

KANGO'S ENCYCLOPEDIA OF MONSTROSITIES

VOLUME: DAY OF REPOSE



A COLLECTION OF FOES FOR A HALLOWEEN-THEMED
HOLIDAY FOR THE WORLD'S GREATEST ROLEPLAYING GAME

LLAMA ATTACK PRESS

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And thanks to you for downloading this PDF!

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Feedback regarding the contents of this document would be greatly appreciated, whether it be errors in the text, mistakes in a stat block, or a word of encouragement. The following monsters will likely be included in Kango's Encyclopedia of Monstrosities and thus require extensive testing.

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LEGEND

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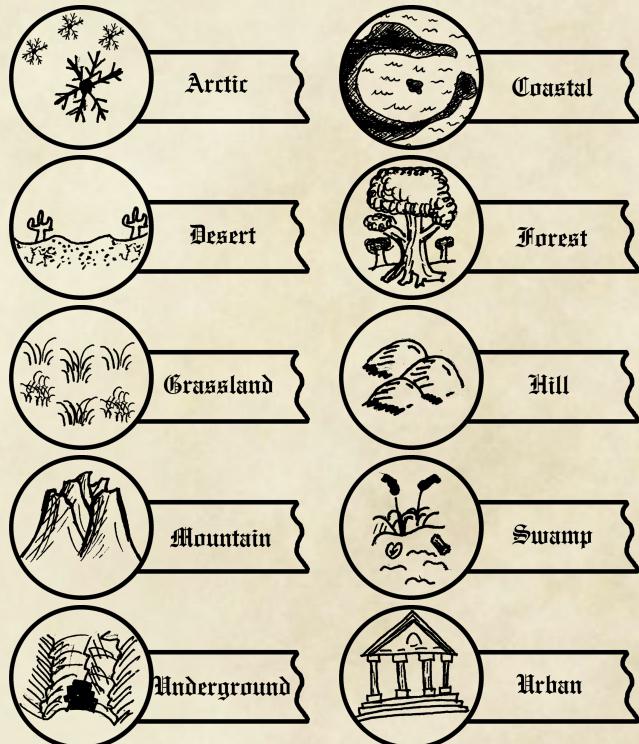


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THE HOLIDAY

The Day of Repose is a widespread holiday in the world of Onos, celebrated on the third day of the month Vahleaf, this day marks the final chapter of summer and harvest. As nature dies, family and friends gather to help the souls of the fallen to depart from this world, distributing salted candy to kids and chasing the dark of night away with thousands of lights.

RELIGIOUS BELIEFS

The Day of Repose has its roots in the spiritual belief that on this day nature dies, as trees are mostly empty of leaves, fields stop supporting life and most animals seek refuge in caves as winter approaches. While autumn has not come and gone at this time, the rest of Vahleaf serves only to pave the way for the coldest of seasons.

It is believed that on the Day of Repose a massive flood of spirits clogs the entrance to the afterlife, leaving them unable to leave the material plane for the remainder of the night, as countless souls - of plants, animals and people - depart from this world. Though this spiritual aspect of the holiday has its origin in old pagan tales, the increased amount of undead creatures roaming the countryside in the dead of night surely have shaped the ancient beliefs. To ward off the evil spirits wandering through the darkness people have taken to spreading salt on doorsteps to keep vengeful ghosts out of their homes, as well as using some of their harvested plants to carve shelter for candles to keep the dark at bay.

These traditions have changed throughout the eons, making way for salted food and candy, as travelers heighten their intake of the warding spice, hoping that the high concentration of salt will keep the specters at bay whilst they sleep by the side of roads. With the advancement of civilization and technology these aspects of the Day of Repose changed further. Walls were erected to keep the corporal undead out of cities. Candles were replaced by oil and magic to brighten the streets reliably. And the advent of adventurers, heroes and trained guards meant that even if evil made its way into a city, it would be greeted by a convoy of clerics, paladins and other clergy exorcising the spirit before it could do any harm.

PARTAKING IN THE FESTIVITIES

Most shops and stalls in a town will not open on this day, instead people will usually have an unofficial competition to see who can decorate their house in the most spooky, yet delightful way. Farmers will carve ominous faces into pumpkins and move their scarecrows from their fields to their porch, carpenters will craft elaborate sculptures of the gods, inscribed with ancient runes to protect their homes, and affluent folk dress up as part of an undead menagerie to trick the creatures lurking in the dark into believing they are one of their own. These disguises are not limited to grown-ups either. Often kids will be disguised as well, trekking through the city in the late afternoon, visiting houses in their neighborhood and ask for candy, lest they embrace their disguises and fortune befall the home of the owner in the form of pranks. Usually, no pranks are played on the Day of Repose, but adolescent boys sometimes use the holiday as an excuse to vent frustration against undesired members of their area.

Late in the evening friends and family gather in their houses to drink and feast, sharing scary stories and myths of dubious origins. Some rumors told at such a gathering have turned out to be truthful, such as the tale of the Harvester stalking the mazes of corn of those farmers who were not quick enough, which has lead some unfortunate souls to their demise as they drunkenly ventured into the night.

