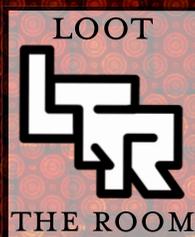


FREE!



BULETTE STORM



**A D&D 5E ADVENTURE FOR
4TH LEVEL CHARACTERS**



BULETTE STORM

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INTRODUCTION

Bulette Storm is a Dungeons & Dragons 5e side-quest adventure balanced to provide a hard challenge to parties of four 4th-level characters (APL 4). Guidelines for scaling the adventure to different APL are provided with each encounter. It is designed to be completed in 3-5 hours of play - since many of the encounters are optional, GMs have full control over the pace of the adventure. You can play the adventure any time the players are travelling through a rural area during the autumn. The village of Concord is designed to be easy to fit into any campaign setting.

Because **Bulette Storm** is intended as a side quest, it is not constructed to provide a full adventuring day. Similarly, loot is minimal, but 3 new magic items are included at end of this adventure should your group decide to harvest the bulette for parts in lieu of finding treasure. The construction of these items could well provide the seed for future adventures.

ADVENTURE BACKGROUND

Every year as the harvest is brought in the villagers of Concord throw a festival that stretches over four days. Since many of the residents spend much of their time working on their own farms, this is the one time of year where the whole community comes together. It has become something of an event in the area, with merchants, bards, and wandering tinkers arriving in town in the days leading up to the festival keen to ply their trade during the celebrations.

This year, the increased activity around Concord has attracted the attention of a bulette. Two attacks have already occurred, and the mayor of Concord has put out a bounty on the creature's head that has attracted mercenaries and would-be adventurers from far and wide. Brady, the head of Concord's constabulary, has begged McMahon to cancel the harvest festival, but he refuses - the hit to the local economy would be too great.

Unknown to everybody involved is the fact that the bulette is returning from its mating grounds, and has three of its calves in tow. Until they are large enough to hunt on their own, the bulette intends, as much as a bulette can actively intend anything, to remain in its den outside Concord and continue to use the villagers as feed for it and its brood.

Shortly before the characters arrive in Concord, another group of adventurers has headed out into the fields and woods surrounding town to hunt the bulette. They return later that night, battered and broken and missing

most of their party, but nevertheless carrying the body of a bulette calf. The mayor declares that the beast has been killed and the threat ended, and offers up the full reward.

Seeing that Concord is in danger Brady approaches the party and ask them to go back to where the other group slayed their monster and find the true threat. The festival is going ahead whether the bulette is killed or not; if the bulette is not dead, the consequences for Concord will be dire.

RUNNING THE ADVENTURE

Because this is only a short side-quest adventure, you will not need to prepare as much as you might normally do for a full-length module. Make sure you read through the adventure fully before running it. Unless otherwise stated, assume that all NPCs have the stats of **Commoners** (MM, p. 345).

Sections of boxed text like this one are designed to be read aloud or paraphrased to your players. They contain all the information that is immediately apparent to PCs in any given encounter.

GETTING THE PCs INTO TOWN

The adventure assumes that the players are passing through town, either for the harvest festival or having been drawn by the rumors of a reward. If you are struggling to find reasons to get your players involved in the adventure, the following adventure hooks can be used to guide the players toward Concord. Feel free to combine them or add to them to convince the players the festival is worth their time.

- The party have been hearing about Concord's famous Harvest Festival, which comprises of a full four days of eating, drinking, dancing, and generally having a good time. People come from all over, and there are rumors that the council have employed a famed illusionist to put on a display at the end of the festival.

- While travelling, the party come across a merchant leading a train of heavily-laden carts traveling in the opposite direction. He tells them that he had been heading to Concord for the festival, but that one caravan has already been attacked and there is word that the festival will be cancelled as a result.

- The party encounter a messenger on the road, who tells them of the killings in Concord and the 500gp reward on offer for anybody who can slay the beast.

reward on offer for anybody who can slay the beast.

STARTING THE ADVENTURE

Shortly before the players arrive in Concord, the adventuring party known as **Lord Tanglewood's Huntsmen** set out from town to hunt the bulette. They have not returned yet, but word around town is that they seemed confident, and that they have a reputation for dealing with these kinds of problems. Mayor McMahon has spent the day assuring people that the beast will be slain and the festival will go ahead.

The adventure begins later that evening when the Huntsmen, or what remains of them, return from their hunt and claim the reward. Players may wish to spend the day leading up to that moment investigating Concord for themselves.

ROLEPLAYING

If your players wish to spend the day in town getting their bearings or talking to the locals, you should let them. The adventure lists some of the more notable NPCs in Concord (those who the party are most likely to want to speak to) and provides the information they know as bullet points for your convenience. Named NPCs are also given bonds, traits, ideals, and flaws to help you roleplay them, should you wish to.

THE VILLAGE OF CONCORD

The adventure takes place in Concord and the surrounding area, but you can easily adapt it to run in any farming/market community that you have already established in your campaign world. If the players already have a connection to the village you decide to set the adventure in it should be much easier for you to get your party involved in the adventure.

TIMELINE

Below you will find a short timeline of the events that transpired before the party arrive in Concord. This is designed to aid you in keeping the facts straight between conversations with different NPCs:-

-9 days: The bulette and its calves arrive in the area. The bulette digs a makeshift lair beneath the Barret farm and begins to hunt local game.

-8 days: Attracted by the sound of the gnomish caravan heading towards Concord, the bulette attacks the tinkers and decimates them.

-7 days: The wreckage of the caravan is found, and



ONE HEX = THREE MILES

(ONE HOUR'S TRAVEL AT NORMAL PACE)

Brady, fearing bandits, advises Mayor McMahon to postpone the festival while he investigates. McMahon refuses.

-6 days: Brady begins searching the nearby woodland for signs of bandit activity, but finds nothing.

-4 days: Janel Barret throws a party in the fallow field on her father's land. The party attracts the attention of the bulette, who is teaching its calves to hunt, and Janel and her girlfriend, Roth Carter, are dragged back to their den.

-3 days: Brady visits the Barret farm with Gwint, a retired adventurer, who immediately recognizes the tell-tale signs of a bulette attack. Gwint warns that more attacks are imminent; holding the festival will only make things worse. Though McMahon still refuses to call off the festival, he spreads the word that a bulette is nearby and Concord will pay 500gp to anybody who can slay it.

-2 days: A band of mercenaries staying in town ahead of the festival head out to hunt the bulette. They are never heard from again.

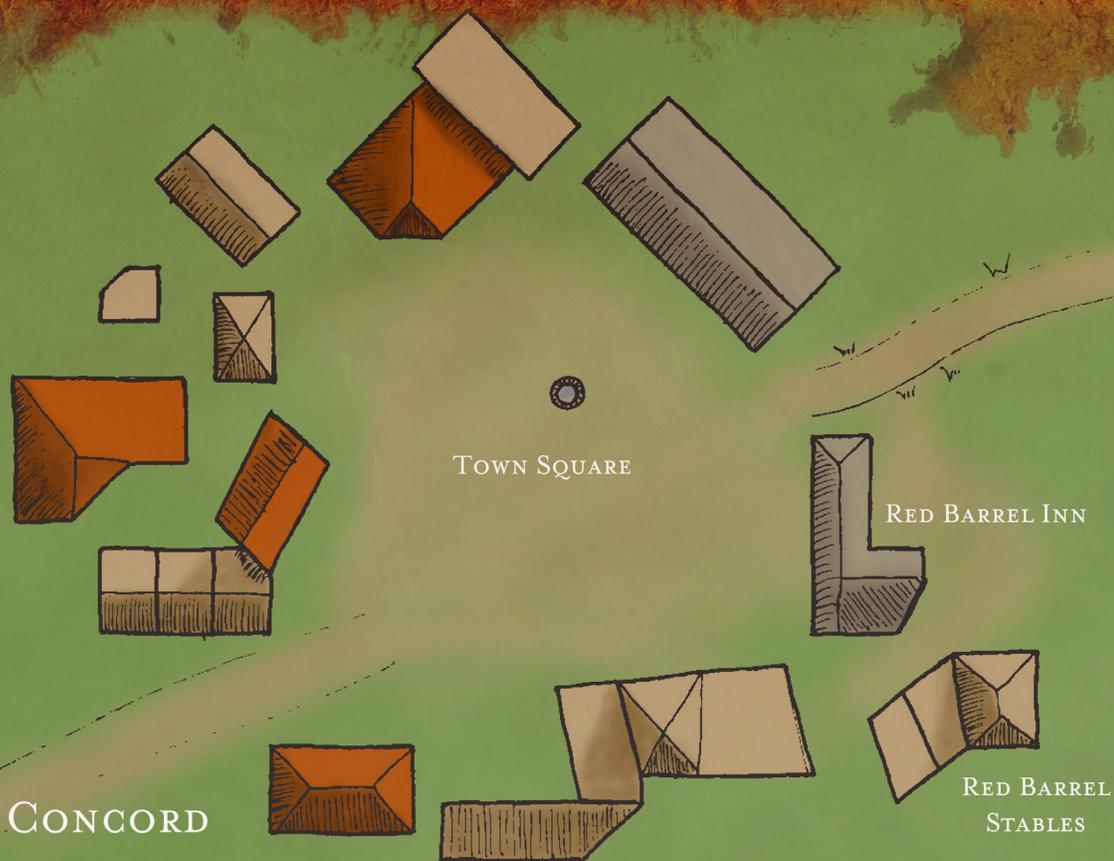
Day 0 (morning): Lord Tanglewood's Huntsmen arrive in town and seek out Mayor McMahon, who offers them 500gp to slay the bulette.

Day 0: The PCs arrive in Concord.

Day 0 (evening): Two members of the Huntsmen return, seriously wounded and carrying a dead bulette calf. Despite Gwint's protests that they haven't killed the bulette, McMahon pays them the reward and declares that the festival will continue.

+1 day: The harvest festival gets underway.

+1 day (nightfall): The Mayor has arranged a firework display to start the festival. As the fireworks go off, the bulette attacks!



PART 1: BULETTE HOLES

“**Bulette Holes**” is an introductory section during which the PCs become acquainted with Concord and learn more about the events that have transpired. Think of each of the encounters in this section as being optional; they mostly involve the PCs gathering information and beginning a hunt of the bulette, not knowing that they will soon be hunted themselves. This is the longest section of this adventure, but by no means does that have to be the case at the table.

The sections that follow are intended to cover any investigations the players may undertake before night falls and the Huntsmen return. Your group might not speak to these people; if you feel that this part of the adventure is taking too long, feel free to skip directly to **Part 2: Bulette Wounds**.

When the PCs arrive in town, read or paraphrase the following boxed text:-

Concord is a small village nestled at the bottom of a sweeping valley, surrounded by fields of wheat and barley that show clear signs of the harvest being well underway. Colorful bunting stretches between the buildings, and the village square is packed with stalls and booths erected by traders here to take advantage of the coming festival. It is not yet afternoon, and you can already hear the sounds of music, song, and drunken merriment from The Red Barrel Inn, Concord’s sole tavern. Clearly the locals are already in the festive spirit.

The following sections describe the areas of Concord that the PCs are most likely to visit, along with who they will find there and what information they might discover. Descriptive text and dialogue is kept to a minimum (except for the optional encounter “**Gwint’s Tale**”), to give you free reign in running the encounters in the way best suited to you and your group.

Once the players have exhausted all avenues of inquiry, or you have decided that the day is over, you should move to **Part 2: Bulette Wounds**.

