

The Bramblewall Races

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Introduction

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

The air up in the treetops of Bramblewall is clear and fresh. The sounds of the bird life is both beautiful and a shock as the giant avians call the roof of many houses their nests. However an underdog of the racing world has appeared with a new complication. For it's not just birds that call the treetops home and there is one who wants to turn this world upside down.

With so many people with skin and gold in the race any upsets could make or break entire organisations. Will the race be a fair test of feathers and flight or will the hopes of the treetop racers come crashing down amongst a cascade of broken branches and leaves.

For the party coming to the city was an opportunity for coin and for shopping, but they may leave with more if they bet on the right employer.

Hired Help

Entering Bramblewall



Bramblewall was a village that survived in the treetops of the Redfall forest. The tall trees towered above the landscape and the people, the many

villages that called this forest home, had defended their way of life for hundreds of years.

The party could see the forest from half a day's travel away and even then the sheer size of the trees was something that simply could not be prepared for. Towering above the spires, towers and keeps of many (if not most) of the cities they had visited, the trees here were something entirely different.

The village of Bramblewall itself was towards the west of the Redfall forest and the job was dependent on the elders of the village giving them the approval to continue. If they were not successful in getting the job at least the Bramblewall races were there.

A face paced treetop race where the contestants rode upon flying mounts, usually giant birds, to be crowned the Bramblewall champion. This event itself would be fascinating to see let alone the prospect of the market.

The road to Bramblewall was easy to find as merchants, caravans and wagons of all shapes and sizes were heading along the road on their way to riches and success. The races brought people but the merchants brought the other things the visitors needed. Foods, goods, wares and even items targeting adventurers and mercenaries. The Bramblewall race markets were nearly an event in itself.

As the party walk through the market and ask for directions they are pointed towards a hut at the base of a tree. The hut matched the ones that littered the treetops and branches hundreds of feet in the canopy with the key difference being its location on the floor of the forest.

The party knocked on the door at the cabin at the base of one of the trees. Looking up above the building ladders and stairs were built into the side of the tree and wound its way up into the treetop village above. A few moments of movement in the building passed before a man with a walking cane appeared. "I've been expecting you, come in please." the kind old elf smiled and hobbled towards some seating made from smoothed out roots of the tree.

"Now I can't thank you enough. As you can assume I am Julaor, not a very traditional elven name I am afraid but it is what it is." he said with a smile as he offered some steaming cups towards them.

"Fern-leaf Tea any one?"

After the party had sat down in the old elves hut he procured a large book from the table and opened it to a page. "I am the custodian of the races, a tradition that used to be a rite of passage for the young elves of this village. But over time it has evolved and changed and much like the great redwoods we live on we must adapt and grow over time. Each year I find the similar names on the roster and I ensure that they abide by the code with the mounts that they enter." he said as he flicked deeper into the book.

"And the past few years, with the coming of the hubbub outside," he gestured to the tent city of the Treetop Races market that was forming, "I find more people profiteering out of something that was a traditional ceremony. Now there are no laws against it but when it endangers the life of the riders that is something that I can't abide by. This year though there is something unusual. We have new racers, not all too unusual admittedly, but new breeds of mounts have been added. We have a creature that I have been informed is herbivorous that meets the criterion and we also have our first mammal. Now I suspect that this will create chaos and a new market in which people can exploit. What I have requested aid in is protecting the riders, all of them, from outside influence and where you deem it necessary to step in further then I can give you the authority as Roost Wardens to manage the safety of the mounts and racers in this race." he finished as he produced a wooden box.

"I can pay you this now, and then double again when the job is done if you are found to be up to the task. If you find the source of corruption I want it removed. But quietly. It can't be found out that the village is orchestrating this, it needs to look like it was done by another's hand." Juliaor said as he looked at each of the adventurers before him.

NPC's:

- Juliaor

Encounter: Social

Creature: Merchants (in the market), Guards and mercenaries, Juliaor

Map - N/A

The Racers

As Alkerion rounded the bend again Twig took down the lap time and calculated how many laps he, and his bird Jesper, would be able to complete with a full day's flight. The only issue is that Twig knew that Jesper would need to rest after each flight due to the bird's lower stamina. Landing and drinking deeply from a bucket of nectar Jesper panted as it recovered. Luckily Twig had something to show Alkerion.

"Alkerion! I think you should have a look at something." she called out as she ran over with the data on her parchment.

