

The Voyager's Kitchen is the most successful catering company in the Trifid Nebula, and your current employer. With a domain almost 20 light years across, you're kept quite busy catering the finest parties, weddings, and events in the southern edge of the 'verse. This week's job, however, is a little less glamorous, as you're being sent to the feudal world of Plym to cater the annual "Harvest Festival" for a Genasi noblewoman named Lady Macie Daes. Your head chef, Gardon Flayer, has dispatched you early to make sure the kitchen is up to snuff while he gathers the last of the unique ingredients critical to a successful Harvest Festival feast.

The company ship, an aging Avia-Ra transport rescued from the scrapyards of Alseca, rumbles into the atmosphere of Plym, a small, arboreal world. Home to mostly humans and near-humans, the planet relies mostly on medieval-level technology, though a few hints of the greater 'verse are seen here and there, such as the landing beacon guiding you to Lady Daes's estate. From the air, you can see a large stone mansion sitting among rolling hills and overlooking a bustling village. The area is surrounded by a dense forest of squat trees covered in bright orange and yellow leaves, and you can see a few winding paths cut through the woodlands, presumably leading to other settlements. The Lady's estate has a small landing pad behind it, and as your ship begins to descend, you can see a few townsfolk pointing at your craft. Presumably, they don't see many visitors arriving by spacecraft.

You touch down and the hatch on your ship rumbles open, and you're greeted with a sharp gust of crisp, autumnal air that shakes the trees around you. As you disembark from your ship and begin unloading the small amount of equipment Chef Flayer sent ahead with you, a small contingent of humanoids make their way up the path towards you, led by a blue-skinned woman wearing a skimpy outfit that seems at odds with the chilly morning air. "Good morning, good day, hello! You must be the caterers! I am Lady Macie Daes, welcome to my home, we're so excited for tomorrow's feast!"

Lady Daes is friendly and personable, and eager to help the PCs with whatever they need. She invites them inside to the kitchen and dining hall to see the spaces they'll be working in, and asks the PCs if they have the list of requests she submitted to the Voyager's Kitchen when she hired them (they don't). She turns to one of her attendants and asks him to make a copy for the PCs, and then leads them inside.

Lady Daes leads you into her mansion, chattering away about the event as you walk through the wide halls adorned with family portraits and landscape paintings. "Of course we don't have access to a power source here so you'll be doing things in the traditional way, but I was assured that wouldn't be a problem. I know I made some unusual requests but Chef Flayer was quite confident in his ability to pull this off. Obviously this will all need to be decorated as well, as the guests will be allowed to wander the grounds. Where was I? Oh yes, the main course is obviously the most important, but that doesn't mean you can ignore the dessert, oh no! Oh, we're here! This is the kitchen, my staff will all have the day off for the Harvest Festival so nobody will get in your way. Through here, this way, thank you." She opens a heavy oak door and leads you into a sizable but old-fashioned kitchen.

The kitchen is made entirely of soot-covered bricks. One side of the room is dominated by a roaring open fireplace, with several heavy iron pots hanging in front of it, and a spit suspended across. Above the fireplace, several doors are set into the chimney, presumably a place to bake bread, smoke meat, or simply keep food warm. Two long wooden work tables sit in the middle of the room, and pots and pans of every conceivable size hang above them, along with big two-pronged forks and ladles. Quick inspection of several covered barrels stationed throughout the room reveals them to be full of fresh water. A couple of sizable devices that you can't quite identify are set in one corner of the room, alongside a sizable pile of firewood. Two tiny windows do little to ventilate the space, letting in a meager breath of fresh outside air that does little to dissipate the eye-watering smoke that hangs in the room.

If PCs succeed on a DC 16 History check, they're able to recognize the odd contraptions as a bellows for the fireplace, a butter churn, a small grain mill, and a set of measuring scales. If the PCs succeed on this, they'll get advantage on certain tasks when it comes time to cook.

