

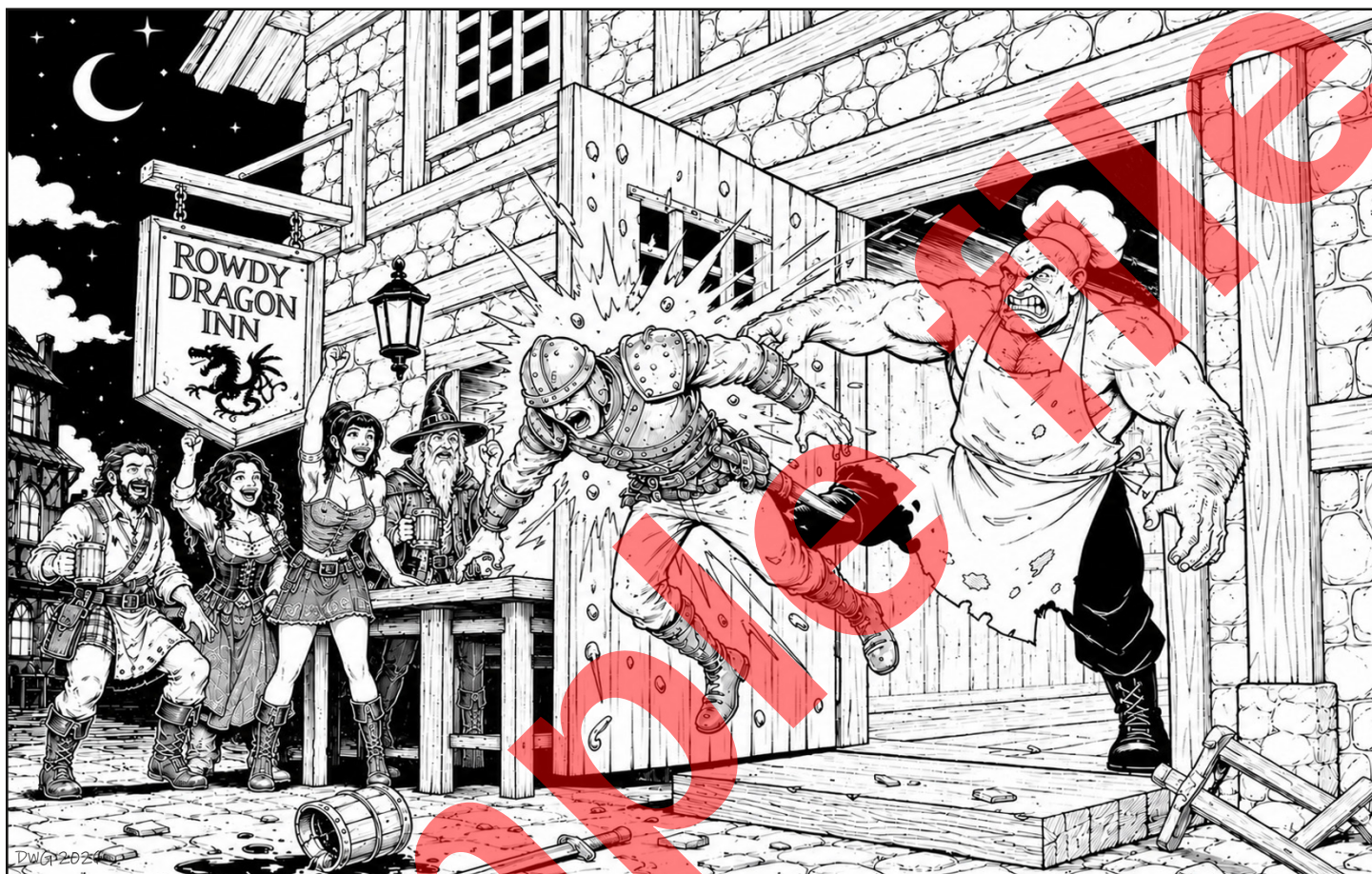


Dark Wizard Games™ Mayhem Cities, Towns & Villages #1:

“Mysteries of the Rowdy Dragon Inn”

Written by Mark Taormino

A “DELUXE EDITION” SUPPLEMENT FOR 1E & 5E CHARACTER LEVELS 1-10



Credits

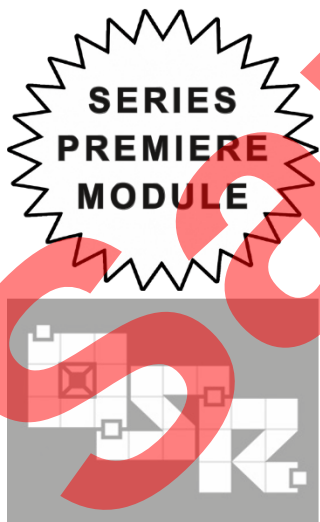
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AUTHORS NOTE:

I've been wanting to create a line of supplements like this for a long time. Over the years, I've built worlds filled with wild dungeons, deadly villains, strange monsters, and all sorts of mayhem—but I've always felt there was a missing piece: quick, flavorful locations that any DM or player could drop directly into their own campaign. That's what the **Mayhem Cities, Towns & Villages™** series is all about. These books are designed to be fast, fun, and unbelievably useful at the table. Each one presents a single, fully realized location—an inn, a guild, a marketplace, a shrine, a hideout, whatever the theme may be—and loads it with colorful NPCs, juicy rumors, new magic, strange services, adventure sparks, and over-the-top personality. No prep needed, just pure plug-and-play mayhem you can unleash in any city, town, or village your heroes wander into. As a GM, I love having places I can drop into a session at a moment's notice. As a player, I love discovering memorable hotspots that feel alive and invite roleplaying, chaos, and fun. My hope is that this series gives you both sides of that experience—dozens of locations that enrich your world, inspire new stories, and keep your campaign humming with energy. This is the first of many. I'm excited to finally bring this idea to life, and I hope these books become a well-worn, well-loved part of your adventures.