Did I get faster? How many laps per day do you think we can make?" Alkerion asked as she brushed bugs out of Jespers feathers and from his coat.

"Well yes. Overall faster but Jesper needs to rest for longer to get his energy from the nectar." she began. "Good, I will get Jesper ready to go at once to see if I can improve the time. How many laps per day was it?" Alkerion asked as he checked the saddle and harness again.

"26, but Jesper needs to rest more to feed for longer. So 24 or 25 at most is the safe number." Twig said. "I have a solution though, a lightweight pack that enables Jesper to feed as he flies" she hurriedly spoke as she ran over with the contraption made from insect chitin.

"No, we've been over this poor Twig. Jesper will be fine. We just need to work on his stamina and all will be well. He feeds plenty when we stop. Any more and I will lose too much time." Alkerion began waving off Twig and the contraption. "Stick to what you are paid to do, record my times, keep an eye on the competition. That is all you are good for so stick to it now little Twiggy." Alkerion said as he mounted the giant bird. Jesper looked longingly at the bucket of nectar that lay half eaten as he still continued to pant.

"It's Twig, just Twig." she said back to Alkerion who flew off without registering her reply. Twig hated how he called her Twiggy. She was made for more than just this and she was going to prove it. She reset the device as the elf racer took off and watched as the numbers increased with the passing seconds and minutes. "Jesper deserves better." she muttered as she walked off holding her invention.

Jack walked between the tents and watched the group of adventurers as they walked between the stallholders. The adventurers were taking in the

sights of the market tent city but there was something more. Jack watched the way they watched the people at the market, scanning across the crowd as they spoke to vendors. Despite their potential for profit and their usefulness the risk of having these adventurers offside was a risk. Shouting to be heard above the din of the crowd "Statues! Get statues of your favourite racers!" Jack quickly sounded the retreat for his fellow agents amongst the crowd, but he noticed that one of them was already being followed by the adventurers. He hoped that they would keep quiet about their activities and not jeopardise their plans.

NPC's:

- Twig
- Alkerion
- Jack Wilder

Encounter: Race Riggers

Creature: 5 Riggers

Map - 404ThBrTeVi

The riggers are not easy to spot but they are spooked easily. Not a visitor, merchant or guard they blend well with the crowd by moving in a calculated way.

Once caught and identified they are very hard to persuade - they may accidentally admit to being a race rigger but they won't give away names - "A fate worse than death to betray the riggers" - they do however let it slip about Alkerion "being difficult as ever." and Twig who will be "dealt with"

Plan into Action

Decision Point

The party must decide what to do now. If they go see Alkerion then the next party of the adventure takes place - if they decide to check on Twig then the second part does - otherwise they hear of a confrontation where Alkerion has gone to question Twig, to convince her to leave the races and she refuses. Alkerion has called the Race leader and guards but none of them will make a move on Twig as she hasn't broken any rules.

If this happens then Alkerion will be "neutral" if not hostile to Twig and the party depending on their actions.

Alkerion brushed down Jesper's feathers, a job that normally Twig did and did well. He had heard from a few merchants now that they had seen a gnome flying a bat late at night along the same course that the racers flew. He suspected Twig but it had not been confirmed yet for some reason he felt like he couldn't trust her any more. "It's alright Jesper. We will get to the bottom of this." he said as he stroked the bird.

He remembered the stories his father told them of the war for the woods, an ancient battle where his people had fought off against a rival band of elves that flew on the backs of the giant mammals. Since then Bats had been hunted and were the main, and only source of meat for the people who lived in Bramblewall. But it seems that the one that Twig had raised as a pup did not fly off as they had hoped. "If she races that animal then the tradition of these races will be in jeopardy." he muttered to himself as he considered the unthinkable.

If the party go to see Alkerion they will run into him leaving and muttering to himself about the fate of the races. He confesses to wanting to confront Twig and stop her from racing but the party can talk him out of it.

However, Twig is then beaten up by the race riggers for refusing to leave or throw the race. The party isn't there to stop it.

Alkerion will be Neutral if not friendly to the party and maybe to Twig depending on how the party handles the situation. But after he finds out that Twig was attacked by the Race Riggers he decides to hunt them down and will be excessively hostile towards them.

What to do about the gnome called Twig.

No matter what else was going on in the village, Twig focused on getting the helmet just right for Honeysuckle. It had to cope with the erratic movements of the giant bat's flight but also, more to the point, it had to be able to block out the full extent of the sun - shade or otherwise.