"Like I said, we're fairly well-equipped here, so you should have everything you need. Chef Flayer said he would be supplying all the ingredients, but you can use my salt stores if needed. If you'd like, I can show you the great hall before you start getting set up here?"

The great hall is, in a word, great. Thirty foot high ceilings are adorned with carved wooden supports, and high windows let in the morning light. At one end of the room is a dias where a finely-made table sits, and two other long tables run the length of the hall, with enough seating for well over a hundred people. The walls are lined with hunting trophies and more landscape paintings of rolling hills and idyllic scenes of harvest. A grand fireplace is set into one wall, with an elaborate mantelpiece carved with a coat of arms depicting a bundle of wheat clutched in a raven's beak. "Obviously this will all need to be decorated as well." says Lady Daes. "I really want to drive home the Harvest Festival theme, so keep that in mind. But enough of me distracting you. If there's nothing else you need, I'll stay out of your way. Chef Flayer said he'd be arriving at noon, correct? If you could let one of my attendants know when he arrives, I would appreciate it. Oh, one last thing! Will you be sleeping on your ship? If you would like to stay in the guest quarters, I can have my steward prepare the rooms for you."

At some point, the Lady's manservant (a human man named Morhea) arrives with the list of requirements from Daes: As you're [doing x], an elderly man dressed in fine robes approaches. "The lady of the house wished me to provide this to you." He hands you a slip of paper and bows, and makes his exit.

The requirements:

- Grand Hall and other halls must be decorated
- A Five Course meal of seasonal ingredients
 - Hors d'oeuvres
 - Soup
 - Main course
 - Salad

- Dessert and coffee
- Entertainment for the guests throughout the evening
- A surprise for the Lady

Noon comes and goes with no sign of Chef Flayer's ship. And then another hour passes. And another. Before long, you've done all the prep work you can possibly do without the ingredients and supplies he was bringing with him. As the shadows get longer, an unfortunate fact presents itself: you need a plan in case Chef Flayer doesn't arrive.

The PCs can track down one of the mansion's servants (or even the Lady herself). If they do and ask about getting ingredients, the PCs are told that the mansion's stores were cleared out in anticipation of the feast, and would be restocked after the titular Harvest Festival harvest. The NPC suggests that the PCs could go into town and see if the market has ingredients for them, but isn't optimistic. The NPC will also reiterate that the Harvest Festival feast must be seasonal ingredients, so while the PCs might have various rations on their ship, they can't serve as the focus of the meal.

You make your way into town just as the clocktower chimes 5 PM. The sun has sunk near the horizon, casting a warm golden glow over the pastoral scene as workers make their way home and the streets are decorated with bundles of hay and clusters of gourds. The village surrounding Lady Daes mansion is mostly made up of small dwellings, but the main road through town serves as an open-air market, and you feel optimistic upon seeing the many sellers still set up. Unfortunately, the first couple of carts you come upon, attended to by a pair of dwarf merchants, seems to be only selling Harvest Festival masks: carved gourds big enough to be worn as a helmet. The next two carts, manned by a half-elf and a human, are packing up for the evening, nothing left of whatever baked goods they were selling but a few crumbs. In fact, as you go from shop to shop, it quickly becomes apparent that all of the foodstuff has been cleared out. You make it to the end of the street and reach the last vendor: Vect with a cart that even from here seems mostly cleared out.

The Vect is a sausage-maker named Snax, and luckily for the PCs, he still has a single pork and sage sausage left, which he happily sells to them. If they ask about the lack of food, he tells them that Lord Vember's men came through just an hour ago and bought out all of the food in the market. Lord Vember lives in the next town over, and hosts a competing Harvest Festival feast to Lady Daes, but his is an exclusive event and his keep is well-defended.

"However, if you're desperate..." The Vect looks around briefly before leaning forward conspiratorially. "There's a cavern just a few miles from here, full of beasts and monsters that are all...technically edible. It's too dangerous for regular merchants such as myself to venture into, but for off worlders like you, it might be just the thing."

