



Minn's Menagerie

SO WHAT IS THIS?

Minn's Magical Menagerie is a collection of highly trained or intensely magical creatures that beyond being adorable each have unique capabilities that can prove useful on an adventure. These creatures can be fantastic animal companions for any adventurer, mounts and faithful steeds, or the beloved mascots of the party.

FOR GAME MASTERS

For GMs, this book contains 30 creatures that may become beloved additions to your campaigns. Give your hero's a mimic mascot or give your villain a thieving monkey companion. This book is presented with the titular Minn walking the party through her magical menagerie attempting to sell them on their new pets. Minn's magical menagerie can easily be introduced as a shop location within your campaign, presenting Minn as the shopkeeper NPC and making all of the creatures found here available to the party. Or introduce the creatures of your choice in different shops or have the party rescue them during their adventures. The power level of each creature varies but generally the capabilities don't exceed those of level 1 spells or creatures of CR 1. Each creature is given an example gold price but feel free to alter those prices as you see fit.

FOR PLAYERS

Rangers get their animal companions, wizards have their familiars but with Minn's magical menagerie every character can have a faithful animal friend to aid them on their adventures. This book includes 30 creatures either trained to perform certain tasks or magically capable of fantastic abilities. If the idea of a tiny mimic friend or a riding lizard appeals to you then consult your GM and ask if any of these creatures would work in their campaign.

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Credits

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- **Formatting:** The Homebrewery is free online and was instrumental in the creation of this document.
- **Brought to You By:**



THE MENAGERIE

You look up briefly at the glowing arcane letters that float above the door of the large caravan wagon, they read *"Minn's Magical Menagerie"*. The entryway is curious and intriguing, you cautiously push aside the beaded curtain and cross the threshold.

The inside of the wagon resembles a comfortable lounge, with a woman of the gnomish persuasion sitting by an ornate fireplace and sipping tea. The furniture is coated in exotic creatures and mysterious stains, an enormous bird squawks at your arrival before stamping off down a hallway in this wagon's impossibly large interior.

The gnomish woman looks up and says, "Well sweetie take a seat. And don't mind Betty, just give her a smack on the snout if she's being soppy." She motions toward a massive reptile that you now notice staring at you from in front of the fireplace.

As you sit on a slightly moldered armchair several small and furry creatures scatter into other furnishings. You start to say, "Ah..."

"No let me stop you there sweetie, I've got to say my little shtick." She clears her throat and says with well-memorized but genuine enthusiasm, "Welcome to Minn's Magical Menagerie sweetie! You've come to the right place for your next fluffy, finned, feathered or fanged friend. We've got everything from aardvarks to zombie aardvarks, though I've received a cease and desist letter about the zombie ones so scratch that last one."

You give her a look...

"Hey, even when undead all they ate was termites, so I still don't see the problem. So, sweetie, what are you here looking for?"

You open your mouth to respond and are immediately cut off.

"I know, I know sweetie, you can't possibly make such an important decision without meeting all the little dears yourself." She puts down her tea and heads toward an open doorway, beckoning you to follow by saying, "Come on now sweetie, lets find you the perfect lifelong friend at an unbeatable bargain price." She leaves you in the parlor, with dozens of tiny eyes watching you from various perches and cages along the walls. The large reptile by the fire is still staring at you, rows of teeth glinting in the flickering firelight.

With one last hesitant glance at Betty's teeth you leave the parlor behind and venture deeper into the squawking and chittering labyrinth that is, Minn's Magical Menagerie.

MINN

The owner of the menagerie is a middle-aged eccentric gnome woman, she genuinely cares for the creatures in the menagerie but tries hard to get them out the door. She acts a bit like a concerned mother trying to get her kids to move out. Minn is confident, knowledgeable and caring, but is easily overexcited, prone to interrupting people and often recites memorized sales pitches in the middle of conversation.

Minn stands at 3'8", though her hair plumes out past 4'.

