

# AWAKENED

A 5TH EDITION FANTASY SUPPLEMENT



ANDREAS WALTERS



METAL WEAVE GAMES



# CREDITS

## Creative Director

Andreas Walters

## Editing

Scott Vandervalk  
Carol Darnell

## Cover Art

Christina Kraus

## Interior Art

Ashley Mackenzie  
Beck Hallstedt  
Cloverkin  
Conceptopolis  
Crystal Sully  
drachenmagier  
Rachel Denton  
Sarah Dahlinger  
Traci Cook

## Writers/Designers

Andreas Walters  
Annamarie Mickey  
BJ Hensley  
Catherine Evans  
Elizabeth Chaipraditkul  
Kat Carty  
Kyle Carty  
Madi Byfield  
Megan Tolentino

## Special Thanks

Jessica Marcrum  
AR  
Joshua Coupe  
Oliver Foulkes  
Carl Crawford  
Jason Blackstock

## 5e System Review

Kyle Carty

## Published By



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# BACKER APPRECIATION

“lunar” Vale  
01000011  
01000100 01010010  
A.J. De La Rosa  
A.K. Davis  
Aaron Grover  
Aaron Max Berkowitz  
Adam Burchett  
Adam Christman  
Adam Crandall  
Adam Desh  
Adam Everman  
Adam Hamm  
Adam Messner  
Adam Mitchell  
Adam Rolfe  
Adam W. Roy  
Adrian Randall  
Agnieszka Pogorzelska  
AJ Wickham  
Alan Scruggs  
Alaura  
Alex “Falkie” Görner  
Alex “MonsterChef”  
Neilson  
Alexander B.  
Alexander Jacks  
Alia F  
Alia Felton  
Alice “Soltirina” Felberg  
Alicia and Adam  
Alison Fleming  
Allen Sparks  
Allessa & Aidan Wold  
Allie P  
Allison Pedden  
Allyson Dylan Robinson  
Alvaro H “Alias” Fuego  
Fatuo Art  
Amanda Muir  
Amanda Power  
Amber S.  
Amberly L.  
Amir Assasnik  
Amy Maher  
Andi Bothe  
Andrea “Addy” Tortosa  
Andreas Loeckher

Andrew  
Andrew “Andross”  
Romero  
Andrew Cady  
Andrew Nixon  
Andrew Rawlings  
Andrew Simone  
Andrew Speidel  
Andrew Wunder  
Andy Mac  
Andy Walmsley  
Angel Sianez  
Angela and Mat Daley  
Angus Abranson  
Anna “Mouse”  
Piotrowska  
Annamarie Mickey  
Anne-Gael Prigent  
Annette Needham  
Anonymous  
Antal Kéninger  
Anthony Bernal  
Anthony Shears  
Anton N.  
Antonio O’Totolin  
Esposito  
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Arch DeLux  
Aric  
Aric McCranie  
Arikarka  
ArnDuo Eclipse  
Arnold Luna-Eclipse  
Duong  
Arthur “Vertle” Strider  
Ashe Seymour  
Ashes  
Ashley Blackall  
Ashley Cecere  
Ashley Farrell  
Ashran Firebrand  
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Austin “Alfie” Fuller  
Austin “Mystic Duck”  
Cram  
Austin Batchelor  
Austin Zheng  
Autumn Baldi  
Autumn Vale

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Bernhard „Selix7“  
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Castreek  
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Christ Brown  
Christian Feltman  
Christian Hoffer  
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Christian Suther  
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Stoll  
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Clint Doyle  
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Connor Craigen  
Conrad Shieldbear  
Cory Avis  
Craig Girten  
Cris Jesse  
Cyrus Attavan  
D. Weller

Damien "Chops" Wilmann	Emily Gerencser	Heather Graham	Jeminac
Damion Meany	Emily Mignini	Heather Nixon	Jen Marchant
Dan Curtis	Emma J. Cheng	Heather Waite	Jennifer Prickett
Dan Ford	Eric & Matt	HeavyWaiteGaming	Jennifer 'PupGames' Sarrantonio
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Dave Luxton	Fearchar Battlechaser	Isaac Burrough	Jillian Dolan
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David Jacquet	Francesca I. Pasquale	J. Evans Payne	Joanna Kucharska
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David Paul Guzmán	Gabi SignatorySea	J. R. Scherer	John "Hastcoat" Krugman
David Ruskin	Gabriel Bartholomew	J. Reznak	John "johnkzin" Rudd
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Elizabeth Chaipraditkul	Hannah Shideler	JBtB	Joseph Linden
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Elle Dean	Harlan "HarliKatt"	Jeff Hyatt-Steel	Josh Borlase
Emilie "Solylok" Laroche	Harold Large IV	Jeff Morgan	Josh R
	Harriet R	Jeffrey H	Josh Smulo

Joshua Lawson	Laura Hood	ProudNerdery	Neil Miller
Joshua Tham	Lauren Edwards	Matthew "J Wall" Wallace	Nerdarchist Ted
Jozette	Lauren Harradine	Matthew B. Nuckles	Niall O'Donnell
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kaminiwa	Liam "The Worm" Butler	Merlijn "Syrleaf" Eskens	Nicole Lavigne
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Karliia Larsen	Liam O'Sullivan	Michael Cantin	Nina Barachka
Kate Pinkerton	Liesl Schille	Michael Glass	Nina Rossetti
Kate Sullivan	Lindsey Reed	Michael Goldrich	Niwa & Ji
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Katie Harwood	Liyah	Michael Hogg	Nolan Childerhose
Katie Taylor	Liz and Nikki	Michael House	none
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Kean Maizels	Lloyd C	Michael Moody	Odelia Chiu
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Kylie Rudder	Matt Corley	Neal Powell	
Lachlan & Lawrence Holbrook	Matt Leitzen		
Lars König	Matt Wilson		
	Matt & Eric		
	Matthew @		

Pookie the Wonder Horse	Sarah Brodeur-Campbell	Stephen M. Knittel	Tubbs Reyes
Rachael McCormick	Sarah Corey Blanding	Stephen Temple	Tyrel Harness
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Reese Elliott	SeaLandRay	T. R. Appleton	Vinny Marsh Jr.
Rhyan Herron	Seamus McNiff	Taco	W.S.
Ricardo Gomez Jr	Sean Richer "Father of the Stratosfiend"	Tactical Tokens	Wade "ThatWadeGuy" Cottell
Rich Howard	Sean Sullivan	Tara Ingalls	Walid Bendris
Richard "Dogeons and Dragons" East	Sean V. Owen	Tara Lowry	Weirdi
Richard "Vidiian" Greene	Sean Wilcox	Targaff	weiwei1109
Richard C. Hernandez	Secespitus	Tawny Dogg	West Singleton
Richard Cunningham	Selix7	Teelmar the Wonderer	Willhameena Power
Richard Pleyer	Serena Wedeking	Thalji	William D. Henson
Rick Laird	Seth Johnson	That Guy	William J. Scott III
Rifter Reinbold	Settiai	The Bryant Family	William James Grey
Rik Cameron	Shane Farrell	The Dungeon Manager	William L Frazier
Rio Yañez	Shane Nowak	The Freelancing Roleplayer	Wyatt Stacy
Roaming Bard	Sharif Abed	The Garrett Family	Xahun Wisprider
Rob Scumaci	Shaun Booth	The Ziemer Clan	Yannick "Gemini" Le Metayer
Robert "MidwesternTanuki" Sroka	Shaunna Y.	Thomas Cruz	Yari Wildheart
Robert Cain	Shawn Fennessey	Thomas Frank	Yoann Felix
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Robert Lööf	Shayne A. Dwyer	Thomas Pine	Yuji N.
Robert Smith	Shayne and Mya Dwyer	Thorsten Feichtner	Zac Norris
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RogueValkyrie	SHEePYTaGGeRNeP	Tim Barth	Zachary DeFoor
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Ryan "Bastonis" Lau	Sion Clarke	Todd Reynolds	
Ryan Cahill	SLYD3VIL	Tom Huber	
Ryan Dukacz	Snake	Tom Sayogo	
Ryan Kent	Snow Downey	Tony "WarrenGFan" Saktiawan	
Ryan Mohr	sonnyJ	Tony Hernandez	
Ryan Nunez	Sophie Hunter	Torradin341	
Sam "Spud" Greenall	Spencer Cieslak	Traci Cook	
Sam Fondry	Spyda133	Travis "Novoreaper" Boillat	
Sam Nauditt	Stefan und Franziska Tannert	Trevor A. Ramirez	
Sam R	Stella Kent	Trip Space-Parasite	
Sam Rosenthal	Stephanie Wallace	Tristan Penn	
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Sara "Bagel" Nagel		Tsarevna Mileena Grimhill	



# AWAKENED PLAYER OPTIONS

You once had an existence as a simpler creature. You were self-absorbed in day-to-day survival, scrounging food and water, and maintaining the basic instincts of life. But that was your previous life. You have now been awakened.

## Gamemastering for the Awakened

Running a game for awakened characters should be no different than running a game for any other playable character or species, but there are a few particular things to keep in mind.

### Tie-ins

Understand the player characters' goals and motivations, but in the case of an awakened character, perhaps get an idea of how they were awakened, and if there's any story or tie-ins that can be generated from their backstory.

### Elephant in the Room

Without a doubt, there's going to be a scenario where an awakened character will attempt use their animal form and try to act like a lost creature as a mechanism of getting out of trouble or suspicion (for example, the character is robbing a store and the shopkeep walks in on them).

You can have your player roll a Charisma (Deception) check, and see where the dice fall in that regard. But you can also take into account the character's equipped gear, or even the likelihood of such a creature being so far away from its natural habitat.

You'll have to play it by the context of the action, but feel free to reward the player for being clever or even go along with a crazy scheme to see where it goes.

We're all playing to have fun, so only if a player starts abusing a particular way of doing things should you start introducing counters (such as a rumor of a known crimelord using a raven to steal for them, despite players having no connection to this crimelord), NPCs could then be on the lookout for the character in those contexts and provide a random hook if the players choose to follow it.

## Becoming Awakened

There are many circumstances that could imbue a creature with the power and intelligence to make them awakened. The most common is the use of the *awaken* spell.

### *Awaken*

Level 5

**Class:** Bard, Druid

**Casting Time:** 8 hours

**Duration:** Instantaneous

**Components:** Verbal, Somatic, Material\*

\*An agate worth at least 1,000 gp, which the spell consumes.

After spending the casting time tracing magical pathways within a precious gemstone, you touch a Huge or smaller beast or plant. The target must have either no Intelligence score or an Intelligence of 3 or less. The target gains an Intelligence of 10. The target also gains the ability to speak one language you know. If the target is a plant, it gains the ability to move its limbs, roots, vines, creepers, and so forth, and it gains senses similar to a human's. Your GM chooses statistics appropriate for the awakened plant, such as the statistics for the awakened shrub or the awakened tree.

The awakened beast or plant is charmed by you for 30 days or until you or your companions do anything harmful to it. When the charmed condition ends, the awakened creature chooses whether to remain friendly to you, based on how you treated it while it was charmed.

Other methods of awakening could include, ancient magic, bleeding ley-lines, powerful enchantment spells, magical auras, magical locations or even blessings from ancient, powerful or deific individuals.

### ANTHROPOMORPHISM

There are several ways in which people have imagined animals as playable characters. I would go out on a limb to note that many of these likely depict animals as being anthropomorphic, having hands or other features that allow them to interact with objects as normally as a human would. This is not the direction of *Awakened*. We assume that all the characters listed here are simply beasts or animals that have been granted intellect or magical power. The awakened should be able to utilize their new intellect, language to get around their animal-shaped limitations.

## Player Options

The sheer diversity and possibilities of being an awakened is staggering. But at its core, you are a creature that's gained sentience and are now free to choose how you live your life. In this section, we provide you with a framework to create your own awakened characters.

### ROLEPLAYING NOTES

As you ease your way into thinking like an awakened creature, there are a few things to think about, such as your name, the fact that you are still an animal or beast, and that you'll have limited manipulation of the world around you.

#### Names

Many awakened creatures take on the name they were referred to while they were "pets." Others shake off their old name and adopt a new one.

#### Still a Creature

Despite being granted intelligence and the ability to speak, in general you still have the same shape, form and size as the animal or beast you begun your life as.

#### Limited Manipulation

Your paws or claws aren't very good at picking up and manipulating things designed for humanoid. You will find it difficult to manipulate objects that have been created for a humanoid-centered world, but feel free to get clever with how you get things done.

The GM shouldn't let this limited manipulation hinder you too much if you come up with ideas on how to overcome it. You should be equally able to interact with the world around you as other player characters.

## AWAKENED TRAITS

As an awakened character, you gain the following benefits:

**Ability Score Increase:** Your Intelligence score increases by 1

In addition, instead of having a sub-race ability score increase, pick one of the traits below that best exemplifies your character:

**Strong:** +2 Strength

**Fast:** +2 Dexterity

**Tough:** +2 Constitution

**Smart:** +2 Intelligence

**Wise:** +2 Wisdom

**Influential:** +2 Charisma

**Age:** The magic that you've been imbued with has granted you more than just intelligence. It's also granted longevity. Awakened creatures tend to live *at least* twice as long as their unawakened cousins.

**Alignment:** Awakened creatures typically share the values of their awakener (if there is one), though this is not true in all cases. With a fresh perspective of existence, you're free to choose your outlook on life.

**Size:** Creatures come in all kinds of shapes and sizes. From Tiny lizards, Large bears, and everything in-between. There are no mechanical changes for Small and Medium characters. But there are cases where you might be smaller than small or larger than Medium depending on your origin creature. Be sure to clear this with your GM before selecting them. In addition, if you want to create a Tiny or Large awakened character, see the below for additional features.

#### Smaller than Small:

- You count as one size smaller when determining your carrying capacity and the weight you can push, drag, or lift.
- You can share the same space as an ally.

#### Bigger than Medium:

- You count as one size larger when determining your carrying capacity and the weight you can push, drag, or lift.

When casting spells that emanate from your body/position, treat it as if you are Medium sized, with the spell origin coming from a single, 5-foot square (typically where your head is).



**Languages:** The blessing of awakening grants you the ability to speak and read Common in addition to the language of your awakener. You are also capable of writing if your physical form allows it.

**Animal Form:** As an animal you had no need to use weapons. Thusly, you are not proficient with any weapons granted by your class. Instead, you are only proficient with your natural weapons. You are still proficient with the armor provided by your class.

**Creature Origin:** Select your creature origin from the list below from before you became awakened.

- *Amphibiformes:* Amphibians
- *Aveformes:* Birds
- *Caniformes:* Canines
- *Cephaliformes:* Cephalopods
- *Crustiformes:* Crabs
- *Feliformes:* Cats
- *Icthyiformes:* Fishes
- *Musteliformes:* Small furry carnivores
- *Plantiformes:* Plants
- *Rodentiformes:* Rodents
- *Simiaformes:* Monkeys
- *Squamataformes:* Reptiles
- *Ungulaformes:* Hooved animals
- *Ursaformes:* Bears

Your choice will affect your starting Ability Score Increase, your speed, and other related traits. These are covered in the next section.

**Magic Weapons:** Upon reaching 5th level, your natural weapons count as magical weapons.

**Diverse Features:** At 1st level you begin with two features from the Diverse Features list. In addition, you get to pick a single Diverse Feature at both 5th and 10th level. You can also choose a Diverse Feature instead of a feat.

## Creature Origin

There are many different types of creatures out there in the world. What kind of creature are you?

### Amphibiformes

*Diplocaulus, frogs, toads, salamanders, and other amphibians.*

**Speed:** 25 ft., climb 15 ft., swim 25 ft.

**Amphibious:** You are capable of breathing in water and air.

**Of Land and Water:** You are capable of breathing in water and air.

**Chemical Sensitivity:** Gain advantage when identifying alchemical substances and potions.

**Natural Weapons:** Gain a bite *or* claw attack. This is a natural weapon, which you can use to make unarmed strikes. Your bite deals 1d4 + your Strength modifier piercing damage, and your claws deal 1d4 + your Dexterity modifier slashing damage. This damage is instead of the bludgeoning damage for an unarmed strike.

**Recommended Diverse Features:** *Blend In, Climber, Darkvision, Hunter, Leap, Natural Climber, Poisonous Bite, Poisonous Body, Slippery, Summon Allies.*

### Aveformes

*Eagles, hawks, parrots, ravens, storks, and other avian creatures.*

**Speed:** 10 ft., fly 30 ft.

**Internal Compass:** You have an innate connection to the land, so you always know where north is.

**Bird's Eye View:** You have proficiency in the Perception skill.

**Natural Weapons:** Your bite *and* talons are natural weapons, which you can use to make unarmed strikes. Your bite deals 1d4 + your Strength modifier piercing damage, and your talons deal 1d6 + your Dexterity modifier slashing damage. This damage is instead of the bludgeoning damage for an unarmed strike.

**Variant—Flightless:** Your wings don't help much for flying. You have a 30 ft. base speed and no flying speed. Additionally, you can use your reaction to cast *featherfall* on yourself, but no other creatures, at-will.

**Recommended Diverse Features:** *Canopy Cover, Killer Claw, Frightening Roar, Hard Biter, Hover, Hunter, Darkvision, Sensitive Strike, Vice-Grip.*



### Caniformes

*Wolves, hyenas, foxes, dogs, doggos, puppies, and other canines.*

**Speed:** 30 ft.

**Adapted:** Choose a favored terrain, per the Ranger's Natural Explorer class feature. You gain the benefits of that class feature.

**Keen Scent:** You have advantage on Wisdom (Perception) checks that rely on smell.

**Natural Weapons:** Gain a bite attack. This is a natural weapon, which you can use to make unarmed strikes. Your bite deals 1d6 + your Strength modifier piercing damage. This damage is instead of the bludgeoning damage for an unarmed strike.

**Recommended Diverse Features:** *Charge, Digger, Enrage, Forager, Frightening Roar, Fur Coat, Hard Biter, Hunter, Pack Tactics, Recovery, Summon Allies, Tough Hide.*

### Cephaliformes

*Squid, octopus, nautilus, cuttlefish, and other cephalapods.*

**Speed:** 5 ft., swim 30 ft.

**Aquatic:** You can only breathe underwater. You can hold your breath and survive outside the water a number of minutes equal to six times your Constitution score.

**Jet:** You can use the Dash action as a bonus action on your turn. This ability recharges after a short or long rest.

**Natural Weapons:** Gain a beak and tentacles attack. These are natural weapons, which you can use to make unarmed strikes. Your beak deals 1d6 + your Strength modifier piercing damage and your tentacles deal 1d4 + your Dexterity modifier bludgeoning damage. This damage is instead of the bludgeoning damage from making an unarmed strike.

**Recommended Diverse Features:** *Bony Exterior, Chameleon Skin, Chemical Sensitivity, Darkvision, Grappler, Hard Biter, Ink Cloud, Skitter, Slippery, Stalker, Strangle, Swimmer.*

### Crustaformes

*Crabs, lobsters, crayfish, shrimp, and other crustaceans.*

**Speed:** 25 ft.

**Adaptation:** Crustaformes come from various evolutions—decide whether you're aquatic (only breathes water), terrestrial (breathes air) or interstitial (breathes both, but needs to immerse themselves in water at least once a day).

**Natural Armor:** You have rigid chitinous armor. When you aren't wearing armor, your AC is 13 + your Constitution modifier. You can use your natural armor to determine your AC if the armor you wear would leave you with a lower AC. A shield's benefits apply as normal while you use your natural armor.

**Natural Weapons:** Gain a claw attack. This is a natural weapon, which you can use to make unarmed strikes. Your claws deals 1d6 + your Strength modifier bludgeoning damage.

**Recommended Diverse Features:** *Blend In, Bony Exterior, Chemical Sensitivity, Climber, Digger, Directional Camouflage, Durable, Forager, Grappler, Grounded, Natural Climber, Vice-Grip.*

## Feliformes

*Lions, panthers, lynxes, tigers, cats, kittens, and other felines.*

**Speed:** 30 ft.

**Darkvision:** Accustomed to darkness, you have superior vision in dark and dim conditions. You can see in dim light within 60 feet of you as if it were bright light, and in darkness as if it were dim light. You can't discern color in darkness, only shades of gray.

**Prowler:** You have proficiency in the Stealth skill.

**Scent:** You have advantage on Wisdom (Perception) checks that rely on smell.

**Natural Weapons:** Gain bite and claw attacks. These are natural weapons, which you can use to make unarmed strikes. Your bite deals 1d4 + your Strength modifier piercing damage, and your claws deal 1d4 + your Dexterity modifier slashing damage. This damage is instead of the bludgeoning damage for an unarmed strike.

**Recommended Diverse Features:** *Climber, Darkvision, Enrage, Exceptional Jumper, Forager, Frightening Roar, Fur Coat, Giant Leap, Hard Biter, Hunter, Lands on Feet, Leap, Stalker, Summon Allies.*

## Ichthyiformes

*Fish, fishes, fishies, and other fishes.*

**Speed:** 0 ft., swim 30 ft.

**Aquatic:** You can only breathe underwater. You can hold your breath and survive outside the water a number of minutes equal to six times your Constitution score.

**Skitter:** As a bonus action, you can take the Dash action.

**Natural Weapons:** Gain a bite attack. This is a natural weapon, which you can use to make unarmed strikes. Your bite deals 1d4 + your Strength modifier piercing damage. This damage is instead of the bludgeoning damage for an unarmed strike.

**Recommended Diverse Features:** *Bony Exterior, Directional Camouflage, Durable, Hard Biter, Hunter, Sensitive Strike, Storage Mouth, Swimmer.*

## Musteliformes

*Otters, ferrets, minks, badgers, wolverines, and other Mustelas (weasels).*

**Speed:** 30 ft.

**Ferocity:** As a bonus action, you can enter a ferocious form that lasts for one minute. While in your ferocious form, you have advantage on attacks made with your natural weapons. If you reduce a creature to 0 hit points or less with an attack, you can use your bonus action to make another natural weapon attack.

**Keen Scent:** You have proficiency in the Perception skill.

**Natural Weapons:** Gain a bite and claw attack. These are natural weapons, which you can use to make unarmed strikes. Your bite deals 1d6 + your Strength modifier piercing damage, and your claws deal 1d4 + your Dexterity modifier slashing damage. This damage is instead of the bludgeoning damage for an unarmed strike.

**Recommended Diverse Features:** *Blend In, Canopy Cover, Climber, Darkvision, Digger, Durable, Enrage, Giant Leap, Grasping Tail, Hold Breath, Lands on Feet, Sensitive Strike, Skitter, Stalker, Swimmer.*

## Planteformes

*Shrubs, ferns, cacti, trees, and other plants.*

**Speed:** 20 ft., climb 20 ft.

**False Appearance:** While you remain motionless, you are indistinguishable from a normal plant.

**Plant Nature:** You are vulnerable to fire damage, but resistant to piercing damage.

**Photosynthesize:** While you are exposed to sunlight you have no need for "food." If you receive no sunlight for an entire day, you begin to starve.

**Natural Armor:** You have thick bark or a dense form. When you aren't wearing armor, your AC is 13 + your Constitution modifier. You can use your natural armor to determine your AC if the armor you wear would leave you with a lower AC.

**Natural Weapons:** Gain a rake attack. This is a natural weapon, which you can use to make unarmed strikes. Your rake attack deals 1d4 + your Strength modifier bludgeoning damage.

**Recommended Diverse Features:** *Awaken the Earth, Blend In, Bony Exterior, Entangling Roots, Fruit Bearing, Grounded, Recovery, Strangle, Summon Allies, Thorny.*

## Rodentaformes

*Mice, squirrels, capybara, chinchillas, rats, and other rodents.*

**Speed:** 20 ft. climb 20 ft.

**Skitter:** You can move a distance up to your speed as a bonus action on your turn. You can use this ability once per short or long rest.

**Darkvision:** Accustomed to darkness, you have superior vision in dark and dim conditions. You can see in dim light within 60 feet of you as if it were bright light, and in darkness as if it were dim light. You can't discern color in darkness, only shades of gray.

**Climber:** You have advantage on all Strength (Athletics) checks related to climbing.

**Storage Mouth:** You can store objects inside your mouth. The total volume of the stored objects cannot exceed more than twice the size of your head.

**Natural Weapons:** Gain a bite attack. This is a natural weapon, which you can use to make unarmed strikes. Your bite deals 1d4 + your Strength modifier piercing damage. This damage is instead of the bludgeoning damage for an unarmed strike.

**Recommended Diverse Features:** *Blend In, Canopy Cover, Climber, Darkvision, Digger, Durable, Enrage, Giant Leap, Grasping Tail, Hold Breath, Lands on Feet, Sensitive Strike, Skitter, Stalker, Swimmer.*

## Scimiaformes

*Monkeys, apes, gorillas, and other simians.*

**Speed:** 25 ft., climb 30 ft.

**Opposable Thumbs:** You can use humanoid armor, tools, and weapons. Your class and background determines which items you gain proficiency with.