If the PCs make a good impression of Snax, he takes sympathy on them (and also thinks that getting hired by the Voyager's Kitchen might not be the worst thing), and offers to help them out. While the PCs head to the caverns, he will bring his equipment and the few raw ingredients he

has to the mansion's kitchen for them to use. If they're *especially* nice to him, he will also offer to help them tomorrow, either helping cook or decorating while the PCs are focused on the kitchen. If they get this help, they can roll one skill check with advantage.

If the PCs think to buy decorations in the market, they can find the following things:

- The mask vendors have 2d20 gourd masks left, for 2 silver each
- A half-orc is selling paper lanterns, and has 1d10 left in stock. They cost 1 silver each
- A couple of human children are selling fist-sized acorns with poorly-painted faces on them. They have 1d30 left, and they cost 1 copper for three
- An Avia-Ra is selling wreaths made of sticks and golden feathers (clearly his own). He only has 1d5-1 left, and they cost 1 gold each
- A family of gnomes are selling small sparklers and other weak fireworks. They've done good business today, and have 1 box left (with 20 miscellaneous fireworks inside), that they'll part with for 5 gold
- A tiefling craftswoman has a large, fierce-looking turkey statue carved out of wood, about six feet tall and mildly frightening. She wants 50 gold for it, but is willing to negotiate down to 20 (but no lower)

Also, if the PCs succeed on a DC 15 Perception check while in the market, they hear the sound of fiddle music being played in the distance. Tracking it down, the PCs find a small band consisting of two Amoeboids and a human playing a jaunty tune on a fiddle (Tempo), acoustic guitar (Pitch), and a harmonica (Harles). The three are Tempo and Pitch (the Amoeboids) and Harles (the human). They are amateur musicians and not very good (a +1 to any Performance checks) who just started playing together. They can be convinced to play at the Harvest Festival with a successful DC 15 Intimidation or Persuasion check and payment of 20 gold.

Following Snax's directions, you follow a narrow dirt path that heads north out of town. The path snakes between a field of wheat and the edge of the forest, the golden stalks waving under the late afternoon sun. After about ten minutes of walking, the path turns right suddenly, plunging into the increasingly-dark woods. The forest is filled with the sounds of chirping crickets and singing nightingales, punctuated by the occasional hoot of an early rising owl. In the distance, you can hear the gentle gurgle of a small stream, and the occasional croak of a frog.

The sun has fully sunken below the horizon, the woods illuminated purely by the light of Plym's twin moons, when you finally arrive at your destination. A small, grass-covered hill rises out of the middle of a sweeping meadow filled with orange and white wild roses. A narrow cave opening is clearly visible near the base of the hill, and a wide, slow-moving stream trickles out of the cave mouth and winds through the meadow before disappearing amongst the dense trees that surround the pasture. You can see small frogs hopping in and out of the brook's clear waters, and also a modest abandoned shack built right next to the stream, its roof caved in and timbers weather-worn.

Entrance: *As you climb into the cave, the crisp and cool night air of the meadow is replaced with the warmth and humidity of the earth. The initial room of the cavern is 90 feet wide at its*

widest point, but the ceiling is fairly low, only about 15 feet tall. A sizable pond has formed on the southeast side of the chamber, fed by fresh spring water trickling through a crack in the wall before eventually flowing out of the cave to form the stream you saw outside. Yet more frogs happily hop around the water here, and you can also see strange-looking crabs clambering along the floor of the pool. About a foot across, the crabs seem to have wood-like shells. A large tunnel proceeds deeper into the cave directly south of you, and a slightly narrower passage twists away to the east.

