

Giantslayer

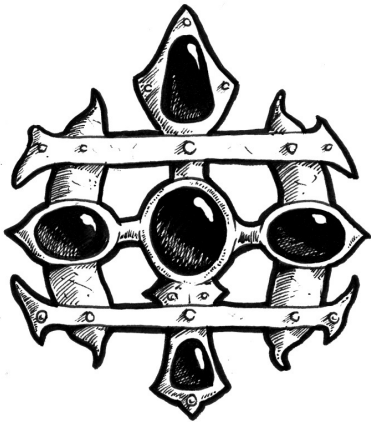
M.T. Black



INTRODUCTION

Giantslayer is a Dungeons & Dragons adventure designed to be completed in about 3-4 hours of play. The combat encounters have been calculated to present a tough challenge to four 1st level characters. They will present a less difficult, though still enjoyable, challenge to 2nd level characters or larger parties.

Not every loose end is tied up in the following text, nor every possible reaction accounted for. Be ready to improvise, and do so with confidence! Unless stated otherwise, assume NPCs have the stats of a **commoner**.



FOUL FEY

The PCs are travelling to **Frickley**, a small farming hamlet on the western border of the High Forest, not far from the Sember Hills. You will need to determine a reason for their trip. Here are some suggestions -

- A PC grew up in Frickley, and has received word that their father is dying
- A PC owes a favour to one of the hunters in Frickley, who saved their life. The hunter is calling in the favour, asking the PC to come because there is “trouble brewing.”

You could also ask the players themselves to suggest reasons for their journey. Once their motivation is established, read the following:

You have spent several days on foot, making your way to the tiny hamlet of Frickley on the borders of the High Forest. Rolling plains have given way to a light forest as you follow an overgrown dirt road that wends its way through the trees.

You suddenly hear shouts and cries from up ahead; rounding the corner you see an old cart perhaps a hundred yards down the road. It's being pulled by a large draught horse and driven by a plainly dressed man and woman; there are several young children cowering in the back.

Dancing around the cart, singing and whooping, are two strange fey creatures. From the waist up they appear to be human, save for the horns curling from their heads. However, their goat-like legs are covered with thick fur and end in hooves.

The creatures laugh as they jab away at the family with shortswords that shimmer and glint in the morning light, their joy growing in counterpoint to the humans' terror. Even as you watch, one casually dodges a pitchfork being inexpertly wielded by the man and neatly slices through the chair being jabbed at it by the screaming woman.

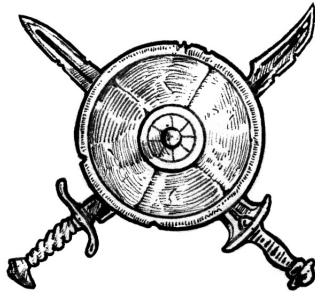
The fey creatures are **two satyrs**. They are tormenting the family on the cart for their amusement, but don't actually intend to do any real harm.

When the satyrs become aware of the party they will whoop obscenities and let loose a barrage of crude taunts. One of the satyrs has a set of *panpipes* and will play a *frightening*

strain on them when the party are in range, while the others mock and taunt.

Ultimately, the satyrs are interested in having a bit of fun, not getting into a stand-up fight with a well-armed party of adventurers. If combat breaks out they will flee as soon as one of their number is reduced to less than half HP.

If the party gives chase, they will find the Satyr's comfortable little house about 500 yards away in a hollowed out tree. Inside is a cache of **80sp**, as well as several worthless household items and a barrel of excellent ale.



The Family

On the cart are **Randur** and **Nathra Brighthearth** with their 3 young children. They are farmers from the small village of **Scorton**, about a day's travel away by cart.

Randur has narrow eyes, bright red hair and a large build, and will take the lead in all conversations. Nathra is a small woman with green eyes, and though she rarely talks her husband tends to defer to her when she does.

After thanking the party profusely for their help, Randur asks if they will accompany his family to Frickley – exactly where the PCs are heading. The cart is stacked with furniture and other household items, but the Brighthearts are happy to make room for the PCs to ride in it.

As the cart rumbles on, Randur will tell the sad tale of why they're on the road with all of their possessions in a cart.

We come from Scorton, a little village about seven leagues back that way. Born and bred there, both of us. Best little place in the world... well, it used to be.

