

BENTO'S CHARGE

A MODULE BY PHIL STONE

An adventure module for character levels 1-5



PHIL STONE LLC GAMES

BENTOS CHARGE

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INTRODUCTION

LOST IN THE WOODS

Why? Because this is a one-shot module and that's how situations like this usually go. It will be up to the Dungeon Master on the actual "why" for the loss of direction since the DM knows the party better than the author of this module. The forest is located in no place in particular and could be annexed with a past adventure or campaign or set in the current world that the players find themselves in from past adventures. This part lies totally up to the DM.

There are two main objectives for this escapade that can be attained once finishing the quest. First is the experience. This module is set for character levels 1 – 5 and the encounters within will provide enough experience to gain levels for future campaigns. Secondly is the alignment play and a chance to roleplay the newly formed characters to flesh out how they would react to certain situations and decisions made though the interactions in this book.

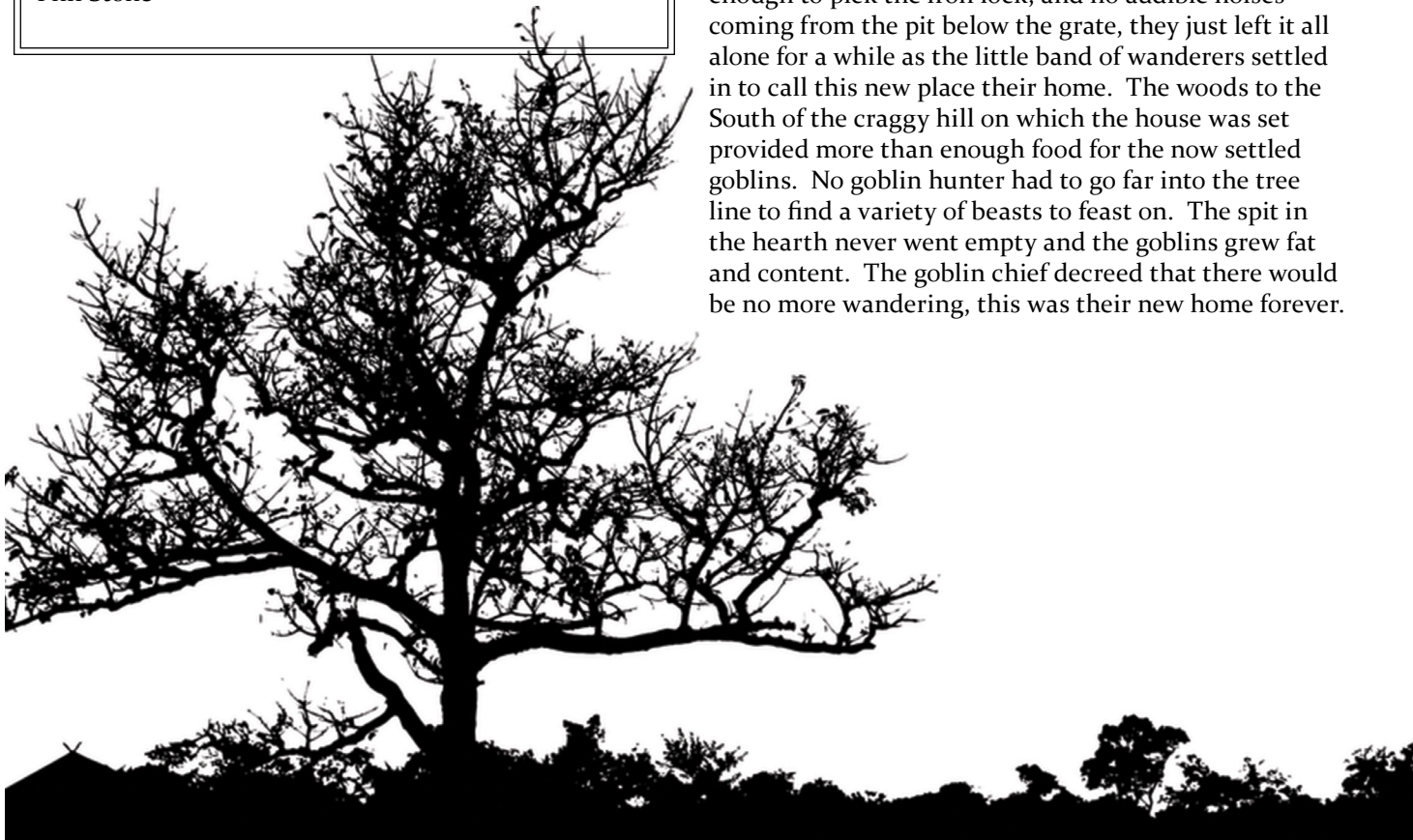
Most of all throughout this little episode, the party needs to have fun with it. There are a multitude of endings that can be played out here as different characters will have different reactions to the situations presented.

- Phil Stone

A LITTLE BACKGROUND ON BENTO

Some years ago, a wandering band of goblins in search of a new home came across an abandoned human homestead located on top of a craggy hill littered with rocks and boulders overlooking a forest to the South. Goblins naturally being cave and tunnel dwellers, these types of places were scarce in this region, and the goblin chief deemed this dilapidated above ground structure as good as any. And so, the goblins settled in.

The house was a former human dwelling that had long been vacated by its original owners. The interior had been left in shambles and the goblins were just fine with that. Rubbish was strewn about the one room dwelling. The windows were boarded up, allowing minimal light to enter the squalid conditions. The only functional part of this one room space was the hearth, complete with a working spit for roasting locally residing beasts. The ceilings were tall and to the liking of the goblins since rudimentary hammocks could be strung up and across the supporting beams of the roof for sleeping. But there was something particular about this human dwelling that these goblin squatters had never encountered before. There in the middle of the room was an iron grate about six feet squared inlaid into the wooden flooring with a lock attached to the reinforced latch. Along the wall adjacent to the grate on the floor was a small hole in the floor lined with metal. It was a chute of some kind that the goblins could not figure out exactly what it was for. With no skill set amongst them great enough to pick the iron lock, and no audible noises coming from the pit below the grate, they just left it all alone for a while as the little band of wanderers settled in to call this new place their home. The woods to the South of the craggy hill on which the house was set provided more than enough food for the now settled goblins. No goblin hunter had to go far into the tree line to find a variety of beasts to feast on. The spit in the hearth never went empty and the goblins grew fat and content. The goblin chief decreed that there would be no more wandering, this was their new home forever.



Months went by and the content goblins had by then transformed this old structure into a place of their own. It was dingy, with a pungent odor only known to goblins and their ilk. With their roots laid down on the hill overlooking the forest below, the goblins began to produce children. And that was when Bento was born. Bento was the runt of the litter and often left behind when the others went off to hunt and learn the ways of the goblin folk. Bento spent most of his days wandering the woods by himself and discovering ridges and sporadic creeks that ran through the immense forest. By nature, Bento knew how to hunt small game. He would chase small game and munch on their corpses while sitting alone by a stream contemplating new adventures. Bento had the goblins' wandering feet and would imagine new lands to traverse and conquer on his own. It was in Bento's teens that there was a shift in power amongst the leadership of the clan. The old chieftain was overthrown by a new, young goblin that claimed goblins were not to be sedentary, and were by nature meant to raid and pillage that human folk across the land. At this same time, there were rumblings from the grated pit beneath the house. Fear and uneasiness shuddered through the inhabitants. Those in the house avoided the pit any chance they got. It grumbled and shook the house intermittently, no one goblin dared to investigate. It was time to go.

Bento was on one of his adventures in the woods that was particularly involved that when it was over and he returned to the house, he found that the entire tribe had left.

The house was empty. Bento had been left behind. He did not know how to track the group; it was one of the skills that was denied him since Bento was never allowed to train with the rest of his siblings or relatives. So, he stayed put, knowing well that food was plentiful and the woods provided enough adventure for a lifetime of one goblin. It was just Bento and the pit below the house. Over the years, boredom had set in with the young Bento, and he had no one but himself to entertain himself. When Bento returned home with food to be roasted, he would take the scraps for some unknown reason and throw them down the chute adjacent to the grate in the floor. The rumblings would stop every time he did this, so it became a routine. Bento talked to the grate, not knowing what lie beneath, and this became a habit as well to keep him company.

The grate had become such a great listener that Bento put whatever that was in the pit above himself and created a sort of rudimentary religion to the unknown entity below him. Bento fashioned a sort of priestlike costume for himself that he donned before feeding time and even went so far as to create a little dance afterwards. Bento and the entity lived symbiotic for years. The maker of the grumbings below was well fed and Bento had someone or something to listen to, yet it never showed itself.

This was fine with Bento, the creature or thing below became a thing to care for and pay homage to, and Bento lived harmonious with it. Bento even went so far as to begin praying to it before he went hunting for small game in the woods.

And this is where we find Bento now. A shaman of sorts for an unseen thing beneath the grate, worshipping and singing mutated goblin songs for a creature or being that he never looked straight in the eye.



LET US BEGIN

As stated before, it will be up to the DM to create the “why” concerning the trek through the woods. It could have been an only option at the time since this forest line spreads for miles and their destination could lie on the other side of it. It could also have been the solitary farmer who has lost livestock to wandering creatures breaking through the barrier of the forest and needs help eradicating the predators before he loses everything. Or the characters could just be placed there at the edge with nowhere else to go except inside the tree line seeking adventure. The possibilities are endless. But none the less, they are inside the forest, and they are lost.

The party has been wandering for almost a day through these dense woods. Within the first hour or two the sunlight had been blocked entirely by the canopy of trees and all sense of direction is extinct. The region is foreign and so are the sounds that emanate all around, somehow always at a confusing distance. (refer to map FOREST 1)

For half a day you have been wandering through the forest. With every few steps taken, the canopy above grows dense, eventually blocking out the sun. Your sense of direction escapes you and a sense of unwariness trickles down through each and every one of you and your party members. Taking this route seems more and more like a mistake as you fumble noisily through the underbrush. There is no trail, and every tree appears like the last. The deeper you travel, the more the sounds around you emanate at a confusing distance. It seems as though you are underwater, not knowing up from down, let alone left from right. True North has been obliterated. Even as your party stands still as a stone, violent random commotions can be heard in the nearby brush.

There are a number of encounters that will happen in this forest. The first will occur no matter what the party does. Just having their presence in these woods will cause curiosity and territorial conflicts amongst the residents.