**Simian Balance:** You have advantage on Dexterity (Acrobatics) checks made when balancing.

**Natural Weapons:** In addition to your fist attack, gain a bite attack. This is a natural weapon, which you can use to make unarmed strikes. Your bite deals 1d4 + your Strength modifier piercing damage, and your fist deals 1d4 + your Strength modifier bludgeoning damage. This damage is instead of the bludgeoning damage for an unarmed strike.

**Recommended Diverse Features:** *Brachiation, Canopy Cover, Charge, Climber, Crafter, Enrage, Exceptional Jumper, Frightening Roar, Fur Coat, Giant Leap, Grappler, Grasping Tail, Lands on Feet, Metabolize, Pack Tactics, Summon Allies, Throw Anything.*

## Squamataformes

*Skinks, snakes, iguanas, lizards, and other Squamata reptiles.*

**Speed:** 25 ft.

**Skitter:** As a bonus action, you can take the Dash action.

**Slippery:** You have advantage on checks made to squeeze through tight spaces, typically Dexterity (Acrobatics), and checks made to escape from being restrained or grappled.

**Natural Weapons:** Gain a bite and claw attack. These are natural weapons, which you can use to make unarmed strikes. Your bite deals 1d6 + your Strength modifier piercing damage, and your claw deals 1d4 + your Dexterity modifier slashing damage. This damage is instead of the bludgeoning damage for an unarmed strike.

**Recommended Diverse Features:** *Bony Exterior, Climber, Darkvision, Durable, Hard Biter, Hold Breath, Metabolize, Poisonous Bite, Poisonous Body.*

## Ungulaformes

*Antelope, moose, deer, horses, pigs, rhinos, and other hoofed creatures.*

**Speed:** 40 ft.

**Beast of Burden:** You count as one size larger when determining your carrying capacity and the weight you can push, drag or lift.

**Natural Weapons:** Your bite and hooves are natural melee weapons which you can use to make unarmed strikes. Bite deals 1d4 + your Strength modifier bludgeoning damage and your hooves deal 1d10 + your Strength modifier bludgeoning damage. This damage is instead of the bludgeoning damage from making an unarmed strike.

**Recommended Diverse Features:** *Charge, Durable, Enrage, Exceptional Jumper, Forager, Fur Coat, Gore, Grounded, Hold Breath, Metabolize, Recovery, Summon Allies, Tough Hide.*

## Ursaformes

*Black bears, pandas, sloth bears, and other Ursidae (bears).*

**Speed:** 30 ft.

**Forager:** You have advantage on Wisdom (Survival) checks made to find food or water.

**Scent:** Gain advantage on Wisdom (Perception) checks that rely on smell.

**Darkvision:** You have superior vision in dark and dim conditions. You can see in dim light within 60 feet of you as if it were bright light, and in darkness as if it were dim light. You can't discern color in darkness, only shades of gray.

**Natural Armor:** You have thick fat, fur, and hide. When you aren't wearing armor, your AC is 13 + your Constitution modifier. You can use your natural armor to determine your AC if the armor you wear would leave you with a lower AC.

**Natural Weapons:** Gain a bite attack and a claw attack. These are natural weapons, which you can use to make unarmed strikes. Your bite deals 1d6 + your Strength modifier piercing damage, and your claws deal 1d4 + your Strength modifier slashing damage. This damage is instead of the bludgeoning damage for an unarmed strike.

**Recommended Diverse Features:** *Charge, Climber, Darkvision, Digger, Durable, Enrage, Frightening Roar, Fur Coat, Grappler, Grounded, Hard Biter, Hunter, Recovery, Tough Hide.*

## Diverse Features

### Adapted

**Effect:** Choose a favored terrain, per the ranger's Natural Explorer class feature. You gain the benefits of that class feature.

### Awaken the Earth

**Effect:** You can bolster the growth of existing flora and make it difficult to traverse. The ground within a 20-foot square centered on you becomes difficult terrain to all creatures, except for you, for the next 5 minutes. You can use this feature twice. You regain all expended uses of this diverse feature after completing a long rest.

### Blend In

**Effect:** When in your native ecology (arctic, coast, desert, forest, grassland, mountain, swamp, or underdark), if you're not moving and in plain sight you can make a Dexterity (Stealth) check to hide.



### **Bony Exterior**

**Prerequisite:** Natural Armor

**Effect:** The AC granted to you by your Natural Armor increases to 14 + your Constitution modifier.

### **Brachiation**

**Prerequisite:** Climb speed or Climber Diverse Feature

**Effect:** You are extremely coordinated when moving through trees. While there are enough vines or branches within reach, you can use the Dash and Disengage actions together as a bonus action.

### **Canopy Cover**

**Prerequisite:** Small size or smaller

**Effect:** You can attempt to hide when you are obscured by plants or foliage that are at least one size larger than you.

### **Chameleon Skin**

**Effect:** You can change the color of your skin to better blend in with your surroundings. You have advantage on Dexterity (Stealth) checks.

### **Crafter**

**Prerequisite:** Hands, vines, or other manipulators.

**Effect:** As you have hands, you can make use of them. You gain the Skilled feat.

### **Charge**

**Effect:** Gain the Charger feat. If you already have the Charger feat, add 5 ft. to the distance you can push your target.

### **Chemical Sensitivity**

**Effect:** Gain advantage on checks to identify alchemical substances and potions.

### **Climber**

**Effect:** Gain a climb speed of 15 ft., or increase your existing climb speed by +5 ft.

### **Darkvision**

**Effect:** Accustomed to darkness, you have superior vision in dark and dim conditions. You can see in dim light within 60 feet of you as if it were bright light, and in darkness as if it were dim light. You can't discern color in darkness, only shades of gray.

### **Digger**

**Effect:** Gain a burrow speed of 15 ft., or increase your burrow speed by +5 ft.

### **Directional Camouflage**

**Effect:** The patterns on your body provide optimum camouflage in a certain direction. Pick a view direction, either from above, the side, or below. Creatures looking at you from that direction have disadvantage on Wisdom (Perception) checks made to spot you.

### **Durable**

**Effect:** You are a sturdy individual. You gain the Tough feat.

### **Enrage**

**Effect:** You can puff your body up and grow more powerful. You gain the benefits of the Barbarian's Rage class feature. Once used, you cannot use this feature again until you complete a long rest.

### **Entangling Roots**

**Effect:** You can cast the *entangle* spell. The DC for the spell is equal to 8 + your proficiency bonus + your Constitution modifier. Once used, you cannot use this Diverse Feature again until you complete a short or long rest.

### **Exceptional Jumper**

**Effect:** Your jump distance is doubled.

### **Forager**

**Effect:** You have advantage on Wisdom (Survival) checks made to find food or water.

### **Frightening Roar**

**Effect:** You can unleash a fearsome howl to terrify your enemies. Creatures within 20 feet of you that can hear you must make an Intelligence saving throw (DC 8 + your proficiency bonus + your Charisma or Strength modifier) or become frightened for 1 minute. Once used, you cannot use this Diverse Feature again until you complete a short rest.

### **Fruit Bearing**

**Prerequisite:** Planteforme origin

**Effect:** You are able to produce delicious berries. You can cast *goodberry*. Once used, you cannot use this feature again until you complete a long rest.

### **Fur Coat**

**Effect:** You are resistant to the effects of natural cold

### **Giant Leap**

**Effect:** When making a high jump you can leap into the air a number of feet equal to 3 + twice your Strength modifier if you move at least 10 ft. immediately before the jump.



### **Gore**

**Prerequisite:** Horns

**Effect:** You can use your horns as natural weapons, which you are proficient in and can use to make unarmed strikes with. If you hit with them, they do 1d10 + your Strength modifier damage. When you take this feature, the damage type: bludgeoning or piercing.

### **Grappler**

**Effect:** Gain the Grappler feat.

### **Grasping Tail**

**Prerequisite:** A tail, tendril or other flexible manipulator

**Effect:** You can use your tail (or other flexible manipulator) like a hand to grab and manipulate objects.

### **Grounded**

**Effect:** You have advantage on any check made to resist forced movement or being knocked prone.

### **Hard Biter**

**Effect:** Your bite attack deals an extra die of damage. For example, a bite that deals 1d6 damage now deals 2d6 damage.

### **Hold Breath**

**Effect:** You can hold your breath for 15 minutes.

### **Hover**

**Prerequisite:** A fly speed

**Effect:** You can spend half of your movement speed to hover.

### **Hunter**

**Effect:** You gain proficiency with the Perception and Survival skills.

### **Improved Attack**

**Effect:** The damage die of one of your natural weapons increases by one die step. For example, a d10 becomes a d12.

### **Ink Cloud**

**Prerequisite:** Creature origin that would include the ability to produce ink

**Effect:** While underwater, you can use an action to create a 15-foot radius sphere of murky ink and move up to your swim speed, if any. Creatures in the ink count as being heavily obscured. The ink remains for 5 minutes. Once used, you cannot use this feature again until you complete a short or long rest.

### **Killer Claw**

**Prerequisite:** 5th level

**Effect:** Your claw attack deals an extra die of damage. For example, a claw that deals 1d6 damage now deals 2d6 damage.

### **Lands on Feet**

**Effect:** You have resistance to damage caused by falling.

### **Leap**

**Effect:** Your long jump and high jump distances both increase by 5 feet.

### **Metabolize**

**Effect:** You have advantage on saving throws against poison, and you have resistance to poison damage.

### **Natural Climber**

**Effect:** You have advantage on all Strength (Athletics) checks made related to climbing.

### **Natural Warrior**

**Effect:** You gain the Two Weapon Fighting Style as per fighter or range class.

### **Nocturnal**

**Prerequisite:** Darkvision

**Effect:** Your darkvision has a range of 120 feet.

### **Pack Tactics**

**Prerequisite:** 10th level

**Effect:** You have advantage on attack rolls against creatures if at least one of your allies is within 5 ft. of the creature and the ally isn't incapacitated.

### **Poisonous Bite**

**Prerequisite:** A bite weapon attack

**Effect:** Your bite attack deals an extra 1d4 poison damage.

### **Poisonous Body**

**Effect:** Your body secretes a potent toxin. For one minute, you can produce an abnormal amount of venom. Creatures within 5 feet of you that strike you with a melee attack suffer 1d8 poison damage. Once used, you cannot use this feature again until you complete a short or long rest.

### **Pounce**

**Effect:** If you move at least 20 feet in a straight line towards a creature before successfully hitting them with a weapon attack, you can knock the target prone as a bonus action. If the target is already prone, you can instead make one weapon attack as a bonus action.

### **Reaching Bite**

**Effect:** You can grapple a target with your mouth. Additionally, your bite attack increases its reach by 5 feet.

### **Recovery**

**Effect:** When you roll a Hit Die to regain hit points, the minimum number of hit points you regain from the roll equals twice your Constitution modifier (minimum of 2).

### **Sensitive Strike**

**Effect:** You have learned how to make focused strikes to hinder your foes. If you hit a creature with a weapon attack, you can use your bonus action to use the Help action on an ally within 10 feet of you.

### **Skitter**

**Effect:** As a bonus action, you can take the Dash action.

### **Slippery**

**Effect:** While squeezing, your speed is not reduced you do not have disadvantage on attack rolls, and attack rolls against you do not have advantage.

### **Stalker**

**Prerequisite:** 5th level, proficiency in Stealth

**Effect:** You have advantage on Dexterity (Stealth) checks if you move no more than half your speed on the same turn.

### **Storage Mouth**

**Effect:** You can store objects inside your mouth. The total volume of the stored objects cannot exceed more than twice the size of your head.

### **Strangle**

**Prerequisite:** 5th level

**Effect:** When attempting to grapple a creature, if you succeed by 5 or more on your Strength (Athletics) check, you can choose to strangle the creature. Your speed is reduced to 0, attacks against you have advantage, and the target begins suffocating.

### **Summon Allies**

**Effect:** You can cast the *conjure animals* spell once. When casting the spell in this way, you can only summon animals of your own species. Once used, you cannot use this feature again until you complete a long rest.

### **Swimmer**

**Effect:** You gain a 20 foot swim speed. If you already have a swim speed, it increases by 10 feet.

### **Thorny**

**Prerequisite:** A shell, sharp fur, quills, or the planteform origin

**Effect:** You are covered in sharp barbs. Creatures that grapple you take 1d6 piercing damage.

### **Throw Anything**

**Prerequisite:** Claws, hands, or an appropriate manipulator

**Effect:** You do not have disadvantage on ranged weapon attacks you make with improvised weapons. Additionally, improvised weapons you throw deal 1d4 bonus damage of the appropriate type.

### **Tough Hide**

**Effect:** You are resistant to bludgeoning damage.

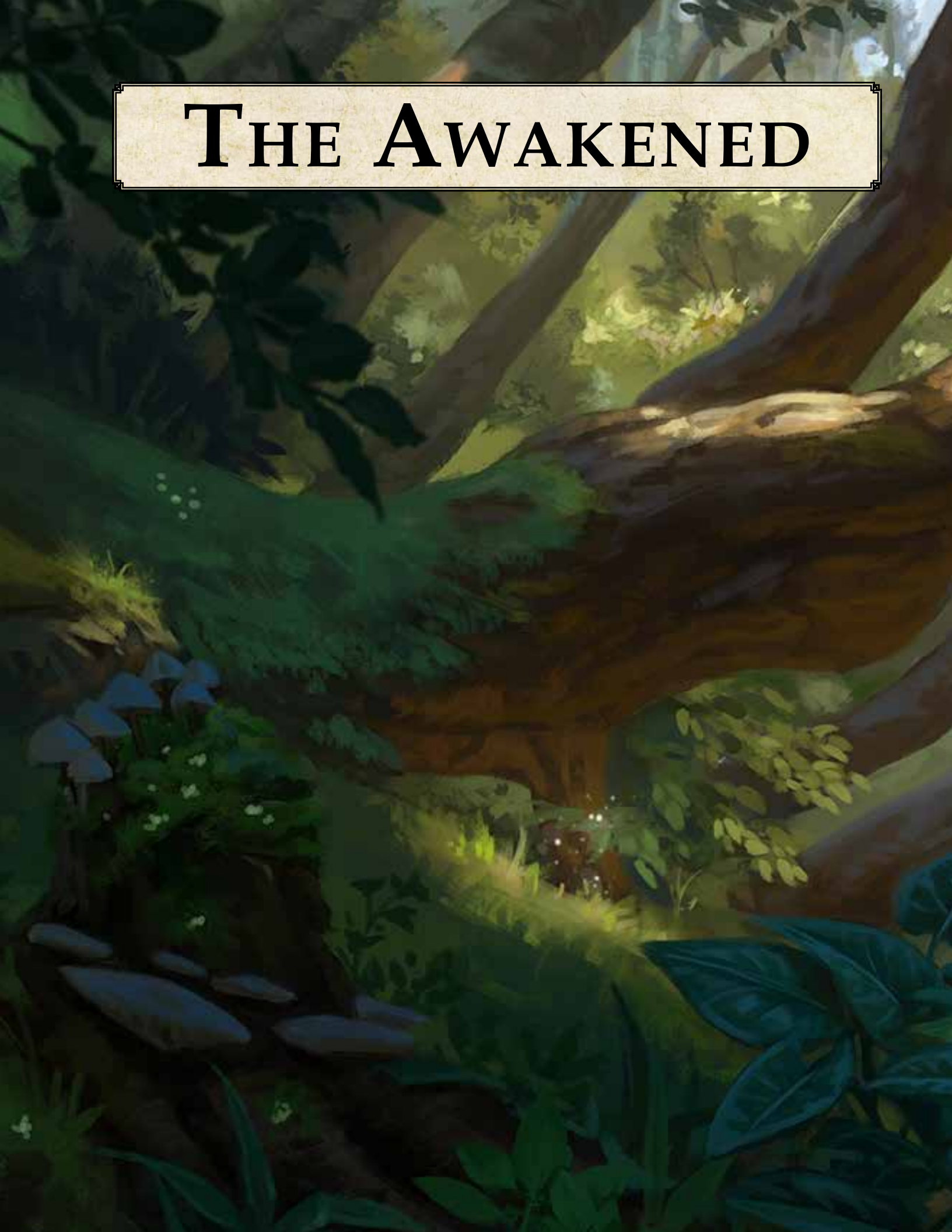
### **Tough Exterior**

**Effect:** You gain a +1 bonus to Armor Class bonus due to natural armor.

### **Vice-Grip**

**Effect:** You have advantage on Strength (Athletics) checks made to grapple.

# THE AWAKENED





# B. Peabody Pete

“Keep playing that piano all you want, but you’re just howling at the moon!” Bob Peabody Pete danced around his master’s feet as the old man ignored the his wife’s nagging. His rheumatic fingers plinked away at the ivory keys, and B. Peabody Pete sang along. Who wouldn’t want to howl at the moon, after all?

The ivory piano was the one item of value in the family home; it might have been the most valuable item in the whole town. Every evening, Bob Peabody Pete’s owner would come home, have his dinner, sit at the piano, and play away. And B. Peabody Pete would always sing with him.

Until one day, his master didn’t come home. A place was not set out on the table. And the piano that night was silent. The old wife left it alone, but B. Peabody Pete didn’t like the look in her eyes. He slept under the piano’s empty bench and growled when she approached. Then, one afternoon burly, strong men visited, and the wife pointed them towards the piano. “I don’t care what you do with it, just get it out,” she snarled.

B. Peabody Pete leapt up onto the stool, growling and snapping. And as he did, the piano behind him glowed brightly and played a raucous, wild melody that filled the house. The men’s eyes grew wide, their jaws slackened, and they turned tail and ran.

“Good riddance!” B. Peabody Pete barked. Except it wasn’t barking; he was speaking! He turned and saw ghostly hands hovering above the piano. He barked, and fingers danced across the keys, just how his old owner had always wanted to play. Music poured forth, and B. Peabody Pete’s singing filled the house. Up and down the streets of the town, the other animals joined in, all howling at the moon.

## GOALS

News spread far and wide of the magical piano and its canine musician. The wife and the townsfolk tried to take advantage of the phenomenon at first, selling tickets for viewings, but B. Peabody Pete quickly saw through their guile. Anyone he suspects of ill intent who approaches his piano finds themselves physically ill from the crass language in the dog’s lyrics and quickly flees. He is fiercely loyal to the memory of his old owner and guards the piano, but protecting the instrument from untrustworthy visitors is starting to feel old. As much as he’d love to travel and perform, B. Peabody Pete cannot leave until he can transport the piano with him, or at least know that it is safe.

## ROLEPLAYING B. PEABODY PETE

B. Peabody Pete is enthusiastic and confident. His greatest joy in life is playing his piano, and he will do so for goodwill visitors without even needing to be asked. He’s not interested in money or fame for his music, only the delight of his audience—whether that be animals, children, a fresh-faced adventurer or a wizened sorcerer. He enjoys witty and humorous songs; a raucous performance met with shouts of laughter makes his tail wag furiously. He will pick up the refrain of a common shanty and spin new lyrics for it tenfold. Whether B. Peabody Pete’s a particularly smart dog, or whether an enchantment from the piano itself gifted his tongue with such wit, it is unknown. But his quips are always good-natured, and he’s quick to apologize for any offense, wanting nothing more than friendship with his acquaintances. He’s not much of a strategist, but will happily go along with plans of someone he trusts. His fearless defense of his friends makes him a true ally both in battle and on the road... even if he often forgets that most have never met a talking dog!

Roll 1d10	Interesting Interactions
1	The party have heard of the talking hound-dog, but tales of B. Peabody Pete’s skills have spread across the countryside, so getting his attention may be quite difficult.
2	A traveling tinkerer who commonly stays at his house hasn’t come round in two months, and Pete is worried.
3	The town dogs have grown smarter by spending time with B. Peabody Pete and are offering their services for odd jobs around town.
4	The party discovers a diary belonging to Pete’s master, but the pages about him acquiring the piano are missing.
5	B. Peabody Pete would rather not travel too far from the piano, so he asks the party to bring him new music.
6	Any bard or performer who plays alongside B. Peabody Pete will gain a boost in their reputation in the local area.
7	When traveling with the party, B. Peabody Pete can earn them free nights at any inn; what innkeeper wouldn’t pass up the opportunity to have a singing, playing dog in their tavern?
8	The old master’s wife is still bitter at her retreat, but has returned with some unscrupulous friends to finally be rid of that piano.
9	B. Peabody Pete wants to find out how his master passed away and find his grave to pay respects, but none of the townsfolk will speak to Pete.
10	The twon cats are sick of their rest being interrupted by B. Peabody Pete’s constant playing and singing, and try to sabotage his piano! Can a truce between them be reached?



## B. PEABODY PETE

CHALLENGE 2 (450 XP)

**Tiny beast (hound), chaotic neutral**

Armor Class 13

Hit Points 20 (8d4)

Speed 30 ft.

STR 8 (-1)      DEX 14 (+2)      CON 10 (+0)

INT 14 (+2)      WIS 10 (+0)      CHA 16 (+3)

**Saving Throws** Dexterity +4, Charisma +5

**Skill:** Performance +5, Persuasion +5, Deception +5

**Senses** passive Perception 10

**Languages** Common

### ABILITIES

**Bardic Inspiration (3/Long Rest).** As a bonus action, a creature within 60 ft. that can hear B. Peabody Pete gains an inspiration die (1d6). For 10 minutes, the creature can add it to one ability check, attack roll, or saving throw. This can be added after seeing the roll, but before knowing the outcome.

**Jack of All Trades.** B. Peabody Pete adds +1 to any ability check he makes that doesn't already include his proficiency bonus.

**Keen Hearing and Smell.** B. Peabody Pete has advantage on Wisdom (Perception) checks that rely on hearing or smell.

**Spellcasting.** Pete is a 3rd-level spellcaster. His spellcasting ability is Charisma (spell save DC 13, +5 to hit with spell attacks). He has the following bard spells prepared:

**Cantrip** *friends, mage hand*

**1st Level** *charm person, healing word, heroism, sleep*

**2nd Level** *invisibility, shatter*

**Song of Rest.** If B. Peabody Pete or any friendly creatures who can hear his performance regain hit points at the end of the short rest by spending one or more Hit Dice, each of those creatures regains an extra 1d6 hit points.

### ACTIONS

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

# Cecily

Cecily loved spring in her lonely corner of the woods, for with the spring came the pilgrims.

Someone erected the shrine at her lake many generations ago. Cecily didn't know the marble figure's identity, but the tall two-leggers with pointed ears showered his marble head with crowns of oak leaves. The pilgrims would set up camp along the forest's edge when they finished their ritual, and then the pilgrims would begin their training.

On the rocks of her riverbank, the pilgrims would train from dawn until dusk. Cecily watched from the safety of her den as they leapt like deer on the boulders. They sparred with fists and legs darting almost too fast for her eyes to follow. They were wild and beautiful, and she longed to know more about them.

"We come here to help you flow freely, to guide your hand, a grace like that of the otter that glides in these mountain waters," a tall woman announced. She had braided hair and a long staff wrapped with ribbons.

Cecily's heart pounded. That night she came before the shrine and placed her paw upon its base. "They wish to know more of me," she whispered, "but could I not learn more of them as well?" The marble warmed under her touch, and the figure—his carved face wild yet kindly—leant down and place a hand on her head, blessing her with the elven tongue.

The elves welcomed their new friend, for they saw the mark of their god upon her, and Cecily traveled with them for many moons, learning and teaching in turn.

## GOALS

When not at her lake home, Cecily travels wherever the forest god guides her. In her heart, Cecily sees herself as a teacher, offering the world what she was once taught. Often, she'll meet a village or group of adventurers with whom she will spend a season, teaching them and fighting alongside them. The elves suspect that Cecily possesses a unique skill that she will not pass on to anyone unworthy in the eyes of the forest, but she's always on the lookout for fighters with a good heart to learn.

## ROLEPLAYING CECILY

Otter instinct kept Cecily from approaching others before, but she's confident and curious with her now-awakened senses and monk training. She will approach strangers to inquire about themselves or her surroundings, as she believes most people are good at heart (and she can handle those who are not). She's forthright, polite, and happy to share her knowledge, but will not force her ideas onto those who disregard her. She doesn't hold grudges or dwell on unpleasant folk, preferring to flow on—like the river—to her next adventure. She rarely interferes in the affairs of others, even if they're clearly wicked. People are strongest when they work together, and she prefers to fight alongside others. Her time with the elves taught her that nature, its creatures, and the two-leggers that explore it are all connected and thrive when in harmony together. She also has a keen interest in flowers and often dons a woven flower crown or necklace. ("I've learned most two-leggers don't care for the smell of fish, but apparently this helps, and I'm happy to oblige.")

