

Area 8: Sir Keegan's Tomb

Encounter Level 5 (XP 300+)

One of the few blunders committed by Kalarel in his seizing of Shadowfell Keep was his handling of Sir Keegan's shade.

Expecting to find a willing and eager servant, he was instead surprised to discover that nearly two centuries of undeath and grief had restored a modicum of sanity to the keep's last commander – and when Kalarel attempted to sway him to the service of Orcus, Keegan's sense of honor and duty brought him full around.

The end result is a Sir Keegan that is sharper of mind and clearer of heart than he has been since before his death. In the battle that followed, Kalarel himself was dealt an ugly – though unfortunately non-fatal – wound. Fleeing the tomb (and abandoning many of his goblin and hobgoblin escorts inside), Kalarel managed to seal the doors with necromantic sorcery – ensuring the skeleton knight would be kept from interfering in the opening of the rift.

When the party approaches the double-doors leading into Sir Keegan's tomb, read the following:

Standing on the far wall, between the two altars, stands a pair of heavy oak doors. Freshly-carved into the surface of the wood are dozens of small runes and glyphs, pulsing with a pale blue light. As you approach, they flare brighter momentarily before dimming once again.

Arcana (DC 15): The symbols are meant to disrupt, weaken, and otherwise prevent undead from passing through or opening the doors.

Arcana (DC 21): The ward cannot be broken – the warding ritual is drawing power from another arcane source that cannot be disrupted from here. The source is likely within the keep – at a greater distance, you would be able to feel the fraying of arcane energies as the bindings decayed.

Opening the doors requires two characters stand in front of the doors, and that they each make a DC 13 Strength check. Before any checks are rolled, have the characters array their tokens on the board. Should any undead creature (including Malyce) cross the door's threshold, they become slowed and weakened (save ends).

When the party opens the doors, read the following:

The pulsing blue runes notwithstanding, the doors are neither locked nor sealed and they open with a heavy creaking. Beyond them lies a small chamber, on the far side of which a dais is raised five feet off the floor. The sickly-sweet smell of decay assaults your nostrils, the source of which is not difficult to pinpoint – a dozen slaughtered goblins and hobgoblins are scattered around the doors, though the sight of this massacre is not what your eyes are first drawn to.

Seated on the steps that rise to meet the far dais is a man. His head is turned down toward the floor, and a thick tumble of gray hair hides his face from your eyes. In his mailed hands is gripped the hilt of a longsword – inlaid with platinum, the crosspiece set with three white diamonds. The tip of the blade hovers just above the floor.

“Rooks now, instead of pawns. No matter – if Kalarel chooses to cast your lives away so cheaply, I’ll not argue his folly. I will not allow him to re-open that which has

been sealed!" The voice is cracked and strained, a hoarse death rattle if ever you've heard one. The knight tilts his head back – and his hair now gone, and instead of scalp you see yellowed skull, eyes flaring an unnatural blue. His eyes rest on you all as he lifts to his feet, sword moving swiftly in his hands.

"Come and face Sir Keegan's wrath – your master shall find no servatn here. Only an enemy for all –" His voice cuts short, silence left hanging in the gloom as his eyes settle upon Cast – specifically her armor and holy insignia, marked with the iconography of the Platinum Dragon. "You dare." The words are flat and soft, but beneath them you hear a rage both cold and terrible. "You dare defile the tombs of my brothers? Then come and meet my steel – and dare no more, ever again." His eyes burn with a fiercer, brighter light – and as he levels his blade in your direction, wind howls and screams in an echo of his rage, buffeting against you from all sides.

Religion (DC 5): The skeleton's breastplate clearly bears the







markings of Bahamut.

Religion (DC 15): The markings on his chest belong to the Order of the Nightsky Scale, a now-defunct order of knights dedicated to Bahamut – and specifically tasked with the hunting and destruction of the undead.

History (DC 15): The style of both armor and sword is late Nerathian – suggesting they date back to when the fortress was still a functioning outpost.