A PASSIVE PERCEPTION CHECK (DC 15) from players will notice webbing amongst the foliage beneath them. Heavier in some areas, lighter in others. More than likely this webbing will be moist and adhering to the footwear of the players. A PERCEPTION CHECK (DC 18) from any player will identify two areas from which the commotions are approaching the party. These are two (2) ETTERCAPS flanking the party as they have unknowingly violated the Ettercaps territory.

ETTERCAP

Attributes
AC 13 (Natural Armor)
Alignment Neutral Evil
CHA 8
CON 13
Challenge Rating 2
DEX 15
HP 44 (8d8+8)
INT 7
Passive Perception 13
Roll 0 1d20 + 4 1d8+2
Roll 1 1d20 + 4 2d4+2
Roll 2 Garrote 1d20 + 4 1d4+2
STR 14
Senses Darkvision 60 Ft.
Size Medium
Skills Perception +3, Stealth +4, Survival +3
Speed 30 ft., climb 30 ft.
Type monstrosity
WIS 12

SEE BACK OF BOOK FOR FULL TRAITS AND ACTIONS

Strands of damp, sticky webbing cling to your boots. Droplets of forest moisture sparkle dimly in the dark undergrowth from the thin lines that now adhere to your calves. As you look up, you realize that you are being flanked by two humanoid sized creatures bursting through the trees. They are purplish toned, but that could be from the shade of the dense forest. Large distended white bellies protrude from the spider-like bodies of these creatures as they lunge toward you in horrific aggression.

The players have encroached on the territory of these Ettercaps. The creatures felt them coming through the vibrations of the ground level webs long before any character could perceive the network natural alarms. They have the advantage unless a NATURE CHECK has been made (DC 18) once the sunlight completely vanishes. If the players detect them, then normal initiative rolls are made at the beginning of battle.



Once defeated, the players will notice (no DC check needed, just an overall inspection) a snare type device made of rope around the ankle of one of the Ettercaps. It is a rough handmade rope, but the knot is impeccable. It appears as though it was a trap for a smaller creature and was snapped off cleanly on these larger creatures.

This snare was set by Bento farther into the woods from where the characters now stand and closer to his house. Bento has been trapping small creatures not only for his own sustenance, but for the unknown creature under the grate as well. These Ettercaps happened to trigger the snare trap while wandering close to Bento's tree line near the hill by the house.

The Ettercaps lie lifeless and blanketed in the thick undergrowth of the forest. It looks as though the vegetation is already reclaiming the deceased to be used as food for new and blossoming plants. All has gone silent in the forest, where there was once random commotion all around, now resonates with a heavy silence that can be felt on the shoulders and deep in the gut. The woodland seems to be ignoring you, as if you had never set foot in this place. You seem to be all alone at this point in time.

GETTING BACK ON TRACK

There will be more encounters in this forest. After the initial fight with the Ettercaps, roll a D4 to determine how many more will happen before a trail is found.

Random Wandering Monsters could include:

- ◆ Owlbear
- ◆ Winter Wolf
- ◆ Phase Spider
- ◆ Shambling Mound

It is admissible if the DM decides to use other monsters within this section outside of this module. The point of this wandering is to provide enough experience points before the players reach Bento's home.

FIGHTING DEEPER INTO THE WOODS

Because the forest is dense, all movement is cut in half outside of the trail, unless certain traits, skills, or items negate this interfered movement. Flying into the canopy will only draw more attention to the party and will arouse more territorial beasts, especially the Griffons who reside in the tree tops (75% chance of attracting 1d2 Griffons once flight into the canopy takes effect).

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WINTER WOLF

Attributes

AC 13 (Natural Armor)

Alignment Neutral Evil

CHA 8 CON 14 DEX 13 INT 7 STR 18 WIS 12

Challenge Rating 3

HP 75 (10d10+20)

Immunities Cold

Languages Common, Giant, Winter Wolf

Passive Perception 15

Roll 0 1d20 + 6 2d6+4

Roll 1 1d20 + 0 4d8

Size Large

Skills Perception +5, Stealth +3

Speed 50 ft. Type monstrosity

SEE BACK FOR FULL TRAITS AND ACTIONS

OWLBEAR

Attributes

AC 13 (Natural Armor)

Alignment Unaligned

CHA 7 CON 17 DEX 12 INT 3 STR 20 WIS 12

Challenge Rating 3

HP 59 (7d10+21)

Passive Perception 13

Roll 0 1d20 + 7 1d10+5

Roll 1 1d20 + 7 2d8+5

Senses Darkvision 60 Ft.

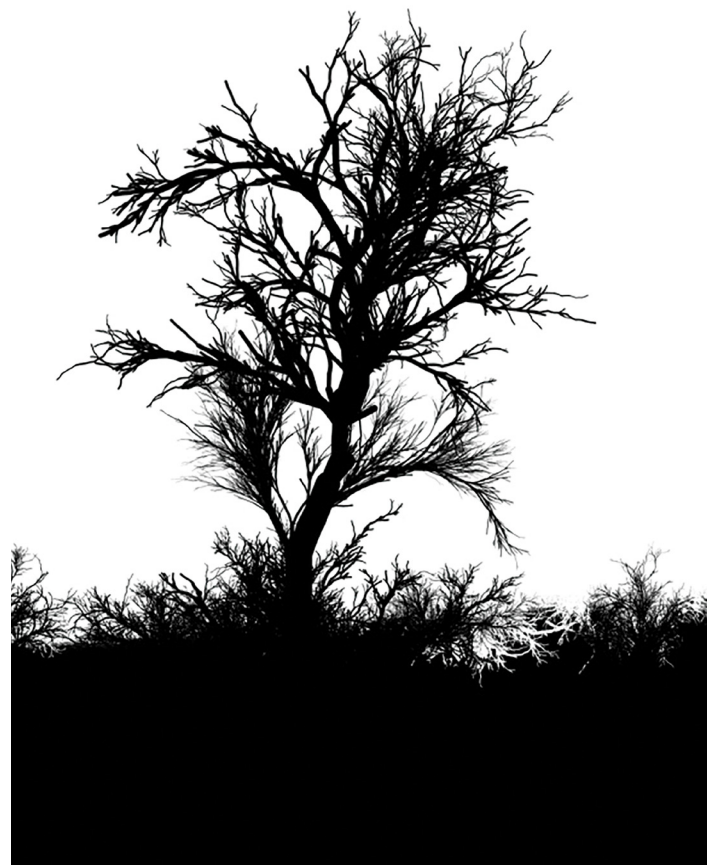
Size Large

Skills Perception +3

Speed 40 ft.

Type monstrosity

SEE BACK FOR FULL TRAITS AND ACTIONS



PHASE SPIDER

Attributes

AC 13 (Natural Armor)

Alignment Unaligned

CHA 6 CON 12 DEX 15 INT 6 STR 15 WIS 10

Challenge Rating 3

HP 32 (5d10+5)

Passive Perception 10

Roll 0 1d20 + 4 1d10+2

Roll 1 Poison 1d20 + 0 4d8

Senses Darkvision 60 Ft.

Size Large

Skills Stealth +6

Speed 30 ft., climb 30 ft.

Type monstrosity

SEE BACK FOR FULL TRAITS AND ACTIONS

SHAMBLING MOUND

Attributes

AC 15 (Natural Armor)

Alignment Unaligned

CHA 5 CON 16 DEX 8 INT 5 STR 18 WIS 10

Challenge Rating 5

Condition Immunities Blinded, Deafened, Exhaustion

HP 136 (16d10+48)

Immunities Lightning

Passive Perception 10

Resistances Cold, Fire

Roll 0 1d20 + 7 2d8+4

Senses Blindsight 60 Ft. (Blind Beyond This Radius)

Size Large

Skills Stealth +2

Speed 20 ft., swim 20 ft.

Type plant

SEE BACK FOR FULL TRAITS AND ACTIONS

GRIFFON

Attributes

AC 12

Alignment Unaligned

CHA 8 CON 16 DEX 15 INT 2 STR 18 WIS 13

Challenge Rating 2

HP 59 (7d10+21)

Passive Perception 15

Roll 0 1d20 + 6 1d8+4

Roll 1 1d20 + 6 2d6+4

Senses Darkvision 60 Ft.

Size Large

Skills Perception +5

Speed 30 ft., fly 80 ft.

Type monstrosity

RANDOM ENCOUNTERS

As stated before, the random encounters within the forest are not limited to these two pages.

Any monsters that could inhabit a forest region can be found here. The initial reaction of the monsters though will be of curiosity since the amount of foreigners entering these woods has been rare over the years.

Unless the monsters are inherently evil or aggressive, most of the resident beasts will approach with the intent of discovery and investigation. Once the players are located though, each monster will become aggressive and territorial, forcing an attack on the party.

This will occur for 1D4 rounds or until Bento's trail is found. A SURVIVAL CHECK DC 17 will locate a faint trail. Once the trail is found, all random encounters will cease AS LONG AS THE PARTY STICKS TO THE TRAIL. Once a character strays from the path, random encounters will occur again with a 60% chance or more.



THE TRAIL

One of the solitary adventures that Bento pursued was to find out exactly how large the forest actually was. Bento was crafty by nature and avoided most encounters with the horrific beasts in the woods. He made markings on the trees so as not to get lost along the way. These markings can still be found on the unshed bark of ancient trees. When a creature presented itself, Bento would run and hide. A goblin can find a hiding hole where most would never look. He would keep a mental note of the terrifying creatures that lurked within and deep in the forest. Later when he returned home, he would make a rudimentary sketch of the beasts and describe them to the thing under the grate.

On this particular adventure, Bento travelled far, and he swore to himself that he would never travel that far again into the woodland. The monsters grew larger here and winged devils with menacing beaks floated in and out of the canopy. Bento felt extremely small in this part, and it scared him. He felt alone this far away from the house with the grate, it was an emptiness, a realization that he had been left behind by his tribe. This part of the woods created a knot in his little goblin stomach and made him remember that he was looked over and forgotten. He needed to stay closer to the house where he has purpose. Bento never travelled this far again.

When the party discovers the trail that Bento left behind, it appears as to not be a trail at all, just old trampled undergrowth and goblin footprints that seem to stop in one place then head back to where they came from. This is the point where Bento ended his adventure and went back home. The broken underbrush and trampled ground do not appear fresh at all. A SURVIVAL CHECK of DC18 will locate a few old deliberate markings in the surrounding tree bark. It looks as though they were made with a rudimentary blade that hadn't been sharpened in quite some time.

when the trail is found...