Roll 1d10	Interesting Interactions
1	The fish in Cecily's lake are dying. Cecily looks for the aid of any nearby adventurers to help her check if something upriver is poisoning the water.
2	The party runs into a group of elves who are angered by the adventurers in "their" forest. Cecily seems to know of them, and she doesn't care for them at all.
3	Springtime has come, and the elven pilgrimage has arrived at Cecily's home. They carry with them stories of other awakened creatures in the area. What could be the source of this?
4	Cecily enjoys an early morning spar to get the blood pumping. A few bouts might help the party be alert for any nasty surprises that day.
5	Every autumn the nearby towns have a harvest festival with games, events, vendors, and even a tournament. Cecily has never been to the festival and is keen to attend.
6	If the party is traveling alongside a stream or river, Cecily can scout ahead in the water undetected.
7	There are rumors a man dressed in strange, wild attire has been seen in the woods around the forest god's shrine.
8	Local hunters and foresters have nearly come to blows with the elven pilgrims about the state of the forest. Can Cecily and the party negotiate a truce?
9	A village on the outskirts of the forest is suffering from a terrible affliction. Cecily hears a rumor that a flower in a dangerous part of the forest can cure it.
10	Some people will pay lots of money for a talking and performing otter in their circus, and Cecily is captured during the nightly watch.



## CECILY

**CHALLENGE 2 (450 XP)**

**Small beast (otter), lawful neutral**

**Armor Class** 15 (unarmored defense)

**Hit Points** 32 (7d6 + 8)

**Speed** 20 ft., swim 30 ft.

<b>STR</b> 12 (+1)	<b>DEX</b> 16 (+3)	<b>CON</b> 12 (+1)
<b>INT</b> 10 (+0)	<b>WIS</b> 14 (+2)	<b>CHA</b> 10 (+0)

**Saving Throws** Dexterity +5, Strength +4

**Skills** Acrobatics +5, Insight +4, Perception +4, Survival +5

**Senses** passive Perception 14

**Languages** Common

### ABILITIES

**Ferocity.** As a bonus action, Cecily can enter a ferocious form that lasts for one minute. While in ferocious form, Cecily gains advantage on attacks made with her natural weapons. If she reduces a creature

to 0 hit points or less with an attack, she can use her bonus action to make another natural weapon attack.

**Fur Coat.** Cecily is resistant to the effects of natural cold.

**Hold Breath.** Cecily can hold her breath for up to an 15 minutes.

**Unarmored Defense.** While Cecily is wearing no armor and wielding no shield, her AC includes her Wisdom modifier.

### ACTIONS

**Bite.** *Melee Weapon Attack:* +5 to hit, reach 5 feet, one target. *Hit:* 8 (1d6+5) piercing damage.

**Claws.** *Melee Weapon Attack:* +5 to hit, reach 5 feet, one target. *Hit:* 8 (1d6+5) slashing damage.

**Quarterstaff.** *Melee Weapon Attack:* +5 to hit, reach 5 feet, one target. *Hit:* 8 (1d6+5) bludgeoning damage, 7 (1d8+3) when used two-handed.



# Cherie

Cherie is a raven who was rescued and healed from injury by a kind alchemist. As she recovered, Cherie would find chemical components in exchange for seeds. She spent weeks shadowing her savior and, over time, was able to identify hard-to-find herbs and components. If they were too poisonous to pluck, she would hop around to warn the alchemist. One day in her curiosity, Cherie was drawn to a vial of golden liquid resting on the alchemist's bench. As she grasped it in her talons, the phial exploded, drenching Cherie in a cutting-edge potion designed to boost mental acuity. The corvid's mind was flooded with thoughts she'd never realized she could have, an understanding of the Common tongue, and more new knowledge. Intrigued by this development, the alchemist took Cherie under his wing as his apprentice.

Cherie loved learning and experimenting. After a time, when her mentor knew Cherie could take care of herself, he encouraged her to travel and learn from experience, but she chose to stay. Tragically, not long after, the alchemist grew ill, and Cherie's new sapience knew what that meant. On his deathbed, he told Cherie that he would like to see her continue his work to create a panacea that could cure any disease. Sad to leave her mentor but confident in her skills, she knew she was the only one who could perfect her master's work. Cherie set off for adventure, while fostering her thirst for knowledge and helping those in need.

## GOALS

Cherie wants to complete her mentor's work to develop a panacea that can cure all manner of ills though she'd currently settle for curing the disease that claimed him. Though a less noble pursuit, Cherie also desires to expand her knowledge for personal gain. Confident in her skills as an alchemist, she uses her potions to barter for new materials or shiny things. She will excitedly hop around when she sees something she really wants. If she joins an adventuring party, Cherie will often ask to run tests on party members, or sweet talk a party member to carry heavy components for her.

## ROLEPLAYING CHERIE

Confident, witty, and kind. The alchemist told her potions are made to be used, and so she prioritizes helping others first and asking for compensation later. Due to her kind heart, she asks for reasonable reparations depending on who she saves. Working with others is part of being an alchemist, so she'll take any opportunity to make friends and barter with companions for supplies, funds, and components. Cherie loves rare or magical components and is good at appraising items at a glance. At night, she'll use a small blunt beak attachment her mentor made for her on nearby rocks to grind her herbs. Cherie knows the value of her wares and gets upset if someone tries to short-change her or take her creations without trading for something. And most of all, others should not insult her intelligence. She'll hold that grudge until they apologize, preferably with some tribute.

Roll 1d10	Interesting Interactions
1	Cherie is in need of some difficult to acquire reagents. Perhaps she could make a beneficial business arrangement with the party to help each other.
2	Cherie has a bad habit of offering "nutrients" to companions during breakfast. She promises it will help, but in truth it's a crapsheet. She makes different "nutrients" for each species.
3	Cherie is excited when it comes time to use a potion. She often dances excitedly, thinking aloud about which to use. "Oh! Maybe potion #12... No! Let's try potion #43!" This could baffle any spectators.
4	If the party shows Cherie a new skill, she'll attempt to make a potion to help them. Then she'll pester them to test it as soon as possible.
5	Cherie is BORED! The party might need to find a way to entertain her. If they don't, she may start using something personal of theirs to grind her herbs.
6	Cherie wants to trade! She's made too many potions and needs more materials or shiny things. If the party trade her berries, coin, or materials and she might throw in something extra.
7	Cherie is in the middle of a breakthrough in her mentor's work! If the party dare disturb her without a good reason, they'll face the consequences.
8	Cherie is curious about the party! If they tell her a story about their adventures, she'll make a rejuvenating tea that will help them feel rested for the days ahead.
9	The party and Cherie come across a woman at the side of the road about to give birth. Cherie is certain she can help soothe the experience with the right reagents.
10	Cherie misses her mentor. Her wings are hunched low and she hasn't made as many potions today. If the party try cheering her up and she'll remember their kindness in the future.



## CHERIE

**CHALLENGE 2 (450 XP)**

**Tiny beast (raven), neutral good**

**Armor Class 15**

**Hit Points 22 (9d4)**

**Speed 10 ft., fly 30 ft.**

<b>STR</b> 4 (-4)	<b>DEX</b> 12 (+1)	<b>CON</b> 10 (+0)
<b>INT</b> 16 (+3)	<b>WIS</b> 14 (+2)	<b>CHA</b> 12 (+1)

**Saving Throws** Constitution +2, Intelligence +5  
**Skills** Arcana +6, Medicine +4, Nature +4, Insight +4, Perception +4

**Senses** darkvision 60 ft., passive Perception 14

**Languages** Common

### ABILITIES

**Flight.** Cherie can carry up to her Strength score in pounds (and still fly). She can drag up to twice her Strength score in pounds.

**Healing Salve (1/Long Rest).** During a short rest, Cherie can produce a healing salve to mend herself and her allies. Any creature that spends Hit Dice at the end of the short rest can reroll their Hit Dice rolls, similar to having advantage.

**Internal Compass.** Cherie has an innate connection to the land, she always knows where north is.

### ACTIONS

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

**Talons.** *Melee Weapon Attack:* +2 to hit, reach 5 feet, one target. *Hit:* 5 (1d6+2) slashing damage.

**Exploding Potions.** Some of Cherie's potions don't turn out as expected. Cherie can drop or toss one of these potions, which explodes in a 10 foot radius sphere. Creatures in the explosion must make a DC 15 Dexterity saving throw, taking 3d6 poison damage on a failed save or half as much on a successful one.

# Clio

Clio was originally the pet of a young human wizard boy, but she hasn't seen him in a long time. Clio was given to the boy as a gift from his parents the night he was accepted to college, but the pair never really bonded, so Clio longed for a world outside her cage.

Clio spent years getting fat in her master's room at college, until late at night she was woken by the sound of shattering glass, and a low boom, right at the edge of her hearing. Her senses had been dulled by years of atrophy, but magic thrummed underneath her paws now; panic warred with excitement within her. Purple light shimmered at the edge of her vision, and suddenly she felt... *awake*.

Using her newfound wits, Clio slipped out of a window broken by the accident and disappeared into the night.

She learned later, listening at doors and probing others for information, that a magic demonstration had gone horribly awry, and that she was lucky to have escaped that place unscathed. Others had not been so lucky.

Clio is now an alley cat, who has grown a distrustful eye, and is a shrewd and calculating information broker in the backstreets of the city she lives in. Clio relies on her roguish abilities and her flight to perform heists and petty theft, and often barter her services or information in return for food or safety.

## GOALS

Clio is motivated by the short-term. She's mostly preoccupied by the herculean task of staying alive and doing whatever it takes to maintain her position and her knowledge of the neighborhood.

Clio likes to think she wants revenge for the magical accident at the school, but deep down, she's grateful for her heightened abilities, and knows that she's better off being able to think for herself. Clio needs direction in her life and may join a party of adventurers if they manage to get past her prickly exterior, or if they offer her something she wants.

A small part of her wonders if her master is still alive, but she won't let herself think too much about searching for him.

## ROLEPLAYING CLIO

Clio speaks in a rough, blunt voice, and understands thieves' cant, even if her lack of human anatomy makes it difficult for her to replicate some of the language's gestures. (If your campaign takes place in the Planes, consider that she may also speak planar cant.)

Clio is irritable and aloof, especially around new confidants, and can come across as a bit of a know-it-all; she loves to interject and assert herself in conversation. She's extremely stubborn in achieving her short-term goals, even if her long-term ones are fuzzy.

Clio tries her hardest to project the persona of a human. She detests her own feline mannerisms (such as purring, rolling, or licking herself), and tries her hardest to avoid these things in public, but it's difficult to avoid the habit completely.

Unlike most cats, Clio doesn't mind water, nor does she give one iota about her physical appearance. She'll often end up caked in mud (or worse things) if it's convenient to whatever mission she's on. Clio has also fashioned a sort of ad hoc bandoleer behind her shoulders so that she doesn't have to hold her belongings in her mouth.

Roll 1d10	Interesting Interactions
1	The party's contact in the city directed them to a "Clio," who has the information they seek. They didn't tell the party she was a tressym.
2	Clio is halfway through a heist when she's discovered, and she leads her pursuers straight to the party.
3	Someone mistakes Clio for a regular tressym, and begins to tease her, prodding her and pulling her tail.
4	A client needs a rogue to steal some belongings back for them. Clio pops her head out of the bag and offers her services along with the party's without thinking.
5	She refuses to discuss it, but Clio grows close to one of the party members and begins to sleep curled up next to them.
6	Clio mistrusts a traveling hedge wizard and sabotages some of their spellcasting equipment.
7	An old contact of Clio's spots her with the party and isn't happy about that time she double-crossed them.
8	Clio alerts the party to a secret passage with some valuable historical artifacts inside.
9	An old enemy of Clio's crosses paths with the party. They try to get the party to capture the tressym for a great reward.
10	The party have heard of a young wizard looking for a cat that sounds like like Clio. Could this be her old master the party has heard about?



## CLIO

**CHALLENGE 1/2 (100 XP)**

**Tiny beast (tressym), chaotic neutral**

**Armor Class** 13

**Hit Points** 10 (4d4)

**Speed** 40 ft., climb 30 ft., fly 40 ft.

**STR** 3 (-4)      **DEX** 16 (+3)      **CON** 10 (+0)

**INT** 11 (+0)      **WIS** 14 (+2)      **CHA** 13 (+2)

**Skills** Perception +6, Stealth +5, Acrobatics +5

**Damage Immunities** poison

**Condition Immunities** poisoned

**Senses** truesight 30 ft., passive Perception 16

**Languages:** Common

## ABILITIES

**Keen Smell.** Clio has advantage on Wisdom (Perception) checks that rely on smell.

**Poison Sense.** Clio can detect whether a substance is poisonous by taste, touch, or smell.

**Slippery Ally.** Clio can perform the Help action as a bonus action.

## ACTIONS

**Claws.** *Melee Weapon Attack:* +0 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 1 slashing damage.

**Poison Barbs (Recharge 6).** Clio lashes out at a creature within 5 ft. with the poisonous barbs hidden in her tail. The target must make a DC 13 Constitution saving throw or be poisoned for 1 minute.

# Dragiri

Once upon a time, Dragiri was a simple goat. An exceptionally large one, to be sure, but no more nor less intelligent than any of her herd. Dragiri was always different though: that's why, when a fearsome beast attacked the herd, Dragiri didn't flee but put her horns down and charged. Her bravery brought her to the attention of a halfling ranger and together they spent several years traveling the world facing great evils. And small evils. Generally, a range of evils that Dragiri could headbutt, trample, and kick.

They were good times. But adventurers don't always have long careers and there was nothing Dragiri could do to save her beloved halfling companion from the breath of a red dragon.

It was only after her companion's death that Dragiri really learned to think for herself. It was the first time she had to. Whether it was purely her own determination to carry on the adventurer's legacy, or whether there was some magic in the bond between halfling and goat that awakened her, no-one will ever know... but now Dragiri is an independent *thinking* goat, and she's out for revenge.

Sometimes she wishes she could go back to those simpler times, when the biggest problem she faced was how to make sure she was first at the feed bucket, but that will have to wait.

## GOALS

Dragiri has one goal: she's going to find the red dragon who killed "her" halfling, and she's going to make it pay.

She realizes she's no match for it yet, so in the short term her goal is simply to become better—stronger, tougher, and smarter. She'll fight smaller enemies, and work her way up. And if she can help some people on the way—especially common folk—it's what her halfling would have wanted.

One day she'll be ready. Maybe by then she'll have found the great wyrm...

## ROLEPLAYING DRAGIRI

Dragiri is a true hero. She has a keen sense of right and wrong and doesn't shy away from acting on it. She's very much a hero of the common folk: from her former companion, she's inherited a tendency to believe that the more money and power someone has, the less trustworthy they are. Protecting farmers from wild beasts is more her style than rescuing wealthy and elegant damsels. Similarly, she takes to people who look like they've done an honest day's work, someone with a weapon on their belt and dirt under their fingernails.

Just because she likes and respects someone doesn't mean she'll listen to them. She's stubborn as... well, as a goat. That also means she's brave to the point of being reckless. She'll throw herself between a friend and certain death without a second thought.

Dragiri is blunt and to the point. When she speaks there's no time for niceties or minding people's feelings. Her talents lie in areas other than politeness... like always finding the nearest source of food and showing up right when her friends need her.

Roll 1d10	Interesting Interactions
1	When the party is about to engage in combat, Dragiri sweeps the slowest party member onto her back to charge into the fray.
2	Dragiri gets caught up telling the stories of her past exploits (like that time she tripped a cloud giant down a mountain, and especially that time she fought a dragon...).
3	If someone is exceptionally rude to the party, in a flash of anger and spite, Dragiri will headbutt them, sending them flying. In her defense, she says she deemed them weak and petty.
4	When the party is preoccupied, Dragiri will attempt to steal random items from the party members' backpacks mistaking it for food.
5	Having heard of her great deeds, a group of foresters seek out Dragiri and her companions, asking that they help protect their remote outpost from unusually vicious wildlife.
6	The party encounters a farming township that recently suffered a great fire destroying their farmland. While investigating, Dragiri and the party discover a colony of salamander efts disturbing the local ecology.
7	Dragiri must prepare for her destined fight with the red dragon who killed her companion. She asks that the party help develop her training regime and set her difficult challenges to get her ready.
8	Dragiri gets the party in trouble with some locals when she overturns the garden of a noble lord to satiate her constant hunger. How does the party diffuse the situation?
9	Dragiri boasts she could win a wrestle with the strongest party member.
10	Dragiri has pieced together the evidence where Emberthrax the Ravenous keeps her hoard. Dragiri asks that the party accompany her in her noble deed to destroy the red dragon. When they arrive, they will find Emberthrax recently became a mother to twin wyrmlings.



## DRAGIRI

CHALLENGE 2 (450 XP)

**Large beast (goat), chaotic good**

**Armor Class** 12 (studded leather barding)

**Hit Points** 39 (6d10 + 6)

**Speed** 40 ft.

**STR** 17 (+3)      **DEX** 11 (+0)      **CON** 12 (+1)

**INT** 9 (-1)      **WIS** 12 (+1)      **CHA** 6 (-2)

**Saving Throws** Strength +5, Dexterity +3

**Skills** Athletics +6, Survival +3

**Condition Immunities** prone

**Senses** passive Perception 11

**Languages** Common, Draconic, Halfling

### ABILITIES

**Charge.** If the goat moves at least 20 ft. straight toward a target and then hits it with a ram attack on the same turn, the target takes an extra 5 (2d4) bludgeoning damage. If the target is a creature, it must succeed on a DC 13 Strength saving throw or be knocked prone.

**Favored Enemy (dragon).** Dragiri has advantage on Survival checks to track her favored enemies, as well as on Intelligence checks to recall information about them.

**Giant Killer.** When a Large or larger creature that Dragiri can see within 5 ft. of her hits or misses her with an attack, she can use her reaction to attack that creature immediately after its attack.

### ACTIONS

**Ram.** *Melee Weapon Attack:* +5 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 8 (2d4+3) bludgeoning damage.

# Francine

One day Francine was hunting rats, the next day she was stealing from them.

A rodent with a dashing notch in his ear gave her the tip in exchange for his life. He was a sweet-talker. She was a feline meant for finer things, he said. And he knew how she could ingratiate herself to a noble who would give her the choicest fish for dinner if she let the rat live.

The rats heard things in the dark recesses under the city. A noblewoman, Lady Varice Evergold, envied the signet ring of her twin that granted her rich suitors and prestigious invitations. That ring should be hers, the rat recalled the lady shouting.

Francine was quick and smart. A grateful noblewoman was a much finer catch than a rat for dinner, wouldn't she agree?

He may have talked sweet, but Francine was no fool. The rat led her to the lady's mansion, where—from the smallest of peepholes on the roof—Francine could spy. Within a week, the unlucky twin had fled to her summer home ranting about ghosts in her mansion, her treasured ring mysteriously whisked away by spirits.

Lady Varice was oddly unfazed by the sudden appearance of a silky-white cat with the priceless signet ring on her doorstep. In fact, she almost seemed to expect it.

"Found some treasure, have you, little lady?" she purred. "Good. Because there might be more where that came from if you play your cards right." That night, Francine feasted on fresh tuna and learned of many nobles in the city who would pay a high price for a discreet little thief to do their dirty work...

## GOALS

Lady Varice connects Francine to her customers, but Francine has taken to the work like a fish to water. Lady Varice is a capable agent of sorts, but Francine knows her lady does not disclose the identity of her hired thief to their clients... a practice she would like to see amended in the future. Francine desires to build her own network of underground buyers and clients, but she remains a faceless skilled hand under the patronage of Varice. Francine intends to strike out on her own the moment she's saved enough gold to start her business, despite the enemy it would make of Lady Varice.

## ROLEPLAYING FRANCINE

Francine started thievery to get her paws on the finer things in life, and little has changed since. She relishes a difficult heist and finds her mind growing with each successful theft. Her services always come with a price or a cut of any reward; she's not running a charity, after all. Although she acts cool and confident, she's keenly aware that Lady Varice would not approve of her negotiating her own contracts. This, along with her amateur understanding of business, makes her wary of contacting more public figures, so she lowers herself to striking deals with adventurers passing through the city who need an extra hand. These jobs are for experience and gold, not fellowship, so Francine maintains a professional manner when joining a party. She's interested in jobs with unique circumstances or worthwhile rewards and accepts payment only in gold. Francine makes an excellent guide for sneaking and subterfuge, having learned the layout of the city's noble houses well. Francine avoids combat as much as possible, melting into the shadows when a fight breaks out.

Roll 1d10	Interesting Interactions
1	Varice signs Francine up for a contract that she knows she can't fulfill alone and is seeking the help of adventurers.
2	Francine has been hired to investigate into a nobleman's son cut from his family's will and accused of selling their most treasured heirloom.
3	Francine can tell the party where anyone of importance is located in the city a great deal of gossip about them.
4	The party meets Lady Varice and must hide their connection to Francine.
5	Francine thinks a rat has been following her when she leaves Varice's mansion.
6	Francine becomes agitated with danger nearby, just as a group of thugs look to accost the party.
7	A guild thief approaches Francine and the party, expressing interest in recruiting them to their guild.
8	Francine has acquired a ruby gemstone with a minor illusionary spell she can use to help herself and the party sneak into an important location.
9	A city cat approaches Francine to give her urgent news of mounting tensions with some of the city's awakened cat population.
10	A butcher who used to feed Francine scraps when she was a newly-abandoned kitten has been seeking her out. Somehow he knows her work, and he has a job for her.



## FRANCINE

CHALLENGE 3 (700 XP)

Small beast (cat), chaotic neutral

Armor Class 14

Hit Points 31 (7d8)

Speed 30 ft.

STR 10 (+0)	DEX 18 (+4)	CON 10 (+0)
INT 14 (+2)	WIS 10 (+0)	CHA 14 (+2)

**Saving Throws** Dexterity +6, Intelligence +4

**Skills** Acrobatics +6, Athletics +6, Deception +4, Persuasion +4, Stealth +6

**Senses** darkvision 30 ft., passive Perception 10

**Languages** Common

### ABILITIES

**Cunning Action.** Francine can use the Dash, Disengage, or Hide actions as a bonus action.

**Lands on Feet.** When taking fall damage, Francine reduces the damage dice to d4s instead of d6s.

**Scent.** Francine has advantage on Wisdom (Perception) checks that rely on smell.

**Sneak Attack.** Once per turn, Francine deals an extra 7 (2d6) damage when she hits a target with a weapon attack and has advantage on the attack roll, or when the target is within 5 feet of an ally of Francine's that isn't incapacitated and Francine doesn't have disadvantage on the attack roll.

### ACTIONS

**Bite.** *Melee Weapon Attack:* +2 to hit, reach 5 feet, one target. *Hit:* 6 (1d4+4) piercing damage.

**Claws.** *Melee Weapon Attack:* +6 to hit, reach 5 feet, one target. *Hit:* 6 (1d4+4) slashing damage.

**Multiattack.** Francine makes two attacks.



# Giselle

Giselle was the faithful steed of a paladin, a servant of Helm, who was blessed so that she and her master may make a better team. Giselle came to consciousness with a lofty opinion of herself, a firm sense of purpose, and the paladin-like abilities shared with her master. She named herself Giselle, knowing that the name meant to owe a pledge; outwardly, she was pledging herself to the service of Helm in return for her blessing. In truth, however, her heart belonged to her master more than her god.

Her paladin left Giselle behind many years ago, under mysterious circumstances. Apparently, they left to pursue evil in the Lower Planes, but Giselle refuses to believe they could desert her without saying farewell. While she's without the guidance of her master, Giselle is determined to carry out their work as best she can.

## GOALS

She will not admit it to others (outwardly, she carries on as normal), but Giselle is still searching for the master who left her behind all those years ago. She takes many tours down the western coast, spreading the message of Helm and vanquishing evil, but part of her mind is preoccupied, looking for signs of her master in every place she goes. Giselle feels that if she can find her master, she can rescue them from whatever has kept them away from her for so long. (Whether she's right or not is another thing.)

## ROLEPLAYING GISELLE

Giselle has a remarkably high opinion of herself. In her mind, she's an all-powerful, a paladin almost equal to the master that left her, and she tends to make rash decisions because of her overconfidence. She has a penchant for being self-righteous and holier than thou, which can make her come off as obnoxious.

Giselle, while extroverted and loud around others, has been slightly burnt by past experiences and does not put her trust in new people quickly. She views herself as something of a lone wolf, but her heart can be won, and once earned, her loyalty is unwavering.

Giselle is still a horse, and she retains a lot of the traits she was born with: sleeping standing up, shying at loud noises, and stomping on unwary feet by accident. But her heart is that of a steadfast warrior and her instincts for flight often betray that will. She's also always been head-shy and will throw her head up by instinct when her ears are touched (including when she's being tacked up with bridle or halter).

