

# *The Whistling Rocks*

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## Introduction

A TTRPG adventure compatible with Dungeons and Dragons 5e adventure for a party of level 2-4 characters.

The Town of Starfall was a small farming town that was slowly growing to be something of a supply line hub between the southern and northern part of a growing empire. Conflict in the north had demanded more food to be produced and the town of Starfall was optimally placed to get the freshest food to the front lines.

A great agricultural surge had seen the creation of a dozen more farms and the clearing of hundreds of trees from the Deepwood forest.

However their expansion was frowned upon and something had gone amiss. A request for arms had been given to a travelling merchant who had connections a town or two over. That was 2 days ago and they were expecting the supplies any day now.

Mid-morning the following day a cart, the same one of the merchants they had requested aid from, came into town with not weapons but adventurers, our Party. Will they uncover the cause of the trouble? Smooth over tensions with a local Elven population or tip the balance of power to a shift of outright conflict with the tree loving people.

## The road to Starfall

### A dangerous Road



Seeking work was never an issue with the party and more often than not they had someone barge into their life seeking their help. Tonight was no different as they sat down in the bar wondering

where they would get their next injection of gold to fund their adventure.

The Frisky Mare was an Inn that they had frequented and the Innkeep, Burt Glorytusk was an imposing ex-adventurer himself. The doors to the inn opened and the room fell silent nearly immediately. Heavy travel boots thudded as a figure strode to stand next to the bar.

“Good evenin’ Burt. I won’t be a second dear,” a soft and sultry voice purred across the bar next to the party. A tiefling with bright pink skin and shoulder length raven coloured hair stood next to the bar with a rapier and shortsword on her hip. Travelling leathers and worn but fine boots finished her outfit as she fished out a scrap of leather and tied back her hair.

“Listen up. I need adventurers willing to travel two days from here to the sleepy town of Starfall.” She began and several people stood up. “The pay will be fifty gold each, half payable when you arrive and half when you finish. If you can fix the problem for good then there is a bonus in order.” she finished as she reached for a mug of ale that Burt had poured for her. Several mercenaries walked up and started sizing up their competition.

“Oh, I should mention. The Belencia Military controls part of the town. If that causes issues with you then this isn’t the job for you.” With that all the mercenaries quickly placed some coins on the bar to Burt and left in a hurry.

Looking at the party she smiled. “You lot look more than capable. My names Sincerity, Sin to my friends, but you can call me that if you decide to help a girl out. Care for a drink?”

### NPC’s:

- Sincerity ‘Sin’

### Encounter: The road to Starfall

Creature: 3-5 wolves (at night) or just as many Bandits.

### Map - 319ThF1FrTBI

If wolves they attack at night and try to get a surprise round off.

If they are bandits they ambush during the day pretending to be lost travellers before attacking.

## Arrival at Starfall

The road to Starfall was well made, frequently used and had ample access to feed, water and game for both the party and the beasts that bore them to the town of Starfall. Travelling just as dawn broke they made good time after but a few stops.

A few hours after dawn they saw the first glimpses of Stafall. Upon reaching the town the party notice that a hastily built wall has been built midway through a large field, on one side there are crops of corn and wheat and on the other side is what remains of the same crop.

Great swaths of the harvest is cut off at the ground and huge boulders that seem to be the cause of the destruction have appeared in the field. Talking to the farmers as they pass through they suspect a tribe of wood elves is ransacking their farms, destroying their crops by use of large boulders. One of the boulders even crushed one woman's house who has yet to wake up from the ordeal.

The farmers want to take up arms and defend their land in the easiest way they know, attacking and killing the elves to prevent future attacks.

### NPC's:

- Brok Mason
- Ren Miller

## Encounter: Social Encounter - Hostile Villagers.

Creature: Several commoners.

### Map - N/A

Once the party reaches the village the villagers instantly do not take kindly to them; nearly on the verge of open hostility.

They are reluctant to provide them aid, a room to stay or any form of assistance and in front of the inn, where Sincerity is dropping off supplies (as was the other half of her job) a mob of villagers show up and demand that they leave.

