

The Mystery of WindSpire Castle

A World Without Dragons



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INTRODUCTION AND BACKGROUND

Faerun whispers of a forgotten majesty. Crumbling monuments, scattered across jungles and deserts, stand as silent testaments to civilizations long lost. The wind carries echoes of giants and magical power, a contrast to the trade routes that now connect human kingdoms, beautiful elven cities, and dwarven strongholds. Unease simmers beneath the surface. Tensions rise between rising nations, while whispers of ancient evils stirring in the depths send shivers down even the bravest spines. Faerun is a world forged in the pit of time, where the echoes of the past intertwine with the struggles of the present, creating a vibrant world brimming with adventure ... and danger.

For millennia, dragons were the apex predators, the living legends of Faerun. Their fiery breath and scales of steel shaped entire civilizations, fostering both fear and grudging respect. Then, in a cataclysmic event known as the Vanishing, they vanished. No roar echoed through the mountains; no burning shadow darkened the skies. One day they were there, the undisputed rulers of the air, and the next, they were simply gone. That happened hundreds of years ago, and now to most people they are not real, probably just stories and legends.

After not having found the adventure you seek so far, the dusty road twists and turns, next leading to Hommlet, a village basking in the sun at the foot of some rolling hills. Your trip's been tough, filled with campfire stories and sharing the rough stuff together. But there's a secret buzz in the air, like you're about to find some serious treasure. Maybe it's rumors of a hidden tomb, or a monster hanging out in the woods. Maybe you all just want some adventure, to prove how awesome you are. As you reach the top of the last hill and see Hommlet for real, it hits you - this little village might be the start of something HUGE. Ready to face whatever's waiting?



HOMMLET

INTRODUCTION

The dusty road stretches before you, leading into a medium-sized village nestled amongst rolling hills. Hommlet, was known to be a beacon of civilization amidst the wilds, bustles with modest activity, but seems less than it once was. Smoke curls from thatched roofs, a rhythmic but sad clang echoes from the blacksmith's forge, and when you hear the laughter of children, it is tinged with sadness. The scent of woodsmoke and freshly baked bread combines with something of a smell of sour that hangs heavy in the air, a mixed invitation after your long journey. The villagers, a hardy folk hardened by life on the frontier, eye you with a mix of curiosity and cautious hope. Perhaps they see weary travelers in need of rest, or maybe they glimpse adventurers with the potential to solve a local predicament.

BACKGROUND

The Village of Hommlet—Hommlet as it is commonly called—is situated East and slightly North of Neverwinter in the Silver Marches. The village is located some 25 or so miles East of Sundabar, from where you came. To the north is the River Icespear, which runs to the mighty River Rauvin to the West, along whose south bank runs the Lowroad. **Don't forget one or two people with black pearl of Luminous Dawn.**

Hommlet grew from a farm or two, a rest house, and a smithy. The roads brought enough travelers and merchant wagons to attract tradesmen and artisans to serve those passing through. The rest house became a thriving inn, a wheel and wainwright settled, and more farmers and herdsman followed, for grain was needed for the passing animals, and meat was in demand for the inn folk. Soon the village grew to a town of almost 1000 people.

Prosperity was great, for the lord of the district was mild and taxed but little. Trade was good,

and the land was untroubled by war or outlaws or ravaging beasts due partially to the Steele Knights that stayed at the Castle WindSpire.

Your party is now approaching the Village of Hommlet, having walked up from the small city of Everlund. You are badly equipped and have no large sums of cash. In fact, all you have is what you wear, plus the few coins that are hidden in purses and pockets. Thus, your group comes to Hommlet to learn if this is indeed a place for adventurers to seek their fortunes.

The dusty, rutted road is lined with closely grown hedges of brambles and shrubs. Here and there it cuts through a wood or crosses a rivulet. To either hand forest and meadow have given way to field and orchard. A small herd of cattle graze nearby, and a distant hill is dotted with the white of a flock of sheep. Ahead are thatched roofs and stone chimneys with thin plumes of blue smoke rising from them. A road angles west into the hill country there, and to either side of the road ahead are barns and buildings—Hommlet at last!



ENCOUNTERS

THE MISSING MASTIFF: (ANY)

Old Man Albrech loses his prized mastiff, Bartholomew. Tracks lead to the nearby woods, where the adventurers encounter a playful but scared young griffon who has befriended Bartholomew. The griffon just wants someone to play with, and the adventurers can reunite

the dog and owner (and maybe befriend the griffon). 1 gp reward.



HAUNTED WELL (3)

The village well has become mysteriously fouled. Investigating the well reveals a cranky water elemental who feels disrespected by the villagers constantly dumping refuse. The adventurers need to appease the elemental by cleaning the well and offering a small, shiny trinket. Thanks of the city elder is all they get.

THE CURSED CAULDRON (25)

Elara's cauldron starts spewing out harmful potions. The culprit is a mischievous imp trapped inside. The adventurers can banish the imp with combat, or trade it a shiny trinket for its freedom and a promise to leave Elara's potions alone (non-combat). Reward 5 gp.

STIRGES IN THE STABLES (9)

A flock (6) of stirges have infested the stockade, preying on prisoners. The party can clear out the pests for 10 gp.

Stirge Queen's Brood (Combat): Strange occurrences plague the livestock pens outside Hommlet. Several animals have been drained of blood, and unsettling chirps echo in the

night. Investigation reveals a nest of stirges, led by a monstrous Stirge Queen. This oversized monstrosity is far more resilient and vicious than its offspring. The party must face the entire swarm in a brutal fight to protect the livestock and eliminate the threat.

LOST SHIPMENT: (ANY)

A shipment of valuable goods disappears on the road leading away from Hommlet. The party can track the missing cargo, deal with bandits or other threats, and choose who to return the goods to. (Investigation, Combat)

TROUBLE @ WELCOME WILLOW (4)

A tense situation unfolds at the Welcome Willow. A group of mercenaries, boisterous and heavily armed, have taken refuge after a skirmish with a rival group. They are wary of strangers and suspicious of the party's intentions. The party must navigate a delicate

STIRGE

Tiny Beast, Unaligned

Armor Class 14 (natural armor)

Hit Points 2 (1d4)

Speed 10 ft., fly 40 ft.

STR	DEX	CON
4 (-3)	16 (+3)	11 (+0)
INT	WIS	CHA
2 (-4)	8 (-1)	6 (-2)

Senses *Darkvision* 60 ft., *Passive Perception* 9

Languages --

Challenge 1/8 (25 XP)

Proficiency Bonus +2

Actions

Blood Drain. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +5 to hit, reach 5 ft., one creature. *Hit:* 5 (1d4 + 3) piercing damage, and the stirge attaches to the target. While attached, the stirge doesn't attack. Instead, at the start of each of the stirge's turns, the target loses 5 (1d4 + 3) hit points due to blood loss.

The stirge can detach itself by spending 5 feet of its movement. It does so after it drains 10 hit points of blood from the target or the target dies. A creature, including the target, can use its action to detach the stirge.

negotiation to convince the mercenaries to leave peacefully. If talks fail, a bar brawl erupts, forcing the party to fight their way out. These mercenaries are suspected of hijacking shipments and coming into town for supplies.