Right beneath your feet, you discover what seems to be a deliberate path of broken undergrowth created to what appears to be small goblin feet. This "trail" leads in a straight line unlike anything that would be wandering with no destination in mind. It is as though this solitary goblin stopped suddenly, then turned around and went back from which it came. Holes poked into the ground next to the feet indicate that this goblin was using a walking stick as well.

when the markings are found...

An untrained eye would never catch these markings, but yours have revealed their presence. These strategic cuts into the bark of the tree appear to be markers of some kind so one would not get lost in these woods. Upon closer inspection, they seem to have been made with a dull blade, hacked into the flesh of the tree but with purpose. They follow the path of the lone goblin, supporting the theory that these markings were put here for a specific reason.

FOLLOWING THE TRAIL

The trail to Bento's house is almost a days' travel and it appears that night has started to settle in. The players of course do not know the time that it will take to get out of the woods but will notice that the visible tones are becoming opaquer. Visibility through the cluttered trees is becoming lacking the more they travel. The cacophony of sounds that surrounded them during the day grow silent as a new set of noise envelopes them. One would think it wise to set up camp at this point, but the party may have other ideas.

The din that once filled yours ears grows silent for some time, only to be replaced with a new set of noises emanating from the distant trees. The natural light, or lack thereof, fades quickly and returns as a murky opaque hue. Visibility is weakening. Even torchlight, if one is brave enough to light one, seems to be unable to cut through this oncoming darkness.

Whether the players set up camp and huddle in for the night or continue following the remnants of Bento's trail into the night, they are inevitably being stalked by an unseen predator. A PERCEPTION CHECK of DC18 will reveal the fact that out of all the sounds hitting the party from every direction, something large is following them somewhat closer than anything else that can be heard.



A Werebear has been sticking close to the party, observing them from a safe distance. The Werebear is not a stealthy creature, so the noises made by it can be detected by a trained ear from a player or two.

No matter if the party camps for the night, or if they continue on the trail, the Werebear will grow weary of the watch, and will strike aggressively trying to gain the advantage of surprise.

WEREBEAR

Attributes

AC 10 (In Humanoid Form, 11 In Bear And Hybrid Forms)

Alignment Neutral Good

CHA 12 CON 17 DEX 10 INT 11 STR 19 WIS 12

Challenge Rating 5

HP 135 (18d8+54)

Immunities Bludgeoning, Piercing, and Slashing From Nonmagical Attacks Not Made With Silvered Weapons

Languages Common (Can't Speak In Bear Form)

Passive Perception 17

Roll 0 Bite 1d20 + 7 2d10+4

Roll 1 Claw 1d20 + 7 2d8+4

Roll 2 Greataxe 1d20 + 7 1d12+4

Size Medium

Skills Perception +7

Speed 30 ft. (40 ft., climb 30 ft. in bear or hybrid form)

Type humanoid (human, shapeshanger)

SEE BACK FOR FULL TRAITS AND ACTIONS

A PERCEPTION CHECK of 12 will help the players realize that it is the same rope that fashioned the snare trap on the Ettercap. The symbol is nothing that the players have ever seen before. Even a RELIGION CHECK of any score will not tell the player for what religion or arcane use this symbol was fashioned for. This was one of Bento's "religious" symbols fashioned for the thing under the grate. It is a series of whittled wooden pieces tied together to create an abstract symbol dedicated to the unknown thing under the floorboards at Bento's home.

A sudden crash through the trees and underbrush explodes in your ears as a burly bipedal bear wielding an axe lunges towards the party with death piercing through its eyes. A roar from its gaping maw and the axe is swung high above its head, ready to strike.

The WereBear will be in its polymorph form when the attack begins and will strike the closest party member first. It is up to the DM to determine where the WereBear is coming from since the party will be placed differently in every game situation. The WereBear is equipped with a Greataxe (cost 30 GP, 1d12 slashing, 6 lbs, Heavy, Two-Handed). Since it is in its polymorphed state, the WereBear is wearing no armor save for a leather kilt. This creature will fight to the death in any situation.

What was once half human, half bear, now lies as a crumpled man naked from the waist up and dead. He is an average human bearing the wounds from the battle, but around his neck is a loosely fitted necklace made of a rough rope. There is some sort of symbol connected to the cord.



THE BACKGROUND OF BENTO'S RELIGION:

The deep and obscure rumblings coming from the grate in the beginning of Bento's lonely life inflicted fear upon him. His little goblin mind could not fathom what lie beneath his feet, he only knew that it had not caused harm to him and was just unnatural sounds that put him on edge in the house. Bento's imagination whirled as to what it could be down there, but he had not the skills nor the capacity to pick the lock that held the grate to the floor in the most secure way. So, he began naturally deducing what it was and what it wanted according to Bento's small knowledge of the natural world around him.

One evening he had an epiphany as to what it could be. While Bento sat by the indoor cookfire with nothing to cook on it, his belly began to rumble. At the same time, the gurgling noises below began with their repetitious resound, and Bento realized something. Whatever it was, it must be hungry as well. He knew that the adjacent small chute in the wall led downwards and MUST be connected somehow, so if he could throw food down the hole, it might make the growling subside. The next morning with these thoughts still on his mind, Bento went to check the snare traps he had set a few days prior hoping for at least a small rabbit or tree rodent of some woodland flavor. He was in luck for sure when a few of the snares had done their job and captured the passing nightly quarry. Two rabbits and a squirrel for Bento the hunter!

That afternoon, he wasted no time preparing the kill with an anticipating smile spread across his toothy mouth. Bento cooked like he had never done before, preparing the wild meat with chopped green things that grew on the side of the house. This was going to be a meal fit for a goblin king.

Not soon after the meat was cooling on a separate spit, the noise had begun anew. Bento had figured that the thing smelled the juices that seeped through the floorboards as the meal was cooling off so as not to burn his thin lips at the first taste. Bento took the skinned hare, now crispy with black edges of the flesh, and flung it down the chute and waited. He thought he could hear some sort of movement down there, but maybe his mind was playing tricks on him. But no, alas, it was movement. And crunching noises too. Then silence. It was hungry all along thought Bento, pleased at solving the problem, and there was nothing but silence from the grate the rest of that evening.

Bento now considered himself a provider of sorts to the unseen thing under the grate, and now had purpose. He was to care for this entity and his mental reward was knowing that he had accomplished something that no other resident that lived in this house could master.

He hunted every day, and after cooking meals for the both of them, Bento would sit back and reflect on the sacrifices he made all day in the woods to find sustenance for them both.

After meals, Bento began speaking to this thing, telling it about his day in a rudimentary form, and the creature was silent as if it was listening intently. But then the rumblings would begin again, telling Bento that he had better get hunting once again, for whenever it rumbled, Bento listened. It was a subtle language between the two, but Bento understood it, and followed the requests as quickly as he could.

Bento revered the mystery that lie beneath him and recalled the goblin shamans that once danced their ritualized dance under this very roof. They could not see their entities either, yet they placated them in various ways through an undying belief. Bento remembered the necklaces that the shamans wore during these dances and some of the symbols that were shaken about during the rituals held almost every night for protection. Bento felt special because he could at least hear his invisible entity, something that the previous shamans could not do. Bento now had another purpose.

Following every meal as both stomachs digested the small captured animals, Bento set forth at his chair and table creating symbols out of whittled pieces of wood he found on the forest floor. He did not know anything about religion or what symbols were supposed to represent, but he knew that they were used to signify something that was not there. He made several necklaces for himself out of small pieces of rope and twine, then he added some teeth from the deceased kill the night before. Bento was proud of himself and wore these accoutrements every day while hunting.

He then created soft songs mended together from old goblin tunes he remembered being sung at night after meals and sang them to the entity after every meal. Eventually Bento saw himself as the goblin shamans did and revered in his new identity, he felt he needed to proclaim this in some way.

More of the symbols were recreated but in a larger fashion as the ones adorning his neck and waist. They were strung up in the trees and along the trails that Bento had made for hunting and adventuring. He was telling the woods that he was a master of the unknown, a shaman in his own self discovered right. Bento the Mystic, Bento the Hunter, and Bento the Provider!



THE RULE OF THE TRAIL

Bento's trail at this point is becoming clearer to the players. It is as though this part of the trail they are presently on is the most travelled. A single goblins' footprints are more visible. They traverse the area back and forth, into the woods, then out again, but always returning down the trodden lane back from where they came.

As stated before, there is a 60% chance of a random encounter once any party member leaves the trail and susceptible to a surprise attack since the trees are so densely populated. Again, flying will only attract the Griffons (1D6 Griffons) that will attack and defend the canopy from which they dwell. One can tell by now that there is a lack of natural bird song from above. It is the Griffons favorite and easily obtained quarry from above.

As the party progresses along the way, more and more of Bento's "holy symbols" can be seen dangling and fluttering from little nails and twine secured to the trees, and at a very low height as well. These symbols are dense in some areas, while others hover silently in solitude. With a PERCEPTION CHECK of 17, a player may notice that where the holy symbols are cluttered near each other, there below lies a makeshift snare for small game. There is a 30% chance that the snare has caught a woodland rodent and will be struggling to be set free.

In 1D4 rounds, a breeze through the trees can be felt wafting through the bark skinned sentinels. A breeze has not been felt since the party entered these woods, it is as if the area is starting to open up.

Something you have not felt in over a day in this wretched place suddenly kisses your cheeks. A cool breeze brings goosebumps to your flesh. It seems as though the trees are thinning out and the forest is slowly releasing its stranglehold to the outside world. The trail grows wider and more used at this point. Those singular goblin feet almost dance maniacally along this trail as if this little being was productive and not just wandering aimlessly. There is a sense of hope of getting out of here soon.

THE MEETING OF BENTO

Bento's deity consumes a lot, so the little goblin provider has made an honest living of hunting and checking his traps several times a day. So many offerings for an unseen being makes for a very diligent Bento. Afterall, he is the Grand Shaman of the invisible entity beneath the house, and he has duties to prove his worth to it. Every time Bento questions the legitimacy of his purpose to the thing, he often corrects himself by remembering that that thing is a wonderful listener, and has comforted Bento in many a lonely night in the house. Is that not worth the traipsing about in the woods in search of food? Bento then goes about his chores with a newfound positive attitude towards his tasks.