"We wanted the military! Those elves need to be removed before they kill us all. The rocks, the boulders that they have magicked onto our crops is the beginning. I say we give these intruders, these wanna be heroes to them so they can sacrifice them to their fake gods."

**Option:** One of the villagers may recognise one of the party and either shout their praise for a

previous deed well done, or shout insults and bring up a past failure (rumoured or otherwise).

This should either open up a room at the inn or force the party to stay in an abandoned farm cottage if they want to stay here.

## The Whistling Rocks

### The Problem at hand.

Finally the party meets with Brok Mason, the default village leader. A brash, abrasive man, he has little time for them as he tends to the wounds of Ren, one of the villagers who was hurt in a recent attack.

After some probing the party is able to find out a few things. Ren was threatened by the elves that they, the shepherds of the forest, will kill them one by one, starting with Ren, if they don't leave. Then last night her house was crushed by a giant boulder. The only thing that the villagers heard or saw was strange whistling at night like wind flutes.

After some persuasion he tells the party to talk to the elves in the Forest. Tell them to "stop attacking the Town or they will be hunted out and their forest burnt to the ground."

### NPC's:

- Brok Mason
- (unconscious) Ren Miller.

## Encounter: Encounter with the elves

Creature: 6 or so wood elves.

### Map - N/A

The elves are peace loving folk.

If the party were to seek them out they would find them half a day travelling into the woods, they reveal themselves to the party and speak extremely broken common.

If one(or more) of the party spoke elvish they would explain in elven that they are not responsible for the damage at the farms – that it is a creature known as the Shepherd of the forest and that the villagers should just leave for now. They tried to warn their friend, Ren, to leave until the creatures were stated with what they deem to be tribute to the forest. Once they are stated the Shepherd's of the forest will leave.

The elves don't seem to understand what the party is asking but insists that they are innocent and to

watch out for the hours after dusk which is when the shepherd's appear when they once again need sating.

## The Shepherds of the Forest

The party return to the village of Starfall at dusk and relay the message, or what they got from the elves, and they are met with outright hostility. Pushed from the village they are shown to the ruined farmhouses and told that's where they can stay tonight and in the morning they are to be gone from the town.

As the party looks through the ruined houses a strange whistling can be heard. Following the sound through the six feet tall cornfield they find themselves at the mossy boulders that are around ten feet round and irregularly shaped. The whistling appears to be when the wind rushes across the boulder and hits little holes that dot the surface.

As the party stares at the boulder it begins to shift as a large leathery neck and head appear revealing the boulders to be giant snails that have a shell made out of stone-like material. The snail looks at them and begins to move forward hungrily.

## NPC's:

- Brok Mason
- Ren Miller (wakes up)

## Encounter: Shepherds of the Forest

Creature: 1 or 2 Giant Rock Snails

### Map - 07ThMa3

If the snails are not discovered to be snails before they attack then they get a surprise round.

Once the snails take 40 damage (or more) they will start to move towards the forest, whistling as they retreat. The other snails will also retreat. If anyone can communicate with beasts they will understand that the snails are fleeing the farms and will not return unless the forest calls for a tribute from those who encroach upon its territory.

The snails would also be open to leaving the farmers alone if one was to communicate with them – as long as the farmers felled no more trees they would not likely return.

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The Party having defended the village from the snails, by their demise, escape or a parley would be branded heroes from the village and Brok would

take them back to the town where they originated from to reclaim the last parts of their reward from Sincerity who was called back on urgent business.

## Lore & NPCs

### Leadup to the Adventurers arrival

Ren sat down after a long day of tendering to get crops and sighed with relief as the fatigue hinted at leaving her body. Taking off her dirty boots she remembered the encounter with the elves that live in the woods nearby with a small snort.

'Not sure what they meant by the Shephard's of the forest but I see no such thing. They don't even have any of the gilded weapons ma and pa used to talk about so I doubt they would be great warriors either.'" she laughed pouring a mug of hot mulled wine to have with her hunted rabbit and roasted corn. Shaking her head again as the warm, pungent liquid hit her stomach. As she began to feel her aches disappear she considered that it may indeed be a threat from the elves. Looking out the window towards the trees she couldn't imagine that they would be so foolish to start a fight with the town that was feeding an army up north.