— Mark Taormino Dark Wizard Games™

GM NOTES:

This 1e and 5e style module is designed for play using 4-8 characters of levels 4 to 8. The party should consist of **Fighters, Clerics, Magic Users, and a couple of sniveling Thieves**, but you are free to figure out what works best for you and your group. If you need to scale down or up the encounters go ahead. The scenario can be ran as a stand-alone or as part of a campaign. Feel free to change the names of locations to match your personal game world. Encounters with monsters will provide an inline stat block with only combat significant information. If the monster has special features or actions, those will be listed after the stat block. The stat blocks use abbreviations to make them more compact. **AC:** armor class, **MV:** movement, **HD:** hit dice, **HP:** hit points, **ST/DX/CN/IQ/WS/CH:** ability score plus bonuses or penalties, **SA:** special attacks, **SD:** special defenses, **AT:** number of attacks, **D:** damage (weapon, notes), **SZ:** size, **AL:** alignment, **XP:** experience points gained. Here is the 5E example: **AC:** armor class, **MV:** movement, **HD:** hit dice, **HP:** hit points, **ST/DX/CN/IQ/WS/CH:** ability score with (bonuses or penalties), **SV:** saving throw bonuses, **SK:** skills, **SN:** senses (PP is passive perception), **#AT:** number of attacks, **TH:** to hit bonus, **DM:** damage (weapon, notes), **SZ:** size, **AL:** alignment, **CR:** challenge rating. Features of standard weapons are not included.

ADVENTURE SUMMARY:

The **Rowdy Dragon Inn** is a flexible, high-energy location you can drop into any fantasy campaign, from gritty **OSR or 5E** sandboxes to wild high-magic story arcs. Designed as both a starting point and a recurring hub, this supplement gives you everything you need to bring a bustling tavern to life—colorful NPCs, wild encounters, rumors, hooks, and instant mayhem ready to launch adventures both inside and outside the inn’s walls. Use the inn as a campaign starting point, a neutral ground for faction intrigue, a rest stop between quests, or a recurring home base the party returns to throughout the story. The cast of vibrant NPCs—**Miralen, Thargood Hammerflint, Inkah Two-Knives, Soft Jack, Varlo the Whisper-Mage, Tillo Quickfingers, Eee-gah and Brother Mylos**—ensures the tavern is always alive with opportunity, danger, and comedic chaos. They can be allies, quest-givers, rivals, troublemakers, or catalysts for entire story arcs. The Random Tavern Events table breathes life into the inn at a moment’s notice—bar brawls, drinking contests, shady deals, panicked patrons, bandit raids, mystic travelers, gambler schemes, and all manner of mischief. These encounters are perfect for on-the-fly play and help you shape the atmosphere each time the PCs step through the door. The **Rumors Tables** offer adventure seeds that can launch the party into the wider world: lost crypts, cursed items, local scandals, political plots, monster sightings, and mysterious disappearances. Every rumor can be played straight, exaggerated, or completely false—fueling misdirection, investigation, or explosive reveals. Many rumors can also trigger internal adventures occurring right inside the tavern: personal vendettas, hidden treasures, secret meetings, supernatural manifestations, or backroom dealings gone terribly wrong. The **Rowdy Dragon Inn** is also designed as a perfect anchor point for your own custom expansions. GMs can easily connect the inn to a hidden dungeon, neglected wine cellar, cult meeting chamber, ancient smuggler tunnels, a thieves’ guild hideout, or even a forgotten ruin buried beneath the foundations. A simple trapdoor, loose floorboard, or sealed stone hatch can turn the inn into the gateway for an entire subterranean adventure—whether it leads to a single-room boss fight or an expansive underground complex. With minimal prep and maximum adaptability, this supplement allows you to: Launch new quests on the spot. Introduce new NPCs organically. Kick off bar fights, gambling games, or shady negotiations. Seed clues and foreshadowing for future modules. Redirect stalled parties into fresh story arcs. Provide a warm bed, a cold drink, and a dangerous secret—often at the

same time. Whether the heroes are preparing for a grand adventure, avoiding bounty hunters, hiring help, or simply seeking a quiet night (good luck with that), the **Rowdy Dragon Inn** provides the perfect blend of chaos, comedy, danger, and opportunity. Drop it into any town, village, roadside crossroads, or major city. Make it the center of an entire session or the beating heart of your campaign’s social life. The inn does not merely sit upon the land — it guards something. Beneath its laughter and lanternlight rests a legend forged in fire, mercy, and the unlikely bond between dragon and man. If you’d like something slightly punchier and more promotional in tone, here’s an alternate pair: Every tankard raised within its walls echoes a story written in flame and defiance. And somewhere below the floorboards, destiny still breathes — waiting for the next hero bold enough to descend into its depths. No one can say what secrets still linger in the forgotten chambers.

THE LEGEND OF HENRICK IRONBELLY:

Some say the original innkeeper and founder of the **Rowdy Dragon Inn**—a stout, portly retired fighter with a barbarian’s strength of some renown—simply grew old and died like any mortal man, but that is the lie told to ease the hearts of villagers who prefer endings clean and predictable. You see, my friends, the truth is stranger than fantasy... and far more fitting for a dragon’s only friend; on the night Henrick vanished, he descended into the caverns not with fear but with resolve, carrying two heavy jugs of wine and the weight of a body that had begun to fail him, knowing full well that men are not dragons and that time, relentless and undefeated, had finally come to collect its due. There in the warm dark beneath the tavern he spoke plainly to **Jolly Redd**, telling him he would not die in a bed above like some fragile noble, nor fade alone while his friend waited below; he would go down as he had lived—boots on stone, jug in hand, facing what came next with stubborn dignity—and the dragon, who had faced armies without trembling, felt something colder than frost creep through his ancient bones. For years before that night, Henrick had told tall tales to any who would listen—boasts of befriendng a fearsome red dragon in the caverns beneath the hillside tavern, of sharing wine with flame and debating philosophy with scales and claws—and the patrons would roar with laughter, slam their mugs, and play along, calling him mad or brilliant in equal measure, never quite certain whether to believe him but loving the story all the same; some even toasted “Jolly Redd” as if the dragon were merely another regular who preferred privacy. Legends say Henrick refused any spell of immortality, refused hoarded magic, refused even a dragon’s desperate offer of power, claiming

that friendship is only real when both sides know it can end, and so the two drank together as they had countless nights before, laughing at old arguments and retelling the story of the frost spike as if it were new, until Henrick grew quiet and rested his back against the cavern wall warmed by dragon fire, sighed once—content, not afraid—and in the hours before dawn slipped beyond the reach of even dragon flame. What happened next is known only to Jolly Redd, but some claim the stone beneath the inn fused strangely that night, shaped by careful fire into smooth glass-like walls as if sealing a sacred chamber, and that somewhere deep below rests not merely a grave but a vigil; after that night the dragon changed, withdrawing into the deepest caverns, becoming a recluse where once he had walked freely among laughter, rarely taking human shape and only occasionally rising to sit quietly in the taproom shadows, listening rather than joining, as ownership of the inn passed through generations who remembered Henrick's tales as amusing legend; yet the fires never failed, the hill was never overrun by bandits or raiders, and on rare festival nights a broad-shouldered red-haired stranger still appears by the hearth, drinks in silence, and smiles faintly when someone repeats the old story of the innkeeper who claimed he befriended a dragon—because somewhere beneath the floorboards, Jolly Redd keeps watch, guarding the tavern they built together, and honoring the one man who went down into the dark not to slay a dragon, but to die beside his friend.