COMMON KNOWLEDGE

The following information can be easily learned by talking to any resident of Concord:-

- **There have been two attacks thus far;** one on a caravan of gnomish tinkers by the edge of the eastern forest, and one at Barret's farm which claimed the lives of two young girls.
- **Brady wants to cancel the festival.** He has always been popular, but that might change if the festival doesn't go ahead.
- **Mayor McMahan is a pompous ass,** but he is Concord's pompous ass. Though he throws his weight around most people are happy to let him get on with things, since he rarely interferes in their day-to-day lives.
- **The constabulary consists of Brady** - an ex-soldier - and six other men, all of whom are farmers. They rarely have anything to do, and only take on official duties when there is a threat to Concord (which usually comes in the form of bandits in the hills or forest, and even that is rare).
- **Gwint tells a tall tale,** but he is prone to embellishment. This is probably nothing more than a bear or a wild boar.
- **Lord Tanglewood's Huntsmen** have accepted the Mayor's challenge and are currently hunting the beast. Most people are confident that they will return successfully by the end of the day, because that is what Mayor McMahan keeps telling people.

TRAVEL

- **The Red Barrel Inn** and **The Town Square** are located within Concord itself, and take up trivial amounts of time to investigate.
- **The Tinkers' Caravan** takes 7 hours to travel to by road at a normal pace, or 5 hours when traveling cross-country. Parties who travel there and back to Concord before heading to the Barret farm will probably find that night is descending once they get to the farm, and may well choose to skip that section of the adventure entirely.
- **The Barret Farm** is about 2 hours' travel to the south of Concord.

LORD TANGLEWOOD'S HUNTSMEN

Lord Tanglewood's Huntsmen are an adventuring party of about the same level of experience as the PCs. Stats are not provided for them, since the party are only likely to encounter one member of the group alive.

Though it is unlikely at 4th level, players attempting to scry on Lord Tanglewood himself will be unsuccessful; he wears an **amulet of proof against detection and location** always. This protection does not extend to the rest of his party.

Feel free to invent any stories you like about the Huntsmen; they are primarily known as hunters of rare and dangerous beasts, and their level of renown should be like that of the PCs. Stories may well be embellished for greater effect, and may not be entirely (or even partially) true.



THE RED BARREL INN

The Red Barrel Inn is the only drinking establishment in Concord. It does well enough, but most of its trade is done during the week of the festival, when its 5 rooms get booked up fast and the establishment is forced to take on local youths to act as bartenders and to clean up after close of business.

Landlord: Arotorin Orman (AKA Artor, Arin)

House Ale: Melting Heart by Red Barrel Brewing Arm (Dark cherry compote-infused oatmeal stout, 6.2% ABV)

Room and board: The 5 guest rooms above the Red Barrel are already full, but space can be had in the loft of the stables for 5sp per day - an inflated rate due to the festival. A pitcher of adequate-quality wine can be had

for 2sp. A mug of ale will set the buyer back 6cp. Meals of meat and bread can be had for 3sp, but Arotorin and his staff will encourage customers to seek out food at the market in the town square, since it is too busy to also be running a kitchen.

Read or paraphrase the following boxed text:

The inside of the Red Barrel Inn is a riot of noise and activity. People are packed into every space - the scum at the bar has the bartender running back and forth, a sheen of sweat on his forehead. From somewhere near the back of the room the sound of lute-accompanied singing drifts across the bar - competent, but nothing special.

There are plenty of people from out of town here. Heavy backpacks are stuffed beneath tables, and here and there you see the gleam of weapons and armor throughout the crowd. Still, there is no violence in the air - just expectation, revelry, and the smell of sweet ale.

NPCs IN THE RED BARREL INN

The information that can be gleaned from NPCs in this adventure is provided in bullet points. You may choose to simply provide this to your players, or else you may reveal some of part of it over the course of the conversation should you choose to roleplay these encounters. DCs are provided for information that NPCs may be reticent about sharing. You should decide whether these require successes in an **Intelligence (Investigation) check** in a less roleplay-centric game, or some combination of **Charisma (Persuasion)** and **Wisdom (Insight) checks** while roleplaying the conversation.

AROTORIN ORMAN

Arotorin is an unusual sight - a rotund half-elf. He was a cleric and healer of some renown, but fell from grace when he took to the bottle. After a string of incidents that saw him being barred from most of his usual haunts, Arotorin took to making his own beer - and found that his years spent brewing potions and healing salves made him something of a natural. He began plying his wares and soon saved up enough money to move out to the country and set up his own inn and brewery - where he can drink as much as he likes, as long as the bills get paid.

TRAITS

Bitter Alcoholic.

Arotorin is still a functioning alcoholic. He also harbours a deep-seated grudge against the clergy that excommunicated him and the god that stopped answering his prayers. He would love to regain his god's favour - divine magic made life worth living - but he would also love to see the church punished for exiling him.

Ideal. Things don't happen for any bigger reason. You make your choices, and you must deal with the consequences or take steps to change them.

Bond. One day I will return to favour in the eyes of my god and get revenge on those who exiled me.

Flaw. I drink because it is the closest thing to feeling divine power coursing through my body once more.

TALKING TO AROTORIN

Arotorin knows only what he has heard from customers at the bar - he has been far too busy this past week to keep up with news or to speak to anybody who has solid information. As a result, the information he should offer isn't entirely accurate. He is aware of that, and will happily regale the party with all the stories he has heard, even when they contradict one another - especially if the party keep spending money!

The PCs can learn the following information by talking to Arotorin:

- **The two attacks are unrelated.**

Janel Barret and Roth Carter had been experimenting with magic, and accidentally summoned something that killed them immediately. The tinkers were killed by a bear.

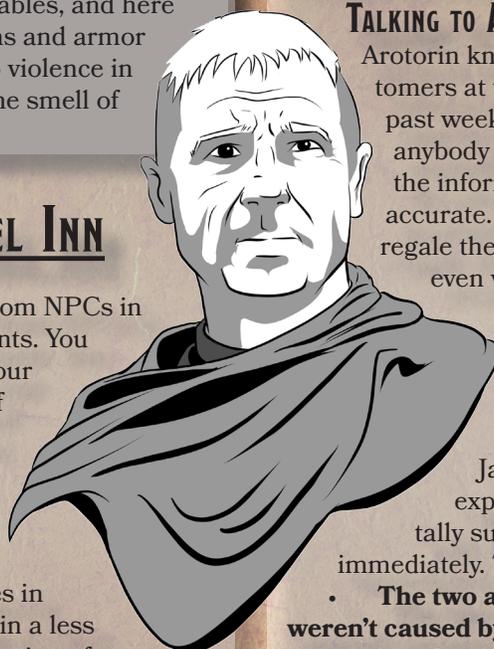
- **The two attacks are related, but the deaths weren't caused by any monster.** It was the alchemists testing their fireworks, and the deaths were unfortunate accidents. Rumor has it that there have been more than two incidents, but Mayor McMahon is keeping it hushed up.

- **Farmer Barret killed his own daughter** in anger because she had fallen pregnant, then dug the holes in his field himself to make it look like another attack. Roth Carter died because she was a witness.

- **Bulettes are known as land sharks**, because they turn the earth around them to water so that they can swim through it.

- **Lord Tanglewood's Huntsmen** waltzed into town like they had already slain the monster and collected the bounty - and they spent enough on drinks that it seems they don't need the offered reward.

- **Gwint is the man to talk to regarding the monster.** He killed hundreds of beasts in his youth, and has the scars to prove it.



• **Gwint is an old fraud.** He has never swung a sword in anger; his scars are the result of growing up on a cattle farm, where he was gored by a bull; his stories are the result of his penchant for ale.

GWINT

Gwint is in his late 30s but looks much, much older. His lined, leathery face is crossed with scars and he is missing several teeth, half an ear, and a couple of fingers. He is a retired adventurer who slowly saw all his friends killed by various enemies over the year, eventually deciding that he had had enough excitement for one lifetime. He keeps it quiet, but over a decade of looting tombs and dungeons has left him fabulously wealthy - especially by the standards of a small town like Concord. Now he is content to see out his days drinking and spinning tales of his adventures to anybody who will listen - and the festival is the prime time to do that.

An optional encounter - "**Gwint's Tale**" - follows the section detailing Gwint's personality traits and useful information. It is a storytelling encounter that should be used if the party wish to spent some time listening to Gwint's stories before talking to him.

TRAITS

Gallows Humourist.

His years on campaign have left Gwint with an ambivalence towards death that only comes from seeing everyone you know torn to pieces by unspeakable horrors. He makes light of even the most severe of injuries, and has little sympathy for

people getting teary-eyed when loved ones draw their final breath. Despite his cynicism, he is generous with his time and his experience - though not with his money, which he guards tightly.

Ideal. There's no good in pretending to be something I'm not.

Bond. Concord has accepted me and allowed me to make it my home. If it comes to it, I will fight to protect it.

Flaw. I am slow to trust members of other races; the less human you look, the less I trust you.

TALKING TO GWINT

Gwint spins a good tale, and he embellishes where it serves the story, but he is an honest man by nature. He has had as much experience adventuring as the PCs (if not more), and while the tales he tells of his adventuring days seem unbelievable to common folk, hardened campaigners see the truth in his stories. He is deeply dis-

trustful of clergy of any kind, and of people who put their trust in the gods. He has seen too many cultists seeking power at the behest of their gods to be any other way.

The PCs can learn the following information by talking to Gwint:

- **There is no doubt** that the attack on the caravan and the attack at Barret's farm were the work of a bulette. He fought one once; it killed his entire party, and left him nursing a wound that nearly killed him. The long, purple scar across his ribs and stomach is his proof of this.
- **The tinkers' caravan** showed the signs of a normal bulette attack.
- **The attack at Barret's farm** seemed to indicate multiple smaller bulettes, but he doesn't know how that is possible. Nobody has ever claimed to have seen an infant bulette, and the creatures are known to be solitary hunters.
- **Bulettes exist to feed.** They burrow through the earth almost as fast as a man can run, and are drawn to large gatherings of food - be it herds of cattle or towns of people.
- **Mayor McMahon is stupid** for failing to acknowledge the danger.
- **Gwint went with Brady** to look at the aftermath on Barret's farm. He ventured into the hole left by the bulette, but the earth had collapsed a few feet into the tunnel and he turned back once there was no way forward.
- **Lord Tanglewood's Huntsmen** headed south to Barret's field. They were confident, but they are likely going to die.



The following information should be revealed only after a successful **Charisma (Persuasion) check** if you roleplay the encounter, or else a successful **Intelligence (Investigation) check** while gathering information.

- **DC 15:** Brady is a good man, but he is woefully unprepared - both to deal with McMahon throwing his weight around, and to deal with what is inevitably coming if the festival goes ahead.

GWINT'S TALE

Read or paraphrase the following boxed text, stopping to conduct the checks when required:

The old man sits in the corner of the room, his back to the wall and a large mug of ale clutched tightly in one hand. Though he sways in his seat slightly his eyes dart constantly around the room, sharp and observant and

settling briefly on anybody who looks armed - including yourselves.

"Right, another one then!" he says, to a small cheer from the group of ten or so people crowded around his table. They are rapt as they watch him, eating up his every word. Clearly the man knows how to work an audience.

"This one happened way down south, where the land turns to dust and clay and the very air tries to suck the sweat from your pores. We'd been hired by an old cleric of some forgotten god, a real skeleton of a man; leather skin stretched tight over his skull, eyes set deep in the sockets... - you know the type. He said there was a temple out in the sand, a place dedicated to the sun that had been dark for centuries. And there was loot in it, treasure, and gold, and magic. Magic that he wanted, and that we were to recover for him."