While the frogs are prolific and theoretically edible, this variety is actually somewhat toxic. PCs know this if they succeed on a DC 16 Survival or Nature roll. The crabs, on the other hand, are nut crabs, a bizarre crossbreed that's half plant and half animal, and are both edible and delicious. Of course, they're also quite squirrely and hard to catch, as they retreat into small crevasses at the bottom of the pool. They also must be caught live, as killing them causes them to rapidly toxify within their shell (unless they're boiled or cooked within a few minutes of dying). Obviously the PCs can come up with some clever way of catching them, but if they want to go for the straightforward technique of just grabbing them, they must succeed on a DC 20 Sleight of Hand check. If they fail, they can try again, but if they fail by 5 or more, all of the crabs get spooked and retreat into their holes, where they stay for 15 or so minutes (as long as nothing is moving above them).

Bats: *You follow the twisting passageway that heads east, and eventually emerge into a narrow, tall room that forms a natural chimney, almost 200 feet tall. You can smell fresh air from above, and see starlight through the hole in the ceiling. You also notice strange animals hanging upside-down from the ceiling around this opening, with leathery grey wings wrapped around plump, yellow and orange gourd-shaped bodies. The ceiling is covered in dozens of the odd animals, seemingly fast asleep.*

These are bat gourds (identified with a DC 18 Nature or Survival check), and they're bizarre squash that have evolved to appear similar to bats, but are entirely meat-free and fairly tasty. In fact, upon closer inspection (and with a DC 19 Perception check), the PCs can tell that the bat gourd's "legs" are actually roots growing into the ceiling, and the fruit is attached by a thin stalk.

If threatened or disturbed at all, the gourds will immediately detach from the stalk and take flight, making them tricky to harvest. In addition, if damaged at all (i.e. attacked, arrowed, magicked), the gourds burst, rendering them inedible as they splatter across the ground (or ceiling). There are 5d12 bat gourds in the room when the PCs first enter.

Room Two: *The humidity of the cave seems to increase as you move into this room, the walls damp with condensation. This chamber is similar in height to the first room, and moisture accumulates and drips from the ceiling too, dripping on your head and down your neck annoyingly. The tunnel continues to the south, but two other features of this area catch your attention: the southern wall is covered in glittering veins of gold and silver, and on the northern side of the cave, a pile of sizable crates are tucked away behind a handful of large stones.*

The gold and silver veins are actually just pyrite, largely worthless but could potentially be used as decorative material. PCs can harvest half a pound with ten minutes of work and a successful DC 12 Strength check (with disadvantage if they don't have proper tools).

The crates, on the other hand, are surprisingly filled with bottles of wine (the label says *Pillow Farms Cabernet*). There are four crates, each containing 10 bottles of wine (1d10 of which are unbroken). If the PCs inspect the bottles, they find that they're still safe to drink, and tasting them reveals them to be deliciously aged and quite full-bodied. If the PCs succeed on a DC 14 Investigation check, they find a note at the bottom of one of the crates that says "Putting these aside for the coronation before my son drinks them all. Poj. Spring, Year of the Pondering Dog". The PCs have no way of knowing how long ago that was, not being familiar with Plym's calendar system, but with a DC 24 History check, they can figure this was over a century ago.

Gravy: *If the other rooms of the cave felt humid, they're nothing compared to this portion. Steam fills this cavern, limiting visibility to just a few feet, and you can hear a gloopy, plopping noise coming from the southern portion of the room, like a sauce left on the stove too long. The humidity of the room has made the stone floor slick, and that plus the limited visibility makes moving through this area quite treacherous.*

As the PCs enter this room, have them make DC 14 Dexterity or Acrobatics checks. If they succeed, they stay on their feet but treat this room as difficult terrain, but if they fail they fall, taking 1d4 bludgeoning damage. If they fail by 5 or more, they actually slip into a pool of primordial gravy, taking 1d8 fire damage and requiring a DC 14 Dexterity saving throw or they fully slip in, taking another 1d8 of damage until someone helps them out (a DC 15 Strength or Athletics check).