If the players attempt to haggle Minn down on a price using Charisma (Persuasion) checks, they will find her an experienced businesswoman and difficult to haggle with. Characters who pass a DC 22 Charisma (Persuasion) check can haggle an existing price down by 25%.

Minn can be much easier to haggle down if the player can prove they're already bonding with the creature in question. If a player can pass a DC 14 Wisdom (Animal Handling) check to interact with a creature, they can convince Minn to reduce the creature's price by 25%.

THE WAGON

From the outside, the menagerie seems like an ordinary caravan wagon except for the words "Minn's Magical Menagerie" floating magically above the entrance. It measures 10 feet by 15 feet and is often pulled by horses, ostriches or occasionally Betty. The wagon is magical and will detect as magic of the Illusion school. The wagon is attuned to Minn and the layout of the wagon can be altered at her whim, containing essentially infinite rooms. The only fixed room is the entry parlor which will always be the room which exits to the outside.

BETTY

Betty is Minn's personal animal companion, a ferocious reptile who will shadow the players as Minn leads them around the menagerie. Betty is fiercely protective of Minn and if the players try to intimidate or take aggressive actions towards Minn she will rush to protect her.

Betty should have the statistics of any reptilian creature (giant crocodile, dinosaur, hydra, etc.) that has a CR slightly higher for the party's average. At any level, Betty should pose a serious threat to the party should they try to attack Minn.



ARMORDILLO



ARMORDILLO

Small beast, unaligned

Armor Class 15 (natural armor)

Hit Points 16 (3d6 + 6)

Speed 20 ft., burrow 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
12 (+1)	8 (-1)	14 (+2)	2 (-4)	5 (-3)	5 (-3)

Saving Throws Con +2

Damage Resistances bludgeoning, piercing and slashing damage from nonmagical attacks

Senses darkvision 30 ft. passive Perception 7

Languages -

Challenge 0 (10 XP)

ACTIONS

Bite. *Ranged Weapon Attack:* +3 to hit, range 5 ft., Hit: 3 (1d4+1) piercing damage.

REACTIONS

Shielding Counter. If the armordillo sees a melee attack against its owner and it is within 5 feet of the attack, it can leap up and grab hold of its owner to help deflect the attack, adding 1 to their AC. If the attack still hits, the armordillo takes 3 points of the damage that would be dealt to the owner.

ARMORDILLO

You follow Minn into a sandy enclosure littered with stones and small shrubs.

“Come on out now, come and get it.” Minn says as she scatters lettuce leaves around the floor.

With a chorus of squeaks, snuffles and grunts, half a dozen odd armadillo-like creatures emerge from small burrows in the floor. They stand upright at a foot and a half tall, shuffling forward on clawed feet and their tails curl with excitement as they devour the lettuce leaves.

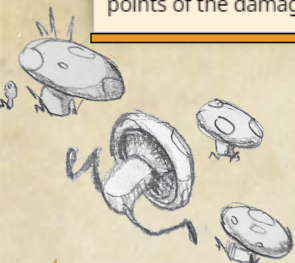
Minn shouts, “Think fast!” As she hurls a head of lettuce at your face.

One of the strange armadillos leaps up onto you and grabs onto your forearm, it’s armored backplates forming something akin to shield. The lettuce bounces harmlessly off the creature’s back and it lets out a happy and contented grunt as it nuzzles up to your arm.

Minn clears her throat and recites, “Do you have a dangerous adventuring lifestyle? Still want a pet despite the inherent risks in your day-to-day life? Why have a pet that needs protecting when you can have a pet that protects you! Our Armordillos have been trained to defend their owners and instinctively know to use their armored plates in a crisis.” As Minn finishes her speech she turns her head and smiles as she says, “Aww, he really does seem to have taken a liking to you sweetie.”

You experimentally knock on the creature’s armored plates and find them incredibly tough as it nuzzles your arm and grunts affectionately.

“And you can take the little guy home with you for just **70 gp**, don’t go breaking his little heart now.” The armordillo looks up from your arm and stares at you adorably.