There is a 65% chance that little Bento will be on the trail gathering food and checking snares. A PASSIVE PERCEPTION of 10 from any player will hear chanting and whistling down the trail coming from Bento performing his hunting chants as he is going about his work. Since Bento is currently involved with his song, a PASSIVE PERCEPTION of 18 from him will allow the party to be discovered by him. If the party is noticed by Bento, he will flee as fast as he can back to the safety of the house. He will not confront the party nor attack them on the trail, he will treat the party as forest creatures, and will assume the worst and run.

IF BENTO IS CAPTURED

Bento is small, but a goblin none the less and once captured or restrained in any way, he will try to claw and bite his way out of the situation to get back to the house.

If coerced properly, either through violence or otherwise, Bento will at this point of captivity lead the party back to the house. In his little goblin mind, he believes that the thing under the house will protect him and vanquish the party for good.

This little goblin begins clawing and gnashing his teeth at you. He squirms and kicks while screaming gibberish and whistling violently. Some of it sounds like goblin, but other words cannot be made out as any type of coherent language. Although unarmed, save for a small dagger, this goblin is adorned from head to toe with the same type of symbols that were found on the trees earlier.

IF BENTO IS FOLLOWED

The same passive perception rules apply to Bento for discovering the party. Once done inspecting a snare, he becomes more aware of his surroundings as to not be attacked by an unseen monster in the woods. Within 1D6 rounds, Bento will return home with any food that he has found in the woods.

IF BENTO RUNS

Bento will flee as fast as he can to get to the house by sticking to the trail. He knows the risks if he were to stray from the path. Once in the house, Bento has crafted a wooden bar that he places across the door with two supports on either side. This is his only locking system for the house. (A STRENGTH CHECK OF 12 will be enough to bash through the door.) Once inside and the door secured, Bento will retreat to the grate in the floor and begin asking the deity for help.



BENTO

Attributes

AC 15 (Leather Armor, Shield)

Alignment Neutral Evil

CHA 8 CON 10 DEX 14 INT 10 STR 8 WIS 8

Challenge Rating 1/4

HP 7 (2d6)

Languages Common, Goblin Passive Perception 9

Roll 0 1d20 + 4 1d6+2

Roll 1 1d20 + 4 1d6+2

Senses Darkvision 60 Ft.

Size Small Skills Stealth +6

Speed 30 ft. Type humanoid (goblinoid)

SEE BACK FOR FULL TRAITS AND ACTIONS

*Bento is small in stature, even for a goblin, and will resort to fleeing from a fight unless cornered and no other option is left to him. He does have a scimitar and short bow, but keeps that under his bed in the house. When out in the woods are working around the house, Bento is armed only with a dagger (1D4 damage) which he uses more as a tool than a fighting weapon. If captured, restraining him is an easy task even though he squirms and thrashes about wildly. Biting will be his last resort while producing chants and gibberish which has no magical effect at all since it is a made-up language between him and the thing under the grate. Bento is equipped with piecemeal leather armor, odd sizes that were left behind when the tribe left the home-
stead.*

THE HILL WITH THE HOUSE

The forest ceases at the base of the gradual hill, yet a few trees dot the area leading up to the house at the top. There is a well-worn path with a diminished stone landscape that appears to be made from human hands at one point long ago travelling along the pathway. One can now understand the magnitude of the forest from this vantage point. The sentinel-like tree line seems to vanish in to the horizon and drift off in a murky haze. Looking at this wall of wood and foliage would make one wonder is anyone could have escaped the clutches of the forest and found their way out.

The house at the top of the hill is a human structure. It is old, somewhat dilapidated, and overgrown with bushes around the exterior. Just by its appearances, a story of this house could be constructed in the mind about who had originally created it. A family perhaps traveling across the wilderness seeking a solitary existence used the abundant resources to build such a dwelling might have mysteriously died off, or moved on to more populated areas of this land. It could have been a hermit of sorts who built a palace for one with a spectacular view. In any case, it is a haven from the woods and a place of respite to any lost traveler.

THE HISTORY OF THE THING UNDER THE GRATE

If there were any kind of records or history of this place and the activities therein, they either do not exist, or have been lost or destroyed. Only the ancient barrier of trees could tell the story of the horror that occurred in this place, for they have been around for over a hundred life spans, sitting still only to watch the events take place and doing nothing more to intervene.

One would be correct in assuming that a wandering family in search of solitude from any bustling city or village constructed this home. They had travelled the edge of the woods from where they began in search of a place to reside and never bother another soul. They wanted a life away from everything. This hill on the edge of the forest provided not only a spectacular view for the natural beauty, but strategic vantage points as well to observe any dangerous travelers or bandits coming near their home.

There was a father, mother, and three small children residing in this place. The father and mother built this small home by hand using the resources from the woods. The children were never allowed to wander in to the trees, there was a sense of evil that overcame anyone who crossed the border, and it was the first thing that the father felt when gathering the first supplies for the building of the house. He only took what he needed and never had to step foot inside the forest for more than ten feet to get what he needed. Wildlife that ventured out near the hill provided enough food for the family. It was a good place, secure at the time, and for several years on as well.

There were more eyes on the family other than the tree's that stood guard though.

Although the family believed they were living in blissful solitude, unbeknownst to them, they were being watched all the while from afar from evil eyes with murderous intent. For in those woods, and not too deep from the tree line that butted up to the base of the hill, a small group of sinister cultists resided.

These cultists were all that were left of a broken sect that worshipped Ashmadai. The original group of followers were large in number, worshipping miles from where they found themselves deep in this evil forest. A band of Paladins raided their original location after being exposed as a murderous cult. They had gotten the blood lust, sacrificing for sport rather than ritual. The town in which they originally resided hired the Paladins to route them out like vermin in the streets.



But some had gotten away and found themselves camped in the night under the claustrophobic canopy beyond the wall of wood.

They discovered the isolated family and knew they would make the perfect sacrifice needed to summon one of Ashmadai's pets from the ether. No creature dwelling in the forest would do since they were naturally unholy, and Ashmadai would not tolerate the gift, nor accept it in exchange for one of his pets from below.

While the family slept under the comfort of the expansive night sky, the cultists burst through the small homestead's door and swarmed the sleeping humans in a homicidal rage. Each member was quickly bound with ceremonial rope and beaten mercilessly while unholy symbols were sketched on the floor. The family did not have a chance to fight back, let alone scream for help. Jaws were broken and mouths were stuffed with burlap to keep them quiet while the chanting of evil hymns began.

The lead priest was frothing in a frenzy as the guttural noises spat from his black lips. He had other plans for this ritual unbeknownst to the other cultists. He wanted to embody the summoned creature once it was raised.

The other followers paid no heed to the new chants coming from the preist as they were occupied with spilling the blood of the family with ceremonial daggers. With each syllable uttered into the night, a blade drove itself deep into the flesh of the family of sacrificial lambs.

The floorboards glowed red and became translucent in the space of the symbols etched onto the floor. A dark leathery creature in the shape of a winged kite and long winding tail emerged from the floorboards, yet did not leave the sacred circle of unholy symbols. The creature was focused on the lead preist, its beady black eyes locked into his. The preist undulated violently, but the chanting never ceased until his eyes rolled to the back of his head. He fell to the floor, his body limp, his lips closed and quiet.

The creature shuddered and its wings flapped maniacally as if it were the first time it was using them as a fledgling demon. Its head darted back and forth in the most surprisingly of ways, scanning each cultist as if trying to communicate, the only sound that protruded from its mouth was a rumbling unnatural sound that was deep and baritone in nature. The preist had achieved his goal. He inhabited the beast from the depths below.

The sect took up residence in the ill-gotten homestead on the hill. The head preist, now one with the hellish flying beast, hunted regularly in the forest. His blood lust was seemingly out of control, even for a follower of Ashmadai, and the other members had become concerned and afraid with his behavior. And so, they devised a plan.

While the beast murdered and feasted in the woods during the day, the cultists began working feverishly around the house. They carefully removed floorboards and dug out a substantially sized room beneath the house. They secured the earthen walls with brick and timber, then covered the walls with symbols and glyphs. There was enough iron from the family's wagon and cooking tools to create a grate to fit over the hole in the floor, and a lock could be placed on the secure latch.

The cultists told the beastly priest they had constructed a sacrificial pit to honor him and that a ceremony would be held in his presence for achieving something as great as he had done. Small livestock had been brought into the house, throats slit, and dumped into the pit. The beast preist fluttered below to devour the still warm farm beast, and while he savored the gifts from his followers, above the grate was slammed down and locked tight.

The beast howled maniacal screeches. In its own undecipherable language, it was vowing destruction to the cult that did this to him.

A glyph was placed on the iron grate which made the final seal to keep the beast captive below. Once finished with the ceremony, the followers immediately left the house. Their leader had gone too far, Ashmadai forgive the being or person that opens that grate to find out what lies below. For there will be mass destruction and chaos of flesh and bone.



IN THE HOUSE OF BENTO

A number of situations can play out here depending on what the party decides to do or achieve. Below are a few of the reactions that Bento will demonstrate to the party.

BENTO THE SHAMAN

Bento fully believes in his cause, or charge if you will. He has created his own religion regarding the unseen thing below the floorboards. Every fetish that Bento wears and creates has a certain meaning to him and regards them with a certain holy reverence. As stated before, Bento is the keeper of the thing and caregiver to its needs. He has devoted his life to it through a blind faith that it is there to protect him and anyone that is a friend of Bento.

If circumstances are amicable between Bento and anyone or anything else, he will want to share his religion with the agreeable party. With an outward joy and excitement will first want to tell the tale of how that thing came to be. It is of course, Bento's own version, and has nothing to do with the cultists or the mass murder that originally occurred under this roof. Bento recalls that the thoughtful and listening thing came out of nowhere when Bento needed it most. In his dire circumstances of loneliness from being left behind from the goblin tribe, the thing under the grate was there for him and comforted him. Bento knew that the thing was not to be touched since the lock was too secure and took it as a sign that there was to be a barrier between the two. Bento understood that he was to make sacrifices to the thing, and the only way he knew how to perform such a task was to feed it through the chute in the wall. It was understood that they needed one another to coexist in this world.

Bento created dances of praise for every occasion and will invite the visitors to partake in them to demonstrate respect to the entity. There is a dance for happiness, for sorrow, for a good hunt, and so on. In reality, they are in essence the same little jig, but with a different out of tune chant that he had made up as well. He will offer trinkets and symbols of faith to outsiders who share in the crazy dances so that they will become assimilated into his religion.

