

The Prisoners for Pensevtil

©2023 BrazenWolfe Tabletop, All Rights Reserved, Permission Granted to copy for personal use.



Introduction

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

The guards made it look easy back in the tavern and the promise of gold, victory and the fame that came from these jobs made it sound all worthwhile. Boy were they wrong. The bright moon heralds a darkness to the night that the party are told to fear. There is something that stalks them on the tracks through the woods, between the trees and through the brush.

The wizard is paying them handsomely, two weeks worth of wages for something that would take no longer than three days of travel - but the realisation comes too late that it's all hazard pay. How could guarding and escorting prisoners to some remote prison be a hard gig. That was until the mission changed.

The flight for their life wasn't the worst part, it was the exhaustion as day turned to night and night turned to days and days into a week as they tried to complete the job.

Guard duty The Musty Oak



"The guards seemed relaxed as they lounged in the bench-booths of the Musty Oak and waited for the

last of their ales to arrive. The coin flowed freely from their hands as they paid for their meals and boasted of their exploits to any who would listen, and many who cared not to. But the adventure, the wealth and the way that they spoke of their job made being idle and completing little jobs for little merchants sound utterly pitiful.

As they watched the guards enjoyed the comforts of being well paid and looked at their, in comparison, meagre meal before them. "Now now, don't look too disheartened. Just so happens I know the boss of that crew and he is in need of some more men for a job," the innkeeper said as he passed along a pint of ale, the first shouts of "Ales on me!" came from one of the younger guards at the table.

"If you are interested, Boris is sitting by himself over there," he pointed to the quieter side of the inn at a large man. "He is studying for the job," the innkeeper chuckled and shook his head.

Boris was a rough man who didn't care for gilding his words of pleasantries. He was direct and to the point which made dealing with him easier.

"So you want to join my guard? To be honest, the amount of coin that we are getting paid for a simple transportation of goods job makes me suspicious. If you're able to guard the cargo and can lend a hand during the job then I don't see an issue with having you along."

NPC's:

- Boris Izenhowlzer
- Raff Blitzword
- Dorn Brumble

Encounter: Social - Talking to Boris

Creature: N/A

Map - N/A

Picking up the cargo

The goods in question were different to what they had expected. Instead of bags or boxes filling a wagon or cart they were met with something else. Twelve humanoids of different age, gender and race were bound and were being ushered into the bag of two barred wagons. They looked nervously around at the people watching them with a mixture of fear and humiliation as they were sat down in wagons.

Despite their status as prisoners, of some kind, each of them behaved well and none of them looked like thugs or criminals.

A bag of coins was placed in the hand of Boris who paid half of what each member of the guard was due to the armoured people around him before turning to the party.

"Half now, half when we get these prisoners to a person called Pensevtil." Boris explained. "We've moved prisoners before but this lot looks like they won't give us any trouble. Odd that the pay is double normal." he mused as he walked off to talk to the other guards. "We leave at noon" he called back to the party as he started to check the wagons.

The job. This wasn't exactly what they had in mind but the pay was significantly disproportionate to the work itself. The job was simple: transport two wagons filled with prisoners by road to some remote prison and deliver them to a man called Pensevtil. The prisoners were bound but sat quietly as they travelled in the well made wagons. The wagons were barred but constructed of ironbound hard wood that looked like it could contain an owlbear.

As they moved down the road the guards joked crudely and made fun of the prisoners but they were not cruel. The head guard, Boris, scouted the roads and was always looking forward. When he thought something was not quite right or needed further investigation he would bark out an order and one or two guards would immediately fall into line and move to investigate.

"The men respect Boris," the company's cook would say when watching one such order being given.

"Boris is rarely surprised nor wrong when it comes to trouble and the boys have learnt to listen to the old vet. They say he commanded an army once but he won't say why he isn't still." Cookie was an odd half-elf. He definitely got more of his human parents appearance but despite being quite ugly, he was tall and lanky with slightly pointed ears.

