

Mischief and Merrymaking

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Introduction

A TTRPG adventure compatible with Dungeons and Dragons 5e adventure for a party of level 3-5 characters.

Rimeglenn was a city that had been built at the edge of civilisation and typical to most frontier cities it had a rocky history with the neighbours. But with the establishment of the Rimeguard an era of safety and comfort had spread through the city. However even the warrior-guard that called the city home could not protect it during the colder months. When the cold winds blew down from the forest; home to the ancient elven tribes, the season of mischief began and the guard, its people and all that called the walled city home had to endure weeks of theft, pranks and practical jokes.

A large bounty had been placed on the culprits responsible for the chaos that the season brought and every year, for the past seven years the bounty had increased to a sum that would fund a small kingdom for, well at least a few months.

But the trouble that plagued the city was not well known as the city benefited from trade and visitors to the city. If they knew about the troubles that happened during the depths of winter then it could put the cities livelihood at risk.

Rimeglenn

Arrival at Rimeglenn



The large imposing walls of the city housed dozens of guards in well constructed watch towers who scanned the roads and lands around the city. The people travelling had an escort of a few guards with them and it was a good thing to.

The party had encountered several packs of wolves, seen evidence of bandits and they even swear that they had narrowly avoided a goblin ambush one night while on the road to Rimeglenn.



The party found that the city of Rimeglenn was bustling this time of year. As the merchants brought in goods to trade and looked to barter for the best value on their goods they reached out to the local taverns and guilds calling for caravan guards to transport the goods that they had arranged to be sold. Adventurers, guards and henchmen needed not look for work as it seemed to grow in Rimeguard.

As the colder winds blew from the north they brought ice with them it signalled the end of Autumn. The guards became more watchful on the walls and the number of guards patrolling the markets had reduced but those left on this duty were more alert and less likely to be kind to those breaking the law.

The party had come through looking for work and hearing that this time of the year was ripe for all

types of odd jobs. The Rimeguard at the gate, the market place and nearly all that they spoke too recommended that they head to the Rusty Duck Inn. The owner looked at adventurers with favour and provided good value accommodation, food and drinks. It also happened to be the safest of all Inns in the city with the least reported thefts due to the owner, Patrik.



After finding the inn rather easily, as everyone knew where it was, the party looked around at the nearby shops which were all catered for adventurers. After a day of shopping and enquiring about work they made their way back to the Inn and settled in for the night in rooms made for Adventuring parties.

NPC's:

- Patrik Golozie

Encounter: Mischief in the night

Creature: 2 Animated toys per PC.

Map - N/A

During the night the party were woken up to strange sounds coming from their room. Investigating in their waking grogginess they spotted what looked like movement in each of their packs. Approaching the pack didn't stop the movement as it appeared that whatever was inside was wanting to escape the confines of the fabric and material.

Opening the pouch revealed two tiny wooden toys, about the size of a human or dwarf's palm

laying on top of their belongings. Each toy had a vague appearance of a man and female of their race and appeared to be hand carved. As they watched the toys one by one the toys started to become animated and, leaping at the party members, they tried to grapple and pull at them.

The Tiny toys are no real threat and they quickly stop moving once suffering any damage. They appear to simply want to grapple and restrict the movement of the players but their tiny size makes it a futile effort.

The next day they woke up after a blissful night's sleep. The door had bolts and locks to ensure the party would be safe and even the windows had bars that locked from the inside to guarantee safety. Regardless of the precautions taken the party found that each one of them had a trinket, item or tool taken during the night and replaced by a wooden statue. The statue was well carved, painted poorly to look like a villager and about the size from palm to fingertip.

When they got downstairs they found Patrik already discussing similar thefts with other adventurers who had stayed here overnight. "Yes, you had something stolen?" he said to a halfling who looked to be the one who would normally be the one doing the stealing.

"Yes, my lucky enchanted dagger actually. Stolen from my bag." the halfling exasperatedly said.

"And did you find anything unusual in its place?" Patrik the innkeeper asked as he leant against the bench. For a moment the halfling hesitated, the party could see that he was fidgeting and was nervous.

"No nothing. What an odd thing to ask." the halfling said as he recovered his posture. "Well do tell me when you get my dagger back. It is worth a small fortune." the halfling continued.

"I am sure it is." Patrik said as the halfling walked out. "And what about you? Something to report stolen and, let me guess, nothing out of the ordinary?" he asked the party. When the party produced the little wooden dolls Patrik stood up

from leaning over. “These were left in place of the items you lost, you say. Are you sure?” Patrik asked. When it was confirmed he beckoned over a young man who just entered the room. “Right on time Dyson. I need you to go the the Rimeguards quarters and tell Lady Penelope that the Season has truly begun.”

Dyson stood still for a moment before nodding once and dashing out of the room. “You lot don’t fancy having a drink with me over lunch? There may be a job, a large one, and you will be the first one offered it if you are keen.” Patrik said as he started to hurry about the room and fetching keyrings from draws. “Here,” he said as he handed a keyring to the party. “Under one of the beds will be a chest. Place any valuables you have in it and ensure it’s locked before you go to sleep. Bring the keys back to me and I can then give them back to you in the morning. You have come to Rimeglenn during the weirdest time of the year.”

The Rimeguard Report

The party took the advice of Patrik and they left the Rusty Duck to take the official report of what happened last night to the guard. The streets were quiet enough that they were able to move through with relative ease towards the guard house.

The Rimeguard were already busy this early in the morning with organising patrols and taking in reports. However, they were able to see the party quickly to take note of their missing items.

The records officer wrote up their report and claim on a piece of parchment before handing one over to each player. “The report is so we can come and find you where you are staying in case your missing items are reported in. Strange about the toys that took the place of your possessions though. That’s the second report we have had of that this morning,” the records officer explained.

The rest of the day the party were able to visit the other sights in the city of Rimeglenn. Their hunt for information on the strange theft of their items all led to one place.

“If it’s something illegal you need answers for. Try the Burgundy Brigand - but don’t trust a word from the people there”

NPC’s:

- Random NPCs
- Captain Penelope Sungrave

On the Trail of Mischief The Burgundy Brigand



The bustle of feet and patrons wasn’t something uncommon for the Burgundy Brigand. The people were also the same shady people of Rimeglenn with the occasion of a noble or merchant who were here to try and change their fortune with underhanded methods.

The most famous of these noble born was Lord Reese Dryberry – a man who changed his family’s wealth from one of honest work to something darker. Reese uses his power and influence to ensure that the people who come to him to make a deal are successful in their wishes, however they normally get more than they bargain for and several people have been accused of theft, arson or worse where the evidence pointed to them and not Reese or his agents.

However the Burgundy Brigand is a place where people don’t just come for narcotics, cheap ale and dodgy deals. The inn also harbours and attracts those that are experts at gathering information and selling it for the right price.

Despite its shadier side of the inn it is a cheap alternative to the others if the people who dare stay within its walls are vigilant, observant and keep an eye on people and their belongings.

As the party entered the Burgundy Brigand the smell of cheap wine and perfume hit their heads.

An extremely plain bartender served out ale and nearly-friendly greetings from the bench to the left of the door they entered through. A few rugs covered the worn timber flooring and equally tattered curtains covered some of the windows.

Approaching the Innkeeper, Gurtrice Fletcher, they enquired about finding out information within the bar and were pointed towards a man called Wal sitting at the tables.

After the price on the information was discussed Wal disclosed the history around the disappearances of the items within the city, explaining that it starts off with one or two people, and generally small items, going missing or being exchanged but eventually entire fortunes disappear, family heirlooms and treasured artefacts are all reported missing, eventually. Wal also mentions that there is a hefty reward for anyone who can provide evidence that leads to the capture of those involved in these mischievous thefts. A few Thousand Gold pieces is what he believed was the last offer but he quickly changed topic after briefly mentioning it.

Wal offered to keep an ear out in case any items that they had went missing and asked for a place where he might find them if he needed to contact them. However before a response could be given shouting erupted and a bottle of wine was smashed over the head of a patron nearby. Within seconds a full out tavern brawl was in full flight and the party was next to the epicentre of it. Wal fled as soon as he could, making his way out the door and into the streets.