There is a chance that Bento will not like everyone who attends his rites and will assume that they are a non-believer, regarding them as an enemy of him and the thing. In this case, Bento will encourage the others to sacrifice those that he loathes by hurling them down the chute. The chute of course is not large enough for a normal human of regular size, so Bento will suggest that the person or persons in question be chopped up and offered up to the thing by having their parts thrown down the chute to be consumed by his god. If the goblin language is understood, then obviously it would be made clear his intentions. If it is not, Bento will either make crude drawings or act it out to the others.

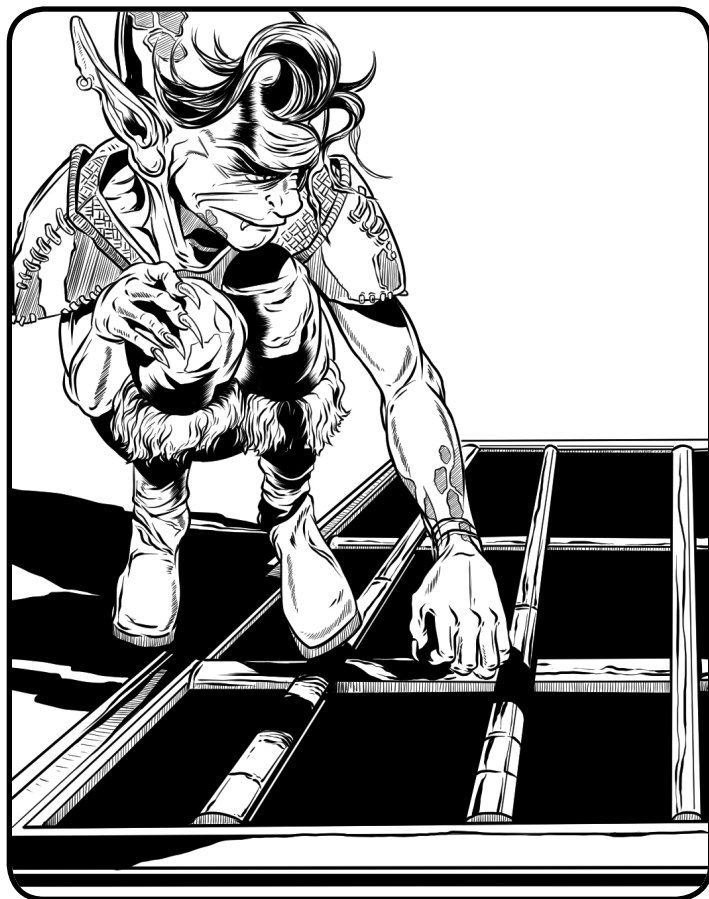
In the event that Bento is afraid, feels threatened, or understands that he is in mortal danger he will automatically go to the grate seeking help. He knows that he cannot break the lock or get the grate to come free, but the intention is to get the things' attention and wake it. Bento will begin one of his chants, a wild frothing version, his voice cracking in fear.

It should be noted here that over time, there was and still is a connection between Bento and the thing. Since the creature is inhabited by the cultist priest, there is a greater cognition within the beasts' mind, as the priests' mind has retained its normal function.

The Priest understands what Bento has done by creating his own religion to the creature and has relished in the daily praise and the feedings. When the beast becomes aware that there are newcomers to the house, he will begin to growl and howl and beat its wings to draw attention in the hopes that someone will have the ability to open the lock, thus removing the glyph that binds him there. Once freed, the beast will strike at the nearest player, but he will never touch Bento.

THE GRATE AND THE LOCK

The cultists by no means were master craftsmen when it came to ironwork. The grate is roughly assembled, its bars contain no straight lines, yet it is secure. It is fastened to the floor on each corner with iron tabs that are joined to the floorboards with crudely made bolts. The lock is rather simple, although Bento has not the mental capacity to pick it. A PERCEPTION CHECK DC18 will allow one to notice the glyph etched into the middle bar of the grate. To pick the lock, one would not have to try too hard even with minimal knowledge of locks in general (DC 13). There are no hinges, so one would have to literally pick it up off the floor. Anyone pulling the grate off the floor will suffer a sneak attack from the creature who will instinctively fly straight up to the nearest character and attack.





CLOAKER

Attributes

AC 14 (Natural Armor)

Alignment Chaotic Neutral

CHA 14 CON 12 DEX 15 INT 13 STR 17 WIS 12

Challenge Rating 8

HP 78 (12d10+12)

Languages Deep Speech, Undercommon

Passive Perception 11

Roll 0 Bite 1d20 + 6 2d6+3

Roll 1 Tail 1d20 + 6 1d8+3

Senses Darkvision 60 Ft.

Size Large

Skills Stealth +5

Speed 10 ft., fly 40 ft.

Type aberration

SEE BACK FOR FULL TRAITS AND ACTIONS

Once the grate is lifted

Bento begins screaming like a lunatic goblin as if a piece of him is being torn away when the grate is removed. Without warning, a strong rush of leathery wind bursts from the hole in the floorboards. Only a glimpse of the horror that is embedded within the single wing can be seen before it lunges at you with, short, bony, outstretched claws hurling themselves toward your soft tissue. Small, hateful little eyes lock onto yours as if it had been waiting for you all along.

The Cloaker will fight to the death, but again, it will never harm Bento in the fray. It can be added here that because the priest inhabits the beasts' mind, an attribute can be added to the stats if the DM wishes, (DARK DEVOTION: The cultist has an advantage on saving throws against being charmed or frightened).

If Bento is free to move about during combat, he will use his dagger or crossbow any way he can against the players in defense of the Cloaker. Bento WILL fight to the death if the Cloaker is destroyed, this creature is the thing that keeps Bento mentally stable, and it has become such an intricate part of his life.

If there is no chance of Bento entering the fight, there is a 60% chance that Bento will commit suicide once the Cloaker is destroyed and revealed as nothing but a captured monster in the house. If the players try to reason with Bento about the religious logic that he had created, and try empathize with him, the chances go up to 75%. Bento will either slit his throat or attempt to stab himself in the heart. Once this action takes place, it is up to the party on how they want to play it out.

CONCLUSION

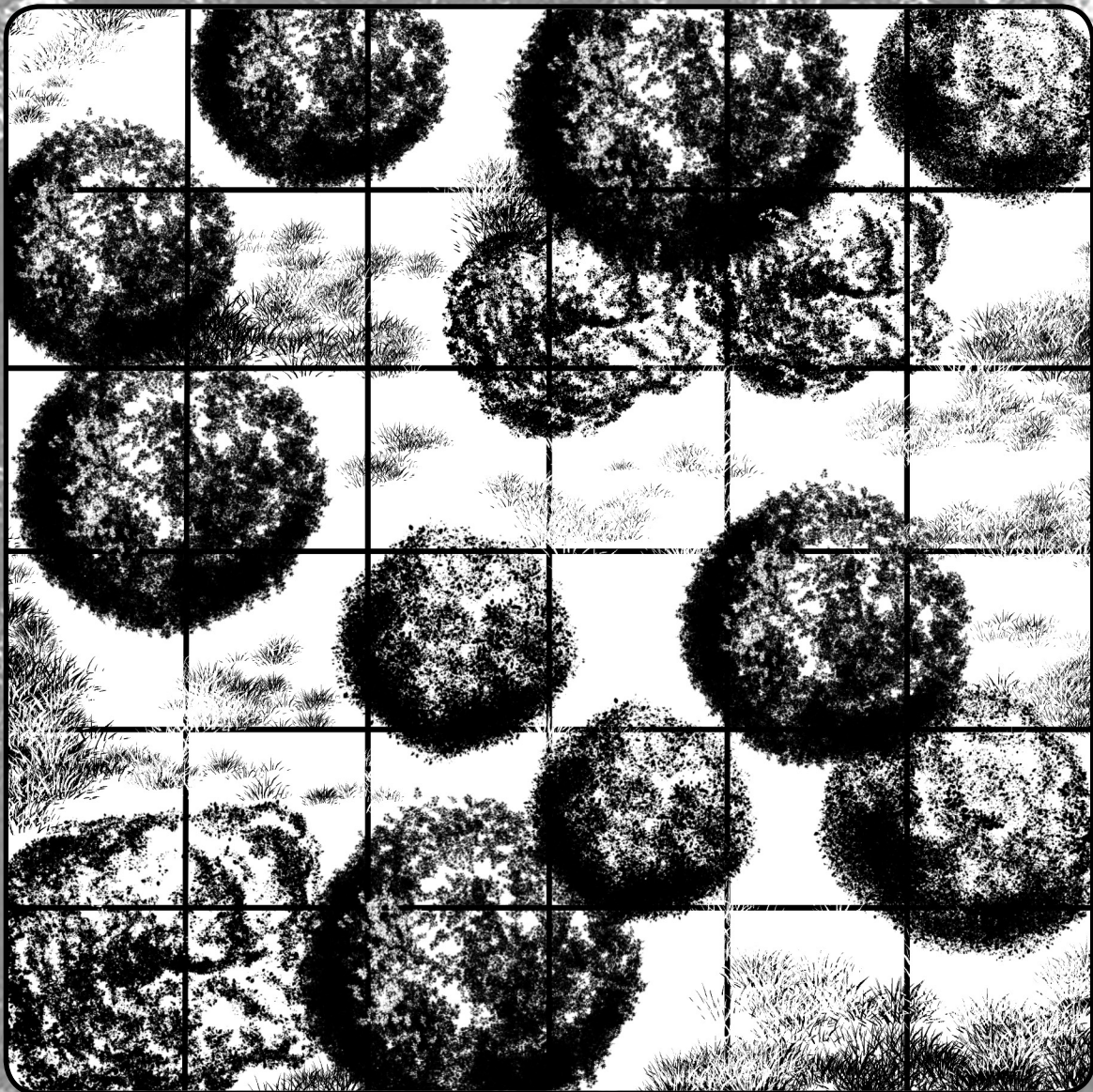
Whether Bento lives or dies is up to the party, but either way, there is no further action to be taken at this point of the adventure. The house may be destroyed, yet the horrific demonic past will still live in memory upon that hill at the edge of the wooden wall. If the players decide to follow the tree line for a few days, they might just make it to their intended destination. Anyone stumbling upon that place in the future will have a lot to decipher of that unknown religion that was created by a lonely goblin. The handmade trinkets will not give up their story easily, but the forest sentinels witnessed it all, and their mouths are quite silent as well.

