

TROUBLE BREWING AT

THE LAST ROUND TABLE

AN OFF-BEAT
TIER 2
ADVENTURE
TO RESCUE A
GOAT FROM A
HAUNTED
BREWERY



 **DAGGERHEART**
COMPATIBLE

THE LAST ROUND TABLE

A HALFIGHT HALLS ADVENTURE



IN A TAVERN DEEP WHERE TROUBLE BREWS.
WHERE TOASTS ARE MADE TO UNPAID DUES
TO THE BRAVE. THE LOST. & THE BOLD.
TO STORIES REMEMBERED. NEVER TOLD.

*~ Tyrent Raznor, Exiled High Consulate of Herald Hall,
and backup singer for the Pickle Bucket.*

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THE LAST ROUND TABLE

The Last Round Table is an off-beat Tier 2 adventure of dungeon pub crawling. Running it should take roughly 12-16 hours of play time, depending on the players and how many shenanigans are involved.

COMPLEXITY RATING: ●●●

INTRO

Read this to your players to introduce them to the campaign.

At some point during the night, a dungeon entrance opened underneath the Wobbly Harpy Inn, splitting the earth and replacing its basement with a slippery spiraling stone staircase descending into the darkness below.

This caused several disappearances, including three local adventurers called the Sootfoot Strays, and the Harpy's beloved mascot, Crumplehoof the Goat, known for balancing on barstools and unprovoked acts of headbutting.

New Adventurers are needed to save the Strays, Get the Goat, and maybe figure out what the heck is going on! All in the service of gold, glory, and a modest reduction in public panic.

TONE & FEEL

Off-beat, humorist, heroic, fantasy, familiar.

THEMES

Small town weirdness, hospitality, humor in the face of danger, the fine line between revelry and ruin, and the undeniable magnetism of a stubborn goat.

TOUCHSTONES

Discworld, Spirited Away, Jonathan Strange & Mr. Norrell, Neverwhere, The Princess Bride, Wishbone.

BACKGROUND

Beneath the streets of a quiet town lurks a legend few ever bothered to listen to, much less believe. A tale of a lost tavern called **The Last Round Table**, with magically animated servants that served and protected the mightiest heroes of the land.

According to these fables¹, the tavern sank below the earth after making a brew so heavy it cracked the ground beneath it. The tavern disappeared, apparently swallowed whole. Its patrons, songs, recipes, and bar tabs vanishing into myth and unsettled ledgers.

History returned with a vengeance when the ground gave way beneath the basement of the **Wobbly Harpy Inn**. Its floorboards buckled with a groan, and half of the Harpy's stockroom dropped into the earth, taking three adventurers, several kegs of dwarven stout, and a pet goat named **Crumplehoof** with it.

Where the ale racks once stood, a spiral stair of slick stone now descends into darkness. Far below, the Last Round Table rests in a massive cavern, half-collapsed and more than half-forgotten. Spilled ale glueing the floorboards together like fossilized resin, and air ripe with a sour tang of centuries of hangovers left uncleaned.

The Last Round Table's long entombment has birthed strange survivors... Its furniture, saturated with centuries of spilled stories and effused merriment, and blessed with the magic of a saint, grew a spark of stubborn solidarity.

The stools and chairs now call themselves "**Sitizens**", and march in clumsy formation under the leadership of **General Barback**, the pub's Protector.

Opposing them, plotting malevolent deeds deep in the cellars, stirs an even darker **Threat**²..

GM'S NOTE - RED HERRINGS

The Last Round Table contains a generous scattering of odd details, curious items, stray clues, and the occasional completely unnecessary mystery. Not every group will find them all, and many players will happily march past several without a second glance.

That's perfectly fine!

These exist for the sort of adventurers who like to poke into corners, lift lids, read the marginalia, and generally see what happens when you open the door marked "probably nothing important."

Those players will find the tower full of little surprises, while everyone else can still enjoy the main trouble quite thoroughly without them.