The men came back reporting nothing again but something near the road itself stood out to the party. Broken brush, several somethings had passed through here and they had broken some of the bracken that grew just under the trees. There were also signs of the passage of creatures further into the trees and they found fresh signs of the creatures.

Whatever they were there were a few and they were nearby. Boris seemed pleased at the discovery and ordered the guards to be more alert which caused them to grumble but obey quickly and efficiently. One of the prisoners was staring into the woods when the party walked near the wagon, a look of fear and apprehension was clear on its face.

"It's coming." is all he muttered when they drew near and when they looked at the other prisoners all of them had the same haunted look.

NPC's:

- Boris Izenhowlser
- Em Wannapeek
- Luke Arden (Cookie)
- Ron Kesper
- Kat Farmgate
- Dorn Brumble
- Raff Blitzword

Encounter: Bandits

Creature: 10 bandits

Map - N/A

Nine of the bandits stand and fight, one retreats as Kat launches an arrow into its back. They don't fight hard or well and

The road to Pensevtil

The first night on the road

The fog that had come in from the trees at night was expected. Boris had planned for this and had set up mounted torches at the edge of their camp that ensured that there were no significant shadows between the trees and where they had stopped for the night. Cookie, Luke, had organised enough food for the guard, the party and even the prisoners and was busy ensuring everyone got fed. When he returned from the wagons though he had a concerned look on his face.

"The prisoners won't eat. They keep looking out beyond the torchlight like a Tarrasque is about to step out of it and eat them. Maybe the adventurers are right, when we saw those tracks the prisoners mentioned that something was after them." he

continued as he handed a bowl of stew to the party – it was good stew.

Boris was the last to eat and as usual as per the last few nights, he was the one who insisted that he walk to each torch mounted on a post and ensure that they were lit and placed correctly. As the guards watched Boris walking about, a large broad headed axe was held ready in his hand but swung by his side. "What do you think they did?" one of the guards, Ron asked. "If they are spooked by something following them, maybe they betrayed a cartel?"

"Nah I reckon they were found to be spies from the fey. You know that they inhabit these woods?" Kat said looking around the woods with a twinkle in her eye.

"You're all wrong. They are just normal prisoners. Probably thieves." Dorn said as he chewed on his stew.

"But why are we being paid this much to guard them to Pensevtil. You know that a wizard runs that place? He is only interested in the truly messed up and arcane." Raff said boldly as he leaned forward.

"Now let's not go looking into ghost stories now. We have reason to suspect that there may be people that want this group free but the chance of that is low." Em, Boris's second in command announced as she watched some of the other guards start talking. "Besides, we're scarier than whatever is out there." she added which brought upon a small cheer. "Enough of that." Boris said, appearing as if a ghost himself behind the guards. "I want three guards on watch at any time tonight. This fog may be natural but that doesn't mean I have to like it. Tomorrow we will ensure we set up above the fog so we have better visibility." he said as he grabbed a bowl of stew from Cookie, thanking him as he sat down.

"Now I spent some time thinking about the bandits that we encountered on the way here - I think they were just being opportunistic. Thinking to make some coin from the prisoners after they disposed of us." he mused as he ate. "Any other theories?" "From the ones we dispatched there was nothing to indicate otherwise." Dorn replied, normally the silent one of the group.

"One did flee, but I got him with my bow" Kat said as she mimed firing an arrow.

"Yeah he won't last more than a day with that wound" Raff added, the others and Boris nodding. "But I don't think he was that wounded. Something was a bit off about that one bandit fleeing. Normally Kat's shots lay a man flat in the ground. But this one kept running. Something unnatural about that unless," Em paused for a moment, "Unless Kat - were you off your game?" Kat mocked looking shocked and insulted "Why I never. I am never off my game." she replied, shooting a mock-glare at Em.

"Exactly, mark my words. That one that escaped wasn't natural." Em added. Boris nodded before adding "Ensure that we keep an eye out until we drop off the prisoners. If you see something odd, shoot first, ask questions later." he said as he brought out a peculiar medallion and looked knowingly at everyone - the party inclusive.

