted in an eternally agonized grimace. Each non-undead creature that can see it must succeed on a DC 13 Wisdom saving throw or be paralyzed until the end of their next turn. If the save fails by 5 or more, the target also ages 1d4 x 10 years. The aging effect can be reversed with a greater restoration spell, but only within 24 hours of it occurring.



GHOST BARD

Medium Undead (Kender), Chaotic Good

Armor Class 12
Hit Points 15 (2d8+6)
Speed 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON
16(+3)	14(+2)	16(+3)
INT	**WIS**	**CHA**
12(+1)	16(+3)	18(+4)

Saving Throws WIS +5, CHA +6
Skills Arcana +4, Perception +6, Performance +8
Damage Vulnerabilities Bludgeoning
Damage Resistances Piercing, Slashing
Damage Immunities Poison, Necrotic
Condition Immunities Charmed, Exhaustion, Frightened, Poisoned, Unconscious
Senses Darkvision 60 ft., Passive Perception 16
Languages Common, Kender
Challenge 3 (700 XP)

Body Snatcher. The bard is invisible. It can only affect or be affected by creatures while it possesses a skeleton within 120 feet. When the bard is reduced to 0 hit points, a skeleton it possesses crumbles to dust. At the end of the bard's next turn, it possesses another skeleton within range and is restored to its maximum hit points. If no skeletons remain in range, the bard's soul vanishes and returns to the Beyond.

Turning Immunity. The bard is immune to features that turn undead.

ACTIONS

Shield Smash (Soldier Skeleton Only). Melee Weapon Attack: +5 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. Hit: 5 (1d4+3) bludgeoning damage, and the target must succeed on a DC 13 Strength saving throw or be knocked prone.

Cursed Blade (Rogue Skeleton Only). Melee Weapon Attack: +5 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. Hit: 7 (1d6+3) slashing damage, and the target has disadvantage on attack rolls and ability checks until the end of its next turn.

Leaping Flame (Sorcerer Skeleton Only). Ranged Spell Attack: +6 to hit, range 120 ft., Hit: 11 (2d6+4) fire damage, and the bard can cause one other creature it can see within 30 feet of the target to take 11 (2d6+4) fire damage.

Blessed Longsword (Knight Skeleton Only). Melee Weapon Attack: +6 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. Hit: 9 (1d10+4) slashing damage plus 4 (1d8) radiant damage.

REACTIONS

Ghostly Taunt (Recharge 5-6). When a creature who can hear the bard makes an attack roll or ability check, they must succeed on a DC 14 Wisdom saving throw or have disadvantage.

Skeletal Swap (1/Day). When a creature opens a sarcophagus, the skeleton the bard possesses crumbles to dust. The bard possesses a skeleton within 120 feet and is restored to its maximum hit points.



GNOLL SHAMAN

Medium Humanoid (Gnoll), Chaotic Evil

Armor Class 13
Hit Points 38 (7d8+7)
Speed 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON
16(+3)	16(+3)	12(+1)
INT	**WIS**	**CHA**
12(+1)	18(+4)	10(+0)

Saving Throws INT +3, WIS +6
Skills Arcana +3, Perception +6, Survival +6
Condition Immunities Charmed, Exhaustion, Unconscious
Senses Darkvision 60 ft., Passive Perception 16
Languages Gnoll
Challenge 3 (700 XP)

Full Moon Terror. When the gnoll is engulfed in the light of a full moon, or a spell like moonbeam, it becomes vulnerable to radiant damage.

Rampage. When the gnoll reduces a creature to 0 hit points, it can take a bonus action to move up to half its speed and make an attack.

ACTIONS

Multiattack. The gnoll uses either its Curse of Vulnerability or Summon Spirit Hyenas ability if it can, then makes an attack.

Bite. Melee Weapon Attack: +5 to hit, reach 5 ft., one creature. Hit: 6 (1d6+3) piercing damage, and the gnoll regains an equal number of hit points.

Flaming Skull Staff. Melee Weapon Attack: +5 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. Hit: 7 (1d8+3) bludgeoning damage plus 7 (2d6) fire damage.