THE BLESSING OF SAINT BUNGUS

When the Last Round Table first opened, its founder dedicated it to **Saint Bungus of the Holy Ferment**, patron of fellowship and second chances. It was said that on the tavern's first night, the Saint himself appeared among the guests, blessed the kegs, and declared, "*May every seat rise to welcome a weary soul.*"

By dawn, the staff awoke to find the tables and chairs quietly arranging themselves. Stools scooted beneath patrons before they could sit, mugs rolled toward waiting hands, and the hearth logs shifted to feed their own flames. What began as a miracle of hospitality soon became part of the tavern's charm.

The furniture developed small habits; tidying messes, catching falling dishes, shuffling together when music played. Even scolding patrons for putting their boots on tables. The Last Round Table became known as the Living Pub, a star destination for adventurers, nobility, and commoners alike.



¹ Which are entirely true, and definitely not the century old ravings of drunk patrons stumbling around in the dark.

² We call this system "Choose your Own Doom!" Check out the **Threats** section for choices to fill this role.

Hooks

In Halfflight Halls, new adventures are presented as “Marks”, special contracts which parties may claim exclusively³. If you are not using that campaign setting, simply reframe these as standard **job board notices**, or have the NPC’s **approach the party** directly.

If extra incentive is needed to accept these Marks, make it clear these are the only jobs available for weeks, and that the party is flat broke, or has worn out its patience with the locals with excessive carousing and are told plainly “Go make yourselves useful, rescue a princess or something!”⁴

■ IRON MARK – “GONE ASTRAY”

A mark has been posted regarding missing adventurers, the Sootfoot Strays, a down-on-their-luck group who’d heard rumors about a possible hidden entrance to a lost magical tavern. They were poking around in the cellar of the Wobbly Harpy looking for clues (and stealing some ale since they were already there) and triggered events which pulled them into the dungeon below.

READ TO START THE ADVENTURE.

Notice of Public Concern

To Any Capable Parties with a Reasonable Understanding of Dungeon and Pub Crawling

Effective immediately: Assistance regarding a recent development beneath the Wobbly Harpy Inn.

Last night it’s basement collapsed, revealing a new dungeon entrance. While such occurrences are not uncommon in our lands, their appearance inside town borders is rare and resolving this is a priority.

Additionally, three individuals known as the **Sootfoot Strays** were observed entering the tavern cellar shortly beforehand, and have not been seen since. They are a low-ranking trio with a history of minor larceny and unlicensed quest activity. The Consulate and the proprietor of the Harpy request their retrieval, preferably alive, as they have several warrants each and their bar tabs are surprisingly extensive.

Volunteers should expect unstable terrain, the usual underground inhabitants. Standard compensation for this Mark will be issued upon return of at least one (1) **Stray**, credible proof of their well-deserved fates, or sufficient reclamations to settle outstanding debts.

Interested parties should claim this Mark with their Consulate, then head to the Wobbly Harpy Inn.

Officer Merla Dendwick

Halfflight Consulate, Bureau of Local Stability



■ BRONZE MARK (OR FREE WORK) – “FOR THE LOVE OF GOAT!”

Posted by Master Thuldrik, owner of the Wobbly Harpy and Crumplehoof’s self-declared next-of-kin. He’s offering Iron-tier pay and a personal cask of aged dwarven stout for her safe return. The job is considered emotionally urgent.

READ TO START THE ADVENTURE.

URGENT NOTICE

Reward for Safe Return of my beautiful **Crumplehoof**, Beloved bar mascot of the Wobbly Harpy!

Last night, during a perfectly ordinary and entirely safe brew, the floor of my cellar betrayed me. Opened up like a bad joke it did, taking with it three thieves who snuck in, several kegs, and most tragically of all, and the only thing that matters, my pet goat **Crumplehoof**.

She’s stubborn, brave, and more intelligent than most of my customers. She answers to her name, to whistling, and occasionally to food if it’s fancy enough.