At the mention of magic some of the gathered crowd lean forward in their chairs, and one man leaning against a nearby pillar - an out-of-towner - calls out, "Care to tell us where that is, old man?" He seems to want to continue talking, but one of the locals digs an elbow into his ribs as irritated mutters run through the crowd. Clearly Gwint is not a man to be interrupted.

DC 12 Wisdom (Perception) check: The man who called out seems to be with a small group of people sitting off to the side of Gwint. They are clearly adventurers, and clearly drunk.

Gwint just chuckles to himself.

"Wish I could tell you lad," he calls back. "Course, the old bastard swore us to secrecy, didn't he? Had us sign a blood pact to hold our tongues before he'd even tell us where it was. Couldn't tell you even if I wanted to! Not that there's anything left there to be had, of course."

He drops an obvious wink and a grin lights up his face as a ripple of laughter spreads through the crowd.

DC 15 Wisdom (Perception) check: As Gwint gestures to the man who called out, his sleeve briefly falls back to his elbow. In the moment before he pulls it back up to his wrist, you notice a dark red scar in the crook of his elbow that appears to be arcane in nature.

DC 20 Intelligence (Arcana) check: You only see the scarred rune for a second, but you think it might be the result of a spell intended to force Gwint to keep some kind of secret.

"Anyway, we took that deal, of course, or I wouldn't be telling this story! We drank to a successful mission, and then we headed out. Two days, we trekked across that

accursed desert. The days were blistering hot; the nights were freezing, and no sleep was had, because when the night falls out there the spirits of those that have died out there come alive, and they hate the living.

"We beat them back, though. Made the undead re-dead, all through the night. And then we got there, finally.

"Wasn't much. We would've missed it had the wind been blowing bit stronger. Just a square of smooth stone in the ground, almost covered in sand. Didn't look like anything to me, but that leather-faced bastard swore it was the tip of a buried pyramid.

"Weren't no lock to pick, so we did what we do - took out our biggest hammer, and smashed our way in."

He leans forward, his smile gone and a deep frown in its place, and his audience lean in to match him. Suddenly his voice is quiet, measured, but it carries even over the music still coming from the other end of the room.

"Things went wrong straight away. The chamber we stumbled into was small, empty but for a pedestal and a withered hand on top of it. We all saw it was bad news, but our employer" - he pauses to spit, then takes another draw of his drink before continuing - "had less sense than my second wife. He walked right up to it, and without thinking for a second plucks the damn hand from its place!

"All hells broke loose. 'fore we knew what was happening the floor was crumbling under us, the walls were shaking, and then there was just dark and falling for gods know how long. Then there was pain, and darkness.

"When I woke, my team were dead. Most had died in the fall. One, like me, was hurt but breathing. I could hear him crying out, begging that priest to help him. Or at least, I thought so. Then I sat up.

"The damn priest was leaning over him, and I watched as he slid a knife across my buddy's throat like slaughtering a lamb. Then he turned on me - me with my legs pinned under fallen rocks, one arm broken under me, and only this ring as a weapon."

DC 15 Wisdom (Perception) check: On his right hand Gwint brandishes an onyx ring carved in the shape of a skull, with a two-inch spike of the same material emanating from its screaming mouth.

DM note: Gwint's ring isn't magical in any way. It's just nasty. If the PCs end up fighting Gwint for any reason, he can use it in combat. He is proficient with it, and it deals 1d4 points of piercing damage.

"He came over to me then, smiling a smile that I still see in my sleep, and leaned down to me. The blade was cold against my throat, hard and sharp, and I figured I was done for. But he was stupid, and full of himself, and he had to gloat in his little victory.

"I'll never know what he was going to say to me, and I'll never know how he survived the fall without a scratch on him. What I do know is how satisfying it was to bury my fist in his temple, to feel him shudder and spasm and drop the knife.

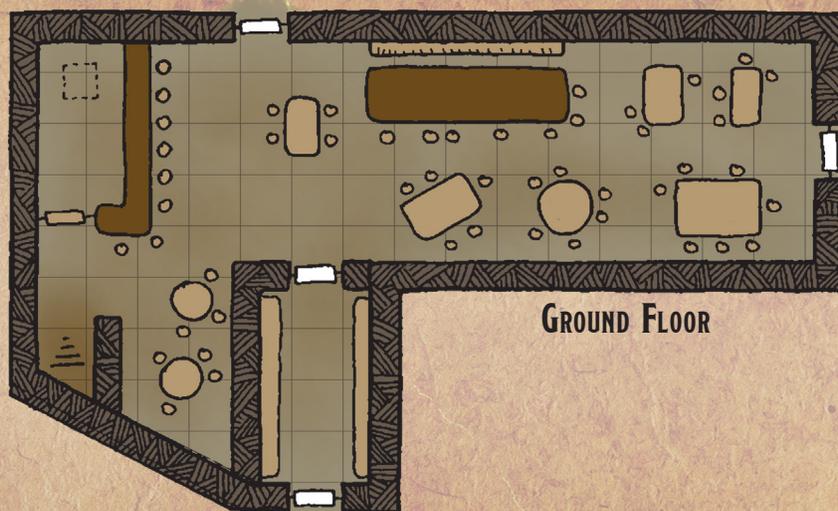
"How I got out that place is a story for another time. For now, let me leave you with two lessons. The first is this - never deliver a monologue when you should be killing a man, and never trust a gods-damned priest!"

With Gwint's final shout, cheers and applause erupt from his small crowd, and as Gwint turns back to his ale they begin to disperse. It appears his tales are done for the evening.

DC 20 Wisdom (Perception) check: As Gwint shouts his final piece of advice, it seems he makes eye contact with Arotorin as the half-elf serves the customers at the bar. A dark look passes between them, though it is impossible to be sure what it might mean.

THE RED BARREL INN

ONE SQUARE = FIVE FEET



GROUND FLOOR



UPPER FLOOR

THE TOWN SQUARE

Read or paraphrase the following boxed text:

The square seems like it would normally be quite a plain space, a wide stretch of hard-beaten dirt with a simple brick well in the middle and little in the way of decoration. Today, though, it is full of color and bustle. Bright bunting flaps in a stiff breeze and merchants shout prices over one another, each trying to be louder than her neighbor. The smell of roasting boar fills the air, thick and sickly.

Here and there you spy posters nailed to some of the stands - a call for bounty hunters, the promise of gold, and an instruction to speak to Mayor McMahon should you feel up to the task. Two official-looking men stand on a raised platform by the well, overseeing a group of laborers driving long tubes into the ground in a space that seems to have been kept deliberately clear of traders.

The two men are **Marlin Brady**, the head of Concord's constabulary, and **Taryon McMahon**, the Mayor of Concord.

The laborers are setting up fireworks for the display the next evening, which will mark the true start of the 4-day-long festival.

TARYON MCMAHON

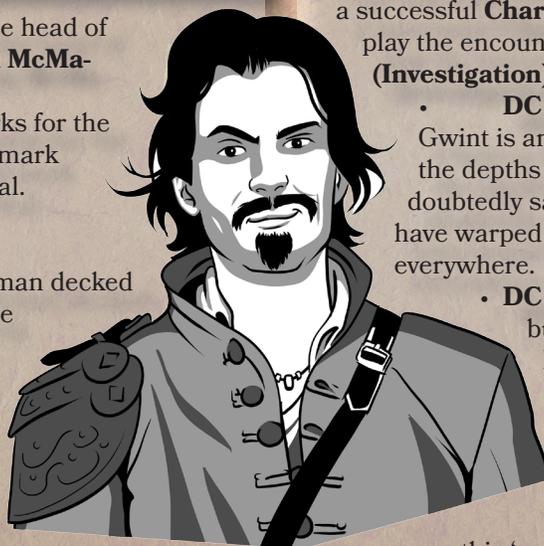
Taryon McMahon is a robust gentleman decked out in plain, but fine, silk clothing. He wears a heavy silver chain around his neck that carries the key to the town - a purely ceremonial item, since Concord has no external walls. He has the nose of a man who is partial to whisky, which sits above thick black moustaches that he keeps oiled to a luscious sheen.

TRAITS

Minor Noble. Mayor McMahon has ideas well above his station. He is an elected official, by rights only the first among equals (those equals being the rest of the small council that runs Concord), but he sees himself as a Lord and the people of Concord as his vassals. He believes that it is obvious that he is a cut above the unwashed masses who he oversees.

Ideal. Respect is due to me because of my position, and those who fail to show it will soon find that life can be much more difficult.

Bond. The common folk must see me as a hero of the people.



Flaw. The only language I speak is money. All principles can be bought, if you know the price.

TALKING TO MCMAHON

McMahon doesn't particularly care about the deaths of the tinkers or the girls at Barret's farm, though he knows he must put on a show of being concerned. His main fear is that panic will set in and the festival will have to be called off, which will result in a hefty loss to the finances of the town and McMahon himself.

The PCs can learn the following information by talking to McMahon:

- **Nobody has seen the bulette.** Its tracks were identified by Gwint, a retired adventurer who now lives in Concord. Gwint can usually be found at the Red Barrel Inn.
- **Lord Tanglewood's Huntsmen** set off a few hours ago to hunt the beast, and they are sure to return before nightfall having succeeded.

The following information should be revealed only after a successful **Charisma (Persuasion) check** if you role-play the encounter, or else a successful **Intelligence (Investigation) check** while gathering information.

- **DC 10 (DC 15 if Brady is present).** Gwint is an old drunk who went too deep into the depths of the earth in his youth. He undoubtedly saw some horrible things, but they have warped him and caused him to see monsters everywhere.
- **DC 15 (DC 20 if Brady is present).** The bulette is nothing to be worried about. Brady and Gwint are paranoid, fearful men, Brady is a fool to trust Gwint's word, and they are making a fuss over something that poses little more threat than a wild boar. In fact, Gwint probably invented this 'monster'.

MARLIN BRADY

Brady is in his early 50s, but a life of hard field work and harder fighting gave him a powerful build that has not yet gone to seed. His dark hair is shot through with streaks of white, and he speaks like a man used to commanding soldiers. Whatever his personal feelings about Mayor McMahon, he has a deeply ingrained sense of respect for authority, and he is reticent to talk about his superiors in an unfavorable light.

Brady should be treated as a **veteran** (MM, p. 350) for the purpose of determining stats.

TRAITS

Retired Soldier. Brady didn't choose the life a fighter, it chose him. He was enlisted in his youth, plucked from his father's farm and forced to fight in a war he didn't understand. He was good at it, though, or he stayed alive when others around him died, depending on his mood when you ask him. He did well enough that he was able to retire to his own farm while he still had all his own limbs. Now he spends his days keeping the peace, which is easy in a place like Concord, and keeping the forests and roads that surround the town free of bandits.

Ideal. I do what I must and obey just authority.

Bond. I fight for those who cannot fight for themselves, and would lay down my life to protect those I serve.

Flaw. I have little respect for anyone who is not a proven warrior.

