

Red Harvest- 513SuReHa

©2025 BrazenWolfe Tabletop, All Rights Reserved, Permission Granted to copy for personal use.

The village of Ponkae has harvested the Moon weave grubs for years for their delicious nectar and the silk that they spin. However when the grub harvest happens to reveal a bigger problem where complacency and politics overrule common sense a bigger problem is revealed. Now it's up to a travelling group of adventurers to save the village and its people as their livelihood begins taking lives.

DM: *(The village of Ponkae has become a victim to its own ingenuity. A forgotten harvest of larvae has hatched and the resulting creatures grow insanely fast and are very aggressive.)*



The village of Ponkae, steeped in history and renowned for its intoxicating food and drink, lay beyond the rainforest's wet and winding roads. Along the way, the party encountered villagers engaged in a lively and peculiar hunt, wielding hand-axes and reed-like tongs to

extract red, wriggling Moon wave grubs from decaying wood. Naya, a moss-cloaked watcher of the harvest, emerged from the shadows to explain their efforts, revealing how these grubs nourished the village's prosperity. As she dashed off to investigate a call from the harvesters, the party continued their journey, descending the large steps into the heart of Ponkae.

The bustling village brimmed with activity, its tiered valley alive with the sounds of running water, buzzing insects, and the labor of farmers collecting large silken cocoons from the swollen growths of jungle trees. Though one eerie patch of trees hung with black fabric lay untouched, the rest of Ponkae dazzled the senses with its vibrant marketplaces. Merchants offered silken goods, pungent oils, strong beers, and irresistible food, enveloping the travellers in the sights, smells, and traditions that made Ponkae a place like no other.

DM: *(The road to the village is pretty tame. Only when they see the size of the cocoons does something feel off as most of them are the size of a man's torso. Refer to 513MoGrHa)*

The party stumbled upon a heated debate in a large amphitheater where villagers expressed concern about a neglected farm left without a successor after Tamaya's passing. With his descendants scattered far from the village, the historian struggled to locate the next rightful heir to inherit the farm and its harvest,



including valuable silk and moon broth. Amidst the discussions, Naya stormed forward to report sightings of a mysterious creature—blood-red and many-legged—that had stolen cocoons from multiple farms and vanished into the forest without being seen entering the village.

The elder shared a legend of "red harvesters," divine creatures said to intervene when the village becomes overly greedy, taking more from the forest than they give back. Declaring these beings as the will of the gods, the elder tasked Naya and the scouts to track and study them, warning against attacking. Naya proposed involving the travelers, believing their outside experiences might aid the village. The elder agreed, granting approval for them to join the effort to protect lives and uncover the truth behind the red harvesters.

DM: *(Some of the people appear to be looking for a means to move in on the deceased estate. The creatures have hatched from the trees on that farm though and have started collecting brood at the orders of their queen, refer to 512TuNaFi)*

Naya led the party through the village with confident strides, her eyes scanning the trees for tracks left by the mysterious creatures. The erratic



prints, hinting at multiple beings, led across the farm along walls and ledges, occasionally disappearing only to reappear near areas of disturbed soil. The trail eventually ended at a tree draped with black strips of cloth, where evidence of shredded bark, splintered wood, and

empty silken cocoons suggested something had clawed its way either in or out. Examining the hollow in the tree, the party worked with Naya and her scouts to trace the source of the disturbance further into the village. At the center of Ponkae, a house bore the signs of an invasion—a burrowed hole and an interior in disarray. Within the house, three human-sized silken cocoons lay cut open, showing familiar claw marks. Naya surmised the grubs had matured and emerged, using the abandoned house of Tamaya as their nest. Urging the party forward, she emphasized the urgency of confirming the creatures' identity and preventing further harm to the village before it was too late.

DM: *(The party can detect that the footprints and cocoons belong to a large, very large insect as it's likely as tall as a horse or cow but much more lithe. If they can't (survival or nature skills or something to do with their specific history) then describe how an ant or termite would chew or claw through wood to burrow. Refer to 513WeSiTh)*

As the rain grew heavier, the party moved under trees marked by the invaders' clawed scratches around the cocoon mounds. Some of the precious cocoons had already been salvaged by villagers, but others appeared to have been successfully attacked. Reaching the upper levels of the village's tiered trees, they spotted a dash of color—red silk fluttering in the breeze, sticking to the grass and remaining fibers. The cocoon, notably larger than others, showed signs of being cut open by sharp blades or shears. Naya revealed that red cocoons, incredibly rare, yielded particularly potent wine and nectar, making their discovery a lucrative event for any farmer fortunate enough to find one.

Suddenly, Naya's hand rested on her axe, signaling danger as a chittering and thrumming sound arose from the woods ahead. Several red creatures emerged, their mandibles and antennae moving with menacing precision. They watched the party intently, guarding the undisturbed cocoons that lay before them, creating an air of tension as the party confronted the mysterious threat.

DM: *(See the map on the next page and also refer to 513ThPoFi. The combat should be challenging with the queen emerging in the second round with between two to five warriors (depending on party level). Refer to 513FrThFo.)*

The warriors surged forward, their oversized claws clicking as they charged. Their powerful mandibles opened and closed in anticipation for the fight to come. Claws tore into shields and grasped at weapons with brutal efficiency, each strike aiming to capture and slash while their strong jaws could crush and shatter limbs. The party fought desperately but the ants moved with unsettling coordination. One ant lunged, its claws locking around the human's arm as its mandibles clamped down on blade, splintering the steel like it was dry wood.

Above the fray, the queen loomed as she slowly descended. A massive creature whose sleek body reflected the dim light from the forest ominously. She clicked her mandibles, emitting a resonant sound that rallied the warriors to redirect their attacks to the adventurer that could pose the biggest threat. As she moved towards the front lines her stinger poised and glinted. The queen thrust it downward towards the party, narrowly missing but a spray of ichor saw the warriors disengage with their current prey and rush towards the doused target.

Red Harvest- 513SuReHa

©2025 BrazenWolfe Tabletop, All Rights Reserved, Permission Granted to copy for personal use.