If she could fly at even half speed during the day she would be able to make up the distance at night and even take the lead with only a few hours of rest. That's what she had been training Honeysuckle for.

Tomorrow was the big race and those men from the tent city below couldn't stop her. Although she must admit that she was a bit rattled from their offer and their unspoken threat. She was lost in her thoughts when she was interrupted with a knocking at the door.

If the party chose to see Twig they get there just before the Racing Riggers attacks. Twig is showing them Honeysuckle when the door is kicked in and several riggers come in. They see the party and threaten them to leave - else they attack straight away. Twig gets hurt by a stray crossbow bolt / dagger and doesn't participate in the fight.

Afterwards Alkerion arrives with some guards and finds out that the Race Riggers had assaulted Twig. He then goes to hunt them down below.

NPC's:

- Twig
- Alkerion

Encounter: Social / Race Riggers

Creature: NPC talking and convincing or fighting off 6 Race Rigger Goons.

Map - N/A

The Race

The race goes ahead

The party helps contain the order and peace as much as possible and the Race Riggers don't show their face again as the race kicks off. As the race is over four days they are excited to see that the first day goes off without a hitch or problem.

The shock and awe as the giant bat, Honeysuckle, races alongside and in front of many birds has the crowd booing and cheering,

confused and excited and by the end of the first day Honeysuckle is in the lead with Jesper.

The racers flew past the village's main roost where the party stood and watched. The Race Riggers had been dealt with but there was an uneasy feeling in the air as the job felt too easy. As they watched the Giant bat flying just ahead of some of the birds a shadow passed in front of the setting sun. Several shadows in fact.

Having to squint as they looked up at the sky they noticed three large shapes descending towards the village as they dived through the canopy. As the shapes got closer the large forms of giant owls were visible and each one of them bore a rider, an armed rider. The cries of fear came from the spectators and an alarm gong rang somewhere in the village. But it was the last lap for Twig and Alkerion, if one of them retreated to the safety of the roost then the other could win.

Four large birds, back up birds in case the main racer grew tired, stood in the roost saddled and ready. As the first of the chasing riders stood in the saddle and launched an arrow the situation became clear. Either the riders would have to flee and hide from the pursuers or the pursuers would have to be dealt with. There were many ladders and bridges leading to other lookouts along the course where they may have a passing moment to apprehend the attackers. Or, if they were brave enough the party had four mounts with custom built saddles ready next to them.

As they decided their next move the first of the riders landed in the roost and an armed guard appeared on the walkway with large longbows. "Those attackers came out of nowhere. Their mounts aren't sanctioned, they aren't safe to race with. Those owls will rip other birds, or Twig and her bat apart." One of the racers, an elven maiden, called out as she unbound her legs from the saddle. "I need to go to the elder to alert him. If we don't do something quickly one or both of them will die. Those idiots want to finish the race. They should start to care more about their lives instead of some blasted title."

NPC's:

- Twig
- Alkerion

Encounter: Defending the Racers

Creature: 3 Giant owls with 3 Race Rigger Goons, several Race rigger Goons spread out over various bridges or near the flight path trying to interfere.

Add in more owls and riders for each level above 2 that the party is.

Level 2 - 3 owls and Riders

Level 3 - 4 Owls and Riders

Level 4 - 6 Owls and Riders

Level 5 - 8 owls and Riders.

For higher level parties change the Goons for thugs (from the Dnd 5e monster manual) and have them riding something more suitable. Griffons, a single Wyvern, etc.

Map - N/A

Some of this is based if the party takes flight on the flying mounts. They have the option to bind their legs into the harness so they can't fall out - but they will need to cut themselves out if the mount becomes incapacitated.

The Party can also choose to fight along the bridges and walkways to try and take down the hostile creatures as they fly and chase the Hummingbird, Jesper, and the Giant Bat, Honeysuckle. Both Jesper and Honeysuckle are fast enough and nimble enough to avoid the giant owls unless they are also targeted and trapped by third parties.

The party can run along the walkways but they may not get there in time - it would require dexterity saving throws to avoid falling over the edge or stumbling on the rope-bridges between the trees. Athletics checks should be made as well from the fatigue of running that fast for several minutes. Most creatures should be fine who are built athletically but not all characters are that fit.

However if asked nicely a racer or two may get their birds to carry them from platform to platform - just would require a moderate/low charisma check (persuasion, intimidation, deception etc.) to convince the racer to take to the skies.