Attack Dog



ATTACK DOG

Small beast, unaligned

Armor Class 13 (leather armor)

Hit Points 22 (5d6 + 5)

Speed 40 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
15 (+2)	14 (+2)	12 (+1)	2 (-4)	12 (+1)	8 (-1)

Skills Athletics +4, Perception +3

Senses passive Perception 13

Languages -

Challenge 1 (200 XP)

Keen Hearing And Smell. The attack dog has advantage on Wisdom (Perception) checks that rely on hearing or smell.

Loyal. When attacking a creature that has made hostile action against this creature's master, that attack is made at advantage.

ACTIONS

Bite. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +4 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 5 (1d6+2) piercing damage. If the target is a creature, it must succeed on a DC 11 Strength saving throw or be knocked prone.

ATTACK DOG

You follow Minn into a chamber filled with large kennels, the chamber is filled with a chorus of barking and the floor is strewn with bones and chew toys.

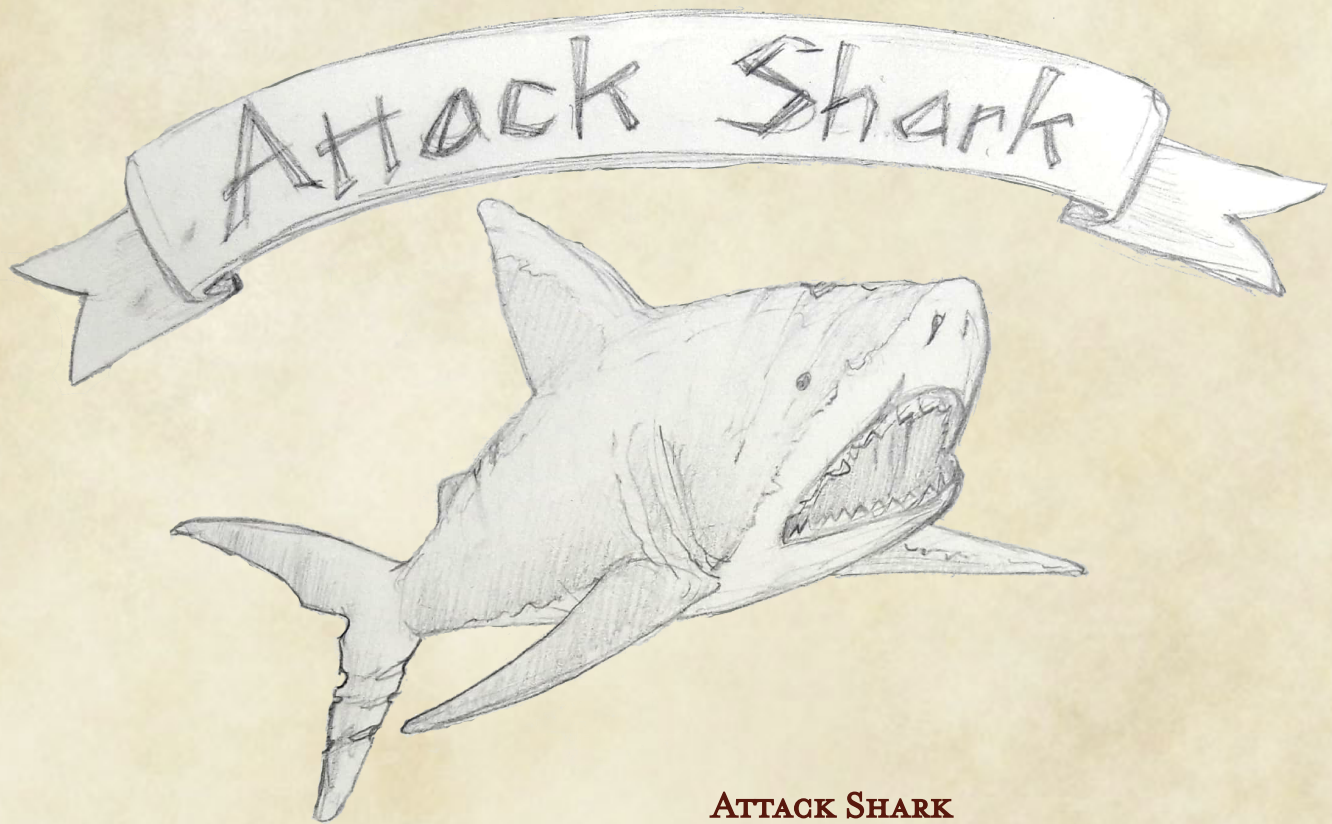
"So if you're looking for a friend who can be a bit more... Proactive in a tight spot, I've got just the one."