NPC's:

- Gurtrice Fletcher
- Wal Gleeton

Encounter: Tavern Brawl

Creature: 7 Bloody Knuckles gang members

Map - 349SDiEm7

The tavern brawl doesn't solely target the party but a few patrons take this opportunity to try and mug the party in the chaos. The party can either avoid them or defend them but "avoiding" a lethal blow should be suggested if possible.

It should be an easy encounter anyway but introduces the next antagonists.

Return to the Rusty Duck

The party return to the Rusty Duck Inn after and place their important items in the lockable, ironbound box under their beds as advised by Patrik.

During the night there are no more visits from the animated wooden carved toys and nothing disturbs their sleep apart from the whistling from a gap in the window sill while the wind and snow increases. However, when waking in the morning the party finds that there is a large rolled up piece of parchment in the place where they put the copy of the report from the Rimeguard.

The parchment turns out to be a detailed map around the schematics of a hidden vault, notes on the movement of guards, the location and the heading of "Bounty of the Mischief Makers" scrawled in neat handwriting on the schematics.

NPC's:

- Patrik Goloze
- Captain Lady Penelope Sungrave
- Varied.

Encounter: Players choice

Creature: TBC

Map - N/A

The next step is up to the party in how they handle the appearance of the map/schematics of the vault. They can talk to anyone they want and the appropriate action should be taken. Or they could do nothing and keep/hide or dispose of the map. However after they have done that in the morning of the second day they will encounter the next scene.

Encounter with the Bloody Knuckles

The party had just come out from the inn where a weasel-like man approached them, Wal Gleeton. "Excuse me, I am looking for someone. We found an important document with their name on it but have not been able to find them yet." he said as he procured a familiar letter from his coat and handed it over. The party looked over the contents for a moment and realised it was the parchment that the

guards had given them when they reported the missing items.

A flash of recognition passed through the eyes of the man in front of them. "The names Wal, Short for Waldorf and I can see that you recognise the paper. No need for thanks I am just making sure it gets to the right people." he said with a bow before turning and walking off. The party continued down the road but it wasn't long until they found that they had people following them. A few rough looking individuals walked closely behind them and appeared on side alleys as they walked past. As they stopped to confront them a tall, broadly built man stepped forward.

"Now this doesn't have to be difficult. I need to ask you some questions and I need to know what you did with a bit of paper you received some nights ago." the man said. The rustle of clothes indicated that more people were closing in on them. "If you can tell me what you did with the map, who you told about it then you can leave. If you don't comply I will get the information out of you. Don't think about deceiving me – My colleague is very good at reading people." Peter said as he stepped forward towards a door and pushed it open.

"After you" he said politely.

NPC's:

- Wal Gleeton
- Pete Lungorn
- Captain Lady Penelope Sungrave
- Varied.

Encounter: Flight or Fight!

Creature: Various Bloody Knuckles Gang Members, Peter Lungorn, Wal Gleeton, Rimeguard

Map - 350SDiEm14

After Pete has shown them the door to the house the party has a few options here. Something creative to evade them immediately, to overpower and escape once in the building, to deceive and try and escape after or, to comply and see how far you can trust the hulking mass of muscles that Pete is.

The options are nearly limitless but the map is provided in case the party wants to try and fight their way through to freedom, or escape on foot.

There are a few narrow streets and buildings that the party may be able to utilise but it's safe to assume that these streets will be swarming with gang members. And maybe something more – but more on that tonight.

On the construction it was a relatively easy night with blending the terrain painter with cobblestone and dirt (highly transparent) to get a worn-looking street. The buildings are all plug-n-play which makes it easier to whip up maps quickly. This includes the frame of the house where the party is shown by Pete. Windows are indicated, the busted interior looks like it's been long abandoned and there are remnants of what used to be a lived in house.

The members of the Bloody Knuckles aren't anything special but there are a lot of them and most of them are working for Wal. This zealot bunch don't care for kindness or mercy they are here to get paid and have a bit of fun while they do so.

The Rimeguard however protects the city for the good of the people. They are a hardy bunch, well equipped and used to thinking on the fly. These people will defend those in need and have always kept an eye on the bloody knuckles – yet never had anything to pin on them so they could take them down. Perhaps a map showing their plans and a confession from a cowardly member would suffice.

As the party navigates through the encounter they may need to try and reach the guard or avoid them lest they believe they are a member of the knuckles. The knuckles may try to delay the guard by taunting and even attacking them so the party can keep being interrogated by Peter and a select few.

If out on the streets the way may be blocked from fighting or bickering Knuckles and Rimeguard, but that may be the best way out – or the worst way. This gives the party a few options to how they want the encounter to go.

Intensification of Mischief

The Busted Bloody Knuckles

The party walked back towards the barracks with the Rimeguard after the conflict with the Bloody Knuckles gang.

"I'm glad we got there in time. Those bloody knuckles have been a problem in our sides for years now and thanks to you we can be rid of them for good." Guard captain Penelope Sungrave said to them from nearby. "Those that come willingly with us to the holding cells will be given a fair trial and if found guilty they will be exiled from the city. But the severity of their crimes will judge what they leave with. Generally those found guilty will leave with tools, rations and weapons to survive in the wild. But if their crimes are more than just petty theft then they may end up leaving with just the clothes on their back and an axe. The wilds will decide their fate" she said as she looked distastefully at the number of people in tow.

As the party helped manage some of the more difficult gang members into the holding pen they admired how much respect and authority that Captain Sungrave had. For a young woman to reach this level of command she would have had to demonstrate her prowess, skill and unwavering leadership for quite some time. From what they had heard from Patrik Goloze at the Rusty Duck Inn she was more than capable at commanding the city's guard and more.

After the gang members were all accounted for Penelope approached them again. "I wanted to thank you for the service you have. But I have one more request. I hope you can come with me to ensure that the hidden fault is protected – that is the target of the knuckles plan. I would be more sure if I had some capable hands with me as I need to leave most of my guard here to mind the holding pen until we can process this lot." She asked with a note of hope in her voice.

"It is not far and we can be back before a mug of ale goes cold." she promised.

NPC's:

- Wal Gleeton
- Pete Lungorn
- Captain Lady Penelope Sungrave
- Varied knuckles and guards.
- Rick Hardy
- Alice Ironglove
- 'Daryn' and 'Beth'

As they wove their way through the streets they passed the Adventurers lane; home to the Rusty Duck and other ex-adventurer run establishments, before they came to stop in front of a large warehouse. Two people approached dressed in long brown robes as Penelope walked up to them. "Captain Sungrave here of the Rimguard. Please let my companions pass as well as they are here to ensure that all is well beyond the door."

"Did you bring the key?" a voice replied from the taller guard.

"Of course I did – it wouldn't do me any good if I didn't bring it..." Captain Sungrave replied before springing backwards and drawing a sword sword from the small of her back. "Be ready, those aren't the men that I Posted here this morning." she said as her glare shot knives at the figures. "Reveal yourself!"

Laughter came forth from the cloaked figures before they withdrew the hoods to reveal a large man and a stocky female dwarf. "As expected from the captain. But I will need that key from you. These companions that walk with you stole everything from me and I need what lies beyond the doors!" Rick Harding yelled before he drew a wicked set of bladed gauntlets and rushed towards the party.

"Rick 'Fierce knuckles', I should have known you'd be here. Take them alive!" Captain Sungrave yelled before rushing to meet the imposters.

Encounter: Flight or Fight!

Creature: Alice Ironglove, Rick Hardy

Map - N/A

With Rick and his accomplice, Alice Ironglove, subdued and bound Penelope, Captain Sungrave, rushed towards the door and withdrew a key from

under her armour. As she fiddled with the wooden boards that covered the door two voices called from above. "Watch out behind you, miss! Those people with you. They can't be trusted!" Penelope looked up at them just as she slid a board of wood aside and revealed a keyhole.

"What are you talking about? These adventurers helped bring down the most vicious gang in Rimeglenn and protected me from their leader." She retorted as she placed the key into the keyhole in the door and turned. The whirring of gears and grinding of stone beyond the wood greeted the ears of those nearby.