Animal handling is the name of the game this week with certain actions requiring a check to

be able to pull off and encourage or control the creature into doing what is needed. This could be to avoid branches, to stop from attacking a fellow racer or to push it on when it starts to falter.

At several points the creature will also need to make Strength or Dexterity checks to avoid the wind or currents that could push them off course. This can be seen in conjunction with the animal handling check up above.

The second last is the skill checks that the players will need to make in addition to animal handling. There may be feats of athletics, acrobatics, the social skills (Persuasion, Deception, Intimidation) to convince other riders, Perception or investigation to spot issues approaching them or with their own harness/saddle or even the other skills (Survival, Nature, History etc.). Each of these skills could be used to try and glean a further understanding from a situation or gain an upper hand when plausible.

But the last is the most important. The core rules of flying is that if a creature that is flying has its speed drop to 0 then they fall. The exception is if they have the hover trait which enables them to, well hover. There may be traps along the way, or nets or ropes wielded by other riders or ground hostile's which may aim to impede the mount's speed. If they are successful it's a very long way to fall and there won't be long to react. Attacking the ropes or nets with a slashing weapon (swords) may be able to free them (see net rules as per the weapon) but it may be too little too late.

This highlights the biggest risk for the players, really, and something we need to use sparingly as DMs if they are lower levels or unprepared. But don't pull your strikes as it's an easy way to lose the respect of your players.

The wind around both Honeysuckle and Jesper's wings caused them to falter in the air. The cross breeze that flew between the trees towards the north, where the trunks were sparser and the wind stronger, created a perfect place to allow your mount to rest as they let the reverse current carry them through the trees. That was when the direction of the wind was coming from the south. But as hammered from the west it pushed several riders and their

mounts dangerously close to the great trunks and limbs of the trees.

Twig had to hall on the harness to encourage Honeysuckle to power through which she did. Having more mass than the normal giant birds made it easier to muscle through the difficult conditions. Jesper and Alkerion however lagged behind as the fairer giant hummingbird was much lighter. They spent more energy trying to move away from the trees and branches than pushing through the westerly wind.

But Alkerion was a talented and veteran rider and the way he handled his animals was a marvel. The wind didn't slow them down as much as Twig had hoped and as they turned around the final tree of the northern part of the forest, and a marker for their track they were several bird-lengths ahead of the competition. Here the westerly wind aided them in zipping down the eastern side of the forest and recovering some stamina after the gruelling northerly push.

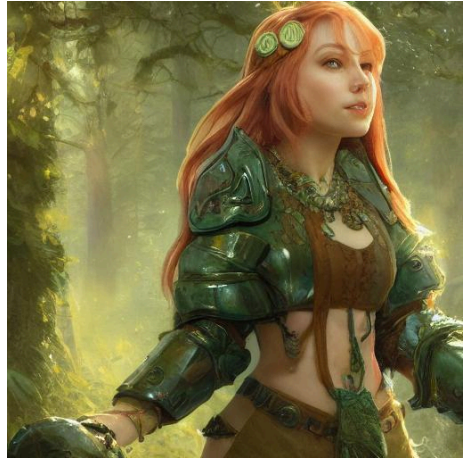
Conclusion

The racers finish the race, depending on the outcome of the hunters. The Racing Riggers are outlawed officially and the public support this notion. The Laws remain as they are - allowing bats and another flying non-carnivorous creatures to be entered still - as long as they can be domesticated, can fly and support a rider they are allowed.

The party are thanked for their involvement in the races and leave with a chest or riches (gold pieces, statues, gemstones and the like that are appropriate to their level.)

Lore & NPCs

Twig



Twig has been employed by many of the racing houses since she was little. Clever with more than just gadgets she has been able to help improve the racers style by making observations and improvements to how they fly. Talented beyond the normal floors dweller, a non-natural resident of Bramblewall, Twig has even managed to hand-rear and train a giant bat to take part in these races and by making use of the Race Markets and the talented merchants she has created equipment to make up for some of the natural weaknesses of the bat - while working within the laws of the race.

Alkerion



Alkerion has participated in the last hundred races and has trained dozens of young elves to fly the giant birds of the Redfall forest. Being born to one of the original families within the forest, Alkerion is considered a prince of the forest and he handles himself as one.

Kind, smart and benevolent he looks after the people of not only this village but the others in the forest. This has made him a bit of a celebrity, even more so considering his racing prowess.