History (DC 21): The Order of the Nightsky Scale was, although dedicated to Bahamut, also closely allied with – and highly regarded by – the church of the Raven Queen.

At this point make an attack on all the players (+4 vs. Fortitude). Regardless of whether the attack hits or not, they are pulled into the chamber and the doors slam shut. Those that are hit also suffer 1d6 + 2 cold damage and are knocked prone.

Sir Keegan		Level 5 Solo Brute
Medium natural animate (undead)		XP 1,000
HP 350; Bloodied 175 AC 21; Fortitude 19; Reflex 18; Will 18 Speed 6		Initiative +5 Perception +9 Darkvision
Immune poison; Resist 5 necrotic; Vulnerable 5 radiant Saving Throws +5; Action Points 2		
Traits		
 Strength Drain • Aura 1 Bloodied enemies are weakened while within the aura.		
Spectral Charge Sir Keegan gains a +2 to AC against opportunity attacks when charging and can charge through squares occupied by enemies.		
Standard Actions		
 Longsword (necrotic, weapon) • At-Will <i>Attack:</i> Melee 1 (one creature); +9 vs. AC <i>Hit:</i> 1d10 + 6 damage plus 5 necrotic damage.		
 Double Attack • At-Will <i>Effect:</i> Sir Keegan makes two longsword attacks.		
 Necrotic Burst (necrotic) • At-Will <i>Requirements:</i> Sir Keegan must be bloodied. <i>Attack:</i> Close burst 3 (enemies in burst); +6 vs. Fortitude <i>Hit:</i> 2d6 + 4 necrotic damage.		
Triggered Actions		
 Meet the Charge • Encounter <i>Trigger:</i> An enemy charges Sir Keegan. <i>Attack (Immediate Interrupt):</i> Melee 1 (triggering enemy); + 5 vs. Fortitude <i>Hit:</i> 2d6 + 4 damage. Sir Keegan and the target swap squares, and the target is pushed 3 squares and is knocked prone. <i>Miss:</i> Half damage, the triggering attack resolves normally, Sir Keegan and the target swap squares, and the target is pushed 2 squares and is knocked prone. <i>Effect:</i> Sir Keegan can shift up to 2 squares to intercept the target before the attack.		
 Sudden Attack • At-Will <i>Trigger:</i> An enemy in Sir Keegan's line of sight spends an action point. <i>Effect (Opportunity):</i> Sir Keegan makes a basic melee attack and can charge before making the attack.		
Str 16 (+5) Con 17 (+5)	Dex 16 (+5) Int 10 (+2)	Wis 14 (+4) Cha 10 (+2)
Alignment good		Languages Common, Draconic

Tactics

Although overcome with rage and frustration, Sir Keegan is not completely mindless in his fury. At the earliest opportunity

he uses *meet the charge* to separate one melee combatant from the rest of the group, throwing the target up onto the dais. Further he uses the combination of *sudden attack* and *spectral*

charge to keep the entire party off-balance, and uses *double attack* to maximum effect. He spends his first action point immediately (launching two *double attacks* to deal significant damage on his first round), and spends his second action point as soon as he is bloodied – charging into the midst of the characters, then unleashing a *necrotic burst*.

Sir Keegan is a deadly opponent and is meant to be such – the party's objective should be to fight on the defensive while pursuing the “Calming Sir Keegan” skill challenge, below.

Dialog

Through the entire fight, Sir Keegan maintains a steady cadence of insults and furious oaths. As the fight progresses, work as many of the following in:

- **Cas** – *With a furious snarl, Sir Keegan's blade swings to face you, his eyes alight with rage. "You Tiamat-suckling whore! Come taste what your dishonor has bought you!"*
- **Garrett** - *"Dagger and crossbow? I see you walk the coward's path! You'll find no shadows to skulk in here – trapped I may be, but in this chamber I see all."*
- **IV** – *Keegan's eyes turn to you and, for a half-moment, he seems to start before hissing. "Traitor to your own line! If Kalarel has turned your ilk against us, then truly the abortion of our deeds is near complete!" The knight somehow manages to spit – a dry and dusty sound – before switching to a rough and ugly dialect of the deep speech. Even if you did not speak the tongue, you'd recognize what was said, for among your kind there was no worse insult. Though it loses something in the*

translation, the knight just called you the "chewer of Baphomet's cud."