ADVENTURERS NEVER REST

Those souls who are unfortunate enough to be away from home and call themselves an adventurer might find themselves roped in civil service for the day. While Inns are usually open throughout the year, on the Day of Repose they turn into a special building used to reinforce local guards, though this might vary based on the location. Larger cities often have enough men to deal with the undead, but hamlets and villages often enforce mandatory service in case their defenses are not as robust.

Though officials will not press adventurers into patrols and stationary posts near gates, these groups are often required to spend their evening in the tavern with others of their profession to be called upon should the need arise for them to head out.

If a group is called upon, they are mostly volunteers, based on the level of the threat and will be handsomely rewarded at the end of their service. Some retired veterans still leave their hometown to be on standby in another village on the Day of Repose, as the reward is lucrative enough for them to take up arms once more.



DEATH FROM ABOVE

Genius and eccentricity often go hand in hand. While the rare genius might become a pioneer of the stars leading the world towards a brighter future with their vast intellect, those who fall out of favor of society often seclude themselves and become known as madmen. Some frightening clever minds have great ambitions for the collective of sentient races, but will find reality to be disappointing, as nations squabble over land and wars are waged for political sleights.

Long before the cataclysm, the war of the gods, sometime in the First Era, there existed an unparalleled genius of the magic sciences. From salvaged records of the time, one can paint a picture of a dastardly time, where folk had founded their first cities, but law and order was not widespread. In this time those who grasped the might of magic were regarded as nobles regardless of their race or place of origin, for they shaped the world not unlike the primordial gods of Onos.

A man by the name of Viggo Ovesen can be found sparsely throughout said records. He was a mage of the highest caliber, capable of casting complex, modern spells far ahead of his time. Unmatched in his prowess, even by today, this man came to define a century of history all by himself, whose inventions still stir up the societies of the world to this very day.

BLAST FROM THE PAST

To understand the Artillery of Death, one has to first try to understand its creator, rest assured for some details will not appear to make sense and that is fine - alas minds such as mine or yours cannot simply grasp the vision of the mage who our ancestors attempted to forget by striking him from their tomes.

First records of Viggo Ovesen can be dated back to a long-lost settlement in Westrana, where he likely grew up to be one of the first farmers of his era. Like many great men, a lot of information about his past remains shrouded in mystery. The first official account of his stems back to the year 217 in the First Era when he became a retainer of Hjalmar the Conqueror, the first king of what would become Westrana, although he is often discredited in favor of Eric the Great due to the cruel methods employed later in his conquest.

Viggo Ovesen was an essential character in the unification of the land, as his magic could impress tribes into joining, or determine the outcome of battles with the single cast of a spell. Some historians attribute the success of the kings campaign to Ovesen, claiming that without his deep understanding of magic, the army of Hjalmar the Conqueror would have not lasted long. This is highly speculative though, as most of his triumphs have been discredited postmortem and transferred to other persons, as the machinations of Ovesen later in life made him a worldwide villain.

On the other hand, ancient dramas and plays dating back centuries past his lifetime portrait Ovesen as a ruthless individual who spurred on the Conqueror to claim as many people as he could, leading to the downfall of the first sprawling empire of Onos. At one point, Ovesen appeared to be dissatisfied with his king and leaving the court.

Following his departure official reports of Ovesen dwindle down, though in recent time logbooks have been recovered from ruins, that paint a much clearer of the picture, albeit these are authored by his few pupils and followers and thus might be biased. Any legal document had erased his name in favor of calling him '*The Necromancer*'.

A NEW SCHOOL OF MAGIC

Based on the reports of his pupils, Ovesen left the servitude of the king when the man did not listen to the wizard's wisdom regarding the war who feared that the scale of their new kingdom could not sustain more expansions. Instead, the king should have torn his eyes away from further lands onto more pressing matters, such as law and homogenizing the cultures.

In addition, Ovesen began experimenting with magic that would allow him to control the forces of life, seeking to restore those who died in the war back to life. Instead of supporting this endeavor, the king banished the mage — the followers mentioned that Hjalmar feared the growing capabilities of his ally, and so sought to undermine any further growth of the mage and his followers. After being banished from the kingdom, Ovesen and a few of his students began setting up their own workshop south of the kingdom and began their pursuit of a higher understanding of magic.

Among their discoveries was the entire school of necromancy — a school of magic that is frowned upon to this day, even if certain spells like *Cure Wounds* have become a staple among adventurers, soldiers and other professions. More spectacular were his alleged findings in the art of transmutation which allowed him to create complex arrays of autonomous runes that could mass create anything from a simple dagger to massive, self-repairing castles. As described in the logbooks, some of these magic items would have revolutionized the way people live, travel and view the world. One of these is a massive ship that can travel above the clouds by virtue of magic and technology, and though the blueprints are mostly intact and sound, they are still extensively studied and reviewed within the Institute of Sciences in Benia.

One other design has already been finalized and improved upon, creating a special cauldron for alchemy that magically refills whatever liquid is inside to keep at a constant mass, as a continual flame heats the pot without any source of outside fuel. Due to the precise measurements required for some of the more complex potions, this invention allows rich individuals to brew without fear of evaporation.