Jack Wilder



Jack came here many years ago as part of one of the Bramblewall race markets and never left. Employed

to help squeeze money from visitors and merchants he helps run the Race Riggers by employing dirty tactics and smooth talking. He has even seen certain less-favourable mounts being unable to race when the need has arisen. However despite this he remains a nameless face in the crowd and so far has been beyond suspicion of being involved in the race's darker side.

Just Twig

The sounds of evening bird song rang out across the canopy and brought the day to an end across the houses. The people of Bramblewall had planned this race for over a year and the Treetop racers were already removing the saddles up their companions after a day of test flights through the course. Twig, a forest gnome of no real renown watched the last of the racers feed their giant bird mounts and disappear inside for the night.

This was her signal to prepare her own fine steed. As she scurried back inside her treetop house the prospect of falling hundreds of feet no longer worried her as the bridges wobbled from her passage. She had been watching the racers and timing them and their laps – it had been her job for many years after all. She had studied the rules and guides around the race for years. One hundred loops of the forest over four days and nights. Mounts must fly and live in the trees, must not breathe fire and must not be carnivorous. Most people had giant birds that fed from fruit, seeds or nectar from some of the giant flower species that grew from giant creeper vines amongst the trees.

But she had found a loophole. Not all herbivorous creatures in the forest who lived in trees were birds. She entered her treehouse and quickly gathered her things. A pair of riding goggles that had cost her a pretty bag of coin, riding leathers and furs as well as a sack full of fruit. Moving to the trapdoor; something that only her treehouse had, she lifted the hatch and entered a balcony area under her house that was surrounded by thatching, vines and thick foliage. There her mount and racing companion waited patiently. A giant fruit bat.

Larger than some of the birds that took place in the race her small stature made her weight manageable for the creature. She knew that during the daylight her bat, Honeysuckle, would be slower than the

other avian mounts. But she had an advantage that they did not, she could fly at night. Feeding the giant bat the bag of fruit she readied the custom saddle and harness that would enable her to stay bound to the bat during the flight. Due to the small amount of weight it would be carrying it wouldn't have to stop for much during the daylight and she calculated, a guess really, that during the night Honeysuckle would be faster than most of the daylight flying birds.

Having sated the bats hunger she climbed onto its back, giving it a good scratch and talking to it. She had found the bat injured as a pup, abandoned on the forest floor and had raised it openly first. But now she trained with it in secret as she knew how the others would react. But this was her year. She would no longer tally results and count the laps of Alkerion, the elven rider who flew on Jesper, a magnificent giant hummingbird. Jesper was easily the biggest giant hummingbird that had been seen, a mixture of selective breeding and elven magic allegedly – but all of it was legal according to the rule book. But The stamina of Honeysuckle would easily leave Jesper far behind in the rankings.

With a final pat Twig urged the bat to take flight and within seconds she was soaring through the evening along the course – the special gemstone in the goggles enabled her to see the forest in a grey light, colours stripped from the world around her but she was able to see the trail markers.

Within an hour she had completed two laps of the course and was half way through the next. She was timing herself on a small gnomish trinket and she couldn't suppress her smile. She was at least half again as fast as many of the other riders. This would be a piece of cake as long as Honeysuckle's stamina held up she had a strong chance to be the next winner of the Treetop Race.

However, on a lower treehouse in the main centre of Bramblewall a human watched the bat complete its laps. Looking up with a similar tinted pair of goggles the middle aged man took similar notes on the speed of the bat.

"Uh, King sir? I came as you requested and looked into the ruling as you wanted." a stammering voice said from behind. King knew that his associate was

there and was approaching, he prided himself on knowing what went on in this city when it came to the races. "It doesn't specify that the racer has to be a bird, but I don't know why that matters. There isn't another creature as fast as the birds that fly here that won't eat them or the riders." the boy said.

"Interesting that you say that. Not another animal that doesn't fly as fast as the birds." King said slowly. "Make sure that I have no plans or other engagements tomorrow at lunch, I have a potential client to go talk to." he said as he watched the bat complete the third lap in the same time it would take half the birds to complete two at most. "Interesting indeed."

Alkerion

Alkerion strode through the beginnings of the racers market and marvelled at the goods and the people it brought to the village. Being the winner two years in a row Alkerion was a bit of a celebrity and many people called out to him to come and try their products or browse their wares. But he wasn't interested in free samples – he showed off his presence to ensure that the market would be a success. He had always been focused on doing what was best for Bramblewall and keeping up the traditions. He hand picked potential elven stars of the race to come and fly birds from his roosts as they provided the best show for the viewers and brought more commerce into the tree top village.