The calls of alarm woke the party from their rest and they roused quickly from their slumber. The prisoners were crying softly nearby and the musky stench of fear was getting stronger with the passing moment. Above them a full moon shone down and pierced through the fog revealing several shapes moving closer. The hunched forms scurried across the ground at the edge of the torch light – but they were waiting for something.

A larger figure strode from the shadows, the large long coat covered most of a plain tunic but did nothing to hide the sword and hand crossbow on the stranger's hip. "Ahoy. A pleasant evening for a stroll under the moonlight isn't it?" the voice called as several bows trained on him as the guards took up a well trained formation.

"Now we can do this the easy way or the messy way. You have something that belongs to me. Those creatures you have in the cage on wheels – I will have them" he said with a trained gesture.

"Now why the bloody hell would we give them to you?" Boris called out, placing his axe over his shoulder, aware of the several shapes moving amongst the darkness around the flank of the wagons and his formation. "We are entrusted to ensure these people get to their destination. Unharmd, mind you." Boris added.

"That's where we have a clash of thoughts I am afraid. You see they are my property, I created them and while they are not perfect, yet, I assure you I will make them so." the man replied, the look of confusion on the guards faces brought a cruel smirk out of him. "Oh, you don't know what they are. They have done such a good job hiding it. But I assure you, any moment now you will see why you simply must hand them over to me." The man said with a chuckle.

The cages containing the prisoners rattled and voices broke out amongst them. "No, brother, don't. Don't let him get to you, fight it. Don't let it out!" one man said to another. The latter was trembling, wide eyed and looking terrified. But that wasn't all, he was changing before the eyes of those who watched. His form shrunk, his bones and face distorted and soon a furry humanoid sat there shivering. The transformation of one of the caged lycanthropes caused all of them to begin to cry out and plead for help as they all too began to shift. However, the normally cruel forms of lycanthropes were not present, a softer, more scared creature sat before them. Large soft ears, large round eyes and soft paws were present more akin to a mouse or rabbit as opposed to a rat, wolf or worse.

"Ah, right on time. As you can see these nasty creatures best come with me and my associates shall we call them. So what say you?" the man asked.

"I say..." Boris said as he looked from his wards to the men and creatures in the mist. "I say Guards! Attack!"

NPC's:

- Boris Izenhowlser
- Em Wannapeek
- Luke Arden (Cookie)
- Ron Kesper
- Kat Farmgate
- Dorn Brumble
- Raff Blitzword

Encounter: Ambush in the Fog

Creature: Giant Rats, 1 Wererat

Level 2 party - 8 Giant Rats

Level 3 party - 11 giant Rats

Level 4 party - 14 Giant Rats

Level 5 party - 28 giant rats

Map - 403ThFoPa

The man called out a high pitched whistle and suddenly the child sized creatures sped towards the wagons and the guards that defended it. As the fog whirled around the creatures the manic squeaking erupted from them as they pounced at the party and guards.

As the guards fought them back the prisoners in the wagon called out to be freed so they could escape the man. The unrelenting squeaking from the animals and the fog that seemed to swirl around the creatures made the fight more difficult than it needed to be. But as they were distracted with the rats a larger figure slunk around the combatants and headed towards the wagon.

The prisoners called out in a panicked cry as the party noticed a figure smashing through the locks on their wagons. Rushing forward to confront the man from before he snarled and fled into the foggy forest. The rats continued their attack on the party and guards and when the last of the creatures lay twitching in its death throes they regrouped at the campfire.

The Wererat only tries to get to the cage. It will turn from giant rat to human form when no one is looking and otherwise take the stealth action (with advantage due to the fog).

If attacked the wererat will flee and wont return.

The fog gives disadvantage on perception checks that rely on sight and light cover for everything between 20 and 40 feet away, and half cover beyond that.