THE ORIGIN OF JOLLY RED:

Long before tavern songs softened his legend as “**Jolly Red, the Rowdy Dragon,**” he was known as **Mortezar — “Lord of Death,”** a name etched into stone by trembling kings, armies, and lone wolf warriors. He did not burn for sport nor rage without thought; his evil was deliberate and sovereign. Where he settled, rulers bent the knee or vanished. Armies marched against him only once, and their banners were later found shredded by talons and scorched by an 18-die breath weapon. He believed dominion was the natural order — strength granted authority, fear preserved it, and only power endured. For centuries he ruled the highlands like a silent emperor, tribute left at his mountain caves. Yet one mortal vexed him beyond measure: **Henrick Ironbelly.** Henrick did not cower. He hunted, returned, and survived. He always dreamed of defeating a dragon then opening a tavern to boast about his amazing backstory as he called it. His ego and pride were always front and center. Their clashes became legend — steel against scale — and what began as extermination slowly became rivalry, then

recognition. The dragon despised the human's audacity, but admired his resolve. For nearly seven years they hunted one another across the highlands like elite rival warlords. When the dragon burned a watchtower, Henrick answered with mithril-forged steel; when Henrick rallied mercenaries, the dragon descended in flame. Villagers swore they saw them clash in smoke and thunder — neither able to finish the other. Their battles ended in stalemate: Henrick bloodied but standing, the dragon scorched but unbroken. Over time something changed. The dragon chose battlegrounds away from settlements when Henrick was near; Henrick began arriving alone. Their exchanges grew less furious and more deliberate, edged with reluctant respect. Each saw in the other a reflection of stubborn will and unyielding pride — an enemy who understood strength, endurance, and the cost of survival.

MORTEZAR VS. SINDERFLAME:

Ages ago, **Mortezar** the red dragon and **Sinderflame** the black dragon simmered hatred like poison beneath still water. They were opposites in temperament and dominion — Mortezar ruled the highlands with imperial authority, while Sinderflame lurked in the remote **Shattercrag Cliffs (SEE: Dark Wizard Games - Mini Adventure #4: Sword of the Wyrms's Bane.)** Their rivalry was not born of accident but inevitability; two sovereign predators cannot share sky forever. On that fateful day **Henrick Ironbelly**, still young, still reckless, still burning with ambition, had tracked **Mortezar** for weeks across scorched plains and shattered forests, following the red wyrm's devastation with stubborn resolve. **He had found a secret weapon that he was planning to use on the beast.** He showed it to the traveling oracle **Esmerelda Santorino** in her **Mystic Wagon, (SEE: Maximum Mayhem Dungeons #0: Village on the Borderlands)** and she told him it was called “**a +3 Dagger of Dragon Slaying and very similar to the legendary sword known to myth as KAOS.**” He was puzzled. “**Strange name,**” he thought... “**What the devil is a plus three?**” he pondered. Next he was told and if the gods were to bestow him a “**20**” then the any great dragon stricken by the blade will perish if it failed a “**Saving Throw vs. Magic or DC 17 Constitution Save.**” More strange words from **Esmerelda.** He meant to test himself against the tyrant of the highlands, blade against flame, mortal will against ancient supremacy. He tucked this secret weapon into his vest next to a flask of wine he brought for his victorious celebration of his destiny ahead! Henrick found Mortezar perched along a granite ridge, vast wings half-folded, eyes smoldering as if he had expected the pursuit. Words were exchanged — harsh, taunting, edged with



mutual contempt. Henrick raised his sword. Mortezar lowered his head. It might have become another legendary stalemate between hunter and hunted... but fate had other plans. The sky split with a shriek of green fire and fury. **Sinderflame erupted from the clouds without warning, attacking like a predator out of the mouth of Hell.** He heard rumors and whispers of another knight boasting in taverns and laughing about slaying a dragon soon with a magic weapon that he possessed. This immediately caused the wyrm to want to find this weapon that is out there and similar to his nemesis the dragon slaying sword known as **KAOS**. He had once been scarred by that blade of legend, and he would not allow such a weapon to rise again unchecked. He had been tracking Henrick unbeknownst of his presence in the area and spotted his arch rival the red dragon. Both **Henrick** and **Mortezar** were caught off guard. The black dragon did not challenge — he ambushed, seeing an opportunity to destroy a rival, a mortal, and a dragon-slaking weapon in a single stroke: kill Henrick, humiliate Mortezar, and, most importantly, seize another weapon of legend and end its threat to his kin forever! Green fire rained down on the red dragon in a searing torrent. **Mortezar** roared in rage, spinning skyward to meet the attack, but **Sinderflame** was faster than pride. In a savage swoop, he snatched Henrick in one taloned claw, lifting the struggling warrior high above the cliffside. The black dragon's laughter echoed across the valley. **"How fitting, Mortezar..."** hissed **Sinderflame**, squeezing tighter. **"Let your mortal warrior watch you fall not for HIS GLORY, but for MINE — then I shall eat him in one bite after he is BBQ'd on a spit."** Henrick felt his leg bone crack beneath the pressure. His sword fell from his grasp now weaponless except for his hidden magic dagger. Below him, Mortezar's eyes burned not with mercy — but fury. Not because a mortal might die. But because another dragon dared to claim what he considered his. With a thunderous leap of flame and muscle, Mortezar slammed into Sinderflame mid-air, jaws clamping onto the black dragon's shoulder. **"The mortal is mine!"** Mortezar roared, voice splitting the sky like roaring thunder. **"No beast steals my property... my destiny!"** The impact tore Henrick free from Sinderflame's grip, sending the mortal plummeting face down, ass up into the caverns below. The two dragons collided in open air like jousting heroes — wings locking, claws raking, jaws snapping in murderous fury. Green acid fire blasted against red flame, steam bursting outward in violent clouds as they grappled across the ridgelines. Then Sinderflame did what black dragons do best — he fought dirty. Instead of meeting flame with flame, he twisted violently mid-grapple and clamped his jaws around Mortezar's