Minn whistles and a large mastiff runs over to her and sits panting at attention. "This is General Blubat the Bonecruncher son of Mighty-Fang the Fourth." Minn then leans over to you and whispers, "People always like names like that for attack dogs, I call him Blubs." Minn leans down to the huge and imposing looking dog, points at you and says, "See him, he's your friend Blubs, go say hi Blubs!"

The dog galumphs over and leaps onto you, easily pinning you to the floor and excitedly covering your face with dog slobber.

"There's a good Blubs! He likes you, I can tell already. And... If you like him too he can go with you for just **25 gp.**"





ATTACK SHARK

Large beast, unaligned

Armor Class 13 (natural armor)

Hit Points 32 (5d10 + 5)

Speed 0 ft., swim 50 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
18 (+4)	12 (+1)	12 (+1)	2 (-4)	8 (-1)	3 (-4)

Senses blindsight 30 ft., passive Perception 9

Languages -

Challenge 1 (200 XP)

Loyal. When attacking a creature that has made a hostile action against this creature's master, that attack is made at advantage.

Water Breathing. The shark can breathe only underwater.

ACTIONS

Bite. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +6 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 9 (1d10+4) slashing damage.

ATTACK SHARK

Minn leads you into a warm and humid room, tiles cover the floors and ceiling and mist rises off several large pools in the floor and condenses on the dripping tiles.

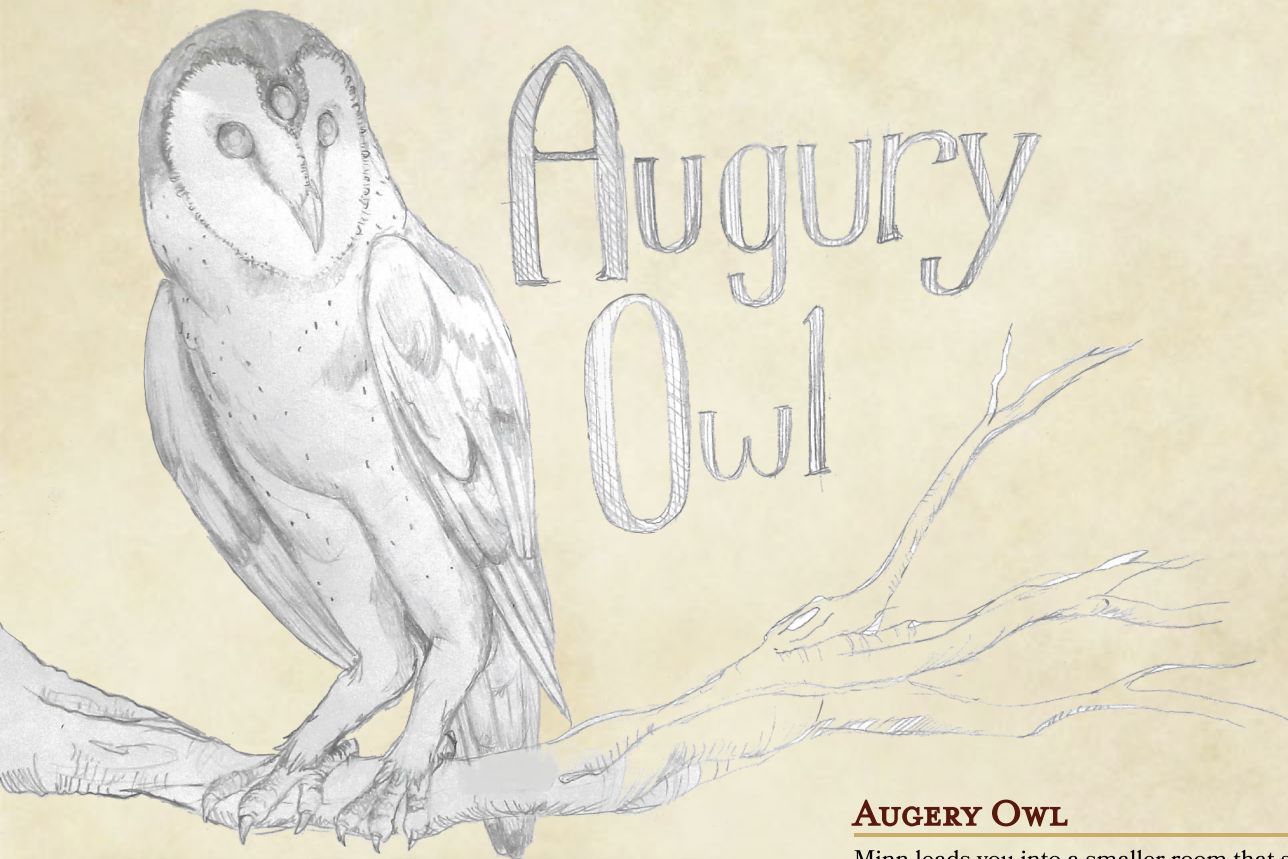
Minn takes a mackerel from a bucket on the floor and tosses it over one of the warm misty pools. Before the fish even hits the water, a shark leaps into the air and snatches the silvery fish with a snap of massive jaws before splashing back down and splashing salt water over your shoes.