Roll 1d10	Interesting Interactions
1	The party comes across Giselle in a battle against tattered-robed cultists. If they aid her to defeat the cultists, Giselle further aid to track down the cult leader, who fled to a hollow in a nearby forest.
2	Giselle witnesses a highly-influential noble treating their servants poorly, and she calls them out on it, leaving the party in an awkward position.
3	Giselle insists on healing an injured commoner found at the side of the road. The commoner reports they were accosted by bandits newly arrived to the area. The bandits in the area who seemed to argue whether to kill the commoner or not.
4	Giselle reveals to the party that the cult is dedicated to a demon of the Lower Planes who she believes is connected to her master's disappearance. Giselle has found evidence that a demonic lieutenant has recruited more cultists from the nearby town and taken them to its lair in a ruined fort.
5	The party and Giselle have heard of the death of a local farmer, whose animals are in danger from the current drought. Giselle wishes to liberate the horse-kind from the farmer's stables and bring them to safety.
6	Giselle has heard of the Festival of Helm taking place in the town just up the road. She insists the party accompany her there, where both Giselle and the party will lead the commoners in prayer with Helm.
7	Giselle is seized by a vision sent from Helm telling her of the location of an artifact of power that will aid in the coming demonic incursion.
8	The party and Giselle meet an old adventuring party of Giselle's master, a bard known as the Great Skald Rolf. Giselle insists they all listen to his songs of the adventuring party's deeds.
9	Returning from prayers at a shrine of Helm, Giselle is convinced by hooded miscreant that they know where her master is. In her naivety, Giselle accompanies them into a trap—where she will be sold to a nearby abattoir. The party receive warning of her fate and must rescue her.
10	A gateway to Tartarus has opened near to Giselle and the party, and the Ragged Horde threatens to step through. If the party helps Giselle to close the gate, she hears her master's cry for help on the other side.



## GISELLE

**CHALLENGE** 4 (1,100 XP)

**Large beast (horse), lawful good**

**Armor Class** 14

**Hit Points** 60 (8d10 + 16)

**Speed** 80 ft.

**STR** 15 (+3)    **DEX** 18 (+4)    **CON** 15 (+2)

**INT** 10 (+0)    **WIS** 8 (-1)    **CHA** 12 (+1)

**Skills** Persuasion +5, Religion +2, Acrobatics +6

**Condition Immunities** frightened, poisoned

**Senses** passive Perception 9

**Languages** Common, Celestial

### ABILITIES

**Brilliant Charge.** If Giselle moves more than 30 feet in a single turn and then hits with a hooves attack, the target takes an extra 7 (2d6) radiant damage.

**Divine Health.** Giselle's natural lifespan is greatly extended and she is immune to disease.

### ACTIONS

**Healing Touch.** Giselle has a pool of 3d6 healing dice. She may touch another creature, including herself, as an action and expend any amount of healing dice to heal a creature by that amount. She regains all of these healing dice after completing a long rest.

**Hooves.** *Melee Weapon Attack:* +6 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 15 (3d6+4) bludgeoning damage.

# Gizmo

Gizmo's mum keened at him: "What are you doing in the Gold Sands in broad daylight? Inviting a hawk to snatch you up for a midday snack? Where's that good sense of self-preservation I've tried to instill in you?"

"I dunno, mum! There's *something out there!*" Gizmo cried, staring out his family's burrow to what little he could see of the cloudless blue sky. "And I'm not gonna find what that something is in here!" Perhaps his mother thought her pup would grow out of his foolishness, or perhaps she simply washed her paws of it. But the next day Gizmo found himself skittering far from the dunes around which he usually foraged, with no intent of turning back.

That *something out there* was calling him, and he would find its source. Days he ran without water or food, as was the hardiness of his kind, only resting beneath the shelter of a rocky outcropping when the sun-heat turned deadly. Until finally, he found *her*.

A halfling, tiny even by her own people's standard, with blonde hair tangled with brambles and pale blue eyes. She was curled amongst the fallen fruit of a date palm as if fallen from the tree herself. A wooden ocarina that emitted a lilting tune was held to her lips. She looked up at Gizmo's approach and smiled.

"Welcome, courier!" the halfling crooned. "I've an adventure for you, if you're of a mind." Gizmo saw other hamsters scattered around the oasis. They sported jaunty hats and garments with all sorts of pockets and knick-knacks.

"Adventure?" he repeated in his hamster squeaks and was shocked when the girl nodded. She held her hands out in welcome to the newly awakened friend.

## GOALS

Gizmo has learned of secrets the tall sand-walkers call "treasure." One desert lizardfolk shaman spoke of a religious relic of his people that was left behind at a temple when a rival clan attacked them. When Gizmo asked if he might be of service to reclaim it, the shaman scoffed, "*Skitter on with your duties, sand-burrower, and leave such quests to us.*" The lizardfolk's sentiment was echoed by others with comparable stories whom Gizmo approached with his services. Surely *someone* must have a "quest," as the sand-walkers called them, that could use a small hamster with quick feet and quick thinking. Perhaps someday, he can see treasure for himself.

## ROLEPLAYING GIZMO

Gizmo, like the other awakened Robo dwarf hamsters, is proudly employed as a courier between nomadic desert tribes. He knows the desert well and has a knack for locating people and places. He avoids fighting where at all possible but is armed with sharp incisors and small vials of potent poisons just in case. He is unused to withholding his opinion and is a lively conversationalist due to how quickly his mind flits from idea to idea. He's attracted to new people out of simple curiosity, for he has discovered that new things are often *interesting* things, and thus will almost never say "no" to even the craziest idea. Some might call his forthrightness foolish, others call it brave, but none can deny its charm. Gizmo wears his heart on his sleeve—he doesn't have a deceptive bone in his body. He's happy to work with those who accept him but will be on his way if they don't. His people live short lives, and he wants to get the most out of every adventure.

Roll 1d10	Interesting Interactions
1	Gizmo has been given an important mission to courier a message between the lizardfolk clan leaders—a call to arms against a new threat. He will have to travel through the most dangerous areas of the desert, and needs help.
2	Gizmo just can't stay still and will annoy party members until they give him something "important" to do.
3	One of the party has been poisoned in an attack, and they fall into a debilitating sickness. Gizmo knows the origin of the poison, and which remote oasis has a plant that can act as an antidote.
4	Gizmo wishes to acquire the religious relic of the tall sand-walkers at the ancient temple. The desert lizardfolk are unaware of his "well-meaning" intentions and this may put them and the party at odds.
5	A hawk has decided that Gizmo will be his next meal and stalks the party. Unbeknownst to them both, this hawk is also awakened, and given sapience by the very same halfling that did so for Gizmo.
6	Gizmo receives a message that the halfling minstrel who awakened him is in trouble.
7	A pack of jackalweres has seemingly come out of nowhere, claiming territory and leaving bodies in their wake. Gizmo wants to investigate to find out who is behind the attacks across the desert.
8	In a particularly tense situation, where any wrong move could mean further danger. Of course, Gizmo's impatience will make a fool of him and the party, but Gizmo will do anything to protect them from his mistake.
9	Gizmo knows of a mysterious hermit living at a place within the desert edged against a massive canyon, where the party may gain useful information.
10	A lamia has gathered the lizardfolk leaders to give them her terms of their surrender. Can Gizmo and the party inspire them to not give in to the demands?



## GIZMO

**CHALLENGE 2 (450 XP)**

**Tiny beast (hamster), lawful good**

**Armor Class** 14 (leather armor)

**Hit Points** 25 (10d4)

**Speed** 20 ft., burrow 15 ft.

**STR** 12 (+1)      **DEX** 17 (+3)      **CON** 10 (+0)

**INT** 12 (+1)      **WIS** 14 (+2)      **CHA** 13 (+1)

**Saving Throws** Dexterity +5, Strength +3

**Skills** Insight +4, Investigation +3, Nature +3,  
Perception +4, Stealth +5, Survival +4

**Senses** darkvision 30 ft., passive Perception 14

**Languages** Common

### ABILITIES

**Ferocity.** As a bonus action, Gizmo can enter a ferocious form that lasts for one minute. While in ferocious form, Gizmo gains advantage on attacks made with his natural weapons. If he reduces a creature to 0 hit points or less with an attack, he can use his bonus action to make another natural weapon attack.

**Keen Hearing and Sight.** Gizmo has advantage on Wisdom (Perception) checks that rely on hearing or sight.

**Little Ranger.** Gizmo has advantage on all attacks rolls made against constructs and on all saving throws while in desert terrain.

### ACTIONS

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

**Claws.** *Melee Weapon Attack:* +3 to hit, reach 5 feet, one target. *Hit:* 5 (1d4+3) slashing damage.

**Potent Poison (2/Short Rest).** Gizmo throws a vial of poison at a creature within 30 feet. The target must make a DC 13 Constitution saving throw, taking 7 (2d6) poison damage and becoming poisoned for 5 minutes on a failed save.

**Multiattack.** Gizmo makes three attacks.

# Hermione

Hermione's fate was sealed—she was a cow destined for slaughter and there was nothing she could do to escape. As she and her sister were led towards the barn from which no cow ever returned, something broke inside the brave bovine. She struggled against her restraints and freed herself, her sister quickly following suit.

The two cows ran into the forest and kept running until their legs were sore and hooves chipped. In exhaustion they fell asleep against one another, hoping they were safe enough. Hermione woke to the sounds of humans stomping through the forest and quickly woke her sister; the two cows made a run for it once again. All seemed lost, but at the last moment inspiration came to Hermione and a song flowed from her lips. It calmed the humans chasing them and the two sisters escaped.

The cows traveled the countryside and Hermione was quick to realize her sister did not awaken with her. While her sister was still the warm, loving cow Hermione always knew she had no-one to talk to. Her songs soothed her sister but were nary understood. So Hermione found an enclave of kind elves who appreciated the cows' independent spirits and were happy to watch over Hermione's sister.

With tearful eyes, Hermione left to find her fate, hoping one day to discover a spell to awaken her too, so Hermione might learn her name and the two could adventure together.

## GOALS

Hermione's biggest goal is to find someone who knows a spell to awaken her sister so the two can travel with one another. She sometimes muses on traveling back

to the farm from which she broke free and leading a glorious revolution against the slaughterhouse—but that's mostly a dream rather than a goal.

Hermione is also driven to learn new songs no matter where she travels, and she will always help free others from oppression. Cruelty, greed, and most of all a loss of liberty are three things she cannot abide by and works actively to dismantle. She's unlikely to travel with anyone who supports those ideas and seems incapable of change.

## ROLEPLAYING HERMIONE

Hermione is a bright and bold cow. She isn't afraid to stand up for what she believes in and is a firm advocate of everyone speaking their mind. She dislikes people who obfuscate meaning for personal gain and will be straightforward in her disdain.

The cow can hold her tongue when she knows it will help her or her friends toward a larger goal and will often step in to calm a situation if no-one else does. She uses her soothing songs to cool tempers and bolster her allies. Hermione believes there's a right song for every situation be it jubilant or sorrowful.

Despite the nature of her awakening, Hermione trusts in the good of all creatures and knows that even the darkest of hearts can change course. She believes the real art of turning someone from a dark path is care and understanding. She won't allow injustices to occur before her and she's the first one to lend a helping hoof when someone asks for assistance.

Roll 1d10	Interesting Interactions
1	Hermione has heard tales of the adventures of the party. She's decided to chronicle the party closely and so she tracks them down, asking to join them for a while.
2	After passing through a town, Hermione has attracted a fan who will follow and fight for her. The fan is an orphan whose parents were killed in a hill giant attack in the area, and all Hadras is looking for is a little hope.
3	Hermione sings battlesongs to inspire the party members in combat. In the midst of the fight, the party recognizes the songs being all about their recent deeds.
4	Hermione plays a practical joke on the party using her illusionary magic. The party hear thunderous crashing and see a beast of legend... the tarasque... a particularly bovine-looking tarasque.
5	Hermione sings battlesongs to inspire the party members in combat. In the midst of the fight, the party recognizes the songs being all about many of their recent deeds.
6	Passing through the city markets, Hermione frees some of the farm animals in cages.
7	In the next town the party enters, a local bard will be singing a song about Hermione's great deeds—deeds around freedom and liberation, making her a celebrity in the town.
8	Hermione remembers a song that can help the party with their current mystery.
9	Hermione invites the party to rest and rejuvenate at the enclaves of elves where her sister is being looked after.
10	Hermione has gotten wind of a hill giant steading in the nearby highlands where the giants are known for their hunger of cattle.



## HERMIONE

CHALLENGE 1 (200 XP)

Large beast (cow), neutral

Armor Class 13 (thick skin)

Hit Points 27 (3d8 + 6)

Speed 40 ft.

STR 12 (+1)    DEX 13 (+1)    CON 15 (+2)

INT 14 (+2)    WIS 12 (+1)    CHA 18 (+3)

Skills Arcana +4, Perception +3, Performance +6

Languages Common

### ABILITIES

**Kind Words.** Hermione's vicious mockery is instead kind compliments. It can only incapacitate a foe, and she uses it to talk enemies down from violence.

**Spellcasting.** Hermione is a 3rd-level spellcaster. Her spellcasting ability is Charisma (spell save DC 14, +6 to hit with spell attacks). She has the following spells prepared:

**Cantrips (at-will)** *mage hand, mending, vicious mockery*

**1st Level (4 slots)** *disguise self, healing word, heroism*

**2nd Level (2 slots)** *calm emotions, invisibility*

### ACTIONS

**Slam.** *Melee Weapon Attack:* +3 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 4 (1d6+1) bludgeoning damage.

### REACTIONS

**Encouragement.** When a friendly creature within 60 ft. of Hermione fails an ability check, attack roll, or saving throw, they can reroll the check. The creature must be able to hear Hermione to gain this benefit.

# Hood

*“Don’t eat the trash from behind the wizard school. That’s what Gramma Whiskers always used to say. But it was heckin’ fancy trash. I ate it. Now I hear colors and I speak seven languages. What do you wanna know? Don’t touch my wand or I’ll eat your face.”*

There are vermin everywhere in a large city. The particular college of the arcane in this city has a variety of trash-thieves: rats, raccoons, possums, and stranger things. Most of them are wise enough to stick to stealing kitchen scraps; some are not... and thus Hood the possum awakened.

He’s not sure what it was he ate. There were several things he now recognizes as potions, but he’s nibbled on any number of strange and possibly powerful substances over the years. Maybe it’s a cumulative effect?

Hood has been awakened for a couple of years now, and in that time, he’s built up quite the collection of stolen items and even learned a few spells himself. He’s also had a long time to wonder whether his greater intelligence is going to come with a longer life... or if, like most of his kin, he will die soon. He’s not ready for that: there’s so much more to learn. To that effect, he’s starting to look for ways of extending his life...

## GOALS

Hood spends half his time stealing from the college and the rest keeping himself out of captivity.

He’s always seeking knowledge and magical power. Sneaking into the college and stealing from the wizards and apprentices is his favorite pastime but picking through trash is good too.

Lately, his attention has turned to spells that might extend his life, or even make him immortal; he’s worth more than the brief lifespan the gods have granted to the average possum.

Hood is a legend around the college: the talking possum who lives behind the bins. Students occasionally come up with far-fetched plans to catch him, and he doesn’t want to spend the rest of his life in some stinking cage or being experimented on.

## ROLEPLAYING HOOD

Hood is aggressive, mean, protective (of his hoard of magical trash), and mercenary. He’ll square up against anything and anyone, regardless of how much bigger or tougher it is than him. Although he talks a good fight, he’s a coward; if someone hurts him, he’ll back down immediately.

He thinks he’s funny and tells awful jokes (“Why did the cockatrice cross the road...”)—he’s never met another possum that could tell any jokes, so he’s pretty sure his are examples of the sharpest wit.

He’s always keen to talk, since the other vermin aren’t enjoyable conversation. Often that means shouting abuse at passersby and warning them off his trash.

Hood knows all about the magical college that he dwells behind. He knows how to get in and out without setting off alarms or triggering defenses. And he knows a thing or two about who comes and goes from the college. He might just let others know some of this—through bargains, bribes, or just plain flattery.

Roll 1d10	Interesting Interactions
1	Hood asks the party to help hide him from a sorority of arcane college students after he stole a magic hat. Things are made a bit more complicated when the hat awakens after its snooze and starts calling for help.
2	Hood picks a fight with one of the party’s animal companions, saying they were looking at him funny. The party needs to soothe Hood’s temper so he can help plan their next heist.
3	Hood chews on a random magical item in the party’s possession, damaging and causing a wild magic effect in the area. He promises to find a replacement item... but this may cause more trouble than it’s worth.
4	Hood gets a sudden whiff of a valuable magical item in the vicinity and tries to convince the party to go after it. In an unexpected part of the city, the party uncovers across an ancient vault of arcane traps and invisible stalker guardians.
5	Hood invites the party to trade some of their items for a few magic items in his hidden stash.
6	Hood is being tracked by an awakened owl as a tasty snack.
7	An esteemed professor from the arcane college wishes to hire the party for a spot of magical possum catching—he wishes to examine Hood closely.
8	Hood recruits characters to help rescue a relative from magical experimentation.
9	Hood tells the party about a secret way into the college that avoids alarms and defenses.
10	Hood has discovered the location of a magic gem that holds the secrets to lichdom that he needs the party’s help to acquire.



## HOOD

**CHALLENGE** 1/4 (50 XP)

**Tiny beast (possum), chaotic neutral**

**Armor Class** 13

**Hit Points** 7 (2d8 - 2)

**Speed** 30 ft., climb 20 ft.

**STR** 3 (-4)      **DEX** 16 (+3)      **CON** 8 (-1)

**INT** 16 (+3)      **WIS** 12 (+1)      **CHA** 3 (-4)

**Skills** Arcana +4, Perception +3, Stealth +5

**Senses** passive Perception 13

**Languages** Common

## ABILITIES

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

**Spellcasting.** Hood is a 1st-level spellcaster. His spellcasting ability is Intelligence (spell save DC 13, +5 to hit with spell attacks). He has the following wizard spells prepared:

**Cantrips (at-will)** *blade ward, infestation, mage hand*  
**1st level (2 slots)** *cause fear, detect magic, identify, shield*

## ACTIONS

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



# Luna/Sol

The iguana who would come to be known as Luna at night and Sol during the day once spent most of his time in a wizard's tower watching all manner of creatures being summoned. The iguana was one of the first—he was summoned, placed on a branch, and promptly forgotten about. This suited the iguana simply fine and he spent his days lapping up spilled potions and catching flies whizzing through a haze of spells.

Slowly the haze over the iguana's world lifted and he saw the world in a whole new light. He understood the spells his wizard was casting and wished to cast spells of his own. Rife with danger, the tower was no place for the iguana to start his magical practice, so he struck out on his own.

Free from the tower and with the warm sun on his face he proclaimed himself Sol—a budding wizard, master of the sun—ready to take on the world! The further he traveled, the darker it became, and with the darkness Sol's body changed from a bright red to a light blue. Sol realized he was not quite the same iguana between day and night, so he named himself Luna, master of the moon.

Since that moment Sol has focused on spells to heal and heal and Luna has focused on spells to cool and calm. The duality of his nature doesn't bother the iguana; in fact, he sees it as a boon—he's a mighty wizard able to live in two worlds of magic.

## GOALS

The iguana's goal is to become a high wizard so powerful that he has his own tower. His tower won't be as dark and terrible as his former master's though. Instead, it will be a bright place full of refracting-light crystals where the heavens are visible no matter where one goes in the tower. The tower will be a refuge, a haven for weary travelers, and a destination for other wizards seeking to learn from Sol or Luna. To that end, the young iguana tries to learn everything he can and embrace new challenges that would make him more powerful.

## ROLEPLAYING LUNA/SOL

Sol is a young exuberant iguana who often lets his excitement to learn lead him into trouble. He's the first one to grab an ancient artifact and try to learn its mysteries, to pull a mysterious cord in the middle of the room, and the first to ask "Why?" after receiving an unsatisfactory answer. Luna on the other hand is a calm, peaceful fellow. He spends his evenings pondering life's big questions and is often lost in his own thoughts. A person who didn't know him would call the iguana aloof, but his friends understand Luna's thoughts run deep and he can often get lost in them.

No matter which aspect is present—Sol or Luna—the iguana is often shy and has trouble standing up to bullies. He has a kindhearted nature, which is suited to helping people and bolstering moods through magic. Sometimes the iguana tends to get too philosophical, which can bother party members who don't always need to know how something works or why it works.

Roll 1d10	Interesting Interactions
1	When Luna/Sol left his master's tower, he took with him a powerful magical tincture. The wizard Cobalt has sent servants to retrieve this vital spell component, and the iguana needs the party's protection.
2	Sol has a case of indigestion after eating something that didn't agree with him. When he burps, Sol speaks a new language. When he hiccups, Sol gains the power of clairvoyance. Can the party use either of these traits to their benefit?
3	Sol has acquired a map to a deep cave system where he thinks he'll find a series of crystals that would be useful for his future wizard's tower. Sol needs help from the party getting into the location.
4	The party is soon to face a rather difficult challenge. Sol suggests that they could use an array of potions imbued with magical power. While some are obviously useful, the effects of others are just more wild and random.
5	The Arcane Eye has sent an assessor out to evaluate Sol and Luna for potential membership. The assessor sets the tests of the Arcane Trials for the iguana and companions.
6	Luna needs the party to guard him during a ritual to attune and empower luminous crystals he found.
7	Cast in a sudden eldritch hue, Luna is able to come up with just the right information the party needs for a quest.
8	Cobalt seeks to steal Luna's luminous crystals for their own purposes, and sets a distraction.
9	Luna has fallen sick with a moderate cold, though the sickness interacts with his physiology strangely. When he coughs, Luna glows with a dim light, and when he sniffles, the nearby lighting grows darker.
10	Luna/Sol must confront his former master Cobalt in the Tower in the Sky before he completes a terrible arcane ritual.



## LUNA/SOL

**CHALLENGE 2 (450 XP)**

**Tiny beast (iguana), neutral**

**Armor Class** 11

**Hit Points** 15 (3d6 + 3)

**Speed** 25 ft., Climb 15 ft.

<b>STR</b> 9 (-1)	<b>DEX</b> 12 (+1)	<b>CON</b> 13 (+1)
<b>INT</b> 18 (+4)	<b>WIS</b> 14 (+2)	<b>CHA</b> 10 (+0)

**Saving Throws** Intelligence +6, Wisdom +4

**Skills** Arcana +6, Insight +4, Investigation +6, Religion +6

**Damage Immunities** poison

**Condition Immunities** poisoned

**Senses** passive Perception 12

**Languages** Common

### ABILITIES

**Spellcasting.** Luna/Sol is a 3rd-level spellcaster. His spellcasting ability is Intelligence (spell save DC 14, +6 to hit with spell attacks). He has the following wizard spells prepared:

### Cantrips (at-will)

**Sol:** control flames, light, mage hand, prestidigitation

**Luna:** chill touch, frostbite, mage hand, ray of frost

### 1st level

**Sol:** burning hands, magic missile, tenser's floating disk, unseen servant

**Luna:** charm person, fog cloud, magic missile, unseen servant

### 2nd level

**Sol:** continual flame, enlarge/reduce, flaming sphere

**Luna:** darkness, enlarge/reduce, hold person

**Sudden Surge.** On his turn Luna/Sol can use the Dash action as a bonus action. This ability recharges after a short or long rest.

### ACTIONS

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

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

# Maeja

The best day in Maeja's life was the day her chicks were born. The worst was the day her chicks were taken from her by the fairy queen.

The fairy queen awakened Maeja, brought her forth from the ignorant bills of her instinct and raised her above all other animals of the fens, as one would a trophy. *"The fairest egret in the land, in my very own court,"* the queen giggled. *"Tis a great honor, and an even greater feather in my crown."*

The queen reassured Maeja her chicks were safe. More than that, they would grow strong and healthy and raise beautiful families of their own. *"There will be no finer egrets in the realm besides yourself, of course."* She smiled. *"At least so long as you remain the jewel of my court, my dear."*

So Maeja's wings were adorned with preserved violets, symbols of the queen's protection. A single amethyst drop hung from the gold band spun around her graceful neck to show the queen's favor, and to grant a modicum of her power. *"For a lady must be more than a pretty face, my love,"* the queen cooed. *"I've work for you as well, and for the sake of your chicks, you'd best see it done."*

Maeja roams the wetlands when she does not sit in court, dazzling the queen's visitors. She smells the fresh air and flies along the breeze, but her freedom is a facade of the queen's good graces, and her whims.

## GOALS

Maeja knows she must please her queen to keep her family safe. She is at the disposal of any requests from her mistress, which range from quests to acquire beautiful objects for the queen's court to hosting parleys with powerful beings on the queen's behalf.