"You don't understand, miss. They were here earlier! They stole all the gold!" The voices from above shouted down. Two figures hidden behind the glare of the midday sun pushing past the clouds. "Don't be ridiculous they..." she started to say before the vault doors opened to reveal nothing. Absolutely nothing remained in the vault. Penelope turned around and looked between the figures up above them and at the party. "I hate to ask this but, do you know what happened here?" she asked the party as two small children in tattered rags slowly climbed down from the roof."

Playing Pretend - Defence against accusation.

The party watched as half a dozen guard escorted them and the two children from the hidden vault as they moved back towards the guardhouse. Captain Sungrave, Penelope, moved ahead of them talking to the children as they looked startled and intimidated. No hint of malice, deception or malcontent on their faces as they whispered to the captain and moved through the city streets.

Several people; adventurers, civilians and military watched as they were escorted and the voices began to chatter amongst each other. They recognised some of the faces, fellow adventurers who were staying at the Rusty Duck or those they had run into nearby on Adventurers lane. A few of them started to march off away from the party when they saw them, casting back glances when they could.

The party came back to the guardhouse and were shown to a large room, the Captains quarters. Sitting down at the table she watched as two of her other guards walked with the children into another

room while she sat down with the party. "Now, I don't doubt your integrity but I do have to ask some questions. The children say that they say you come and use magic trinkets to open the vault door, not that they knew what it was. They were on the roof looking out for pixies or fairies or something." she paused for a moment to take a drink from a flask. "But they are frightened, hungry and cold. So they could have imagined things." she paused to sip again.

"So please reassure me and tell me what you know. Is there someone who would want to frame you? If it's the bloody knuckles we will have the answer from them, plus they were just as shocked as I to see the vault empty. So, I implore you to dig deeper. Someone from your past? Something else you have noticed? Anything at all?" she said as she brought out a quill and paper. The footsteps of two guards entering the door sounded from the seats that the party stood at or sat in.

"Help me prove your innocence and write the children's accusation off as a case of mistaken identity. One moment," she paused as she looked up at the guards. "Did you find out where they live? Or their parents, guardians?" she asked one of the guards.

"No my Lady. They are refugees, their parents lost in a snowstorm and they came in with the last merchants this morning. They were waiting for their parents by the gate but decided to explore instead. We have a guard looking for them as we speak" the guard reported. Nodding Captain Sungrave looked back to the party. "Those children are a mystery for now. But we will need to make sure we follow the processes of the city to clear your names so you are treated fairly and justly."

She dipped her quill in fresh ink as she finished scribbling out some notes. "So, where do we begin?"

The party had spent most of the afternoon collaborating their story with the guard captain as well as each other and a few merchants who could remember them from the early morning. The only person they couldn't find to testify on their behalf was their innkeep who could not be found anywhere. They had just come from the armoury

where they had to store their weapons and were being led out the building with an overly enthusiastic record keeper.

As they passed the holding cells before being shown to the main hall out of the guards hall they spotted a familiar figure sitting, isolated from the others, Alice Ironglove. As they walked nearby they gestured to the party to come closer.

"I've said my piece to the guard but you, you bunch sure as hell put up a good fight. The likes I've not had in years. Do yourself a favour and stay clear of those two yeah? Those kids, they're something else. Something is not right. I scouted that building for the whole day preparing for our little rendezvous and I didn't see them at all. They claim they saw you break in. I was there the whole time. But its my word, the disgraced daughter of the Ironglove clan against innocent children." she practically spat out the word innocent as guards came towards her to make sure she was under control. "I can't be in prison, I've got an oath to fulfil and my honour to regain. If you can guarantee my pardon without Exile... I'll tell the captain what I saw - ya hear me?"

The party considered their options but something wasn't adding up with the version of events the children were claiming. But if the Dwarven member of the bloody Knuckles gang, Alice, could prove that what they claimed was wrong then they would be removed as the suspects for the stolen reward from the vault. As they moved back through the Guards hall, with a small escort, they knocked on the door to Captain Sungrave.

"Enter." she responded from beyond the door and the party pushed on the oaken door. On the other side of the door Captain Sungrave was scribbling notes amongst a pile of similar looking reports that had been scrawled. "I wasn't expecting to see you for some time yet. Please sit where you can." she gestured towards the chairs that were mostly bare. "What can I help you with? Remember something more?"

"Now let me get this straight. The Dwarf that attacked you and me claims that she has information that may help us uncover what happened to the gold that proves it wasn't you. And

it will only cost her being pardoned for the crimes of associating with known criminals, assault on the city's guard and attempted theft?" Captain Sungrave asked as the party finished telling her what they knew so far. "It sounds like we will need to get Alice in here to confirm what she knows. I can't promise her a full pardon until I know what she has to offer."

Penelope looked at the party of adventurers and considered if there was an ulterior motive behind it. But no reason came to mind. Gesturing to one of the guards that had escorted them in, she requested that they retrieve Alice. She then gestured to the other guard and requested that they fetch the children. She needed to give them the opportunity to defend themselves. She sighed deeply, it was going to be a long night.

Encounter: Face off!

Creature: Alice Ironglove, Captain Penelope Sungrave, Daryn & Beth (Daryn'edril & Beth'andra)

Map - N/A

The Basics

The children have advantage against spells and effects that would charm them. They have a +7 modifier to saving throws against spells (such as zone of truth etc.) and the same modifier applies for Charisma based skill checks (Persuasion, Deception, Performance, Intimidation).

Each one of them will say the same story without difference in what they are saying regardless if they are in the same room or not, but they aren't infallible. When they speak an arcana or Charisma check (vs deception or performance check) will reveal that there is a charm-like effect being used whenever they speak. Creatures that have advantage against being charmed (or who can't be charmed) have advantage on this check.

The Checks

So the children are not truthful, secrets out!, so when it's a new lie then we can allow an insight vs deception/persuasion check. If the two children collaborate on the story then it's effectively an "help action" and grant +3 to the roll. If the party succeeds on an insight check then the child who was beaten in the contest will become agitated.

The mini-game behind this is to ask a bunch of questions that force a persuasion or deception check. If an ability or spell is used that grants creatures immunity to charm or domination then the children immediately fail all checks.

The Children

Both children are creatures in disguise with a polymorph-like ability. Detecting magic will reveal that they are indeed altered by magic.

Both children have telepathy and can charm any creature of their choice as long as the creature can hear their voice. Both children will take damage like normal and won't revert to their true selves unless willingly. Instead of dying or falling unconscious at 0 HP they will appear dead (advantage on deception check).

They have a hatred of Gnomes and Dwarves. Both creatures will cause them to have disadvantage on charisma checks when they are interacting with a dwarf or gnome.

Once the children have been found to be lying then they will revert to their true forms and will be able to use misty step at will and mirror image once per day as per the spell without any spell components or spell slots.

Aftermath

Understanding that they had been bested, the two children laughed hysterically. With a twisted distortion their bodies grew and elongated, their child-like appearance aged and before the party stood two figures that were distinctly fey. "You humans sure are full of surprises. It has been years since we have had someone get this close to catching us and it has been such fun!" Beth managed to get out as she laughed. The male fey who once was Daryn stood smiling behind her but the party could tell that his body was coiled like a spring. "Your prize for catching Beth'andra is you can have your coins back. They will be in the horrible metal room again when you next open it." she said with a grin towards Captain Sungrave. "But unfortunately my brother, Daryn'edril and I must be off. The season has come to the end and I don't want to stop the fun just yet." she said as, with a puff of wind both fey disappeared from the room leaving Captain Sungrave looking confused

and alarmed, Alice passed out and the party now smelling the faint smells of pine needles and something sweet.

Lore & NPCs

Rimeglenn



Rimeglenn started off as a small logging town at the bottom of the Rimeteeth – a series of mountains that have dense forests around them. Because of their location, a freshwater river and bountiful resources nearby the town quickly became a hub for forestry and reaping the bounty of the land.

The people of Rimeglenn expanded and found that they didn't have the resources or trades available to cater for their rate of expansion. To address this they expanded into mining, smithing and more trade and very soon the city expanded past their initial humble beginnings. This, however, drew the attention of the creatures of the area and soon raids, attacks and worse started to occur in the city. The city then had to quickly form a militia to defend against the near constant onslaught from gnolls, goblinoids and worse from the mountains.