While the designs of Ovesen most certainly will play a part in the future of Onos, his less philanthropist designs have had a much more pronounced impact on the world at large. It is unknown when exactly it happened, but someone had attacked the workshop as the Bloody Uprising was taking place. This affront against the mage made him change his way, as his pupils spurred him to retaliate against the world for denouncing him and his work. Seeking revenge, Ovesen changed his focus from beneficial magic to create weapons of war. If the people of old wouldn't lay down their armaments on their own, he would force them and take upon himself the mantle of leader...

ARTILLERY OF DEATH

Originally named 'Death from Above' these gargantuan constructs have long since been renamed to Artillery of Death. In essence, that is what they are: Enormous flying landmasses that rain down death in the form of tombstones. In the Necromancy War these creatures, if you can call them such, were used to lay siege to the rudimentary city walls and first castles of Onos.

Ancient Trebuchets. As ballistas, catapults, siege rams, towers and trebuchets had yet to be discovered and developed at the time, Ovesen used his magic to create something that could penetrate walls where regular troops could not. The result of his work was a floating piece of land, manned by his fallen soldiers who threw stones at the populace below. If this was not strange enough already, the mage designed these hovering constructs in such a way that they float upside down and resemble graveyards, completely with tombstones, graves and mausoleums.

Floating Fortress. Each Artillery of Death is created around a core of Floatstone, a special rock mined in the canyons of southern Eskram, the land of giants. The floating castles of said giants likely served as inspiration for the mage, as they too hover above the ground with the application of Floatstone. Floatstones always hover above the omnipresent magic flow of the world, meaning if there are mountains or a building in the path, the Floatstones will simply rise and fall in altitude based on the geography, allowing them to cross any obstacle.

Gone with Gravity. On the surface of the Artillery of Death are massive magic circles that serve a number of functions and are powered by a magic core - a sphere of condensed magic contained in a crystal ball that has yet to be replicated. Amongst these functions are a few very special ones. For example the reversal of gravity. If one flies up to the graveyard and touches the ground there, gravity will be reversed as long as physical contact is resumed which allows one to traverse the landmass by foot. Interestingly, this effect ends as soon as one moves too far away from the body of the Artillery of Death. If a person jumps off the side of the floating island, they ascend towards the heaven for a few seconds before their trajectory shifts as they are subjected to the normal gravity of Onos. It is advised to keep oneself grounded while boarding an Artillery of Death, unless one possesses a way to survive a fall from a height.

Cobblestone Generator. Another eccentric design of Ovesen is the tombstone assembler, a magical machine that constantly generates various shapes of tombstones for the crew of the Artillery of Death to throw. If tombstones as projectiles was not weird enough, the skeletons of the construct will not just simply rip them out of the dirt and chuck them. Instead, each of them is equipped with an endless supply of masonry tools they use to carve random names and dates into the tombstones - sometimes even going so far as to provide poetry for their victims, before throwing the piece of stone with frightening accuracy.

Unity in Undeath. Skeletons aboard an Artillery of Death are not exactly re-animated corpses. Instead, they are the bodies of the fallen that are magically absorbed and stored to be revived at a later date. These undead are another part of the Artillery of Death rather than their own individual monsters. The bodies of the fallen have their skeletons extracted and revived by unknown means, while the rest of their bodies are stored in a special demiplane. No one knows how exactly the mage managed to make this work as well as it does.

To explain it in simple terms, when somebody dies near an Artillery of Death their body is retrieved by magic and absorbed into a demiplane where the body is then repaired and suspended outside of time. At the same time their skeleton is extracted to serve, and constantly reconstructed. When targeted by spells such as *Revivify* the skeleton is transported back inside the body of a person, which then has their entire corpse be targeted by the spell and brought back to life in the place where the skeleton once stood, even if centuries have long gone by and the spell should not work.

Brilliant Mind. The Artillery of Death is an intricate machine of interlinked systems, but all of them are fueled by the inner source of magic. When a piece of the landmass breaks away, the same piece of earth and stone will be regenerated by magical means. Each of the aforementioned systems rely on the magical energy found within the mausoleum of the graveyard - the magic core. Any attacks against the Artillery of Death are effective, as continual damage dealt to the construct will eventually disrupt the complex arrays or make the magic core run dry, returning the whole assembly into a simple, floating island. Since the reserves of a magic core can be quite vast, it is recommended to board the Artillery of Death and attack the core directly.

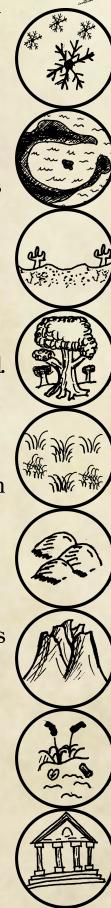
It should be noted however, that those who died long ago can not simply be revived by lower level spells after the Artillery of Death has powered down.

Higher Functions. Contrary to popular belief, an Artillery of Death does not constantly bombard the surface of Onos. They have been created solely to target cities with large structures like walls and castles and are constructed in such a way that they only activate when such a city is within range of it. Smaller settlements without these defensive measures or lone wanderers are not subject to attacks, despite what rumors and tales might circulate.