This room is full of thick, gurgling, light brown liquid that sluggishly flows through canals or stews in small pools, seemingly bubbling up from deep underground. Bizarrely, the tar-like substance smells delicious and savory, sizzling as drops of condensation drip off the ceiling onto its surface. As you investigate it, a massive bubble slowly forms on the top before dramatically popping, splattering you and the nearby wall with hot goo.

This is primordial gravy, a naturally-occurring form of gravy unique to Plym, the results of prehistoric animals that were buried when a great volcano erupted being slowly rendered by the heat of the planet deep underground (the PCs know this with a DC 18 Nature or History check). It is rich, savory, and delicious, though in its current state it is boiling hot and extremely dangerous to handle.

While the PCs are in the room, have them attempt a DC 20 Perception check. If they succeed, they notice small creatures, about six or eight inches long, scuttling across the floor and around the pools of gravy before disappearing into the thick steam clouds. If the PCs succeed on a DC 14 Survival check, they can track the creature to a number of burrows in the northeast wall of the cave. These burrows are home to spud bugs (identified with a DC 16 Arcana, Nature, or Survival check), another odd plant hybrid. Essentially self-planting potatoes, these were actually

magically created creatures designed to speed up terraforming of planets that have since escaped and spread across the 'verse. If the PCs beat the DC by 4 or more, they know the trick to getting the spud bugs to unbury themselves is a special whistle (which the PC can do with a DC 10 Performance check). When they hear the whistle, they pop up out of the ground, revealing themselves. The spud bugs are protected by a horseshoe crab-like shell, but underneath are just a potato with thousands of tiny vine legs, and are completely docile after hearing the whistle.

Cranberry Sauce: *A narrow passage leads out of the west side of the gravy-filled room, and you have to squeeze slightly to fit. After a sharp turn, the tunnel widens slightly, before opening into a triangular-shaped cavern. About a foot of cool water covers the ground here, presumably run off from the condensation in the gravy room, but the area is otherwise unremarkable except for a tall stalagmite in the center.*

If the PCs move into the room at all and disturb the water, the cranberry ooze detects their presence and slowly slides across the room. Unless PCs succeed on a DC 18 Perception check, they don't notice it until it's too late!

Suddenly, the surface of the water explodes as a mass of crimson-colored slime bursts out of the water. You can see dark red blobs and orange flecks floating in the body of the amorphous blob as it moves to engulf you. Roll your initiative!

DRAGONBLOOD OOZE

Large ooze, unaligned

Armor Class 14 (Natural Armor)

Hit Points 68 (8d10 + 24)

Speed 20 ft., climb 20 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
18 (+4)	6 (-2)	17 (+3)	2 (-4)	12 (+1)	10 (+0)

Skills Perception +4, Stealth +4

Damage Resistances Acid, Cold, Fire, Lightning, Poison

Condition Immunities Blinded, Charmed, Deafened, Exhaustion, Frightened, Grappled, Prone, Restrained

Senses Blindsight 120 ft. (blind beyond this radius), Passive Perception 14

Languages understands Draconic and the languages of its creator but can't speak

Challenge 5 (1,800 XP)

Proficiency Bonus +3

Amorphous. The ooze can move through a space as narrow as 1 inch wide without squeezing.

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

Actions

Multiattack. The ooze makes two Pseudopod attacks. The ooze can replace one Pseudopod attack with its Slime Breath, if available.

Pseudopod. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +7 to hit, reach 10 ft., one target. *Hit:* 9 (1d10 + 4) bludgeoning damage plus 14 (4d6) acid damage. If the target is a Large or smaller creature, it is grappled (escape DC 15). Until this grapple ends, the target takes 7 (2d6) acid damage at the start of each of its turns.

Slime Breath (Recharge 6). The ooze expels a spray of its gelatinous mass in a 30-foot cone. Each creature in that area must make a DC 14 Dexterity saving throw. On a failed save, the creature takes 22 (4d10) acid damage and is pulled up to 30 feet straight toward the ooze. On a successful save, the creature takes half as much damage and isn't pulled.

