

# Hunger at Hawkcreek

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## Introduction

A TTRPG adventure compatible with Dungeons and Dragons 5e adventure for a party of level 3-6 characters.

Boasting dozens of inns, taverns and mead halls the city of Hawks Creek is known as one of the best cities to stop over on your travels. With each inn or tavern boasting a variety of local foods and drinks and a variety of sleeping quarters the city has really been put on the map.

Although this fame doesn't come without its own challenges and after a few nightmarish nights the party are left questioning and questioning whatever drew them to this city in the first place. But they can not be to blame as there is a darker power at play here, one that not even the city guard could be prepared for.

But hope is not lost as the city caters for all manner of guests. Merchants and their caravan of goods, nobility and their guards and adventurers are drawn to the city on the promise of a great feed and a comfortable bed. The only problem with all this foot traffic is locating the source of crime is an impossible task.

## Hawkcreek - The City of Food

### The Gilded Lily



The party had spent several weeks travelling the roads and wilderness on various odd-jobs and quests. Sleeping under the stars is something many in the profession cherish and actively seek out but after a week of unseasonably wet and rough weather the city of Hawks Creek is a welcome sight to behold. Sitting next to a creek, well river, that is fed from a melting glacier the water is crisp, clean and delicious with many people using its fine waters to craft beer and other alcohol.

The now extinct volcano has resulted in fields that are fertile, lush and provide many riches within its lava tubes for those who dare to seek riches deeper in the mountain. However the true riches lie in the produce and animals that call this land home, or are cultivated by the agricultural people of the city. And whatever they can't grow or catch themselves is also sources from this river.

Hawks river connects with the sea and is deep enough to allow barges to bring produce not normally found in these lands up to the city. This has resulted in a paradise of mercantile and food which attracts people from all across the land to visit and stay a few days. Due to this popularity the Inns and eating and drinking establishments of the city are so numerous that the city nearly survives alone by the tourism that their food, alcohol and trade brings them.

However, while the party was greeted warmly; like old friends really, and recommended they stay at the Gilded Lily they are met with a blackened husk of a building. The city is littered with gawkers and people confused and shocked at the state of the finest inn in the city. The party overheard that only a single life was lost, an old gnome who passed out from drinking too much lily-wine, but the cause was yet to be found. With no cause, no witnesses (who weren't drunk on the fine libations of the establishment) and no suspect the guards were left to investigate the fire and draw up nothing. After finding another inn, the Hopping Hawk, they quickly found a room and were greeted by some of the best food and drink that they had yet to taste. Yet the patrons of the tavern still spoke of the Gilded Lily. Some say that it was a disgruntled employee who had finally had enough and set the kitchen ablaze. Others pondered that there was a rival Inn or Tavern who wanted to clip the wings of the tavern and watch it fall into the flames. And others wondered if it was the rumoured City Drunk, a

*dwarf so vile and ill-mannered that he had set the blaze himself after being denied entry.*

*All stories were compelling but none were favoured above others and many hushed arguments and bets were made about the cause of the blaze, and if they would see it happen again.*

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After some quick questions they were recommended that they stay at The Rusty Pitchfork - a tavern that was famous for its enhanced ale and rustic food.

The Innkeep was a gruff looking half-orc with a few burns and scars on his exposed hands and arms.

### **NPC's:**

- Skarldeg Bronzetooth

- Tildra Hillcrest

### **Encounter: Skarldeg and Tilly**

Creature: N/A

#### **Map - N/A**

The party overhear Skarldeg talking to Tilly and a few other patrons mentioning the fire at the Gilded Lily. If the party talks to anyone they will also hear of a few other suspicious things happening, mainly around the suspicions around who could have done it. A disgruntled employee, a jealous competitor or a rumoured drunken dwarf who has been banned from all establishments.