"Now I know what you're thinking, is now the right time to adopt a shark? But I think deep down you know the answer to that question." Says Minn as she calmly walks down a few steps into the shark's pool.

The beast rushes towards her only to slow down as it reaches her, allowing Minn to gently pat her on the head as it passes. "This here is Rosie and she'll be your best friend in any situation that calls for a shark. And honestly once you have a shark you'll find a lot of problems can be solved with a shark!"

Rosie circles her pool, each time slowing as she passes Minn for a head pat. "If you're interested, Rosie can be swimming home with you for just **120 gp**."





AUGURY OWL

Tiny beast, unaligned

Armor Class 12

Hit Points 2 (1d4)

Speed 10 ft., fly 60 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
5 (-3)	15 (+2)	10 (+0)	2 (-4)	14 (+2)	3 (-4)

Senses darkvision 60 ft., darkvision 60 ft., passive Perception 12
Languages -

Challenge 0 (10 XP)

Consult The Fates. The owl has a magical link to the flow of time and can offer its insight to its owner. After performing a small ritual with the owl that last 1 minute, you receive an omen regarding a single question of a specific goal, event, or activity to occur within 7 days. The owl sends a cryptic reply telepathically to its owner; either in the form of images or a short phrase.

Soothsayer's Benefaction. The owl uses telepathy to send brief images of the immediate future to help aid its owner in their endeavors. Once per day, as long as the owl is within 5-feet from its owner, they can roll a d4 and add the number to one ability check of their choice. They can roll the die before or after making the ability check.

ACTIONS

Claws. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +4 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target.
Hit: 4 (1d4+2) slashing damage.

AUGURY OWL

Minn leads you into a smaller room that seems at once to be a library and an aviary. Books lie behind closed glass cabinets alongside dozens of birds who sit and squabble along twisting oak perches.

For a moment, a strange vision enters your mind, you see yourself putting on a pair of gloves. Once your vision ends, you see a pair of long leather gloves hanging on a hook by your side and you hesitantly put them on. Immediately, a large owl swoops down from a high perch to land upon your outstretched and newly gloved wrist.

"Get a little vision there? Don't fret, that's just old Cornwallis trying to be helpful."