Mushrooms: *Heading east out of the gravy room, you quickly come to another small chamber, at first seemingly unremarkable until you notice the patch of mushrooms covering the rocks in the northeast portion of the room. If they're safe to eat, freshly-picked mushrooms would be a valuable addition to your haul so far...*

The PCs cannot tell if the mushrooms are safe to eat from a distance. However, if they succeed on a DC 14 Perception check, they notice that a number of mushroom-like creatures are hidden among the mushrooms, watching the PCs carefully. If the PCs attempt to interact with or harvest the mushrooms, the beings will attack them. The mushmen can't speak or understand spoken language, but if the PCs attempt to communicate nonverbally and succeed on a DC 16 Charisma skill check with disadvantage, they can communicate a simple idea to the mushmen. If the mushmen attack, their forces are made up of four Vegepygmies, and one Vegepygmy Chief.

VEGEPYGMY

Small plant, neutral

Armor Class 13 (Natural Armor)

Hit Points 9 (2d6 + 2)

Speed 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
7 (-2)	14 (+2)	13 (+1)	6 (-2)	11 (+0)	7 (-2)

Skills Perception +2, Stealth +4

Damage Resistances Lightning, Piercing

Senses Darkvision 60 ft., Passive Perception 12

Languages Vegepygmy

Challenge 1/4 (50 XP)

Proficiency Bonus +2

Plant Camouflage. The vegepygmy has advantage on Dexterity (Stealth) checks it makes in any terrain with ample obscuring plant life.

Regeneration. The vegepygmy regains 3 hit points at the start of its turn. If it takes cold, fire, or necrotic damage, this trait doesn't function at the start of the vegepygmy's next turn. The vegepygmy dies only if it starts its turn with 0 hit points and doesn't regenerate.

Actions

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

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

VEGEPYGMY CHIEF

Small plant, neutral

Armor Class 14 (Natural Armor)

Hit Points 33 (6d6 + 12)

Speed 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
14 (+2)	14 (+2)	14 (+2)	7 (-2)	12 (+1)	9 (-1)

Skills Perception +3, Stealth +4

Damage Resistances Lightning, Piercing

Senses Darkvision 60 ft., Passive Perception 13

Languages Vegepygmy

Challenge 2 (450 XP)

Proficiency Bonus +2

Plant Camouflage. The vegepygmy has advantage on Dexterity (Stealth) checks it makes in any terrain with ample obscuring plant life.

Regeneration. The vegepygmy regains 5 hit points at the start of its turn. If it takes cold, fire, or necrotic damage,

this trait doesn't function at the start of the vegepygmy's next turn. The vegepygmy dies only if it starts its turn with 0 hit points and doesn't regenerate.

Actions

Multiattack. The vegepygmy makes two attacks with its claws or two melee attacks with its spear.

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

Spear. *Melee or Ranged Weapon Attack:* +4 to hit, reach 5 ft. or range 20/60 ft., one target. *Hit:* 5 (1d6 + 2) piercing damage, or 6 (1d8 + 2) piercing damage if used with two hands to make a melee attack.

Spores (1/Day). A 15-foot-radius cloud of toxic spores extends out from the vegepygmy. The spores spread around corners. Each creature in that area that isn't a plant must succeed on a DC 12 Constitution saving throw or be poisoned. While poisoned in this way, a target takes 9 (2d8) poison damage at the start of each of its turns. A target can repeat the saving throw at the end of each of its turns, ending the effect on itself on a success.

Bird: *The tunnel leading to this area is comfortably wide, and the sides of the wall look like they've been scraped to widen the passage artificially. The passage loops around, revealing a huge cavern, bigger than any others you've been in so far. Filled with stalagmites and stalactites that glimmer in the starlight let in from a giant hole in the ceiling, it's actually quite beautiful. At least, until you notice the bones littering the floor, some animal but others clearly humanoid. And then you notice the source of those bones. Slumbering on the far side of the room is a huge reptilian bird-like creature, its massive wings folded over itself like a tent. You can see a huge pile of bones arrayed directly around its nest, as well as a single giant egg beneath it.*

If the PCs attempt to approach the Quetzalcoatlus at all, have them attempt DC 16 Stealth checks with disadvantage. If they fail, the dino wakes up, immediately attacking the intruders.