About a week ago we had a giant come to the village. An honest-to-goodness giant - must have been a dozen feet tall! Fat too, like you have never seen.

Told us his name was **Yegor Bonecruncher**. Said we had two days to bring him all the food in the village – every last scrap. If we didn't he'd find another way to fill his belly... and we were pretty sure we knew what he meant by that.

Well, we were in a right fix. Some folks wanted to leave, some wanted to fight, and some wanted to just give him the food and hope he went away. 'Twas the last crowd that won out.

We spent the next day gathering every scrap of food in the village. Cows, sheep, chickens... all were slaughtered. My grain was milled and turned into bread, and all the fruit and vegetables were harvested too – ripe or no.

It made quite a pile outside the village when the giant returned. He sat down, smiling like a babe, and he ate. And ate. And ate. Took six hours but he ate the lot.

He then stands up without so much as a thank you - and here's where things get bad. Suddenly he pulls out an old sack, and quick as a flash plucks four of the fattest farmers out of the crowd and squashes 'em in there! Then he strolls off, as if nothing in the world was happening.

Continued next page...

Well... as you may expect we didn't exactly feel safe in Scorton no more, and with no crops or animals left we didn't have a reason to stick around.

Most of 'em headed over to Triboar, but my brother **Andel** lives in Frickley so we set off on our own. Seemed like a good idea too until we ran into those disgusting forest creatures...

The PCs can question Randur as they wish. He will do his best to answer their questions, but they will find him to be a little stupid.

They will arrive at Frickley a few hours later – it is about noon.

FRICKLEY

Frickley is a small, sleepy village made up of around 30 houses that sit within the confines of a 10' wooden palisade.

As the adventurers approach, they will notice that the main gate has been hastily patched up and is being held together with rope. It's trivial to untie the knots and enter. Should any of the PCs look for tracks, a **DC 8 Survival** check will allow them to spot giant footprints in the dirt near the gate.

The small village appears deserted at first, but as the PCs get draw closer to the inn – the *Blue Duke* – they will hear raised voices coming from within.

Frickley

Population: 152 (31 families). Governed by a town council. **Shrine:** Loviatar. **Inn:** *The Blue Duke*. **Occupations:** 8 farmers, 10 hunters, 5 artisans, 6 laborers, 2 paupers. **Trade:** wheat, fur.

The Blue Duke

The *Blue Duke* is a comfortable, if rather rustic, inn where farmers and hunters share

gossip over a flagon or two of ale and the odd bowl of mutton stew.

When the adventurers arrive, the inn is filled to capacity with worried villagers, all talking over one another and banging angrily on the tables.

The arrival of outsiders – especially well-armed ones – temporarily silences the hubbub, and the community will be keen to seek advice from (what they presume to be) experienced adventurers.

Though virtually everyone in the village is present, the conversation will be led by **Grigor Dunhold**, **Tastra Fleetsong**, and **Pello Stoutpipe** (see sidebar).

Grigor Dunhold

Human male. Farmer. Tall.

Ideal: The world beyond our walls is a crazy, dangerous place. The common people like me need to stay together if we're going to be safe.

Bond: The village of Frickley has been my home all my life. I'd give anything to keep it safe.

Flaw: Outsiders, especially ones that act as though they're better than us, are always trying to exploit the common people.

Tastra Fleetsong

Half-Elf female. Hunter. Red hair.

Ideal: In the wild, the most important thing is making sure you can take care of yourself and your family.

Bond: Frickley has been good to me over the years, but villages are made of people, not houses.

Flaw: I have no respect for anybody who can't make themselves useful or who doesn't show ambition. Who would want to spend their entire life tending to the same field over and over again?

Pello Stoutpipe

Halfling male. Innkeeper. Ruddy-faced.

Ideal: Home and hearth – there is nothing more important.

Bond: I've worked hard to create a livelihood in Frickley – I'm not going to abandon it.

Flaw: I am very stubborn; once I've made my mind up, there is no use trying to reason with me.

Tastra will explain that Frickley has also seen a visit from Bonecruncher. He appeared the day before and laid down the same ultimatum he presented to Scorton – offer up all their food, or else. The giant is due to return tomorrow at noon.