Secret Source. While the age of Ovesen and his war has long since passed, Artilleries of Death sometimes still appear drifting throughout the land, propelled slowly by the winds. It is not uncommon to hear words of an Artillery of Death once every 25 years. This phenomenon has scientists and historians stumped, as it is believed that all of the lairs created by Ovesen have been raided and deactivated. Contrary to that belief, new Artilleries appear in a cycle, though no one has an idea where they originate from.

This is a question that can only be answered by luck and extensive scouting, as prior expeditions have revealed that even massive constructs such as these can be created completely independently of a person. It is true, that there exist factories for these monstrosities out there that do nothing but continuously assemble new Artilleries of Death for all eternity, unless found and destroyed.

While widely disregarded as just a rumor, it is true that the leading nations of Onos have a collective bounty to be paid for each factory that is found, though the rewards are rarely paid due to the small number of remaining lairs.





DAY OF REPOSE | ARTILLERY OF DEATH

ARTILLERY OF DEATH

Armor Class 6

Hit Points 553 (27d20 + 270)

Speed 0 ft., fly 30 ft. (hover)

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
20 (+5)	3 (-4)	30 (+10)	1 (-5)	25 (+7)	20 (+5)

Skills Perception +13

Damage Resistances cold, fire; bludgeoning, piercing and slashing from nonmagical weapons

Damage Immunities poison, psychic, necrotic

Condition Immunities blinded, charmed, deafened, exhaustion, frightened, paralyzed, petrified, prone, incapacitated, unconscious

Senses truesight 300 ft., passive Perception 23

Languages —

Challenge 19 (22,000 XP)

Floatstone Propulsion. The artillery of death hovers at a constant altitude of 50 feet above the ground. If an obstacle of greater height is in its path, it will ascend until it hovers 50 feet above the highest point of the obstacle.

Reversed Gravity Any creature that comes into physical contact with the artillery of death has their gravity reversed. If a creature jumps or otherwise stops touching the artillery of death, they must succeed on a DC 15 Dexterity saving throw or fall back towards the ground.

Death's Crew. On the surface are 1d8+4 skeletons armed with a replenishing source of tombstones they wield as greatclubs and are proficient in their usage. Each skeleton has a maximum of 1 hit point. Even if a skeleton is destroyed completely (such as if hit by the spell *Disintegrate*) it revives with 1 hit point at the end of the artillery of death's turn.

Join the Journey. If a creature dies within 120 feet of the artillery of death, their body magically flies into the creature and returns at the start of the next turn as a skeleton under the control of the artillery of death. A person can be revived even centuries after death, provided the Artillery of Death has at least one hit point remaining.

Gargantuan construct, unaligned

Orbital Bombardment. Every round a creature in an area within 50 feet around the artillery of death must make a DC 19 Dexterity saving throw. On a fail the creature is hit with shrapnel from tombstones, taking 2d10 bludgeoning damage. On a success the creature takes no damage.

Creatures standing on the artillery of death are immune to this trait.

Magic Core. In the center of the artillery of death is a magic orb that shares its hit points with the creature, but not its resistances or immunities. Attacks made against it always critically strike. If the attacker wields an adamantine weapon the attack deals maximum damage.

Actions

Multiattack. The artillery of death attacks four times. Thrice with tombstone, and once with either wrecking ball or high impact round.

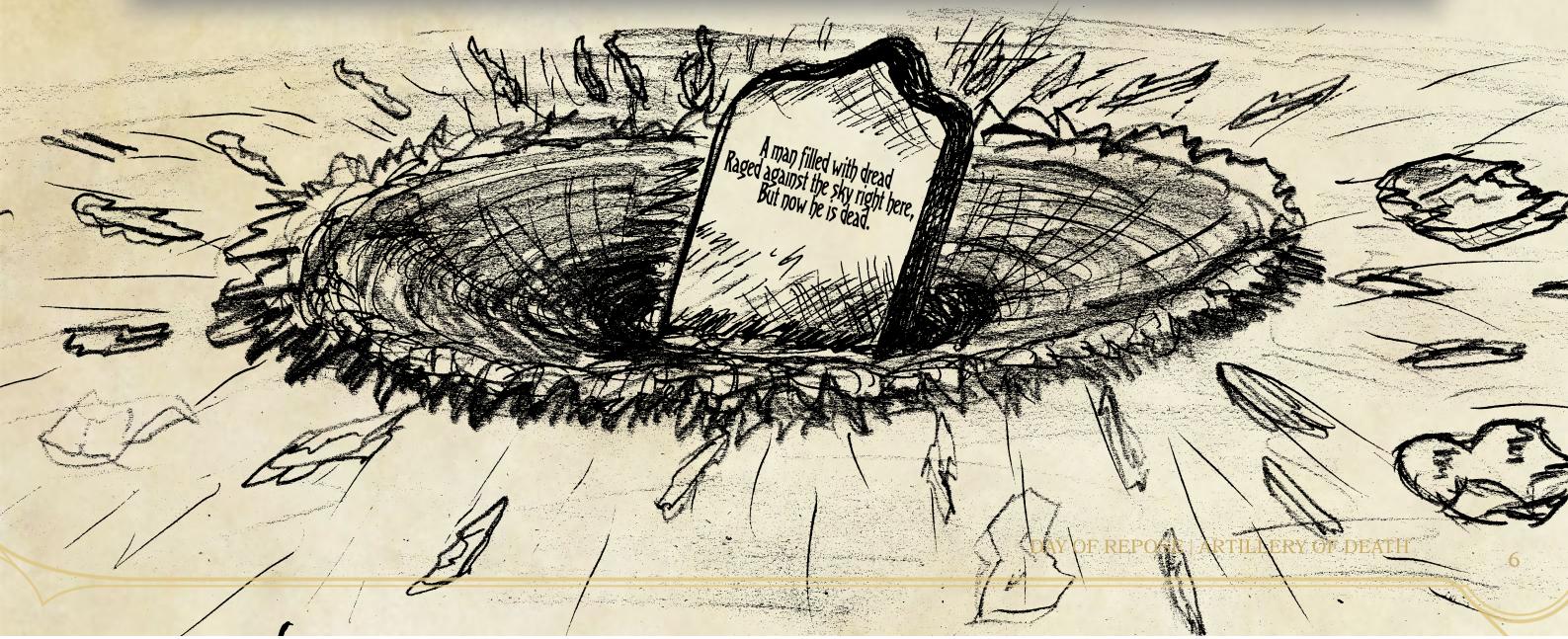
Tombstone. *Ranged Weapon Attack:* +11 to hit, reach 100 ft., one target. *Hit:* 24 (3d12 + 5) bludgeoning damage.