However this need for defence spurred on the creation of the Rimeguard – a hardened unit of grizzled defenders who fought the worst of the creatures from the land. This elite guard quickly expanded and formed a backbone of the defence of the city. After a few years the city was walled and defended by a guard of a few hundred but content

in staying within their borders and focusing on their trade.

Due to the position the city is warm in the Summer with cooling breezes and fresh water that runs from the mountains. The time of great harvest with the crops being ready after the spring showers and with the animals benefiting from this the most. Being able to fatten up their herd animals so that they can replenish their stores before winter.

During the Autumn months many of the trees would lose their leaves and the game in the land starts to move to other places. This causes the people of Rimeglenn to turn to the river where a migration of fish and other creatures that feed on the fish occurs. The animals that fattened from summer and spring are ready for slaughtering or sale now and so the city goes through a period of feast and festivals.

Winter sees creatures coming down from the mountains to plague the city and they begin to rely on trade and what they have stored up over Autumn and Summer.

Spring is the season where this is a lot of hard work. Once the grounds are not frozen over the people of the city sow crops and tend to their animals. Animals start to come back to the land as well to feast on the new grass, the abundance of prey and familiar grounds to have their babies.

Beginning of the Season

Early signs of Trouble

Emerali woke up with a start. She wondered if it was her parents that woke her up but her mother snored a few metres away and she could see the shape of her dad outlined in the light that was coming through the window and from the candles that burned slowly nearby. Taking a spare candle she lit it and attached it to the holder that enabled her to walk without getting her hands covered in hot wax.

Her father had spent most of an hour putting their precious things away in a chest that he had the key for since they had been targeted by the thieves this year. When they woke up yesterday morning they had found that each one of them had a single shoe taken and replaced by these little wooden toy people. Her Parents were furious but when they

reported it the same thing had happened to the other people at the Rimeguard headquarters. Walking to the kitchen and living space of the house she looked for the source of the noise. It was probably their cat hunting a mouse or looking for more food. But when she looked around she saw the cat was standing on the table looking intently at the chairs. As she approached she heard the scritch-scratching of something climbing the wooden chairs and so she stopped and waited. If it was a mouse or a rat she would try and keep it as a pet. Her parents never let her keep them but she found their twitchy noses just the best.

But what emerged from the other side of the chair was not a pink twitchy nose. A tiny wooden hand slowly emerged then several more before in a single movement the tiny wooden people pulled themselves up onto the chairs back and stood up balancing perfectly on the back of the chair. Emerali stood for a moment before she screamed. The toys were cursed, she was expecting a cute mouse or rat but instead she was not ready for the creepy toys that she had found this morning instead of her shoe. As soon as Emerali screamed the toys went stiff as a board and fell back onto the ground. Her parents appeared moments after and found her staring at the toys but no matter how much she pleaded with them they wouldn't believe her that they were moving and climbing the chair. Emerali was eventually coaxed back into bed and she had a fitful sleep filled with dreams of toys climbing up her legs.

Notice Given

Dyson had just finished nailing the last of the notices on the notice boards at the Rusty Duck inn when the first of the cold winds blew down from the mountains. Dyson placed the hammer and nails back into the satchel he had slung around his shoulder and looked at the message he had just hammered to the wood.

Dyson had himself already woken up with his bowls and plates missing and in their place small wooden figurines were left. He had reported it to the Rimeguard but his bowls and plates had not been turned in yet. So he left the figurines in with the guard so that if someone came looking for them that they may find them. However, this wasn't the first year that this had happened. Every year for the last half-decade as soon as the weather got cold people would report that their belongings were being taken and exchanged with other residents of Rimeglenn.

At first people believed that it was a band of thieves stealing everything and when the guards started to investigate they arrested many people only to find that they had no idea how the stolen items ended up in their house or possession and that they too had their items stolen. The following years they attempted to catch the thieves but it was as if they didn't exist.

And so the lord of the city, Lord Samite, declared a large bounty to anyone who could capture these thieves and put an end to the season of mischief. But so far the bounty had increased but no luck in successfully capturing the culprits.

Dyson sighed, it looked like he would have to find another way to eat his food without his bowls and plates until he either brought more or they were turned in.

Whispers of Opportunity

Hooded figures stood around the table in the cellar of the Burgundy Brigand, an Inn of ill repute and waited for their sixth member. Talking to each other in low murmurs they exchanged guesses on what this meeting was about, complained about the time of venue or, they boasted about their recent exploits.

"I hear that ol' Fierce knuckles is retiring and he brought us 'ere to announce his successor." One said in a mixture of excitement and nerves.

"That's daft, I heard he was caught with his hand in the wrong purse and was given the ultimatum, marriage or execution. He's here to organise his party!" another said with a bout of roaring laughter.

"Well I don't care whatever it is. I gotta get out of here – there is this lady, yeah, she lives by herself on the corner of the Spotted plaza opposite the Hammer and Tongs smithy. She has this locked cellar and guess what!?" a third said nearly jumping out of the chair he was lounging in.

"You lifted the key..." a low rumbling voice said from the stairs. "Don't you ever dream of bigger stuff than some old ladies' basement?" the man said with a chorus of laughter from the others present.

"Apologies for being late gentlemen, I had an appointment I could not refuse."

A golden coin passed between one man and the man who claimed they were organising a party. "So who is she then boss? When's the party?" he boasted.

"Oh she is a fine one indeed," Fierce knuckles said as he reached into the shoulder bag he was carrying and brought out a roll of parchment. "She is the biggest haul you've ever seen. The big one that will make us all rich as kings." he said as he placed the parchment on the table and began to slowly roll it out. A gold piece was quickly taken from one man by another elsewhere in the room. "You see gentlemen. Every year when the season of mischief is called we focus on stealing trinkets, jewellery, tools, gold and gems from the houses and blame it on these mischief thieves. All small game. What else does this season bring?" he asked looking around.

"Well the monsters come down from the mountain. So sometimes the guards get killed when they fight em'. We can pick the battlefield clean for weapons and things that were dropped?" one, a more educated fellow said.

"That's true – what else?" the boss asked as he rolled the parchment out slowly.

"The guards are distracted by these mischief makers and lower their guard. We can steal from the merchants?" another said.

"That's correct. The guards are distracted in finding these tricksters. What else?" he continued as he rolled the parchment out more.

"We can get cheap food cause there's lot's round?" the man who was boasting about his target said boldly.

"Cheap food..." the boss said as he looked over. "You're focusing on cheap food?" The man stood up quickly and held his hands out defensively. "Gold you idiot. There is a vast pile of gold. Every year the guard are focused on finding these tricksters. Every year the nobility grow more tired of their precious baubles and trinkets going missing and so they put more gold into the bounty on their head. I found

the vault where it's kept." the boss said as he rolled the parchment fully out revealing a detailed map showing the location of a vault and how to get into it.

"Ohhhh," the gathered thieves said collectively.
"The bounty gold..."

"Yes, the bounty gold. Currently there is a bounty for five thousand gold pieces for whoever can find the thieves and prove that they are them. I heard that it doubled this year. Ten thousand gold pieces sitting there, in the dark and all alone. Well gentlemen – I think that gold is scared of the dark and we best liberate it from its prison!" Fierce knuckles said to the cheers from the others gathered.

"Now.. here's how we are going to do it..."

The Mischievous Cold Winds

Drifting above the rooftops the wind carried the first flecks of snow for the night. The revelry had died down now and as people closed their doors and extinguished their lanterns, torches and candles the city grew quiet except for those up to no good, or those who attempted to prevent it. A gap in the window of the inn let the wind whistle through and with it the flakes of snow were pushed through the now darkened interior of the inn.

As more wind pushed through the gap the flake was forced up into the roof where it sought a way out of the building. Bouncing across the wooden beams it careened around the room meeting a window, wall or roof wherever the wind pushed it. But what was this, a draft, a way out! Surging forward as the wind hurried towards the draft past the bar, through the now cooling kitchen the fleck of snow crashed into a door on the floor.