Fire Bolt. Ranged Spell Attack: +6 to hit, range 120 ft., one target. Hit: 11 (2d10) fire damage.

Curse of Vulnerability (1/Day). The gnoll curses a creature it can see within 60 feet. The creature must succeed on a DC 13 Charisma saving throw or become vulnerable to fire damage. At the end of their turn, the creature can repeat the saving throw, ending the effect on a success.

Summon Spirit Hyenas (1/Day). The gnoll summons the spirits of madly cackling hyenas in a 30-foot radius around it. At the start of their turn, other creatures in the area must succeed on a DC 13 Wisdom saving throw or become frightened until the end of their next turn. The gnoll can use a bonus action to dismiss the spirit hyenas, regaining 8 (1d8+4) hit points and ending the effect.



THE LOST WIZARD

Medium Aberration, Chaotic Evil

Armor Class 12
Hit Points 38 (7d8+7)
Speed 30 ft., fly 30 ft. (hover)

STR	DEX	CON
14(+2)	12(+2)	12(+1)
INT	**WIS**	**CHA**
18(+4)	14(+2)	14(+2)

Saving Throws INT +6, WIS +4
Skills Arcana +6, Athletics +4, History +6, Perception +4
Damage Vulnerabilities Piercing
Damage Resistances Poison, Psychic
Condition Immunities Charmed, Frightened, Poisoned, Unconscious
Senses Darkvision 60 ft., Passive Perception 14
Languages Common, Elvish, Deep Speech
Challenge 4 (1,100 XP)
Proficiency Bonus +2

ACTIONS

Multiattack. The wizard makes two Tentacle Smash attacks. If both attacks hit the same target, the wizard uses its Mindshatter against the target.

Tentacle Smash. Melee Weapon Attack: +4 to hit, reach 10 ft., one target. Hit: 6 (1d8+2) bludgeoning damage.

Arcane Burst. Ranged Spell Attack: +6 to hit, range 120 ft., one target. Hit: 15 (2d10+4) psychic damage.

Mindshatter (1/Day). The target must make a DC 14 Intelligence saving throw, taking 22 (4d10) psychic damage on a failed save, and half as much on a successful one.

REACTIONS

Abjurer's Shield (Recharge 5-6). When the wizard takes damage, it magically creates a protective barrier around itself. The barrier reduces the damage by 9 (1d10+4), to a minimum of 0, and then vanishes.

Memory Trap (1/Day). When the wizard takes more than 10 damage on a turn, it forces nearby creatures' minds to be trapped, reliving their worst memory. Each creature within 60 feet of the mage must succeed on a DC 14 Wisdom saving throw or be stunned until the end of the wizard's next turn.

MEDUSA

Medium Monstrosity, Lawful Evil

Armor Class 15 (natural armor)
Hit Points 27 (6d8)
Speed 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON
10(+0)	16(+3)	10(+0)
INT	**WIS**	**CHA**
12(+1)	12(+1)	14(+2)

Skills Arcana +3, Perception +3, Stealth +5
Damage Vulnerabilities Thunder
Damage Immunities Poison
Condition Immunities Charmed, Poisoned
Senses Darkvision 60 ft., Passive Perception 12
Languages Common
Challenge 2 (450 XP)
Proficiency Bonus +2

Petrifying Gaze. When a creature that can see the medusa's eyes starts its turn within 30 feet of the medusa, the medusa can force it to make a DC 11 Constitution saving throw if the medusa isn't incapacitated and can see the creature. If the saving throw fails by 5 or more, the creature is instantly petrified. Otherwise, a creature that fails the save begins to turn to stone and is restrained.

The restrained creature must repeat the saving throw at the end of its next turn, becoming petrified on a failure or ending the effect on a success. The petrification lasts until the creature is freed by the greater restoration spell or other magic.

Unless surprised, a creature can avert its eyes to avoid the saving throw at the start of its turn. If the creature does so, it can't see the medusa until the start of its next turn, when it can avert its eyes again. If the creature looks at the medusa in the meantime, it must immediately make the save.

If the medusa sees itself reflected on a polished surface within 30 feet of it and in an area of bright light, the medusa is, due to its curse, affected by its own gaze.