rear limb, biting deep with deliberate precision. The two dragons spiraled toward the earth in a spinning death plunge, smashing through treetops before crashing into the slopes below. Henrick, battered but alive, dragged himself upright in time to witness titans tearing at one another with primal savagery. With a roar that shook stone loose from mountainsides, Mortezar drove Sinderflame back through sheer fury, slashing across the black dragon's flank and forcing him to retreat into the murk from which he came. The duel ended not in death, but in humiliation. Mortezar stood victorious — but the victory came at a cost. The tendon in his rear limb had been nearly severed. Dragons heal but not quickly. Pride kept him from retreating to safety. He attempted to fly. The limb buckled mid-ascent. Pain shot through ancient muscle. For the first time in centuries, he stumbled. His mind raced as he had never faced a monicker of defeat or a no-win scenario. And defeat without the honor of death? Heresy for a dragon of his ilk he thought. He dragged himself into the caverns beneath the hills — not to hide, but to recover from shame and to dream of revenge on both Sinderflame and Henrick. And it was there — in that cavern of heat and sulfur — that lay a dozen feet away once more... but not for glory... for something else. For Henrick knew the truth now: he lived not because of mercy — but because a red dragon could not bear to let another wyrm claim his enemy. And for the first time in their long rivalry, Henrick did not see merely a monster to slay — he saw a sovereign, peer to peer warrior, who had chosen pride over opportunity, and in doing so had spared the one mortal who refused to stop hunting him. He felt his chest pocket and found his dagger and flask amongst a few more items. When the great red eyes opened and fixed upon the lone warrior stepping through darkness he let out a growl that shook the chamber with fury... Henrick approached with hands empty and raised in a symbol of truce...

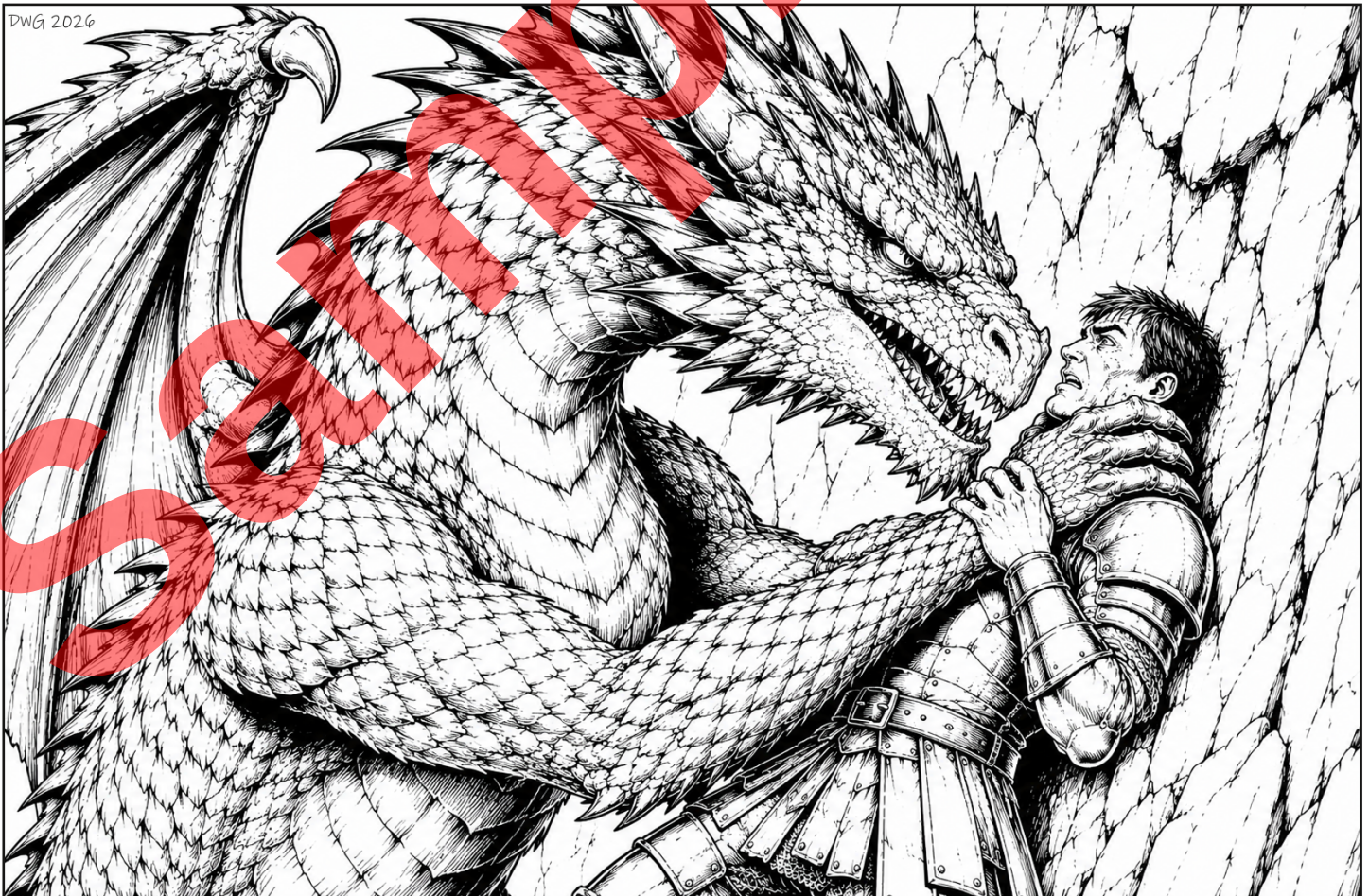
MY ENEMY AND ME:

As Henrick stumbled closer, the pain in his leg was excruciating. **"So,"** the dragon rumbled, voice thick with rage and fury. **"Have you finally come to finish what our rivalries began."** Henrick who was terrified inside spoke, **"You saved my life when I wanted to take yours."** The dragon's lip curled, exposing teeth longer than swords. **"I saved your life so I could take it like you whilst take mine. You stink of fear and rage."** Henrick took a slow swallow... **"And you of the loss of indestructability... and reflection,"** Henrick replied. For a long moment, death hung between them as their eyes locked one on one. The dragon tried to rise. He roared—fire bursting weakly from his jaws—but the injured limb buckled, and he slammed back to the cavern floor with a tremor that