Maeja ultimately desires to be free from the fairy queen's yoke, but knows her end goal is far off, if not impossible altogether. Though the queen has assured Maeja that her family is safe, she refuses to provide the egret with further information. If freedom proves impossible, even a glimpse of her children—who must be grown enough to have families of their own by now—would bring Maeja great happiness.

## ROLEPLAYING MAEJA

Maeja's concern is primarily her family. The fairy queen's pact does not disallow her from speaking of her circumstances, but Maeja is wary of strangers unless she's certain the shared knowledge will result in more good than harm. A rival fairy court having already attempted to kidnap her once has increased her wariness, but warm and matronly instincts are not far beneath her courtly mask. She has a soft heart for children and goes out of her way to help a distressed child, either for animal or two-legged.

Whether by nature or from her time in the trickster fairy courts, Maeja has a sharp instinct for the intentions of others and usually seeks the nonviolent path during encounters. Nonviolence doesn't discount deceit, and she has a few tricks up her wings for reaching favorable ends for herself and her companions—even if she employs such means with a gritted beak.

Roll 1d10	Interesting Interactions
1	The party saves Maeja from a parley-gone-awry encounter with a banshee who's taken residence in the wetlands.
2	A rival fey court is passing through the marsh. The duchess has a moonstone necklace the fairy queen desires. The rest could be the party's, if they want it. Maeja can facilitate any subsequent fallout.
3	Maeja knows all the properties of the marshland flora, including any particular spell components or reagents the party may be after.
4	The fairy queen has summoned Maeja—and, shockingly, her companions—to her court for a personal audience.
5	The queen's court can make various potions at a fraction of their usual cost if the party gathers the hard-sought after materials. Maeja knows the way.
6	The party meets a young fairy courtier. He says he has information on one of Maeja's sons. What's his price, and can he be trusted?
7	Maeja knows where the veil between the material plane and the feywild in the marshland is thin, should the party wish to enter.
8	Hunters have been trailing Maeja for several days after hearing rumors that properties from fey-touched animals fetch a high price on the black market.
9	If the party members have helped Maeja, she'll bestow on them some of her feathers that can be later used to call on her for a boon.
10	A passing caravan has heard a rumor about a child lost in the marsh. True or not, Maeja is determined to investigate it.



## MAEJA

**CHALLENGE 3 (700 XP)**

**Small beast (egret), neutral good**

**Armor Class 11**

**Hit Points 63 (14d6 + 14)**

**Speed 10 ft., fly 30 ft.**

<b>STR</b> 8 (-1)	<b>DEX</b> 13 (+1)	<b>CON</b> 12 (+1)
<b>INT</b> 14 (+2)	<b>WIS</b> 10 (+0)	<b>CHA</b> 18 (+4)

**Saving Throws** Wisdom +3, Charisma +7

**Skills** Animal Handling +2, Arcana +5, Nature +5, Perception +5, Survival +5

**Senses** passive Perception 15

**Languages** Common, Beast Speech (invocation)

### ABILITIES

**Internal Compass.** Maeja has an innate connection to the land, so she always knows where north is.

**Silent Flier.** While flying at half her full speed, Maeja has advantage on Dexterity (Stealth) checks.

**Spellcasting.** Maeja is a 5th-level spellcaster. Her spellcasting ability is Charisma (spell save DC 14, +6 to hit with spell attacks). She has the following warlock spells prepared:

**Cantrips (at-will)** *dancing lights, eldritch blast, minor illusion, spare the dying*

**1st-3rd Level (2 3rd-level slots)** *charm person, counterspell, enthrall, hypnotic pattern, ray of enfeeblement, unseen servant*

### ACTIONS

**Bite.** *Melee Weapon Attack:* +2 to hit, reach 5 feet, one target. *Hit:* 3 (1d4+1) piercing damage.

**Talons.** *Melee Weapon Attack:* +2 to hit, reach 5 feet, one target. *Hit:* 4 (1d6+1) slashing damage.

**Bewitching Whispers.** Maeja casts *compulsion*.

# Merle

Superstitious folk say that she's a devil in disguise, or some illusion created by an evil magician. But, if asked, Merle the raven steadfastly claims she cannot remember her origins, and that her visions of the future must be a blessing from the gods, or something else besides.

This is, in fact, a lie. Merle was snared by night hags as a hatchling, and once she'd grown to an adult, she was awoken as a side effect to a ritual that was about to take her life. Merle managed to escape, making use of every distraction she could as she hurtled around the night hags' lair, but she lost one of her eyes to a well-aimed spell.

Even though she escaped, she knows that the hags still hunt her.

## GOALS

Merle, despite her ominous appearance and reputation, is determined to spread good in the places she goes. She travels from village to village, offering portents of the future (that are usually gloomy, but accurate) in exchange for trinkets or food. Death and gloom seem to surround her, but she considers it her duty to help others, and willingly accepts her fate.

She also keeps moving to shake off the night hags who awoke her, but they are dangerous foes. They not only hunt her for revenge but lust after her foresight and magical potential.

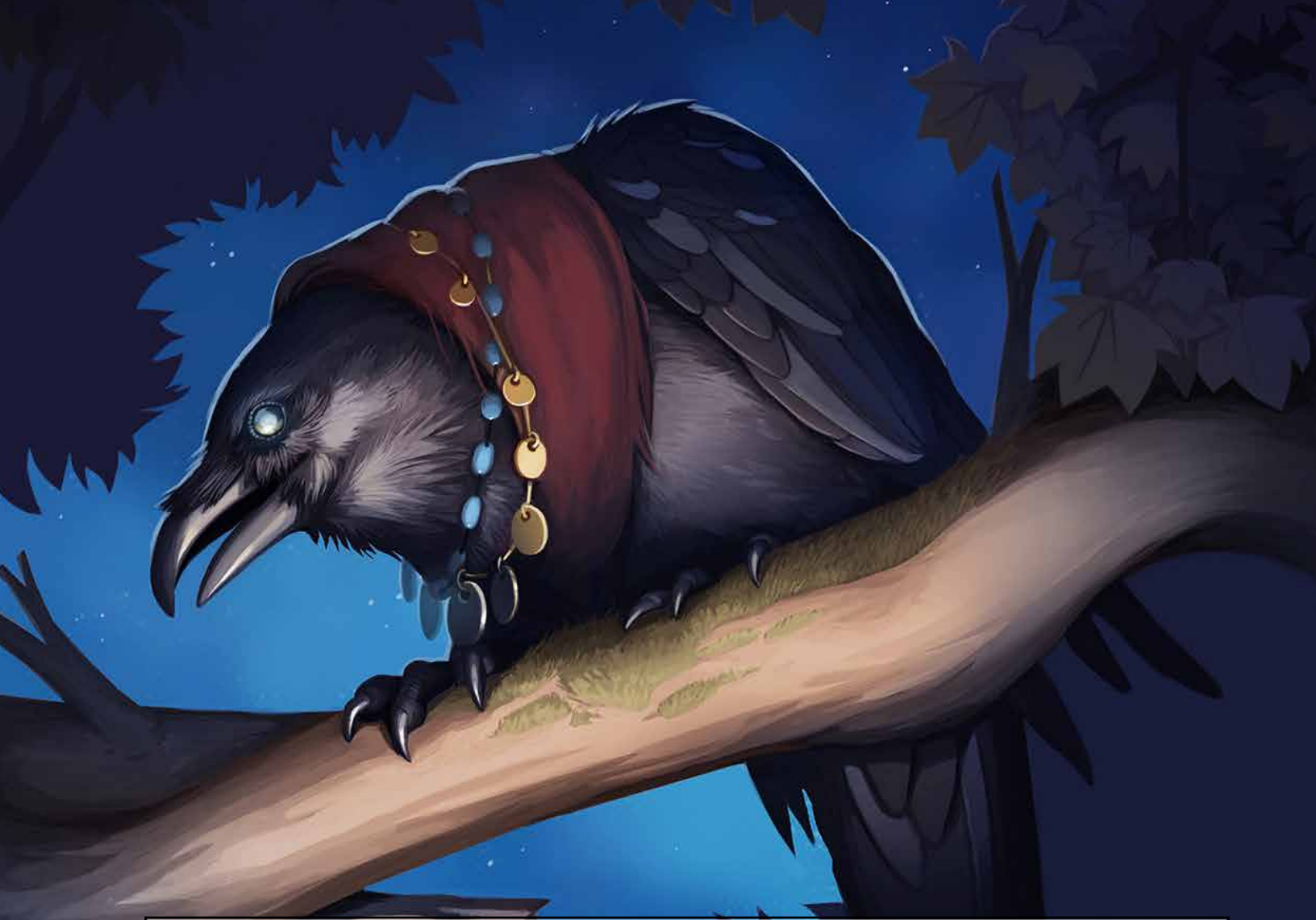
## ROLEPLAYING MERLE

Merle is a deeply gloomy character. She says little, and often plays the part of a dumb animal to be a smaller target, but she pays sharp attention to everything around her. Her visions are full of superstition and bad omen, but they usually come true.

Merle is blind in one eye, and sometimes feigns a limp that she does not actually have on the same side. Her feathers are shot through with grey, giving the impression of age, and her voice sounds both old and young; her voice has a gravelly croak to it, but the tone changes depending on what impression she's trying to give to others. Her honest self is a little blunter, with a dry and matter-of-fact sense of humor, but she puts on personas to others to get what she needs to survive.

She takes a keen interest in adventurers and will attempt to insert herself into most good-aligned parties, both so that she can help them, and for protection against the night hags.

Roll 1d10	Interesting Interactions
1	The party spot a strange-garbed one-eyed crow skulking in the trees near them too many times to be a coincidence. When they finally confront Merle, the crow speaks to them, asking to travel with them both for company and protection from the night hags who pursue him.
2	Merle has given good fortunes to many in town, and the commoners wish to help the party as thanks by throwing them a celebratory feast.
3	Merle has been deprived of visions for almost a week and flutters off in a gloomy mood. He hears of a group of rogues led by a local lord planning to accost the party and steal their valuables, and flies back just in time to warn his friends.
4	A goblin hunting party has tracked Merle down, and using cunning tactics and magic-enhanced weapons and tools provided by the night hags, they ambush the party.
5	Merle continues to give bad omens to the party for every action they're about to take for the day. In truth, Merle knows that he and the party are currently hidden from the scryings of the night hags, and that leaving their location will put him in their sights again.
6	Merle has led the party to a location where they encounter an old (mostly ineffective) nemesis in order to turn them away from their current path. Merle will reluctantly admit that in the vision he had, he thought the party members were friends with this character.
7	The party and Merle are wracked with nightmares sent by the night hags—they must find a way to escape from this restless enchanted sleep before an elven hunter and his hellhounds arrive at their camp.
8	Merle holds court with a murder of crows, taking them under his wing and the protection of the party for a couple of days—he had a vision that some local farmers intended to kill them all.
9	Merle has given a bad fortune to a passing commoner, and word is beginning to spread, turning the paupers against the party.
10	Merle receives a vision that a nearby hamlet is in danger of attack by twisted treants. The night hags have laid a trap, and the party and Merle may fall into the heart of it. Everything in the hamlet animates with a dark malice, and the night hags bide their time until all have weakened and they can claim Merle as their own.



## MERLE

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

**Tiny beast (raven), chaotic good**

**Armor Class** 12

**Hit Points** 2 (1d4)

**Speed** 10 ft., fly 50 ft.

<b>STR</b> 2 (-4)	<b>DEX</b> 14 (+3)	<b>CON</b> 10 (+0)
<b>INT</b> 14 (+2)	<b>WIS</b> 16 (+3)	<b>CHA</b> 13 (+2)

**Skills** Acrobatics +5, Deception +4, Perception +5, Stealth +5

**Damage Immunities** poison

**Senses** tremorsense 30 ft., truesight 10 ft., passive Perception 15

**Languages** Common, Abyssal

### ABILITIES

**Mimicry.** Merle can mimic simple sounds she has heard, such as a person whispering, a baby crying, or an animal chittering. A creature that hears the sound can tell they are imitations with a successful Wisdom (Insight) check opposed by Merle's Charisma (Deception).

**Adaptive Senses.** While she cannot see out of her blinded eye, Merle has developed uncannily accurate senses, and has tremorsense out to 30 ft. She also has advantage on Wisdom (Perception) checks to locate a creature that is invisible.

### ACTIONS

**Chaotic Weave.** The night hag ritual has imbued Merle with strange, ever-shifting magic, and as a result her connection to the Weave is scattered, and quite limited. She can cast the *guidance* cantrip once per day. Every day at dawn, roll a d6. Merle can then, until it changes the next dawn, cast the corresponding cantrip at will:

d6	Cantrip
1	<i>message</i>
2	<i>minor illusion</i>
3	<i>resistance</i>
4	<i>dancing lights</i>
5	<i>spare the dying</i>
6	<i>vicious mockery</i>

### REACTIONS

**Foresight.** The magic of the night hags has not only given her limited foresight, but they have connected Merle irrevocably to Planar magics. Perceiving an attack just before it occurs, she may, as a reaction, use this ability to disappear into the Ethereal Plane until her next turn. She reappears at the start of her next turn in the closest unoccupied space to the one she departed from.

# Monty

Acquired as an egg from some far-off location, Monty was part of a haul taken by the Feathered Serpents, one of the criminal gangs that prowl the docksides of a large port city. It didn't take long for the gang to realize that Monty was an unusual serpent— quite apart from the fact that he had wings. He was a few months old the first time he responded to a command with “No, that sounds silly.”

After that his position was upgraded from pet to lookout; he's much faster than any member of the gang, and... well, he flies. He's been responsible for many a narrow escape from the law and the gang are pleased to have him. He's most likely to be found loitering curled around a hitching post or other piece of street furniture, keeping a watchful eye out.

Unfortunately, as intelligent as he is, Monty is certain he's destined for better things than delivering warnings when the city watch are close by. The gang are generally unambitious, stealing cargo from warehouses, occasionally robbing some wealthy sea captain's home. Monty dreams of bigger things: riskier propositions and greater rewards. Monty knows every shipment that comes through his dock better than the harbor master, as well as a surfeit of minutia about each of the dockworkers and guards. He's tried repeatedly to sell the gang on his plans, but to no avail.

## GOALS

Monty strives to be taken seriously and accorded the respect he deserves; that the gang regard him as nothing more than a mascot and lookout is offensive. He's always on the alert for great, risky heists to prove that he's a leader and a genius. So far, none of these heists have come to fruition, but Monty is sure that a big enough scheme will eventually get the greedier, more daring gang members' attention.

He loathes the gang's current leader, seeing him as a brute and a thug, and not worthy of his counsel. He knows the gang isn't ready to accept Monty as leader, but he's working on causing tension within the gang, hoping there will be a power shift towards leadership who will finally listen to Monty's advice.

## ROLEPLAYING MONTY

As refined and sophisticated as he is, Monty is still a predator. He'll hunt small rodents or birds (pigeons are a favorite), often breaking out of a conversation to snatch some doomed creature from of the air. Eating well makes him sleepy, and there's a very real risk that he'll lose interest in his current scheme and sink into torpor for a day or two. On these occasions, Monty can generally be found sunning himself on a rooftop near the docks, lapping up sunshine and listening to the waves. He is not the most reliable ally.

Knowing that he's usually the smartest creature in a room, Monty doesn't bother to hide his superiority and condescension. He's quick to point out flaws in ideas or arguments, and to make a pointed reference to a person's intellectual inadequacy. He's also an expert in hindsight: he'll happily elaborate on precisely what some fool should have done differently after a plan has failed. It doesn't help that he's generally right.

The gang is used to this and finds him hilarious... which is why Monty detests them so. There's nothing Monty hates so much as being talked down to or made a fool of. He's keenly intelligent, excellent at forming plans and spotting risk, and therefore he takes perceived slights against him very personally (such as assumptions that he's merely a mascot).

Roll 1d10	Interesting Interactions
1	Monty tries to sell to the party some of the loot he acquired the previous night, knowing they could find it useful. Unfortunately, it belongs to a powerful person in town who is out for their missing treasure... and vengeance.
2	While out in town, rival gang members recognizes Monty and gives chase. Capturing Monty for the gang, or even the watch, could be worth a pretty penny, but is Monty's eternal gratitude worth more?
3	Monty “knows a guy” in the city watch, which could prove to be handy in a pinch. Just how much is the party willing to pay for this service?
4	Monty offers some great insight that would have been useful in a previous encounter.
5	Monty notices a person or group following the party. Are they after the party? Or are they after Monty?
6	Always having an ear to the street, Monty tips the party off to an exciting rumor (e.g. treasure, potential heist). In this case, it's something the party has been looking for or desperately needs.
7	Monty gets snooty about some perceived slight and must be talked down before the gang breaks out into a fight.
8	Monty gets a great idea, and starts to explain it to one of the party members, though in front of a guard or someone who really shouldn't be hearing the plan.
9	Monty provides an elaborate, plausible strategy for an upcoming encounter.
10	After taking a liking to the party, Monty offers to “hire” them for some grand scheme of his. It's only the teensiest bit deadly, but the payoff will be enormous.



## MONTY

CHALLENGE 1/8 (25 XP)

**Tiny beast (flying snake), neutral**

Armor Class 14

Hit Points 14 (4d4 + 4)

Speed 30 ft., fly 60 ft., swim 30 ft.

STR 4 (-3)	DEX 18 (+4)	CON 11 (+0)
INT 10 (+3)	WIS 16 (+3)	CHA 9 (-1)

Skills Perception +5, Stealth +6

Senses blindsight 10 ft., passive Perception 14

Languages Common

### ABILITIES

**Flyby.** Monty doesn't provoke opportunity attacks when he flies out of an enemy's reach.

### ACTIONS

**Bite.** *Melee Weapon Attack:* +6 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 1 piercing damage plus 7 (3d4) poison damage.



# Moppet

Moppet's intelligence is inherited. Like her mother, her grandmother, and exactly one pup in every litter back through ten or more generations, she is awakened. The bloodline is a gift from a powerful fey that took a liking to one of her human mistress' ancestors many years ago. Moppet is vaguely aware of this, but it's largely irrelevant to her; as far as she's concerned, she's a scion of a noble bloodline and worthy of ample respect because of that.

Her family have always been loyal servants to the noble De Witt family. They've served in many capacities from playmates to sentinels in their time, but Moppet is by far the smartest of her family; she's a spy. She sits quietly on the laps of guests while they talk amongst themselves, or dozes on a cushion in the window nook. Puttering around the family home, or at various parties and balls, she hears everything that's said... and she reports back. Gossip, plots, and secrets all make their way to Lady De Witt's ears.

Moppet works hard to make alliances. The more people who enjoy her company and welcome her, the more opportunities she has to sit and listen in. And the more people who will willingly protect her from enemies if the need arises.

## GOALS

Moppet truly is a loyal servant of her mistress. She aims to keep her ears and her wits sharp, and to be as well informed a spy as she can be. She also strives to keep her intelligence secret at all costs—though she will break “character” if she needs to, to warn one of her mistress' allies of some impending threat.

## ROLEPLAYING MOPPET

Moppet appears to be an adorable, fluffy creature with huge eyes and an affectionate nature. She spends half her life asleep and the other half cuddling on laps. In fact, she has a mind like a steel trap. She'll watch unobtrusively or act the adorable idiot until people forget about her... all the while gathering gossip and intelligence for her mistress, the courtier Sabrina De Witt.

Moppet is endlessly curious and will investigate any situation that looks either interesting or important.

She's a noticeably quiet dog, rarely barking or drawing attention to herself, and genuinely extremely sweet natured... but not at all trusting. She'll be affectionate, but she's always ready to flee if necessary. She's not a fighter: if confronted she'll play dumb or, if necessary, flee to safety—which usually means being around as many people as possible.

When and if she does speak, she is confident, articulate, and every inch the dignified and graceful lady.

In fairness, it's not all an act. She adores cuddles and tummy rubs, but never allows her dalliances with new friends to get in the way of her work. She has a weakness for large, musclebound men: she fits in the palm of their hands (almost) and they make her feel like a pup again.

Roll 1d10	Interesting Interactions
1	The party have been hired to help Lady De Witt against some noble houses who seek her downfall. The party overhear Sabrina De Witt receiving a report from someone in another room; upon closer inspection, it turns out to be Moppet, and so the party are let in on a little secret.
2	Moppet discreetly delivers a written message from Sabrina. She may be carrying it in her mouth, but is more likely to have it daintily tucked in her collar.
3	Moppet pointedly races through the room chasing a ball or some other toy, giving her allies a moment to take an action or two while their enemies are distracted.
4	Moppet curls up in a character's lap and appears to fall asleep there, though she's actually intently listening to their conversation.
5	Moppet growls at a party guest, identifying a plot against Lady De Witt by her mistress's nemesis!
6	Moppet bolts towards the characters, panicked and yapping: Sabrina's in danger!
7	Moppet speaks! She delivers a warning about some impending threat or ambush. If it's important enough for her to “break character,” her information is accurate and urgent.
8	Moppet is strangely unladylike, knocking over a drink or plate of food, and saving a character from an attempted poisoning.
9	Moppet yaps sharply to inform her allies that someone is telling a lie.
10	Lady De Witt has been kidnapped by her family's enemies and Moppet is desperate to get her back, offering all the valuables she has to the party for their help.



## MOPPET

CHALLENGE 1/8 (25 XP)

**Tiny beast (dog), neutral good**

**Armor Class** 13

**Hit Points** 7 (3d4)

**Speed** 40 ft.

**STR** 3 (-4)    **DEX** 15 (+2)    **CON** 10 (+0)

**INT** 14 (+2)    **WIS** 18 (+4)    **CHA** 18 (+4)

**Skills** Deception +6, Insight +6, Investigation +4, Persuasion +6

**Senses** passive Perception 14

**Languages** Common, Sylvan

### ABILITIES

**Keen Smell.** Moppet has advantage on Wisdom (Perception) checks that rely on smell.

**Adorable.** Moppet has advantage on Charisma (Persuasion) checks to make friends and Charisma (Deception) checks to appear harmless

**Heirloom Collar.** Moppet wears a purple collar, set with a tiny pearl, that has been in the De Witt family as long as awakened lapdogs have. It grants her +1 to AC and allows her to cast *misty step* once per long rest.

### ACTIONS

**Bite.** *Melee Weapon Attack:* +4 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 1 piercing damage.

# Ol-grodan

It came much to Ol-grodan's surprise when he awoke that he was not an all-powerful creature, but merely one of thousands who fell off the back of an ancient creature. It came as even more of a shock when his innumerable brothers and sisters all began fighting for supremacy. Ol-grodan had no need to fight, he was the obvious superior, so he left the foray before any of his lesser brethren could try to prove themselves by destroying him.

Breaking from the water and swimming to shore, Ol-grodan realized something utterly offensive; he could not breathe on land—the world of lesser-folk did not recognize his superiority. Laying upon the sands of the beach bemoaning his fate, the octopus heard a voice in his head, a voice so illustrious and majestic that it could only be the voice of his creator. The voice agreed to give Ol-grodan the ability to use his powers on land in exchange for a few small services. Understanding he was speaking to an intellect as superior as his own (and perhaps realizing he had only moments left to live on the shore), the octopus agreed.

Thus began the octopus' time adventuring on shore. Luckily for the air-breathers, Ol-grodan likes it above the waves and is happy to share his infinite wisdom with others. For those who live in air, not water, life is hard, brutal and plagued by idiots. Ol-grodan sees it as his mission to enlighten the uneducated masses.

## GOALS

While he won't readily admit it, Ol-grodan knows he isn't superior to the entity he made an agreement with so many years ago. Ol-grodan seeks to find a way to break his ties with the entity, but somehow still retain use of his powers. Once the octopus has broken free from the entity, he wants to take the entity's place and become an ultimately superior being to anything that has come before. Nothing will stop Ol-grodan from achieving his goal—with his amazing intellect—how could he fail?

## ROLEPLAYING OL-GRODAN

Ol-grodan is an insufferable know-it-all who always has a witty quip or two to add to any situation. The eternal pessimist, the only thing he believes in is his own capabilities and the ability of the cosmos to throw a wrench in any number of his carefully crafted plans. Because of his startling ego, Ol-grodan can often be baited into sharing information he'd otherwise want to keep private—either by bolstering his genius or questioning his abilities.

Being proven wrong in an embarrassing manner causes Ol-grodan to trip over his words and start to bumble. He questions his genius for a moment, but then quickly assures himself this was a momentary mishap with circumstances outside his control. He makes mistakes once, and is unlikely to repeat them.

Ol-grodan considers the people he chooses to travel with the absolute best of all the air-breathers. They have intellects that rival—but don't surpass—his own and that is the only reason he abides their company. The only time Ol-grodan's facade breaks is when someone he cares about is truly dejected, in which case he will attempt to comfort them in his own awkward way.