ACTIONS

Snake Hair. Melee Weapon Attack: +5 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. Hit: 6 (1d6+3) piercing damage plus 3 (1d6) poison damage.

Longbow. Ranged Weapon Attack: +5 to hit, range 150/600 ft., one target. Hit: 7 (1d8+3) piercing damage.

Constrict (Recharge 5-6). Melee Weapon Attack: +2 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. Hit: 7 (1d8+3) bludgeoning damage, and the target is grappled (escape DC 10). Until this grapple ends, the creature is restrained, and the medusa can't constrict another target.

MINOTAUR MAGE

Large Monstrosity, Neutral Evil

Armor Class 14 (natural)
Hit Points 52 (7d10+7)
Speed 40 ft.

STR	DEX	CON
18(+4)	10(+0)	13(+1)
INT	**WIS**	**CHA**
8(-1)	12(+1)	12(+1)

Saving Throws STR +6, CON +3
Skills Perception +5, Survival +5
Damage Vulnerabilities Psychic
Condition Immunities Charmed, Exhaustion, Unconscious
Senses Darkvision 60 ft., Passive Perception 15
Languages Common, Kothian
Challenge 3 (700 XP)

Charge. If the minotaur moves at least 10 feet straight toward a target and then hits it with a gore attack on the same turn, the target takes an extra 9 (2d8) piercing damage and must succeed on a DC 14 Strength saving throw or be pushed up to 10 feet away and knocked prone.

Labyrinthine Recall. The minotaur can perfectly recall any path it has traveled.

ACTIONS

Greataxe. Melee Weapon Attack: +6 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. Hit: 10 (1d12+4) slashing damage.

Gore. Melee Weapon Attack: +6 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. Hit: 8 (1d8+4) piercing damage.

Hurl Lightning. The minotaur hurls bolts of lightning at up to three creatures it can see within 60 feet. Each target must succeed on a DC 14 Dexterity saving throw or take 4 (1d8) lightning damage, and the minotaur recharges its Turn Invisible reaction.

REACTIONS

Turn Invisible (1/Day). When the minotaur takes damage, it turns invisible. This effect lasts until it attacks or until its concentration ends (as if concentration on a spell). Any equipment worn or carried by the minotaur is also invisible for the duration.

SWARM OF SWIMMING EYES

Large swarm of Tiny aberrations, Chaotic Evil

Armor Class 11
Hit Points 36 (8d10-8)
Speed 0 ft., swim 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON
6(-1)	12(+1)	8(-1)
INT	**WIS**	**CHA**
14(+2)	10(+0)	16(+3)

Skills Perception +4
Damage Vulnerabilities Fire, Lightning, Radiant, Thunder
Damage Resistances Bludgeoning, Piercing, and Slashing
Damage Immunities Necrotic, Poison
Condition Immunities Charmed, Frightened, Grappled, Paralyzed, Petrified, Poisoned, Prone, Restrained, Stunned
Senses Darkvision 120 ft., Passive Perception 14
Languages — Understands Common, Deep Speech, and Undercommon but can't speak, telepathy 1 mile
Challenge 2 (450 XP)
Proficiency Bonus +2

Swarm. The swarm can occupy another creature's space and vice versa, and it can move through any opening large enough for a Tiny creature. The swarm can't regain hit points or gain temporary hit points.

ACTIONS

Eyebites. Melee Weapon Attack: +3 to hit, reach 0 ft., one target. Hit: 14 (2d6) necrotic damage, or 7 (2d6) necrotic damage if the swarm has half of its hit points or fewer. The target must succeed on a DC 10 Constitution saving throw or choose to lose either a Hit Die or expend a spell slot.

REACTIONS

Life Feast (1/Day). When the swarm is reduced to half its hit points or fewer, all living creatures within 20 feet of it must make a DC 13 Constitution saving throw. On a failed save, they take 5 (1d10) necrotic damage, and the swarm has advantage on attacks until the end of its next turn.



Appendix C: Sample Characters

You can use the following sample characters to start playing The Test of High Sorcery immediately if you do not want to create new characters. Each sample character provides ideas on their background and personality, along with a pre-designed character sheet to make running the adventure easy. Though non-mage characters can assist a mage ally, at least one character in the adventure must be the mage taking their Test to join the Orders of High Sorcery.