No one had suffered any major wounds, a few bites and scratches here and there but the locks on the wagons were broken beyond repair. The prisoners huddled together in a hybrid-animal form but their appearance was anything but hostile. Thanking the party for scaring off the man they stayed away from the busted door and watched the guards and the party nervously.

"Well what now?" Em called out as her and another guard, Kat, stood watching the prisoners.

"I don't think we have seen the last of that man or his rats." Boris said as he nursed a vicious looking bite on his forearm. "We are maybe a day's travel from where we need to take them. Can we tie the cage shut or will we have to ensure they don't leave?"

"We won't leave, we don't want to leave the cage." one of the prisoners said. "We are seeking Pensevitl's aid in healing us. But we are prisoners until we are cured, that is the law." the woman said – her face resembling a hybrid of human and rabbit.

"Well... We have a long way to go. Can you walk?" Boris asked, noticing the damage to one of the wagon's wheels.

"We can try," the prisoners replied.

Flight

Boris checked the bodies of the rats while keeping an eye out for the man in the coat. "We have never not finished a job. And these prisoners, well they don't look much like prisoners to me. They are worth more to us alive than dead and I don't like that rat-bastard. Let's finish the job. Help me with this wagon wheel would you?"

The sounds of snapping twigs and branches followed the party as they trekked on foot with the prisoners; now in their hybrid lycanthrope forms, hunched down behind them. The large ears of the wererabbits and the twitching nose of the weredeers revealed that they were aware of the creatures that stalked them. And how nervous they were.

The party had split from the guard with a hastily drawn map from Boris. They had taken the remaining functional wagon and most of the lycanthrope prisoners-come-refugees and had ridden off to lead the man and his rats away from the party who had snuck off with some of the folk when the coast was clear. Watching the hoard of giant rats, and the man in a coat, chasing after them was relieving. After a few hours of moving by moonlight they had become aware of creatures doubling back in search of stragglers.

As the night went on the fog got deeper and the ground became harder to see – but they had managed to stay on course from the passage of the moon, stars and from identifying some key landmarks. But they were not out of the woods yet, figuratively and literally. By cutting through the woods they would make it to their destination by mid morning – if they travelled through the night. But it was a rough journey and pausing to avoid creatures in the forest only slowed them down.

Luckily the were-folk with them, three wererabbits and two weredeer were calm, fit and smart so travelling with them was easy. They seemed to shy away from the party, seemingly unwilling to get close to them for fear of infection. But there was no hint of malice in how they spoke or acted – a hopeful trust that the party would get them out of this situation.

And so the next few hours went, moving swiftly when the moon pierced the fog, stopping suddenly when something moved nearby and even having to fight off a few giant rats as they darted out of the darkness to attack the party. But the woods were full of noise and movement and the dawn couldn't come soon enough.

NPC's:

- Wererabbits
- Weredeer

Encounter: Trailed by rats

Creature: 1d3+1 encounters : 3-5 giant rats per encounter, 1 encounter wererat

Map - N/A

The rats appear as they follow the party. If the party beats the perception check of the rats (if they are sneaking / rolling stealth then they can avoid combat if they wish.

As they break from the trees and see the prison/tower they hear the twang of a crossbow as the wererat attacks.

This time the were-rat doesn't talk and immediately attacks. Trying to kill the party members one by one if possible. It prioritises the bite attack if it has to choose and keeps goading the party that it will turn them into a lycanthrope by the end of the day.

Lore & NPCs

Boris Izenhowlser



A quiet and calculating man. A commander once in an army in a distant land he chose his reward, to leave the military, after achieving a great success. He has not had much luck since then and ended up turning to being a mercenary - something he was good at. He won't talk about his other dream, his failed attempt at baking bread.