CAVE-IN AT THE MILL (30)

Disaster strikes the seemingly mundane mill. A section of the cave system supplying water to the mill's wheel collapses, trapping workers and threatening to flood the village. The party must race against time to clear debris, rescue survivors, and prevent a catastrophic flood. Giant rats further complicate the situation.

OWLBEAR ON THE PROWL (19)

A territorial owlbear has strayed from its usual hunting grounds and now menaces the outskirts of Hommlet. The owlbear attacks anyone who comes near, posing a serious threat to villagers and livestock. The party must track down the owlbear and defeat it, using ranged attacks to exploit the owlbear's vulnerability to ranged weapons while avoiding its powerful claws and beak in close combat. This encounter emphasizes positioning and exploiting weaknesses.

OWLBEAR

Large Monstrosity, Unaligned

Armor Class 13 (natural armor)
 Hit Points 59 (7d10 + 21)
 Speed 40 ft.

STR	DEX	CON
20 (+5)	12 (+1)	17 (+3)
INT	WIS	CHA
3 (-4)	12 (+1)	7 (-2)

Skills Perception +3
 Senses Darkvision 60 ft., Passive Perception 13
 Languages --

Challenge 3 (700 XP) Proficiency Bonus +2

Keen Sight and Smell. The owlbear has advantage on Wisdom (Perception) checks that rely on sight or smell.

Actions

Multiattack. The owlbear makes two attacks: one with its beak and one with its claws.

Beak. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +7 to hit, reach 5 ft., one creature. *Hit:* 10 (1d10 + 5) piercing damage.

Claws. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +7 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 14 (2d8 + 5) slashing damage.



CASTLE WINDSPIRE

CASTLE WINDSPIRE INIT

Castle WindSpire is 5 miles directly southeast of Hommlet on a path that goes through crops.

As you crest the final hill, the silhouette of Castle Windspire rises before you. It's a small but sturdy structure, built from weathered grey stone and crowned with four short, flat towers that have flag poles but no flags. The surrounding land slopes gently towards the castle, revealing a patchwork of fields.

Exterior Walls: The walls are thick and well-maintained, though the stone shows signs of age and past battles. Cracks and repairs are visible in some places, hinting at a history of conflict. The primary stairway and gate are blocked by rocks and debris (impassible). The outside is partially surrounded by a shallow moat that looks like it was once clean but is brackish.

Moat: The brackish moat is home to two leeches. They will attack anyone that enters the water.

Towers: Each of the four towers boasts a flat top that looks more decorative than defensive, but it will do. The stairs into the rear towers are also blocked like the main gate.

There is no way into the castle from here.

KOBOLD ROAD BANDITS

This encounter will happen after the party encounters Castle WindSpire as they search for a way in.

As you round a bend, you see a chaotic scene ahead. A small caravan has been ambushed by 4 kobold bandits with their giant weasel! They swarm around the two overturned wagons, brandishing crude shortswords and shrieking in their guttural language. A lone mercenary stands between them and the terrified merchants, his sword flashing as he parries blows but clearly overwhelmed.



The kobolds will turn their attention to the party and the mercenary will tend to the wounded unless the party clearly needs help. The giant weasel will attack first followed by the kobolds.

One kobold will keep his distance from the fight (between the wagon and the party). He will throw rocks (1 pt of damage 25% of the time) and will scamper off into the woods in a way that allows the party to follow. He will lead the party to access to WindSpire Castle.

The caravan has a potion of healing that can be used on the party if the damage is too great. They will insist the party take the potion, otherwise they will use it on themselves. The don't have any gp but will offer several silks that may have value. These are elven silks worth 10 gp each away from Hommlet.

The mercenary is named Anya Cooper and the merchants are a family (Angus, Illia, Angie, Arn, and Ayla) taking their goods to the Sondabar for sale from Hartsvale in the north. They will move on to Hommlet where they will stay for a week before heading on to Sondabar and then heading home to Hartsvale.

ANYA COOPER

Human Woman

Armor Class 16 (+1 defensive style)

Hit Points 18

Speed 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
16 (+3)	12 (+1)	14 (+2)	10	11	8 (-1)

Skills Athletics, Perception. Defensive fighting style (+1)

Saves Constitution and Strength

Languages: Common

Armor: Chain Mail, no shield

Longsword: 1d8

Personality: Anya is a gruff but reliable mercenary. She's seen her fair share of battles and doesn't shy away from violence, but has a strong sense of justice and will only take jobs she believes in. Lawful Good

Equipment: Anya carries a backpack containing a bedroll, mess kit, tinderbox, 10 days of rations, a waterskin, 50 ft. of rope, a healer's kit, dice, and a pouch containing 10 gp.



KOBOLD TUNNEL

You lose sight of the kobold as he enters a field of rocks and trees near the castle. As you pursue him, you are forced to slow down with the obstacles. Searching, you hear something around an obstruction of rock and roots. Slowing, you peer around the corner carefully.

The fleeing kobold's small form propelled is by sheer terror. He casts a desperate glance around, checking for any sign of pursuit. His eyes dart towards a seemingly unremarkable section of a large rock wall, its rough-hewn stones blending seamlessly with the surrounding terrain. It's been here a while.

The kobold scurries towards a clump of loose rocks and fallen branches seemingly dumped there by chance. With a practiced shove, he dislodges a specific boulder, revealing a dark passage beneath.

He throws a final, frantic look around, then with a swift motion, scrambles through the opening. The displaced debris tumbles back into place, effectively concealing the entrance once more. The only remaining evidence of the kobold's passage is the faint sound of retreating footsteps echoing on a rock floor from within the hidden tunnel.



KOBOLD ANTE CHAMBER

The narrow tunnel is barely wide enough for your largest party member, clearly made for folk smaller than yourself. You've lost the sounds of the kobold. The air hangs heavy with the scent of damp earth and something vaguely musky. Dim light filters in from cracks high in the ceiling, casting long, distorted shadows across the uneven floor. All you hear is the wind from the outside.

The roughly hewn tunnel has clearly not been here too long. After about 40 ft, the narrow tunnel opens into a small antechamber.

As you enter the chamber, you see the kobold, dead on the floor. He has slipped on some luminescent moss and cracked his tiny head on the walls.

Around you, you notice heaps of discarded refuse - gnawed bones, dented cookware, and scraps of worn leather armor. Several crude torches are scattered on the floor, some burned out. There is some small, crude digging equipment that dwarves will find offensive that may have been used to make the tunnel.

The ante chamber is 15 x 15 ft with nothing of significance.

1. DARK TUNNEL

The tunnel continues deeper into the rock getting even narrower and shorter, as if the miners had lost interest. The light from the antechamber fades and all you can hear is the natural drip, drip, dripping of water that coats the walls as the musty smell gets worse.

The temperature rises to a comfortable level, indicating some source of heating.

After 80 ft that seems to go on forever, the tunnel turns ahead with traces of light filtering around the corner.



2. THE LADY'S CHAMBER

The once grand lady's chamber lies in ruins. Splintered furniture and ripped tapestries litter the floor, testament to a kobold rampage. Your torches cast flickering shadows across the room, illuminating a chaotic scene. Shovels, pickaxes, and more torches are abandoned amidst piles of bones - scavenged trophies or kobold meals, you can't be sure. The air is thick with the smell of mold and dung, a horrifying contrast to the hint of lavender and rose perfume that must have once hung constantly in these chambers.