The villagers are split on what to do. The *farmers*, led by Grigor, want to stay in the village and accede to the giant's demands. The *hunters*, led by Tastra, want to abandon Frickley. They will ask the adventurers for their advice.

DM Tip – NPC Arguments

Presenting an argument between NPCs can be tricky – most people feel a bit silly arguing with themselves. Instead of having the NPCs address each other directly, have them make their cases to the PCs, using them as a kind of proxy. For example, “Tastra turns to you and says, ‘Don't you agree that fleeing the village is the only sensible option?’”

If the adventurers don't share what they know about Bonecruncher's time in Scorton, Randur (who also entered the inn) will pipe up with a blood-curdling version of the story. Randur's brother Andel is in the room, and will vouch for his integrity.

This new information sends the villagers into a panic. The arguments will intensify, with Grigor now wavering, while Tastra is even more convinced that they should flee.

At some point Pello will intervene, leaping onto a table and whistling loudly. He's going to fight for his home and wants the rest of the village to do the same. While they may not be able to put up much resistance on their own, if the adventurers are willing to help there is someone who can tip the scales in their favour – **Jahia Giantslayer**.

Legend of the Giantslayer

Jahia is a local legend. According to the stories, she grew up in Frickley a long time ago but left while still young to pursue a career in adventure. Her most famous deed – and the one that earned her the nickname ‘Giantslayer’ – was single-handedly killing a frost giant that had been terrorising a clan of dwarves up in the northern mountains.

Jahia returned from her travels many years ago, but has chosen to live in an isolated cottage up in the High Forest, near the Weeping Rock. The track through the forest is known as Weeping Rock Trail; it is very dangerous to traverse due to the presence of wild fey magic.

Pello's story of the Giantslayer will provoke even more heated debate, especially as very few people have actually met her. Some will claim she is just a legend, some will say she died years ago and others will say she never returned to Frickley. Everyone agrees that she must be old now, if she is still alive.

Pello will not listen to the doubters (though he has never laid eyes upon her himself). He says that if the party will go and fetch her he'll give them his “family jewels” - a cache of five pink pearls worth **200gp** in total. He'll also prepare a guide and provisions for them. If they set off immediately, they should be able to return before nightfall.

The meeting will break up soon afterwards, with Tastra and the hunters determined to leave in the morning, and Grigor and the farmers troubled and uncertain.

Choosing a Guide

If the party agree to help, Pello will be able to supply them with provisions and some basic adventuring supplies (rope, torches, etc.). He will also give them a choice of guides.

The first possibility is a tall, weather-beaten man named **Sholt**. He's surly, but is an experienced hunter and tracker who can pull his weight in a fight (use the stats of a **bandit** [MM p343] with a shortbow instead of a light crossbow).

The second possibility is **Bayle**, a young, flaxen-haired half-elf who is barely 14 years old. A cheerful, optimistic boy, Bayle has spent his entire life wandering all over the countryside, and has entered the High Forest on a number of occasions. Only two years ago he ventured as far as Weeping Rock itself, and is pretty sure he still knows the way. However, he's never been in a fight (use stats of a **commoner** [MM p345], but with no attack actions).

Both know that the trail is around seven miles long and should take 2-3 hours at a decent pace. They also know that stepping off the path and into the forest is a recipe for calamity, especially as so many odd creatures are known to live there.

DM Tip – Persuasion

At a number of points in this adventure the PCs will need to use the *Persuasion* skill. Rather than just make a roll, you should ensure the PC actually roleplays out the argument they are going to use. If they make a particularly compelling case, you should award them *advantage* on their roll. It's also worth remembering that PCs can *work together*, rather than just have one individual make the attempt [PHB p175].

Stay or Go?

Before they leave, Pello makes one final request. He wants his fellow villagers to say

and fight for their homes, but the hunters are determined to leave, and the farmers are starting to lean that way as well.

Asking the untrained peasants to actually face the giant in melee would be impossible, but Pello believes the farmers can prepare traps while the hunters could put their shooting skills to use.

The villagers look to Grigor and Tastra for leadership, so they're the ones that need to be talked around. Pello hopes that an impassioned plea from respected outsiders will be enough to convince them to stay and help with the battle.