EZORA, THE WILDHEARTED WIZARD

Chaotic Good Human Wizard (School of Evocation), she/her

Ezora is a tough, passionate young wizard who relies on fast reflexes and clever spell use to survive and understand the world around her. What she lacks in classical schooling, she more than makes up for with her curious mind and a deep connection to the natural world. In dangerous situations, Ezora tends to take risks, believing she always has the right combination of spells prepared for any given challenge.

As a child, Ezora did everything she could to escape the mundanity of family expectations. Her father was the town's corrupt mayor. Her mother was a minor hedge wizard who ran the local apothecary. Before Ezora's sixteenth birthday, suitors had already lined up to make her father marriage offers. Yet, all she ever wanted was to run through the woods, climb trees, and delve into old ruins with forgotten histories. After one of the many times she ran away from home, she found a half-sunken tower amidst a fetid swamp. There, she recovered an old, moldy spellbook. After being caught and dragged home, Ezora showed the book to her mother. Ezora's mother agreed to teach her the book's spells if she promised to stop running away and to take her duties seriously. So Ezora began to eagerly learn magic, quickly exceeding her mother's ability to teach her.

On her eighteenth birthday, Ezora was to marry a wealthy merchant's horrible son. But when Ezora's mother went to her chambers that morning, her daughter was nowhere to be found. Enraged, her father sent the town's militia to search for Ezora in the nearby forest. But a spirit came to Ezora first, promising to hide her and show her a secret trail through the woods if she swore to use her magic to protect nature and its creatures. Ezora saw the spirit's true form—a beautiful unicorn with a brilliant gleaming horn—and wept with joy. She agreed to the spirit's offer and escaped her family, leaving her father embarrassed and her mother brokenhearted. Before the spirit departed, it gave Ezora the gift of a ring imbued with healing magic.

After starting a new life, Ezora wandered the world on foot, working first as a gardener and later as a nurse. She spent all her earnings on wizardly instructors and new spells to prepare her for the Test of High Sorcery. At last, she believes she is ready to journey to the Tower of Wayreth and make good on her promise to the spirit, which helped her escape from her dreadfully boring previous life.



DESTINY POINTS

✔ ✔ ✔ ✔ ✔

INSPIRATION

☐

TRAITS

ITEMS

Gold Pieces: 300
Ring of the Unicorn
Traveler's Clothes
Explorer's Pack
Dagger
Ink (1 ounce bottle)
Ink Pen
Parchment (5 sheets)
Spellbook
Components Pouch

SPELLS

Preparing Wizard Spells: Ezora can prepare up to eight spells from her spellbook when she finishes a long rest.

Cantrips: *Light, Mage Hand, Prestidigitation, and Ray of Frost*
1st Level: *Comprehend Languages, Detect Magic, Feather Fall, Grease, Identify, Mage Armor, Magic Missile, Shield, and Sleep*
2nd Level: *Knock, Misty Step, Mirror Image, Scorching Ray, and Shatter*

PREPARED SPELLS

AC	SPEED	INIT.	PROF.
13	30ft	+3	+2

HIT DIE (D6) ✔ ✔ ✔ ✔

CURRENT HP	MAX HP	TEMP HP
22	22	

DEATH SAVES ☐☐☐ SUCESSES ☐☐☐ FAILURES

EXH. ☐

STR	
9 (-1)	-1 Athletics
DEX	
16 (+3)	+3 Acrobatics, +3 Sleight of Hand, +3 Stealth
CON	
10 (+0)	
INT	
18 (+4)	**+6 Saving Throws**, **+6 Arcana**, +4 History, +4 Investigation, **+6 Nature**, +4 Religion
WIS	
14 (+2)	**+4 Saving Throws,** +2 Animal Handling, +2 Insight, **+4 Medicine**, **+4 Perception,** +2 Survival
CHA	
10 (+0)	+0 Deception, +0 Intimidation, +0 Performance, +0 Persuasion

SPELL SLOTS

☐☐☐☐ 1ST LEVEL

☐☐☐ 2ND LEVEL

ATTACKS

NAME	ATK BONUS	DAMAGE
Dagger	+5	1d4+3 piercing
Ray of Frost	+6	1d8 cold
3x Scorching Ray	+6	2d6 fire
Shatter	DC 13 CON	3d8 thunder

FEATURES

Languages. You can speak and read common, draconic, and elvish.