TALKING TO BRADY

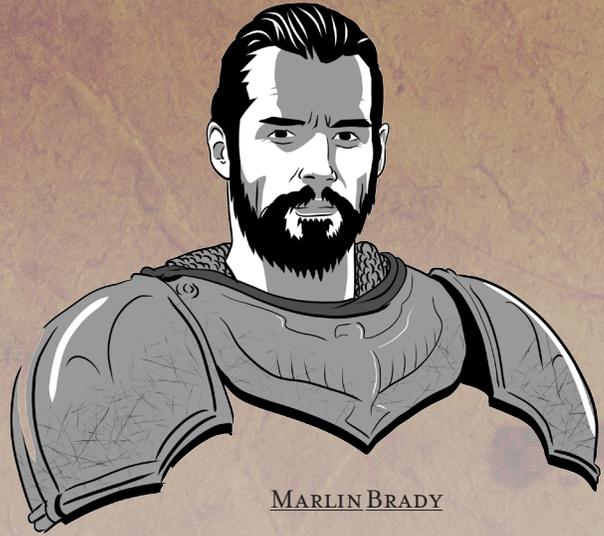
Though Brady has never heard of a bulette before, he trusts Gwint enough to take the old campaigner's word on the matter. He thinks McMahon is a fool, though he will be hard-pressed to admit that, and he worries that the Mayor isn't taking the threat to the town seriously.

The PCs can learn the following information by talking to Brady:

- **There have only been two attacks thus far;** a group of travelling gnomes on the edge of the forest, and the two girls in Barret's field.
- **The Huntsmen seemed confident and well-prepared.** Their reputation as bounty hunters precedes them, and Brady shares the Mayor's confidence that this will be dealt with soon. Still, having more people hunting it can't hurt, and the party are welcome to help.
- **Gwint claims to have lost his hand to a bulette,** and will happily part with information about the beast in exchange for a drink.
- **Mr. Barret** had reported disturbances in the earth in the week before the attacks. Large mounds of dirt like enormous mole hills run in long, unbroken lines across his fields before disappearing.

The following information should be revealed only after a successful **Charisma (Persuasion) check** if you roleplay the encounter, or else a successful **Intelligence (Investigation) check** while gathering information.

- **DC 15:** The attack at the Barret farm left multiple smaller holes in the ground rather than the one large hole at the tinker's caravan. Gwint can't explain them, and says that bulette usually hunt alone, but Brady is worried that there is more than one creature in their midst.



MARLIN BRADY

THE BARRET FARM

The Barret farm is about 6 miles south of Concord. At a normal travelling pace, it takes about 2 hours for PCs to make the trip to the farm, following rough dirt tracks that run between fields of wheat and barley in various stages of harvest. No random encounters are included in this adventure, but you are free to introduce any encounters that suit your game.

THE BARRETS

If night has fallen once the party reach the Barret farm, they will find the doors locked and no light in the windows. The Barrets will not answer the door to callers after night has fallen; they are grieving, and wish to be left alone.

If it is day when the party arrives at the farm, read or paraphrase the following:

Barret's farmhouse sits at the middle of his fields, a squat wooden building with a thatched roof that is dwarfed by the large barn and grain silos surrounding it. Behind the farm you can make out a pair of dray horses pulling a cart across a field. The driver stands as he sees you, raising a hand against the sun as he peers across the field in your direction.

Then the door of the farmhouse opens with a bang, and a fierce-looking woman in a simple dress stands on the low porch.

“Get out of here, now!” she shouts, making a shooing motion with her hands. “I’ve had enough of you bounty hunters trampling over my fields! Can’t you just leave us in peace?”

Allow the players as much or as little time as you like to interact with **Mrs. Barret** before her husband arrives. Mrs Barret has no desire to talk to any more bounty hunters or adventurers, though she will begin to open up once her husband invites the group to ask their questions. At that point, she will see no need to withhold information; to do so would only keep the PCs on her farm for longer than is necessary.

While Mr Barret is not present, Mrs Barret will not reveal any information without the party succeeding on a **DC 20 Charisma (Persuasion) check** made at disadvantage. Failed checks will result in her standing silently in the doorway to the house with her arms crossed, waiting for either her husband to arrive or for the party to leave. She is not a stupid woman, and knows that attempting to see multiple armed individuals off by force will probably end badly for her.

When **Mr. Barret** reaches the farmhouse, read or paraphrase the following:-

“More of you, is it?” the man says as he climbs down from the cart. He pauses to inspect the blades of the rotating scythes attached to the back of the cart before continuing to meet you. “What’s the matter? That first lot come back empty handed?”

He glances toward his wife, who gives him a hard look and shakes her head. He gives a brief sigh, wiping the sheen of sweat from his forehead as he does so.

“Look, this isn’t the best time, right? We’re going through some things right now. Normally I’d invite you in, but... I’m sure you understand. Ask your questions; I’ll answer them, I’ll point you to where it happened if you like, but let’s be quick about this. I’ve work to do, and my wife and I are in no mood to entertain visitors today.”

MRS. BARRET

Born and raised in Concord, Mrs. Barret has always stayed away from the festival. She went to a city once as a child and was overwhelmed by the experience, and the crowds that the festival brings in remind her a little too much of that for her to ever enjoy it. She is mistrustful of outsiders in the way only a person who has spent the best part of 50 years in the same ten-mile-area can be. That combined with her grief over the death of her only daughter mean that she is not exactly hospitable to visitors.

TRAITS

Of The Land. Farming and family have been the two constants in Mrs. Barret’s life. She has little in the way of a formal education. She claims to be able to read and write (she refuses to demonstrate these skills), she understands the land intimately. Though she doesn’t know what a bulette is, she knows something dangerous has moved into the area; she has seen the signs in the land, in the behaviour of the animals and birds around the farm.

Ideal. I am brutally practical. Even distasteful, painful work is work that needs to be done, and there is no benefit to standing around talking about it first.

Bond. My family is my life.

Flaw. I am too proud for my own good. If somebody tells me I can’t do something, I will go out of my way to prove them wrong.

MR. BARRET.

Mr Barret is a quiet man who wants nothing more than to be left alone. Like his wife, he has rarely left the immediate area of Concord. Usually he enjoys the Harvest Festival, but this year he intends to stay away and be with his wife. Though Gwint and Brady have warned him of the danger the bulette poses he, too, is practical. It’s possible the bulette may kill him while he is out in the fields, yes - but if he doesn’t get on with bringing in the harvest, he and his wife *will* starve.

TRAITS

Rustic Hospitality. Mr Barret was raised to always offer a roof, a bed, and a warm meal to those who need it. These are principles he firmly believes in, but the influx of bounty hunters to his land after the death of his daughter has caused him to reassess his priorities. For the time being, he simply wants to be left alone.

Ideal. People deserve to be treated with dignity and respect.

Bond. I do what I must to provide for those I love.

Flaw. Secretly, I think things would be better if I was in charge of Concord rather than that fool McMahon.

TALKING TO THE BARRETS

Mrs Barret is a mother in mourning, but she refuses to let her grief get in the way of practicality. Life for her and her husband must go on; the harvest must be reaped, because even in grief she will need to eat in the days to come. She knows that she can do nothing to stop the bulette, and though she would like to see it killed, a desperate thirst for revenge helps nobody. At the moment, she just wants to be left alone by the world.

The PCs can learn the following information by talking to the Barrets:

- **They weren’t at the party.** Janel threw it for her

own friends, and the Barrets trusted her enough that they didn't feel the need to supervise the event.

- **Janel was involved romantically with Roth Carter**, the girl who died with her. Janel had tried to keep it secret, but her parents figured things out. They never told Janel that they knew. Mr. Barret believed it to be a youthful fling, but Mrs. Barret was sure there was more to it.

- **The party - and the attack - took place in a field that is lying fallow**, about half a mile from the farmhouse.

- **Neither of the Barrets** have ever seen anything like the holes in the ground left by the creatures that killed Janel.

- **Brady has been out to the farm on three occasions since the attack.** The first was with Mayor McMahon, who made a show of inspecting the holes and tracks and of offering his condolences. The second was with Gwint, who studied the tracks with the look of a man who knew what he was doing. The third time he came alone, offering sincere condolences and a promise to support the Barrets in any way he could.

- **Gwint said something about a "land shark"**, but neither of the Barrets know what that mean.

- **Lord Tanglewood's Huntsmen** came to the farm this morning, asking the same questions as the party. They were confident that they would slay the creature, and promised to bring Mrs. Barret its head when they are done.

- **Mrs. Barret** has no desire to have the head of the creature that killed her daughter delivered to her.

- **Mr. Barret** directed the Huntsmen to the field where the attack happened earlier that day. He has not seen or heard from them since, and his work today didn't take him near that field.

- **The attack on the tinkers' caravan** took place about 4 hours' travel on foot to the east, where the road snakes around the edge of the forest. Mr. Barret has seen strange mounds of earth in long lines in the fields in that direction.

- **Mr. Barret is happy to direct the party to his fallow field**, but he asks that they not investigate it once night has fallen. He and his wife need time to grieve their daughter, and he would rather not worry about groups of heavily armed mercenaries wandering his lands in the dark.

THE FALLOW FIELD

The Barret's fallow field is about half a mile to the south east of the farm, and takes about fifteen minutes to reach. Mr. Barret will not accompany them to the field.

When the party get to the site where Janel and Roth died, read or paraphrase the following:

The field is a stretch of dark, stony earth, not levelled or ploughed, with nothing sown in it. All that there is to see here is bare dirt, and three dark holes in the ground where you know the two young girls spent their final moments.

These holes are the result of the bulette's calves attacking the two girls. The holes are only 5 or 6 feet in diameter, and less than 10 feet deep. PCs can drop into them without suffering any ill effects, though only one person can stand in each hole at a time. Each hole gives way to a low tunnel that stretches off to the north; these tunnels are only 5 feet high, and anybody taller than that height will have to crouch to pass through them. The tunnels only stretch for 50 or 60 feet before collapsing on themselves and becoming impassable.

A successful **DC 12 Intelligence (Investigation)** or **Wisdom (Survival) check** shows clear signs of another group of humanoids having explored this area earlier in the day. These are the tracks of Lord Tanglewood's Huntsmen, and it is clear that once they reached the end of the tunnels they turned back and left the area. After climbing back out of the holes, the sorcerer with the Huntsmen cast the spell *pass without trace* (PHB, p. 264) on her party before they continued tracking the bulette.

Unless the party have encountered a bulette before, they will have no way to determine what caused these tunnels. Any tales of bulettes that they have heard will refer to a creature much too big to have created them.

THE TINKERS' CARAVAN

The site of the tinkers' caravan is about 15 miles south-east of Concord. At a normal travelling pace on foot it takes roughly 7 hours of travel to reach the site by road from Concord, 5 hours cross-country from Concord, or 4 hours cross-country from the Barret's farm. Full rules for travel speeds, including rules for the use of mounts, can be found on page 242 of the *Dungeon Master's Guide*.

Read or paraphrase the following boxed text, stopping to conduct the check when required:

As the road heads south it rises gently, presenting you with an elevated view of Concord and the farmlands surrounding it. From here you can see vast fields, mostly brown and bare after the harvest, while others are still being worked. Farm hands the size of ants swing miniscule scythes, and off to the north you can make out

a low white cloud rolling across the land that must be a shepherd moving his flock.

DC 15 Wisdom (Perception) check: The Barret farm lies off to the west, and the more you look the easier it becomes to make out dark, uneven lines of earth running across the ground between the farm and the road up ahead. You can see that more of these lines snake out north towards Concord itself, though they stop a mile or two from the town.

DM note: These lines of dirt are the result of the bulette and its calves burrowing beneath the ground.

You know you have come to the right place immediately. It seems that the ground itself erupted here; a wide black hole leads down into the earth, and a few shards of broken wood and twisted metal still litter the ground at the edge of the forest. A little further along the road, many trees appear to have been torn out of the ground. The sounds of chattering birds and rustling undergrowth that accompanied you on your journey to this place have ceased; all you can hear is your own breath and the soft whisper of the wind.