I am offering a full cask of **aged dwarven stout** and **Bronze Mark** pay for her safe return.

Please hurry! The Harpy feels empty without her, and I swear I can still hear her through the floorboards.

~Thuldrik of the Wobbly Harpy

³ When they do so they receive a “Mark Badge”, a physical metal badge they can present to the curious or annoyed to indicate they are operating in a pseudo-official peacekeeping role, and have (limited) legal immunities from damages, void where prohibited, no returns.

⁴ Crumplehoof the Goat considers herself royalty, and therefore qualifies for this distinction.

THE WOBBLY HARPY

ACT ONE



In which our players find themselves in a pub, comforting a sad bartender, and contemplating the path of their careers.

The adventure begins in the Wobbly Harpy Inn. What was once a loud and lively establishment now murmurs with confusion.

The player characters arrive to find the inn in disarray, its patrons helping themselves as the owner oscillates between despair, panic, and wild enthusiasm at the sight of potential help.

READ AS THE PLAYERS APPROACH THE HARPY

As you approach, the crooked sign of the Wobbly Harpy Inn sways in the morning breeze, squealing like a dying seagull. The smell of stale beer, boiled cabbage, and wet goat seeps out the door.

Inside, the main room is in disarray. Tables are piled with old dishes, clearly ignored for many meals.

Three figures stand near the bar arguing loudly, dressed in the colors of different adventuring houses. Envoys from rival halls, each claiming to represent the Sootfoot Stray's adventuring company.

Off to the side, a Consulate Clerk stands with her head in her hands in a losing effort to restore order. She watches the argument spiral, sighing deeply.

In the corner sits a stout, wild-haired dwarf Bartender in a stained apron, clutching a small three-legged stool. His eyes are red with tears, beard matted with foam, and appears to be mourning the collapse of his basement and his purpose in life.

Ask your players to paint the scene:

- "How can you tell the Harpy is deeply loved by its regulars?"
- "What about the Harpy tells you this place survives more on stubbornness than profit?"
- "What small sign suggests something below the inn has been wrong for more than just one night?"

GM'S NOTE - PAINT THE SCENE

Throughout this adventure, you'll find **Paint the Scene** questions attached to key locations and encounters.

The technique, developed by Jason Cordova, works like this: Identify a central idea, theme, or mood for a scene, then ask the players what their characters notice that reflects it.

The key is that these prompts aren't about pure description. They're anchored to an **idea** or **mood**.

Don't ask "What do you see in the throne room?" Ask instead "What do you see that tells you the king has lost his grip on power?" Invite 1 or 2 players to contribute to each question. There are no wrong answers!

You'll find they surprise you, and you'll be freed from carrying the full weight of worldbuilding alone.

Hall Envoys: The three envoys represent *Candlesmith Guild*, *Wickering Hall*, and *Bottlebrick Hall*. Each claims authority over the Sootfoot Strays and insists on being the sole Patron for the Mark.

- They will not cooperate with one another and immediately shut down any attempt at joint sponsorship.
- Each envoy offers a special reward, and exclusive secrets from the dungeon below, but only if chosen.
- If players probe deeper into their story, the envoys become defensive and evasive, possibly revealing that they are hiding additional motives.
- If the players are *extremely* successful at investigating, the envoys reveal the Strays are seeking the magical deed to the Last Round Table, which grants ownership of this legendary tavern and all it contains.

Consulate Clerk: Merla Dendwick is attempting, unsuccessfully, to keep the discussion civil.

- She will confirm the basic facts of the collapse, acknowledge that the Strays entered willingly, and make it clear that the Consulate is not choosing sides.
- If pressed, she admits this odd situation happens more often than anyone likes.
- She will formally recognize whichever Patron the players choose for this Mark, but refuses to descend into the dungeon or mediate between the Halls any further.

Bartender: Thuldrik owns the Wobbly Harpy and is in visible distress.