### **The Fire at the Fatty Pheasant**



*Although the fire at the Gilded Lily had been a mystery without witnesses or cause, the newest fire that lapped at the wooden beams of the Fatty*

*Pheasant was different. As they pulled people from the burning building the guards and fire wardens asked who did it. Many did not respond in their panic and talked nonsense. But a few mentioned watching the bouncer, Gareth, approach a passer by before the front of the tavern, and Gareth, was enveloped in flames.*

*It was not hard to find Gareth, a mixture of burnt skin, flesh and leather amongst the injured. He was badly injured but he was alive, somehow. The guard hurried him off and quickly sent out a request for healers, for trackers and for anyone who could assist them in their investigation. The burly form of Gareth Fletcher was carried by no less than six guards as they protected the burnt man from any and all dangers. As the only one who may be able to identify who or what caused this they needed to protect him with their lives.*

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*The party hears the disturbance in the city as people run down the street talking of another set of inns and taverns being set on fire. Another group of adventurers rush out the door proclaiming that the reward on the fire-starter will be theirs but they are followed by another group moments after.*

*As the party leaves the tavern they can see several areas in the city where great plumes of smoke are illuminated by crackling fire.*

### **NPC's:**

- Gareth Fletcher

### **Encounter: Investigating the Blaze**

Creature: Famished Ones

10 Famished Ones

#### **Map - 406ThInBl**

The party asks around and immediately finds out that there was one witness to what happened. A man named Gareth is recovering under guard at the Ilmater church. When they get there they, after some convincing the guards, find out that he was guarding the Fatty Pheasant as a door guard and had a strange man approach. He was devoid of all humanity and he hadn't seen him before. But he remembers the fire, the heat and the feeling of magic as it scorched across his skin. He doesn't think he was the target but something about the Fatty Pheasant brought the creature there.

As the party stepped towards the shell of the Fatty Pheasant a faint pulse of energy could be felt. Sensing where it came from, the origin of the fire was found in the shape of a humanoid where the fire did not scorch the stones. The magical presence was strong and unholy here and the longer they stayed the more they began to detect. Faint motes of magical energy hung about the charred ruins of the building, littered through the wreckage that was piled out front ready to be cleaned up.

The party moved to investigate these points of magical energy and soon after the source was revealed. Nearly translucent flame-like creatures seemed to float nearly invisible amongst the wreckage grabbing bits of burnt something before consuming them. Each time they consumed a scrap they moved more sluggishly before moving more frantically as they searched for the next morsel. As the party got close enough though the creatures seemed to look at them, moving slowly towards them and the humans in the street as if drawn to them. The creatures slowly increased as more and more appeared, slowly turning into a swarm-like group as they moved towards the party. Hunger now their evident driver and the party their next meal.

As they defeat 10 of the fire-spirits six or so fly up and, faintly, fly up into the sky and above the buildings, heading in a near straight line.

As the last of the hungry motes fled, injured and dying, they fled through the skies like an invisible wind current was blowing them in a single direction. Giving chase as the only lead in what had caused the fire the party arrived at the church to Ilmater. The creatures were fleeing down towards the back of the church. Rounding the corner the only thing they could see here was a shrine out back where a lone priest stood in prayer.

As the party approached they could feel a strong presence as they approached the shrine. The man was deep in prayer to Ilmater praying for strength and to spare those who are injured, in pain or dying. As the party approached, something touched the edge of their consciousness. An old, hungry presence could be felt nearby but there was no visible threat and even the creatures from before had disappeared. Turning around, the man smiled. "Welcome, how can the church of Ilmater help you today?"

## Back to the Church of Ilmater



### NPC's:

- Possessed priest of Ilmater

### Encounter: The Sated one

Creature: The Sated one, Famished ones

Level 3 - 1 Sated one, 2 Famished one

Level 4 - 1 Sated one, 6 Famished one

Level 5 - 1 Sated one, 12 Famished one

Level 6 - 1 Sated one, 16 Famished one

### Map - N/A

The priest and party can talk for a bit and answer the questions as honestly as a man could when he doesn't remember burning buildings down. When the party pushes him into a query he can't answer starts to remember what happened.