INVESTIGATING THE AREA

Brady and his constables have mostly disposed of the wrecked caravan. Some detritus remains along the edge of the forest, but there is nothing of use or value here.

The players can learn the following information by investigating this area (you can either give them all the information provided here, or also parcel it out depending on where they choose to search and the results of any **Intelligence (Investigation)** or **Wisdom (Survival) checks** you may ask for):

- **The hole in the ground** is nearly 10 feet in diameter and some 15 feet deep. It turns abruptly at the bottom, tunnelling into the earth in the direction of the Barret's farm.
- **The felled trees** show signs that something sharp or hard struck them violently, tearing deep gashes into the bark.
 - **DC 10:** The damage to the ground wasn't caused by an explosion of any kind. It appears something large tunnelled out of the earth at a rapid pace.
 - **DC 12:** The trees probably weren't torn up but rather pushed over by something large and heavy running into them.
 - **DC 15:** You find the only thing that remains of the tinkers - the small, child-sized foot of a gnome, still in

its boot and missing the rest of the body. It was pinned beneath one of the felled trees, and appears to have been torn off as the body was pulled away from it, rather than severed by teeth or blades.

- **DC 20:** Dark trails in the dirt still show signs of where blood was spilled. Without fail they lead towards the hole in the ground, as though bodies were dragged into it while bleeding heavily.

INTO THE HOLE

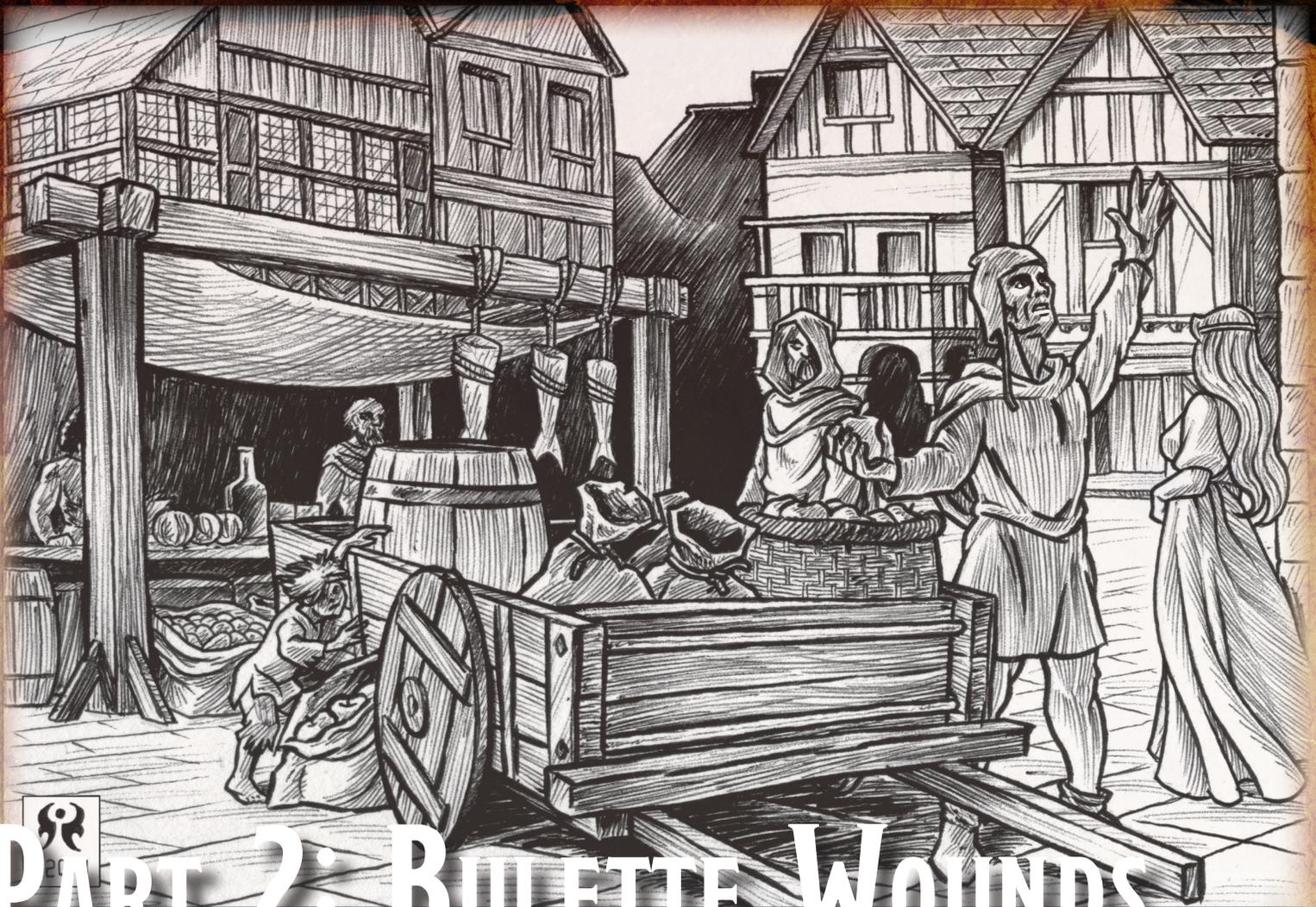
Should any players take it upon themselves to descend into the hole, they will have to succeed on a **DC 15 Strength (Athletics) check** to climb down the almost vertical shaft of loose earth. You may modify the DC of this check (or rule that it is not needed) if players make suitable preparations for the climb. Anybody failing such a check must succeed on a **DC 15 Dexterity saving throw** to safely land after falling, taking 1d6 points of damage on a failed save, and half as much on a successful save.

Read or paraphrase the following boxed text:

The hole in the ground is dark and moist, but with no breeze the moisture in the air has turned to cloying humidity in the early autumn heat. There is an animal smell down here that makes your hackles rise, musty and somehow feral. Up ahead, a dark tunnel descends into the earth at a sharp angle. Mounds of dirt cover the floor, seemingly thrown behind whatever creature dug this passage.

The tunnel continues for about 120 feet, descending all the time, before ending abruptly in a wall of bare earth; the tunnel has collapsed here, and it is not possible to continue following the bulette's trail.

A successful **DC 20 Intelligence (Investigation) check** made at the collapsed end of the tunnel reveals a small leather pouch containing **17gp** which was dropped by one of the tinkers as she was dragged away to the bulette's calves.



PART 2: BULETTE WOUNDS

“**Bulette Wounds**” is a short series of encounters designed to lull the players into a false sense of security and to give them a small taste of what is to come in Part 3, “**Bulette Storm**”.

Begin this chapter either once the party have finished exploring Concord and investigating the attacks, or immediately if you wish to skip that stage of the adventure. The first encounter “**The Return of the Huntsmen**” takes place just outside The Red Barrel Inn.

THE RETURN OF THE HUNTSMEN

Once the players are ready to settle down for the night, read or paraphrase the following:

Night draws in quickly here, and soon the daytime bustle of Concord is fading away, replaced with the cool quiet of late evening. The only real sign of life in town comes

from the Red Barrel Inn, though the daytime crowds have dispersed somewhat.

As the night gets underway and the patrons get deeper into their cups, a sudden cry from outside shatters the stillness that fills the town.

“Help!” a voice calls, weak and full of pain. “For the love of gods, help, we need a healer!”

The voice belongs to **Lady Rellen**, an elven sorcerer who is a member of Lord Tanglewood’s Huntsmen. Once the party can see her, read or paraphrase the following:

Kneeling in the street before you is one of the sorriest sights you have seen; an elven woman in once fine leather armor, bleeding and broken and clearly only barely clinging on to consciousness. Her left hand has been torn away at the wrist; a leather belt is strapped tightly around the stump in a rough tourniquet.

She hunches over the clearly dead body of a human

male, clutching him close to her chest and begging you and the onlookers who are slowly stepping out of the Red Barrel to help him. Both his legs have been severed above the knee; it appears he bled out some time ago, probably while she was dragging him back to town.

Lying in the dirt at her side is the severed head of what must be a bulette.

"That's them Huntsmen", a voice says from somewhere amongst the villagers forming a rough circle around the scene. "And the beast!" another voice says. People shift uncomfortably and mutter to each other; nobody seems to want to separate themselves from the anonymity of the crowd.

"Please, help," she says again. It appears she is fading fast.

LADY RELLEN

Lady Rellen poses no threat, and will not fight should the party want to (for whatever reason): she has expended all of her spells and abilities for the day, and is hovering on the brink of death with only 1hp remaining to her. For all intents and purposes, any attempt to attack her will be nothing short of an execution.

TRAITS

Ignoble. Lady Rellen was born into money, and a two-fold power; that of a noble daughter of an ancient elven lineage, and of a powerful sorcerer who discovered her talent at an early age. She has never met a challenge she could not easily overcome. Even as an adventurer, she and the rest of the Huntsmen have never truly been tested in battle. This is the first time she has faced defeat and the first time she has faced the loss of anybody she cared about. She is not taking it well. The following traits represent her state of mind at the time that the party encounter her.

Ideal. I thought I had proved I could handle myself without the coddling of my family. Apparently, I was wrong.

Bond. I was hailed as a prodigy, a future hero of my people, but all the hope and pride that was handed to me was misplaced.

Flaw. I know now that I am no better than the people I once looked down on; I can bleed and die like anyone else, and that disgusts me.

TALKING TO LADY RELLEN

Lady Rellen is on the edge of consciousness. As the party speak to her, you should make it clear that she may pass out at any moment. To increase the urgency of the situation, you can make **DC 15 Constitution Saving Throws** for her as you see fit during the conversation. On

a success, she remains conscious and able to talk to the party. On a failed save, she falls unconscious. It is up to you whether healing administered by the party can halt this process.

The party can learn the following information from speaking to Lady Rellen:

- **She is a member of Lord Tanglewood's Huntsmen.** They were a party of five, but the rest of her group are now dead.
- **There was more than one bulette;** Lady Rellen doesn't know how many in total, because the fight was so chaotic. She doesn't think the Huntsmen killed any more than the one whose head she has returned to Concord.
- **None of the monsters** that killed her party were any bigger than the one whose head she brought back.
- The creatures hit hard and fast, bursting out of the ground beneath her and her friends with their jaws open wide.
- **The Huntsmen investigated the Barret farm** earlier in the day and attempted to follow the mounds of earth to wherever the bulettes were lairing. They never found the lair; they were ambushed by the creatures an hour or two ago, in the middle of a field barely a mile from Concord.

Once the players are done talking to Lady Rellen, read or paraphrase the following:

The arrival of the mayor is announced by a rustle of clothing as the crowd parts to make way for him, and his far-too-jovial voice booming out into the night.

"Where are they?" he says. "Where are the ones who have delivered us from this—"

The mayor stops his speech abruptly as his eyes fall on the sight before him. For a moment, the color seems to drain from his face, though he composes himself quickly enough. As quickly as he stopped speaking, his face lights up again and he throws his arms wide, turning to face the crowd.

"The beast is dead!" he exclaims. "Here it lies, beaten and slain. The festival will continue!"

A muted cheer runs through the crowd, picking up steam a little as McMahon waves his arms and frowns at the people nearest him.

"This brave hero has returned victorious. Bloody she may be - we'll see to that, don't you worry - but once she has rested I am sure she will have a tale to tell!"

He turns once more to Lady Rellen, casting his eyes over the bodies of her dead companion and the bulette calf. "Here," he says, his voice quiet and oddly cold. "This should help matters."