- He honestly wants his missing mascot Crumplehoof the Goat rescued, and is overjoyed if the adventurers agree to rescue her.
- If treated with sympathy, he offers free drinks and food, access to supplies, and unprompted warnings about how dangerous an adventuring life can be.
- His anxiety is secretly about being discovered for opening the Last Round Table's entrance himself.

OPENING SPEECH

Merla waits until the Hall envoys settle down, and then shares what she knows about the dungeon below.

READ AFTER THE INTRO SCENE

The Clerk waits until the envoys settle, then clears her throat and straightens an already very neatly stacked set of papers.

“For the record, what you’ll find below isn’t technically a dungeon. What spawned under the Harpy is another tavern, a magical one with a rather long history, called the **Last Round Table**.”

She exhales slowly. “The Last Round was blessed long ago by Saint Bungus of the Holy Ferment, patron of fellowship and second chances. The blessing was supposed to keep the ale fresh and bring luck to their brews, but stories say something more happened. It brought a kind of life to the pub. Furniture singing and dancing, that kind of thing.”

“Then one night it just vanished, no one really knows why. Now it’s back, and history suggests it doesn’t stay put for long. It has a habit of... relocating.”

Merla looks at you over tired eyes, and continues.

“Whatever might still be down there outlasted its welcome for a reason. If you find anything that explains why it has returned bring it back. For everyone’s sake.”

She pauses, then adds, “But first, you must choose one of these Halls as the Patron for this Mark. Each of them represents one of the Sootfoot Strays, the team that already went below. This situation is unusual, but not unheard of, and sadly your choice is required to proceed with this Mark”

Introduction: Merla proceeds to introduce each of the three Hall Envoys, and Thuldrik the Innkeeper.

- Read each envoy’s introduction speech as the players greet them.
- Let the players know the reward offered by each envoy if they are chosen.
- Hook them with Thuldrik’s missing prized goat, Crumplehoof.

PATRON OF THE MARK

The PCs are introduced to each of the Hall envoys. The envoys are anxious to get things underway, each knowing that the Last Round Table doesn’t stay in the same place for long..

READ TO INTRODUCE THE ENVOYS

Merla straightens her papers again and gestures toward the three figures waiting near the bar.

“Right. Since they’ve all decided to make this my problem, you may as well know who’s who.”

She points first to a broad-shouldered dwarf in a scorched leather coat, beard braided with brass rings and tools hanging from her belt. “This is Ros Arkmuster, High Emeritus of Enchantment from Candlesmith Guild.”

She then nods to a tall, pale elf in an immaculate black coat, a silver scepter capped with a polished skull resting neatly in hand. “That’s Aven Torme, Archivist of Final Affairs at Wickering Hall.”

Finally, she indicates a halfling rubbing the back of his neck and watching the basement door like it might bite. “And that’s Tibbitz Makree, Top Tonguetwister from Bottlebrick Hall.”

Player Choice: The players should choose one of the Hall envoys as a Patron for this adventure.

- This choice also selects the adventure’s Threat.
- The moment you accept one, the others withdraw, coldly, and leave the Harpy.