Spellcasting. You cast wizard spells you have prepared using INT (Spell DC 14, Spell Attack +6) wizard spells in your spellbook as rituals if they have the ritual tag.

☐ **Arcane Recovery.** Once per day when you finish a short rest, you can choose expended spell slots to recover - up to a combined level of 2, and none of the slots can be 6th level or higher.

Sculpt Spells. When you cast an evocation spell that affects other creatures that you can see, you can choose a number of them equal to 1 + the spell's level. The chosen creatures automatically succeed on their saving throws against the spell, and they take no damage if they would normally take half damage on a successful save.

☐ **Ring of the Unicorn.** The ring has one charge, which recharges daily at dawn. You can expend a charge and use a minor action to regain 2d4+2 hit points. When you use this ability, you have advantage on your next saving throw made within one minute.

THORKAM, THE SHREWD SORCERER

Lawful Evil Dwarf Sorcerer (Draconic Bloodline), he/him

Thorkam is a clever and conniving sorcerer, who would as easily sweet-talk an enemy as backstab a friend. A self-proclaimed man-of-many-hats, he uses magic to manipulate others, finding ways to grasp power and control in a dangerous and unpredictable world. Thorkam usually does the talking and lets others do the dirty work of fighting. But when Thorkam fights, he is a cruel foe to face.



Thorkam, to the horror of his family and the Mosskar clan, was born with glittering green scales across his back. These scales are the remnants of a deal one of Thorkam's ancestors made with the Bloodbane line of dragons, where in exchange for lifelong servitude to the green dragons, the Mosskars would receive a fragment of draconic power. Over several generations, the Mosskars fell out of favor with the Bloodbane dragons, and the draconic magic in their blood fell dormant as the family tried to make a normal life in quiet trading settlements as humble but talented smiths.

As soon as he could walk and talk, Thorkam's mothers warned him never to show his scales or use the magic that stained their legacy. Instead, they encouraged him to learn the family trade. However, Thorkam saw this draconic power as a great opportunity to make something better of his life. He would secretly practice magic in the dead of night and use his growing powers to lie, steal, and cause trouble in town. His family attempted to guide him towards a path of honest work, but the taste of power had taken its hold on his heart.

The town and his family quickly became barriers to his quest for further ambition, and once he came of age, he left home in search of new arcane secrets. He donned eye-catching clothes and traveled between ruins and towns under the guise of scholar, salesman, or any other identity that best suited his needs. After exhausting all the libraries and tutors he could scam or steal from, he set his eyes on the Tower of Wayreth and the secrets locked behind the Test of High Sorcery.

DESTINY POINTS

☑ ☑ ☑ ☑ ☑

INSPIRATION

☐

TRAITS

ITEMS

Gold Pieces: 450
Amulet of Chilling Fear
Fine Clothes
Explorer's Pack
Arcane Focus
Dagger x2
Handaxe

SPELLS

Cantrips: *Mage Hand, Message, Minor Illusion, Prestidigitation, and Shocking Grasp*
1st Level: *Color Spray, Expeditious Retreat, and Thunderwave*
2nd Level: *Scorching Ray and Suggestion*

Font of Magic. You have 4 sorcery points that you regain when you finish a long rest. You can use your sorcery points to gain additional spell slots or sacrifice spell slots to gain additional sorcery points as a bonus action.

☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

SORCERY POINTS

Empowered Spell (Metamagic). When you roll damage for a spell, you can spend 1 sorcery point to reroll up to 3 of the dice. You must use the new rolls and you can use this option even if you've already used another Metamagic option.

AC	SPEED	INIT.	PROF.
12	25ft	-1	+2

HIT DIE (D6)

✔ ✔ ✔ ✔

CURRENT HP	MAX HP	TEMP HP
38	38	

DEATH SAVES

SUCESSES

FAILURES

EXH.