knocked Henrick to one knee. **"I can still wipe you off the face of this world... come closer warrior... go ahead... make my day!"** The dragon hissed. **"My leg is broken,"** said the warrior as he tilted his head looking at the dragons wounds. **"I know,"** hissed the dragon. **"You burned villages and kingdoms... innocent lives,"** Henrick shot back. **"Don't preach fairness to me... mortal. Your kind have killed my kind and all of the creatures of this world we have shared since the beginning. At first for food, then sport and finally... conquest. You sought after me for fame, fortune and glory. Kill me, take it and be gone,"** said the dragon with measured hatred. Henrick slowly stood and approached with his gimpy leg, within striking distance, every instinct screaming that he was about to die. **"I did seek fame, fortune and glory in your name. To boast one day in my own tavern, amongst friends and strangers. Human ego. Pride. We must speak the truth. YOU understand pride."** Henrick looked at the injury, **"That wound will kill you,"** he said bluntly to the beast. **"Better you than it. Now strike me down coward! I know what you have hidden away in your vest."** Henrick looked stoic and said, **"Not today."** The dragon continued, **"I can still outlive you by centuries, mortal and it will be my greatest joy watching you die before my eyes as they will not shed one tear for my enemy."** The dragon's brow furrowed. **"Why**

do you care?" he asked. Henrick's jaw tightened. **"Because I don't kill wounded enemy warriors ... and neither do you!"** The dragon's breathing grew ragged. Henrick fell to his knees and crawled a bit closer to the dragons wound despite the excruciating pain in his own leg. **"I have something that can help."** He reached into his pocket slowly... the dragon smiled... **"Yes warrior take out the dagger and strike me down now!"** Henrick nervously and VERY slowly reached in as his hand trembled. Steel did not emerge. Glass did. In a flash, he pulled out a **vial of a potion of healing.** Mortezar spoke, **"What are you doing?"** Henrick popped open the cork and braced his boots against stone, then poured the elixir on the beasts wounds not even saving a drop for himself. The dragon screamed—flame blasting the cavern ceiling. Blood—hot and smoking—splashed across Henrick's armor. Still he did not let go. **"STOP! DON'T HEAL ME! KILL ME YOU FOOL!"** the dragon roared. **"NO!"** Henrick yelled back. The beast convulsed, then collapsed, great wings twitching as the healing elixir spilled from the wound and dissolved into steam. Henrick staggered back, hands blackened with ash, blood and soot. The dragon lifted his head slowly. **"You... should have killed me."** The dragon swung around lightning fast and grabbed Henrick by the neck, pinning him up against the cave wall. **"I deserved to die,"** he

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gripped him tighter and moved his head closer... face to face with him with a sneer. **"You cheated me out of my righteous, honorable destiny."** Henrick looked him in the eyes, exhausted and said, **"WE fulfilled OUR destiny."** A long silence followed as black smoke wafted from his nostrils. Not hostile this time. The dragon lowered him to the ground and released him. Henrick reached into his vest with shaking hands and produced a battered flask. **"Let us celebrate,"** he muttered. The dragon's nostrils flared. **"Brandywine. I brought it to celebrate victory... it looks like it is time, yes?"** Henrick uncorked it, poured a measure into his helm, and slid it across the stone. The dragon stared at the offering for a long moment then, cautiously, he lowered his snout and tasted it. His eyes widened and as Henrick asked jokingly **"Do you know why the dragon crossed the road?"** The dragon looked at him and responded... **"To burn down and pillage the other side?"** Henrick laughed. And with a slow titter... so did Mortezar for the first time in his life that night. **"Make sure you put this somewhere where it will be protected forever from mortal hands."** Henrick pulled out the **Dagger of Dragon Slaying** and threw it on the ground before the dragon. **"I will take care of it,"** said Mortezar. The warrior changed too. Realizing that old rivalries and hatred can be looked at from a different point of view. The two became fast friends and the dragon changed his entire world view. The dragon smiled and continued to drink the **Brandywine** and share more humor with his former enemy. Instead, Henrick offered something unthinkable: mercy. The dragon who had ruled through fear was spared not by weakness, but by strength of character. For the first time in centuries, he was not feared. He was seen. The great dragon did not die that night — but the tyrant did. In time, the name faded from mortal tongues, replaced with whispers of a red dragon who guarded a hill rather than ruled it. **That was the moment Mortezar became Jolly Redd something quieter, stranger, and far more dangerous in a different way: a creature capable of loyalty and laughs.** The weeks that followed became something neither warrior nor dragon could have imagined. Too wounded to travel, Henrick remained within the caverns while Jolly Redd brought in food and tended his wounds as he slowly recovered from his grievous injuries. Day after day they shared bread, roasted game, wine, stories, insults, and laughter in equal measure. Old battles became favorite tales, and old hatred gave way to mutual respect. By the time their wounds had healed, neither could remember exactly when sworn enemies had become trusted companions. At last the day came to part ways. Henrick returned to the world above, while Jolly Redd disappeared into the wilderness

to heal and reclaim the solitary life of a dragon. Yet something within the great wyrm had changed. The kingdoms he once viewed only as subjects and prey now seemed more complicated. He found himself choosing lonely mountaintops over burning villages, watching travelers instead of hunting them, and pondering the strange mercy shown by a mortal who had every reason to become his executioner. Though still proud, fierce, and unquestionably dangerous, the dragon no longer measured strength solely by conquest. They clasped forearm to claw one final time, each believing their paths had finally diverged, never imagining that fate had only begun weaving the greatest chapter of their lives together. Decades later, Henrick fulfilled the dream he had once boasted about during their rivalry. Upon the very hill overlooking Jolly Redd's ancient caverns, he built the **Rowdy Dragon Inn**—not as a monument to a dragon, but as a tribute to the extraordinary friendship that had transformed both their lives. When Jolly Redd returned and discovered what his old rival had built, the dragon accepted Henrick's invitation to visit every few decades - beneath the inn, where his volcanic home could quietly warm its hearths and protect those above. What began in flame, fury, and bloodshed ended in laughter, loyalty, and a bond stronger than conquest itself—a friendship worthy of the greatest legends ever told between dragon and mortal and would stand over the ages. In time, the dreaded name Mortezar faded into legend, replaced by the cheerful nickname Jolly Redd, the Rowdy Dragon.