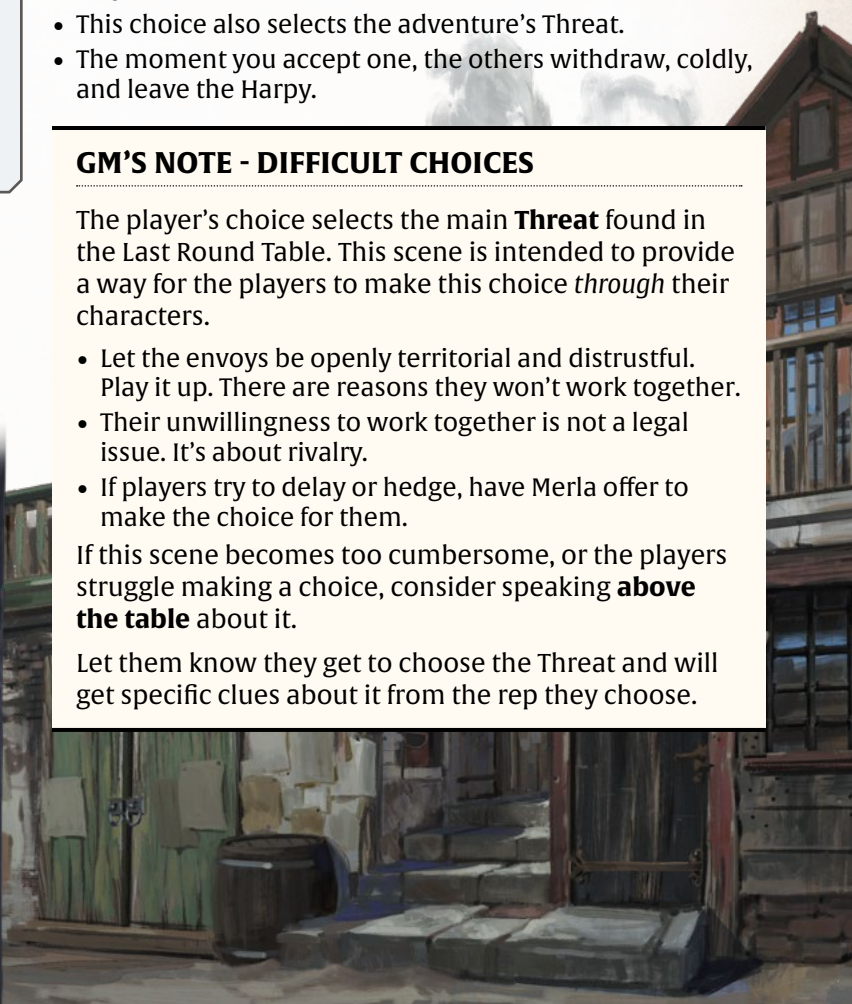
GM’S NOTE - DIFFICULT CHOICES

The player’s choice selects the main **Threat** found in the Last Round Table. This scene is intended to provide a way for the players to make this choice *through* their characters.

- Let the envoys be openly territorial and distrustful. Play it up. There are reasons they won’t work together.
- Their unwillingness to work together is not a legal issue. It’s about rivalry.
- If players try to delay or hedge, have Merla offer to make the choice for them.

If this scene becomes too cumbersome, or the players struggle making a choice, consider speaking **above the table** about it.

Let them know they get to choose the Threat and will get specific clues about it from the rep they choose.



■ CANDLESMTIH GUILD



Threat Option (Doppelcrook): Choosing Candlesmith sets the Threat to be: Doppelcrook.

ROS ARKMUSTER

High Emeritus of Enchantment - Dwarf Bard

Ros is a broad-shouldered dwarf with soot-stained copper skin, her lush golden beard braided tight with brass rings. She wears a heavy leather coat reinforced with scorched and pitted metal plates. Thick gloves hang from her belt beside a cluster of measuring tools, valves, and stoppered vials that clink when she moves.

ROS SAYS THE FOLLOWING WHEN INTRODUCED

"Well met! Before you decide, you should know this isn't just a hole in the ground. We believe there's a sour threat growing down there, brewing trouble for all of us. Choose Candlesmith, and we'll make sure you don't get bogged down in it."

Reward Offer: Enzymatic Disablers (3). You throw this vial at a location anywhere within Far range, breaking it to create a cloud that targets all Ooze, Slime, or Amorphous creatures in Close range to the location. All targets become Vulnerable until they mark a Hit Point.

Secrets Known: Candlesmith sold high-pressure brewing equipment to the Last Round Table a century ago, as well as a unique strain of immortal yeast. They have been worried about how the Saint's Blessing interacted with it, and have been searching for the tavern ever since.