Wrecking Ball. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +11 to hit, reach 50 ft., one target. *Hit:* 40 (10d6 + 5) bludgeoning damage. The target must succeed on a DC 19 Constitution saving throw or be knocked back 30 feet and be stunned. On a success the target is only knocked back.

High Impact Round. A large tombstone is thrown at high velocity, impacting in a 20-feet-radius sphere at the target location. All creatures in the area must succeed on a DC 19 Dexterity saving throw or take 19 (3d12) bludgeoning damage.

Aileron Roll (Recharge 5-6). The artillery of death spins around its axis at high speeds. All hostile creatures on the artillery of death must succeed on a DC 19 Strength saving throw or be knocked off the surface and fall to the ground. If a creature has a flying speed, it can use its reaction to right itself.

Additionally, all creatures in a 120-foot line (20-feet width) must make a DC 19 Dexterity saving throw as a huge number of tombstones are sent flying. On a fail a creature takes 65 (10d12) bludgeoning damage, or half as much on a success.





FINAL REST

Sometimes after the Day of Repose, one can hear news that one or more people have gone missing in the middle of the night. Though however mysterious the circumstances of their disappearance seem, if the clothing they wore to bed that evening is still found in the bed, then it can be said that they were a victim of a Final Rest.

Grumpy Grandpa. Everyone knows the old man sitting on his porch each day, shouting at the children to leave the premises of their land - those, who do not spare a coin for a beggar and would rather spit in their alms box. The very same folk, that seem to never be happy whether it is a beautiful summer day, or the feast of a holiday. On the occasion that they pass away, few people will mourn their departure.

But even in death, some people wish harm onto others, becoming ghosts, banshees and wraiths. A despicable person with a natural sociopathic disposition might stick around in the world as a Final Rest, an incredibly weak spirit that has neither the power to manifest itself, nor the ability to pass on without doing one final act of evil. The Day of Repose offers such a specter its fleeting chance, for the high influx of spiritual power allows them, despite their inherent frailty, to possess beds. For evil that meets its end in the comfort of the bed will find itself bound to these objects.

Black Heart, No Love. Going to bed on the Day of Repose is always a dangerous thing, no matter how fortified a city might be. A Final Rest bound to a bed won't be detected by normal or magical means, as their presence is too weak in their passive state. Once the inhabitant of the bed has fallen asleep, the real danger awaits.

The evil spirit will shape shift the bed into a contraption of pain, as the person inside slowly begins sinking into their mattress - or frame if in poorer regions - before slowly being crushed and suffocated. Due to the slow procedure of the kill and hangovers from the feast a person might not even wake up before they die.

Bed sheet Brutalizer. In the case that the sleeping person awakes and manages to break free of the beds hold on them, the Final Rest will begin manipulating the bed and everything on it in order to kill the victim, often ramming the whole frame of furniture into the person at high speeds, or attempting to suffocate them by cutting off their throat with the blanket. Since people do not wear armor in the comfort of their homes, these methods often lead to broken bones or a vulnerable state that allows the Final Rest to enact its original plan.

When a person dies to a Final Rest, their clothes will be regurgitated by the bed itself, as their body is liquefied and dispersed through the whole body of the furniture, leaving no trace of them other than a mysterious shape in the lines of the wood of the frame that resembles their face whilst sleeping. A struggle is indicated by the face screaming in agony. This confirmation of the kill can also appear on blankets, pillows and even other parts of the bed, regardless of their material, but their most common spot would be around one of the legs, especially if they are made out of wood.

Good Night. Scientists around the world believe that the feeling of falling when trying to sleep and twitching awake involuntarily is caused by a Final Rest attempting to kill you, though officially it is often attributed to some primal instinct. Should a Final Rest succeed in killing someone, their spirit will pass on to the afterlife which thankfully limits the appearances of these monsters.