As soon as the man feels himself starting to lose control the party is swarmed as famished spirits fly at them from the man. As they swarm around him he convulses and his form changes into something different, hungrier.



## Lore & NPCs

### Skarldeg Bronzetooth



Skarldeg Bronzetooth was an amateur alchemist for a long time. When he finally got enough money to make his own shop it was blackmailed before being burnt down by business rivals he had to learn hard and fast how to make money with his skills. That is where 'spiced ale' came into being. By adding alchemical materials to ale he was able to apply a bit of the intended benefits of alchemy to ale.

### Tildra Hillcrest



Tildra had a fine taste for wine and worked her way up into a restaurant until she was able to

own and manage it. Eventually buying out the original owner she put her own spin on the wine by adding a special kind of lily flowers to it.

### Gareth Fletcher



Born on the streets with not much to his name or inheritance Gareth had to work hard to earn his living and get to where he wants to be. Born tough and strong he used his physical strength to his advantage and became a well known door guard for inns and taverns.

### Gareth's last shift

Outside of the Fatty Pheasant Gareth stood in the chilling evening. As the hired guard for the establishment he was paid well to keep an alert eye on the patrons, both current, prior and potential. As he scanned the street and smiled at those who walked towards the door he took note of any weapons, concealed or apparent and reminded them of the policy of the tavern – weapons at the front door.

Most if not all smiled and did as requested but the occasional noble born scoffed and refused before being barred from entry. They all complied in the end. Gareth was nearly seven foot with muscles to spare and a stare that had stopped hungry wolves in their tracks when he had been a guard for the barges.

Looking over at one of the windows he noticed a human walking slowly toward the window before stopping a few feet away. The bustle within and at

the front door made him snap back to the task at hand as he was summoned to ask a noblewoman; it was always a noble, to leave quietly. After escorting her and her henchmen to the door, giving them their weapons before giving them a kinder farewell than what they deserved, he noticed the owner, Karl, was pointing at the figure near the windows. Sighing he approached the cloaked human. "S'cuse me, you can't just stare in the window. If you want to eat or drink, come to the door and we'll find space." he said as she walked closer. The human didn't respond and just continued to stare. "Hey buddy, I said..." he began to repeat as he grabbed the man's shoulder and turned him to look at him. Gareth was greeted by pale white eyes before the flash of magic illuminated the wooden building, his dark leather armour and the man's lifeless face.

## Skarldeg & Tildra

As the frothy ale spilled into the tankard he grabbed some spices from a nearby small pouch. Sprinkling in the 'additional's' Skarldeg passed the ale over to the patron who smiled broadly and took it over to his table. The Rusty Pitchfork wasn't as fancy as some of the other establishments in Hawks Creek but the half-potion-half-ale's that he served made it a regular for many locals and visitors to the city. Noticing Tilly sitting by herself at the window and gazing sadly out in the direction of her home, Skarldeg sighed. Now Skarldeg was by no means the best business man but he was also far from being the worst. Grabbing a wine, the only one he had - a fine vintage by his own taste buds but he was not known for being a wine aficionado - he looked over the various pouches he had until he found what he was looking for. The powder from the root of a certain lily, one that helped ease the mind and its tension. Sprinkling in just the right amount he placed it on a wooden board and turned around to talk to his cooks through an opening in the wall. Moments later he was grabbing food from the kitchen, and his cooks quickly bustled to meet his requests. Satisfied about the combination of meats and vegetables he then carried over the plate of twice cooked mutton, mushrooms and creamed root vegetables to Tilly.

Tilly stared out the window in the direction of the still smouldering corpse of her dream. The fires of the Gilded Lily had been put out but the Inn and Tavern was not saveable. She had worked for over a decade to get it to where it was, a place of fine food

and finer wines. "May I interrupt?" Skarldeg spoke from close by - but not too close. Tilly wiped away a tear that had snuck out unbidden and smiled up at her rival. Skarldeg wasn't just a businessman he was also a trained apothecary. Blending his love of drinking and fine foods with his skilled knowledge of plants and minerals.