Wedge between the door and the frame it struggled to shift, to move towards the gap in the splintered frame. But the mischievous cold winds caught the fleck of ice and urged it onwards. With a push the fleck of ice rushed through the gap, the splinters of wood reaching out to snare it like the claws of a hungry animal. But the wind pushed the flake of snow down and into the room beyond.

Dark, cold stone walls lined the room but the sound of snoring indicated that the room was not empty.

The wind was calmer here, lifting and edging the fleck on further as it crossed over a low wall covered in goods. As it crossed the threshold a gust of warm air signalled the origin of the snoring and assisted the fleck of snow to flutter further towards the table. As the wind's strength disappeared the fleck drifted down from the roof; it came to rest upon the table, but not quite upon the worn wood.

The flake of snow landed upon parchment. A large curled piece of parchment rested upon the cold and rough wood, empty tankards rested on their sides, heads of feet upon the table. The snowflake rested there and as the warm stone above it cooled and met the warm breath of the occupant of the room the snow began to melt. As the last bit of ice melted a deep inhalation of air took its place and the parchment disappeared. Fragments of a moment later an exhalation brought with it something else, something different altogether.

As the cold winds drifted over the city and the several snowflakes danced upon its machinations two creatures watched the city with utter delight. The winds rolled across their fingertips and as they whispered favours, tricks and ideas of mischief to the wind the currents obeyed. For these creatures were not like the men and women below the rooftops. These were the bringers of mirth, joy and laughter.

A few more centuries and the creatures below would take great glee in the visitations of these two but there were those in the city who wished this merriment to end early. Alas they would find themselves the ones being the focus points of joy, laughter and mischief as the creatures curled their hands towards them. The breath of cold wind danced back to the creatures and captured upon their colourful robes. The creatures lifted up above the rooftops, carried upon the winds as they danced and swirled amongst the snow that delighted them so.

The sun was rising and the calls of amazement, surprise and joy would ring out across the people in this gifted city. The creatures were always emboldened by the reactions their tricks entreated upon these people and tomorrow would be another day for fun, merriment and more mischief.

The Greatest Prank

The rage that exploded from Rick caused the ceiling to rain dust. He had left Wal and Pete to go over the plan and had gone home to get a good night's rest. But rest was short and bitter as he woke to pounding on his door. Opening the door he was greeted by the sight of Wal, quivering as he held a sack in front of him.

"Boss. There is a problem. The map it..." he got out before Rick's large hand clasped over his mouth and dragged him towards the inside of his home. The look on Rick's face told Wal everything he needed to know, 'Not here, not now'. "I'll meet you at the meeting place." Wal snivelled as soon as Rick's hand came free before the man darted off and ran down the snow covered street. Rick sighed, Wal got worked up over nothing so easily,

Putting his old long coat on he looked back to say farewell to his sister who smiled at him from the bed. Soon he would have what he needed to get her feeling better. The Trek across the city to the Burgundy Brigand wasn't too hard and the owner smiled and offered him a drink as he walked through the door. "Not today Net, business to attend to. Are the others here?" he said with a polite smile and a wave of his hand. Net Gestured to the trap door in the kitchen and Rick descended the stairs. For a big guy he was quiet on his feet and as he descended the ladder he caught bits of the conversation.

"I say that we go find this person and take it back from 'em" one voice said, Simon – one of Wal's henchmen.

"Nah Rick won't like that. Keep it quiet or they may go to the guard." Pete said, his voice rumbling louder than the stools and tables that moved about up stairs.

"What won't I like...?" he asked as he turned the corner to have his face revealed by the lantern on the table. Wal sat on a chair and looked nervously at a letter on the table. Approaching it he spied a receipt. "Reported stolen goods..." the title read. Reading the letter quickly he picked out a person's name, the goods listed as stolen and a report that they were one of the victims of the mischievous thieves.

"What's the problem? We are taking these dockets now to try and swindle people out of goods. Wal what happened to the Map that got you all flustered?" he asked as he stood at the table with arms crossed.

"The map was stolen, this was in its place" Pete said calmly.

"Ah..." Rick said as he looked down at the paper. Either it was left accidentally when the thieves stole the map or, more likely, the tricksters had swapped this piece of paper for his map. "Well I guess we better find the poor soul who lost this bit of Paper. I believe they will be wanting it back, and they may have something we want in return. Well, that is, they better have my map." Rick said as he grabbed up the paper and carefully put it into his coat pocket.

The Faces of Mischief

The two children were called Daryn and Beth. Their story had been checked out as the guards who were posted at the gates remembered seeing the children enter the city with the merchants and had seen them playing around the gates later that morning. In fact several people had seen the children in the city during the day as Captain Sungrave chased up their story

The only thing that she couldn't verify is what had happened to the merchants who had come in. People remember seeing them with the children but she could not find the actual merchants. It was a puzzle that she didn't think she had time enough to work out. The two children were currently staying at the Rusty Duck inn as there was nearly no place safer in Rimeglenn as the nobles and lord of the city slowly started to find out about the missing reward.

She had also made enquiries on behalf of the testimony for the adventurers that had helped her guard earlier today, but the Bloody knuckles had, unknowingly, confirmed that the adventurers side of the events were true also. So unless the Adventurers were in the employ of Rick, who was yet to talk, or there was something else at play here, a rogue agent that she hadn't factored into yet then the children were lying – which seemed improbably with the accuracy of their statement and half the

merchants district able to testify that they were seen that day.

NPCs

Patrik Goloze



Whilst not the fanciest of places the Rusty Duck inn is quite famous in Rimeglenn. Home to Patrik Goloze who was the captain of the Rimeguard before retirement, it is famous for its focus on supporting adventurers and the folk that protect the city. Patrik is a benefactor of many potentials who come through the city looking for fame and fortune whilst adventuring.

He has also, once or twice, donned his old suit of armour and defended the city from the hordes of gnolls and overly-ambitious orcs that have decided that they wanted to waste their life at the gates of Rimeglenn.

Due to his nature, fame and rapport his inn happens to be the safest in the city with none daring to upset Patrik. The Rusty Duck inn serves decent, hearty food at a good price and boasts several rooms that have separate bedrooms. Patrik understands that adventuring doesn't mean that the party sleeps in the same bed but there is an element of safety with your party that people may want to insist on.

The inn also has attracted fine quality smiths, leather workers, fletchers and other merchants to set up shop nearby so they can cater to the adventurers

and guild members who stay at the Rusty Duck Inn. These shops charge a fair price for the quality of goods and treat adventurers well. But a warning must be given that many of these merchants used to be adventurers once upon a time as well and they don't take kindly to threats, extortion or thievery.

Captain Lady Penelope Sungrave



The half-elf captain of the Rimeguard, Lady Penelope Sungrave is a strong, educated and imposing figurehead of the city guard. After being the second in command to Patrik Goloze for nearly a decade when he hung up his sword and shield to take a more peaceful life she was named as his successor which was supported by the city. She has seen many battles and led many offensive and defensive campaigns in Rimeglenn for the betterment of the city and its people.

Despite her generally helpful nature she is stuck between having to prove herself to the lord of the city and her peers due to her appearance. Her father was an elven dignitary and her mother was the daughter of a noble – their love was a secret. When she was born her mother had a decision to cast her out or be cast out herself, and so she decided to leave her life of luxury to raise her daughter.

But since she was born from nobility, her grandparents attempted to accept her and her mother back (to which they both refused) she was treated with favour despite her achievements. By joining the guard she found a place where she was

treated as anyone else and by focusing on her training with the blade and her natural talents for tactics she quickly rose through the ranks. However now she has to prove to the lord and other well of nobility that she has their best interest at heart. Due to this she has had to make some quick judgments around the disappearance of property from the nobles homes which she did not believe herself.

However, to give her credit she did work tirelessly to prove the innocence of those who were framed by the mysterious mischief makers that plague the city yearly. She has invested much of her family's fortune into the bounty to capture those who are responsible which earn a lot of respect from her peers, soldiers and the nobility – but it never seems to be enough. So long as the mischief makers are around and people find their property stolen and replaced by others belongings she will never be truly accepted as the excellent captain that she is.