<h2>ELEPHANT</h2> <p><i>Huge beast, unaligned</i></p>		<p>Trampling Charge. If the elephant moves at least 20 feet straight toward a creature and then hits it with a gore attack on the same turn, that target must succeed on a DC 12 Strength saving throw or be knocked <u>prone</u>. If the target is <u>prone</u>, the elephant can make one stomp attack against it as a bonus action.</p>
<p>Armor Class 12 (Natural Armor) Hit Points 76 (8d12 + 24) Speed 40 ft.</p>		<h3>Actions</h3>
<p>STR 22 (+6)</p>	<p>DEX 9 (-1)</p>	<p>Gore. <i>Melee Weapon Attack:</i> +8 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. <i>Hit:</i> 19 (3d8 + 6) piercing damage.</p>
<p>CON 17 (+3)</p>	<p>INT 3 (-4)</p>	<p>Stomp. <i>Melee Weapon Attack:</i> +8 to hit, reach 5 ft., one <u>prone</u> creature. <i>Hit:</i> 22 (3d10 + 6) bludgeoning damage.</p>
<p>WIS 11 (+0)</p>	<p>CHA 6 (-2)</p>	
<p>Senses Passive Perception 10 Languages --</p>		
<p>Challenge 4 (1,100 XP) Proficiency Bonus +2</p>		

In addition to the meat and egg the PCs can get from the beast, they also find a banner amongst the corpses depicting the house crest of Lady Daes's house. Also, searching the other parts of the cave, they find the crushed remains of a food cart tossed to one side. Inside are pickling spices, a dozen unbroken small glass jars, a well-worn pickle mascot costume, and 25 gp.

The other side of the cave is home to a massive beehive, populated by magically-enhanced bees. The PCs can attempt to harvest honey from the hive by succeeding on a DC 18 Animal Handling check. If they fail, the bees begin to swarm and sting them, dealing 2d4 poison damage each round they stay within 30 feet of the hive.

With the caves cleared out, there's little else for you to do but return to Lady Daes's estate, inventory what supplies you have, and try to get some rest. Tomorrow is going to be a busy day.

As you're preparing for a busy day of work, Lady Daes comes into the kitchen, dressed much more casually and comfortably than you saw her last night. "Oh hello, good morning! A busy day, I'm sure! I was wondering, I'm going to have a few guests of note arriving this evening, and I'd like you to introduce them as they come in. I'll have Morhea drop off a list of the names shortly. And let me just say, I am so excited to see the great hall transformed for the festival. I'll see you this evening!" And with that, she leaves.

True to Lady Daes's word, an hour later her manservant Morhea steps into the kitchen. "The lady has asked me to provide you with this list, and ask if there is any minor assistance I can provide to you. It seems my holiday will not be starting until this evening," he says with a sigh.

The list has six entries on it, along with short descriptions:

- Lord and Lady Vember, of Castle Lowlight (black-haired human with a hook hand and half-elf with curly brown hair)
- Baron Graham and his envoy (half-orc with dark curly hair and impeccable style)
- Madame Cornberry and guest (short elven woman with striking green eyes with a nondescript date)
- Councillor Marple (halfling)
- The Honorable Lady Peacock (light-skinned human with long black hair)
- Captain Macaroni and son (well-built halfling and leader of the city guard)

As the sun sinks behind the trees that surround Lady Daes's estate and the cloudy sky slowly turns from blue to fiery oranges and reds to deep purple, you hear the excited chatter of the first guests arriving, some on foot, others by carriage. It's showtime!

