

Yeti Lair

A mountain lodge has received multiple complaints of belongings going missing. They believe it to be the work of local monkeys, but where could they be taking the trinkets?

The beauty of the Coldcrest Mountain Lodge and its many views tends to attract affluent patronage. Travelers of all kinds pass through and spend their time in its warm halls and cozy rooms, but the true market is in traveling lordship. And it has always done well for itself.

This began to change after a string of supposed robberies. Small but valuable trinkets went missing from unattended bags and windowsills, quickly sparking the ire of already irritable customers. It was quickly discovered that local wildlife, monkeys in particular, was to blame. They blend in with the snow, quickly snatching anything in reach before disappearing toward a mountain cave.

The proprietor of Coldcrest needs the monkeys gone. Fortunately for him, a certain band of adventurers is passing through and is in need of a place to stay. If they can find and remove the monkeys' home, their rooms and food will be provided free-of-charge.

Describing the lair...

The shadow of a cave entrance is visible in the snow, the dark stone contrasting with the mountain's blinding white. Moving closer, you see that it descends in a gentle slope. Light and slush pour into the opening chamber. The tunnel then divides into two paths, which appear to loop back on each other but then wind around more corners and out of sight.

Your boots crunch and sink into the snow as you step inside. The air is frigid, biting at what small areas of skin it can, but you are thankfully out of the mountain wind. It is still and silent. You take a breath, cautiously relieved, and are immediately met by a foul stench. Drifting from further in the cave to stain your mouth and nostrils is a putrid mix of refuse and decay.

The smell only grows stronger as you continue through the cave. You can feel it seeping into your clothes and skin and every unshielded breath sickens your stomach. It is not long before you find the source. The texture of the walls around you changes. Patches of clumped, matted fur slowly overtake the stone as you progress. It appears to have once been white, but whatever adheres it to the walls and floor has left it dirty and darkened.

As you investigate, still fighting against the stench, a noise catches your ears. It is faint but distinct in the quiet of the cave. A scratching or shuffling is followed by a much larger shift. You wait several seconds, listening to the sounds continue. Footsteps. And they are approaching. As you take up positions, a large, hulking humanoid silhouette steps out from deeper in the tunnels. Sections of the furred walls rustle around it. Smaller primates crawl out, clawing and gnashing at their master's command.

Foul Baboons

The primates react symbiotically with their much larger master, and likewise seem to physically resemble it. Their fur is white, though stained with the same excrement that lines the walls. This camouflage, with their quick and erratic movement, makes them difficult to count and track. When you do manage to focus on one, you see a set of long teeth extending from gaunt, sickly faces. A rabid madness clouds their eyes and fills them with rage.

The foul baboons were built from the regular baboon, though they can be flavored as any other primate. They act as underlings to the creature whose lair they inhabit, stealing trophies and food to earn its favor. The unique makeup of their environment has coated them in a powerful Stench, aking to a ghast, as well as poisoning their bite.

They are individually weak, but a single master might be accompanied by a dozen of the smaller primates, who can all make use of their Camouflage and Pack Tactics.

This encounter, description, and monster were written by me, Troy McConnell. If you enjoyed them, you can support my work and gain exclusive bonuses on my [Patreon](#). Until next time!