A heavy pouch falls to the ground beside Lady Rellen, spilling gold coins into the dirt, and Mayor McMahon

pushes his way out of the crowd, disappearing into the night once more.

Mayor McMahon wants nothing more than for people to stop worrying about the bulette and get on with enjoying the festival (and, more importantly, spending money). He knows that the threat is likely still present, but it will take quite some convincing to get him to admit that privately (and he will never admit it publicly). He will do his best to brush off any conversation with the party at this point; as far as he is concerned the deed is done, the reward has been paid, and he no longer has to concern himself with swords for hire.

After McMahon leaves, Brady and Gwint approach the party. Read or paraphrase the following:

As the crowds disperse and Lady Rellen is taken away, Brady approaches you with Gwint at his heel.

"A minute of your time, please," he says, trying to guide you away from curious ears.

If the party agree to talk to Brady and Gwint, they should learn the following information:

- **The threat is by no means gone.** Gwint suspects that the creature Lady Rellen brought back is one of the bulette's calves, though he seems confused by this. By all accounts, that means that there are more of them still near Concord, as well as an adult bulette.
- **Gwint fears that the adult bulette will become enraged** by the death of its calf and attack the town as a response. He has nothing to back this up beyond gut instinct.
- **Brady asks that the party finish the work that the Huntsmen started**, and suggests that they go to where Lady Rellen says her group were attacked and begin trying to track the bulettes back to their lair.
- **Brady wants the party to head out immediately, but Gwint urges caution.** Bulettes are dangerous foes at the best of times; hunting them in the dark would be nothing short of suicide.
- **Brady will make sure the party are paid** the 500gp bounty that was offered, even though McMahon has already paid Lady Rellen. This money will be coming out of his and Grady's pockets. Should the party attempt to haggle he can be convinced to go up to 750gp, but that is as much as the two of them can afford.

If the players choose to go after the bulettes immediately, keep in mind the rules of **exhaustion** (PHB, p. 291). You should make it clear to your players that taking levels of exhaustion is likely to make the coming encounters much more difficult, and that the price for their failure will be the demise of Concord.

Lord Tanglewood is now dead, and his **amulet of proof against detection and location** is no longer functioning. Should any PCs attempt to scry on him at this point, they will see his headless body slumped against the wall of a narrow underground passage with no natural lighting, a few miles north of Concord.

THE HUNTING OF THE BULETTE

The place where the Huntsmen were ambushed is about a mile north of Concord, in the middle of a recently-harvested field. If it is daylight, it is easy to follow the tracks left by Lady Rellen the night before, only taking about 20 minutes of travel for the party to reach the site. Attempting to track Lady Rellen by night requires a successful **DC 15 Wisdom (Survival) check** and takes approximately an hour.

Once the party arrive, read or paraphrase the following:

The site of the ambush is impossible to miss. Three fresh holes mar the earth in this bare field, dark puncture wounds in the earth. Loose dirt and rocks cover the ground, along with a broken bow and a sturdy mace that doesn't appear to have contacted anything living before being cast to the ground. The slumped body of a large beast, something like an armored mole, lies in the dirt, conspicuously missing its head. Long smears in the ground leading into the mouths of the holes mark the places where the rest of the Huntsmen were dragged beneath the earth.

The holes in the ground are only around 6 feet deep, and all lead to cramped tunnels that descend beneath the earth. Dropping into the holes doesn't require any skill checks, and PCs can jump down into them without suffering any damage. The tunnels can be followed easily, though players will have to travel single file. Any PCs more than 3 feet tall will have to crawl until they reach Lord Tanglewood's body, at which point the tunnel becomes large enough for those below 6 feet to stand, albeit crouched..



INTO THE TUNNELS

There are three tunnels to choose from, and players who choose to split up to explore them will be unable to communicate with those in the other tunnels without magical assistance. All of the tunnels are functionally the same, and all lead straight to the bulettes' temporary den half a mile to the north.

If the party stay together, it doesn't matter which tunnel they went down. If they chose to split up, randomly select one of the groups. Either way, somebody is about to find the body of Lord Tanglewood.

LORD TANGLEWOOD

Read or paraphrase the following:

The tunnel doesn't wind or curve - it is straight as an arrow, clearly dug with purpose. The ground makes for rough going as you try to avoid the mounds of soft, loose earth piled up along the bottom of the tunnel walls. Still-wet blood marks the path, though it doesn't matter - there is only one way to go here. North, and down.



After about half a mile you see a limp form slumped against the tunnel wall. It seems it was once the body of a proud warrior; silvered plate mail engraved with twisting vines and leaves speaks of the wealth its owner presumably enjoyed. There is no head to go with the body, though, and the legs are bent at an angle that makes you think this man could not possibly walk again even if the rest of him was intact and breathing.

This is the deceased body of Lord Tanglewood. Players who stop to investigate his corpse will find an **amulet of proof against detection and location** (DMG, p. 150) beside his body along with a leather pouch that contains

67gp.

THE BROOD

Once the party have moved on from Lord Tanglewood's body, read or paraphrase the following:

The tunnel continues for another half a mile or so. As you descend into the earth the air grows warmer, and you realise that you have been able to smell something for some time now - the musk of wild beasts, and the dull copper tang of blood.

Ahead of you the tunnel suddenly opens, revealing a small chamber beneath the earth. More tunnels exit into it, and you can see clear signs that yet more openings have collapsed on themselves. At the back of the chamber there is a much larger hole in the ground - where it leads is anybody's guess. In the middle of the room is the same kind of beast that Lady Rellen brought back to town - this one alive, and engaged in eating something that was probably once human. The harsh crack of bones snapping and sharp teeth grinding against one another fills the air. You do not appear to have been noticed, for now.

The creature is a **bulette calf**. It has not currently noticed the party, but anybody attempting to move into the chamber should make a **Dexterity (Stealth) check** against the calf's **DC 14 Wisdom (passive Perception)**.

A successful **DC 12 Wisdom (Perception) check** reveals that the roof of this chamber is unstable; now and then loose rocks and trails of dirt fall from it.

Another calf is currently out of sight in the larger hole left by the adult bulette, who is out hunting.

If the party attacks the calf or otherwise attracts its attention, it attacks immediately. The calf in the tunnel does not wait before getting involved - it is only ten feet below the surface of the large tunnel, and will act immediately once combat is begun. Roll initiative!



BULETTE CALF

Medium monstrosity, unaligned

Armor Class 14 (natural armor)

Hit Points 53 (7d8 + 21)

Speed 30ft, burrow 30ft

| STR | DEX | CON | INT | WIS | CHA |
|---------|---------|---------|--------|---------|--------|
| 16 (+3) | 11 (+0) | 17 (+3) | 2 (-4) | 10 (+0) | 5 (-3) |

Skills Perception +4

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

Languages —

Challenge 2 (450 XP)

Standing Leap. The bulette's long jump is up to 20 feet and its high jump is up to 10 feet, with or without a running start.

ACTIONS

Bite. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +5 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 17 (3d8 + 3) piercing damage.

Deadly Leap. If the bulette jumps at least 10 feet as part of its movement, it can then use this action to land on its feet in a space occupied by another creature. That creature must succeed on a DC 13 Strength or Dexterity saving throw (target's choice) or be knocked prone and take 10 (2d6 + 3) bludgeoning damage plus 10 (2d6 + 3) slashing damage. On a successful save, the creature takes only half the damage, isn't knocked prone, and is pushed 5 feet out of the bulette calf's space into an unoccupied space of the creature's choice. If no unoccupied space is in range, the creature instead falls prone in the bulette's space.

There are **2 bulette calves** in this chamber. This is a **medium** encounter for a party of APL 4.

BULETTE CALF TACTICS

Bulettes are not at all intelligent - they know only one thing, and that is the desire to hunt and kill. They attack the most threatening thing they can see - in most cases, this is simply the closest enemy. Whenever possible, they will make use of their **deadly leap** in order to knock enemies prone and temporarily neutralise them.

Bulettes are killing machines, but they also possess a sense of self-preservation. For a more challenging combat, calves that are not making use of their **deadly**

leap should burrow as often as they move on foot. Their burrow speed of 30ft. means that they can just as easily tunnel through the earth and attack from beneath the feet of their targets as they can move across the room on foot.

OPTIONAL: UNSTABLE ROOF

The addition of the unstable roof makes this a **hard** encounter.

The roof of this chamber is not at all stable. Any area of effect spells that deal bludgeoning, force, or thunder damage cause loose rocks and dirt to fall from the ceiling within the radius of the effect. After the third such effect, a portion of the roof collapses. Any creature within a 15' radius of the center of the area of effect that triggered the collapse must succeed on a **DC 20 Dexterity saving throw**, suffering 14 (4d6) points of bludgeoning damage on a failed save, and half as much on a success. PCs who fail their saving throws are buried by the falling dirt, becoming **incapacitated** and **prone**. Buried PCs must succeed on a **DC 15 Strength (Athletics) check** at the end of their turn to pull themselves free, repeating the check at the end of each turn that they continue to be buried.

Any bulettes in the chamber (i.e. not burrowing) when this happens must also make the save, taking damage as normal but not becoming buried due to their burrow ability.

The unstable roof effect only occurs once.

SCALING THIS ENCOUNTER

If the encounter is going badly, you may wish to allow the players to find the bodies of the Huntsmen - and their healing potions - before combat ends. To scale this encounter for lower- or higher-level parties, use the following guidelines:-

APL 3: Keep the same number of bulette calves, but allow a round or two before the second one appears and do not use the collapsing ceiling. This is a **hard** encounter.

APL 5: Add 1 bulette calf (3 total). This is a **medium** encounter. For a hard encounter, use 4 bulette calves.