The chamber once housed the Lady of the castle but now is a putrid mess. Someone has been using this as a bathroom and it smells like it.

If the party searches the room, a crawling claw (undead) will emerge from a small secret door beneath the bed (next page).



In the flickering torchlight, a single hand emerges from under the bed and scuttles across the polluted floorboards. This isn't some forgotten glove – its rotten flesh, stretched taut over skeletal fingers, screams "undead." Long, blackened nails tap a chilling rhythm against the wood, and an unnatural green luminescence emanates faintly from the hand, a sure sign of dark magic at work.

Inside the secret compartment is a necklace worth 20 gp, a small diamond worth 5 gp, and personal letters from the Lady of the castle.

3. BASEMENT STAIRCASES

You emerge from the door into a room where torches line the walls. There is a large table in the center with two massive stone staircases that go up from either side. Torn and burned tapestries line the walls, and there is a fireplace in one corner that is used for cooking. At the table there are 5 kobolds having a meal.

If the party was quiet, they gain initiative. The kobolds do not have their armor or weapons and will use forks (1d4) and knives (1d4) from the table to attack. One will use a pot lid as a shield and gain +1 to his AC.



The kobolds do not have any treasure. While most of the dishes are cracked and dented, one of them is a jewel encrusted goblet with resale value.

One of the tapestries has been fully torn down and replaced with the image of what might be a messy dragon drawn in paint, feces, and what looks like blood.

The door to area 9 is locked with a DC 20 Dex.



4. LORD'S CHAMBER

The door to this room is locked but has been smashed and reset. Any force will unlock the door and it will open with a clang. The room is dark unless illuminated by torchlight.

The room is dark and all that can be seen is two, small eyes at the center of the room that are glowing red.

Once illuminated, in the center of the chamber, etched messily onto the dusty stone floor, is a five-pointed star – like a kid trying to copy a complex symbol from a book. Inside the star, is a tiny, red devil-like creature flying on fluttering wings. It can't be more than two feet tall, with spindly legs, grotesquely oversized ears, and a barbed tail that swishes back and forth. It looks like a bad sketch brought to life, all pointy teeth, and glowing red eyes that lock with yours in a mischievous glint.

There is a pot of dirty water and torn pieces of cloth by the bedside that looks out of place.

The imp named **Scratch** has been summoned by a kobold cleric named **Grik**. The imp knows nothing outside of this room but knows that Grik has been cruel and talks of nothing but dragons. Dragons aren't real, says Scratch.

He has no interest in fighting or messing with the party but will if they engage him. If he is attacked, the containment spell is also broken.

He will bargain with them if they are kind, offering his help in the future if they help him. The imp doesn't know how but can be released by erasing (with the water and cloths) any part of the pentagram.

The rest of the room looks much like it did when it was the chamber of the Lord of the Castle. Even the bed is partially made!

On a small table is a host of kobold "holy" symbols and a small box filled with 6 potions of healing. On the inside of the box is this mark, symbolizing healing. **DC INT check.**



5. LADY'S MAID QUARTERS

The door to this room is closed and stuck. The players will need to pry it open.

A blast of frigid air hits you as you pry open the creaking wooden door. The room beyond is a mockery of its former self. Your torches illuminate a space that likely once belonged to a lady's maid. Chunks of ice, some as big as small boulders, litter the floor, creating a treacherous, uneven surface. In the dim light, you see three figures carefully laid and spaced on the ground – all human. Their clothing, once fine silks, and linens, are now stiff and frozen, clinging to their lifeless forms like ghostly shrouds. The air hangs heavy with the metallic tang of death, a sickening counterpoint to the bone-deep cold. This once comfortable chamber is now a frozen tomb for these unfortunate souls.

The bodies are on ice as the cleric wants to keep them “fresh”, hoping to animate them one day. One of the bodies has a key that will unlock the door to #8.

6. STORAGE AND OVERFLOW

The door to this room is open and it smells like kobold poop and urine. Examining the room shows carcasses of dead rats, a badger, and half of a snake.

Poking around in the mess arouses 2 giant rats who attack cautiously.

7. MAIN SERVANTS' QUARTERS

As you creep towards the closed door, a sound like a frantic game of pin bowling erupts from the other side. A high-pitched scratching joins the racket, scraping roughly against the wood. It's like a bunch of caged animals are having a manic tantrum in there. Steeling yourselves, you reach for the handle.

With a groan, the door swings open, revealing a sight that's both comical and unsettling. Two enormous weasels, easily the size of large dogs, occupy the room and have each retreated to one of three beds. They're all covered in a greasy sheen, and the air is thick with the stench of rotten meat. The weasels themselves are a mottled brown, with beady black eyes that lock on you the moment the door opens. Their long snouts wrinkle in what might be a grimace or a confused sniff, and you can practically hear the rumbling complaints emanating from their furry bellies.

The weasels have been locked in here while the kobolds have dinner. There are riding harnesses lazily put on the walls for six or seven weasels. If the players gain initiative, they will be able to close the door. If tied, one escapes. If the weasels win, they escape.

This room looks like it once housed the secondary servants for the castle. It is almost unrecognizable and there is nothing of value.

8. LEAD SERVANT'S QUARTERS

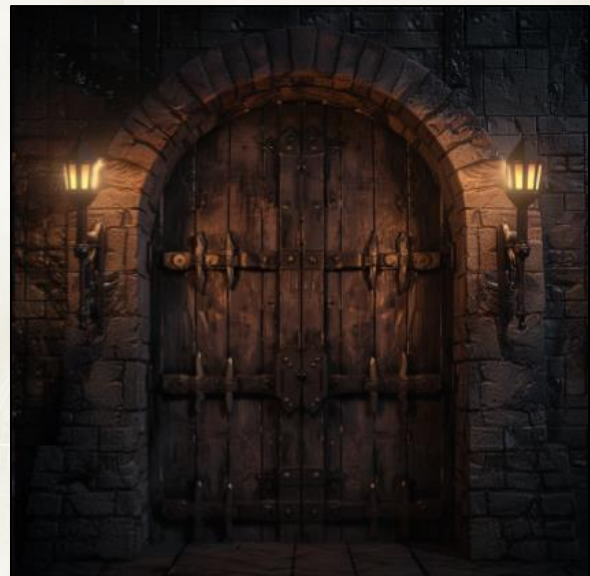
The door to this room is locked and can only be opened by the key in #8 or a DC 15 Dexterity check if having tools and proficiency.

This room looks untouched by the kobolds. It is clearly the room of a well-to-do and well-take-care of servant.

The only items of value are silken clothes and jewelry.

9. SPLIT HALLWAY

The lock of the door (as described in #3) to enter is a DC 20 Dexterity. **Just past the door is a dart trap with a pressure plate doing 1d4 to each party member caught in it.**



The hallway is lined with torches, but only half of them are lit.

Not quite 40 feet down the corridor, it splits, with a large wooden door in the center that also requires a DC 20 Dexterity check.

10. KNIGHTS ROOM

The room reeks of stale sweat and leather, the air thick enough to chew on. The torch light shows it was clearly meant for a company of warriors – ten beds, each a massive oaken frame with a thick straw mattress, line the walls. However, you quickly see signs of uninvited guests – chests stand open, their

contents scattered across the floor. Coins glint amongst discarded tunics and dented helmets. The Steel Knights banner is sagging from one of the walls, torn and burned in places.