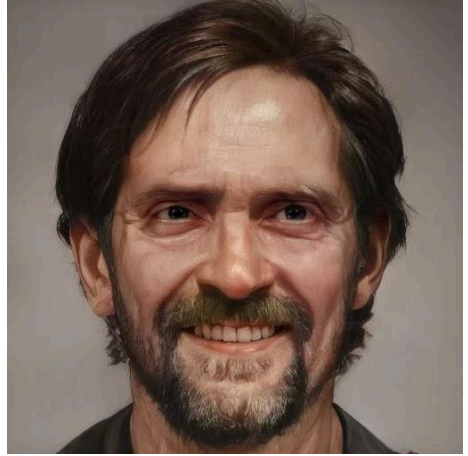
Em Wannapeek



Em is the last daughter of a farming family who was down on their luck. In an attempt to stop them from being declared bankrupt (and their farm

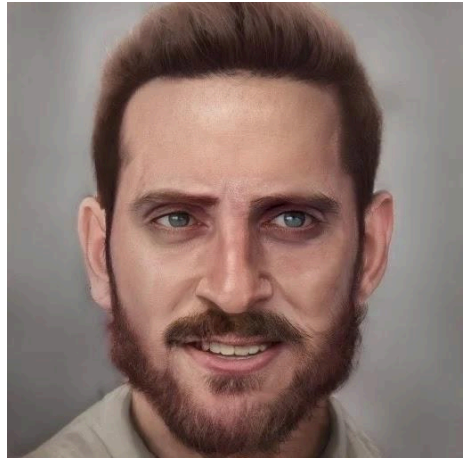
taken), Em decided to offer her services as payment. She does odd jobs for her debtors but works with Boris and provides funding for her family's farm.

Luke Arden (Cookie)



Not much of a warrior but more than the average commoner. Cookie, or Luke to few, is a military cook who followed Boris. A loyal friend and companion he is normally last out of a bad situation as he ensures that no one gets left behind.

Ron Kesper



Whereas Cookie is loyal Ron is not as much as a loyal companion but he is great with a sword. A

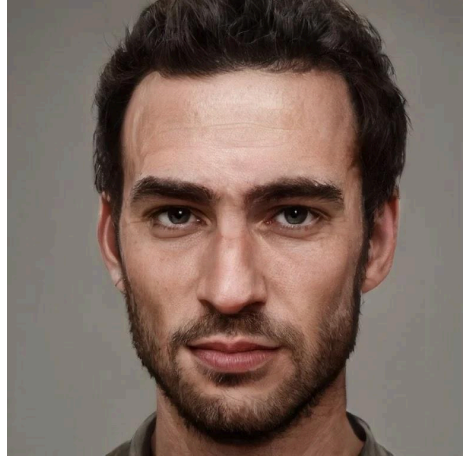
strong man with a reputation for exceeding in combat. He has bested Boris once or twice in his swordsmanship but he doesn't brag. As long as he gets paid he does as the old commander says.

Kat Farmgate



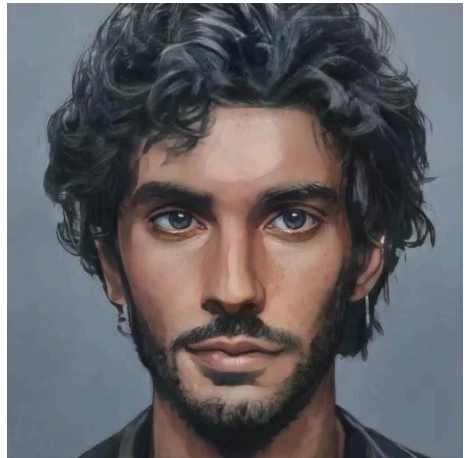
Kat appears to be the youngest but that's probably because of her being a halfling. Short and a great shot with a bow, she acts as the group's scout when they need one as well as for other jobs better suited to a halfling as opposed to a human.

Dorn Brumble



A new recruit in the scheme of things Dorn is young and ambitious. Here for the money but learning that loyalty and obedience to Boris will get him the fame and coin that he wants.