DEATH OF AN INNKEEPER:

Henrick Ironbelly did not descend into the caverns that final evening as a warrior, but as an old man clad once more in the battle-worn armor of his heroic days. Yet he still carried two heavy jugs of wine—one in each hand. Deep beneath the tavern, Jolly Redd waited. The dragon had heard that his old friend was in his final days and had returned that month to spend time with him. He slowly lifted his great head. **"My friend,"** the dragon rumbled softly. Henrick smiled despite the effort it cost him. **"Old men walk slower than legends."** The dragon studied him in silence—the tremor in his hands, the careful way he lowered himself to sit. **"You are fading... I feared the day this would come,"** the dragon said. **"So have I,"** Henrick answered, setting the jugs down between them. Silence settled, heavy in mood. Above them, the tavern hummed faintly with distant laughter. The dragon's tail shifted. **"I could burn civilizations. I could destroy kingdoms, but I cannot save you."** Henrick leaned back against the warmed stone and spoke, **"And I cannot be victorious in a battle with time."** Henrick uncorked one jug and poured wine into his old helm. His hands shook more



now. **"I did not come for pity,"** he said. **"A warrior does not leave this world without his true family by his side."** They drank together as they had so many times before. They spoke of the many battles they had fought and the lifetime of friendship that followed. The dragon lowered his head until it rested only a few feet from the man. **"Do you fear it?"** he spoke at last. Henrick knew what he meant. "No," he said simply. **"I have faced you and this world by the force of my own hands and will. What comes next is only a new and greater adventure."** The dragon closed his eyes briefly. **"You will not walk it alone. Your spirit will live here forever amongst all of your friends above and below this soon to be hallowed ground."** Henrick smiled and rested his palm against the dragon's scaled foreleg—the same limb once torn in battle long ago. He raised his jug and said, **"A final toast... May others learn from our friendship."** He and the dragon took their last swigs. Henrick's breathing slowed. Then slower still. His hand, still resting against warm scale, went slack. The cavern grew very quiet. For a long while, Jolly Redd knew... and did not move. Henrick was gone. The dragon lowered his great head with a tear in his eye beside the man whom he had once hunted and vice versa across burning plains. He remained there through the night, coiled protectively around the only mortal who had ever refused to kneel—and

the only one who had ever chosen to stay. Above, in the tavern, the hearth burned brighter than usual, as if the fire itself understood what had been lost... and what would endure. When dawn finally touched the hill above, Jolly Redd rose, and with great care he lifted Henrick's body and bore him into the deepest chamber of the caverns. There, upon a stone pyre, the dragon washed the old warrior's armor clean one final time. He gently crossed Henrick's hands upon his chest and placed the **Dagger of Dragon Slaying** between them. Lowering his great head, Jolly Redd spoke the ancient warrior funeral rites of dragonkind. He declared Henrick not merely a worthy enemy, nor simply a trusted friend, but **Family**—a title bestowed upon no other mortal before or since. As the final words echoed through the cavern, Jolly Redd exhaled not the inferno that had destroyed kingdoms, but the **Sacred Flame of Remembrance**, a dragonfire reserved for the greatest of heroes. The magical fire released Henrick's spirit and consumed the **Dagger of Dragon Slaying**, destroying its ancient enchantment forever. When the flames faded, only gleaming white ash remained. From that day forward, **Jolly Redd** knew his friend's spirit watched over the **Rowdy Dragon Inn**. Together they kept eternal vigil—one in flesh, the other in spirit—guarding the home they had built together and the friendship that had changed them both forever.

RANDOM BOSS NPC ENCOUNTERS:

At any time during the PCs' stay in the Rowdy Dragon Inn, the DM may choose—or roll randomly—to have one of the Inn's major Boss NPCs show up, intervene, cause trouble, or become directly involved in the scene. These powerful personalities help drive drama, conflict, and story momentum. When appropriate, roll 1d8 to determine which Boss NPC appears and what kind of chaos or opportunity they bring with them. Use these encounters sparingly... or frequently, depending on how much mayhem you want at your table.

1. MIRALEN "THE INN KEEPER"

1E: (AC: 7 (leather), MV: 12, HD: 3+2, HP: 18, ST: 12, DX: 15 (+1), CN: 14 (+1), IQ: 14 (+1), WS: 12 (+0), CH: 16 (+2), #AT: 1, DM: 1d6 dagger or shortsword, AL: Neutral, SZ: Medium, SA: Disarm, Quick Draw, SD: +2 save vs fear/charm, XP: 75)

5E: (AC: 13 (leather), MV: 30 ft, HD: 3d8+6, HP: 19, ST: DEX +4, CON +3, WIS +2, CHA +3, SK: Insight +5, Persuasion +5, Sleight of Hand +4, Perception +4, #AT: 1, TH: +4, DM: 1d6+2 dagger or shortsword, AL: Neutral, SZ: Medium, CR: 1/2, TRAITS: Quick Draw; Disarm—once per turn she may force a DC 12 STR save or disarm a melee attacker.)

DESCRIPTION:

Former Expert in Swords & Knives She is a striking human woman with long blonde hair and keen blue eyes that miss nothing. Miralen carries herself with calm authority and dangerous confidence. Her practical leather corset, reinforced skirts, and tailored blouse hide the faint outlines of old scars—marks from a past she never discusses openly. Miralen is controlled, cool-headed, and subtly intimidating. Miralen speaks softly but carries a presence that makes even veteran adventurers sit up straighter. She evaluates everyone who enters the inn like she's assessing a potential opponent. She is the owner and operator and maintains strict neutrality amidst criminals, adventurers, and factions. As best as she can she controls information, gossip, and deals made on her premises and keeps a careful watch for trouble—often before it starts. Miralen was once renowned for her mastery with swords and knives, feared across several regions for her speed and precision. She walked away from that life years ago. She still trains daily in private. Her blades are hidden throughout the tavern. She never lost her reflexes. Few patrons recognize her true identity, and she prefers it that way. Miralen keeps a hidden collection

of masterwork blades in a locked chest. Her old enemies occasionally seek her out, unaware she now plays a subtler game. To protect her sanctuary, keep control of the tavern's delicate balance, and ensure her past never disrupts her new life.

HOOKS FOR PCS:

1. She may ask the party to quietly handle an old rival who's come to town.
2. Offers blade training or sparring for the right price—or favor.
3. Pays well for discretion involving criminal patrons who threaten her neutrality.
4. Might reveal her combat past if she joins the PCs in a rare moment of danger.



2. THARGOOD HAMMERFLINT “BREWMASTER”

1E: (AC: 5 (studded), MV: 9, HD: 4, HP: 25, ST: 10, DX: 12 (+0), CN: 17 (+2), IQ: 10 (+0), WS: 11 (+0), CH: 9 (-1), #AT: 1, DM: 1d8+2 hammer or unarmed 1d4+2, AL: Lawful Neutral, SZ: Medium, SA: Grapple Master—+2 to hold or restrain, SD: Dwarf saves, XP: 150)

5E: (AC: 15 (studded), MV: 25 ft, HD: 4d8+12, HP: 30, ST: STR +4, CON +4, SK: Athletics +6, Intimidation +2, Perception +3, #AT: 1, TH: +5, DM: 1d8+3 warhammer or 1d4+3 unarmed, AL: Lawful Neutral, SZ: Medium, CR: 1, TRAITS: Grappler—advantage on STR checks to shove/grapple; Dwarven Resilience.)