- **Unknown Halfling** - *"I could smell the taint on you before those doors opened, wee one. Let us see if your arcane contagion can match my steel."*
- **Malyce** - *"You should have remained below the earth, hidden and forgotten, a relic of a discarded and wretched people. Your flesh may be as dark as your heart, but my blade can rend it just as easily."*
- **Raif** – *"Stone-hearted and stone-headed. My grandfather helped drive you fur-wearing, demon-worshipping savages from this valley and into the hills. It seems dishonor lies in your blood."*

Features of the Area

Doors: These heavy oak doors are more difficult to open from inside the chamber, and they glisten with a shimmering darkness. Opening the doors requires two successful DC 17 Strength checks (standard action). Anyone who touches the doors takes ongoing 5 necrotic damage (save ends). This effect can be identified with a DC 13 Arcana check (minor action).

Dais: The dais is raised 5 feet off the floor, not high enough for any damage to result from a fall. Climbing it requires a DC 12 Athletics check. Someone pushed or pulled off the dais must make a saving throw, or be knocked prone.

Treasure: Should the party manage to calm Sir Keegan, he presents them with his longsword at the end of their conversation (see below). Should Keegan instead be slain, his sword is destroyed along with the rest of him.

Skill Challenge: Calming Sir Keegan

Level: 3 (XP 300)

Complexity: 2 (requires 6 successes before 3 failures)

Primary Skills: Arcana, Bluff, Diplomacy, Religion

Arcana (DC 17; 1 success; 2 maximum): Keegan's eyes narrow as you litter off a recitation on the nature of magical seals and warding magics. His blade hesitates, hovering in the air for a half-moment before darting to one side to parry one of your comrades' attacks. / "You remind me of Vencel – the fortress' magus." The knight shakes his head sharply, hissing dusty breath between rotting teeth. "You may – **may** – have the ability to seal the rift. But it will take more convincing than that to stay my hand!"

Bluff (DC 19; 1 success; 2 maximum; shares maximum with Diplomacy): Read-aloud text is the same as under Diplomacy.

Diplomacy (DC 15; 1 success; 2 maximum; shares maximum with Bluff): "Oh indeed?" Keegan's tone drips with sarcasm. "You seek to defend the rift, deny Kalarel his prize, restore my honor, complete my duty – and what? Resurrect fallen King Elidyr as a second act?" The knight snorts, his sword never wavering. / "Intend and ability are not the same thing. Perhaps I believe your intentions are noble – but that is not enough. If you fail, you will make mighty servants in Kalarel's schemes. Killing you all, here, where I can ensure you do not rise seems to me the safer course."

Religion (DC 15; 1 success; 2 maximum): "Piety from a pack of brigands and knaves? Honeyed words, false and for fools, says Keegan! Darken your tongues and speak heresy no more, lest I

cut them from your mouths!" / "Honor wears many faces, I suppose – perhaps piety does as well. I have known too many holy men, however – I will not trust you with this task merely on the grounds of your faith."

Secondary Skills: Dungeoneering, Endurance, History

Dungeoneering (DC 19; 0 successes): Though you don't know much about the "seal" Keegan made reference to, you do know how keeps and castles such as this are constructed – and that includes keeps built atop sites of magical energy. Your knowledge of such architecture allows you to grant a +2 bonus to one ally's Arcana check made as part of this skill challenge.