FINAL REST (BED)

Armor Class 8

Hit Points 130 (20d8 + 40)

Speed 0 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
2 (-4)	6 (-2)	14 (+2)	10 (+0)	8 (-1)	18 (+4)

Damage Vulnerabilities fire, radiant; bludgeoning, piercing and slashing from adamantine weapons

Damage Resistances bludgeoning, piercing and slashing from nonmagical weapons

Damage Immunities cold, necrotic, poison

Condition Immunities charmed, deafened, exhaustion, frightened, petrified, prone, poisoned

Senses passive Perception 9

Languages Understands Common but can't speak

Challenge 3 (700 XP)

Undetectable Presence. The final rest can't be detected by normal or magic means.

Undying Evil. The final rest possesses a bed, and uses it as its body, but can't be directly attacked by any means. If the final rest (bed) drops to 0 hit points, the final rest doesn't die, but is expelled from the bed and flees.

Medium undead, chaotic evil

Sinking In. If a creature enters the final rests space it must succeed on a DC 14 Strength saving throw or be knocked prone, grappled and begins to suffocate. On a success, the creature appears in a unoccupied space of the final rest within 5 feet of it. A grappled creature can repeat the saving throw at the end of its turns. The final rest can only grapple one creature at a time.

At the start of the final rests turns a creature in the final rests space takes 10 (3d6) bludgeoning damage.

Final Rest. If a creature dies within the final rests space, their body vanishes, leaving behind their equipment and items. The final rest drops to 0 hit points and dies.

Actions

Furniture Slide. The final rest moves up to 30 feet in a straight line, stopping upon entering the space of the first creature or object in its way. A creature must succeed on a DC 14 Dexterity saving throw or take 9 (3d4 + 2) bludgeoning damage and be grappled as described in *Sinking In*.

Smothering Pillow. Ranged Weapon Attack: +4 to hit, reach 30 ft., one target. Hit: 1 bludgeoning damage. The target must succeed on a DC 14 Constitution saving throw or suffer one point of exhaustion (up to a maximum of 3).

PEPOCARI

Among the insects of Onos one can find a very peculiar species colloquially labeled 'the queen of parasites', otherwise known as a Pepocari. These large creatures are famous for being parasites throughout their entire lifespan, while simultaneously having a variety of hosts during that time.

Vicious Cycle. The life of a Pepocari begins shortly after being fertilized and laid as an egg, as the minor insects of the queen begin spreading her offspring throughout the surrounding area and burying them close to the seeds of pumpkins which the eggs resemble closely. While winter comes and goes, the egg will thrive and begins bonding with its host plant, until late spring, when the Pepocari will finally hatch.

Hosts for Pepocarina are the various squash plants, such as pumpkins. The young Pepocari will enter a parasitic relationship with the seed, and in some unknown process, makes their body take on the shape and appearance of their host. Most of their life then takes place underground, as they absorb nutrients from their host and grow themselves in their place. Thus, a farmer will likely never know that the thing they are watering is not a pumpkin, but rather a dangerous insect.

Due to the sport of growing massive pumpkins, healthy Pepocarina of extreme size often go unnoticed - only letting themselves be known when it is time to find a mate.

Unfortunate Incidents. In some ridiculous act of the world to make the Day of Repose even creepier, the Pepocari will become active on this very day, uprooting itself, if not done so by the farmer, and unfurling its root-like legs for the first time. To make matters worse for those who see a pumpkin just grow legs and begin walking, the torso of a Pepocari will begin growing holes resembling a face - not unlike the practice of carving faces into pumpkins on the Day of Repose.

These openings lead into the large pumpkin-like body of the Pepocari that is mostly empty outside of an organ that produces the eggs and glands which produce a special pheromone that allows a Pepocari to manipulate lesser insects such as ants or centipedes. Due to its unsettling and bizarre appearance, in addition of its control over insect makes this insect a special horror to encounter.

Squash and Smash. When the Day of Repose arrives, Pepocarina will search for a mate. Males are small enough to enter the female through its openings, from where they fertilize eggs which are then dispersed throughout the fields by lesser insects. In cases where the queen is to perish before a mate for her eggs has been found, it will fight to its death while commanding her enchanted servants to flee with her brood.

Adventurers are advised to either stab through the openings of a Pepocari in order to pierce the brain situated behind its eyes. If done correctly, the Pepocari will die before being able to secure her eggs. In case none of the party are equipped to dispose of the creature in such a way, fire can be used as a reliable substitute. The eggs of the creature contain high amounts of a volatile substance, so the use of fire should be continual, not in large bursts such as a *fireball* which has its origin *inside* the Pepocari.



PEPOCARI

Large monstrosity, unaligned

Armor Class 15 (natural)
Hit Points 123 (13d10 + 52)
Speed 20 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
16 (+3)	7 (-2)	18 (+4)	4 (-3)	14 (+2)	15 (+2)

Skills Stealth +4
Damage Vulnerabilities fire, poison
Senses passive Perception 12
Languages —
Challenge 5 (1,800 XP)

False Appearance. While it remains motionless the pepocari is indistinguishable from a large pumpkin.