DESCRIPTION:

A barrel-chested dwarf with a thick braided beard, heavy arms, and a perpetual disapproving scowl that comes across off-putting yet somehow softens when he’s talking about his brews and ale. His knuckles are scarred, and his eyes hold the tired patience of someone who has dragged more than one drunk adventurer outside by their boots. His beard rings clink softly when he moves—each ring representing a brew he perfected, survived, or accidentally blew up. His apron is singed, stained (is that blood or beer), and reinforced like armor. His fists? Also reinforced. Gruff but oddly charming. Quick to judge, quicker to forgive—so long as you don’t disrespect the inn or the beer. Thargood has two moods: brewing and breaking things. Patrons have learned that both moods can result in excellent stories. Most of which are true but told with the addition of “colorful metaphors” he adds. He is the primary and head enforcer of Miralen’s rules, handling most of the heavy lifting—literally and politically. Thargood works for Miralen because he respects her discipline and her past. He’s fiercely loyal and secretly protective of her, even though he pretends otherwise. He used to be part of an adventuring party, but refuses to talk about how it ended with everyone but him getting wiped out each one’s death was even more embarrassing than the last. He heeps a stash of illegal dwarven spirits under floorboard #12 and owns a dwarven warhammer he swore he’d never use again—but still polishes nightly... and proudly. Has a large gambling debt with Soft Jack, but neither of them acknowledges it aloud. His main objective now in this life is to keep the inn safe, profitable, and full of fine ale as well as to avoid confronting his adventuring past. He fancies to protect Miralen from old enemies or new threats and is working on

his new secret brew of “the perfect ale,” even if it kills a few willing volunteers.

HOOKS FOR PCS:

1. Thargood might hire them to retrieve rare ingredients for his next masterpiece brew
2. Could need help resolving (or escalating) a quiet feud with a rival brewmaster
3. If a bar fight breaks out, Thargood expects the PCs to pick the right side—or else
4. A failed experiment in the cellar could become an adventure seed (exploding ale, living yeast monster, etc.)

3. JACK MERRIMAN “THE GAMBLER”

1E: (AC: 8 (dex), MV: 12, HD: 2, HP: 9, ST: 14, DX: 16 (+2), CN: 11 (+0), IQ: 13 (+1), WS: 12 (+0), CH: 15 (+1), #AT: 1, DM: 1d4 dagger, AL: Neutral, SZ: Medium, SA: Cheat—Pickpocket +15%, SD: Advantage on reaction rolls, XP: 35)

5E: (AC: 14 (dex + leather), MV: 30 ft, HD: 2d8, HP: 10, ST: DEX +5, CHA +4, SK: Deception +6, Sleight of Hand +7, Insight +4, Perception +4, #AT: 1, TH: +5, DM: 1d4+3 dagger, AL: Neutral, SZ: Medium, CR: 1/4, TRAITS: Master Cheat—advantage on Sleight of Hand; Lucky Coin—1/day reroll any ability check.)

DESCRIPTION:

A lean human with a permanent crooked grin, slicked-back dark hair, and quick, wandering eyes. Jack dresses flashier than he can afford—bright waistcoat, loose sleeves perfect for palming cards, and a silver coin he endlessly flips between his fingers. He is charming, slippery, and untrustworthy in the most entertaining way possible. Jack is the kind of man who lies when the truth would serve him better—mostly out of habit. He’s confident, theatrical, and impossible to read. He runs the gambling tables and brokers rumors and information for coin as well as generally mediating disputes between shady patrons. Jack keeps an unofficial “guest book” of notable visitors and their tells and has a quiet partnership with Miralen—she tolerates him because he keeps her informed. Whispers say that he owes a dangerous debt to someone outside the city—someone who wants Jack’s “luck” for themselves. His silver coin is rumored to be magical, but Jack refuses to let anyone examine it. Has a

photographic memory and remembers every card dealt at his tables and used to be part of a noble family until he gambled away his inheritance.

HOOKS FOR PCS:

1. Jack hires the PCs to recover a stolen ledger of gambling debts
2. Offers insider information in exchange for help with a rival cheat
3. Might frame a PC for cheating if it benefits him—or protects them
4. If the PCs gain his trust, he reveals a clue tied to the inn's mysterious past

4. INKAH TWO-KNIVES “SILENT ASSASSIN”

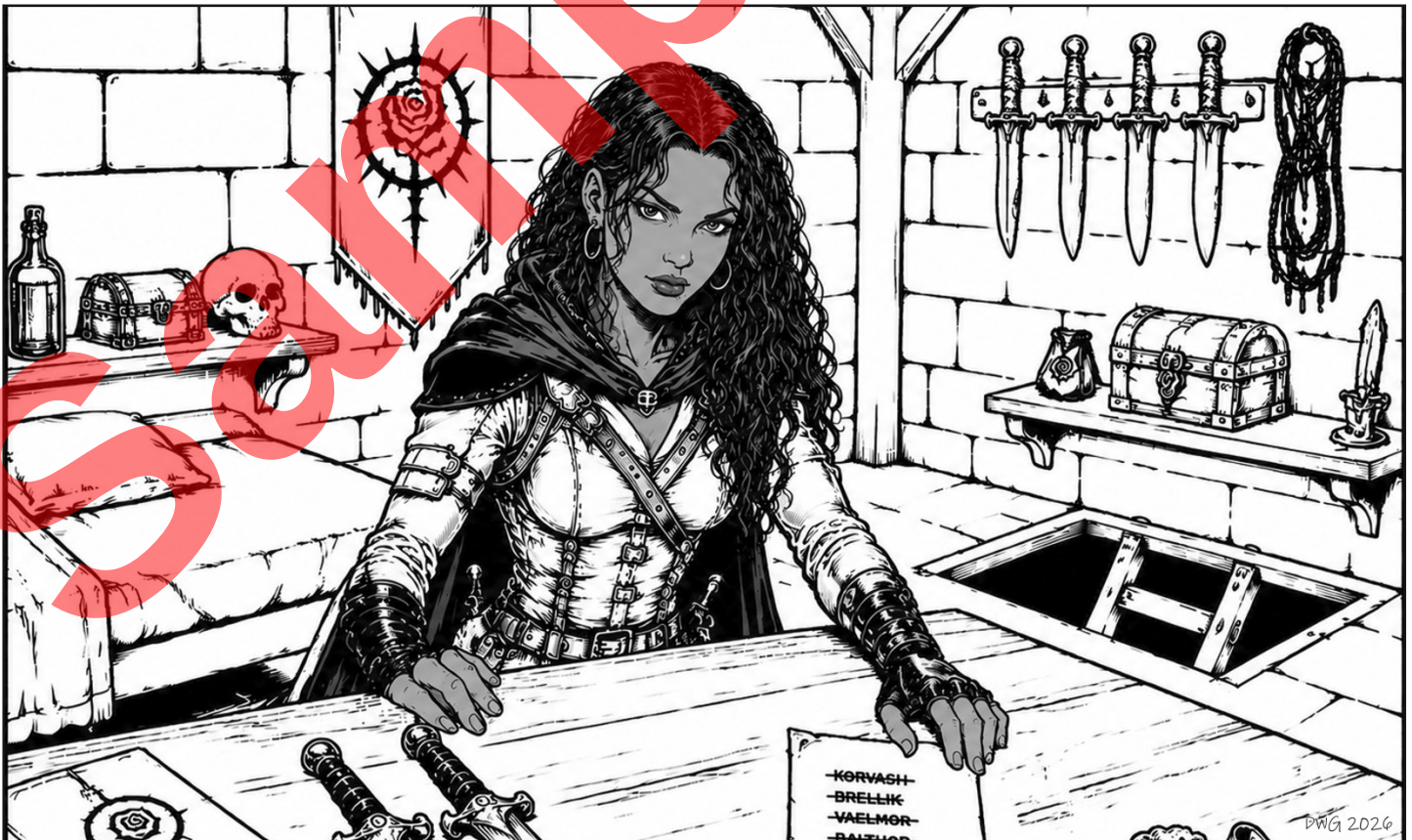
1E: (AC: 5 (leather + dex), MV: 12, HD: 4+1, HP: 23, ST: 12, DX: 17 (+2), CN: 14 (+1), IQ: 12 (+0), WS: 11 (+0), CH: 10 (+0), #AT: 2, DM: 1d4+2 each dagger, AL: Neutral Evil, SZ: Medium, SA: Backstab x3, Dual Strike, SD: +20% to Move Silently/Hide, XP: 250)