Persuading Grigor will require a **DC 12 Persuasion** check, while persuading Tastra will require a **DC 15 Persuasion** check. Any attempt to intimidate either of the proud leaders results in an automatic failure.

If they decide to stay, the villagers will want to discuss tactics – but Pello will insist this should wait until after the party find the Giantslayer.

WEeping ROCK TRAIL

Weeping Rock Trail begins a few hundred yards east of the village gates and quickly disappears into the High Forest. A map can be found on the last page of this adventure.

After half a mile or so the trail forks, with the right-hand path appearing to be slightly more worn. Both guides will say that the right-hand fork will take them to a bridge over a small river, while the left one requires them to climb over stepping-stones, though it's quieter and less likely to have any trouble on the path.

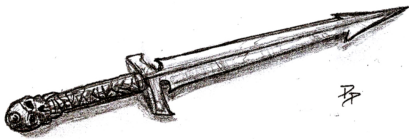
Sholt will recommend the route over the bridge, while Bayle will tell them he crossed using the stepping-stones on his previous journey.

Off Trail

In the unlikely event that the party decide to leave the trail, use the **Forest Monster** list [DMG p302] to determine what they encounter – the stranger the creatures the better.

Longer Adventure

The forks in the trail mean that the party will only have 2 or 3 encounters before reaching the Giantslayer's cottage. If you want a longer game session, you can easily take the encounters they have skipped and place them in their path.



Fallen Tree

You come upon a huge tree – much larger than any of the others you've seen in the forest – lying at an angle across the path. The smell of damp and rot wafts towards you, and you can see the ripple of vast insects moving across the trunk.

A **DC 13 Nature** check will reveal that the overlarge tree probably fell after growing too big to support its own weight.

Sholt will suggest the party need to preemptively attack the giant insects. Bayle will say that the insects probably won't bother them unless the party attracts their attention with a loud noise.

The trunk of the tree is seven or eight feet in diameter and very wet and rotten. There are many handholds, however, so it requires only a **DC 5 Athletics** check to scale it.

If the party is attempting to sneak across the fallen tree, they will need to make a successful

DC 13 Stealth group check. Upon failure they will attract the attention of **three giant centipedes** (MM p323) that live in the trunk.

The Bridge

A few hundred yards down from the fallen tree is an old stone bridge, and after that the path forks again. Sholt will sniff the air and say that the right fork feels like the best choice, while Bayle thinks the left fork will take them to the path he followed two years ago.

Stepping Stones

The sound of running water drifts down the path towards you, and soon you emerge onto the steep banks of a narrow but fast-flowing river. Several slim columns of grey stone jut up through foaming white water, forming a path of stepping-stones.

Downriver you can see a number of dark shapes moving back and forth, just under the surface...

The stone columns are slippery with spray from the river, which is about 3' below them. The river itself is about 20' across, with stepping stones roughly every 4'.

Each character (including the guide) must succeed on a **DC 10 Athletics** or **Acrobatics** check to cross the stones, requiring only one check for the entire crossing.

If they fail, they slip on the stones or simply fail to make the jump. This sends them plunging into the water, which is roughly 8' deep in the middle, and drags them 15' downstream (north) each round. The fall will not injure them, but soon after they resurface the dark shapes downstream reveal themselves to be **four giant crabs** [MM p324], which will attack any creature in the water.

See [PHB p182] for basic *swimming* rules - but you will probably need to improvise some rules as well.

Ruby Tree

The winding forest path opens out into a wide clearing, with a single large cherry tree in the very middle. As it rustles in the breeze, however, you see glints of sparkling red light shining through the leaves.

A closer examination of the trees will reveal that rather than cherries, the branches are laden with clusters of small rubies! However, a suspicious adventurer that examines them closely may attempt a **DC 20 Intelligence** check to work out that they are in fact magical illusions.

Anybody that picks one of the rubies must make a **DC 15 Constitution** save or fall into a deep magical sleep for ten minutes.

The illusion was set by a **pixie** (MM 253) called **Cherry Vineglimmer**. She lives within the tree and is watching the adventurers while invisible. She will let out a high-pitched giggle at any adventurer who falls for her trap; she will then sneak out and steal small items from their pockets and place them high up in the branches of her tree. She will also play pranks on the other PCs, such as drawing on their faces, sticking wet fingers in their ears or tying their shoelaces together.