Wal Gleeton



Wal is the oldest member, second only to Rick, of the Bloody Knuckles. But he is definitely the biggest coward when his life's on the line. Due to this he surrounds himself with the meanest lunatics from the gang who are willing to throw their life away.

Wal's reasons are pretty easy to follow along with. He is greedy. He always wants more and in his search for the next big thing he will devoutly follow the biggest bad of the city. However if another

threat, or power was to overshadow this then the one that would grant Wal the biggest payout would be his new boss. That is until it's time for him to stab his boss in the back and take the reins for himself.

Peter Lunghorn



The newest leader of the Bloody Knuckles to climb the ranks Peter is something special. The stature of a knight coupled with the strength of one Peter is Rick's body guard and the second in command. People respect Pete as he isn't outright vicious and has shown some kindness before. But he won't hold back when he or his gang is threatened and fights without remorse and without holding back.

Pete has ulterior motives. He has worked his way up to near the top of the Bloody Knuckles gang with a single driving motive. Despite his driver being something different to the gang he still needs their plan to succeed, mostly. In order for this to happen he will do whatever is required to ensure that Rick's plan comes to life.

Rick Hardy



The Gentleman known as Fierce Knuckles was born as Rick Hardy. Rick was born to a noble family who fell out of favour when one of their endeavours failed. As a youth who had everything taken from him he sought for a way to never experience the poverty that his family went through in those early days.

Now Rick runs the Bloody Knuckles gang and aspires to set himself and his gang to a position equal to nobility, without being under the control and influence of the lord of Rimeglenn.

Rick's ambition to get a better life for himself and his sister have pushed him further away from his family's origins. The map cost a small fortune to get but with it memorised, it going missing isn't the problem. The issue is that if those with the map work out what is being planned they may either take it for themselves or give it to the guard and ruin the plan.

Alice Ironglove



A loyal and faithful friend, Alice has worked with Rick since his family started to fall ill one by one. Deidcated more to his sister, her only friend when she was a child in Rimeglenn, Alice will do anything to ensure that she is looked after and protected. Sadly, so far the only plan that has had any promise is to rob a small fortune to move her to a warmer climate where she can receive treatment away from the cold that seems to worsen her condition.

Alice doesn't like taking lives and will rather knock people out than killing them outright. While working with Rick he fights with the same consideration of preservation of life, however if it comes down to his life or his opponents then Rick wont hold back whereas Alice will restrain from murder.

The Fey **Daryn (child form)**



Beth (child form)



Daryn'edril Brimesquience



The holder of the un-identical twins, Daryn'edril is a fierce defender of his sister however still has some latent magical abilities. Stronger and quicker he uses his spells to modify his appearance more than using his precious few magical abilities to hinder or affect his opponents. Armed with a powerful attack with his claw and trained to fight in closer combat he is dangerous and effective, if provoked to fight that is.

Beth'andra Brimesquience



Now where Daryn'edril is more accustomed to physical tests Beth'andra is adept at manipulation and using her magical talents. Able to manipulate and control those around her she uses this to get the

most out of any situation. However her primary focus is getting herself and her brother to safety before they get into trouble or injured.

The Twins Lore

Daryn'edril and Beth'andra are lesser members of the fey court in the feywilds. During the winter season, in their attempt to create excitement and entertainment for themselves they began to visit the elves of the Rimeteeth mountains. This delighted them for some time but the elves began to not react in the same manner and their senses and knowledge of the fey made them difficult to prank and trick.

However, as the mountains began to have other races move in they found that the same tricks, pranks and jokes that used to entertain them with the elves stopped having the same effect. It started with replacing a hunter's arrows with twigs, which caused the twins much delight as the hunter failed to bring down its target, a deer.

Then slowly the pranks increased and they soon forgot about the elves of the forest, much to the elves' delight. They realised that the humans, dwarves and other humanoid races of the now bustling city were much easier to fool than the elves and the chaos that their winter-time pranks brought delighted the fey pair more than the elves ever did.

As they progressed their pranks for swapping knives for spoons or hammers for rolling pins they realised that the people of this town relied on the guard and soon a new game was born. A game of cat and mouse began to delight the fey as they pushed their pranks and tricks further, using their magic they confused, befuddled and manipulated the people of the city until the guard wised up to their tricks. Then they would have to evade the ever angry and ever eager guard.

This game of chase was something that brought such joy that they forgot the melancholy of the feywilds during the winter months. The people eventually started to put their trinkets and valuables in chests with iron bindings which prevented their magic from affecting those few items and so they lost interest when people stopped caring that their turnips turned into carrots. With

the change in the reaction of the people of Rimeglenn the fey returned to the feywilds and began to plan for the next year when they would increase the level of mischief and pranks that they would sew.

Places

The Burgundy Brigand

The Burgundy Brigand inn wasn't always the place for ill-fated meet-ups and under the table deals like it is now. Years ago it used to be a place where nobles would come to let their hair down, gamble, drink and interact with the merchants of Rimeglenn to do business. But after a particularly bad business deal the establishment changed hands overnight and a new crowd began to habit the inn. Now it's a place where the guards are paid to turn a blind eye, well those who can be bribed, and where the guards can't help you the hired guards definitely can't. Associated with thieves, smugglers and the corrupt the inn now hosts several cheap rooms to rent, none of which have working or secure locks, a secret meeting room in the basement for their favourite patrons (or those who bribe well enough) and the cheapest watered-down swill this side of the Feathercrest mountains.

The food is not recommended but it will do in a pinch and the drink is nearly not palatable. However it is a place where those down on their luck or those needing work can turn to for more, unsavoury types of employment and as such it is allowed to keep working despite the nature of the inn verging on chaotic and illegal. Lord Reese Dryberry haunts this inn frequently and seems to know everyone and everything that happens in the shadows. People come to Reese to purchase information or favours from his contacts but many can't afford to pay the price that is requested for such 'good deeds'. However Lord Dryberry owns all the land that produces fruit for wine and other spirits and is wealthy, respected and powerful.

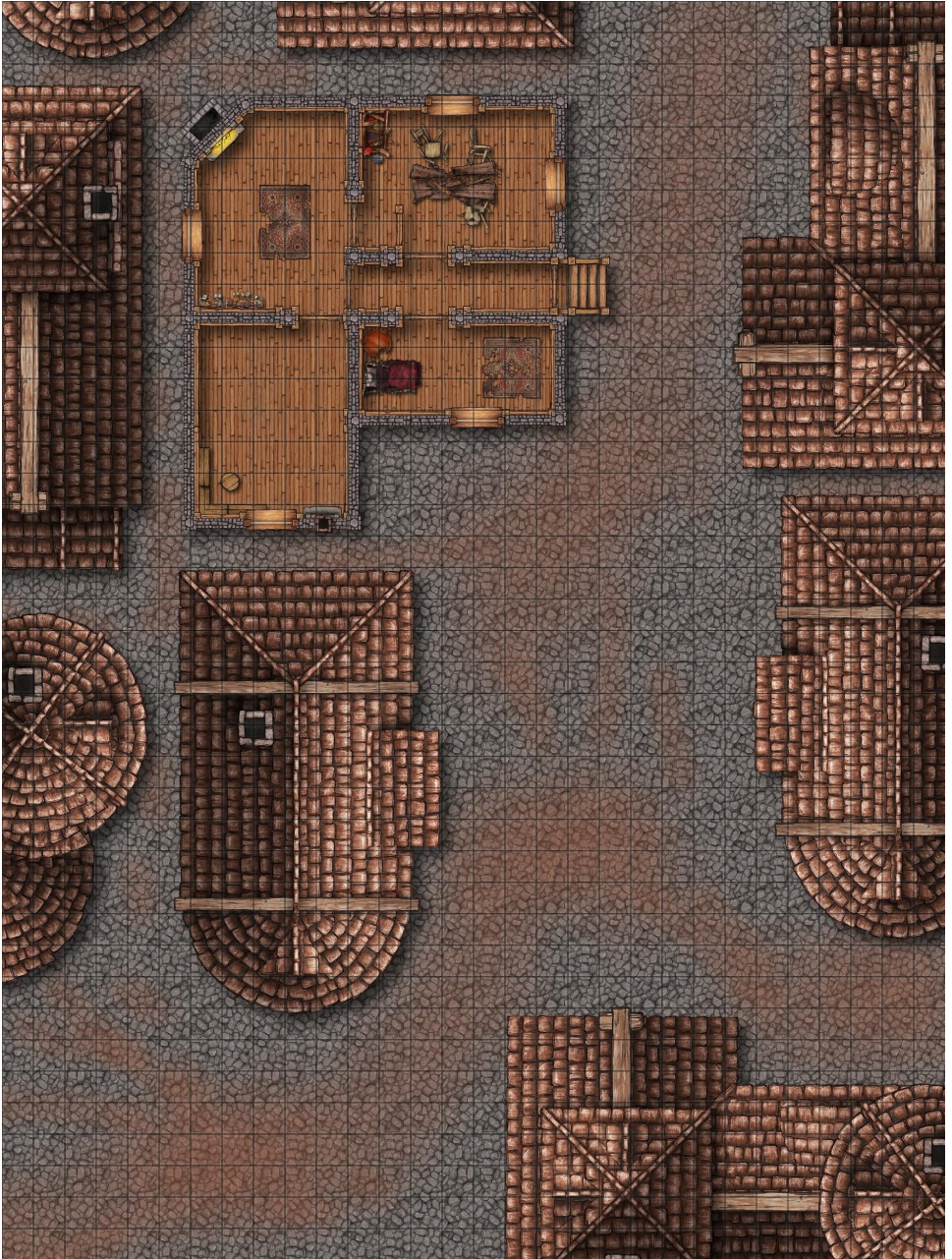
Those who cross the lord are not welcome in the Burgundy Brigand and, shortly, are rumoured to have been seen leaving the city. The means in which they leave is never questioned but many know it's by bag and down the river to where they are never seen again. None of which can or ever will be proven.