Endurance (DC 19; 0 successes; must have taken damage from Sir Keegan): Battling Sir Keegan is no easy task, but you think your ability to withstand his relentless assault may have impressed the old warrior. You grant a +2 bonus to one ally's Bluff or Diplomacy check made as part of this skill challenge. You cannot repeat this check without being damaged by Sir Keegan again.

History (DC 23; 0 successes): Though much of the furnishings have long since moldered away, the signs are there – the iconography on Keegan's armor, the carvings on the tomb. Your knowledge of the history of Keegan's order allows you to grant a +2 bonus to one ally's Religion check made as part of this skill challenge.

Other: Intimidate, Radiant

Intimidate (1 failure): "You think to frighten me?" Sir Keegan pauses, as if dumbstruck, and then laughs aloud – a hideous rasping sound, that grates on your ears. "Your master sought

to compel my obedience and I sent him fleeing with his blood smeared upon my blade! Woe, that it was merely a glancing blow and not a mortal wound!"

Radiant (dealt radiant damage by Cas; 1 success; 1 maximum): Sir Keegan reels with the blow, the brilliant light of Bahamut's grace flaring from your blade like a beacon. His eyes linger on the weapon, and his mouth opens for a moment. "How can..." his words hang, unfinished, in the air and he shakes his head as if to clear it.

Success: Sir Keegan stops fighting the characters, answering their questions and then requesting they finish what he cannot end: slay Kalarel and seal the rift once more (this is a level 3 major quest). Read the following:

"Halt!" Sir Keegan's voice is sharp, cracking with the tone of a man accustomed to being obeyed in the heat of battle. His blade stops in mid-swing, then drifts downward to point towards the floor. He stands before you, alert and poised, for a moment longer and then drops his head. "Forgive me – I have misjudged you. Ask, and I shall answer – and then it shall be my turn to make a request."

Failure: Sir Keegan cannot be swayed, and continues to battle the characters until they or he are slain. Read the following:

"No more honeyed words, no more paltry lies! Death to all who would seek to unleash the blight of Urishtar upon this world!" Sir Keegan bellows, eyes still pulsing with light as he continues to advance, seemingly no longer listening to your words.

If Sir Keegan is slain, read the following:

The skeletal knight drops to his knees, the fierce blue light

in his eyes dimming slightly. The withered bones of his left fingers brace against the floor, even as the cracked bones of his face begin to splinter. "Fools," he rasps, as the metal of his armor and blade begins to corrode, "that's what you are if you think Urishtar will have any use for you once your master lets him loose." There is a grating cough, and then a howling wind as Keegan bursts apart – his weapons, armor, and bones rendered to nothing more than ash.

Keegan's Duty

As the last knight-commander of the keep, Sir Keegan was tasked with the defense of the rift. Having betrayed his duty, his spirit has lingered through the keep – overcome with grief and remorse. Until the arrival of Kalarel, Keegan was little more than a wandering figure lost in a prison of memory and sorrow. However, awareness of the seal's impending destruction and the opening of the rift has awakened his honor and his mind. Sadly, he has been locked within the tomb by Kalarel.

The following are a series of questions (or topics of possible questions) and answers. Adjust as necessary:

Who are you?

"A failure and madman both – I am Sir Keegan, and I was the commander of this keep in its final days. I was tasked with protecting the rift and ensuring the seals were never broken." The skeletal knight shifts his stance, head lowering. "You can see how well I kept to my oath."

Seals?

"This keep was built atop a pulsing wound in the very flesh of creation itself. A rift in the fabric between this world

and the Shadowfell." Though it is near impossible to discern an expression on a fleshless skull, the tone of Keegan's voice makes apparent the seriousness of his words. "Another keep exists, on the other side of the rift – a nightmarish fortress dedicated to Orcus, and commanded by the dread Urishtar. My grandfather was but a squire when the order – with Elidyr's blessing – came here to make war upon Orcus' cultists and followers."

"We never found a way to close the rift, only seal it. And so this keep was built, to protect it ever after."

Urishtar?