REGARDING THE MAPS

Since the forest is vast in size and will take players over a day before they land on Bento's trail, simplified versions have been added to the back of this book. There are numerous ways to map out the forest. The simplest of these is the use of a dry erase marker grid map. There is no rhyme or reason to the forest, it may be anything that the DM wishes it to be. One thing to keep in mind though is that it is dense. So dense that the canopy barely lets in any light and maintains a murky hue in which curious monstrosities may wander about practically unnoticed. A short description and common DC's are added to each mini map included that pertain to the terrain or interior.

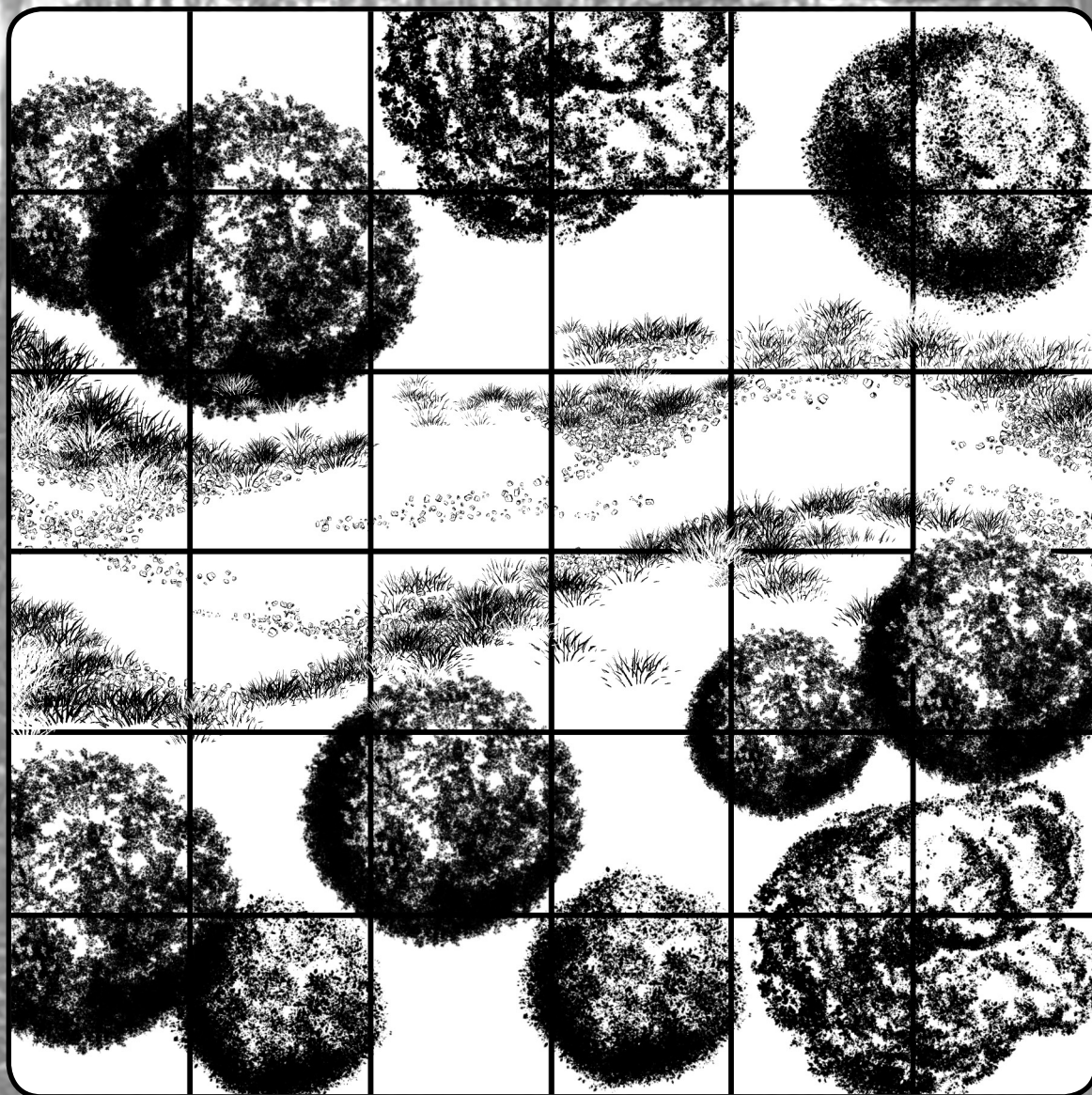
THE FOREST

These ancient sentinels huddle together leaving very little room for navigation while attempting to travel in a straight line. One could get claustrophobic traversing the bases of these trees for freedom of movement is hindered by large roots protruding from the ground, making for an uneven surface. Movement is cut in half in the forest as one attempts to navigate between individual trunks. These trees have been here longer than any living thing and have grown so much that each base is around 6 to 10 feet in diameter. Climbing any tree is a DC 15, easy enough even for the most inexperienced climber. There are many handholds and branches to help one up. Climb too high though, and one might stumble upon a Griffons' nest (30% Chance). There is a muddled hue at all times during the day in the woods since the canopy of trees block out most of the sunlight which makes it hard to get a sense of direction. Normal visibility is limited to 20 - 30 feet, making a surprise attack from a curious wandering beast more probable. Each sq. = 20ft.



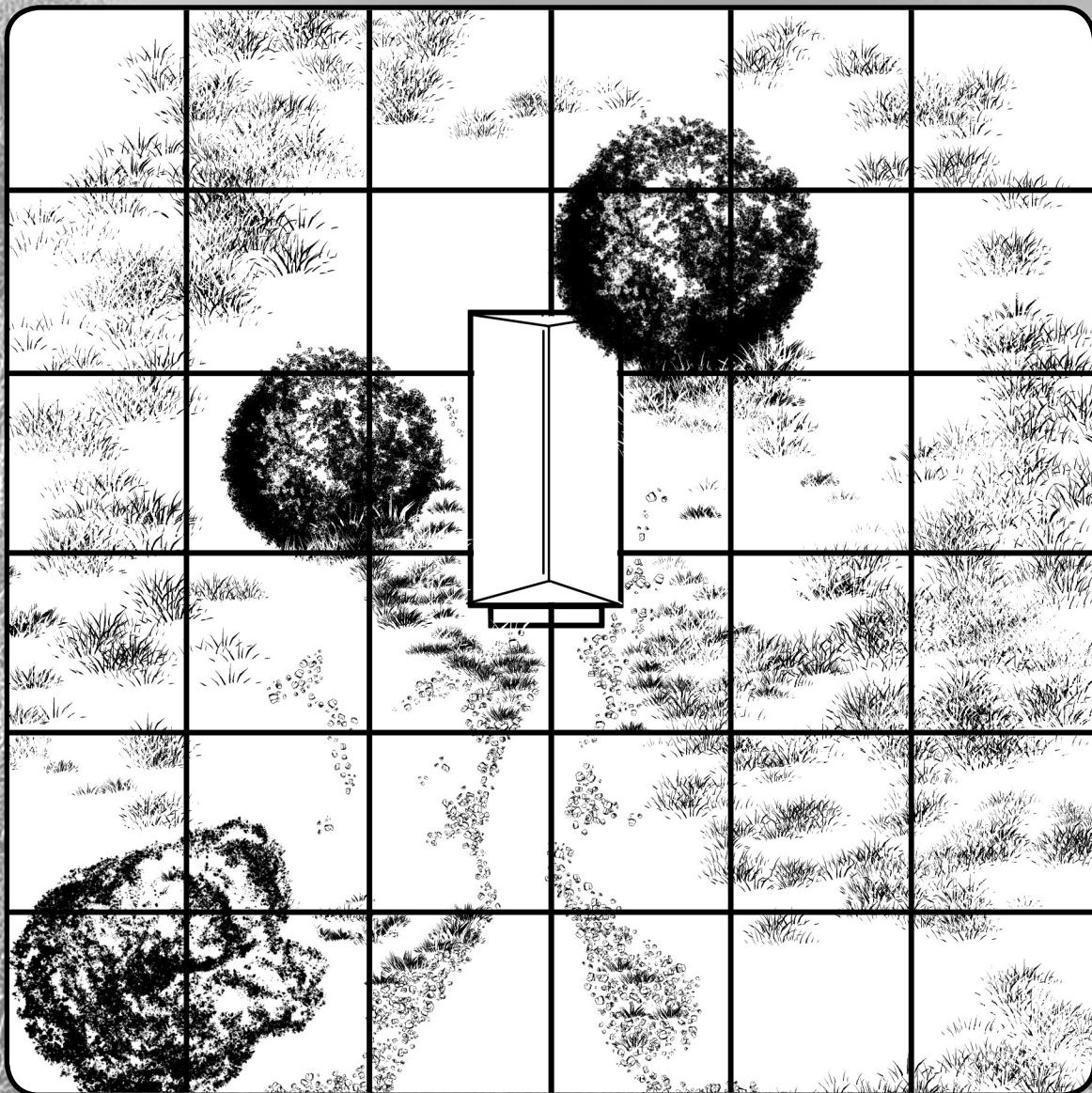
THE TRAIL IN THE FOREST

Not much more can be said about Bento's trail that isn't already mentioned in the description once the players discover it. It starts as a rough footpath of broken undergrowth, then flourishes into a proper trail leading to the edge of the forest. The way the general map is set up is just that, general. How the DM wants to play it out is up to personal preference. The closer the players get to the edge though, the more they will notice the religious trinkets hanging from the trees and the snares set at the edge of the trail. Bento has spent some time along the opening of the woods with the trail and has attempted to "manicure" it by lining it with stones and creating some sort of order to it. This trail provides sustenance for Bento and the thing, and he wants to glorify it in some simple way. Each sq. = 20ft.