The bird's talons grip your wrist tightly, without the glove you think they'd have drawn blood. It stands a foot and a half tall upon your wrist and has a lovely plumage of white and grey mottling. Shockingly though, it stares at you with three milky-white eyes.

"Cornwallis here is an Augury Owl, very rare them. Prone to seeing things that aren't quite real yet. I do say he's taking quite a liking to you. What do you say? A little friend that sees into the future worth **200 gp** to you?"

Cornwallis's eyes glow gently brighter as he lets out a single "Hoot".





AXE BEAK

Minn leads you into a wide stable, dozens of horses and other odd creatures nay and make other assorted sounds as you enter.

“Now correct me if I’m off base here, but I’m getting the feeling you’re a bit of a rough customer. And a tough nut like yourself needs a mount that can handle themselves in a scrap.” Minn opens one of the stable stalls and an enormous bird stalks out of it, turning its massive and sharp beak to the side so it can eye you up and down.

The bird squawks in a way that triggers primal predatory fears as Minn continues, “Highwaymen and all the ruffians will think twice before going after somebody riding an Axe Beak. This here is Quay, and he hasn’t tried to beak you yet, so he’s got at least a bit o’ respect for you. Go ahead, give him a pat. There you go already getting along, he can go with you for just **50 gp**.

AXE BEAK

Large beast, Unaligned

Armor Class 11

Hit Points 19 (3d10+3)

Speed 50ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
14 (+2)	12 (+1)	12 (+1)	2 (-4)	10 (+0)	5 (-3)

Senses passive Perception 10

Challenge 1/2 (50 XP)

Actions

Beak. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +4 to hit, reach 5ft., one target. *Hit* 6 (1d8 + 2) slashing damage.





BLIZZRICK'S BOMBARDIER BEETLE

Minn leads you into a curious study, crawling things chitter and chirp within small mesh cages that line every shelf.

"Perhaps you're looking for something a bit more practical?"

Minn opens one of the cages and plucks a small green beetle off a log. She holds it up and with a little bit of prodding to its thorax a puff of noxious liquid is launched onto the floor with a pop, and the floor catches fire.

She stamps out the sudden tiny flame and proudly rattles off her speech, "Allow me to introduce Blizzrick's Bombardier Beetle, a wonderous little insect that produces copious amounts of highly flammable liquid. With a bit of gentle prompting, your new beetle can fulfil your every need, as long as that need is burning things."

You look quizzically at the chittering green beetle as Minn places it back into its enclosure. Minn continues, "See, these guys are the best kept secret for a lot of those big alchemy guilds, takes all that messy mixing out of making alchemist fires. Could be your secret ace in the hole too for just **350 gp**."

BLIZZRICK'S BOMBARDIER BEETLE

Tiny beast, unaligned

Armor Class 10 (natural armor)

Hit Points 18 (4d4 + 8)

Speed 5 ft., burrow 5 ft., climb 5 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
8 (-1)	5 (-3)	14 (+2)	1 (-5)	4 (-3)	4 (-3)

Saving Throws Con +2

Damage Immunities acid, fire

Senses passive Perception 7

Languages -

Challenge 0 (10 XP)

Hazardous Excretion. Every 24 hours the beetle produces enough of a mucus like fluid in its body that if extracted will function as an alchemist's fire. The process is difficult, requiring a successful Dexterity (Sleight of Hand) check with the DC of 15. On a failed check the creature suffers 1d4 points of fire damage and the fluid is wasted.

ACTIONS

Bite. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +1 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 1 (1d4-1) piercing damage And the target takes 1 point of fire damage.





BELLOW BAT

Tiny beast, unaligned

Armor Class 12

Hit Points 1 (1d4 - 1)

Speed 5 ft., fly 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
2 (-4)	15 (+2)	9 (-1)	2 (-4)	15 (+2)	3 (-4)

Senses blindsight 50 ft., passive Perception 12

Languages -

Challenge 0 (10 XP)

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

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

ACTIONS

Bellow. You command the bellow bat to warn you of unwanted intrusion. Choose a door, a window, or an area that is no larger than a 20-foot cube. Until ordered otherwise, the bat alerts you whenever a Tiny or larger creature enters the guarded area. The bellowing bat forms a magic link to the area and will sound an alert even if the intruder is unseen by the bat. When you set the command, you can designate creatures that won't set off the alarm.