But he could not abide the ruffians and the race riggers that had also called these events their home, their hunting grounds. They preyed on the weak and set back the good honest folk who were here to spend their coin and time enjoying what his village had to offer. Sure they had offered him wealth and riches but Alkerion only took what was required to keep the birds fed and his stable thatched.

He continued down amongst the tents and stalls and smiled, spoke and greeted the guests to the village, his village. The one his ancestors had built and the one he intended would remain a beacon for the elven customs for centuries to come.

Racing Riggers

Across the way between the walls of two fabric tents a man stood and watched the 'prince of Bramblewall' stride about the tents. He smiled at the prospect that this year he may be swayed when he revealed what was changing about his beloved sport. But perhaps he did not need to do much as the odds were always in Alkerions favour.

But that wasn't the reason he watched the elf, no he would roll out that bait in just a little while. As soon as the elf was gone from view he moved forward and his associates began to move. As they approached stalls and tents they started their game. Talking about the odds of the races, how the last years races made a merchant richer than their sales ever could

and how just with a little help from a friendly local that merchant walked away and was able to buy a mansion.

Most people showed them on but a few asked for more information. Jack knew that this is the moment he and his associates waited for and they reeled them in. Promises of assistance and even lending of money if they were short for making it big on the bets that were **sure to** employ all tactics to drum up the hunger for gambling.

Jack knew that this year would be ripe for the plucking but he still had that gnome to deal with. His boss had said that she couldn't be bought, but Jack thought he knew better. A way to crumble to hearts of stone in one play.

Maps

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Monsters

Adventure Encounters

Giant Bat

GIANT BAT

Large Beast, unaligned

Armor Class 13
Hit Points 22 (4d10)
Speed 10 ft., fly 60 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
15 (+2)	16 (+3)	11 (+0)	2 (-4)	12 (+1)	6 (-2)

Senses blindsight 60 ft., passive Perception 11

Languages —

Challenge 1/4 (50 XP)

Echolocation. The bat can't use its blindsight while deafened.

Keen Hearing. The bat has advantage on Wisdom (Perception) checks that rely on hearing.

ACTIONS

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

Giant Hummingbird

GIANT HUMMINGBIRD

Large Beast, neutral

Armor Class 14
Hit Points 13 (3d10 - 3)
Speed 5 ft., fly 60 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
13 (+1)	18 (+4)	8 (-1)	8 (-1)	13 (+1)	10 (+0)

Skills Perception +5

Senses darkvision 60 ft., passive Perception 15

Languages Giant Hummingbird, understands Common, Elvish, and Sylvan but can't speak

Challenge 1/4 (50 XP)

Keen Hearing and Sight. The hummingbird has advantage on Wisdom (Perception) checks that rely on hearing or sight.

Nimble Flyer. The hummingbird can take disengage as a bonus action.

ACTIONS

Talons. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +3 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 8 (2d6 + 1) slashing damage.

Race Rigger Goon

RACE RIGGER GOON

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

Armor Class 11 (leather armor)
Hit Points 32 (5d8 + 10)
Speed 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
15 (+2)	11 (+0)	14 (+2)	10 (+0)	10 (+0)	14 (+2)

Skills Deception +4, Intimidation +4, Persuasion +4

Senses passive Perception 10

Languages any one language (usually Common)

Challenge 1/2 (100 XP)

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

ACTIONS

Multiattack. The thug makes two melee attacks.

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

Giant Owl

GIANT OWL

Large beast, neutral

Armor Class 12
Hit Points 19 (3d10 + 3)
Speed 5 ft., fly 60 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
13 (+1)	15 (+2)	12 (+1)	8 (-1)	13 (+1)	10 (+0)

Skills Perception +5, Stealth +4

Senses darkvision 120 ft., passive Perception 15

Languages Giant Owl, understands Common, Elvish, and Sylvan but can't speak

Challenge 1/4 (50 XP)

Flyby. The owl doesn't provoke opportunity attacks when it flies out of an enemy's reach.

Keen Hearing and Sight. The owl has advantage on Wisdom (Perception) checks that rely on hearing or sight.

ACTIONS

Talons. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +3 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 8 (2d6 + 1) slashing damage.