

# A Quest for Inspiration - 520SuQuIn

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While artists gain the inspiration needed for their artwork from nature, a muse or from the coin for their employers some require a bit of extra help. When the party takes on a job to transport a wagon of valuable goods through a dangerous country they couldn't have known that their employer was the goods.

An artist without a muse is a dangerous thing – searching for the muse may be even more so as the roads get worse and now with an artist to escort to safety everything could go wrong.

**DM:** (The Artist, Reginald Tibidius Archer, has decided to stow away and lure bandits and whatever else he can to the wagon as he has lost inspiration for his artwork and believes that if he can witness adventurers facing off against hostile forces it could spark the inspiration he needs.)



Reginald Tibidius Archer, a well-known artist, had hired the party to transport his valuable artwork to another city, a job that seemed simple enough. However, the journey would take them through roads

plagued by bandits and dangerously close to a goblinoid hideout notorious for ambushes. The party carefully prepared for the trip, ensuring they had enough supplies and securing the wagon early in the morning. As they departed, the streets were nearly empty, yet an eerie sensation of being watched lingered. People from alleyways observed them but did nothing unusual, merely waving as they passed. Still, the unsettling feeling followed them beyond the city walls.

The trip was quiet and peaceful, the clear skies and empty roads contradicting the warnings they had received. As they moved further, they noticed trees lined with wanted posters, hinting at the dangers ahead. When they stopped for lunch to rest their horse, the feeling of being watched returned stronger than before. This time, they found evidence of trouble – a glint of steel from the road ahead revealed caltrops buried in the ground, confirming the guards' warnings. The journey, once thought simple, was about to take a dangerous turn.

**DM:** (The party faces off a bunch of Bandits of trivial to moderate difficulty. Refer to **520MoThIn**)

The party, still on edge from their battle with the bandits, couldn't ignore the strange noises coming from the wagon.



A rustle here, a shift there – something wasn't right. With silent agreement, they decided to investigate. They unlatched the wagon door while the driver reluctantly stepped aside. Inside, seated atop a bundle of canvas, was Reginald Tibidius Archer, happily scribbling away in a journal. He looked up with a grin, completely unfazed by the discovery. The party demanded answers – why was he here instead of safely back in the city? Reginald proudly explained his plan: he had spread rumors that his wagon carried priceless treasures, hoping bandits would attack so he could

witness real heroics firsthand. To their disbelief, he had deliberately drawn danger to them just to regain his lost muse.

When the party made it clear they were unimpressed by his reckless scheme, Reginald only chuckled, calling it a masterpiece in the making. But as they reminded him of the looming goblin-infested territory ahead, his excitement dimmed for a moment. He acknowledged the risk but remained confident that the party would protect him, claiming it would be the perfect inspiration for his next work. With a sigh, the heroes shut the wagon door, realizing that their journey had just become even more complicated – with an unexpected stowaway in tow.

**DM:** (The party find that Reginald - their employer - decided to set them up and lure bandits to try and attack them so that he could watch to rekindle his muse and inspiration, refer to **520TuReTiAr**)

The party had chosen a safer route to avoid the goblin territory and set up camp for the night, keeping their fire small and hidden in a deep pit. Hoping to avoid attracting wildlife, they checked their supplies instead of



hunting, only to find their bags had been cut open and much of their food stolen. As the evening wore on, Reginald was unusually quiet, constantly staring back the way they had come. When asked about it, he admitted that the lack of excitement had left him uninspired, much to the frustration of the injured party members.

Later, the wagon driver volunteered to take the last watch so the group could rest. But they awoke to the unsettling sight of a roaring fire, far larger than before. Reginald stood wide-eyed, watching the road behind them as his driver snored, oblivious. Smiling, he declared that he had deliberately left a trail of food but feared it wasn't enough—now, with the fire burning brightly, he was certain something was coming. He eagerly climbed atop his wagon, quill in hand, ready to witness whatever approached, much to the party's growing alarm.

**DM:** (The next few minutes can be spent preparing for an attack that stars as a single Goblin and evolves into several bugbears using the goblin as a distraction, **520WeChMu**.)

The party spots a single goblin walking towards them, trying to be sneaky but being very bad at it. However, as the goblin crept towards the party it looked very nervous and constantly looked around as if anticipating an attack. The party looked around for more goblins but they weren't expecting what came from the shadows.

**DM:** (The party is attacked by several Bugbear warriors and a few more powerful Bugbear Stalkers - Refer to **520FrGoKi**. The encounter should be challenging to very challenging with the bugbears using a goblin as a decoy who flee's as soon as the bugbears attack (if it's still living). Refer to the map on the next page as well as **520ThGoWaCa**)



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