Maps

349SDiEm7



350SDiEm14



Monsters

Adventure Encounters

Animated Toys

Animated Toy - Small

ANIMATED TOY (SMALL)

Small Construct, unaligned

Armor Class 16 (natural armor)

Hit Points 10 (4d6 - 4)

Speed 20 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
8 (-1)	14 (+2)	9 (-1)	1 (-5)	3 (-4)	1 (-5)

Damage Immunities poison, psychic

Condition Immunities blinded, charmed, deafened, exhaustion, frightened, paralyzed, petrified, poisoned

Senses blindsight 60 ft. (blind beyond this radius), passive Perception 6

Languages —

Challenge 1/4 (50 XP)

Antimagic Susceptibility. The toy is incapacitated while in the area of an antimagic field. If targeted by dispel magic, the toy must succeed on a Constitution saving throw against the caster's spell save DC or fall unconscious for 1 minute.

False Appearance. While the toy remains motionless, it is indistinguishable from a normal wooden toy.

ACTIONS

Slam. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +1 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 1 bludgeoning damage.

Animated Toy (Tiny)

ANIMATED TOY

Tiny Construct, unaligned

Armor Class 16 (natural armor)

Hit Points 6 (4d4 - 4)

Speed 20 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
8 (-1)	14 (+2)	9 (-1)	1 (-5)	3 (-4)	1 (-5)

Damage Immunities poison, psychic

Condition Immunities blinded, charmed, deafened, exhaustion, frightened, paralyzed, petrified, poisoned

Senses blindsight 60 ft. (blind beyond this radius), passive Perception 6

Languages —

Challenge 1/4 (50 XP)

Antimagic Susceptibility. The toy is incapacitated while in the area of an antimagic field. If targeted by dispel magic, the toy must succeed on a Constitution saving throw against the caster's spell save DC or fall unconscious for 1 minute.

False Appearance. While the toy remains motionless, it is indistinguishable from a normal wooden toy.

ACTIONS

Slam. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +1 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 1 bludgeoning damage.

The Bloody Knuckles

Bloody Knuckles Gang Member

BLOODY KNUCKLES MEMBER

Medium Humanoid (any race), any non-lawful alignment

Armor Class 12 (leather armor)

Hit Points 11 (2d8 + 2)

Speed 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
11 (+0)	12 (+1)	12 (+1)	10 (+0)	12 (+1)	10 (+0)

Skills Intimidation +2

Senses passive Perception 11

Languages any one language (usually Common)

Challenge 1/8 (25 XP)

ACTIONS

Dagger. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +3 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 4 (1d4 + 1) piercing damage.

Light Crossbow. *Ranged Weapon Attack:* +3 to hit, range 80/320 ft., one target. *Hit:* 5 (1d8 + 1) piercing damage.

Wal Gleeton

WAL GLEETON

Medium Humanoid, Neutral Evil

Armor Class 13 (studded leather)

Hit Points 26 (4d8 + 8)

Speed 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
14 (+2)	13 (+1)	14 (+2)	14 (+2)	11 (+0)	14 (+2)

Skills Deception +4, Intimidation +4

Senses passive Perception 10

Languages any two languages

Challenge 1 (200 XP)

Pack Tactics. Wal has advantage on an attack roll against a creature if at least one of Wal's allies is within 5 feet of the creature and the ally isn't incapacitated.

ACTIONS

Multiattack. Wal makes two melee or ranged attacks.

Dagger. *Melee or Ranged Weapon Attack:* +4 to hit, reach 5 ft. or range 20/60 ft., one target. *Hit:* 4 (1d4 + 2) piercing damage.

REACTIONS

Cowardice. Wal adds 2 to its AC against one melee attack that would hit it. Then it can move 10 feet as if it had disengaged.

Peter 'Pete' Lungorn

PETER LUNGORN

Medium Humanoid, Neutral Evil

Armor Class 15 (breastplate)

Hit Points 52 (7d8 + 21)

Speed 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
16 (+3)	12 (+1)	16 (+3)	12 (+1)	12 (+1)	8 (-1)

Saving Throws Str +5

Skills Athletics +5, Intimidation +1

Senses passive Perception 11

Languages any two languages

Challenge 2 (450 XP)

Pack Tactics. Peter has advantage on an attack roll against a creature if at least one of Peter's allies is within 5 feet of the creature and the ally isn't incapacitated.

ACTIONS

Multiattack. Peter makes two melee attacks.

Battleaxe. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +5 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 7 (1d8 + 3) slashing damage or 8 (1d10 + 3) slashing damage if wielded with two hands.

BONUS ACTIONS

Overmuscle. When Peter makes his first attack, he can decide to Overmuscle. If the attack is successful the creature must make a DC 13 Strength saving throw or they are also pushed 10 feet and fall prone.

Rick Hardy

RICK HARDY

Medium Humanoid (Fierce knuckles). Neutral Evil

Armor Class 15 (chain shirt)

Hit Points 91 (14d8 + 28)

Speed 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
16 (+3)	15 (+2)	14 (+2)	14 (+2)	11 (+0)	14 (+2)

Saving Throws Str +5, Dex +4, Wis +2

Skills Athletics +5, Deception +4, Intimidation +4, Persuasion +4

Senses passive Perception 10

Languages any two languages

Challenge 4 (1,100 XP)

Pack Tactics. Rick has advantage on an attack roll against a creature if at least one of Rick's allies is within 5 feet of the creature and the ally isn't incapacitated.

ACTIONS

Multiattack. Rick makes three melee or ranged attacks.

Spiked Knuckles. *Melee or Ranged Weapon Attack:* +5 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 5 (1d4 + 3) piercing damage. If the target is a creature, it must succeed on a DC 13 Strength saving throw or be knocked prone.

Dagger. *Melee or Ranged Weapon Attack:* +5 to hit, reach 5 ft. or range 20/60 ft., one target. *Hit:* 5 (1d4 + 3) piercing damage.

Leadership (Recharges after a Short or Long Rest). For 1 minute, Rick can utter a special command or warning whenever a nonhostile creature that it can see within 30 feet of it makes an attack roll or a saving throw. The creature can add a d4 to its roll provided it can hear and understand him. A creature can benefit from only one Leadership die at a time. This effect ends if Rick is incapacitated.

REACTIONS

Parry. Rick adds 2 to its AC against one melee attack that would hit it. To do so Rick must see the attacker and be wielding a weapon.