STR	
10 (+0)	+0 Athletics
DEX	
9 (-1)	-1 Acrobatics, -1 Sleight of Hand, -1 Stealth
CON	
16 (+3)	**+5 Saving Throws**
INT	
14 (+2)	**+4 Arcana,** +2 History, +2 Investigation, +2 Nature, +2 Religion
WIS	
12 (+1)	+1 Animal Handling, **+3 Insight**, +1 Medicine, +1 Perception, +1 Survival
CHA	
16 (+3)	**+5 Saving Throws**, **+5 Deception**, +3 Intimidation, +3 Performance, **+5 Persuasion**

SPELL SLOTS

1ST LEVEL

2ND LEVEL

ATTACKS

NAME	ATK BONUS	DAMAGE
Dagger	+2	1d4+piercing
Handaxe	+2	1d6 slashing
Shocking Grasp	+5	1d8 lightning
Thunderwave	DC 13 CON	2d8 thunder
3x Scorching Ray	+5	2d6 fire

FEATURES

Languages. You can speak and read common, draconic, dwarvish, and elvish.

Spellcasting. You cast sorcerer spells using CHA (Spell DC 13, Spell Atack +5).

Dragon Ancestor (Green). You can speak, read, and write Draconic and you double your proficiency bonus for CHA checks involving dragons.

Darkvision. You can see in darkness (shades of gray) up to 60 ft.

Dwarven Resilience. You have advantage on saves against poison and resistance against poison damage.

Stonecunning. You have +6 to Intelligence (History) checks related to the origin of stonework.

Amulet of Chilling Fear. While wearing the amulet, you have advantage on Charisma (Intimidation) checks. When you hit a living creature with a weapon or spell attack, you can spend your reaction to force them to make a saving throw against your spell save DC. On a failed save, they become frightened for one minute. Once you use this ability, you cannot use it again until you finish a long rest.

ADRALEI, THE BROADMINDED BARD

True Neutral Elf Bard (College of Lore), they/them

Adralei is a storyteller at their core who collects pieces of folktales and history with a keenly observant eye. Though they're a bit clumsy with words, Adralei leads with an honest heart and compassion. They like few things more than soothing others with flute songs. Adralei dislikes conflict and finds ways to act as the peacekeeper before even thinking of fighting, but they're also fiercely protective of their friends.



The first words that Adralei knew were not "Mother" or "Father" but the lyrics of a song that floated through the campsite of their nomadic kin. This song, which accompanied Adralei through their childhood and adolescence, was a fragment of an ancient epic. The song was composed by the god of music, Branchala, and gifted to Adrelai's elven family many millennia ago. Much of the song became lost to time, its missing verses a growing mystery in Adrelai's mind.

Adralei's family, generations ago, cast off the oppressive caste system of the Silvanesti elves and wandered through Ansalon. While the family mostly kept to themselves and remained cautious around those who might bear ill will towards elves, they provided food and shelter to those in need. This interaction with people from different cultures and viewpoints gave Adrelai a keen curiosity about the world and deep empathy toward others. Adrelai carried with them this worldly sense when they left home with their family's blessing, seeking to find their ancient song's missing verses. Their family's parting gift was a flute made of bone and silver, which plays a haunting tone.

Adralei has spent much of the last century traveling from town to town, witnessing war and peace, mourning and celebration. While most storytellers pride themselves on objectivity, Adralei couldn't help but get involved with other people's businesses, helping out where they could. They entwine music and magic, using their abilities to heal, soothe, and sort out conflict. One day Adralei heard Branchala's familiar song from their childhood through the trees, and its ancient music led them to Wayreth Forest and the Tower of High Sorcery beyond.