Mulling over the encounter with the elves as she rested her head she drifted in and out of a broken sleep.

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A week ago the elves had approached her as she tilled the soil of her land. Next to soil she was tilling was a line of trees that formed a living wall between her land and the village of Starfall and the elves' home, the Deepwood.

The Elves had warned her that the village had become too greedy and the latest patch of lands they had claimed as their own had alerted the Shepard's of the forest and her farm was in danger. They warned her to leave so that no harm would come to her and encouraged her to persuade the other villagers to do the same.

Ren remembered speaking to the other villagers who, probably rightly so, had laughed at her, claiming she was too close to the elves, and they were right. Over the past few years she had always had a better relationship with the elves than the other villagers – occasionally she would find that her crops would be healthier or yield more than the



other villager's crops which had caused her a few issues when trying to sell her crops. The relationship between the elves and the people of Starfall had not been great and not many people liked the elves due to these past tensions.

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A creak in the wall drew her attention and woke her from her fatigue and wine induced haze. Unbolting and opening her door with a small blade in her hand she noticed that there was a lot of movement through her crops. Feeling a breeze coming across her face she shrugged it off as a strong wind perhaps, nothing more. Feeling the aches of the day begin to question her being out of bed she decided to ignore the wind, bolt the door and go back to bed.

In the morning she woke up early, before many of the other villagers did to fetch some water from a nearby well. However as she left her door she dropped the empty bucket. Before her lay great swathes of her crop that had been cut at just above the ground level. Large moss covered boulders had found their way amongst the destruction at the end of these patches of wanton destruction. Running to the town she ran into another farmer had a worse fate – his entire crop had disappeared overnight, also cut at ground level with similar large boulders mysteriously in his crops, the fences he had erected were smashed to rubble..

This continued for a week before it escalated.

Waking in the middle of the night to a large creaking from within her stone wall she watched as slowly rocks tumbled inwards before a large section of her house exploded inwards sending stone and wood throughout the interior. As she tried to race to the front door a beam of wood crashed down upon her, knocking her unconscious and burying her under the rubble.

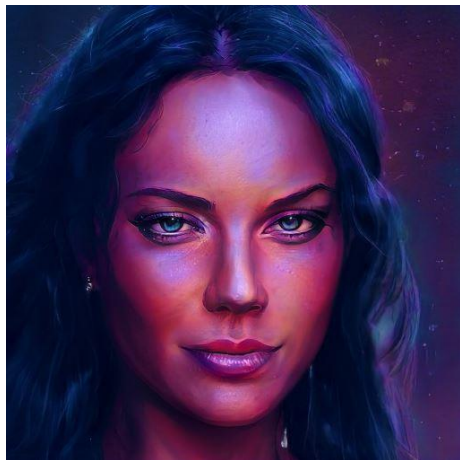
In the morning the villagers found her under the ruins of her home, injured but alive, and a large moss covered boulder sat amongst the shattered remains of her table and bed.

The following days the villagers constructed a ramshackle wall using ruins from the farms, scraps of wood, branches and whatever else they could get their hands on. The wall was 6 feet tall and 2 feet deep and stretched on one side of the road, separating the rest of the village of Starfall from the

ruins of the farmhouses that had been destroyed or damaged by the bounders.

The villagers had not stopped there and had decided to take action, confronting the elves as in their minds they were using druidic magic to turn on the villagers who had so far left them to their own devices.

## Sincerity



Sincerity, or Sin in other circles, is a female Tiefling of around 30 or so. She is just shy of 5'2" (157cms) with a curvy figure and long raven black hair that is occasionally tied back in a ponytail when she starts to conduct serious business.

Sincerity is a merchant by trade and based on the feedback from people in the trade a damn good one at that. Able to source just about anything given enough time. She has quickly given herself a name in the towns and cities that she prowls for work. Not only that but she has an almost supernatural ability to broker trade between people and before they knew they even wanted something she had already sourced it and delivered it to them for a 'competitive fee'.