As they enter the room.

As you look about, a low growl shatters the stillness, sending a shiver down your spine. As you get closer, you notice that five of the beds are still occupied, but not by the expected knights.

They're about the size of children, but with clawed hands, pointed ears, and beady black eyes that are now wide open, gleaming with feral intelligence.

Their chests rise and fall in rapid gasps, the rhythmic snores replaced by ragged breaths. They may have been sleeping moments ago, but now they're wide awake, and they definitely don't appreciate being disturbed.

30 gp scattered around the room. Odds and ends of human-sized armor (mostly chain and plate) that might be rescued.

11. MASSIVE STORAGE ROOM

You stand before a heavy oak door, its iron hinges thick with rust. A spiderweb, shimmering with an otherworldly sheen in the flickering torchlight, drapes across the upper half. But the most unsettling detail is the sliver of darkness visible where the door isn't quite shut. A cold tendril of air snakes out, carrying with it the faintest scuttling sound.

If the door is pushed open ...

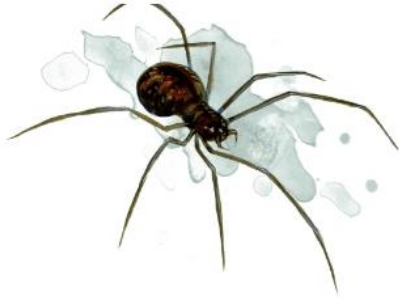
Pushing the door open with a groan that echoes through the silent halls, you reveal a room crammed with forgotten relics of the castle's past. Suits of dented armor stand propped against the walls, their surfaces a canvas of dust and grime. Cobweb-laden chests bulge with unknown contents, and a

collapsed bookcase spills its leather-bound secrets onto the flagstone floor.

But it's the monstrous inhabitants that truly steal your breath. Enormous spiders, their bodies the size of dinner plates and legs spanning two feet, scuttle across the room. Their glistening black abdomens are emblazoned with a pale hourglass marking, and their beady eyes glint with predatory hunger. The air hangs thick with the cloying scent of old webs.

There are 8-12 spiders in the web depending on how well the fight goes. One of them has 2 HP. Searching will find the following (d8)

- (1) Tarnished Silverware: A set of ornate goblets, plates, and utensils made from tarnished silver. While not inherently magical, they once belonged to the castle's nobility and could be worth a decent amount to a fence or collector (50-100 gp).
- (2) A Bag of Loose Gems: A handful of chipped or unpolished gemstone in a bag (amethyst, diamond, etc.) or sold to a jeweler for a small sum (25-50 gp total).
- (3) Hidden Compartment: A close inspection of a dusty suit of armor reveals a hidden compartment containing a folded scroll of Magic Missile.
- (4) Potion Vial: Tucked behind a cobweb-covered book is a small, corked vial filled with an unidentified clear liquid. DC 14 Intelligence to see it is invisibility.
- (5) Potion Vials: Under a rug you find a corked vial with a symbol for poison crossed through.
- (6) Rusty Weapons: Leaning against the wall behind a rug is a collection of rusty swords, daggers, and maces. These weapons are far from perfect and would need significant repair before being usable, but they could be sold for scrap metal (10-20 gp each) or used as makeshift weapons in a pinch.
- (7-8) Nothing



SPIDER

Tiny Beast, Unaligned

Armor Class 12

Hit Points 1 (1d4 - 1)

Speed 20 ft., climb 20 ft.

STR	DEX	CON
2 (-4)	14 (+2)	8 (-1)
INT	WIS	CHA
1 (-5)	10 (+0)	2 (-4)

Skills **Stealth** +4

Senses **Darkvision** 30 ft., **Passive Perception** 10

Languages --

Challenge 0 (10 XP)

Proficiency Bonus +2

Spider Climb. The spider can climb difficult surfaces, including upside down on ceilings, without needing to make an ability check.

Web Sense. While in contact with a web, the spider knows the exact location of any other creature in contact with the same web.

Web Walker. The spider ignores movement restrictions caused by webbing.

Actions

Bite. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +4 to hit, reach 5 ft., one creature.
Hit: 1 piercing damage, and the target must succeed on a DC 9 Constitution saving throw or take 2 (1d4) poison damage.

12. KNIGHTS IN JAIL

Eight knights are crammed into a 15x15 room. Most are either injured, poisoned, or both. The cell door is locked with a DC 18 Dexterity. None are able to fight.

13. CASTLE STAFF IN JAIL

Four members of the castle staff are held here. None are in a condition or able to fight. The door is locked with a DC 12 Dexterity. If released, two of the staff will run to Room 3.

14. LORD AND LADY IN JAIL

The Lord and Lady are sleeping on a pile of rags in this room. The cell door is locked with a DC 18 Dexterity.

15. SKELETON JAIL

The floor is slick with a greenish ooze, and the walls are etched with frantic, desperate markings. In the rear corner, shrouded in shadow, sits a figure slumped against the damp stones. At first glance, it appears to be nothing more than a pile of bones haphazardly stacked together – a forgotten skeleton, another victim claimed by the darkness of this dungeon.

As you inch closer, a low rattling sound emanates from the cell. The skeletal figure twitches, its ribcage juddering like a rusty hinge. A hollow groan escapes its empty eye sockets, and a sickly green light flickers within them. With a horrifying lurch, the skeleton lunges to its feet, its bones grinding together in a mockery of movement. Claws, fashioned from sharpened bone shards, clatter against the bars as it strains to reach you, its empty maw agape in a silent scream.



SKELETON

Medium Undead, Lawful Evil

Armor Class 13 (armor scraps)

Hit Points 13 (2d8 + 4)

Speed 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON
10 (+0)	14 (+2)	15 (+2)
INT	WIS	CHA
6 (-2)	8 (-1)	5 (-3)

Damage Vulnerabilities Bludgeoning

Damage Immunities Poison

Condition Immunities Exhaustion, Poisoned

Senses Darkvision 60 ft., Passive Perception 9

Languages Understands all languages it knew in life but can't speak

Challenge 1/4 (50 XP) **Proficiency Bonus** +2

Actions

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

Shortbow. *Ranged Weapon Attack:* +4 to hit, range 80/320 ft., one target. *Hit:* 5 (1d6 + 2) piercing damage.

The door can be picked with DC 10 Dexterity at a disadvantage of -4 if the skeleton is clawing. There is nothing of value in the cell.

16. PRIESTS ROOM

You investigate a vast, square chamber, its dimensions roughly fifty feet by fifty feet. The room itself is a study in cold, rough-hewn stone. Streaks of damp mark the walls, glistening faintly in the flickering torchlight you carry. Overhead, the ceiling arches high, disappearing into inky blackness beyond the

reach of your light. The only source of illumination seems to emanate from sconces set sporadically along the walls, casting long, dancing shadows across the uneven floor.

A striking feature dominates the back third of the room. A heavy purple curtain, as rich and deep in color as a bruise, hangs from the ceiling to the floor, concealing what lies beyond. The fabric itself appears oddly still, undisturbed by any air currents, and its edges hang with an unnatural rigidity. The only sounds that greet you are the rhythmic drip of perhaps distant water and the occasional sigh of air slipping through unseen cracks in the stone.