Cherry only speaks *sylvan*. She is playful rather than malicious and will react well if the adventurers respond to her pranks with jokes and laughter.

If the party hurt her in any way, she will fly off squealing "Big meanies! You'll be sorry!" About a minute later she will return riding a growling **brown bear**, who will attack the PCs.

A small hollow in the trunk of the tree contains her stash of stolen goods. This includes **11gp**, a silvered dagger and an actual ruby worth **30gp**. The hollow can be spotted with a **DC 14 Perception** check.

Pyramid of Ice

The air ahead of you seems to be getting strangely cold, and upon rounding the corner you see why. In the middle of a small clearing is a pyramid that appears to be made entirely of ice.

It sits maybe five feet tall and in the very centre you can just make out a glittering blue speck. It's hard to get close, however, as all around its base is a thick tangle of thorny bushes.

A **DC 14 Perception** check will reveal what *might* be a pair of faces within the ice - though it might just be a trick of the light.

Sholt will suggest the blue speck could be something valuable, while Bayle will say that it's clearly fey magic and they should just move on.

Touching the ice will cause the entire pyramid to crack and shatter into thousands of pieces. Two figures will emerge from the shards, each a small winged humanoid made entirely of ice.

These are **two ice mephits** (MM p215), one of which is clutching a sapphire worth **100gp**. The creatures will immediately attack the party and fight to the death.

At the end of the first round of combat, the PCs will hear loud, tuneless singing coming from further down the path.

Babano

The singing is coming from a **druid** (MM p346) named **Babano**, who is absent-mindedly gathering herbs around the next bend. He is a bit deaf and so hasn't heard the combat, but he will come to the aid of the party if someone rushes up to him and explains the situation.

Once the battle is over, Babano will explain that he discovered the ice mephits "causing mischief" last winter, and froze them in place

with magic. He was planning to dispose of them eventually, and cheerfully thanks the adventurers for their help.

Babano has six *goodberries* that he will give to the party, and will chat with them about the forest. He will mention that he's heard that a lot of giants have been on the move recently. Though Babano is concerned, he will not leave the forest to help the adventurers or the people of Frickley. He has not heard of Jahia Giantslayer.

Should the party mention their plan to head to the Weeping Rock he will warn them that a squirrel told him that something foul has taken up residence there in recent weeks.

The path begins again at the eastern end of the glade. If the adventurers do not release the ice mephits they will run into Babano along the path, where he is gathering herbs.

Weeping Rock

The path continues to wind uphill for some time, but eventually the trees begin to thin out and you find yourself following a fast-flowing stream. Coming to the top of a small rise you spot the source of the water - the 'Weeping Rock' itself.

You see a grey boulder that is easily 50' high and topped with moss. From this angle, the huge rock bears a striking resemblance to a stony face with a low cave for a mouth and craggy nose. A steady gush of water flows from two wide holes that resemble sad, weeping eyes, before flowing down the hill toward you.

Several weeks ago a **harpy** (MM p181) moved into Weeping Rock, taking up residence in the 'eyes' of the enormous boulder. It is hiding in the shadows as the party approaches, and spotting it requires a **DC 15 Perception** check - though beating **DC 12** will allow them to

notice a large number of bones in the water at the base of the rock.

The foul creature will hide until potential victims draw close, and then begin its *Luring Song*. Characters charmed by the song will attempt to climb up towards the harpy, requiring them to make a **DC 10 Athletics** check. If they succeed, the harpy will wait for them to climb a good distance from the ground, and then attack them in a bid to knock them off and send them plummeting to their death.

The harpy's lair contains **75gp** worth of mixed coins, as well as rotting meat and bones.

The path continues around the Weeping Rock. After another mile the party will reach Jahia's Cottage.

JAHIA'S COTTAGE

After hours spent trekking through virgin wilderness, the small, bucolic cottage before you appears rather out-of-place. Made from sturdy wooden logs, it's surrounded by a very tidy garden with only a low fence separating it from the forest.

Between two large trees is a netted hammock. Lying in the hammock is a half-elven woman wearing a simple white shirt and leather trousers; her blonde hair is streaked with gray and she is snoring gently. A silvery medallion around her neck glints in the light, and a sheathed longsword rests against a tree trunk within easy reach.