THE HILL

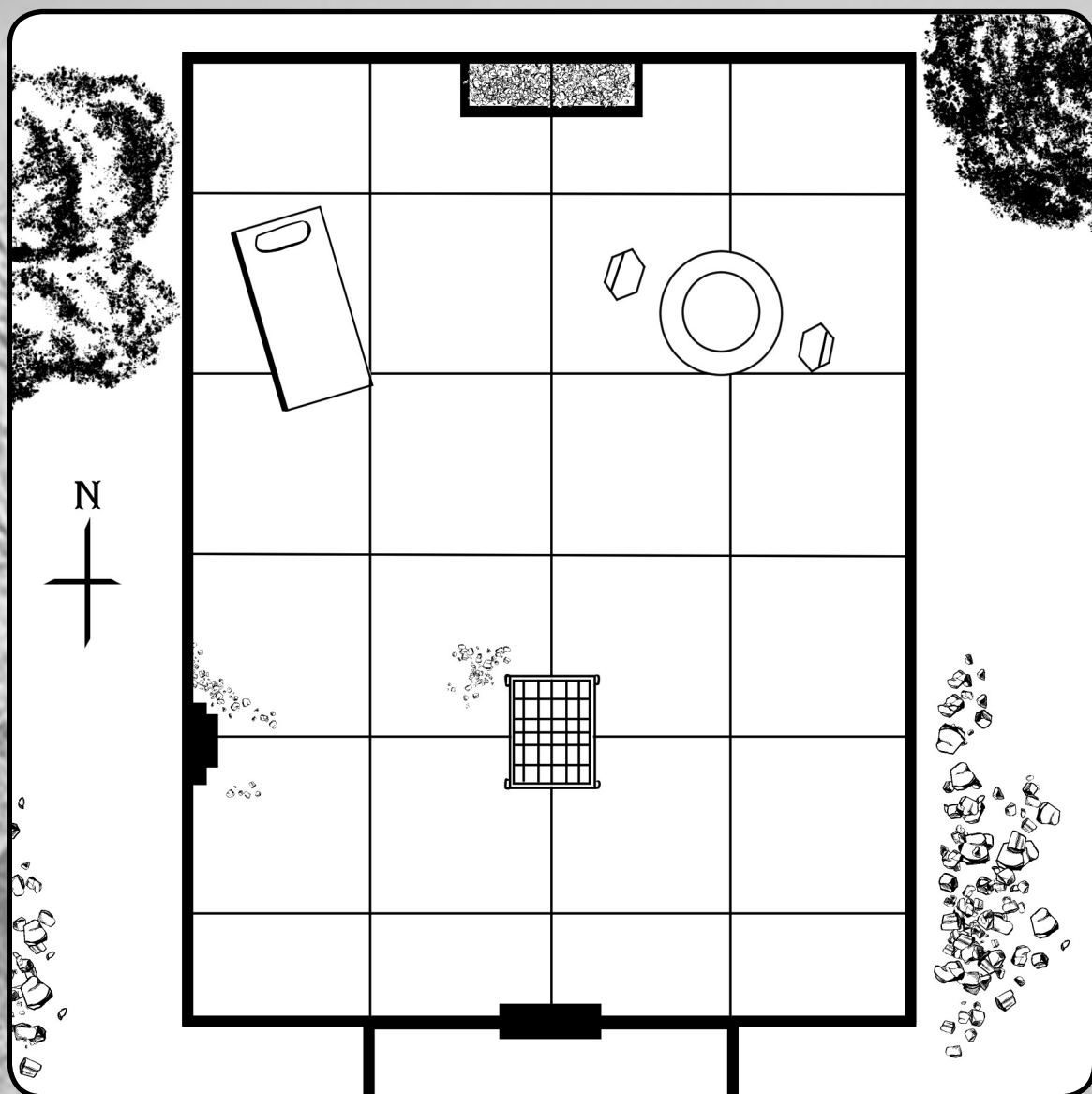
The hill leading up to Bento's home is of a low grade. Some sort of stone decoration created by Bento has been placed along the path leading up to the front of the house. The trees are sparse, and only a few dot the landscape of the hill. The placement of the house proves to be a vantage point overlooking the tree line. Each sq. = 20ft.



BENTO'S HOUSE

Over the years, Bento has been cleaning out the house, leaving no remnants of the tribe that left him behind. He has kept it simple in this home, save for the rubbish strewn about the floor, which is common among goblins. For the most part, this small space is spartan and functional. Upon entering, a foul stench permeates one's nostrils. There is only one entrance to this dwelling and it is through the front from the path. The iron grate is the first thing to see, to the left is the chute against the wall. Directly in front and at the rear of the house, is the hearth, flanked by a straw bed on the left and a table and two crude chairs on the right. The house is just a little over 50 ft. Long and 40 ft. Wide. The windows have been boarded up on either side of the house. Rough ropes still dangle from the ceiling from where the cots were suspended when the others from the tribe lived here. The ceiling appears to be only 12 feet tall.

Each sq. = 10 ft.



MONSTER TRAITS AND ACTIONS

Ettercap

Traits

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

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

Web Walker: The ettercap ignores Movement restrictions caused by webbing.

Actions

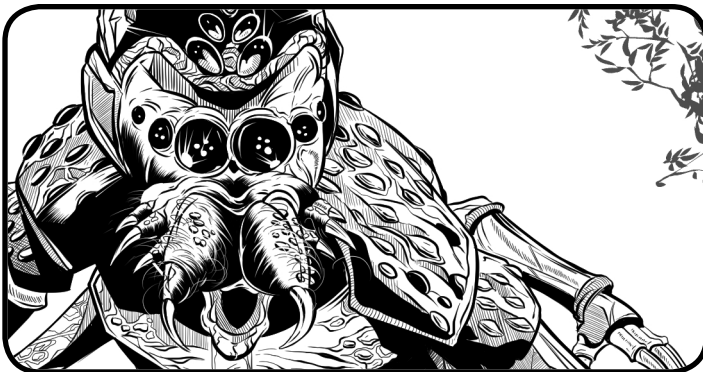
Multiattack: The ettercap makes two attacks: one with its bite and one with its claws.

Bite: Melee Weapon Attack: +4 to hit, reach 5 ft., one creature. Hit: 6 (1d8 + 2) piercing damage plus 4 (1d8) poison damage. The target must succeed on a DC 11 Constitution saving throw or be Poisoned for 1 minute. The creature can repeat the saving throw at the end of each of its turns, ending the effect on itself on a success.

Claws: Melee Weapon Attack: +4 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. Hit: 7 (2d4 + 2) slashing damage.

Web (Recharge 5-6): Ranged Weapon Attack: +4 to hit, range 30/60 ft., one Large or smaller creature. Hit: The creature is Restrained by webbing. As an action, the Restrained creature can make a DC 11 Strength check, escaping from the webbing on a success. The effect ends if the webbing is destroyed. The webbing has AC 10, 5 Hit Points, is vulnerable to fire damage and immune to bludgeoning damage.

Variant: Web Garrote: Melee Weapon Attack: +4 to hit, reach 5 ft., one Medium or Small creature against which the ettercap has advantage on the Attack roll. Hit: 4 (1d4 + 2) bludgeoning damage, and the target is Grappled, escape DC 12. Until this grapple ends, the target can't breathe, and the ettercap has advantage on Attack rolls against it.



Winter Wolf

Traits

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

Pack Tactics: The wolf has advantage on an Attack roll against a creature if at least one of the wolf's allies is within 5 ft. of the creature and the ally isn't Incapacitated.

Snow Camouflage: The wolf has advantage on Dexterity (Stealth) checks made to hide in snowy terrain.

Actions

Bite: Melee Weapon Attack: +6 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. Hit: 11 (2d6 + 4) piercing damage. If the target is a creature, it must succeed on a DC 14 Strength saving throw or be knocked prone.

Cold Breath (Recharge 5-6): The wolf exhales a blast of freezing wind in a 15-foot cone. Each creature in that area must make a DC 12 Dexterity saving throw, taking 18 (4d8) cold damage on a failed save, or half as much damage on a successful one.

Owlbear

Traits

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

Actions

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

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

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

Phase Spider

A phase Spider possesses the magical ability to phase in and out of the Ethereal Plane. It seems to appear out of nowhere and quickly vanishes after attacking. Its Movement on the Ethereal Plane before coming back to The Material Plane makes it seem like it can Teleport.

Traits

Ethereal Jaunt: As a Bonus Action, the Spider can magically shift from The Material Plane to the Ethereal Plane, or vice versa.

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

Web Walker: The Spider ignores Movement restrictions caused by webbing.

Actions

Bite: Melee Weapon Attack: +4 to hit, reach 5 ft., one creature. Hit: 7 (1d10 + 2) piercing damage, and the target must make a DC 11 Constitution saving throw, taking 18 (4d8) poison damage on a failed save, or half as much damage on a successful one. If the poison damage reduces the target to 0 Hit Points, the target is stable but Poisoned for 1 hour, even after regaining Hit Points, and is Paralyzed while Poisoned in this way.

Shambling Mound

Traits

Lightning Absorption: Whenever the shambling mound is subjected to lightning damage, it takes no damage and regains a number of Hit Points equal to the lightning damage dealt.

Actions

Multiattack: The shambling mound makes two slam attacks. If both attacks hit a Medium or smaller target, the target is Grappled (escape DC 14), and the shambling mound uses its Engulf on it.

Slam: Melee Weapon Attack: +7 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. Hit: 13 (2d8 + 4) bludgeoning damage.

Engulf: The shambling mound engulfs a Medium or smaller creature Grappled by it. The engulfed target is Blinded, Restrained, and unable to breathe, and it must succeed on a DC 14 Constitution saving throw at the start of each of the mound's turns or take 13 (2d8 + 4) bludgeoning damage. If the mound moves, the engulfed target moves with it. The mound can have only one creature engulfed at a time.

Griffon

Traits

Keen Sight: The griffon has advantage on Wisdom (Perception) checks that rely on sight.

Actions

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

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

Claws: Melee Weapon Attack: +6 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. Hit: 11 (2d6 + 4) slashing damage.

Werebear

Traits

Shapechanger: The werebear can use its action to Polymorph into a Large bear-humanoid hybrid or into a Large bear, or back into its true form, which is humanoid. Its Statistics, other than its size and AC, are the same in each form. Any Equipment it is wearing or carrying isn't transformed. It reverts to its true form if it dies.

Keen Smell: The werebear has advantage on Wisdom (Perception) checks that rely on smell.

Actions

Multiattack: In bear form, the werebear makes two claw attacks. In humanoid form, it makes two Greataxe attacks. In hybrid form, it can Attack like a bear or a humanoid.

Bite (Bear or Hybrid Form Only): Melee Weapon Attack: +7 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. Hit: 15 (2d10 + 4) piercing damage. If the target is a humanoid, it must succeed on a DC 14 Constitution saving throw or be Cursed with were bear lycanthropy.

Claw (Bear or Hybrid Form Only): Melee Weapon Attack: +7 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. Hit: 13 (2d8 + 4) slashing damage.

Greataxe (Humanoid or Hybrid Form Only): Melee Weapon Attack: +7 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. Hit: 10 (1d12 + 4) slashing damage.