DESTINY POINTS

☑ ☑ ☑ ☑ ☑

INSPIRATION

☐

TRAITS

ITEMS

Gold Pieces: 375
Flute of Keen Observation
Robes
Studded Leather Armor
Explorer's Pack
Rapier
Dagger
Disguise Kit

SPELLS

Cantrips: *Dancing Lights, Prestidigitation, True Strike, and Vicious Mockery*
1st Level: *Cure Wounds, Faerie Fire, Thunderwave, and Unseen Servant*
2nd Level: *Invisibility, See Invisibility, and Shatter*

BARDIC INSPIRATION

☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

Bardic Inspiration. As a bonus action, another creature within 60 ft. that can hear you gains an inspiration die (1d6). For 10 minutes, the creature can add it to one ability check, attack roll, or saving throw. This can be added after seeing the roll, but before knowing the outcome. You regain expended uses when you finish a long rest.

AC	SPEED	INIT.	PROF.
14	30ft	+3	+2

HIT DIE (D8)

✔ ✔ ✔ ✔

CURRENT HP	MAX HP	TEMP HP
27	27	

DEATH SAVES

SUCESSES

FAILURES

EXH.

STR	
10 (+0)	+1 Athletics
DEX	
14 (+2)	**+4 Saving Throws**, **+4 Acrobatics**, +3 Sleight of Hand, +3 Stealth
CON	
12 (+1)	
INT	
12 (+1)	**+3 Arcana**, **+3 History**, **+3 Investigation**, +2 Nature, **+3 Religion**
WIS	
14 (+2)	+3 Animal Handling, **+4 Insight,** +3 Medicine, **+4 Perception**, **+6 Survival**
CHA	
16 (+3)	**+5 Saving Throws**, +4 Deception, +4 Intimidation, **+7 Performance**, +4 Persuasion

SPELL SLOTS

1ST LEVEL

2ND LEVEL

ATTACKS

NAME	ATK BONUS	DAMAGE
Rapier	+4	1d8+2 piercing
Dagger	+4	1d4+2 piercing
Vicious Mockery	DC 13 WIS	1d4 psychic
Thunderwave	DC 13 CON	2d8 thunder
Shatter	DC 13 CON	3d8 thunder

FEATURES

Languages. You can speak and read common, draconic, dwarvish, elvish, and gnomish.

Cutting Words. As a reaction when a creature (that's not immune to being charmed) you can see within 60 ft. makes an attack roll, ability check, or damage roll, you can expend one use of Bardic Inspiration, roll the die, and subtract the number from the creature's roll. You can do so after the roll but before knowing the result.

Song of Rest. If you or any friendly creatures who can hear your performance regain hit points at the end of the short rest by spending one or more Hit Dice, each of those creatures regains an extra 1d6 hit points.

Darkvision. You can see in darkness (shades of gray) up to 60 ft.

Fey Ancestry. You have advantage on saves against being charmed, and magic can't put you to sleep.

Flute of Keen Observation. The flute has one charge, which charges daily at dawn. You can expend a charge by spending at least one minute playing the flute's song. When you finish playing, for the next hour, you and an ally who heard the song gain advantage on Wisdom (Perception) checks and can see in normal and magical darkness up to 60 feet for one hour.

GARREN, THE SNARKY SQUIRE

Lawful Good Human Fighter (Champion), he/him

Garren is an experienced soldier who trained under a Knight of Solamnia to fight with sword and shield. A lifelong student of history, Garren is more well-rounded than most squires, though perhaps past his physical prime. He is used to fighting alongside a partner, and he excels at defending others. However, he cannot help his biting wit and often subtly criticizes his allies' mistakes and poor decisions.



The youngest son of poor farmers, Garren grew up in a rural village near Solamnia. He fantasized about embarking on grand far-off adventures, fighting minotaur pirates on the stormy seas, and slaying dragons beneath the shining sun. After striking out to make his fortune as a teenager, Garren encountered Sir Finley, an old Knight of the Crown defending a roadside tavern from a band of raiding goblins. His heart pounding with fear, Garren snuck past the goblins and set their camp ablaze. The distraction allowed the people trapped in the tavern to escape and provided the knight the opportunity to turn the tide. After the battle, Sir Finley found Garren hiding in a hollowed tree trunk and commended the boy for his bravery and for saving many lives. That moment remains Garren's proudest to this day.

In the thirty years since, Garren served as Sir Finley's squire, living a virtuous life under the code of the Oath and the Measure. They had many adventures together, though none nearly as glorious as those Garren dreamt of as a boy, and the squire never achieved a deed great enough to allow him to become a Knight of Solamnia. Life proved hard, muddy, and exhausting. As youth passed him by, Garren found his witty tongue sharpened—and the light of his optimistic spirit dimmed.