The woman in the hammock is, of course, **Jahia Giantslayer (veteran [MM p350])**. Sneaking up on her requires a **DC 15 Stealth** check. The medallion around her neck is engraved with a dwarven rune meaning 'Giantslayer'.

Once awake, Jahia will greet the adventurers cordially, but without much warmth or enthusiasm. She will listen to their story, but laughs bitterly when they ask for help.

The legend of the Giantslayer, she explains, has become rather exaggerated over the years. She did deliver the killing blow to a rampaging frost giant, but that was with the help of several other adventurers. The creature had also sustained wounds from a previous battle with the dwarves.

On top of that, she was young at the time and at her physical peak. She's still a powerful fighter, but is nowhere near as strong and skillful as she once was. Facing Bonecruncher will mean certain death.

Jahia Giantslayer

Ideal: I spent the best years of my life protecting the world from evil. It can take care of itself now.

Bond: I've buried many comrades, friends and lovers over the years; if I isolate myself I won't have to suffer the pain of losing anybody else. Still, as much as I deny it, I can't stop myself from righting wrongs when I see them.

Flaw: I'm afraid that I'm not as strong as I used to be, and dread somebody dying because I'm not powerful enough.

Jahia will attempt to rebuff the adventurers, but the spark of heroism that saw her battle evil throughout her youth still burns within the Giantslayer. By drawing on this, the party can persuade her to return and help fight Bonecruncher.

Talking Jahia around requires a **DC 15 Persuasion** check. Any attempt at bribery or intimidation will be instantly rebuffed. The adventurers may make **three separate attempts** to persuade Jahia over the following hour. The party must bring a different argument or approach to each attempt – they

can't just repeat an argument that has already failed.

If they succeed...

If they succeed, the aging Giantslayer will throw up her hands in surrender, mutter “we all have to die sometime”, and ask the party to wait while she gets ready. After a few minutes inside her cottage she gloomily emerges in full armor, a heavy crossbow slung across her back and a longsword and shortsword at her belt. She will say a sad farewell to her little cottage before leaving.

If they fail...

If all attempts at persuasion have failed, Jahia will get tired of the bothersome adventurers and instruct them to leave her property - or she'll make them leave. In the event that a fight breaks out she will attempt to stun rather than wound the PCs.

RETURN TO FRICKLEY

The trip back to Frickley will be quiet and uneventful. If Jahia is with them, she will be very downcast and will mutter things like, “this will be the death of me”.

As they enter the village, they will notice it is bustling with activity. Returning with Jahia in tow will earn the party applause and excitement – but this will be replaced by concern as they see how old and melancholy Jahia looks. If the party return alone, the villagers will be very deflated.

A Final Plea

If the hunters and/or farmers have decided to leave, there will be several carts laden with goods outside the village palisade, along with families making preparations to go. You may optionally give the PCs one final chance to *persuade* them to stay.

Evacuation?

If the hunters and farmers both decide to leave the village, there will only be a handful of laborers and artisans left. The party may then decide to help evacuate the village rather than try and defend it. They will need to determine where to go, and the best way to ensure they are not followed. On the way out, they might encounter a **dire wolf** that Bonecruncher has set patrolling the area.

Pello will not leave the village under any circumstances.

Battle Plans

Pello will greet the party and ask them to join him in the inn to discuss plans for the defence of Frickley. If Grigor and/or Tastra have decided to stay, they will be present as well.

If Jahia is present, people will naturally ask for her advice. She will explain, however, that she is a warrior rather than a tactician, and can offer only a conventional plan – create some pit traps to soften up Bonecruncher, have the hunters in a secure position raining arrows upon him, then have Jahia and the party engage him in melee. She despondently predicts that she might be able to last “20 or 30 seconds” against the hill giant.

Battlefield

On his first visit, Bonecruncher approached the village from the south, crossing over a large fallow area known as *Windmill Field*. He left across the same field, so Pello is confident he will come that way again. Windmill Field is several hundred feet long and wide, with trees on either side and some low hillocks marking the southern boundary. There is also an old windmill in the field.

It's now up to the party to create a plan. Bonecruncher is due at noon the next day, so they have about 16 hours to prepare. They may come up with something very creative, so the DM will need to be ready to improvise.