"You must be wondering what I am doing here still, huh? The famous Tildra Hillcrest taking pity from the mighty warrior and medicine man turned tavern-keep." Tilly said with a smile. She knew that Skarldeg had a kind soul and she noticed the steaming food and goblet of wine. "You're not trying to finish a job are you and fully take out the competition are you?" her question was met with a boom of laughter from the half-orc.

"Alas I am not smart enough for that. Just the daily special and my Lily-wine for someone who is down on their luck. I thought you may want something to temper the mind tonight is all." he grinned as he slid into the chair opposite her. "Besides, it's the ale that's poisoned, not the wine" he said as he leaned back. Several patrons nearby spat out their drinks and looked mortified at the half-orc before he laughed again. Skarldeg had a rough beginning in the city but his personality and that booming laugh had won over the locals. Several at which laughed at his joke canoasted the burly tavern keep.

"Please. Enjoy. It's not as good as what you serve but it will keep you fighting fit and help. But it's better when it's warm." he urged her as he grabbed a mushroom from her plate and chewed on it thoughtfully. Tilly sat and ate the meal which was twice the serving size of her place, well what was her place. As she sipped on the wine she had to fight to hide the look on her face as the tang of the red wine slapped her like a physical blow. But the underlying botanical flavour; the lily powder, gave it a sweetness that she could feel soothed and calmed her. "You're right. It's not the same as what I used to serve. But it's not bad, Skarl." she said as the half-orc reached behind him to another table and grabbed a loaf of bread from a vacated plate. "But it's better than what the Gilded Lily will make from here on out." she added with a sigh and returned her gaze to the window.

"Tilly, you remember when I first created the Rusted Pitchfork? That was the third business that I had tried to create here. The first was a store produce - but the markets were too fierce of competition. I then turned it into an alchemical

supply shop, but after the sabotage and blackmail when I refused to reveal what was in my healing potions I had to close shop. But before I created this I could be found under every table at closing call, passed out. It took me a while to get to where I am now and I had some crushing lows." he said, but as she looked at him funnily he winced. "Look, I am not good at this. I don't mean to gloat but what I am trying to say is that you'll be right. You'll rebuild and bounce back. And the person who burnt down your place better hope the guard finds them before I do." he said with a deadly serious look. "Stay as long as you please. I always have room for friends down on their luck."

### Unholy Arson

As they hurried him away on a large stretcher, a middle-aged man watched from a nearby building. His hands trembling from the realisation of what he had done in the moments of clarity and freedom of his own mind and actions. But no quicker than the clarity had washed over him it disappeared. A cold slimy feeling moving along his spine and worming its way through his brain which froze the memory of the fire, the heat and the look of pain and disbelief on the minds of the man out front of the Tavern.

Pulling up his hood he walked from the shadow, limping slightly from an old wound as he moved towards the bridge that took him over the river to where the next target was. One that was not yet full of panic and fear to taint the taste of the feast that awaited him. Despite the rational man trying to claw back control of his own mind and body eventually the chilling pressure was too much and it wasn't until the next morning that he woke up. His hands covered in soot, blisters and blood as he looked around at what the morning brought him. Even in his dazed state he could not remember what had happened from the night before. He remembers taverns and fire, that would explain the heat in his hands, the blisters and soot. But he could not tell where he had come from, how he had got here and how he had escaped the fire. Looking over the city of Hawks Creek he noticed three

plumes of smoke. "Not again," he muttered, trembling. "I hope no one was hurt. Someone's got to stop this arsonist." he said as he stood up on tired limbs and moved to the nearest plume of smoke to help search for survivors, the dead and to clear the wreckage. After all, as a cleric of Ilmater the pain in his palms was nothing to the suffering to what those poor unfortunates were going through.

### Tome of the Famished.

The Famished are a blight upon the existence of the living. Drawn to energies of excess and creatures fulfilling their needs and desires these creatures feed off the residual energy as a way of fuelling the fire that is their life force. Drawn to places of mirth and debauchery alike it is no wonder that inns, taverns and less reputable establishments can attract these creatures in the dozens.

