

# Red Hand of Doom



The Wyrmsmoke Mountains shook with the thunder of ten thousand screaming hobgoblin soldiers. From the phalanx emerged a single champion. One by one the tribes fell silent as the warlord rose up, blue scales gleaming along his shoulders, horns swept back from his head. A hundred bright yellow banners stood beneath him, each marked with a great red hand. He stood upon a precipice and raised his arms. "I am Azarr Kul, Son of the Dragon!" the warlord bellowed, "Hear me! Tomorrow we march to war!"

**DMs:** [Scott Benoit](#)

## PCs

[Casimir Gixx](#)

## NPCs

## Campaign Journals

Journal 1