"A shadow dragon, dread and then risen again. It is said the beast supped the blood of Orcus long ago, and is one of the demon prince's favored champions. Vencel once supposed Untargrist – the great shadow beast known to have Sundered the capital of long-past Arkhosia – and Urishtar might be the same creature. We knew not. We only knew that the beast must not be brought across – not ever."

What happened here? How did you fail?

"I was weak. I had heard of the growing gnoll menace to the south – when I heard of King Elidyr's fall at the Battle of Seven Sons, I was overcome with grief and worry. With the fall of the royal house, civil war was a likely outcome – or would have been, had more of a kingdom remained." Keegan's head shakes. "Urishtar sensed my weakness and acted, whispering in my mind and dreams – a never-ending torrent of madness and corruption leaking through the rift into my very soul."

"One night I rose, and with Aecris in hand, butchered first my wife. Then my son and daughter – neither past their

tenth year. Then I began to hunt down my captains. A red rage upon me, madness overwhelming me. Lieutenant Padraig, the last officer remaining, managed to finally raise the alarm. By then I had killed a third of the men in their sleep. The rest rallied and managed to drive me into the chapel, badly wounded."

"They abandoned their posts, after bricking over the passageway. I cannot blame them, truly – there was nothing left to remain for. No order. No king or kingdom."

Padraig? The lord of Winterhaven?

"Almost certainly not. An ancestor, perhaps – these events happened more than a century and a half ago."

Who is Kalarel?

"A plague and disease made flesh. He is a servitor of Orcus – I can only imagine how he came to know of us. He seeks to rend apart the seals we put in place, and unleash Urishtar upon this world once more." Keegan snaps his teeth together in anger with a loud CLICK! "I near had him, but he fled – abandoning his servants to escape and bind me to this place."

What did you mean about IV's lineage?

"By the time the order arrived here, the undead pouring through the rift numbered in the hundreds if not the thousands. Urishtar was too large to cross over, but his servitors weren't. The order would never have overcome so many, were it not for the aid of Pelor and the Raven Queen. The Order of the Lambent Dawn joined our ranks, bringing hundreds more to our banner. The Raven Queen sent no soldiers – only a champion, and her followers." He grunts, nodding towards IV. "A minotaur, like you – and with your

coloring. She went by the name of Il. She was still here, ancient and respected, when I was first knighted." The knight clears his throat, uncomfortably. "She was buried in one of the crypts upon her passing – though you'll not find her there."

Where is she?

"Kalarel sought to bring Urishtar's essence across the rift – and thought one of the Raven Queen's chosen would make an amusing vessel for Orcus' champion. I could feel what went on, even in my confinement. The only comfort I can offer is that her spirit proved too potent to be so easily tamed – she rose, but like me did not serve. She left several weeks ago – I could sense that, but nothing more."

What did you mean about the goliaths?

"Your people," Keegan says, nodding to Raif, "were the militant arm of Orcus' cult. For every undead abomination defending the rift were two living warriors of your ilk. When the battle was done, your people were driven from this valley and into the foothills to the north – but it was a running slaughter for fifty miles. Women and children were butchered alongside the men. Only one of your clans made

it there – tribe of the sky, I believe it was."

Why were the goliaths butchered?

"They were too strong – a threat. Broken for the moment, but still under the dread prince's influence. There was no guarantee that your kind would become free of Orcus' influence – and the order was weakened, badly, from the battle just fought." There is a defensive edge in Keegan's voice as he speaks. "Many wanted to bring you into Nerath, to add your strength to our own – but the order has the resources to defend the rift or to convert your people by the blade. We did not have enough to do both. And so near-extermination – and then driving the remainder of your people into orcish territory, to let two threats blunt one another, was seen as the only option."

"If it offers any consolation, my grandfather – and many of his brethren – were haunted by their choice."

Vencel?

"Forgive me – Vencel was a friend, and the keep's magus. He considered himself a historian as well, though we both knew he was more dabbler than scholar."