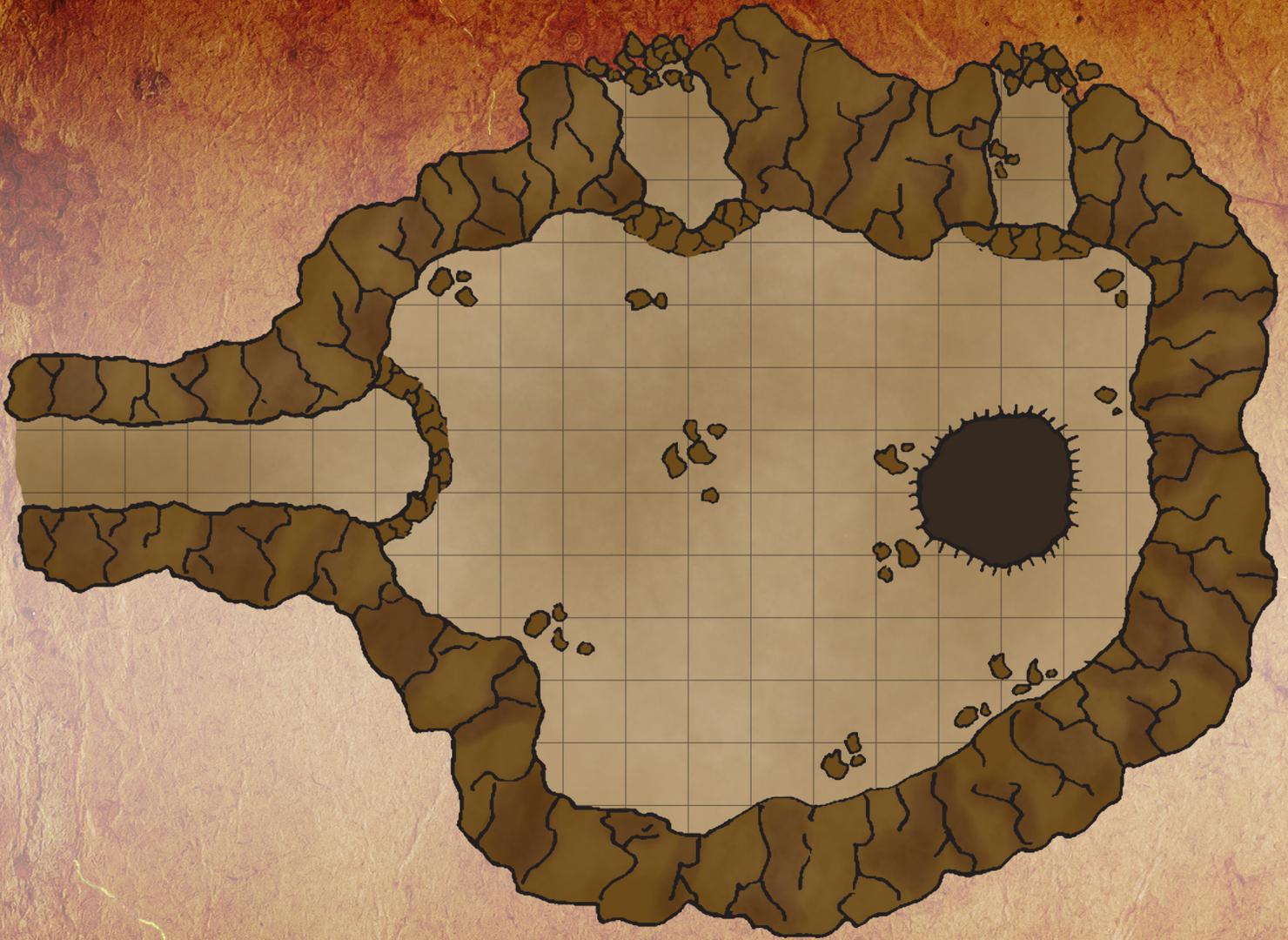
LOOT THE ROOM!

If the PCs defeat the bulette calves and the roof did not collapse, they may recover some items from the bodies of the fallen Huntsmen. A successful **DC 12 Intelligence (Investigation) check** reveals the following:

- 1d4 **potions of healing** (there are 4 total, but depending on the die roll some may have been broken and rendered useless while the bulettes fed).
- Two leather pouches containing **72gp** between them.
- A thimble-sized ivory pot sealed with wax, containing thick black ink.

THE BROOD BATTLE MAP

ONE SQUARE = FIVE FEET



THE AFTERMATH

Depending on how the fight with the calves went, the PCs may decide to try hunting the adult bulette. Due to its tunnels collapsing behind it and the depths that it has burrowed to, it is impossible to track the bulette without relying on magical means. The bulette is approximately 20 miles away, beneath the forest to the east of Concord, where it is currently hunting a group of bandits who are planning to assault a merchant caravan heading to the festival.

Once the party decide to return to Concord, move to **Part 3: Bulette Storm.**



PART 3: BULETTE STORM

This chapter is the climax of the adventure. The party have a chance to claim their reward and take some rest (long if they went after the calves at night, short if they set out in the morning) before the festival begins with the fireworks display later that night and the bulette attacks.

There is a chance that the party may be out hunting the bulette when it attacks. Where possible you should try to avoid this - as with the end of Part 2, non-magical means of tracking the bulette will prove fruitless. After returning from its (successful) bandit hunt, the bulette finds its calves dead and burrows deep beneath Concord. It waits there, listening to the vibrations in the ground as the crowds gather during the day and striking once the commotion reaches its peak.

If the PCs are not in Concord when the bulette attacks, they are likely to fail this adventure. Decide whether you want this to be possible, and what ramifications this may have for your ongoing campaign.

GETTING PAID

Use this section if the PCs return with one or all the bulette calves and seek out either Brady or McMahon in search of their reward.

BRADY

Brady will be impressed and grateful that the party managed to neutralize some of the threat, but he knows that the work is not yet done. The adult bulette is still out there and still poses a huge threat to Concord. He will encourage the party to hunt the bulette, but he is an experienced man and is not unreasonable. He recognizes that the party need to be at full health to bring down the beast.

Brady will be reluctant to pay the reward he offered with the adult bulette still at large, but he can be convinced to part with the money on a successful **DC 15 Charisma (Persuasion) check** should the party threaten

to simply leave Concord to fate if he refuses. Make a note of this if you intend for the party to return to Concord one day; while Brady will still be grateful if they succeed in killing the bulette, he will remember that they held Concord to ransom in their time of direst need. To help you roleplay Brady in this interaction, consider the following questions:

- What became of the Huntsmen?
- Are you sure all the calves are dead?
- Was there any sign of the adult bulette?

McMAHON

McMahon's opinion hasn't changed since Lady Rellen returned to Concord, and he will not be happy that the party sought him out for payment. He knows nothing of their deal with Brady, and wants nothing to do with it.

If they attempt to hold the town to ransom over the money he will create a scene, shouting and attracting the attention of anybody nearby, making anybody who will listen aware of the threats the party are making. The more they try to extort him, the more obstinate he will become.

THE PEOPLE OF CONCORD

Unless the party try to extort money from McMahon and he creates a public outcry, the people of Concord will be ecstatic that the party have brought back the dead calves. While there will be a few doomsayers who fear the vengeance of the adult bulette, the overall mood will be that of jubilation and celebration.

Allow the players to feel like heroes, even though they know the job isn't done yet. The festival is about to start, the party have done a great boon to the town, and there is a sense in the air that whatever is coming can be worried about in the morning. The party are practically guaranteed to drink for free in The Red Barrel Inn, especially if they keep telling the story of how they slew the bulette calves.

BULETTE STORM

The final battle with the bulette takes place as night falls on Concord and the fireworks that mark the start of the festival are let loose.

OUT OF TOWN

If the players are out hunting the bulette when the fireworks begin, read or paraphrase the following:

You have hunted and searched all night, following

tracks that lead nowhere or circle around to where you began, finding nothing but mounds of dirt and holes in the ground that lead nowhere, or the days-old corpse of a deer or boar that fell to the bulettes.

You pause for a moment as distant pops and crackles fill the night air, turning towards Concord in time to see red and green sparks filling the sky. A few seconds later the low roar of hundreds of voices cheering in unison reaches you ears. Then you turn back to the hunt - there is work to be done.

More fireworks follow - but the roar is changing. Now you can make out shrieks and screams above the cheering and clapping, until the joy is gone and only the terror remains. Concord is under attack!

Use the map of Concord to determine where the players are currently searching and how long it will take them to get back to town. It will take less than an hour for the bulette to utterly destroy Concord and kill everybody within the town; if the players cannot return to Concord in time, they will be unable to help save the people there and they will have failed in their mission.

THE HARVEST FESTIVAL

If the players are in Concord when the fireworks begin, they are going to have to face the bulette.

When you are ready to begin read or paraphrase the following, stopping to conduct the check when required:

As night falls on Concord, the crowds in the Red Barrel Inn begin to spill out into the street. Word is spreading quickly that the fireworks - and, thus, the festival proper - are about to begin, and excitement at the prospect of a four-day holiday is beginning to reach its apex.

As the crowds move past, you find hands clapping you on the shoulders, and words of congratulations thrown your way from faces you don't get a chance to see before they disappear into the throng. The crowds flow into the town square, filling every conceivable space around the raised platform where the fireworks have been set up. Mayor McMahon stands atop the platform, arms outstretched as he addresses the crowd.

"Ladies, gentlemen. Good people of Concord and welcome guests! We have had a trying few days - a tragic few days - but that is behind us now. For tonight, at least, let us cast our worries aside. Let us celebrate the new harvest. The festival has begun!"

As he speaks, the laborers have been lighting long fuses on the ground behind him. With his last words McMahon throws his hands to the sky, and with almost perfect timing it begins. With a dull crackle, the flames along the

fuses reach the bottom of a group of long tubes set into the ground, and muted pops mark the launching of long, slim cylinders into the sky above Concord. There is darkness for a second - then the heavens erupt into a riot of noise and color, gold and red and green sparks bursting out into the dark.

The fireworks go off in waves, their light pushing the fire aside, and a roar of applause rises up from the crowd. A low rumble fills the air, almost seeming to shake the ground itself.

Give the players a few moments to mill around, making small talk with the crowd and maybe buying some street food from the stalls. If you are feeling generous, you might allow a **DC 12 Wisdom (Perception) check** to notice that the ground is beginning the shake.

Then you realize that the ground *is* shaking. From the crowd on the other side of the square, behind the stage, you hear the first shocked screams. The market stalls over there are beginning to tip and fall over as the ground beneath them rises in a shape you have seen before - a long, earthen mound that cuts across the town square.

As the screams spread a dark shape breaks the surface of the mound, almost like a fin cresting through waves, before it plunges beneath the earth again. The mound stops moving, but the rumbling begins as the creature moves deep in the earth below you.

There is a second of stillness. Then with a bestial roar the ground beneath the platform splits apart, revealing ten feet of hot, monstrous death. Earth cracks and wood splinters as the bulette rises out of the earth, jaws open wide, jagged teeth gleaming with reflected sparks. The Mayor has but a second to look down, horrified, into certain death, before the jaws snap shut and his legs disappear.

Behind the Mayor, more fireworks streak up into the dark sky. Roll initiative!

There is **1 bulette** (MM, p. 34) in Concord. This is a **hard** encounter for a party of APL 4.

BULETTE TACTICS

Kill. Everything.

SOME ACTUAL BULETTE TACTICS

The adult **bulette** is more intelligent - and more experienced - than its calves. It exists to do one thing - kill everything in its path. It will not waste time on defenseless prey when it is facing aggression from the PCs. Feel free to describe it casually tearing through the crowd to

get to the party once combat is joined, but the bulette should not waste its actions attacking people that don't pose a threat to it.

Make full use of the bulette's abilities. Whenever possible, it either leaps to knock enemies prone or else burrows to evade attacks, reappearing from directly beneath the feet of whoever you feel like terrorizing this round.

Because this is a sole monster against a full party of adventurers, this combat may be over quickly. Don't pull your punches; bulettes are pure aggression, and the party should be made to feel that. Every round it gets to attack should be a round where the party feel like they are being punished for failing to kill it sooner.

SCALING THIS ENCOUNTER

One does not simply *scale* a bulette encounter, and we will make no attempt to.

Parties of **APL 3 or 4** will find this to be a **hard** encounter.

Groups of **5 level 4 characters** will find this to be a **medium** encounter.

For **APL 5**, this will be an **easy** encounter. The addition of one more **bulette calf** is enough to render this a hard encounter.

CONCLUDING THE ADVENTURE

The adventure ends when the PCs defeat the bulette and its calves or leave town. If they were successful, the people of Concord will remember this deed for the rest of their days. Word of the slaying of the bulette will spread in the local area, and the party will be recognised as local heroes whenever they return to this area.

If he has not already done so, Brady will pay the party the reward that he promised them (minus any balance that he has already given to them).

THE PRICE OF FAILURE

If the PCs fail to heed the warnings that the bulette will strike during the festival and are out of town when the attack happens - or if they decide not to get involved at all - you should decide what ramifications this will have for them. There may well be survivors in Concord who will remember the adventurers who promised to help and then vanished into the night.