5E: (AC: 15 (leather + dex), MV: 30 ft, HD: 4d8+4, HP: 22, ST: DEX +5, INT +2, SK: Stealth +7, Acrobatics +5, Sleight +6, Perception +4, #AT: 2, TH: +6, DM: 1d4+4 daggers, AL: Neutral Evil, SZ: Medium, CR: 2,

TRAITS: Sneak Attack 2d6; Dual Strike; Assassinate—advantage vs surprised foes.)

DESCRIPTION:

A slender, lethal woman with raven-black hair, dark skin, and eyes like cold blue steel. She dresses in dark leather, fitted for speed and silence, with two curved daggers always within reach. Every motion she makes is efficient—no wasted movement, no wasted breath. Quiet, observant, and unreadable. Inkah rarely speaks unless necessary, and when she does, her words are blunt, pointed, and final. She prefers actions over conversation and trusts almost no one. She uses the inn as neutral ground for meetings with clients and serves as Miralen's unofficial protector when tensions rise. Watches **Soft Jack** constantly—he knows too much for her liking. Rumors say that she keeps a list of names, all crossed out except one: the traitor who ruined her life. She was a former member of the **Red Thorn Guild**, now hunted for betrayal she didn't commit and maintains a hidden safehouse beneath the inn. Her daggers are enchanted relics tied to an assassin's creed she abandoned and to that end, **Miralen** saved her life once—Inkah never forgot. She longs to locate the true traitor who framed her and regain control over her shattered reputation. She will not hesitate to eliminate threats to the inn (and Miralen) quietly and decisively. **Like Mr. Kringle she has a “list” and she's checking it off!**



HOOKS FOR PCS:

1. Hires the party for surveillance, stealth missions, or infiltrating the guild that hunts her
2. May train rogue-style PCs in silent kills, evasion, or quick strikes
3. Offers protection or assassination for a steep, non-monetary price
4. If the inn is threatened, she joins the PCs in absolute silence... then disappears afterward

5. VARLO THE WHISPERER - ARCANIC VAGRANT

1E: (AC: 9 (robes), MV: 12, HD: 3, HP: 11, ST: 13, DX: 12 (+0), CN: 10 (+0), IQ: 17 (+2), WS: 15 (+1), CH: 8 (-1), #AT: 1, DM: 1d4 staff, AL: Neutral, SZ: Medium, SA: Spells (3/2/1), SD: Arcane Sight—detect magic 1/day, XP: 75)

SPELLBOOK (COMMON SPELLS):

1st: Sleep, Detect Magic, Shield
2nd: Mirror Image, Locate Object
3rd: Arcane Sight (unique variant)

5E: (AC: 12 (mage armor), MV: 30 ft, HD: 3d6, HP: 12, ST: INT +5, WIS +3, SK: Arcana +6, Insight +4, Perception +3, #AT: 1, TH: +4, DM: 1d4+2 staff, AL: Neutral, SZ: Medium, CR: 1, TRAITS: Spellcasting (DC 14, +6 to hit), Arcane Awareness—advantage on Arcana checks to detect magic.)

SAMPLE SPELLS:

Cantrips: Prestidigitation, Mage Hand, Light
1st: Sleep, Mage Armor, Detect Magic
2nd: Mirror Image, Suggestion

DESCRIPTION:

A gaunt, slightly disheveled figure with a dark cloak and hood, hollow cheeks, and deep-set eyes that glow faintly green when he focuses. Varlo's robes are patched and mismatched, suggesting a man who sleeps wherever magic takes him. He often sits alone near the hearth, scribbling in a battered spellbook. He is very odd, drifting, and intensely perceptive. Varlo speaks softly—as if every word is confidential—and sometimes mid-sentence he seems to listen to voices only he can hear. Patrons rarely approach him; the brave ones rarely do so twice. For many



years he has been the resident arcane consultant and performs small magical favors (finding lost items, reading fortunes, identifying objects). Varlo will watch the room with unsettling insight and occasionally warns Miralen of “imbalances” or magical disturbances. He keeps an unofficial magical ward around the inn—something Miralen did not ask for but tolerates. Folks say that he once belonged to a reclusive mage order now destroyed and claims the inn sits at a “soft place” in the weave of magic. He knows exactly what happened to the original tavern owner but believes “no one is ready to hear it.” It is rumored that he hides a fractured arcane focus that, if repaired, could restore his full power.

HOOKS FOR PCS:

1. Offers to hire the PCs to retrieve a lost magical component
2. Warns the party of magical “echoes” haunting the town
3. Provides cryptic visions tied to any Dark Wizard Games™ books, modules or other worldly campaign adventures the DM desires.
4. Could become a dangerous enemy if magically provoked or corrupted