Outside, you can hear the wind picking up, rattling the windows and sending the multicolored leaves of the surrounding forests swirling in through the open main door of the great hall. The gusts sneak their way through the drafty stonework of the manor, chill tendrils being held at bay by the mansion's roaring fires.

As the evening progresses, the cold gusts of wind outside have grown to full-bourne squall. The Harvest Festival carries on in the main hall, but you can't help noticing the guests casting furtive glances at the windows as they are battered by the gale, while others subconsciously turn up the collars of their suits against the creeping cold infiltrating the manor.

The cold winds outside have turned into a full-throated howl, and Lady Daes approaches you, clearly trying to hide her growing sense of panic. "Can you not hear the winds?! The King of Winter is most displeased with your efforts tonight! If things don't improve..." Before she can finish her thought, there's a huge boom as the doors of the mansion burst open with a freezing blast, and a sleek white reptilian creature steps into the room, its wings folded across its back, accompanied by a flurry of swirling snow. With merciless eyes it surveys the scene, maw slightly agape. A dragon has come to crash the party.

It is vitally important that the PCs don't attack the King of Winter, and rather find a way to please him. However, if it does come to combat, he attacks indiscriminately, catching partygoers and PCs alike in his cone of cold breath.

YOUNG WHITE DRAGON

Large dragon, chaotic evil

Armor Class 17 (Natural Armor)
Hit Points 133 (14d10 + 56)
Speed 40 ft., burrow 20 ft., fly 80 ft., swim 40 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
18 (+4)	10 (+0)	18 (+4)	6 (-2)	11 (+0)	12 (+1)

Saving Throws DEX +3, CON +7, WIS +3, CHA +4
Skills Perception +6, Stealth +3
Damage Immunities Cold
Senses Blindsight 30 ft., Darkvision 120 ft., Passive Perception 16
Languages Common, Draconic
Challenge 6 (2,300 XP) **Proficiency Bonus** +3

Ice Walk. The dragon can move across and climb icy surfaces without needing to make an ability check. Additionally, difficult terrain composed of ice or snow doesn't cost it extra movement.

Actions

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

Bite. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +7 to hit, reach 10 ft., one target. *Hit:* 15 (2d10 + 4) piercing damage plus 4 (1d8) cold damage.

Claw. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +7 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 11 (2d6 + 4) slashing damage.

Cold Breath (Recharge 5–6). The dragon exhales an icy blast in a 30-foot cone. Each creature in that area must make a DC 15 Constitution saving throw, taking 45 (10d8) cold damage on a failed save, or half as much damage on a successful one.

If/when the PCs fail to impress the King of Winter, just when things seem their most dire, Chef Flayer arrives to save the day (and take all the credit!).

Just as things seem like they couldn't get any worse, you notice a shape in the swirling snow outside, a lumbering figure fighting through the swirling winds, walking laboriously towards the mansion's entrance. After a few moments, the shape resolves itself into a familiar and most welcome sight: Chef Gardon Flayer, carrying a huge sack on his back. He smiles at you, wiping melting snow from his face, before setting the sack down on the floor. "Hey scalie! I've got some treats for you from beyond the stars!" The sack spills open, releasing its bounty across the stone floor of the mansion: tesla fruits, red weed leaves, tears of edgli, might seeds, strike nuts, broc flowers, candypop buds, xander root, fruits and vegetables of every kind, from every corner of the 'verse. The King of Winter turns to this pile of gifts, sniffing the air as he eyes Chef Flayer suspiciously. "You're late, chef." "Better late than never, my lord. And believe me, this is just the first of many. Unfortunately, my ship went down a few dozen miles away, so it took me some time to get here."

Chef Flayer looks over the spread you've laid out on the long tables, where guests still sit, paralyzed in fear and confusion. "Looks like my boys did alright without me, though. But now, it's time for Chef Flayer to get in the kitchen!" At this, the party guests all cheer. After all, who wouldn't be excited for a meal cooked by former celebrity chef Gardon Flayer?