READ IF CANDLESMTIH IS CHOSEN AS PATRON

"Decades ago, Candlesmith sold the Last Round Table some rare equipment. One of a kind high-pressure vessels, reinforced lines, and containment rigs meant to handle impossible pressures, all to brew their legendary high gravity ales. We also provided an experimental yeast strain that survives when others don't."

"When Saint Bungus appeared and blessed the tavern, we started worrying. A holy rite layered on top of all that? That's not a miracle, that's an experiment with no off switch. We've been looking for that tavern ever since, also hoping it just stayed lost."

She fidgets nervously with her beard braids. "If something is still brewing down there, it won't just stay underground, it'll bubble up and who knows what'll do once it has more room to grow."

Ros meets your eyes. "That's all we really know for certain. Wish we could help more."

■ WICKERING HALL



Threat Option (Drayman): Choosing Wickering Hall sets the Threat to be: Corvus Drayman.

AVEN TORME

Archivist of Final Affairs - Elven Wizard

Aven Torme is a tall, dark elf with black hair whose movements are precise and economical, dressed in an immaculate black robes that shows no sign of travel or wear. They carries a silver scepter capped with a small skull polished to a mirror shine, which looks more like a badge of office than a weapon.

AVEN SAYS THE FOLLOWING WHEN INTRODUCED

I won't waste your time. What lurks below demands payment for a debt we all owe, and has been coldly waiting a very long time to collect. If that troubles you, it should. Wickering has records and knowledge others simply don't, which we'll share if you select us."

Reward Offer: Scrolls of Reaping (3). You can store the name and details of up to three species or variants of undead creatures inside this book. You have advantage on action rolls against those creatures.

Secrets Known: Wickering Hall maintains a liaison with Reapers, helping track which souls remain unsettled. Through these contacts, they heard warnings of a Reaper which hungers for the living. This Reaper tallies debts it invents, leaving Wickering deeply concerned about what would happen if such a collector were ever set free.

READ IF WICKERING IS CHOSEN AS THE PATRON

"Wickering Hall keeps many unique records. Some include knowing when a soul has properly moved on, and when it has... lingered."

His thin practiced smile narrows slightly.

"For some time now, we've been hearing a story about a Reaper who collect souls before they have.. properly transitioned. While they're alive. They've only taken a few so far, thankfully."

"They apparently believes these souls owe something to them. A tab of sorts. We believe this Reaper waits below, trapped by the blessing of the Saint. If it somehow gets free, it won't stop at one tavern. It will start balancing accounts the rest of us would very much prefer to remain unsettled."

Aven's eyes settle on you. "I regret I cannot share more, as my contractual obligations on disclosures are quite.. Permanent."

■ BOTTLEBRICK HALL



Threat Option (Mugsy): Choosing Bottlebrick Hall sets the Threat to be: Mugsy Dangerford.

TIBBITZ MAKREE

Master of Lost Things - Halfling Rogue

Tibbitz is a rough looking middle-ages Halfling, with a quick smile and leather armor that's seen better days. His arms bear many tattoos of dragons, and reveal dense muscles like corded wire.

TIBBITZ SAYS THIS WHEN INTRODUCED

"Oh thank the Saints you're here! Those Strays were hunting something bigger than their britches could hold. All I can say is it sounded as bad as it gets.. Ain't nobody gonna be singing their praises anytime soon. Choose Bottlebrick, and I'll tell you a tale ain't nobody else know."

Reward Offer: Pocket Sand Pouch (6). A special mixture of sand and dust, stored in a handy vellum pouch. When an adversary in melee range attempts an action roll, you may use this to impose Disadvantage on the roll.

Secrets Known: Mugsy Dangerford once was a member of Bottlebrick, but was cast out for killing another member. He found work at the Last Round Table and learned the tavern's Blessing could be transferred by its Deed.

READ IF BOTTLEBRICK IS CHOSEN AS PATRON

"In Bottlebrick, there's an old tale of the Worst Bard There Ever Was, named Mugsy Dangerford. Mugsy was loud, mean, and always one bad night away from ruin. Story says we threw him out after he almost killed a man just for laughing at him."