There are also plenty of NPCs in Concord who might wish to see the party brought to task for abandoning Concord in its time of need - Brady and Gwint are both experienced men who have seen combat plenty of times, and if Brady paid the party any money prior to the attack he may decide it's time he took it back. Artorin could well



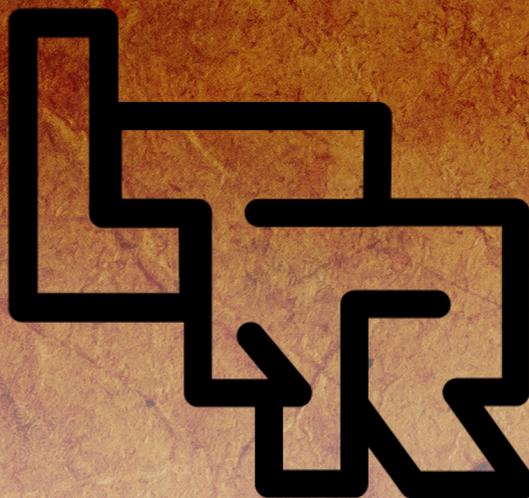
turn back to his god in the wake of the attack, regaining his abilities and swearing vengeance on both the bulette and the so-called heroes who failed Concord. Similarly, Lady Rellenmay still be alive.

However you choose to deal with it - even if nobody actively seeks out the party, - it should be made clear to them that they failed, and that word of their failure will stick to them as their reputation grows.

THE ISSUE OF LOOT

Aside from the reward offered by Brady and the small bits of treasure that the party may have scavenged from the fallen Huntsmen, this adventure does not offer much in the way of tangible rewards for slaying the bulette.

If the players wish, you might allow them to harvest parts from the body of the bulette. The **3 new magic items** in **Appendix A** are just some suggestions for potential uses of these recovered bulette parts. The creation of these wondrous items could well provide the seed for future adventures.



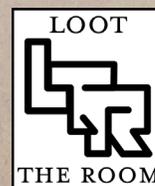
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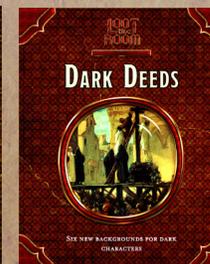
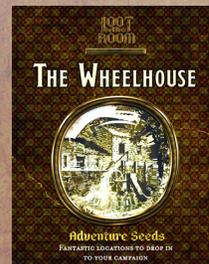
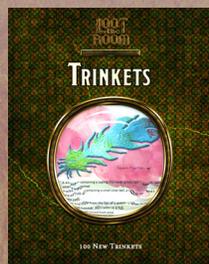
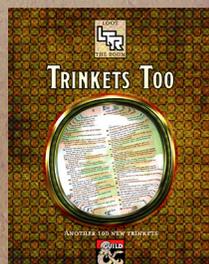
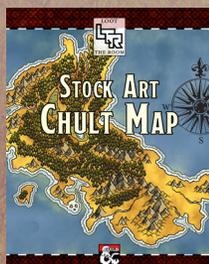
THANK YOU FOR READING!

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PATREON



MORE ON DMs GUILD



APPENDIX A: THE BULETTE SET

The three magical items that follow are not intended to be provided as loot after completing *Bulette Storm*. Instead, they are intended to act as incentives for future adventure, as the players seek to find the means to create these magic items from parts they have harvested from the bulette they killed in Concord.

You might have one of the NPCs in Concord provide the hook the players need to set off on this new quest. Perhaps Gwint could tell a tale of the A hero he had once known, a woman who wielded gauntlets made from the claws of a bulette she had felled that allowed her to burrow through the ground as easily as walking across it.

Similarly, Arotorin might once have heard tell of a gnomeish monk who ventured into the Underdark equipped only with his wits and a strange set of earplugs that he claimed allowed him to hear creatures moving through the earth itself.

However you choose to place these items in the hands of your players, take the opportunity to make them work for it. The quest for new sources of power should always be one fraught with peril.

EARPLUGS OF THE BULETTE

Wondrous item, uncommon

Value: 500gp

These heavy earplugs are made from the smoothed and filed 'teeth' of a bulette. While wearing these earplugs, you have tremorsense out to a range of 40 feet.

GAUNTLETS OF BURROWING

Wondrous item, rare (requires attunement)

Value: 4,500gp

These gauntlets are made from the front claws of a bulette. While wearing these gauntlets, you can burrow through earth as easily as you can walk on land. You can speak the gauntlets' command word as an action to gain a burrowing speed equal to your walking speed for 1 hour. Once used, this effect can't be used again until the next dawn.

In addition, you can use the gauntlets to make unarmed strikes. If you hit with them, you deal piercing damage equal to 1d4 + your Strength modifier, instead of the bludgeoning damage normal for an unarmed strike.

BOOTS OF DEADLY LEAPING

Wondrous item, rare (requires attunement)

Value: 5,000gp

These boots bear the large claws of a bulette. When you wear these boots, you can jump three times your normal distance, though you can't jump further than your remaining movement would allow.

In addition, if you jump at least 15 feet as part of your movement, you can use an action to land on your feet in a space that contains one other creature that is one size larger than you or smaller. This creature must succeed on a Strength or Dexterity saving throw (target's choice) or be knocked prone. The DC for this saving throw is equal to 10 + your Athletics modifier. On a successful save, the creature isn't knocked prone, and is pushed 5 feet out of the space into an unoccupied space of the creature's choice. If no unoccupied space is within range, the creature instead falls prone in your space.

APPENDIX B: NPC AND MONSTER

STATS

The statblocks in this Appendix are presented in alphabetical order.

- Arotorin
- Brady
- Bulette
- Bulette Calf
- Gwint
- McMahan

Bulette stats are taken from page 34 of the D&D 5e *Monster Manual* and are republished here under the terms of the DMs Guild Content Guidelines.

AROTORIN

STATS

Medium humanoid (half-elf), Chaotic good

Armor Class 11
Hit Points 13 (2d8+4)
Speed 30ft

| STR | DEX | CON | INT | WIS | CHA |
|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|
| 10 (+0) | 12 (+1) | 14 (+2) | 10 (+0) | 14 (+2) | 11 (+0) |

Skills Medicine +4, Religion +2
Senses Darkvision 60ft., passive Perception 12
Languages Common, Elven
Challenge 1/4 (50 XP)

Oathbreaker. Arotorin was formerly a cleric, but has lost access to divine magic after turning his back on his god.
Fey Ancestry. Thanks to his elf blood, Arotorin has advantage on saving throws against being charmed, and magic can't put him to sleep.

ACTIONS

Mace. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +2 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 3 (1d6) bludgeoning damage.

BRADY

STATS

Medium humanoid (human), lawful good

Armor Class 17 (splint)
Hit Points 58 (9d8 + 18)
Speed 30ft

| STR | DEX | CON | INT | WIS | CHA |
|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|
| 16 (+3) | 13 (+1) | 14 (+2) | 10 (+0) | 11 (+0) | 10 (+0) |

Skills Athletics +5, Perception +2
Senses passive Perception 12
Languages Common
Challenge 3 (700 XP)

ACTIONS

Multiattack. Brady makes two longsword attacks. If he has a shortsword drawn, he can also make a shortsword attack.

Longsword. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +5 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 7 (1d8 + 3) slashing damage, or 8 (1d10+3) slashing damage if used with two hands.

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

Heavy Crossbow. *Ranged Weapon Attack:* +3 to hit, range 100/400 ft., one target. *Hit:* 5 (1d10) piercing damage.

GWINT

STATS

Medium humanoid (human), lawful neutral

Armor Class 16 (studded leather, shield)

Hit Points 112 (15d8 + 45)

Speed 30ft

| STR | DEX | CON | INT | WIS | CHA |
|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|
| 18 (+4) | 15 (+2) | 16 (+3) | 10 (+0) | 12 (+1) | 15 (+2) |

Skills Athletics +10, Intimidation +5

Senses passive Perception 11

Languages Common

Challenge 5 (1,800 XP)

Brave. Gwint has advantage on saving throws against being frightened.

Brute. A melee weapon deals one extra die of its damage when Gwint hits with it (included in the attack).

ACTIONS

Multiattack. Gwint makes three melee attacks or two ranged attacks.

Spear. *Melee or Ranged Weapon Attack:* +7 to hit, reach 5 ft. and range 20/60 ft., one target. *Hit:* 11 (2d6 + 4) piercing damage, or 13 (2d8 + 4) piercing damage if used with two hands to make a melee attack.

Shield Bash. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +7 to hit, reach 5 ft., one creature. *Hit:* 9 (2d4 + 4) bludgeoning damage. If the target is a Medium or smaller creature, it must succeed on a DC 15 Strength saving throw or be knocked prone.

REACTIONS

Parry. Gwint adds 3 to his AC against one melee attack that would hit him. To do so, Gwint must see the attacker and be wielding a melee weapon.

McMAHON

STATS

Medium humanoid (human), lawful neutral

Armor Class 15 (breastplate)

Hit Points 9 (2d8)

Speed 30ft

| STR | DEX | CON | INT | WIS | CHA |
|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|
| 11 (+0) | 12 (+1) | 11 (+0) | 12 (+1) | 14 (+2) | 16 (+3) |

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

Senses passive Perception 10

Languages Common, Gnomish

Challenge 1/8 (25 XP)

ACTIONS

Rapier. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +3 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 5 (1d8 + 1) piercing damage.

REACTIONS

Parry. Mayor McMahon adds 2 to his AC against one melee attack that would hit him. To do so, McMahon must see the attacker and be wielding a melee weapon. *Hit:* 5 (1d8 + 1) piercing damage.

GWINT

STATS

Medium humanoid (human), lawful neutral

Armor Class 16 (studded leather, shield)

Hit Points 112 (15d8 + 45)

Speed 30ft

| STR | DEX | CON | INT | WIS | CHA |
|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|
| 18 (+4) | 15 (+2) | 16 (+3) | 10 (+0) | 12 (+1) | 15 (+2) |

Skills Athletics +10, Intimidation +5

Senses passive Perception 11

Languages Common

Challenge 5 (1,800 XP)

Brave. Gwint has advantage on saving throws against being frightened.

Brute. A melee weapon deals one extra die of its damage when Gwint hits with it (included in the attack).

ACTIONS

Multiattack. Gwint makes three melee attacks or two ranged attacks.

Spear. *Melee or Ranged Weapon Attack:* +7 to hit, reach 5 ft. and range 20/60 ft., one target. *Hit:* 11 (2d6 + 4) piercing damage, or 13 (2d8 + 4) piercing damage if used with two hands to make a melee attack.

Shield Bash. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +7 to hit, reach 5 ft., one creature. *Hit:* 9 (2d4 + 4) bludgeoning damage. If the target is a Medium or smaller creature, it must succeed on a DC 15 Strength saving throw or be knocked prone.

REACTIONS

Parry. Gwint adds 3 to his AC against one melee attack that would hit him. To do so, Gwint must see the attacker and be wielding a melee weapon.

BULETTE CALF

STATS

Medium humanoid (human), lawful neutral

Armor Class 15 (breastplate)

Hit Points 9 (2d8)

Speed 30ft

| STR | DEX | CON | INT | WIS | CHA |
|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|
| 11 (+0) | 12 (+1) | 11 (+0) | 12 (+1) | 14 (+2) | 16 (+3) |

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

Senses passive Perception 10

Languages Common, Gnomish

Challenge 1/8 (25 XP)

ACTIONS

Rapier. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +3 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 5 (1d8 + 1) piercing damage.

REACTIONS

Parry. Mayor McMahon adds 2 to his AC against one melee attack that would hit him. To do so, McMahon must see the attacker and be wielding a melee weapon. *Hit:* 5 (1d8 + 1) piercing damage.