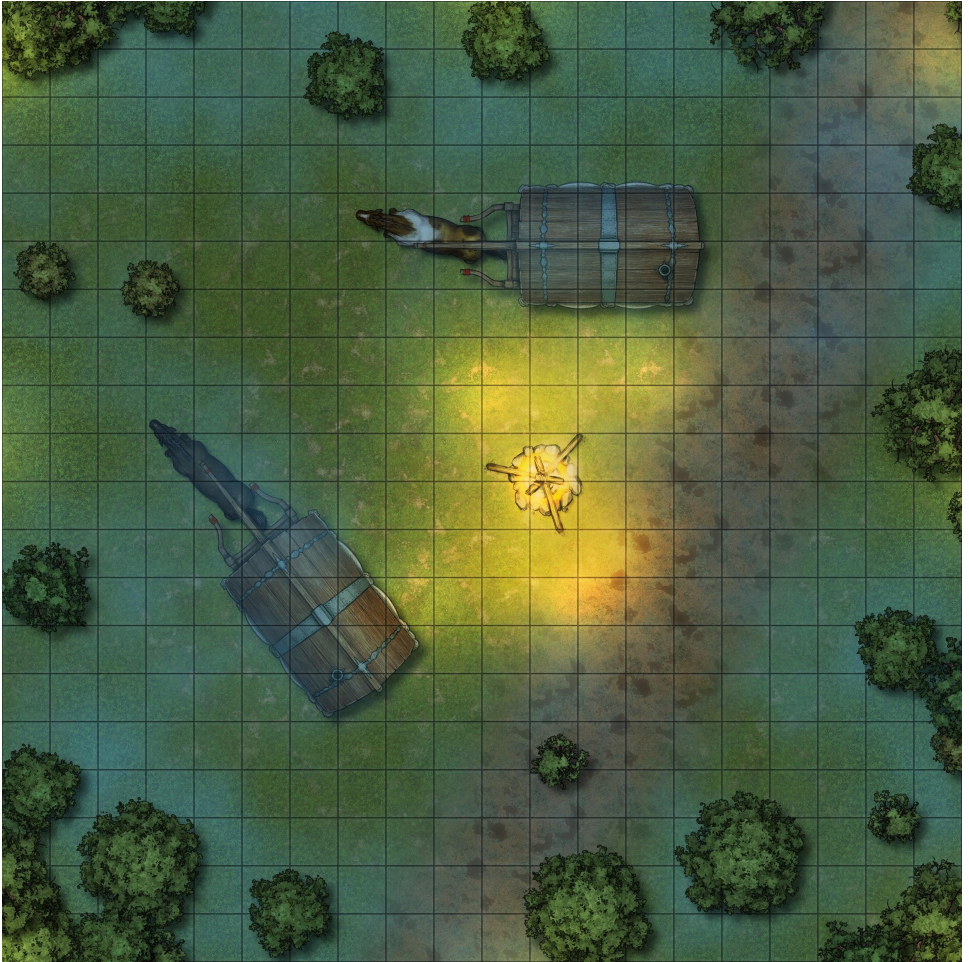
Raff Blitzword



Raff doesn't talk much but he was picked up at the same time as the party. He learns quickly but when he does talk he compares a situation or task to one that was on a ship. A sailor until recently (when his business came dry) Raff is observant and quick witted. He is also quite charming and gets into more trouble than any of the other guards.

Maps

403ThFoPa



Monsters

Adventure Encounters

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.

Giant Rat

GIANT RAT

Small beast, unaligned

Armor Class 12

Hit Points 7 (2d6)

Speed 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
7 (-2)	15 (+2)	11 (+0)	2 (-4)	10 (+0)	4 (-3)

Senses darkvision 60 ft., passive Perception 10

Languages —

Challenge 1/8 (25 XP)

Keen Smell. The rat has advantage on Wisdom (Perception) checks that rely on smell.

Pack Tactics. The rat has advantage on an attack roll against a creature if at least one of the rat'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:* 4 (1d4 + 2) piercing damage.