Roll 1d10	Interesting Interactions
1	Ol-grodan begrudgingly offers his services as a guide to the party arriving in a new area. In truth, Ol-grodan thinks they could help him against the entity he is subservient to.
2	Ol-grodan asks a riddle and rewards the person who solves it with a pearl or a favor.
3	Ol-grodan engages a party member in a debate—if they convince him of their point he sulks for the rest of the day.
4	Ol-grodan keeps falling out of his water bubble and needs to be placed back in. Oh, the indignity. It seems the longer the octopus travels with the party, the more his magic appears to be failing.
5	Ol-grodan summons an eldritch mark on a party member's back that gives them an extra set of arms for the day.
6	Ol-grodan breaks out into song—the song is a forgotten language from the deep depths of the ocean, confusing all who can hear it for a short while.
7	A holy agent of light appears and demands Ol-grodan come with them to be “purified.”
8	The ancient power in charge of Ol-grodan's fate speaks psychically to a party member, trying to gauge the octopus' loyalty.
9	The party and Ol-grodan encounter a group of cultists who worship the octopus as a “divine” agent of their true master.
10	Ol-grodan warns the party off from venturing too closely to a nearby island, knowing its waters are populated with his brethren protecting an artifact valuable to their master.



## OL-GRODAN

**CHALLENGE 4 (1,100 XP)**

**Small beast (octopus), neutral**

**Armor Class** 9

**Hit Points** 54 (12d6 + 12)

**Speed** 5 ft., swim 30 ft.

<b>STR</b> 10 (+0)	<b>DEX</b> 9 (-1)	<b>CON</b> 12 (+1)
<b>INT</b> 16 (+3)	<b>WIS</b> 13 (+1)	<b>CHA</b> 18 (+4)

**Saving Throws** Wisdom +3, Charisma +6

**Skills** Animal Handling +5, Arcana +6, Deception +7, Nature +6, Persuasion +7, Survival +5

**Senses** darkvision 30 ft., passive Perception 11

**Languages** Common, darkvision 30 ft., passive Perception 11, telepathy 30 ft.

### ABILITIES

**Hold Breath.** Ol-grodan can hold his breath for 15 minutes.

**Jet.** On Ol-grodan's turn he can use the Dash action as a bonus action. This recharges after a short or long rest.

**Spellcasting.** Ol-grodan is an 11th-level spellcaster. His spellcasting ability is Charisma (spell save DC 14, +6 to hit with spell attacks). He has the following warlock spells prepared:

**Cantrips (at-will)** *chill touch, eldritch blast, mage hand, shape water, word of radiance*

**1st–5th Level (3 5th-level slots)** *black tentacles, charm monster, enemies abound, hallucinatory terrain, major image, phantasmal force, suggestion, sleep*

**Water Breathing.** Ol-grodan can breathe only underwater.

### ACTIONS

**Beak.** *Melee Weapon Attack:* +3 to hit, reach 5 feet, one target. *Hit:* 6 (1d6+3) piercing damage.

**Tentacles.** *Melee Weapon Attack:* +3 to hit, reach 5 feet, one target. *Hit:* 5 (1d4+3) bludgeoning damage.

**Gaze of Two Minds.** Ol-grodan can use his action to touch a willing humanoid and perceive through its senses until the end of his next turn (with an action to maintain on following turns) as long as the creature is on the same plane of existence as him. He is blinded and deafened to his own surroundings during this.

### REACTIONS

**Entropic Ward.** Once per short rest, when a creature makes an attack roll against Ol-grodan, he can use his reaction to impose disadvantage on that roll. If the attack misses him, his next attack roll against the creature has advantage if he makes it before the end of his next turn.

# Rolf

Rolf spent his childhood in the Drunken Dryad, a tavern planted squarely between the finer tastes of high society and the casual working class. The Dryad drew patrons from every cut of cloth, including the colorful cloth of the traveling minstrels.

Rolf watched their performances with awe from the best seats in the house high in the rafters. Inspired, he built his own pan flute from wood scraps in the alley. Strings for a lute were swiped from the castoffs of another bard. Rolf first tried to mimic the bards' songs by watching their performers' fingers dance along their instruments, his ears twitching to comprehend their melodies. His family agreed that every day he sounded more like a real bard, but there was something missing from his sound.

He was careless, practicing his music in the Dryad alleyway early one morning when the streets were empty, except for one person, a human man with plaited blonde hair and bright blue eyes. "Play that again, little friend," he said. Rolf obliged, and the human gave a standing ovation. "I've heard of music soothing the savage beast, but this! A pint-sized piper!" He reached into his knapsack and presented Rolf with a shining set of new strings. "Perhaps someday I'll hear you on stage." With a wide smile and a swish of his cape, the man departed into the morning mist.

The strings hummed with magic, and when Rolf strung his lute, he felt a *change* come over him. *Power* emanated from his instruments, and his voice sang loud with foreign speech he suddenly comprehended.

He was a bard.

## GOALS

Rolf has adopted the title the young man gave him as a stage name, "The Pint-Sized Piper." But finding a stage to agree to host him is another story entirely. Even adorning himself with outfits resembling the other bards and offering a flowery introduction gets him barely more than a bemused blink from tavern-keepers before being chased out. Rolf *wants* to reach the masses through street performance but lacks connections aside from other rats. Anyone who takes Rolf into their party gains access to his skills and his network of rats throughout the city, but Rolf won't offer his services for free; he expects favors in return.

## ROLEPLAYING ROLF

Rolf might be a musician, but he's also a shrewd negotiator. His experiences with two-leggers, most of whom see him as a pest, dissuade him from relaxing when he performs. His demeanor is dignified and intelligent, particularly when introducing himself to make a good first impression. Though charming, he is rarely altruistic, and sees most of his interactions with two-leggers as business dealings. As he becomes more comfortable and sees his companions as friends more than acquaintances, Rolf shows more showman-like flourishes and wit, often embellishing his sentences with flowery gestures with his tail or feathered hat. Silences are filled with the sound of Rolf practicing one of his instruments or songs if he's not otherwise occupied. If engaged in combat, Rolf hides wherever possible and uses his bard powers from a distance. Fighting is generally not in his contracts, and even if it's selfish, he'd rather live another day to perform his music than die to some scoundrel.

Roll 1d10	Interesting Interactions
1	During their stay at the Drunken Dryad, the party is befriended by Rolf the Pint-Sized Piper who offers to be their guide during their stay.
2	Rolf asks party to help petition local taverns and other entertainment venues to take on the Pint-Sized Piper for their musical pleasure.
3	The manager of the Drunken Dryad has found Rolf's family. Rolf has already driven away a cat for them, but now the exterminators have arrived.
4	The party can use Rolf's rat contacts to learn the locations of businesses in the city, especially some of the shady ones.
5	A hooded and cloaked man corners the group and tells Rolf his recently opened tavern by the docks is looking for a bard to entertain guests.
6	Rolf is seeking inspiration for a new song but doesn't know where to start.
7	A prestigious bard is playing in a tavern in the upper city, but only people with invitations can attend. Rolf is determined to sneak in.
8	Minstrels throughout the country are trying to fill in the gaps about an epic poem about a mage tower to the south. Rolf sniffs an opportunity for him and the party.
9	The party wakes one day to find Rolf's instruments have been smashed on the ground!
10	Rolf is determined to play at the Autumn Melody Carnival the next day, but he suddenly gets stage fright. Can the party help him overcome his nerves?



## ROLF

**CHALLENGE 1 (200 XP)**

**Tiny beast (rat), neutral good**

**Armor Class** 12

**Hit Points** 15 (6d4)

**Speed** 20 ft., burrow 15 ft.

**STR** 8 (-1)      **DEX** 15 (+2)      **CON** 10 (+0)

**INT** 12 (+1)      **WIS** 13 (+1)      **CHA** 16 (+3)

**Saving Throws:** Dexterity +4, Charisma +5

**Skills:** Performance +5, Sleight of Hand +4,  
Deception +5, Perception +3

**Senses:** darkvision 60 ft., passive Perception 13

**Languages:** Common

### ABILITIES

**Bardic Inspiration (3/Long Rest).** As a bonus action, a creature within 60 ft. that can hear Rolf gains an inspiration die (1d6). For 10 minutes, the creature can add it to one ability check, attack roll, or saving throw. This can be added after seeing the roll, but before knowing the outcome.

**Canopy Cover.** Rolf can attempt to hide when he is obscured by a bush/canopy larger than himself.

**Ferocity.** Rolf can enter a rage-like state for 5 rounds. During this time, he triples his jump distance and deals 2 (1d4) bonus damage on all attacks.

**Song of Rest.** If Rolf or any friendly creatures who can hear his performance regain hit points at the end of the short rest by spending one or more Hit Dice, each of those creatures regains an extra 1d6 hit points.

**Spellcasting.** Rolf is a 3rd-level spellcaster. His spellcasting ability is Charisma (spell save DC 13, +5 to hit with spell attacks). He has the following bard spells prepared:

**Cantrips (at-will)** *fire bolt, mage hand, prestidigitation*

**1st Level (4 slots)** *charm person, hideous laughter, heroism, thunderwave*

**2nd Level (2 slots)** *enhance ability, zone of truth*

**Taunting Chord.** Rolf can use a bonus action on his turn to target one creature within 30 feet of him. If the target can hear him, they must succeed on a DC 13 Charisma saving throw or have disadvantage on ability checks, attack rolls, and saving throws until the start of Rolf's next turn.

### ACTIONS

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

**Claws.** *Melee Weapon Attack:* +1 to hit, reach 5 feet, one target. *Hit:* 3 (1d4+1) slashing damage

# Rya

Rya grew up near an ancient sunken ruin, long forgotten by everyone on the surface world, though Rya has observed merfolk still looking for treasure and adventure within the remains of the mysterious temple. When one of these unfortunate adventurers triggered a trap, a blast of magical energy struck Rya, imparting to her a new level of intelligence. Rya was curious about the ruin, which she determined was excised from a place where creatures walked on two legs. She began to explore to learn more about where this temple came from, and what could have brought it into her home.

Her travels brought her to see sailing ships, where she was surprised to learn she could speak the language of the creatures aboard, even if her word choice tended towards the more archaic. Similarly fascinated to meet an octopus speaking Common, those she encountered told her of life on land, even sharing some hints of where the other part of the temple might lie.

When Rya made it to land, she conjured a sphere of breathable water, which also helped her maintain a comfortable temperature and pressure. She can manipulate arms of water to perform basic tasks, but nothing that requires fine motor skills. Rya loves using her magic, especially when it helps her learn more about the natural world around her.

## GOALS

Rya's primary goal is to learn about the ancient temple that helped awaken her. She believes that it was somehow split and most of it teleported into the sea.

She's sure an ancient wizard was responsible for what happened to the temple, and perhaps by learning the temple's origins, she could learn more about how she came to be awakened.

Rya also loves to learn about other river and lake life. She will gleefully enter any body of water she comes across to explore and find out more about the creatures who live within, though she can rarely communicate with them. She keeps a record of each organism she encounters.

## ROLEPLAYING RYA

Rya is nervous and a bit bumbling, awkwardly flapping her ear-fins when feeling particularly flustered. Her coloring sometimes changes based on her moods, like turning red when embarrassed. This defensive mechanism doesn't provide much camouflage while she's in her conjured orb, however. She's very curious and can be single-minded in tasks related to getting information she wants. Rya is more confident when talking about topics she feels she has some expertise in. While she wants to make friends with most creatures she encounters, Rya is unlikely to make the first move. She can be painfully honest, rarely seeing the benefit of telling a lie.

When moving, Rya almost appears to walk with her arms, her ear-fins propelling her and the orb moving around her. She prefers to avoid conflict but is capable of defending herself. She usually handles combat from a distance, though when attacking at close range she will pounce and bite her target with her beak.

Roll 1d10	Interesting Interactions
1	Drunken sailors threaten the party, until Rya appeases them, knowing them of old. In Rya's curiosity, and for her research, she asks that she accompany the party a while on their travels.
2	Rya's explorations in a nearby lake awaken a creature that should have been left sleeping.
3	When traveling through a small town full of sick people, Rya also falls ill due to the contaminated water.
4	While journeying through the wilderness, or while the party is camped, a thirsty creature tries to drink Rya's water globe.
5	The party encounters a traveling menagerie with octopi in its collection. There are other awakened in the menagerie, all who seem to have freely chosen to be a part of the collection.
6	Rya attracts the attention of a small gaggle of jar-wielding children. Their leader is a particularly calculating orphan who knows she can make a few coins selling Rya to a nearby alchemist's tower.
7	Rya is denied entry to a library with valuable information because they're concerned her water globe will damage the books.
8	A momentary fault in Rya's <i>control water</i> spell causes a small opening in her globe that sends her flying in a random direction on a spout of pressurized water.
9	Rya's published nature studies earns her an invitation to an esteemed academic society. When she arrives, no-one believes she's the author, surely believing only the party members could be who published the papers.
10	While wandering a market, Rya recognizes a map embroidered on a tapestry to the other half of the sunken temple. Rya offers to travel with the party there.



## RYA

**CHALLENGE 4 (1,100 XP)**

**Tiny beast (dumbo octopus), neutral good**

**Armor Class 11**

**Hit Points 55** (10d4 + 30)

**Speed 20 ft.**, swim 50 ft.

<b>STR</b> 10 (+0)	<b>DEX</b> 12 (+1)	<b>CON</b> 16 (+3)
<b>INT</b> 14 (+2)	<b>WIS</b> 16 (+3)	<b>CHA</b> 10 (+0)

**Saving Throws** Intelligence +4, Wisdom +5

**Skills** Medicine +5, Nature +4, Perception +5

**Senses** darkvision 30 ft., passive Perception 15

**Languages** Common, Druidic, Primordial

### ABILITIES

**Hold Breath.** Rya can hold her breath for 15 minutes.

**Spellcasting.** Rya is a 7th-level spellcaster. Her spellcasting ability is Wisdom (spell save DC 13, +5 to hit with spell attacks). She has the following druid spells prepared:

**Cantrips (at-will)** *guidance, poison spray, resistance*

**1st Level (4 slots)** *create or destroy water, fog cloud, purify food and drink, speak with animals*

**2nd Level (3 slots)** *find traps, locate animals or plants, pass without trace*

**3rd Level (3 slots)** *conjure animals, dispel magic, sleet storm*

**4th Level (1 slot)** *control water*

**Underwater Camouflage.** Rya has an advantage to Dexterity (Stealth) checks when underwater.

**Water Breathing.** Rya can only breathe underwater. She usually travels in a water globe when outside of water.

### ACTIONS

**Bite.** *Melee Weapon Attack:* +4 to hit, reach 5 feet, one target. *Hit:* 3 (1d6) piercing damage.



# Teng

Part of a solitary species, Teng came into their awareness gradually. They only noticed something had changed when they stumbled across the ruins of a desert caravan, picked up a sword, and thought, “I want to learn how to use this.” They never gave any thought to the strange, magical pillar in the desert near their home, though Teng observed many others make a pilgrimage to visit it.

Teng decided to teach themselves to use the weapon they picked up, a shortsword. However, the first time they tried to defend themselves with the weapon they nearly died, only killing the coyote with a lucky blow. After that, Teng’s priority became clear. They must find someone to teach them how to be the best fighter the world has ever seen.

Determined to leave the desert that had long been their home, Teng joined a group of human pilgrims heading back to society from their recent pilgrimage to the pillar, and as Teng did, learning more about their culture and social norms. Teng told the pilgrims that they were an experienced guard, though they felt guilty about the lie soon after spending more time with the pilgrims.

Unable to find a master swordsperson willing to give them a chance, Teng has since learned the basics of the shortsword, mostly through watching others. Since joining society, Teng began adopting common sentient characteristics, including wearing clothing. Teng loves the bright colorful clothing of the gnomes and luckily, it’s all the right size.

## GOALS

What Teng wants more than anything is to learn to be the best fighter, a master of their chosen weapon. Teng is mostly self-taught, and few teachers have been willing to give them a chance. They will gladly learn anything the party has to offer, though they do tend to lose their temper.

Teng also wants to prove themselves in battle. They want to show the party members that they are talented and worth having around for protection. A definitive victory against overwhelming odds seems the best way to show this.

## ROLEPLAYING TENG

Teng is hot-headed and full of bravado, but eager to please and fit in. They love trying all the new things in the cities they visit, though they usually long for a nice simple meal of ants. They eschew the use of silverware, using their long tongue to pick up the food for eating. Teng has a strong sense of loyalty, and is willing to go above and beyond for anyone they have befriended.

Teng usually walks around on their hind legs, mimicking the posture of those around them. They sleep curled in a protective ball, though they insist this doesn’t indicate cowardice. They’re quick to react to threats and jump to the defense of those they think need to be protected, often taking on foes much bigger than them.

Roll 1d10	Interesting Interactions
1	The party are inadvertently sucked into a bar fight. Teng runs headfirst into the brawl to save a young gnome from being harmed. Teng admires how the party handle themselves and decides they should be his good friends.
2	While walking through town, Teng narrows their eyes and announces they’ve spotted their nemesis, a student who took their spot with a mentor.
3	Teng surprises the party by stopping a group of religious pilgrims, giving hugs all around. They introduce the group as their first friends.
4	Teng sees an advertisement for a fencing competition and insists the party members take part too. Representatives of the Steelheart Fighting School are present, recruiting the top fighters for the upcoming tournament.
5	Teng attends a performance from a famous bard, and spends the next week trying to emulate the heroic Lady Anna from the story.
6	The party stumbles across a large encampment of bandits. The more the party insists the force is too large to deal with, the more Teng is goaded to attack.
7	Teng is invited to meet with the famous Duke Karniss, head of the Steelheart Fighting School. During this time, Teng is asked to throw a fight, learning that sometimes one should not meet one’s heroes.
8	Teng gets into an argument with a guard on the road about who is the greatest fighter and starts to draw his sword.
9	Teng takes a young human boy under their wing and teaches him the basics of swordplay. A little while into this mentorship, the boy’s father—a drunken guardsman—accuses Teng of stealing his sword.
10	The Steelheart Tournament is soon to begin, and nothing will stop Teng from competing. Teng intends to topple Duke Karniss as reigning champion.



## TENG

**CHALLENGE** 4 (1,100 XP)

**Small beast (pangolin), true neutral**

**Armor Class** 17 (natural armor)

**Hit Points** 70 (14d6 + 28)

**Speed** 25 ft., burrow 5 ft.

**STR** 16 (+3)    **DEX** 12 (+1)    **CON** 14 (+2)

**INT** 11 (+0)    **WIS** 11 (+0)    **CHA** 14 (+2)

**Saving Throws** Constitution +5, Wisdom +3

**Skills** Survival +3, Athletics +4

**Languages** Common

### ABILITIES

**Keen Smell.** Teng has advantage on Wisdom (Perception) checks that rely on smell.

**Spray (1/Short Rest).** Teng can release a noxious smelling chemical when necessary. All other creatures within a 10-foot radius must make a DC 10 Constitution saving throw. Creatures that fail are stunned until the end of its next turn.

### ACTIONS

**Claw.** *Melee Weapon Attack:* +6 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 8 (2d4+3) slashing damage.

**Shortsword.** *Melee Weapon Attack:* +6 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 6 (1d6+3) piercing damage.

### REACTIONS

**Huddled Defense.** When targeted by an attack, Teng can curl into a tight ball to increase his Armor Class by 2 against the triggering attack.

# Thraen

Thraen was born a simple beast in an ordinary forest. At some stage during his life, the woods began to be plagued by spirits and monsters. A custodian of the woods, an archfey, was unable to act otherwise because of fey politics, and awoke and blessed Thraen with greater powers so that he may serve as a protector of his forest. And so Thraen shouldered that burden with immense joy. In his youth, Thraen traveled quite a ways in the area, protecting the natural places within (and occasionally aiding adventurers if they crossed paths).

Now, in his old age, he is restricted to only a small tangle of trees, and instead of active protection he now tries to safeguard the inhabitants, and any passing adventurers, with his knowledge and foresight instead.

## GOALS

He may wish otherwise, but Thraen is an old owlbear, with his prime well behind him. He wrestles with the fact that he is no longer able to travel as he once did, and secretly wishes that he could leave the forest and spread good elsewhere, even just one last time.

Protecting his forest is still of utmost importance to him, and he is committed to lending whatever aid he can to those in need (humanoid or otherwise).

## ROLEPLAYING THRAEN

Thraen is old and has many aches and pains. He is, on the surface, rather like any elderly grandfather, with a vivid and tantalizing memory of the old days. If conversation turns towards adventure, he becomes immediately animated, forgetting his body's limitations.

He has a warm voice, occasionally cracked and rough with age, and has a habit of clicking his beak together in disapproval or when bored. Thraen has not spent a lot of time with humanoids and finds the intricacies of their culture and language difficult; sarcasm does not read well to him.

Thraen is still an owlbear, and a crabby one at that. He can be territorial, and although he has some of the sensibilities of someone with a humanoid intellect, he is yet a hunter, and will find any small pets or critters a handy snack until told otherwise.

Roll 1d10	Interesting Interactions
1	The party is traveling near Thraen's woods when they're approached by the old owlbear seeking their help. A band of cunning thieves have stolen the a tablet of ancient wisdom, imbued with power to protect the woods against dark magic.
2	Pesky fey pixies and sprites are plaguing the party, confounding their progress for the day and jinxing their equipment. Thraen knows a few tricks he can teach the party to help them deal with the fey presence.
3	Thraen must hold a funeral ceremony for several of his kin recently slain by an adventuring party traveling through the woods. He offers to protect the party as he takes them to an owlbear burial ground located in a clearing surrounded by hollow redwood stumps.
4	The tablet must be returned to the Glimmer Falls before the full moon or else the protections of the woods will start to fail. If this happens, an ancient fey will awaken, spelling certain doom for the region. Already, the envoy of that ancient fey stalks the forest and is on its way to make sure its master will be freed.
5	Thraen offers to teach the party members the deep history of the woods and its inhabitants. There will be an assessment at the end of his stories to see if any of the party has been paying attention.
6	The woods have suffered a wildfire recently and many of the beastly inhabitants have been displaced or injured. Thraen wishes to gather as many of the survivors as he can and take them to a safe place within the woods.
7	Long ago, Thraen brokered a peace between inhabitants of the woods, but now the old truces have been broken. Thraen and the party must convene several factions of woodland inhabitants—gnolls, plantfolk and druids—to negotiate diplomatic solutions to ease the friction.
8	During a night of tale-telling, Thraen recounts a story of decades past, of similar adventurers to the party he travels with, and of a grim fate that might await them if they do not heed some wisdom within the story.
9	With his arthritis inflamed, Thraen is finding it difficult to travel. Thraen had an arrangement with the Green Sage for the healing salve he used to treat his aches. But in their last meeting, Thraen insulted the Green Sage and isn't sure of his good standing.
10	Thraen's old age is rapidly overcoming him and he's not long for this world. Thraen requests help on one last journey—to a sacred site known as the Stones of Destiny, where he wishes to speak to the archfey that blessed him with intelligence, and where Thraen feels he shall die...



## THRAEN

CHALLENGE 2 (450 XP)

Large monstrosity (owlbear), lawful good

Armor Class 13 (natural armor)

Hit Points 59 (7d10 + 21)

Speed 25 ft.

STR 18 (+4)	DEX 10 (+0)	CON 17 (+3)
INT 12 (+1)	WIS 15 (+3)	CHA 12 (+1)

Skills Perception +6, Arcana +3

Senses Darkvision 60 ft., passive Perception 16

### ABILITIES

**Aged Owlbear.** Thraen does not move the way he used to. When traveling with Thraen, creatures reduce their Travel Pace to Slow.

**Innate Spellcasting.** Thraen's spellcasting ability is Wisdom (spell save DC 13, +5 to hit with spell attacks). He can innately cast the following spells, requiring no material components:

**At-will** *horn whip*, *augury*  
**1/day** *divination*

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

### ACTIONS

**Beak.** *Melee Weapon Attack:* +6 to hit, reach 5 ft., one creature. *Hit:* 9 (1d10+4) piercing damage.

**Claws.** *Melee Weapon Attack:* +6 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 8 (1d8+4) slashing damage.

**Multiattack.** Thraen makes one beak and one claw attack.

# Velisa

Velisa's first true memory is looking down upon her own reflection in a pool deep within the forest and puzzling over the image of another fox floating just beneath the water's surface. The moonlight above shone brightly, reflecting off the water's surface, and sending shimmers of light in all directions. Touched by the magic of moonlight, the pool granted incredible insight to the fox, bringing with it a new awareness.

Fear gripped her heart. Something was happening deep within her, yet even as the thoughts formed cohesively in her mind for the first time, she had no concept of what this change was. Instinctively, she fled from the pool in terror, seeking only to survive whatever danger was assaulting her. Velisa ran until her legs could no longer carry her, her mind a flurry of thoughts she couldn't yet understand.