"The tale says Mugsy found work at the Last Round after that. That he learned the power of the Saint's Blessing was tied to the deed of the Inn. He figured he couldn't take it by force, so he tried something - uglier. Used his "talent" to try to break the owner's mind instead. The Last Round wasn't keen on that though.. It tore itself down to the dungeons, rather than be claimed by Mugsy."

"We're fairly sure Mugsy never left. No one lives that long on spite alone. If he's still down there, he's stuck as a ghost or something worse. Trapped in the one place that would shelter and comfort anyone except him, and kept alive by enough hate to piss straight in death's face."

"Sorry I can't help more with gear or gold. Bottlebrick don't have a lot to spare."

THE SOOTFOOT STRAYS

The Sootfoot Strays are a well known, potentially rivalling, adventuring group that have been kicked out of their Halls, and are currently unaligned to any Halls, and therefore unable to take Marks within Halflight. They've been hunting for big scores or a hideout of their own to carry them until they can sign up with a new Hall, and the rumors of the Last Round Table matched both.

The Strays discovered the opening of the dungeon entrance to the Last Round Table, but quickly found themselves trapped by its protectors, and have become imprisoned mostly out of fear, laziness, and steady access to abandoned drinks.

Who are the Sootfoot Strays?

The Strays present a perfect place to allow the players to add to the adventure, by helping define who they are, and why they're so down on their luck!

Ask the Players the following questions:

- The Sootfoot Strays are a warrior, a wizard, and a rogue. What names or nicknames do they go by?
- What major job did they fail at recently, and how spectacular was the failure?
- Which Stray has a ridiculous real name they refuse to use, and what is it?
- Which one of them spent their entire shared budget on something useless, and what was it?
- What were they hoping to steal from the Wobbly Harpy before everything went wrong?
- What supplies did they ration poorly, leaving them in a worse state than when they arrived?





SECRETS & CLUES

THULDRIK OPENED THE DUNGEON

The dungeon beneath the Wobbly Harpy opened many days earlier, when Thuldrik attempted to brew Apocalypse Ale using a recipe torn from an old Hymnal of Saint Bungus. The recipe summoned the dungeon, and the pages were pulled into the dungeon as it opened.

The Hymnal's instructions were written as devotional verses, meant to be sung and repeated at specific times. Thuldrik followed the words as best he could, but got enough wrong to draw the attention of the Last Round Table and bring it to him.

SOOTFOOT'S ON THE CASE

The Sootfoot Strays had been searching for information about the Last Round Table for months. They followed rumors of it to the Harpy. They knew about the Deed, and how it was open to anyone to claim.

By the time they arrived, the dungeon was open and the Last Round Table had answered the call. The Strays went down, hoping to claim the deed before anyone else understood what had happened.

CRUMPLEHOOF'S ENNUI

Crumplehoof isn't just stubborn, she's bored. After years of bar-top acrobatics and headbutting drunks into better life choices, she began to hunger for something grander.

When the Last Round Table stirred beneath the Harpy, she felt the pull like a rope on her halter. Crumplehoof would gladly join any adventuring party that comes along, as long as they're relatively talented, provide fresh clean hay, and service her eternal craving for glory.

PLAYER QUESTIONS

If you want to involve the players in more shared narrative building, here are some example questions to ask to prompt them with to help paint the scene.

- Do any of the PCs have relationships with the Sootfoots?
- What's engraved on the sign of the Wobbly Harpy?
- What's the first smell that hits you as you step in the Harpy, and how does it remind you of a mistake you once made in another tavern?
- What small superstition do the locals seem to follow before drinking here?
- What's the strangest thing on the Wobbly Harpy's drink menu?
- Before you descend, Thuldrik raises a toast "to the ones who go down." What omen accompanies that toast?