Wererat

WERERAT

Medium Humanoid (human), lawful evil

Armor Class 12

Hit Points 33 (6d8 + 6)

Speed 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
10 (+0)	15 (+2)	12 (+1)	11 (+0)	10 (+0)	8 (-1)

Skills Perception +2, Stealth +4

Damage Immunities bludgeoning, piercing, and slashing from nonmagical attacks not made with silvered weapons

Senses darkvision 60 ft., passive Perception 12

Languages Common (can't speak in rat form)

Challenge 2 (450 XP)

Shapechanger. The wererat can use its action to polymorph into a rat-humanoid hybrid or into a giant rat, or back into its true form, which is humanoid. Its statistics, other than its size, are the same in each form. Any equipment it is wearing or carrying isn't transformed. It reverts to its true form if it dies.

Keen Smell. The wererat has advantage on Wisdom (Perception) checks that rely on smell.

ACTIONS

Multiattack (Humanoid or Hybrid Form Only). The wererat makes two attacks, only one of which can be a bite.

Bite (Rat or Hybrid Form Only). *Melee Weapon Attack:* +4 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 4 (1d4 + 2) piercing damage. If the target is a humanoid, it must succeed on a DC 11 Constitution saving throw or be cursed with wererat lycanthropy.

Shortsword (Humanoid or Hybrid Form Only). *Melee Weapon Attack:* +4 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 5 (1d6 + 2) piercing damage.

Light Crossbow (Humanoid or Hybrid Form Only). *Ranged Weapon Attack:* +4 to hit, range 80/320 ft., one target. *Hit:* 6 (1d8 + 2) piercing damage.

Random stat blocks

Wererabbit

WERERABBIT

Medium humanoid (human), unaligned

Armor Class 13

Hit Points 7 (2d8 - 2)

Speed 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
8 (-1)	16 (+3)	8 (-1)	11 (+0)	12 (+1)	8 (-1)

Skills Perception +3

Damage Resistances bludgeoning, piercing, and slashing from nonmagical attacks that aren't silvered

Senses darkvision 60 ft., passive Perception 13

Languages Common (can't speak in rabbit form)

Challenge 1/8 (25 XP)

Shapechanger. The wererabbit can use its action to polymorph into a small rabbit-humanoid hybrid or into a rabbit, or back into its true form, which is humanoid. Its statistics, other than its size and AC, are the same in each form. Any equipment it is wearing or carrying isn't transformed. It reverts to its true form if it dies.

Leap. When in rabbit or hybrid form its jump distance is doubled.

Burrow. When in rabbit or hybrid form it has a burrowing speed equal to its movement speed

ACTIONS

Bite (Rabbit or Hybrid Form Only). *Melee Weapon Attack:* +4 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 4 (1d4+2) piercing damage. If the target is a humanoid, it must succeed on a DC 9 Constitution saving throw or be cursed with were rabbit lycanthropy.

Slam. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +4 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 4 (1d4+2) bludgeoning damage.

Weredeer

WEREDEER

Medium humanoid (human), unaligned

Armor Class 12

Hit Points 9 (2d8)

Speed 40 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
8 (-1)	14 (+2)	10 (+0)	11 (+0)	12 (+1)	8 (-1)

Skills Perception +3

Damage Resistances bludgeoning, piercing, and slashing from nonmagical attacks that aren't silvered

Senses darkvision 60 ft., passive Perception 13

Languages Common (can't speak in deer form)

Challenge 1/8 (25 XP)

Shapechanger. The weredeer can use its action to polymorph into a deer-humanoid hybrid or into a deer, or back into its true form, which is humanoid. Its statistics, other than its size and AC, are the same in each form. Any equipment it is wearing or carrying isn't transformed. It reverts to its true form if it dies.

Leap. When in deer or hybrid form its jump distance is doubled.

ACTIONS

Bite (Deer or Hybrid Form Only). *Melee Weapon Attack:* +4 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 4 (1d4+2) piercing damage. If the target is a humanoid, it must succeed on a DC 10 Constitution saving throw or be cursed with were deer lycanthropy.

Slam. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +4 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 4 (1d4+2) bludgeoning damage.