BENTO

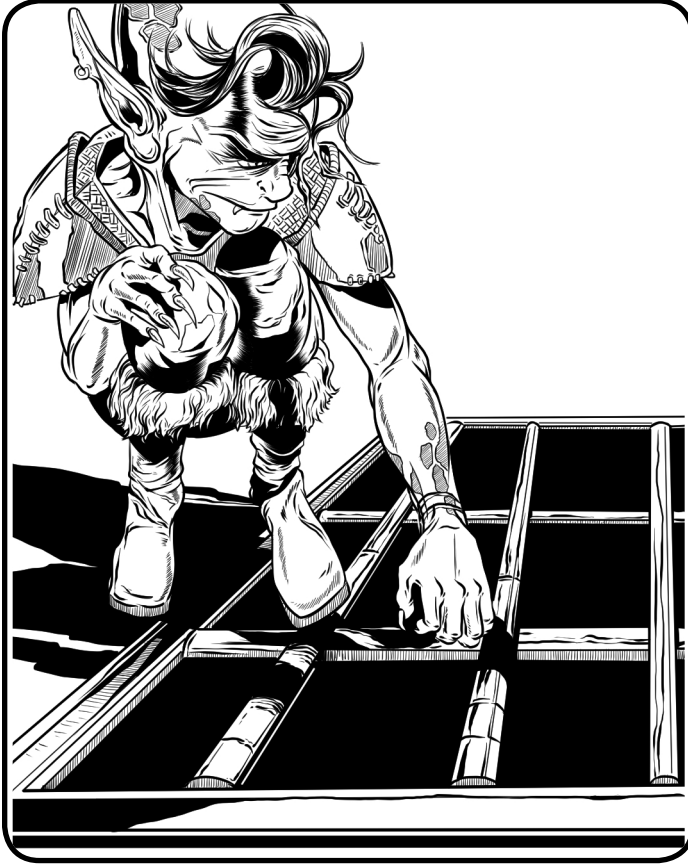
Traits

Nimble Escape: The goblin can take the Disengage or Hide action as a Bonus Action on each of its turns.

Actions

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

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



Cloaker

Traits

Damage Transfer: While attached to a creature, the cloaker takes only half the damage dealt to it (rounded down), and that creature takes the other half.

False Appearance: While the cloaker remains motionless without its underside exposed, it is indistinguishable from a dark leather cloak.

Light Sensitivity: While in bright light, the cloaker has disadvantage on Attack rolls and Wisdom (Perception) checks that rely on sight.

Actions

Multiattack: The cloaker makes two attacks: one with its bite and one with its tail.

Bite: Melee Weapon Attack: +6 to hit, reach 5 ft., one creature. Hit: 10 (2d6 + 3) piercing damage, and if the target is Large or smaller, the cloaker attaches to it. If the cloaker has advantage against the target, the cloaker attaches to the target's head, and the target is Blinded and unable to breathe while the cloaker is attached. While attached, the cloaker can make this Attack only against the target and has advantage on the Attack roll. The cloaker can detach itself by spending 5 feet of its Movement. A creature, including the target, can take its action to detach the cloaker by succeeding on a DC 16 Strength check.

Tail: Melee Weapon Attack: +6 to hit, reach 10 ft., one creature. Hit: 7 (1d8 + 3) slashing damage.

Moan: Each creature within 60 feet of the cloaker that can hear its moan and that isn't an aberration must succeed on a DC 13 Wisdom saving throw or become Frightened until the end of the cloaker's next turn. If a creature's saving throw is successful, the creature is immune to the cloaker's moan for the next 24 hours.

Phantasms (Recharges after a Short or Long Rest): The cloaker magically creates three illusory duplicates of itself if it isn't in bright light. The duplicates move with it and mimic its Actions, shifting position so as to make it impossible to track which cloaker is the real one. If the cloaker is ever in an area of bright light, the duplicates disappear.

Whenever any creature Targets the cloaker with an Attack or a harmful spell while a duplicate remains, that creature rolls randomly to determine whether it Targets the cloaker or one of the duplicates. A creature is unaffected by this magical effect if it can't see or if it relies on Senses other than sight.

A duplicate has the cloaker's AC and uses its Saving Throws. If an Attack hits a duplicate, or if a duplicate fails a saving throw against an effect that deals damage, the duplicate disappears.

NAME

ANCESTRY

BACKGROUND

CLASS

LANGUAGE

PERCEPTION



STRENGTH

MODIFIER

DEXTERITY

MODIFIER

CONSTITUTION

MODIFIER

INTELLIGENCE

MODIFIER

WISDOM

MODIFIER

CHARISMA

MODIFIER

ACTIONS

STRIDE

MELEE STRIKE

RANGED STRIKE

RANGED STRIKE

SPELLS

SPELL
ROLL



CANTRIPS
CANTRIPS

DOMAIN POWER

SPELL POINTS

OPTIONS

ANCESTRY FEAT

GENERAL FEAT

CLASS FEATURES

GEAR

WORN

READY

STOWED

COINS

BULK

SKILLS

DIPLOMACY



MEDICINE



PERFORMANCE



LORE (FARMING)



RELIGION



SURVIVAL



SKILL FEAT

DEFENSES

HIT POINTS



FORTITUDE



ARMOR CLASS



REFLEX



TOUCH AC



WILL



NAME _____

ANCESTRY _____

BACKGROUND _____

CLASS _____

LANGUAGE _____

PERCEPTION _____



STRENGTH _____

MODIFIER _____

DEXTERITY _____

MODIFIER _____

CONSTITUTION _____

MODIFIER _____

STR

DEX

CON

INTELLIGENCE _____

MODIFIER _____

WISDOM _____

MODIFIER _____

CHARISMA _____

MODIFIER _____

INT

WIS

CHA

ACTIONS

STRIDE

MELEE STRIKE

RANGED STRIKE

RANGED STRIKE

SPELLS

SPELL
ROLL



CANTRICS
CANTRICS

DOMAIN POWER

SPELL POINTS

OPTIONS

ANCESTRY FEAT

GENERAL FEAT

CLASS FEATURES

GEAR

WEAPON

READY

STOWED

COINS

BULK

SKILLS

DIPLOMACY



MEDICINE



PERFORMANCE



LORE (FARMING)



RELIGION



SURVIVAL



SKILL FEAT

DEFENSES

HIT POINTS



FORTITUDE



ARMOR CLASS



REFLEX



TOUCH AC



WILL



Art
Done
19

NAME _____

ANCESTRY _____

BACKGROUND _____

CLASS _____

LANGUAGE _____

PERCEPTION _____



STRENGTH _____

MODIFIER _____

DEXTERITY _____

MODIFIER _____

CONSTITUTION _____

MODIFIER _____

STR

DEX

CON

INTELLIGENCE _____

MODIFIER _____

WISDOM _____

MODIFIER _____

CHARISMA _____

MODIFIER _____

INT

WIS

CHA

DEFENSES _____

HIT POINTS _____



FORTITUDE _____



ARMOR CLASS _____



REFLEX _____



TOUCH AC _____



WILL _____



ACTIONS

STRIDE _____

MELEE STRIKE _____

RANGED STRIKE _____

RANGED STRIKE _____

SPELLS

SPELL
ROLL _____



CANTRIPS _____

CANTRIPS _____

DOMAIN POWER _____

SPELL POINTS _____

OPTIONS

ANCESTRY FEAT _____

GENERAL FEAT _____

CLASS FEATURES _____

GEAR

WORN _____

READY _____

STOWED _____

COINS _____

BULK _____

SKILLS

DIPLOMACY _____



MEDICINE _____



PERFORMANCE _____



LORE (FARMING) _____



RELIGION _____



SURVIVAL _____



SKILL FEAT _____



NAME

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RELIGION



SURVIVAL



SKILL FEAT

DEFENSES

HIT POINTS



FORTITUDE



ARMOR CLASS



REFLEX



TOUCH AC



WILL



[illegible]

LIGHT LOAD	☐	LIFT OVER HEAD	☐
MEDIUM LOAD	☐	LIFT OFF GROUND	☐
HEAVY LOAD	☐	DRAG OR PUSH	☐

(P
SP
GG
PP

PROPERTIES

PLANTS

[illegible]

NEXT LEVEL

SPELLS KNOWN	SPELL SAVE DC	LEVEL	SPELLS PER DAY	BONUS SPELLS
		0		-
		1ST		
		2ND		
		3RD		
		4TH		
		5TH		
		6TH		
		7TH		
		8TH		
		9TH		

CONDITIONAL MODIFIERS

[illegible]

BENTO'S CHARGE will be Phil Stone's 5th module that he has written and illustrated. It will be his FIRST for a kickstarter and module design for 5th edition Dungeons and Dragons.

Phil Stone has been a full time freelance illustrator for publishers such as KOBOLD PRESS, PELGRANE PRESS, and TRIPLE ACE GAMES to name a few. When he is not working on specific projects for several publishers, he is writing and illustrating his own modules.

This is a one shot module that is rich in story and background. It gives the DM a full history of little Bento and his current situation so that a multitude of scenarios can be played out by the characters. Outside of the storyline, there is a sandbox of options to be had for players to explore, and the DM to exploit.

The party has been lost in the woods for some time now, (why? because it's a one-shot module and that's how things usually go in this type of situation). There is no sense of direction as the canopy of the deep woods have cut off the majority of sunlight. The region is foreign and so are the sounds that emanate all around, somehow always at a confusing distance. (It's really not that confusing though, it's danger that the party is sensing, also wandering monsters, lots of wandering monsters).

A small trail has been picked up and it seems wise to follow it since all other options have departed. Somehow this trail seems like a safety net against those creatures lurking unseen around the party. A foreseeable encounter or encounters is distinctly possible, and it is not going to be a good one. It seems best to stick to this little trail. (Not only is the trail safe haven for lost travelers, but a plot hook as well! Crafty!!!)

There are two main objectives for this escapade that can be attained once finishing the quest. First is the experience. This module is set for character levels 1 – 5 and the encounters within will provide enough experience to gain levels for future campaigns. Secondly is the alignment play and a chance to roleplay the newly formed characters to flesh out how they would react to certain situations and decisions made though the interactions in this book.

Most of all throughout this little episode, the party needs to have fun with it. There are a multitude of endings that can be played out here as different characters will have different reactions to the situations presented.

- Phil Stone

www.philstoneillustrations.com
Phil Stone llc