At the left rear of the room is a winged kobold with his wings clipped, likely unable to fly. He is wearing a tattered purple robe that matches the curtain. He is standing over a large wooden table and appears to be carefully pouring over a stack of books. The whole room has a sickly smell.



As you assess the scene, he begins mumbling a few words, clutching a bony claw at his neck, and then moving his hands in swirling motions. Suddenly, the air around him crackles with unseen energy and a sudden chill sweeps through the room.

GRIK

Kobold Level 1 Necromancer Wizard

Armor Class 10

Hit Points 6

Speed 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
8 (-1)	12 (+1)	10	13 (+1)	11	14 (+2)

Skills: Arcana, History, Religion, Investigation, Deception

Saves: STR, DEX, INT, CHA

Languages: Common (broken), kobold, goblin

Armor: None

Weapon: Dagger (1d4) and Sling (1d4)

Personality: Very focused on bringing back dragons, he will tell the party almost anything to get them to join him until he decides he can't talk his way out. Lawful Evil

Equipment: Robes, spellbook (left in other room)

Spells: Acid Splash (5' 1d6); Mage Hand; Minor Illusion; Chill Touch; Jump; Grease;

In a few seconds, a thick, swirling mist erupts from his outstretched claw and an opaque grey fog billows outwards, obscuring your vision. In a matter of seconds, the once-clear room ahead vanishes, replaced by a swirling, ghostly mass that stretches towards the ceiling.

An eerie silence descends as the fog rolls in. The only sounds are your ragged breaths, a commotion in the direction where the kobold stood, and perhaps the sounds of another creature struggling to breathe. You can barely see your own hand in front of your face, let alone any potential enemies. The faint glow from your torches struggles to penetrate the dense fog, casting distorted shadows that dance and writhe on the swirling tendrils.

The necromancer wizard has cast Fog Cloud to free his zombie behind the curtain and escape to the next room. Once done, he will barricade himself inside of 17 to prepare for the attack.

FOG CLOUD

1st level conjuration

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 120 feet

Target: A point within range

Components: V S

Duration: Concentration, Up to 1 hour

Classes: Druid, Ranger, Sorcerer, Wizard

You create a 20-foot-radius sphere of fog centered on a point within range. The sphere spreads around corners, and its area is heavily obscured. It lasts for the duration or until a wind of moderate or greater speed (at least 10 miles per hour) disperses it.

At Higher Levels: When you cast this spell using a spell slot of 2nd level or higher, the radius of the fog increases by 20 feet for each slot level above 1st.

You hear a door close, and wisps of grey mist curl and start to twist upwards, reluctantly revealing the chamber.

As the final traces of fog dissipate, your gaze falls upon the previously obscured section behind the heavy purple curtain. A single hand, mottled green and brown, twitches at the edge of the fabric. A beat of silence hangs heavy in the air, broken only by the ragged breath emanating from your hidden foe.

With a sickening lurch, the purple curtain is thrown back, revealing a nasty spectacle. A creature that can only be described as a zombie stands swaying unsteadily before you. Its flesh, once vibrant, now hangs in green, putrid flaps from its skeletal frame. One eye stares vacantly from a hollow socket. A tattered cloth barely conceals its decaying form. The stench of rotting flesh assaults your nostrils, a physical manifestation of the abomination before you.

This creature, once a living being, is now an animated puppet, bound to the will of some unseen necromantic power. It lets out a low, guttural moan, the sound of hunger and mindless rage, and lurches a step towards you, its single functioning eye locked on your party.

The treasure in the room includes a Scroll of Restoration, a beautiful dagger, the wizard's spell book, and 80 gp in a skull. The party will also find the keys to open the cells and other doors in the place.

ZOMBIE

Medium undead, neutral evil

Armor Class 8

Hit Points 12 (3d8+9)

Speed 20 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
13 (+1)	6 (-2)	16 (+3)	3 (-4)	6 (-2)	5 (-3)

Saving Throws Wis +0

Damage Immunities Poison

Condition Immunities Poisoned

Senses Darkvision 60 Ft., passive Perception 8

Languages Understands All Languages It Spoke In Life But Can't Speak

Challenge 1/4 (50 XP)

Undead Fortitude. If damage reduces the zombie to 0 hit points, it must make a Constitution saving throw with a DC of 5+the damage taken, unless the damage is radiant or from a critical hit. On a success, the zombie drops to 1 hit point instead.

ACTIONS

Slam. Melee Weapon Attack: +3 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. Hit: (1d6 + 1) bludgeoning damage.

17. THE TEMPLE

The door to this room is barricaded from the other side (Strength DC 14). Once the door is opened

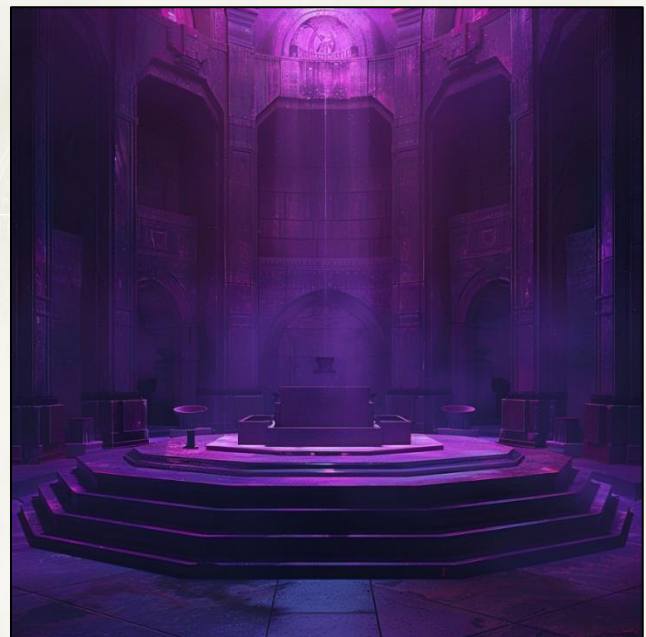
The bookcases and tables propped against the other side scatter about, creating a maze of debris to walk through and around. The room before you is massive, in the shape of an octagon, much rougher hewn than the rest of the dungeon, and looks much older. It is 70' across and you can barely see the other side in the odd purple glow coming from all around.

In the center of the room are two rows of four columns. On the far-left center of the room is a fire pit with some sort of hunk of meat on a spit over the top of it. The smell is both delicious and disturbing. On the far-right center of the room is a table and 5 chairs. At the far end of the room is a square stage with 5 steps and two round stages to its left and right.

In the center of the room, is a 5' tall purple crystal that is cracked in many places. It catches an ambient purple light that causes a glow that collects in the center. As you look around, you hear a squeaky voice say "**halt, you may not enter the sacred place!**".



Grik has hidden in a set of steps that go down from behind the center altar. He will use the following lines of discussion (persuasion) to enlist the party to his cause.



- Big ones come help! Many strong! You help Grik bring back the masters!
- World weak without them! Their fire is protection! You help, world strong again!
- Grik small, but clever! You help, share power of the masters and be rich!