This alert is a high pitch screeching that is clearly audible within 60ft and the bat will continue to screech until ordered otherwise or is rendered dead or unconscious.

Bite. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +4 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 4 (1d4+2) piercing damage.

BELLOW BAT

As you follow Minn down a corridor, a series of loud piercing screeches fills the air. Minn rushes over to a large black wardrobe and swings open the doors. The wardrobe has a cavern-like interior, complete with cave decorations and several odd bats hanging from tiny stalactites, one of which was the obvious source of the noise.

Minn quickly tapped the bat atop his head and the screeches ceased. "I'm terribly sorry about that, I forgot I'd set little Bartholomew here. Though now that I think of it..." Minn hands you the little striped and fuzzy bat which immediately starts crawling up your arm and looking at you with tiny little eyes.

"Bellow Bats are wonderful little things, you can always be reassured that you're sleeping safe with one of them at watch. Because if somebody unwanted shows up you're certainly not asleep anymore."

Bartholomew's huge conical ears dart in the direction of even the smallest noises as he climbs up to your shoulder and gets comfortable.

"If you're interested he can tag along with you for just **40 gp.**"





BOLT GECKO

Minn leads you into a corridor and you instantly notice a large burn mark that mars the wall opposite a door. She leans in to open the door but pauses to say, “Now, before I open this one, I’ve got to warn you not to spook the little things. Don’t appear threatening or frightening or anything.”

Minn opens the doorway to reveal a small room filled from floor to ceiling in lush green jungle plants. After a moment you spot a lizard, nearly a foot long and covered in blue and yellow stripes. A few moments later, you notice another, and another. After a minute a few dozen of the little reptiles are staring at you from various leafy corners of the room.

From a nearby box, Minn pulls a handful of large grasshoppers and tosses them into the air. Bolts of electricity arc from the gecko’s tails, striking the grasshoppers and stunning the insects before they hit the ground.

“These are bolt geckos, and all that power in their tails can really come in handy. They can power each-other though, so they can be dangerous together if something spooks them.” Minn suddenly turns around and yells, “Betty! Shoo! You know how you scare them.”

You are suddenly aware of Betty, the huge reptilian creature that has apparently been shadowing you. Looking back to the geckos, you see them all look up from feasting upon the insects and see electricity arcing between their tails. A thunderous bolt of lightning strikes the wall, narrowly missing as you, Minn and Betty dive for cover.

“Impressive, no? They go for **45 gp** each.”

BOLT GECKO

Tiny beast, unaligned

Armor Class 11

Hit Points 2 (1d4)

Speed 20 ft., climb 20 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
2 (-4)	12 (+1)	10 (+0)	1 (-5)	8 (-1)	3 (-4)

Senses darkvision 30 ft., passive Perception 9

Languages -

Challenge 0 (10 XP)

Electric Overload. Bolt geckos draw electricity from other bolt geckos around it. Add 1d8 to the damage from the discharge attack for every other bolt geckos within 20 feet of it to a maximum of 5d8.

ACTIONS

Bite. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +3 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 3 (1d4+1) piercing damage plus 1 point of lightning damage.

Electric Discharge. The gecko discharges a single spark of electricity in a 15-foot line. Each creature in that area must make a DC 11 Dexterity saving throw, taking 4(1d8) lightning damage on a failed save.



BUSHWAG

Small plant, unaligned

Armor Class 14 (natural armor)

Hit Points 4 (1d4 + 2)

Speed 15 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
6 (-2)	13 (+1)	15 (+2)	5 (-3)	7 (-2)	3 (-4)

Damage Vulnerabilities fire

Condition Immunities blinded, deafened

Senses blindsight 60 ft. (blind beyond this radius) passive Perception 8

Languages Sylvan

Challenge 1/8 (25 XP)

Bountiful Harvest. Each morning at dawn the bushwag produces 1d4's worth of berries. A creature can use its action to eat one berry. Eating a berry restores 1 hit point, and the berry provides enough nourishment to sustain a creature for one day. A berry rots away after 24 hours of not being consumed and leaves behind seeds for simple flowers.