GM'S NOTE - HALFLIGHT HALLS

This adventure is loosely based in the *Halflight Halls* setting. Many things such as coins, faction names, romantasy novel series, celebrity wizard name drops, etc. are pulled from that world.

If you're interested, there's more in the *Halflight Halls Setting Starter*, including all 17 Halls, and the dozens of powerful Boons and mighty Wonders they hold.

Of course, feel free to ignore and replace these details to fit your world, it's all toys in your sandbox!

You'll find a brief overview of Halflight Halls, including a breakdown of currency and Halls used here, available later in the Appendix.



THE SLIPPERY STEEP SPIRAL STONE STAIRS

The slick stairway descends over 100 feet into the earth below. The stairs are steeper and slicker than most the characters would be familiar with, formed by either some ancient inhuman artisan or a twisted magic of their own.

The characters will need to descend slowly and carefully to avoid problems⁵.

READ AS THE PLAYERS DESCEND THE STAIRS

The stairs curve and descend steeply, carved from earth and stone, and glistening with stale ale that sticks to your feet like syrup.

As you descend the light from above is swallowed quickly by the narrowing walls. Your footfalls echo back with a wet, uneven rhythm.

Every few turns, rocks fall from the ceiling landing with a plink, impossibly loud in the silence, and you begin to catch the scent of saltwater.

Paint the Scene:

- “As you look down into the dark, what do you think is waiting for you?”
- “What suggests someone else came down here recently?”
- “What memory does this dark stairwell stir up in you?”

■ SLIPPERY STAIRS ENVIRONMENT

This descent provides an opportunity to introduce **Environment** mechanics. The stairs also set the scene as the players move from the noisy world above to the quiet, unsettling dark below.

SLIPPERY STEEP SPIRAL STONE STAIRS

Tier 1 Traversal

These slippery steep spiral stone stairs descend deep into the dank damp darkness. Say that ten times fast.

Impulses: Lure the Curious, echo forgotten footsteps, test balance and nerve, calm before the storm, waiting for the fall.

Difficulty: 10

Potential Adversaries: Rats, Oozes, Insects, Drunks

FEATURES

The Descent – Passive: Climbing down these steep slick stairs uses a Progress Countdown, equal to 2 times the number of players (2x PC Count). It ticks down according to the following criteria, when the PCs make an Action Roll to descend:

- Critical Success: Tick down 3
- Success with Hope: Tick down 2
- Success with Fear: Tick down 1
- Failure with Hope: No advancement
- Failure with Fear: Tick up 1

When the countdown ends, the party is at the bottom of the stairs.

Slick Stones – Passive: The stairs are slick and steep. Any movement requiring Agility rolls are made with *Disadvantage*.

Sudden Draft – Action: Spend a Fear as a strong gust blows through the area surrounding the party, extinguishing any torches or flames, plunging them into darkness.

Tumble – Action: Spend a Fear to have a PC's feet slip out underneath them, causing them to start tumbling down the stairs. If they aren't saved on the next action from the party, they take **1d6+1** physical damage.

Narrowing Walls – Action: Spend 2 Fear as the walls narrow, pushing in on the party ominously. Each traveller makes a separate Presence Reaction Roll, marking a Stress if they fail.

- **Treasure:** Resting in the shadow of the last steps at the bottom of the stairs, **1 bottle of Apocalypse Ale** has miraculously survived. Laying on the ground next to it, is a torn piece of a gray cloak, and **1 Hymnal Page**.

GM'S NOTE - ENVIRONMENT STAT BLOCKS

Environments are meant to be tools for you to use, or not use, as you wish! They add events and interaction to the overall environment, which bring them to life.

If using these and keeping track of everything feels overwhelming or too much detail, just use what inspires you, and don't worry about the rest!

⁵ They won't of course. They'll probably fashion surf boards from the broken casks above, and ride a glowing swirl of magically summoned fairy water or some such tomfoolery. Imagine, playing a game to have crazy weird fun like that. Who does that?