- Join me! Join the Black Spider!
- Foolish fight! Together, fight bigger enemy! Masters are answer to all problems!
- Grik not enemy! Just want bring back glory! Help Grik, honor for all!
- Me weak alone! You strong! Help Grik, command the return, we together!
- Grik feel it! Masters are near! Help wake them, world saved!
- Glass eye broken, no masters without glass eyes all powerful. Need many.
- Many moons passed, masters sleep. Grik needs help! Together, wake the ancient ones!
- Team failed sadly, Grik alone. You strong, break shadow with me!
- Foolish Grik, wrong ritual! Broke eye. You help, open true path, they return!
- Temple whispers secrets! You listen, help Grik unlock power, bring them back!
- Grik knows more than seems! Help him wake the sleeping giants!
- Grik offers treasure, forgotten magic! Help me wake them and world saved!
- Don't kill Grik! Masters sense anger, stay hidden! You help, Grik calms them, world saved!

As he becomes more frustrated, he will start threatening them. He will escape through a slender kobold tunnel that connects to the under-altar and collapse it behind him. The party cannot follow.

- Grik not plaything! Approach, wake wrath of long dead masters! They kill you!
- Touch Grik, taste fire! My lords remember trespassers! Leave now, or face fury!
- Losses bind Grik, but not masters fury! One step closer, unleash storm upon you!
- Metal shines bright... attracts hungry eyes! Turn back, or become offering for masters! Go back!
- Grik weak now, but whispers grow louder! I run but will help masters defeat you another day. You will seeeee.

SLEEP

1st level enchantment

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 90 feet

Target: Creatures within 20 feet of a point you choose within range (in ascending order of their current hit points, ignoring unconscious creatures)

Components: V S M (A pinch of fine sand, rose petals, or a cricket)

Duration: 1 minute

Classes: Bard, Sorcerer, Wizard

This spell sends creatures into a magical slumber. Roll 5d8; the total is how many hit points of creatures this spell can affect. Creatures within 20 feet of a point you choose within range are affected in ascending order of their current hit points (ignoring unconscious creatures). Starting with the creature that has the lowest current hit points, each creature affected by this spell falls unconscious until the spell ends, the sleeper takes damage, or someone uses an action to shake or slap the sleeper awake. Subtract each creature's hit points from the total before moving on to the creature with the next lowest hit points. A creature's hit points must be equal to or less than the remaining total for that creature to be affected. Undead and creatures immune to being charmed aren't affected by this spell.

At Higher Levels: When you cast this spell using a spell slot of 2nd level or higher, roll an additional 2d8 for each slot level above 1st.

HIDEOUS LAUGHTER

1st level enchantment

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 30 feet

Components: V S M (Tiny tarts and a feather that is waved in the air)

Duration: Concentration, Up to 1 minute

Classes: Bard, Wizard

A creature of your choice that you can see within range perceives everything as hilariously funny and falls into fits of laughter if this spell affects it. The target must succeed on a Wisdom saving throw or fall prone, becoming incapacitated and unable to stand up for the duration. A creature with an Intelligence score of 4 or less isn't affected.

At the end of each of its turns, and each time it takes damage, the target can make another Wisdom saving throw. The target has advantage on the saving throw if it's triggered by damage. On a success, the spell ends.

Hidden under the altar is a book written in kobold scatchings that rants about many topics but has a relatively coherent section about how important it is that the dragons return.

On rescue, the Lord Harold and Lady Isabella will promise to rebuild the castle. If asked, the Lord will promise to seal the temple and keep it guarded; he used it for his performances because of the great acoustics.

The party will be given 100 gp and medals of Heros of the Realm, protectors of WindSpire castle and will be welcomed here for all time!

CASTLE MAIN LEVEL

1. BLOCKED STAIRS

The stairs to the main gate are blocked. Behind the rocks is a closed portcullis that protects 2 large wooden doors. The doors are also locked. The players cannot enter this way.

2. MAIN ENCLOSED AREA

This is a huge room with a 20' tall, 90' wide, and 120' long (approximately). There are pillars in the south corners and the north corners are beveled at 45 degrees. There are spiral staircases down (up from below). At the center of the room is a grand staircase that goes up to the king's pavilion.

There are 10' openings in the east, west, and south walls that provide a breeze when the wind is blowing.

Going around the room, there are stalls for animals, storage closets, a loom, and many other useful items for a working castle. There are ties on most of the walls and hay everywhere. It appears that there may be some sort of market here on a regular basis.

As you ascend the staircase, you notice two kobolds riding giant weasels leaving via the south opening. What do you do?

They are on patrol and will miss the party if they are quiet.

There is nothing of interest or value.

3. GREAT COURTYARD

This is the courtyard where outdoor parties are held. The view of the remaining castle is partially blocked by 3' high walls and some stone benches at that height. At the south end are two 15'x15' fire pits.

If it is dark, Frida the friendly ghost of the castle will appear and tell a tale of how the Lord and Lady of the castle met a terrible fate and she (who is trapped above ground where she died)

does not know what happened to them. It has been at least 6 months since she saw them.

With a DC 12 Intelligence check by one of the party members, the ghost will also mention that the kobolds and their group stormed the castle at night when the doors were left open and overwhelmed the guards and staff.

After answering a few questions, the ghost will say they are tired and fade away. They can reappear to help if necessary.

4. NORTH WEST TOWER

The door between the tower and the stairs is broken but it is blocked like the main stairs, not allowing entry or exit.

Two castle mastiffs are stuck in here and have survived by squeezing through the cracks in the door and hunting, returning to the castle to search for their master.

If the mastiffs are fed and praised, they will join the party. If they are scared, they will run through the hole in the door and not return. See picture of Mastiff in Hommlet.

MASTIFF

Medium beast, unaligned

Armor Class 12
Hit Points 5 (1d8+1)
Speed 40 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
13 (+1)	14 (+2)	12 (+1)	3 (-4)	12 (+1)	7 (-2)

Skills Perception +3
Senses passive Perception 13
Challenge 1/8 (25 XP)

Keen Hearing and Smell. The mastiff has advantage on Wisdom (Perception) checks that rely on hearing or smell.

ACTIONS

Bite. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +3 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* (1d6 + 1) piercing damage. If the target is a creature, it must succeed on a DC 11 Strength saving throw or be knocked prone

5. NORTH EAST TOWER

The door here to the stairs in the south of the tower is blocked with debris. Both the lock and the debris stop entry or exit. There is nothing of interest here.

6. SOUTH EAST TOWER

The only entry to this tower is from the courtyard. There is a stone spiral staircase going up to the next level in the center of the room.

Three kobolds are asleep here and will lose initiative unless the party wakes them early. No treasure of value.

7. SOUTH WEST TOWER

As you open the door, you notice a strange bioluminescent fungus that lets off a blue glow. Four stirges have taken up residence here near the ceiling but are calmed by the glow. They are making clicking and chirping noises that sound unusually calm. The party can pass them with no attack or engage them.

If the party explores their next, they will find 3 blood-stained gold pieces.

8. WEST COLLECTION AREA

There is a 25% chance of discovering a patrol of two kobolds here.

9. EAST COLLECTION AREA

There is a 25% chance of discovering a patrol of two kobolds here.

10. BRIDGE

This raised area has stairs going down to the left and right with a way to the collection / common areas forward. There is a 25% chance of discovering a patrol of two kobolds here.

11. WEST FLOOR AREA

There are tattered tents set up here where locals came to sell their wares. Search (DC 14 Wisdom) will find a jewel encrusted box with a +1 dagger and 75 gp necklace of protection +1. The box is worth 25 gp.