When she reached the forest's edge her stamina gave out. Velisa collapsed amidst a pile of fallen leaves, her heart pounding both from fear and the exertion of her sudden sprint to safety. Yet, as she lay there, puzzling over the events of the last hours, the fear began to fade, ever so slowly. Instinct gave way to conscious thought. Need blended with other feeling she did not yet understand. One thing was certain. No longer was she a simple fox of the wood. Her innocent drink from the moonlit pool had changed her forever, and there was no going back to what she once was.

## GOALS

All memories before Velisa's awakening appear in her thoughts as if shrouded by a veil of shadows, clouded by a blur of instinct and need. She has no understanding

of what has happened to her, or of her life before awakening. Her blind sprint towards safety has left her with only the vaguest inkling of where the pool might be, or more importantly, where home is.

Lost and alone, the newly aware fox is torn between experiencing the world with new eyes and attempting to chase her memories to determine the truth of the past she left behind.

## ROLEPLAYING VELISA

Though still a bit skittish, her experiences since her awakening have left her exceptionally curious about the world around her. Even her recent trials can do nothing to suppress her playful nature.

When in a safe environment, she is known to nip at the ears of her companions and play harmless practical jokes. It's common for Velisa to disappear from the party for short periods of time. In some cases, she is simply playing her own game of hide and seek, while in others she has taken a stealthier approach or run off to gather information from other sources.

Lastly, Velisa is not known for her patience when it comes to inactive decision making. Though generally content to follow the lead of others (after all, doing so has led to some great adventures in the past), she tends to get incredibly impatient in moments of indecision. This has landed the fox in more than her share of trouble. Only when hunting, or engaging in other stealthy pursuits, does her impatience calm and her mind become still.

Roll 1d10	Interesting Interactions
1	Escaping from a group of hunters and trappers, Velisa flees into the midst of the party. Before they can react to the injured fox before them, Velisa speaks, asking them for sanctuary from her pursuers.
2	The party finds that they are being followed by the creatures of the forest, only to discover that the nature spirits are there to observe, protect and question the awakened fox.
3	Over a series of adventures, the party is presented with moral quandaries, and at every step Velisa questions them and the decisions they make—part of her seeking to understand the world.
4	Velisa has a series of dreams that lead her to the Moonlit Pool. She takes the party there, not knowing fanatics of a dark cult are trailing close behind, preparing to sacrifice the awakened fox to a greater being.
5	Will-o'-wisps lead Velisa to an ancient stone circle, where the party finds a sanctuary for injured animals, watched over by the protective fey of the forest.
6	In the middle of the night, the spirits of a hundred slain animals appear to Velisa and the party, imploring that their cruel deaths be avenged.
7	A game of playing hide and seek with the party goes wrong when Velisa witnesses a crime.
8	Seeing a fey creature inspires lots of questions (after all, all fey creatures know where the Moonlit Pool is, right?).
9	After witnessing an act of violence, Velisa questions her identity and the means by which the party act. She asks if there are other ways to address the problems of the world.
10	Wizards seek Velisa out for experiments due to her method of awakening.



## VELISA

**CHALLENGE** 1/2 (100 XP)

**Small animal (fox), chaotic good**

**Armor Class** 13

**Hit Points** 11 (2d8 + 2)

**Speed** 50 ft.

**STR** 10 (+0)    **DEX** 17 (+3)    **CON** 13 (+1)

**INT** 17 (+3)    **WIS** 13 (+1)    **CHA** 14 (+2)

**Saving Throws** Dexterity +5, Intelligence +5

**Skills** Acrobatics +5, Deception +4, Investigation +7,  
Perception +3, Persuasion +4, Stealth +7

**Senses** darkvision 30 ft., passive Perception 13

**Languages** Common, Elven, Sylvan

## ABILITIES

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

**Sneak Attack.** Once per turn, Velisa deals an extra 3 (1d6) damage when she hits a target with a weapon attack and has advantage on the attack roll, or when the target is within 5 feet of an ally of Velisa's that isn't incapacitated and Velisa doesn't have disadvantage on the attack roll.

## ACTIONS

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

**Multiattack.** Velisa makes two attacks.



## Brigit

### Spider monkey

High in the jungles of one of the Six Forgotten Mountains is a monastery dedicated to mastering the playful ways of the spider monkeys. Students come from far and wide to learn from the monkeys and listen to one of the Five Wise Monkeys who claimed a voice to impart their wisdom on the supplicants.

Monkeys have awakened to fill one of the Five Seats of Wisdom held by sentient spider monkeys since time immemorial. The power to awaken is granted by a rare gemstone keyed into the monkey's life force gifted by the first monkey to visit the monastery. From their seats of wisdom, the Five Wise Monkeys train monks in their ways. A seat is always empty before another monkey awakens, so it was, and so it always shall be...

That is until Brigit. Brigit awoke when all five seats were filled and instead of speaking one pure truth the moment she reached a new level of consciousness, her first words were, "Ouch, stop that!" exclaimed to one of the orphans at the monastery who'd tugged at her whiskers a little too hard. The Council of the Five Seats of Wisdom was unsure of what to do with Brigit. She was never a monkey who excelled at a great many things and was far too shy and soft-spoken to impart advice on much of anyone.

So instead, the monks called her awakening a fluke, but just in case, trained the young monkey in their ways; perhaps when a seat came free she would receive a true calling after all? Brigit herself was supremely happy with this arrangement. The idea that she could gift anyone with wisdom they were unable to find themselves seemed a daunting task and much better left to those with a deeper connection to the spirit of all things. Being a simple monk, living a good life with friends, that was more than enough for her.

Brigit's contentment was not to last. During the Festival of the Darkest Night of the Year, a violent shadowy being swept into the monastery. After a short battle with the monks there, it overcame the Five Wise Monkeys and stole the gemstone granting them the power to talk. Before anyone had a chance to stop the being, it faded into the shadows with the gemstone and the monkeys were left voiceless, except for Brigit who miraculously maintained the use of her voice.

Suddenly it was clear why Brigit awakened, she'd found her calling! Brigit would be the one to find the foul being who stole the gemstone and she would return it to her home, restoring the Council's power. The small spider monkey never dreamed her destiny was so great, but she would not leave her family in ruin.

Brigit accepted the quest set before her and ventured off into the world. Currently, she collects information on a shadowy guild of thieves who are rumored to deal with a being fitting the description of the one who attacked the monastery. If she can find their headquarters, perhaps she'll find a lead on the being as well.

## Brot

### Capybara

Many assumed awakened animals to be noble creatures of some import of the world. Brot thinks that is absolute hogwash. In fact, he's made it his mission in life to prove any person who, "just has to talk to that adorable capybara over there," utterly and truly wrong. It's not that Brot is an overly cruel creature, far from it in fact, but he loathes the idea that he could be special in any way... beyond his tolerance for particularly strong liquor.



When not on the hunt for a beast or two to slay, Brot is in a tavern somewhere drinking himself into a stupor. The money he earns from hunting is always spent by the end of the day in a flurry of joyful merry-making, which results in many free rounds for the tavern, and a terrible hangover for Brot the next day. Perhaps this is because Brot truly loves booze, but it could also be because Brot loathes keeping more than a few coins to his name at any time.

What this raucous capybara never tells anyone is that at the start of his life Brot was a pampered pet living in a luxurious mansion, the beloved play-thing of a elderly elven woman. She left everything to Brot when she died, using only a small part of her substantial wealth to buy a *potion of cognition* for Brot so he could care for the estate left to him.

Awakening in luxury, Brot had everything he ever wanted, and for a year didn't deign to leave the grounds of his home, for the new world he'd been placed in was so wondrous. When Brot finally did leave the mansion, he was dismayed to find that the real world was not as beautiful as the one he knew. In fact, there were many terrible things he never learned about, such as poverty and suffering.

Brot has grown fat and lazy in his luxurious home and from that moment swore he would never live in such ignorance again. Leaving the mansion in the capable care of the numerous staff who worked there, Brot set out on his adventures. He knew he had to become tough if he was going to survive in the world, so he went to the roughest bar he could find, strode up to the biggest bully he spotted, and challenged the criminal to a fight.

A resounding roar of laughter echoed through the bar... that was until the capybara viciously jumped at the criminal, set on taking him down. According to Brot's flawless memory, he won the fight that day and began his search for bigger and better foes. No matter what the truth to the end of that story, it's true that Brot is now a fine monster hunter after years of practice.

Currently, Brot hunts for a giant hydra plaguing the countryside. When the beast appears it won't be difficult to track down, but Brot is not able to defeat it alone. The last time he went hoof to claw with the "damnidable beast," its acidic breath burned off half his fur and left the capybara with a cruel scar. The hydra has one too many heads, the exact number of which Brot has drank out of his memory, and to pierce its heart and slay the beast, Brot needs allies to distract it.

## Brutus the Blood Warrior

### Alpaca

Brutus the Blood Warrior has had a long and illustrious career as a hoof for hire. Not only is he the champion of the Five Fires Arena, but he has no less than two archnemeses who he manages to keep under control through his fearsome nature. Despite the glory of his career, Brutus is tired of his life as a warrior and wants to retire with his substantial wealth. Before he is able to do so, he must find someone worthy to take over the title of Blood Warrior and once more save his brother from his greatest enemy: the Cruel Serpent.

To get into an account of Brutus' long career would take tome upon tome of epic stories, but it's important to understand this alpaca's nature. Strong and brave, he took over the title Blood Warrior and the magical powers it bequeathed from his predecessor, Gwen the Blood Warrior. Gwen saw Brutus possessed a mighty heart and before she undertook her final adventure, passed the title and its powers onto him. Brutus hopes to find someone for whom he may do the same.



The powers of the Blood Warrior give the being with the title the sense to guide the warrior to noble causes, allowing them to fight against greed and evil wherever they spot it; and there is a lot of greed and evil in the world. This is how Brutus met the Cruel Serpent, one of the only beings powerful enough to fool Brutus' senses.

For many moons, Brutus believed the Serpent to be his ally. A shapeshifter by nature, preferring the shape of the snake, Brutus ignored the rumors of the Serpent's true nature; if the Serpent was duplicitous, Brutus would be able to sense it. Being an alpaca Blood Warrior himself, Brutus refused to judge a creature on their preferred form.

Just as Brutus trusted the Serpent as one of his closest friends, he was betrayed. The Serpent stole treasure from the town the two were staying in and blamed it all on Brutus. Eventually, Brutus managed to retrieve the treasure and convince the townsfolk that his guilt was the lie, but this one event was the catalyst for a long-standing rivalry between Brutus and the Cruel Serpent: the Serpent enacting nefarious plans, and Brutus stopping the Serpent before he could cause too much damage.

Most recently, the Cruel Serpent took Brutus' brother hostage and absconded to the Forgotten Forest. Within the forest, all is not what it seems, and adventurers easily lose their way, as well as their memories. Brutus sees this as an opportunity not only to deal with the Serpent once and for all, but to find a new recruit to take over the title of the Blood Warrior. If an adventurer manages to follow him into the Forgotten Forest and helps to find his brother then this person's heart is strong enough to carry the title Blood Warrior.

And the Cruel Serpent? Well, Brutus is finally fed up with the villain's shenanigans and plans to stop him once and for all. How? Well, the alpaca has been seen in a tavern or two muttering to himself about throwing "that damn snake" off the side of the world... and perhaps this will be Brutus' last great act as the Blood Warrior.

## Civit Gnu

### Squirrel

Civit Gnu awoke after sampling a delicious draught of spoiled mead thrown away by a local temple. Stumbling into the temple, and more than a little intoxicated, the tiny squirrel passed out curled up on an altar dedicated to the Goddess of Healing Hands. When she roused, not only was the small squirrel awakened, but called to serve the goddess in her good work. When Civit explained her predicament to the clerics of the temple, they accepted her with open arms and thus Civit began her training.

A few years older now, Civit is a jolly cleric who specializes in brewing delicious mead. Never wanting anyone else to have the same stomach ache she had, Civit ensures every batch she creates with her tiny hands is perfect in clarity, content, and most importantly taste. When not brewing, she tends to weary travelers who arrive at the monastery in need of healing using the powers granted to her by the goddess to aid whoever needs it.

One such person who came to the temple in need of assistance was a dwarf by the name of Crag Axebreaker. He stumbled into the temple with innumerable wounds and for many days refused to speak about what he'd experienced. Civit finally got the dwarf to open up over a delicious mug of mead, and Crag admitted he was on the run. Civit never managed to find out from who, but she didn't need to. It was clear Crag needed to heal more than just his body and Civit suggested he stay with the temple for a time to help heal his spirit as well.

With Civit as a mentor, Crag took well to temple life. He seemed at peace there and even showed talent in the healing arts. All was quiet for a time.

Then one night Civit awoke to a flurry of movement and screams. Running downstairs to the temple proper Civit was horrified to see Brother Julius dead next to the altar of the Goddess of Healing Hands. No amount of healing would bring Julius back from the dead and all the clerics mourned his passing... all save Crag, who was missing.

Over the next week the clerics searched high and low for Crag, but to no avail. It was concluded that he must have been the murderer for why else would he run? No one believed that Crag could be innocent except Civit, who knew him better than most at the temple.

In order to clear Crag's name, Civit left the temple in search for where he could have gone. It's clear he's connected to the murder of Brother Julius in some way, but Civit is sure he's not the guilty party. Perhaps Crag saw something too terrible and decided to flee; or perhaps he chases after the guilty party himself. No matter the case, Civit will get to the bottom of it, to clear her friend's name and to find the true culprit.

## Elia Ebth

### Powlbear (polar owlbear)

Elia is a giant ivory polar owlbear with a thick, near-curling coat of fur, and deep charcoal eyes. Growing up in the frozen north, she looked up at the sky dreaming of warm lands beyond her reach and sung stories to the Northern Lights, who seemed rather lonely so high up in the sky. One night, a spirit of the Lights came down and blessed Elia with a humanoid voice so she could bring joy to others all over the realms; thus began Elia's journey.

Elia first traveled as far south as she could, having many adventures and honing her skills as an honorable warrior. Then, when there was no more south to explore, she headed west, where she honed her wit and studied with the keenest scholars. Finally, Elia traveled east, sailing in freedom and joy upon the seas looking for adventure. At the end of her travels, Elia was no longer a cub, but a fully grown owlbear and a fearsome warrior at that.

Upon her travels Elia met many allies, but her most precious friends came in the form of three other owlbears, one from each corner of the world. Together these owlbears formed an adventuring party dedicated to honesty, friendship, and helping those in need. The group called themselves the Band of Bears, for that is what they were—no more and no less.

Ingrid, from the west, was the largest and wisest of the group. She was a giant brown owlbear from the west who studied many years in a monastery. Her bites of wisdom kept the Band of Bears from making many miserable mistakes on their journey, and the others loved her for it.

Deena, from the east, was the smallest and sneakiest of the group. With a mottled grey fur Deena could set herself away nearly anywhere without being seen. Indeed, the first time Elia met the rogue was when she accidentally stepped on Deena after she had fallen asleep in one of her signature hiding places.

Finally, there was Poe, from the south, Elia's dearest and most beloved friend. Poe was a dark black owlbear with bright cinnamon-colored eyes that sparkled best in the moonlight. Poe understood how to weave forgotten magic into the world and was on the search for lost secrets. The black owlbear kept her friends protected with magic no matter where they went.

When an adventurer meets Elia, she happily tells them about dearest friends and the adventures of the Band of Bears, but her stories are always tinged with an air of sadness... for the Band has been broken. The Band's last great exploit was fighting a draconic trickster who plagued a large city in a vast eastern desert. They fought him for four days and nights and finally with her brute power Elia was able to overcome the trickster. With his final breath the trickster uttered a curse, one Elia will never forget, "I die, but you diminish. I curse you Elia Ebth of the North to never look upon the Band again, each of you scattered like the four corners from whence you came."

Elia still searches for her friends until to this day and will not give up until her dying breath.

## Eudie Yet

### Otter

A flash of steel, a charismatic grin, a glimpse of soft fur; are all signs you stand before the illustrious otter-pirate Eudie Yet. With a loyal thirty-strong crew, she sails the high seas stealing from wealthy merchant vessels and chasing after treasure. Unlike many pirates, Eudie isn't an indiscriminate water-bound mercenary, her mission is one of justice and no small amount of adventure.

When Eudie was just a pup, the waters of her home were polluted by magical run-off from a nearby city. The city was under the control of a great council of dark mages who didn't care what happened to the surrounding areas, or the folk they were meant to protect. The magical run-off from their experiments turned the waters into a dangerous place, mutating much of the wildlife into strange, hungry beasts. Eudie was one such animal affected by the magics poured into the water, but instead of turning into a beast, she awakened.



Eudie understood fully what was happening to her home and who was responsible. Using her effortlessly magnetic personality, she rallied a crew to her side, stole a vessel from the evil mages, and has been raiding their shipments ever since. She hopes by stemming the flow of magical goods into the city, the mages may weaken enough for their people to finally rebel and reclaim the city for good. Plus, raiding merchant ships heavy with magical goods makes a pretty penny and Eudie enjoys her comfortable pirate lifestyle.

Most recently, a half-elf privateer by the name of Crimson Dan caught Eudie's ire. Rather than fighting the good fight, he sided with the mages and now undertakes a dangerous mission. The mages charged Dan with finding the lost cache of Sen'tryil, a magical treasure hidden upon a far-off island. If the mages get their hands on the treasure, it spells disaster for everyone else, as it's said to be a nearly limitless magical battery with enough power to make the mages the supreme rulers of the region for years to come.

Eudie's heard about Dan's plans to find the treasure and will stop him before it's too late. In fact, Eudie plans to find the treasure first and claim it for herself. Beforehand though, Eudie needs to find someone not connected to the mages with some magical talent to accompany her on her mission, as she is far too smart to begin messing with magical artifacts without a trained professional by her side. Once she has such an ally on her side, Eudie plans on tracking down Crimson Dan's ship, the *Sorrowful Siren*, sneaking on board, and stealing the map to the treasure from underneath his nose.

## Itzli

### Axolotl

Itzli is heir to a great throne belonging to a long, illustrious line of awakened axolotls who guide lost souls in the waters of their homelands into the lands of the dead. Greatest of all the awakened axolotls is the grand ruler who has the power to fight off the hungry ghosts who would consume the lost spirits of the dead before they can reach their final destination. This grand ruler is Itzli's mother, the Queen of the Waking Sky.

The queen nears the end of her reign and it is time for her son, Itzli, to take the throne. The problem is Itzli has yet to prove himself to Death and gain the mantle of ruler. He possesses none of the powers his mother did at his age and shows no signs of gaining them any time soon. Until Death accepts Itzli as the next grand ruler, his mother may not rest; and so each day, she waits for her son to step up and become the ruler she knows he can be.

Itzli, on the other hand, is not so sure he wants to be a ruler at all. His younger brother would be much more suited to the task since he's much more regal and takes after his mother in tenacity and ferociousness. Itzli on the other hand prefers a quiet life, one of serene studies and searching for the deeper mysteries of the universe. He has no motivation to fight the hungry ghosts and, in fact, finds the prospect quite terrifying. It's not that he wants the lost souls to be consumed by the ghosts, it's just that Itzli's not sure what someone as small and insignificant as he could do against them.

Fed up with her son's refusal to accept his rightful role as ruler, the Queen of the Waking Sky turned Itzli out of her kingdom and set him the quest of performing an epic deed to impress Death. When Itzli questioned his mother as to what this epic deed might be, she simply replied that he would know when he saw it. To this day, Itzli still hasn't seen what his mother is talking about, and so he wanders the lands.

In fact, getting kicked out of his homeland is one of the best things that happened to Itzli. Away from the constant pressure of accepting the throne, life is much simpler. He can read when he wants to read, swim when we wants, and generally enjoy his life. What more could he want?

Fate, unfortunately has seen it fit to conspire against Itzli. Recently, he's received word from his brother that the queen died fighting off an abnormally large army of hungry ghosts. Death has not accepted his brother as ruler and now Itzli is the kingdom's only hope for protection. If he doesn't gain his power soon, not only will his home be destroyed, but the souls of the dead are doomed.

## Jov the Poet

### Pig

Jov is a true gentle sir if ever there was one. A pig of impeccable manners and the fluid tongue of a poet, he never raises his voice above the appropriate tone, nor speaks an uncouth word of anger. It's not that Jov never gets angry, but manners and good action are of the utmost importance to the pig who takes pride in staying utterly well-groomed at all times.

The one thing Jov resents is people assuming that pigs are dirty, stupid creatures—which could not be further from the truth—even of his un-awakened brethren. When Jov was just a piglet, though he didn't possess the intelligence he has now, he was always slightly different than his siblings. Rather than a balmy summer's day lying in the grass, he preferred the comfort of the sofa inside the farmer's house. Instead of mixed together dinner scraps, Jov preferred a well-balanced meal of three courses. Instead of a good back scratch in just the right place, Jov's preference was pensively listening to the farmer's daughter's songs wondering what such beautiful notes could mean.

For a short time, the farmer who owned Jov tried to change the little piglet, but no matter how many times she would turn Jov out of the house he'd always find a way back in. Soon it became abundantly clear Jov was not like the other piglets and instead became a beloved family companion. When the farmer's daughter moved out and started a life of her own, she brought Jov with her.

The farmer's daughter, Clarity, took her beloved pig into the big city, and saved money from waiting tables to buy a potion for Jov so he'd awaken to a new life. The glint in Jov's eye always betrayed when the pig wanted something more and who was she to get in the way of her loyal companion's happiness? Once awakened, Jov stayed with Clarity for a time. He watched her fall in love, bear children, and make a life for herself, and soon he yearned to see what life could offer him.

Bidding his best friend goodbye, Jov headed out into the world to find out what fortune could offer. Until now, Jov has utterly enjoyed living a life of a traveling gentleman. Most recently he's heard of a waterfall that echoes a beautiful song and is hoping to find some traveling companions to accompany him to its waters. Such joys are always better experienced with friends.

## Lola

### Flamingo

Lola was taken from her flock by an half-orc pirate captain who thought it was funny to have a dancing flamingo as a pet. She fed the flamingo a *potion of awakening* and demanded it do a silly dance for her entertainment. However, Lola was not an awkward long-legged beast, she was one of grace, and the first dance she performed brought a single tear to the hardened pirate's eye.

Thus, Lola became the favored pet of the *Rusty Dagger*, forced to dance for the ship's crew each night and entertain them after a good day's slaughter. Lola performed her duties admirably, but silently. She had a voice, but refused to use it, unwilling to waste words on her brutish captors.

After a time, the pirates grew bored of the flamingo who was neither funny enough to make them laugh nor stupid enough to take the bait of their constant jibes. Their captain, the brilliant half-orc that she was, thought of a cunning plan: if she was able to find one miraculous bird, perhaps there would be two. So the *Rusty Dagger* sailed back to Lola's flock's nesting grounds.

When the pirates arrived, they grabbed up panicked birds left and right. Unable to watch what happened to her happen to other members of her flock, Lola finally used her voice—belting out an entrancing tune over the shallow waters. Stunned into silence, most of the pirates stopped to listen to the haunting song. The half-orc captain, however, resisted Lola's song, took up her sword, and ran through the first flamingo she came upon.

Seeing a member of her flock die before her eyes choked the song in Lola's throat and the pirates were once again free to murder and pillage to their hearts' content. Fearing she would spend her entire life in captivity, and wracked with grief, Lola fled the scene of the massacre before the pirates could capture her.

Each night Lola sleeps, she hears the sounds of her flock dying and promises herself one day she will get revenge.

Lola now makes a living as a traveling bard while looking for clues to the *Rusty Dagger's* whereabouts. She's graceful, silent, but has a cutting tongue-lashing for any person who believes that keeping any type of creature in captivity is acceptable. Slave traders, unjust lords, magistrates who wrongly imprison someone, all fall under Lola's ire and she is happy to dole out a fitting punishment.

Lola isn't unreasonable, the flamingo understands—sometimes talking, petitioning, and even pleading is enough—ignorance isn't changed in a day and unnecessary bloodshed is never the answer. Those who don't listen to Lola's pleas are another matter. Then she takes matters into her own wings—organizing prison riots, freeing slaves—and if she has the time, playing a hilarious prank on those who unjustly imprisoned someone.

## Lucius Blackshell

### Crab

Many creatures awaken through magic or some weird science; however, Lucius always knew he was something more. Spawned among thousands of ochre-shelled siblings Lucius' pitch-black shell was a mark from an otherworldly power granting him a deep awareness. Lucius first used this awareness to escape his insipid family and then travel the world looking for meaning behind his strange condition.

Not only was Lucius keenly aware for a crab, but his body continued to grow; and every night he slept, foul whispers haunted his dreams. Over the years the whispers grew into a cacophony of screams, bidding the crab perform all manner of dark deeds. Until that point, Lucius was undecided on the type of crab he wanted to be—good or bad—extremes of both seemed far too similar to him and claiming neutrality in all things seemed a cop out. Before he could make his choice,

the voices wore down his will and Lucius gave in to them sparing what little sanity he had left—morality be damned.