Frenzy. If the pepocari falls beneath half hit points, it enters a frenzied state, doubling its movement and gaining advantage on its attacks. In this state attacks made against the pepocari have advantage.

Additionally, it loses the *Volatile* trait after 1d4 rounds.

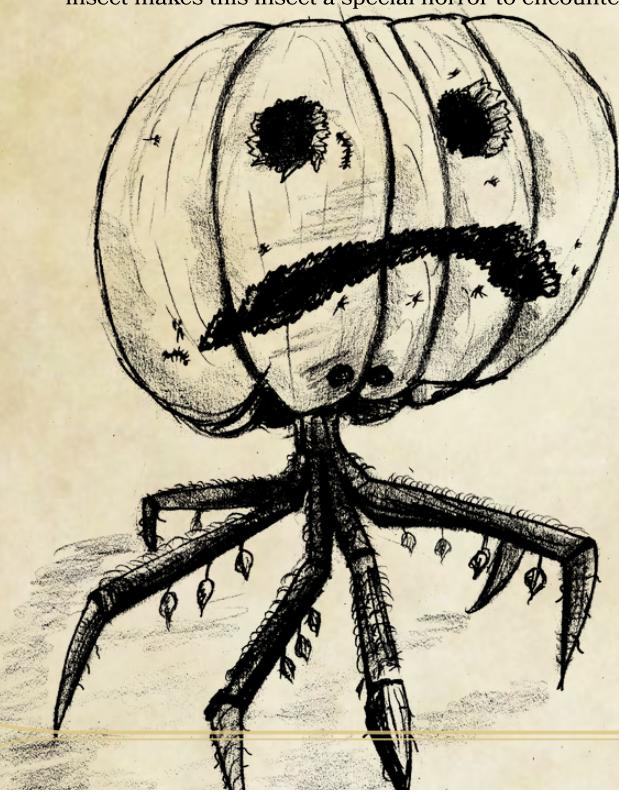
Volatile. If the pepocari takes more than 20 fire damage in a single turn, it explodes in a 30-foot-radius sphere. Each creature caught in the area must succeed or take 6d8 fire damage and be knocked prone. On a success a creature only takes half damage and is not knocked prone.

Actions

Multiattack The pepocari attacks using headbutt twice.

Headbutt. Melee Weapon Attack: +6 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. **Hit:** 15 (2d8 + 3) bludgeoning damage.

Insect Swarm (Recharge 4-6). A swarm of insects attacks in a 10-foot-radius sphere centered on the pepocari. Each creature in it must make a Constitution saving throw. A creature takes 4d8 piercing damage on a failed save, or half as much on a successful one.



CR
2

STEAMCLAD BAT

Weather Bats are a special family of closely related monsters that have evolved to mimic various types of weather. While their iconic brethren, the Stormbringer Bats, are widely known, the helpful Steamclad Bats often end up forgotten amidst the various types of Weather Bats that flutter through the night.

Powered by Steam. With two sets of wispy wings, the Steamclad Bat has evolved to prey on specific flora and fauna. Large talons and oversized fangs make for perfect tools when it comes to piercing highly robust fruits and shells, allowing the Steamclad Bat to crack the outer layers of pumpkins and Pepocaria alike. Its most defining feature is the ability to partially turn into a fine mist, as befitting of a member of the Weather Bats. While it can be hard to perceive, their body always radiates a fine vapor of water that allows them to blend into the foggy valleys where they usually hunt.

Clingy Cuties. Some of the more fabulous adventurers and nobles have complained about attacks from these monsters, often to be mocked for their negligence in their choice of armor and clothing. 'If it is round and orange, the bats will come flying.'

While often dismissed by the more sheltered folks, this saying is a wisdom often cited as if the law by peasants around Onos. Since Steamclad Bats rely on echolocation more than their weak eyesight, they are liable to swoop in on anything that resembles either a pumpkin or a Pepocari. Once they do so, they sink their large talons into their target with powerful strikes and wrap their four wings around their food which allows them to begin drilling holes with their huge teeth.

Once an opening has been made, the bat will either begin eating away directly, or in the case of a Pepocari, turn into mist and vanishing inside where they feast upon the brood.

Friends of Farmers. Despite their monstrous nature, some sophisticated farmers in the hills of Logard have managed to tame these bats to help with pests. Due to their impeccable hearing, a Steamclad Bat if trained to do so, can spot and uproot a Pepocari before it has reached adulthood. This is beneficial for both man and monster, as weather bats in general are omnivores and can also subsist on other fruit and meats. While the Steamclad Bat has evolved to hunt squash and squash like beings, it also accepts mice and other fruit as food.



Vanishing Act. When attacked by a wild Steamclad Bat, fights can turn into an annoying chore if not prepared. Its high dexterity and speed combined with its ability to turn into mist can be detrimental for any melee fighters along the party. Thus, it is advised to perform attacks that make use of electric energies, as a steamclad bat is highly vulnerable to electricity in its steam form.