However such creatures can not exist without torment and so the taint of fear, misery and loss needs to be great to summon them from the planes. A cursed existence is what it means to be one of The Famished as they will nearly never become sated and will always want for more.

Those Famished ones that do achieve a mote of contentment will become Sated, bloated and a new swollen form will appear. By consuming enough residual energy they can create a new form and in doing so a new being is created. However being a cursed creature it means that wherever they go the famished are drawn to them. As being sated means being filled with mirth, contentment and not being hungry for any more. So the Sated seeks out places to create the perfect situation to create a new stated one in the attempts that the famished that follow them like hungry gulls do not tear down the new form they have managed to create.

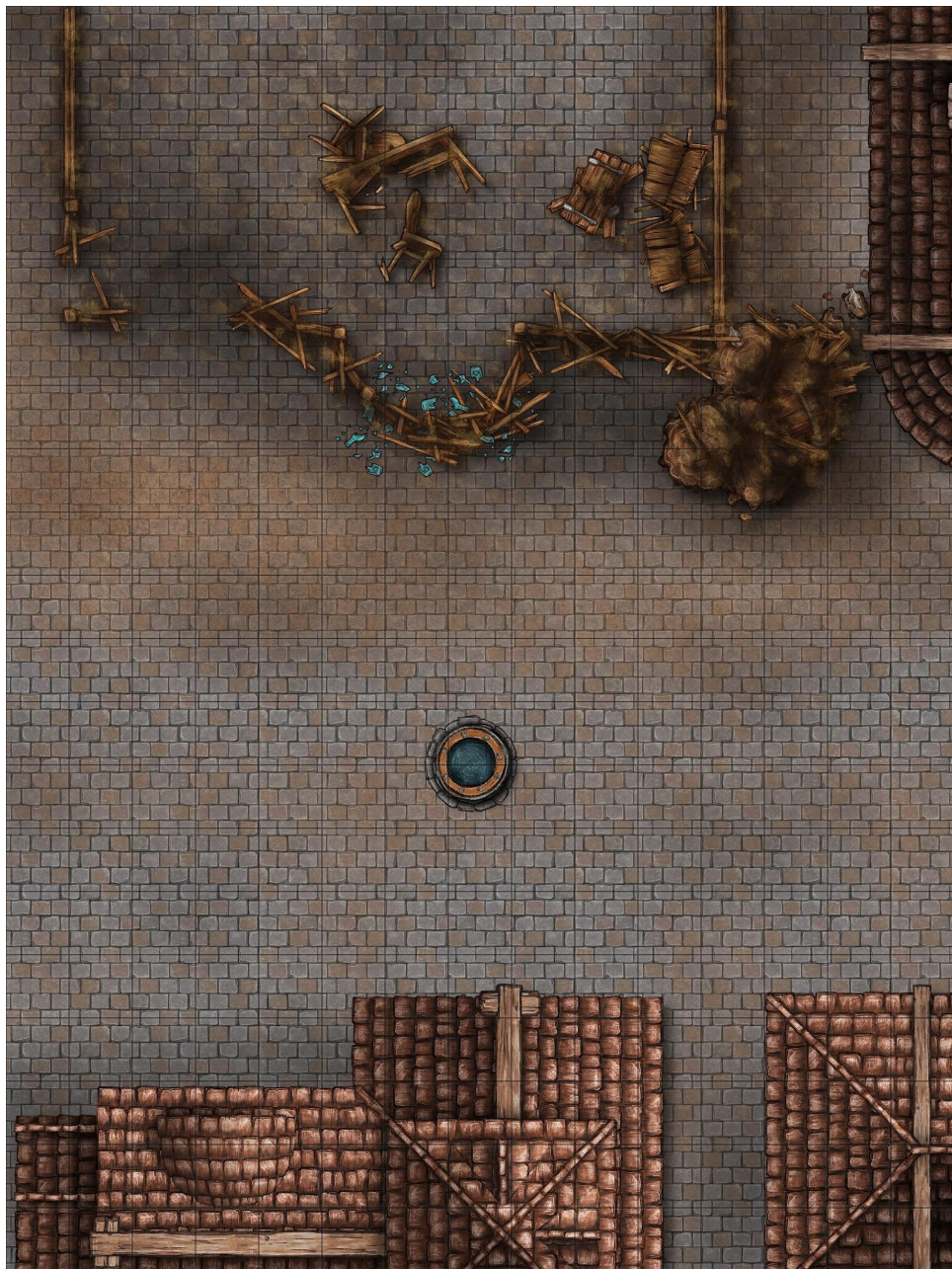
This is the endless cycle of the Sated and the Famished ones as they seek, devour and destroy themselves for eternity.