12. EAST FLOOR AREA

Before they enter this area, they see the fretting of a captured axe beak that is tied to a post in the center. It is very tired and not in the mood to fight but is as nasty as axe beaks are.

Nearby the party can see what looks like a saddle that the (DC Intelligence 8) kobolds are using to try and ride the poor creature. If released, the bird will run up the stairs, make their way to the parapet and jump into the water below ... escaping.



AXE BEAK

Large Beast, Unaligned

Armor Class 11

Hit Points 19 (3d10 + 3)

Speed 50 ft.

STR	DEX	CON
14 (+2)	12 (+1)	12 (+1)
INT	WIS	CHA
2 (-4)	10 (+0)	5 (-3)

Senses Passive Perception 10

Languages --

Challenge 1/4 (50 XP)

Proficiency Bonus +2

Actions

Beak. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +4 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 6 (1d8 + 2) slashing damage.

UPPER CASTLE

1. UPPER MAIN HALL

The stairs come up into a large fancy hall with lots of window openings, a large stairway going down, and a large table at the north of the room.

At the head of the table is a small messy kobold altar with an animated kobold standing on a chair above the altar. Unlike his smaller brethren, this one is garbed in a flowing crimson robe embroidered with shimmering gold thread. A plumed serpent-like hat, fashioned from vibrant green feathers, rests askew upon his head with the most captivating sight being the shimmering aura that surrounds him. Arcane runes dance in the air around him, crackling with barely contained power. The air itself vibrates with a thrumming energy, a testament to the potent magic at play.

He picks at a glistening fruit with a long, claw-like finger, his reptilian eyes gleaming with amusement as he watches you enter. A sly smile stretches across his maw, revealing a surprising amount of gleaming gold teeth. Despite his diminutive stature, he exudes an air of undeniable power and theatricality.

He will allow them to approach and then

The shaman, with a flourish, drops the pulsating fruit he was toying with and leans forward, his smile widening. "Ah, adventurers! Welcome, welcome to my humble abode! But before you partake in this most delectable feast," he gestures dramatically at the empty tables as if they were loaded with food, "you must first face a test of wit! A riddle, if you will, to prove your worth."

The runes around him dim slightly, then flare back to life, swirling and reforming into a shimmering golden question mark that hangs in the air before him.

"If you answer correctly," the shaman continues, his voice taking on a theatrical lilt, "the path forward is yours, and you may partake in all of this and go free. But answer incorrectly...well, let's just say the consequences might be a bit ... Tasty for me and my friends." He winks, a single gold tooth glinting.

The shaman is a fraud, using a barely magic item and theatrics to create the illusion of being powerful. He is dreadfully afraid of the party and wants them to let him go. He will offer them the key to the dungeon at some point.

He will continue to give them chances until they get one right to appear magnanimous.

- "What has to be broken before you can use it?" (... An Egg)
- "I am always hungry and must always be fed, the finger I lick will soon turn red. What am I?" (... Fire)
- "I have cities, but no houses; I have mountains, but no trees; I have water, but no fish; What am I?" (... A Map)
- "I am always coming, but never arrive. I am always present, but never here. What am I?" (... Tomorrow)
- "I have an eye, but cannot see; I have a wing, but cannot fly; I tell the truth, but have no voice. What am I?" (... A Needle)
- "What gets wetter the more it dries?" (... A Towel)
- "I am light as a feather, but the strongest person cannot hold me for five minutes. What am I?" (... Your Breath)

2. OUTSIDE GREAT HALL

You can tell that grand parties were held as this rooftop wrap around balcony gives great views of all around. In the distance, you can see Hommlet by the smoke from the chimneys. It is such as clear day you can almost smell the smoke.

The shaman's giant weasel is out here sunning himself in the NW corner. Next to him is a giant pile of rat carcasses. He will ignore the party if they ignore him.

3. SOUTH WEST TOWER TOP

As you emerge from the room holding the spiral staircase, you become aware of the smell of bird feathers and see straw, hay, and other materials strewn on the floor.

On the side of the room opposite the door, a roc has made their nest with three eggs the size of elongated bowling balls.



Coming around the corner, you see a nest of some kind with the largest eggs you've ever seen; these eggs are the size of elongated bowling balls! The nest is well made of branches and straw and the material you saw on the stairs. Between the eggs and the wall is the carcass of the largest deer you've ever seen, freshly killed by talons the size of long swords based on the wounds.

After a bit, one of the eggs begins to crack. Long fissures snake across its surface, glowing a vibrant orange from within. With a deafening crack, a section of the eggshell explodes outwards, showering the nest in a hail of glistening shards.

From the breach, a colossal beak emerges, lined with razor-sharp talons. It pries open the remaining shell with a crunch, revealing a feathered head the size of a small watermelon. Brilliant sapphire eyes, each larger than a dark plum, blink open for the first time, taking in the world with a primal curiosity. The creature's neck, thicker than your fist and covered in downy white feathers, unfurls from the egg,

followed by a massive chest adorned with a feathery crest the color of a stormy sky.

Ignoring you completely, it immediately turns its attention to the deer, and begins to devour it with vigor. In the distance you hear the plaintive cry of some ancient flying creature, and all you can think is, "mommy's home".



Do an DC 10 for each party member if they recognize it as a roc.

If they search, they will find kobold skeletons, a human skeleton, and several more deer skeletons. The other two eggs will hatch in 2 days.

4. NORTH EAST TOWER TOP

Four kobolds are up here keeping watch. They will hear the party coming up the stairs, split up, and attack from each side of the door.

5. SOUTH EAST TOWER TOP

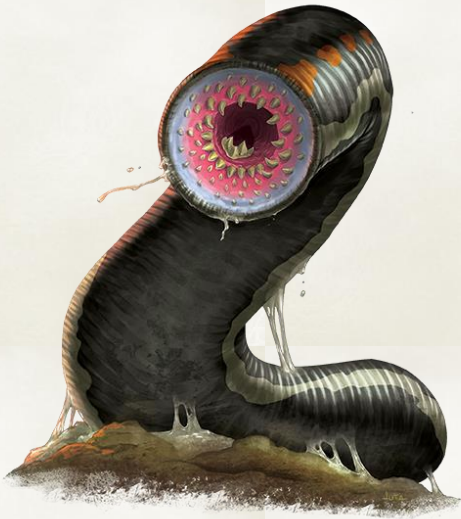
A single kobold is here training 4 giant rats to work as a pack. There is a balance beam, stone tablets, tunnels, and jumps. There are small harnesses and leashes against the wall, and a pile of rotting food being used as treats.



6. SOUTH WEST TOWER TOP

There is nothing here of interest except for a spyglass in a leather satchel.

APPENDIX A: MONSTERS



LEECH

Tiny beast, unaligned

Armor Class 9

Hit Points 1 (1d4-1)

Speed 5 ft., Swim 20ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
3 (-4)	10 (+0)	8 (-1)	3 (-4)	9 (-1)	3 (-4)

Skills Stealth +2

Condition Immunities Blinded

Senses Blindsight 20ft., (Blind beyond this radius),
Passive Perception 9.

Languages -

Challenge 1/8 (25 xp)

Amphibious. The leech can breathe air and water.

ACTIONS

Bite. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +2 to hit, reach 5 ft., one creature. *Hit:* 1d4 Piercing damage and the leech attaches to the target. While attached, the leech doesn't attack. Instead, at the start of each of the leech's turns, the target loses 1d4 hit point due to blood loss.