STEAMCLAD BAT

Medium beast, unaligned

Armor Class 15
Hit Points 49 (9d8 + 9)
Speed 10 ft., fly 60 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
8 (-1)	21 (+5)	12 (+1)	3 (-3)	13 (+2)	5 (-3)

Senses blindsight 120 ft., passive Perception 12
Languages —
Challenge 2 (450 XP)

Echolocation. The steamclad bat can't use its blindsight while deafened.

Keen Hearing. The bat has advantage on Wisdom (Perception) checks that rely on hearing.

Steam Form. The bat can use its bonus action to completely turn into a fine vapor until the start of its next turn. While in this form the bat is immune to bludgeoning, piercing and slashing damage, but is weak against lightning damage. Additionally, it can enter a hostile creatures space and stop there. It can move through a space as narrow as 1 inch wide without squeezing.

Hooked Talons. The bat has advantage on skill checks to grapple a target.

Actions

Piercing Bite. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +6 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 10 (2d4 + 5) piercing damage. This attack is automatically a critical strike if the target is grappled by the steamclad bat.

Deafening Screech. The steamclad bat unleashes a loud screech. All creatures in a 30-foot-radius sphere centered on the bat must succeed on a DC 12 Constitution saving throw or be deafened for a minute. A deafened creature can repeat the saving throw at the end of its turns, ending the effect early on a success.

Reactions

Partial Steam Form. If the steamclad bat is the target of one melee attack, it can impose disadvantage for that attack. If the attack misses, the attacker is grappled by the bat.



TRICKSTER

TRICKSTER

Small humanoid, chaotic evil

Armor Class 11

Hit Points 28 (8d6)

Speed 25 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
7 (-2)	14 (+2)	11 (+0)	10 (+0)	14 (+2)	15 (+2)

Skills Stealth +3, Deception +5, Persuasion +5

Condition Immunities Charmed

Senses Darkvision 60 ft., passive Perception 12

Languages Common

Challenge 1 (200 XP)

Childish Followers. The trickster is surrounded by 1d4 children, appearing to be at the same age as the disguise of the trickster. Each of the children has the stats of a Commoner and is charmed by the trickster.

Innate Spellcasting. The trickster's innate Spellcasting Ability is Charisma (spell save DC 13). It can innately cast the following spells:

- 3/day each: Charm Person, Disguise Self

Ambusher. In the first round of a combat, the trickster has advantage on attack rolls against any creature it has surprised.

Actions

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

Stone. Ranged Weapon Attack: +3 to hit, reach 20/60 ft., one target. Hit: 4 (1d4 + 2) bludgeoning damage.

Reactions

Dirty Tactics. If the trickster is within 5 feet of another creature, it can use its reaction to gain 2 AC against an attack, but before the hit is rolled. Should the attack miss the trickster, it will instead target another creature within 5 feet of it.

When all the children are clad in costumes and walking through town, it opens up the opportunity for sinister beings to slip into the cracks unnoticed, for rarely can a common person think of a child as an evil being. A trickster thrives on gullible folk, believing it to be part of the group of children it travels with, for a bunch of smiles can't possibly hide a monstrosity amongst their midst...

Fitting In. Tricksters are lazy, parasitic beings that resemble human children at their core. They use their similar appearance and magic to mingle with the local townsfolk in order to mooch off the hard work of civilization, tricking people into giving them gifts. Though their magic hides it well, Tricksters who have their disguises removed will appear to have unnaturally wide, slit eyes and a mouth full of razor-sharp teeth etched into a permanent grin. Compared to their most common, human disguise, the skin of a Trickster is a motley gray with hints of yellow pigmentation.

Friend of Festivals. Due to their slothful nature and slow metabolism, Tricksters can subsist on a single meal for multiple months upwards to a year depending on the size of their haul. Due to this peculiar trait they commonly infiltrate cities only during open festivities, especially those, where food is abundant and openly shared. Though these creatures will gorge themselves on the feast, they will eagerly stuff their stolen clothes full of anything edible for later consumption.

Children's Club. Their small stature and deceptive personalities will often lead Tricksters to make fast friends with local children, acting like they belong amongst the group and traveling with them throughout the town. If the natural charisma of the creature fails, it will resort to magic to charm the dissenters into believing they are friends. While in such a herd, they will often giggle with the rest of children which has made more than one group of adventurers skeptic of such groups, especially if they had a prior run in with a Trickster.

Fiendish Facade. Tricksters are most active during the Day of Repose, as the act of disguising themselves is the easiest on this day, and adults are eager to part with candies and salted food to roving bands of children. Tricksters aren't inherently dangerous, but can become a menace should they not meet their required supply of food, or feel threatened. Hungry and starving tricksters are known to attack humanoids, be it man, woman or child, surprising them by dispelling their disguise and sinking their sharp teeth into the jugular of their next meal after which they will messily consume most of the body and take an arm or a leg back to their lair.

No Holds Barred Since they do not feel remorse and have no regards for other beings, Tricksters are prone to use whoever is around as a shield against attacks. Since they travel with groups of children and are disguised as one themselves, more than one adventurer has had to live with the conscious of ending the lives of innocents. There are cases in which some retired adventurers go so far as to pay off guards to shackle them in the dungeons as they feel like if they hear a group of children giggling in the streets, they will lash out and kill them, for their could be a trickster among them.