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## Maps

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# Monsters

## Adventure Encounters

### The Famished

#### THE FAMISHED

*Small elemental, Chaotic Neutral*

**Armor Class** 9

**Hit Points** 13 (2d6 + 6)

**Speed** 20 ft., fly 10 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
10 (+0)	8 (-1)	16 (+3)	5 (-3)	8 (-1)	9 (-1)

**Skills** Arcana -1, Stealth +3

**Damage Resistances** bludgeoning, piercing, and slashing from nonmagical attacks

**Condition Immunities** blinded, exhaustion, paralyzed, petrified, poisoned, prone, unconscious

**Senses** blindsight 15 ft. (blind beyond this radius), passive Perception 9

**Languages** Ignan, Infernal

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

**Without form.** The Famished does not need to eat or breathe air. In addition if it is subjected to an effect that allows it to make a saving throw to take only half damage, it instead takes no damage if it succeeds on the saving throw, and only half damage if it fails.

**Drawn To Feast.** The Famished have advantage on perception checks made against creatures with an intelligence of 4 or above due to their ability to think more than "animal instinct".

#### ACTIONS

**Bite.** *Melee Weapon Attack:* +2 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 2 (1d4) piercing damage and 2 (1d4) cold damage.

## The Sated

### THE SATED ONE

*Medium fiend, Chaotic Neutral*

**Armor Class** 15 (natural armor)

**Hit Points** 59 (7d8 + 28)

**Speed** 20 ft., fly 10 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
16 (+3)	12 (+1)	18 (+4)	9 (-1)	10 (+0)	16 (+3)

**Saving Throws** Cha +5

**Skills** Arcana +1, Stealth +5

**Damage Resistances** bludgeoning, piercing, and slashing from nonmagical attacks

**Condition Immunities** blinded, exhaustion, paralyzed, petrified, poisoned, prone, unconscious

**Senses** blindsight 60 ft. (blind beyond this radius), passive Perception 10

**Languages** Ignan, Infernal

**Challenge** 2 (450 XP)

**Without form.** The Sated One does not need to eat or breathe air. In addition if it is subjected to an effect that allows it to make a saving throw to take only half damage, it instead takes no damage if it succeeds on the saving throw, and only half damage if it fails.

**Drawn To Feast.** The Sated One have advantage on perception checks made against creatures with an intelligence of 4 or above due to their ability to think more than "animal instinct".

#### ACTIONS

**Multiattack.** The Sated One makes two bite attacks

**Bite.** *Melee Weapon Attack:* +2 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 2 (1d4) piercing damage and 2 (1d4) cold damage.

**Possess.** The Sated One can target a creature that it can see, that creature must succeed on a DC 13 Wisdom saving throw or be magically charmed for 1 day. The charmed target obeys the fiend's verbal or telepathic commands. If the target suffers any harm or receives a suicidal command, it can repeat the saving throw, ending the effect on a success. If the target successfully saves against the effect, or if the effect on it ends, the target is immune to this fiend's Charm for the next 24 hours.

The fiend can have only one target charmed at a time. If it charms another, the effect on the previous target ends.

While the fiend has a creature charmed in this manner the field is invisible and occupies the exact space as that humanoid.