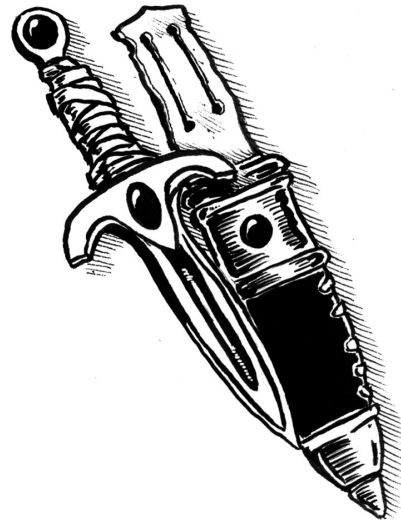
The Farmers

The farmers (if they stay) will not engage in combat under any circumstances. They will, however, work through the night setting up traps. They will have time to set up **three** well-hidden traps. Bonecruncher is not very perceptive so he is unlikely to see any traps in his path. Assume any traps will do an average of **12 damage**. Hidden pits are the most obvious trap, however the PCs may have more imaginative ideas – if so, these should be rewarded with higher damage.

Trip wires are another good idea – they don't inflict damage, but will leave Bonecruncher prone.

The Hunters

The hunters (if they stay) will not engage in melee, but will be willing to put their shortbows to good use. These have an effective range of about 300'. Rather than roll attack and damage separately for all 10 hunters, assume they collectively inflict an average of **14 piercing damage** on Bonecruncher each and every round that he is in range.



BONECRUNCHER

Around noon the next day, the thud of impossibly heavy footsteps reverberates through the village. The **hill giant** (MM p155), **Yegor Bonecruncher**, appears over the low hillocks to the south, and begins plodding toward the village over Windmill Field (just as Pello predicted).

Jahia will stare grimly at the hill giant and mutter, "It is a good day to die."

Bonecruncher is a gross figure, towering to the height of a tree but as wide as a cart. Rolls of fat hang over a filthy loincloth and crusted blood rims his crooked grin. In one hand he carries an uprooted sapling, while the other holds a vast brown sack dotted with various unwholesome stains.

If nothing interrupts him, the giant will plod towards the gate and bellow his demand for food. He will respond to any attacks with a howl of rage and immediate retaliation. He is very stupid and will switch his attention to anyone who is taunting him.

Special Battle Rules

In order to make combat easier to run and to maximise player agency, it's recommended you use an *average damage calculation* rather than making attack and damage rolls for every monster and NPC.

Jahia has the stats of a **veteran** [MM p350]. If she engages in melee combat with Bonecruncher, she will inflict an average of **12 slashing damage** on him every round.

Bonecruncher will inflict an average of **18 bludgeoning damage** on Jahia every round while in melee. So long as Jahia is standing and in range, Bonecruncher will focus his attacks on her.

The hunters, as mentioned above, will inflict an average of **14 piercing damage** on Bonecruncher each round that he is in range.

If Bonecruncher decides to attack one of the PCs (after Jahia goes down), make an attack roll as per normal. If he hits, don't roll damage – assume the PC goes immediately to 0 hit points and begins making death saves the next round.

Any PC attacks on Bonecruncher should be rolled normally. It's recommended that the DM use the optional flanking rules [DMG p251].

With regards to initiative, assume the slow and clumsy Bonecruncher goes last.

CONCLUSION

If Jahia survives the battle and was supported by the villagers, she will agree to stay in Frickley, finally accepting a place in the community she left so long ago. If none of the people of Frickley stayed to help, she will return to her isolated cottage as soon as the job is finished.

In any case she will gift her 'Giantslayer' amulet to the adventurers. It is made of mithril and is worth **500gp**. A character wearing the amulet has *advantage* on all social interactions with dwarves.

If Jahia dies, her final words will be, "It was a good life, and a good death. Now comes the mystery..." The medallion will be ruined if she has been killed (though the mithril fragments are still worth **100gp**).

In the event that the adventurers and Jahia could not stop Bonecruncher's rampage, the giant will level most of Frickley and eat any villagers he can find. Unsurprisingly, Pello will refuse to hand over his family jewels if this happens!

CREDITS & LEGALS

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