Not long ago, on his deathbed, old Finley gave Garren his sword and whispered his final words, "This blade has been passed from father to son for two hundred years. And now I give it to you, my dear, dear Garren. Only promise me you will not close your heart to the world. Our hearts and our virtue are meant to be shared with others."

With tears in his eyes, Garren promised and choked out a quiet farewell. He buried his second father by the roadside that night. The following day, Garren met a young mage on a quest to join the Conclave of High Sorcery. Taking Finley's dying wisdom to heart, Garren swore an oath to accompany the mage, advise them, and protect them during the trials to come.

DESTINY POINTS

☑ ☑ ☑ ☑ ☑

INSPIRATION

☐

TRAITS

ITEMS

Gold Pieces: 200
Traveler's Clothes
Chain Mail
Shield
Familial Sword
Handaxe
Explorer's Pack

FEATURES

Languages. You can speak and read common, dwarvish, and elvish.

Fighting Style (Protection). While wielding a shield and a creature you can see attacks a target other than you within 5 ft., you can use your reaction to impose disadvantage on the attack roll.

Improved Critical. Your weapon attacks score a critical hit on a roll of 19 or 20.

☐ **Second Wind.** Once per short rest, you can use a bonus action to regain 1d10 + 4 HP.

☐ **Action Surge.** You can take one additional action on your turn. This can be used 1 times per short rest.

☐

Familial Sword. You have a +1 bonus to attack and damage rolls made with this magic weapon. When you make an opportunity attack with this weapon, you have advantage on the attack and can roll the weapon's damage die one additional time on a hit. Once you use this ability, you cannot use it again until you finish a long rest.

AC	SPEED	INIT.	PROF.
18	30ft	+0	+2

CURRENT HP	MAX HP	TEMP HP
36	36	

DEATH SAVES

SUCESSES

FAILURES

EXH.

HIT DIE (D10)

✔	✔	✔	✔

STR	
16 (+3)	**+5 Saving Throws**, **+5 Athletics**
DEX	
10 (+0)	+0 Acrobatics, +0 Sleight of Hand, +0 Stealth (Disadvantage)
CON	
15 (+2)	**+4 Saving Throws**
INT	
12 (+1)	+1 Arcana, **+3 History**, +1 Investigation, +1 Nature, +1 Religion
WIS	
14 (+2)	**+4 Animal Handling**, +2 Insight, +2 Medicine, +2 Perception, +2 Survival
CHA	
14 (+2)	+2 Deception, +2 Intimidation, +2 Performance, **+4 Persuasion**

ATTACKS

NAME	ATK BONUS	DAMAGE
Familial Sword	+6	1d8+4 slashing
Handaxe	+5	1d6+3 slashing

THE OATH AND THE MEASURE

The Oath of the Knights of Solamnia is "Est Solarus oth Mithas," which means, "my honor is my life." The Oath was created by the orders' founder, Vinas Solamnus, and is the core principle knights were meant to live by. For centuries after the Cataclysm, the knights lost the Oath's spirit and lived only by the Measure.

Vinas also wrote the Measure, a more detailed doctrine that clearly defined knightly honor. Generations of successors added to the Measure until it became an unwieldy collection of thirty-seven massive volumes filled with contradictions that no knight could truly follow. After the War of the Lance, the abbreviated and revised Measure emphasized the courteous treatment of marginalized people, giving up pursuits of glory, achieving honor through personal sacrifice, and embarking on Quests of Virtue. These quests allowed squires to join the knighthood, knights to climb to a higher rank within their order, and disgraced knights to regain their honor.

Because of bloating inconsistencies in the Measure throughout history, some knights conflate honor with absurd bylaws or classist ideology. When playing a character who follows the Oath and the Measure, decide how much of the doctrine they know by heart, how closely they follow it, and how they personally define honor. Is the more flexible Oath their guiding light, or do they live by the rigid rules laid out by the Measure? And what would it take to make them break an oath or act against their values?