The next years of Lucius' life were a blur of blood and betrayal. Using his odd, awakened nature as a boon, Lucius injected himself into his victims' lives and then before they realized his dark intentions, dispatched them to soothe the eldritch voices in his mind. The crab had become little more than a mindless killing machine, that is until he met Sandrine.

The tiny water elemental, Sandrine, loved Lucius as he loved her. They spent a blessed year together before the voices returned to Lucius, demanding Sandrine's death. Lucius refused them night after night, but one morning he awoke to a disaster: the power behind the voices in his head had sent another minion to claim Sandrine's life and Lucius was too late to save her. Sandrine slipped into the darkness, leaving Lucius utterly alone.

Losing Sandrine gave the crab an unexpected dose of empathy for his victims. If each died leaving behind loved ones to suffer as he, what truly evil acts had he committed? As the sun rose on the last of Sandrine's remains sinking into the floorboards of his home, Lucius swore to make amends for every evil he committed in the past and ultimately defeat the power that had plagued him since birth.

Despite turning over a new leaf, Lucius still maintains a dry and dour personality—preferring to work alone rather than with company. Unfortunately, Lucius needs help regularly as his no-nonsense approach and lack of bedside manner means he isn't the best crab at apologies, nor making up to the people he's deeply hurt. Lucius begrudgingly accepts help from travelers and adventurers who are kind enough to help him make amends.

## Mida Ligos

### Goose

Mida always made her nest at the base of a wizard's tower where weakened bricks caused a perfectly goose-sized hole for her to squeeze through. The nest was lovely: cool in the summer and warm in the winter. But one day, entirely out of the blue, the wizard decided it would be a good idea to restore her tower and the surrounding grounds to a former pristine state.

First the gardens were flooded with sentient tools, clipping and preening the bushes into perfection; then the tools started on the tower itself. Mida awoke one day to find herself half-bricked into the tower, and no matter how loud she honked, the sentient spade lobbing bricks over the hole would not abate. Soon Mida was bricked into the wizard's tower and her only choice was to venture deeper into the tower in hopes of finding a way out.

Flapping through the echoing hallways of the wizard's tower, Mida saw a great many wondrous things. In fact, this tower was much nicer than the outside, and Mida decided she would be happy to stay there for the winter. Each day Mida carefully pilfered what she needed for her nest: a bunch of paper here, some scraps of fabric there, and a few shiny bobbles, because what bird in her right mind could resist all the wonders of a wizard's tower?

Adding the last bit of paper to her nest, Mida went to sleep for the night and the next day woke to a deafening cry. The wizard's enraged voice echoed through the tower; someone had stolen pages from her most prized tome. Mida listened to the wizard's cry and thought, "What a shame for that poor dear." Then blinked shock... she had never understood what the wizard was saying before!

Looking down beneath her pillowy feathers Mida saw the torn up pages of the wizard's tome and realized what she'd done. There was no time to contemplate her new predicament or the fact that she could understand the common tongue. Mida knew she needed to flee! The wizard stomped down the stairs with a divining rod in search of the lost pages of her tome and Mida made a run for it through the wizard's legs and out the front door.

Mida has been on the run from the wizard ever since; utterly convinced that if the mage ever finds her, she'll kill, stuff, and cook Mida for dinner—as humans love to do with geese. Mida is finding it hard to fit into her new life; not only are the actions of the "greater species" confusing and often barbaric, but being on the run doesn't suit her in the slightest. Each night, Mida dreams of her warm nest and wants nothing more than to head back there one day.

For now, she must keep traveling and making new nests in the towns she goes to, which is always problematic, as humans are particularly fond of their "stuff" even when they aren't using it.

## Ping

### Dolphin

One morning while riding in the undertow of a massive ship with his sisters, Ping caught a beautiful pearl necklace that fell into the water. Ping gracefully swam up to the curiosity, playfully slipping his head through the opening. The moment the necklace was securely around his neck, Ping looked into the waters with a new set of eyes—born anew and awakened to the world.

After his awakening, not much changed for Ping. He loves his life and traveling with his family. Riding the waves, following boats, and lazing underneath a warm patch when the sun hits the water just right; life doesn't get any better. Every day is an excuse to experience

something new and amazing under the waves and Ping plans to do that until he takes his final swim.

Despite Ping loving his family life in the ocean, adventure always seems to find him. The dolphin has one or two stories to tell of his exploits, but his most recent focus is finding a lost group of adventurers who disappeared recently after they went to explore a forgotten underwater trench. Ping is worried about their safety.

Just above the trench is a strange round door with ten finger-shaped holes and numerous runes. The adventurers managed to open the door and once they were through, it promptly closed behind them. Ping aims to find someone who can open the door so that he may go after the adventurers and make sure they are still alive. Among underwater creatures rumours abound about what could be behind the mysterious door. The most popular story is that it leads to the sunken temple of a forgotten god.

The story of the forgotten god was this: When the world was new, the gods of the ocean and the gods of the air went to war. As the gods fought and their bodies fell, they created all the continents of the world. The gods fought until only the two greatest of them all remained: one belonging to the air and one to the sea. With one last desperate effort, the god of the sea pulled the god of the air into the ocean. The ocean's floor couldn't sustain the impact and the two gods sunk deep into the ground, creating the trench and taking the temple with them. Most believe that the gods slumber in the trench to this day and underwater creatures stay clear of the trench in fear of disturbing them. If the gods were ever to awaken, their catastrophic battle would begin once again.

Ping isn't sure what to think about the tales of the trench. Most stories are told through metaphor; so, it's highly unlikely these gods are actually real. Noting that, Ping also understands underwater breathing spells, like the one the adventurers used to get to the ancient door, only last for so long. Perhaps the adventurers found some way to survive beyond the mysterious door. Perhaps the adventurers have already died. Either way, Ping needs to know for certain.

## Poe Daisun

### Raccoon

When an albino raccoon is born under the full moon, it is born into the world awakened. Such was the birth of Poe Daisun. As a kit, she stayed with her family learning what it was to be a raccoon, the joy of scrounging and enjoying a fresh fish, and when she came of age, she left home to find her fortune.

Aspected to the moon, Poe performs all types of miraculous tasks: from creating water, to making plants grow, to summoning a cool breeze on a sweltering day.



She wields these magics for humans, and other such creatures who need it most. This may be a person down on their luck and in need of a friend, or someone whose prayers have yet to be answered.

Poe performs all her miracles in secret, unwilling to accept any kindness for her acts of charity. Her biggest reward is seeing a smile on someone's face from afar or the lightening of a load on someone's burdened shoulders. Her favorite type of creature to help is children, because the sheer joy her gifts bring them is a gift unto itself. No-one can appreciate a rainbow as much as a child, nor a summer rainshower during a drought. Poe performs as many miracles for the young as she can, because life can be cruel enough without some amount of happiness in your childhood.

After some years of traveling and blessing others with her gifts, Poe's heart longed for home. She wanted to wash rocks in the river with her brothers and play through the brush with her friends; so, she turned from her path and headed home. When Poe arrived at the riverbed where she grew up, she sat and waited enjoying the balmy sun rays on a warm rock. Then, she waited under the cool moon... and then she waited yet another day, but her family never arrived.

Poe waited for an entire week without seeing a whisker of someone she knew. Finally, just when Poe was about to lose hope, the elder raccoon arrived at the river to drink. An ancient creature with a shaggy hide and many missing teeth, the elder was a sight to

behold, for no matter her outward appearance the grace age and wisdom brings is impossible to hide.

Poe ran to the elder raccoon hugging the ancient creature and asking after her family. The elder raccoon embraced Poe and told her terrible news. Poe's family was taken by poachers for their beautiful luscious hides. The only reason that the elder was spared was because her hide was much too old to sell. Stunned into silence, Poe turned from the elder raccoon and ran into the forest. If she was fast enough she could catch the poachers before it was too late to save her family.

Now, Poe is on the hunt for the poachers and nothing will stop her until she finds her family.

## Quinn

### Monarch butterfly

Monarch butterflies may live for up to a year and die, migrating from the warmth of summer through the frigid winter and into the balmy spring. Quinn migrated with his kaleidoscope one year, and then another the next, and then another until he realized his body was impervious to the ravages of age. In fact, his journey through the seasons had imbued him with the powers of the winter, spring, summer, and autumn.

Yearning to understand his true nature and how he defeated death, Quinn broke from the normal migration monarch butterflies take in search of answers. He traveled to many cities and learned the importance of a name, and all the other things humanoids treasure above what nature already blessed them with. A bard who loved how Quinn danced in the air to her music named him after the beloved brother she lost many moons prior for the joy the butterfly brought her.

For a time, the lackadaisical butterfly forgot about his quest to understand his predicament and enjoyed just being from day to day. That is, until he met a druid called Tagraghast who promised to help Quinn unravel the secrets of his nature. Far too curious a fellow, Quinn agreed to travel with Tagraghast as he studied the natural flows of magic and how Quinn was unique within it.

In exchange for the druid's help, Quinn performed many magical acts for him, and each time Tagraghast asked for a favour it was greater than the next. First, Tagraghast only needed a glass of water to quench his thirst, to which Quinn happily complied. Then, Tagraghast needed to cross a river, so Quinn temporarily diverted the stream. Soon, what Tagraghast demanded was too great, and Quinn would not comply. A being of peace and love, Quinn refused to burn the crops of a village who denied entrance to Tagraghast, no matter how good friends they were, such nefarious deeds were never the answer.

Tagraghast became enraged at Quinn's protest to his demand, and turned on Quinn and attacked him with magic. Caught off-guard, Quinn tried to repel the druid's magics, but knew he was slowly losing the battle. Within this flurry of violence Quinn saw Tagraghast for what he truly was, not a druid at all, but a charlatan who befriended powerful creatures from the natural world and warped their magic for their own use. It broke Quinn's heart to know he'd helped such a foul creature for so long.

Seeing Quinn's loss of morale, Tagraghast seized his chance and grabbed the butterfly in his hands, ripping off one of Quinn's wings to use in his dark magics. Startled, Quinn summoned a large blast of wind knocking Tagraghast back and carrying the butterfly far away from his grasp. Quinn fled day and night until he was sure he was far from the terrible beast who maimed him.

Quinn searches for Tagraghast to this day. He'll find his missing wing and then discover a way to restore his flight. One way or another, he will feel the wind beneath his wings.

## Rex Boeth

### Lightning lizard

Rex Boeth is a lightning lizard with a mission: finding the great blue dragon who raised him when he was dying and learning to harness the power of storms. Before his awakening, Rex was a carefree lizard running the forests with his siblings, and enjoying the sweet meat of a good hunt. Then one dark and stormy day, Rex's life was forever changed.

Rex and his siblings ferreted a horde of rodents from the forests into a wide open plains with few hiding spaces. Better yet, a storm raged in the center of the plains and the lizards figured they'd make short work of the rodents by chasing them into it and picking off the confused beasts one by one. However, once the lizards were inside the storm, they realized it was no storm at all, but the aura of a great dragon in an epic battle with a cadre of knights.

Most of Rex's siblings fled, but he was too entranced by the majestic wyrm with the power to command storms. Mustering all his courage Rex ran up to the first knight he saw and zapped the human in full plate armor, causing her to seize up and fall to the ground. Rex had little time to enjoy the hilarity of the knight thrashing on the ground, as she soon stood back up and spied the lightning lizard who'd zapped her. With one swift kick of her steel boot, the knight sent Rex flying across the battlefield.

Laying upon the battlefield, Rex felt his spirit leaving his little broken body just as he was about to draw his last breath, the lightning lizard came to. A great wind swept him from the ground, wrapping him in a

cacophony of the storm. The gargantuan dragon flew before him and spit a refreshing blast of lightning into Rex's lungs, healing him before flying off.

When his claws hit the ground, Rex tried to follow the dragon, who quickly fled the scene. However, Rex was too small and the task ahead of him too great; eventually he lost the dragon as its distant form flew over the peaks of a mountain. Breathing heavily, Rex collected himself. Something had changed within him, the dragon had awakened Rex.

Rex still searches for the dragon to this day. During the battle with the knights, Rex knows he did very little to help before he was nearly killed, so why did the dragon save him? Rex believes that perhaps the dragon saw a greater destiny for him than hunting rodents all day. Perhaps, Rex could one day become as great as the dragon itself.

The lightning lizard's deepest fear is that perhaps the dragon did not raise him from the dead for any special purpose. Perhaps it was just on a whim... or out of pity. Yet, Rex won't let self-doubt stop him, and won't stop until he knows the truth, one way or another.

## Rudiger B. Preston IV

### Rust monster

Rust monsters are pests, everyone knows it. At best, they stay in their natural habitat where they're only a nuisance to themselves; at worst, they'll eat through an adventurer's mithral armor as they sleep. Rudiger B. Preston IV was just one of 500 or so rust monsters spawned on a hunk of iron ore that was consumed within 15 minutes of the creatures spawning. Rudiger was distracted from feeding, more occupied with pondering the meaning of his existence than the aching hunger in his belly.

Fighting for the last scrap of iron ore with a sister who seemed set on trying to quite literally bite his head off made Rudiger realize he was not like other rust monsters. In fact, he soon learned he was not like most creatures. The more "civilized" species of the world saw him as a pest to be exterminated, and he was hardly able to have a civilized conversation with the more bestial creatures. No, Rudiger was one of a kind.

By chance, the rust monster met an elderly traveling scholar by the name of Rudiger B. Preston III. Settling down for a quiet night to read a tattered book he found just outside a small town, his peaceful respite was interrupted by a giant man with tawny brown skin and a peppered grey beard. Startled from his reading, the rust monster at first fled in fear; humans meant danger, humans meant death.

The rust monster stopped in his tracks as he heard the man calling after him, "Stop please, I only wish to talk, fine sir!" A human had never directly addressed him before, let alone in a kind manner, and this was enough

to still the panic in his heart. Letting curiosity get the better of him, the rust monster made his way back to the fire and what followed was a lively conversation between two educated fellows.

The rust monster traveled with Rudiger for a number of years until both were at a venerable age, the rust monster due to his short lifespan and the human due to meeting the rust monster at such a late stage in his life. When the human did die, the rust monster took his name in honor of the finest fellow he'd ever met. Rudiger had learned much from the human scholar in their time together, and by seeing his dearest friend expire, Rudiger realized his greatest enemy was time.

The plains are filled with a great many wondrous things to see and explore, too many things for a human to explore in their lifetime, and an innumerable amount for someone expected to live for only around five years or so. To solve this problem, Rudiger is on the hunt for an ancient tome. This tome belonged to the last true lich and is said to hold the key to immortality. While forever seems like quite a long time to be alive, Rudiger is willing to accept that over a fate of a life taken too soon.

## Serda Ray

### Python

Serda Ray had served as a ranger's companion from the moment she was a hatchling. She grew up learning to use all her senses to hunt down prey, track foes through the forest, and traverse unseen through any terrain. Each year she grew smarter and more cunning, and with each new lesson she learned, Serda grew a little larger. Now an impressive python 30-ft. long, those she sneaks up on are always startled to find a creature so large being able to move with such sly grace.

Combining a quick wit with her stealthy moves, Serda is a force to be reckoned with. She doesn't abide laziness and enjoys playing pranks on those who think they can sit back and let others do all the work for them. Vigilance is an animal's best weapon against any force that would harm the region they protect.

When Serda's ranger passed from this world to the next to wander the endless forests of the afterlife, Serda was left in charge of protecting the forest as he once did. Serda had trained for this task her entire life and was not going to let her best friend down, and for many years the forest was peaceful. There was always bandits or goblins causing trouble for the forest inhabitants, but never something Serda couldn't handle; she was prepared for everything.

The forest was such a peaceful place that it drew the attention of a group of humans looking for a place to settle. The settlers built their village a stone's throw from the forest, enjoying the protection it, and Serda, provided. Serda enjoyed the presence of the humans



nearby. They understood the forest was something to be protected, and they never over-hunted or terrorized the animals within. Serda became the silent partner keeping the humans safe from any intruders who might harm them.

The humans' settlement drew the attention of another group of humans. Serda paid it no mind, let her humans be proud of their safe home. But the other humans did not want to admire her humans' settlement, but rule it for themselves. It was then Serda learned about humans and war.

Joining with her humans to fight off the invaders, who were relentless in their attacks, Serda saw the humans she cared for slowly slaughtered and no matter how hard she fought, it never seemed enough. Soon her humans had no choice but to flee into the forest for protection.

One night, as she rested in a tree from a long battle waged during the day, Serda woke to the scent of ash. Blinking open her eyes Serda saw the forest alight with a blazing fire. Their enemies had set light to the forest to flush the humans out, and before she could stop it, Serda saw everything she cared for burned to ash.

Serda now cares for the small bit of forest still left after the tragedy, healing and restoring what she can. Eventually, she'll gather what forces she can muster; she plans to take revenge for her forest, her people, and herself. The massacre will not go unpunished.

## Tenree the Scamp

### Golden lion tamarin

Three yips and a boisterous melody of song herald Tenree's approach. This kooky, free-spirited monkey travels far and wide, spreading a message of fun to whoever needs it most. A lot of the time what Tenree says doesn't entirely make sense, but she says it with a genuine affection, which brings a smile to the most hardened frowns.

Tenree wasn't always so. In fact, she was once a small, timid monkey employed by a gang of rogues to fit into the tiny places they were unable to go. With her dexterous digits she'd filch whatever her masters bade her to, in fear of what they might do to her if she disobeyed. Tenree hated stealing, even though she was exceptionally good at it. Something just didn't feel right about taking what belonged to others.

A few years into working for the rogues, they ordered Tenree into a small antechamber at the heart of a dark temple. The criminals wanted a giant ruby statue at the center of the chamber and could not make it through the tunnel to get inside. Hesitantly, the monkey crawled through the tunnel and into the chamber to behold the most beautiful item she'd ever seen.

A perfectly clear ruby carved into the shape of a forgotten symbol rested on a dais in the center of the room. Climbing up the dais, Tenree's hands hovered over the statue. Technically, she wasn't stealing from anybody, but removing the statue somehow felt wrong. The statue belonged there.

A few cruel words from the rogues outside sent a chill down Tenree's spine, and were enough to move the monkey to take the statue. The moment she removed it from the dais, a thick poisonous cloud flooded into the room. Choking, Tenree fled for the tunnel, ruby statue in tow.

Behind her, the red cloud formed into grasping poisonous hands and haunted crimson figures who chased after the monkey. She pushed the ruby statue through the end of the tunnel into her compatriot's hands and made to escape, when one of the rogues stopped her. Covering the tunnel's opening with a buckler so Tenree was trapped on the other side with the terrifying creatures, the rogues chose to save their own hides by sacrificing the loyal monkey who'd served them for so long.

Tenree awoke after the ordeal within the tunnel, covered in a fine red powder. For some reason, the creatures had decided not to kill her and instead imbued the monkey with a mission: hunt down each of the rogues who stole the statue—the true guilty parties—and return the statue to the temple.

After her ordeal in the temple and with a new mission in hand, Tenree gained a new confidence in herself. Liberty allowed her to find her voice, and her goal of finding the rogues keeps her sharp.

## Tyron

### Triceratops

Stories abound of the triceratops who can lift a giant and roar halfway across the world, stories about Tyron. Born in a forgotten land where dinosaurs still roam free and nothing much new ever happens, Tyron knew he was meant for something greater. As a child, he loved pushing the boundaries of what was expected from a "good" triceratops. He wanted to run faster, be stronger, laugh louder than any other dinosaur; and he pushed himself to make sure that happened.

Soon Tyron was was a legend in his land, and he needed a new challenge; so, he left the forgotten land in search of something new. In the lands of orcs, dwarves, and all the other known races, Tyron learned of heroes and dedicated himself to becoming one. These creatures were the pinnacle of creation, and that is just what Tyron wanted to be. Not only did he want to be the best, but behind Tyron's boisterous bravado and arrogance was a true heart that believed in doing the right thing in the face of adversity.

Tyron traveled for many years, ensuring his status as a certified folk hero before returning home to the forgotten lands. Showing his family and friends the great dinosaur he'd become would be his greatest feat yet; and indeed, when Tyron came home with tales of his exploits, all were very impressed. All save one. Vesha, one of Tyron's oldest friends, cared little for his tales. While Tyron's feats were impressive, she didn't feel the need to stroke his ego any further; being good should be its own reward. Vexed by Tyron's need to boast about his deeds, Vesha gave her fellow triceratops a wide berth.

Tyron couldn't stand the fact that there was someone who did not admire him as much as everyone else. He badgered Vesha day and night, attempting to get her attention, so she might acknowledge his magnificence. Vesha refused and instead explained to him why she would never truly respect his deeds. No-one had ever spoke to Tyron in such a manner and he instantly fell deeply in love with Vesha and her blunt honesty. Tyron promised her he would go back into the world, but this time to perform deeds for the greater good, not for the recognition, to prove to her he was more than an arrogant blowhard. Reluctantly, Vesha agreed to hold off her final judgment of Tyron until he returned.

It's been over a year and Tyron still hasn't returned home; in fact, he is unable to. Upon leaving the forgotten lands Tyron heard of a malicious witch plaguing the elven lands to the east. He rushed to the lands only to find them already decimated by the witch. In the aftermath of the destruction, Tyron tracked the witch to her home in a vast swamp. Without a second's pause, Tyron foolheartedly rushed into the swamp to find the witch—he would be the hero stop this foe!

But Tyron misjudged the witch, a woman powerful enough to decimate an entire city was far too mighty and clever for him to defeat alone. She trapped him in a sandpit, and rather than killing him, cursed him instead. The witch saw Tyron's arrogance and said, "I curse you, ancient beast, to never look upon the face of she who knows you best until you know yourself." Now, unable to return home to Vesha, Tyron travels the land to learn of a way to break the witch's curse and defeat her once and for all.

## **Ursula**

### **Black widow spider**

Some despise living up to their stereotype, for stereotypes are so often wrong. But Ursula finds leaning into what people believe a spider is makes her life infinitely easier—especially as a black widow. Ursula is not quite sure how or why she became awakened. In fact, there was no special event to signal this shift, other than a newfound sense of self-awareness. When the spider awoke, she knew exactly who she was and what she wanted in life.

And what Ursula wanted was power. She didn't necessarily need power at the expense of others, but she wanted a comfortable life, free of worry, and with the respect of any who beheld her. Ursula realized, being as small as she was, an easy way to get respect was to gather secrets. The more secrets she knew about others, the more they feared her. The more they feared her, the more respect they offered her.

Ursula used the secrets she acquired to attain a network, and once she had a network, she attained wealth. She spun a delicate web forged in secrets with her at the center, pulling the strings when needed. Finally, using the money she accumulated, Ursula bought a potion to make herself permanently larger and more formidable. A spider with a vast spy network is something people despise and becoming roughly the size of a halfling ensured she would not be so easily dispatched.

The Black Widow Broker, as she's known on the streets, isn't so naive to believe that every person in her employ truly respects her; fear isn't an exceptional motivator for everyone after all. But all who work for her listen, enact her plans, and serve her will. That brings Ursula no small amount of pleasure. Those who refuse, well, there's no need to kill them—not with the information Ursula has on them—instead, she sees their lives in ruin.

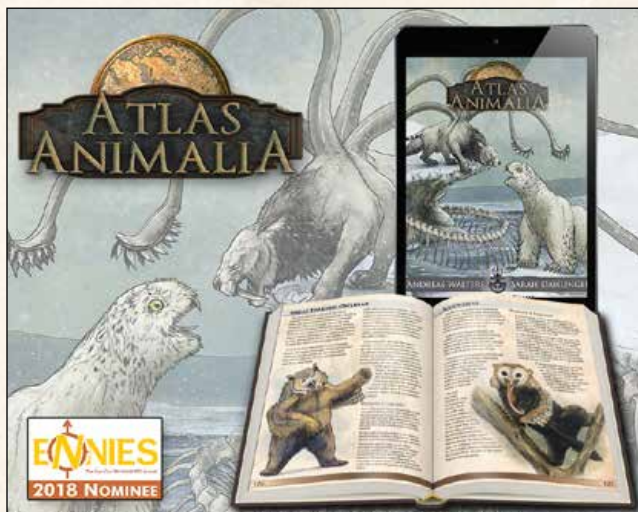
Having reached the pinnacle of what she always wanted to achieve, Ursula shores up any weaknesses in her organization to cement her power within the vast city where she works. She's learned that one of her direct underlings could be planning a "hostile takeover" of the organization and she wants to figure out who it is before it's too late. In order to do this she'll find someone outside the organization, someone who needs information, and offer it to them in exchange for their help with her small personnel problem.





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