Redirect Attack. When a creature Rick can see targets it with an attack, Rick chooses an ally within 5 feet of it. Rick and the ally swap places, and the chosen ally becomes the target instead.

Alice Ironglove

ALICE IRONGLOVE

Medium Dwarf, True Neutral

Armor Class 13 (chain shirt)

Hit Points 45 (6d8 + 18)

Speed 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
15 (+2)	11 (+0)	16 (+3)	13 (+1)	10 (+0)	11 (+0)

Skills Intimidation +2

Senses darkvision 60 ft., passive Perception 10

Languages Common, Dwarvish

Challenge 1 (200 XP)

Pack Tactics. Alice has advantage on an attack roll against a creature if at least one of her allies is within 5 ft. of the creature and the ally isn't incapacitated.

ACTIONS

Multiattack. Alice makes two melee attacks.

Iron Knuckles. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +4 to hit, reach 5 ft., one creature. *Hit:* 5 (1d6 + 2) bludgeoning damage.

BONUS ACTIONS

Soften Em' Up. Before making her first attack roll Alice can use a bonus action to "Soften Em' Up". If she does, if her attack hits, her allies gain advantage on her target until the start of Alice's next turn but her weapon attacks deal 4 (1d4+2) bludgeoning damage instead of her normal weapon damage.

The Guard

Rimeguard

RIMEGUARD

Medium Humanoid (any race), any alignment

Armor Class 17 (scale mail, shield)

Hit Points 26 (4d8 + 8)

Speed 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
14 (+2)	12 (+1)	14 (+2)	10 (+0)	11 (+0)	10 (+0)

Skills Perception +2, Survival +2

Senses passive Perception 12

Languages any one language (usually Common)

Challenge 1/4 (50 XP)

ACTIONS

Spear. *Melee or Ranged Weapon Attack:* +4 to hit, reach 5 ft. or range 20/60 ft., one target. *Hit:* 4 (1d6 + 2) piercing damage, or 6 (1d8 + 2) piercing damage if used with two hands to make a melee attack.

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

The Fey

Daryn'edril Brimesqueince

DARYN'EDRIL BRIMESQUEINCE

Medium Fey, neutral

Armor Class 13
Hit Points 78 (12d8 + 24)
Speed 40 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
14 (+2)	16 (+3)	14 (+2)	15 (+2)	16 (+3)	18 (+4)

Saving Throws Int +5, Wis +6, Cha +7
Skills Deception +7, Intimidation +7, Perception +6, Performance +7, Persuasion +7
Damage Resistances bludgeoning, piercing, and slashing from nonmagical attacks
Senses darkvision 60 ft., passive Perception 16
Languages Common, Elvish, Sylvan
Challenge 5 (1,800 XP)

Innate Spellcasting. Daryn'edril innate spellcasting ability is Charisma (spell save DC 15). Daryn'edril can innately cast the following spells, requiring no material components:

At will: *minor illusion, mage hand, misty step*
4/day: *charm person, disguise self, silent image*
3/day: *altar self, blindness/deafness, blur, mirror image*
2/day: *blink, counterspell, major image*
1/day: *confusion, greater invisibility*

Skilled manipulator. Daryn'edril gains advantage on deception or persuasion checks when he can see and hear Beth'andra.

Magic Resistance. Daryn'edril has advantage on saving throws against spells and other magical effects.

Of One Mind. Daryn'edril and Beth'andra can speak telepathically as long as they are on the same plane of existence.

ACTIONS

Multitask. Daryn'edril makes two claw attacks

Claws. Melee Weapon Attack: +7 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. Hit: 11 (2d6 + 4) slashing damage.

Greater Altered Appearance. Daryn'edril covers himself and anything he is wearing or carrying with a magical illusion that makes him look and feel like another creature of his general size and humanoid shape. The illusion ends if he takes a bonus action to end it or if he dies.

The changes wrought by this effect hold up to physical inspection. For example, Daryn'edril could appear to have a long coat, and someone touching it would feel the coat despite it being created by this effect. Otherwise, a creature must take an action to visually inspect the illusion and succeed on a DC 20 Intelligence (Investigation) check to discern that he is disguised.

Beth'andra Brimesqueince

BETH'ANDRA BRIMESQUEINCE

Medium Fey, neutral

Armor Class 13
Hit Points 65 (10d8 + 20)
Speed 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
10 (+0)	17 (+3)	14 (+2)	15 (+2)	16 (+3)	18 (+4)

Saving Throws Int +5, Wis +6, Cha +7
Skills Deception +7, Intimidation +7, Perception +6, Performance +7, Persuasion +7
Damage Resistances bludgeoning, piercing, and slashing from nonmagical attacks
Senses darkvision 60 ft., passive Perception 16
Languages Common, Elvish, Sylvan
Challenge 5 (1,800 XP)

Innate Spellcasting. Beth'andra innate spellcasting ability is Charisma (spell save DC 15). Beth'andra can innately cast the following spells, requiring no material components:

At will: *minor illusion, gust, mage hand, mind silver, misty step*
4/day: *charm person, disguise self, silent image, sleep*
3/day: *altar self, detect thoughts, suggestion, invisibility*
3/day: *fear, hypnotic pattern, major image*
2/day: *greater invisibility, polymorph*
1/day: *animate objects, far step*

Magic Resistance. Beth'andra has advantage on saving throws against spells and other magical effects.

Skilled manipulator. Beth'andra gains advantage on deception or persuasion checks when she can see and hear Daryn'edril.

Of One Mind. Beth'andra and Daryn'edril can speak telepathically as long as they are on the same plane of existence.

ACTIONS

Claws. Melee Weapon Attack: +6 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. Hit: 6 (1d6 + 3) slashing damage.

Greater Altered Appearance. Beth'andra covers herself and anything she is wearing or carrying with a magical illusion that makes her look and feel like another creature of her general size and humanoid shape. The illusion ends if she takes a bonus action to end it or if she dies.

The changes wrought by this effect hold up to physical inspection. For example, Beth'andra could appear to have a long coat, and someone touching it would feel the coat despite it being created by this effect. Otherwise, a creature must take an action to visually inspect the illusion and succeed on a DC 20 Intelligence (Investigation) check to discern that she is disguised.

Extra

For extra excitement, random encounters or magical items consider the below options.

Bag of Lesser Animus

Uncommon Magic Wondrous Item

Sticking to a bit of the "12 Days of Christmas" it can hold up to 12 creatures but is normally found with 7. If you pay the bag it will make an additional or replacement carving for you and if you bribe it with snacks (Rations) it will even take commissions and make something of your request (within exception). Each carving-creature can also have commands or orders given to them up to 12 words (12 days again) so they can't be complex but it's better than a small phrase. 1 or two sentences will suffice. But like the creatures and most other constructs – they don't talk.

Bag of Lesser Animus

Wondrous Item, uncommon

This bag is made from fur that is either white, brown or black and upon inspecting the bag several small wooden carvings can be found.

As an **action** the holder can pull the wooden carving and they utter a command up to 12 words. The carving can then be thrown up to 20 feet or placed on the ground. When the carving lands, it transforms into a small wooden creature that the carving represented. What creatures are within the bag are predetermined by rolling 7 **d8** **(+)**'s. The creature returns to a carving at the next dawn. If it is reduced to 0 **hit points** then the carving is destroyed and can not be used again. The creature is friendly to you and your companions, and it acts on your **turn** and will complete the up to 12 word command to the best of its ability. You can use a **bonus action** to command the creature to return to you and upon touching it it reverts back to a carving.

The Carving is always of a tiny creature and uses the stat block appropriate to the creature. Once one carving has been commanded in such a way any subsequent carving-creature will do its utmost job to hinder the party and avoid capture.

The user of the bag can place in at least 1 gold piece and after the next dawn for each gold piece that is put into the bag a new carving will be created in exchange. The new carvings will be random unless a small written note with the name of a tiny beast is provided with at least 1 days ration as well as the gold piece for each requested new carving. The bag can hold up to 12 carvings.

Carving-Creatures

d8 **(+)** - Carving

1 - Rat

2 - Spider

3 - Bat

4 - Lizard

5 - Frog

6 - Scorpion

7 - Crab

8 - Weasel