Not much of her past is known except that she was the only adopted (?) Daughter of a sage who taught her linguistics and business very early on in her youth.

Some rumours have said that she is the product of a one night fling between her sage father and something he summoned to grant him otherworldly knowledge. Others say that her father was lonely

and merely happened to help an old friend when they couldn't look after Sincerity.

Whatever the reason, many people who crossed blades or words with Sincerity end up in a worse state than they were in before. But those who draw blades to stand with her instead of against find her a most valuable ally.

## **Ren Miller**



A woman in her late 20's Ren is a hard worker. Leaving the village she grew up in, Ren has come to Starfall to escape the bad memories of her parents and how their life riddled with bad luck came to an unpleasant end.

Ren is about 5ft 6 tall with hair the colour of fresh wheat. Her skin is tanned and skin is rough – a sign of a life spent working hard and in the sun.

A run of bad luck started when she came to work on the expanding farmlands of Starfall. Deep roots made the backbreaking work harder but the elves she befriended were helpful when she took their advice and worked with nature instead of destroying it. However, this advice turned to more hostile-esque warnings when her land expanded as they cut down more trees to give her more farmland.

## **Brok Mason**



Brok is a rugged, but handsome, half-elven male of around 50. He has a fine layer of stubble, large amounts of muscle and short cut black hair that is yet to see that caress of grey that human males of his age tend to show

Brok is slow trusting of people. Putting his faith in hard work, animals (like his dog and horse) and gold.

Once a well respected silk merchant in Lillydale he suddenly sold his shop and took to a darker business path, the movement and smuggling of people who need to leave without a trace. This change in business venture caused his human wife and his daughter to leave him.

What his wife and daughter didn't know was that the sale of his shop and pursuit of new employment was a deal made to prevent bankruptcy and his family becoming homeless.

Quick to judge and see the flaws in most people, Brok doesn't make friends with many people, let alone clients as gold is worth more to him than the bonds formed between people.

## Maps

319ThFlFrTBl





07ThMa3





# Monsters

## Adventure Encounters

### Giant Rock Snail

#### GIANT ROCK SNAIL

Large Beast, unaligned

**Armor Class** 15 (natural armor)

**Hit Points** 52 (7d10 + 14)

**Speed** 20 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
15 (+2)	13 (+1)	15 (+2)	1 (-5)	9 (-1)	2 (-4)

**Skills** Perception +1

**Senses** blindsight 60 ft., passive Perception 11

**Languages** -

**Challenge** 2 (450 XP)

**Keen Smell.** The giant ant has advantage on Wisdom (Perception) checks that rely on smell.

**Shell Camouflage.** The giant rock snail has advantage on dexterity (stealth) checks made to hide in rocky terrain. Furthermore if the snail is hiding within its shell it is indistinguishable from a large rock.

#### ACTIONS

**Bite.** *Melee Weapon Attack:* +4 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 6 (1d8 + 2) slashing damage and the target is grappled (escape DC 12). Until this grapple ends, the target is restrained and the giant rock snail can't bite a different target.

## Random Encounters

### Wolves

#### WOLF

Medium beast, unaligned

**Armor Class** 13 (natural armor)

**Hit Points** 11 (2d8 + 2)

**Speed** 40 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
12 (+1)	15 (+2)	12 (+1)	3 (-4)	12 (+1)	6 (-2)

**Skills** Perception +3, Stealth +4

**Senses** passive Perception 13

**Languages** -

**Challenge** 1/4 (50 XP)

**Keen Hearing and Smell.** The wolf has advantage on Wisdom (Perception) checks that rely on hearing or smell.

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

#### ACTIONS

**Bite.** *Melee Weapon Attack:* +4 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 7 (2d4 + 2) piercing damage. If the target is a creature, it must succeed on a DC 11 Strength saving throw or be knocked prone.

### Bandit

#### BANDIT

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)	10 (+0)	10 (+0)

**Senses** passive Perception 10

**Languages** any one language (usually Common)

**Challenge** 1/8 (25 XP)

#### ACTIONS

**Scimitar.** *Melee Weapon Attack:* +3 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 4 (1d6 + 1) slashing damage.

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