The leech can detach itself by spending 5 feet of its movement. It does so after it drains 8 hit points of blood from the target or the target dies. A creature, including the target, can use its action to detach the leech.



CRAWLING CLAW

[Griffe rampante]

Tiny undead, neutral evil

Armor Class 12

Hit Points 2 (1d4)

Speed 20 ft., climb 20 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
13 (+1)	14 (+2)	11 (+0)	5 (-3)	10 (+0)	4 (-3)

Damage Immunities poison

Condition Immunities charmed, exhaustion, poisoned

Senses blindsight 30 ft. (blind beyond this radius), passive Perception 10

Languages understands Common but can't speak

Challenge 0 (10 XP)

Turn Immunity. The claw is immune to effects that turn undead.

ACTIONS

Claw. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +3 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 3 (1d4 + 1) bludgeoning or slashing damage (claw's choice).



KOBOLD

Small Humanoid (Kobold), Lawful Evil

Armor Class 12

Hit Points 5 (2d6 - 2)

Speed 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON
7 (-2)	15 (+2)	9 (-1)
INT	WIS	CHA
8 (-1)	7 (-2)	8 (-1)

Senses Darkvision 60 ft., Passive Perception 8

Languages Common, Draconic

Challenge 1/8 (25 XP) Proficiency Bonus +2

Sunlight Sensitivity. While in sunlight, the kobold has disadvantage on attack rolls, as well as on Wisdom (Perception) checks that rely on sight.

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

Actions

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

Sling. *Ranged Weapon Attack:* +4 to hit, range 30/120 ft., one target. *Hit:* 4 (1d4 + 2) bludgeoning damage.



GIANT WEASEL

Medium Beast, Unaligned

Armor Class 13

Hit Points 9 (2d8)

Speed 40 ft.

STR	DEX	CON
11 (+0)	16 (+3)	10 (+0)
INT	WIS	CHA
4 (-3)	12 (+1)	5 (-3)

Skills Perception +3, Stealth +5

Senses Darkvision 60 ft., Passive Perception 13

Languages --

Challenge 1/8 (25 XP) Proficiency Bonus +2

Keen Hearing and Smell. The weasel has advantage on Wisdom (Perception) checks that rely on hearing or smell.

Actions

Bite. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +5 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 5 (1d4 + 3) piercing damage.

IMP

Tiny Fiend (Devil), Lawful Evil

Armor Class 13

Hit Points 10 (3d4 + 3)

Speed 20 ft., fly 40 ft.

STR	DEX	CON
6 (-2)	17 (+3)	13 (+1)
INT	WIS	CHA
11 (+0)	12 (+1)	14 (+2)

Skills Deception +4, Insight +3, Persuasion +4, Stealth +5

Damage Resistances Cold; Bludgeoning, Piercing, and Slashing from Nonmagical Attacks that aren't Silvered

Damage Immunities Fire, Poison

Condition Immunities Poisoned

Senses Darkvision 120 ft., Passive Perception 11

Languages Common, Infernal

Challenge 1 (200 XP) **Proficiency Bonus** +2

Shapechanger. The imp can use its action to polymorph into a beast form that resembles a rat (speed 20 ft.), a raven (20 ft., fly 60 ft.), or a spider (20 ft., climb 20 ft.), or back into its true form. Its statistics are the same in each form, except for the speed changes noted. Any equipment it is wearing or carrying isn't transformed. It reverts to its true form if it dies.

Devil's Sight. Magical darkness doesn't impede the imp's darkvision.

Magic Resistance. The imp has advantage on saving throws against spells and other magical effects.

Actions

Sting (Bite in Beast Form). *Melee Weapon Attack:* +5 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 5 (1d4 + 3) piercing damage, and the target must make a DC 11 Constitution saving throw, taking 10 (3d6) poison damage on a failed save, or half as much damage on a successful one.

Invisibility. The imp magically turns invisible until it attacks or until its concentration ends (as if concentrating on a spell). Any equipment the imp wears or carries is invisible with it.





STIRGE

Tiny Beast, Unaligned

Armor Class 14 (natural armor)

Hit Points 2 (1d4)

Speed 10 ft., fly 40 ft.

STR	DEX	CON
4 (-3)	16 (+3)	11 (+0)
INT	WIS	CHA
2 (-4)	8 (-1)	6 (-2)

Senses [Darkvision](#) 60 ft., [Passive Perception](#) 9

Languages --

Challenge 1/8 (25 XP) **Proficiency Bonus** +2

Actions

Blood Drain. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +5 to hit, reach 5 ft., one creature. *Hit:* 5 (1d4 + 3) piercing damage, and the stirge attaches to the target. While attached, the stirge doesn't attack. Instead, at the start of each of the stirge's turns, the target loses 5 (1d4 + 3) hit points due to blood loss.

The stirge can detach itself by spending 5 feet of its movement. It does so after it drains 10 hit points of blood from the target or the target dies. A creature, including the target, can use its action to detach the stirge.



GIANT RAT

Small Beast, Unaligned

Armor Class 12

Hit Points 7 (2d6)

Speed 30 ft.

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

Senses [Darkvision](#) 60 ft., [Passive Perception](#) 10

Languages --

Challenge 1/8 (25 XP) **Proficiency Bonus** +2

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 feet 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.



MASTIFF

Medium beast, unaligned

Armor Class 12

Hit Points 5 (1d8 + 1)

Speed 40 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
13 (+1)	14 (+2)	12 (+1)	3 (-4)	12 (+1)	7 (-2)

Skills Perception +3

Senses passive Perception 13

Languages —

Challenge 1/8 (25 XP)

Keen Hearing and Smell. The mastiff has advantage on Wisdom (Perception) checks that rely on hearing or smell.

ACTIONS

Bite. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +3 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 4 (1d6 + 1) piercing damage. If the target is a creature, it must succeed on a DC 11 Strength saving throw or be knocked prone.

Mastiffs are impressive hounds prized by humanoids for their loyalty and keen senses.

Colors

Title Color	#5e0d09	R:94 G:13 B:9
D&D Red	#e92b2f	R:233 G:43 B:47
Chapter Title	#620000	R:98 G:0 B:0
Chapter Title Text Border	#cbd0c5	R:203 G:208 B:197
Quote Block Background	#e4e7e7	R:228 G:231 B:231
Quote Block Border	#8f9b99	R:143 G:155 B:153
Comment Background	#ccd3d3	R:204 G:211 B:211
Comment Border	#231f20	R:35 G:31 B:32
Section Title	#59140a	R:89 G:20 B:10
Section Separator	#c8ac6b	R:200 G:172 B:107

Fonts

Title	Bernard MT Condensed	36
Campaign Title	Bernard MT Condensed	26
CHAPTER TITLE	Copperplate Gothic Bold	18
Normal Text	Calibri (Body)	11
Text To Read To Players	Segoe UI	10
DM NOTES TITLE	Copperplate Gothic Bold	10
SCENE HEADING	Copperplate Gothic Light	16
SCENE SECTION	Copperplate Gothic Light	14
SCENE SECTION FEATURE	Copperplate Gothic Light	12
Table Title	Segoe UI Semibold	12
Table Text	Segoe UI	10
Creature Stats Block Text	Segoe UI Light	8
Image Caption	Comic Sans MS	8