ACTIONS

Claws. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +3 to hit, reach 5 ft., *Hit:* 3 (1d4+1) damage.

BUSHWAG

You continue following Minn from room to room and you begin to lose track of time. A few dozen rooms and fantastical creatures later you feel an ache in the pit of your stomach. As you continue down another hallway, you can't help but notice a fully stocked pantry and kitchen lying just beyond an open doorway.

Your stomach growls noisily.

Minn turns and says, "Oh sweetie I'm sorry. I didn't offer you anything when you arrived, you must be famished. Well then! Just follow me dear." Confusingly, Minn leads you quickly away from the invitingly open kitchen.

Minn leads you into a cozy conservatory, odd flowers and plants hang down from suspended planters and a bright magical light shines overhead. At the far end of the room several berry bushes sit nestled in large pots.

Minn calls out, "Reggie, could you come here please?" One of the berry bushes leaps up from its pot and sprints towards you on odd foot-like branches. It sits in-front of you, wagging a branch that can only be described as its tail.

"Go on then, try a berry."

You pluck one of the bright red berries and pop it into your mouth. It bursts with intensely sweet juice, though it ends with an oddly sour aftertaste. To your surprise, the ache in your stomach ends as if you had just eaten a filling meal.

"Bushwag berries is where all those druids got their inspiration for goodberry spells you know. Finished? Let's keep up now, plenty more to see." Minn pauses as the bushwag sidles up closer to you, its tail branch still wagging. "Of course, If you want to be taking Reggie along with you, you can for just **85 gp**."



CAMILA'S CAPTIVATING COBRA

Tiny beast, unaligned

Armor Class 13

Hit Points 2 (1d4)

Speed 30 ft., swim 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
2 (-4)	16 (+3)	11 (+0)	2 (-4)	10 (+0)	14 (+2)

Senses passive Perception 10

Languages -

Challenge 1 (200 XP)

ACTIONS

Bite. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +5 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 5 (1d4+3) piercing damage plus 4 (2d4) poison damage. The target must make a DC 12 on a failed save, or half as much on a successful one.

Charm. The cobra targets one humanoid it can see within 30 feet of it. If the target can see the cobra and their owner, the target must succeed on a DC 12 Wisdom saving throw against this magic or be charmed by the cobra. The charmed target regards the owner as a trusted friend to be heeded and protected. Although the target isn't under the owner's control, it regards the owner's requests and actions in the most favorable way it can.

Each time the cobra or the cobra's allies do anything harmful to the target, it may repeat the saving throw, ending the effect on itself on a success. Otherwise, the effect lasts 24 hours or until the cobra is killed or knocked unconscious, is on a different plane of existence than the target, or takes a bonus action to end the effect.

CAMILA'S CAPTIVATING COBRA

Minn surprisingly leads you back into the parlor you first entered, though you have no idea how you've reached it again.

"Oh, here again? Well then... Oh I know, hand me that flute over there."

You find an ornate flute hanging on a hook next to you and hand the instrument over to Minn.

Minn then walks over to a large ornate basket, removes the top and starts skillfully playing a simple tune. After a few melodic moments, the hooded heads of several snakes rise rhythmically from the basket. Bright striking serpents with spots and stripes of orange and red dance in tune with Minn's flute. Minn stops playing and stretches out her hand and one of the serpents slithers up her arm and comes to rest coiled along it.

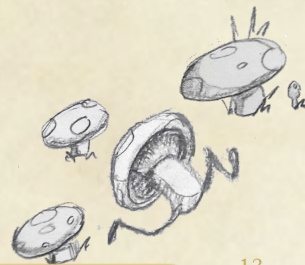
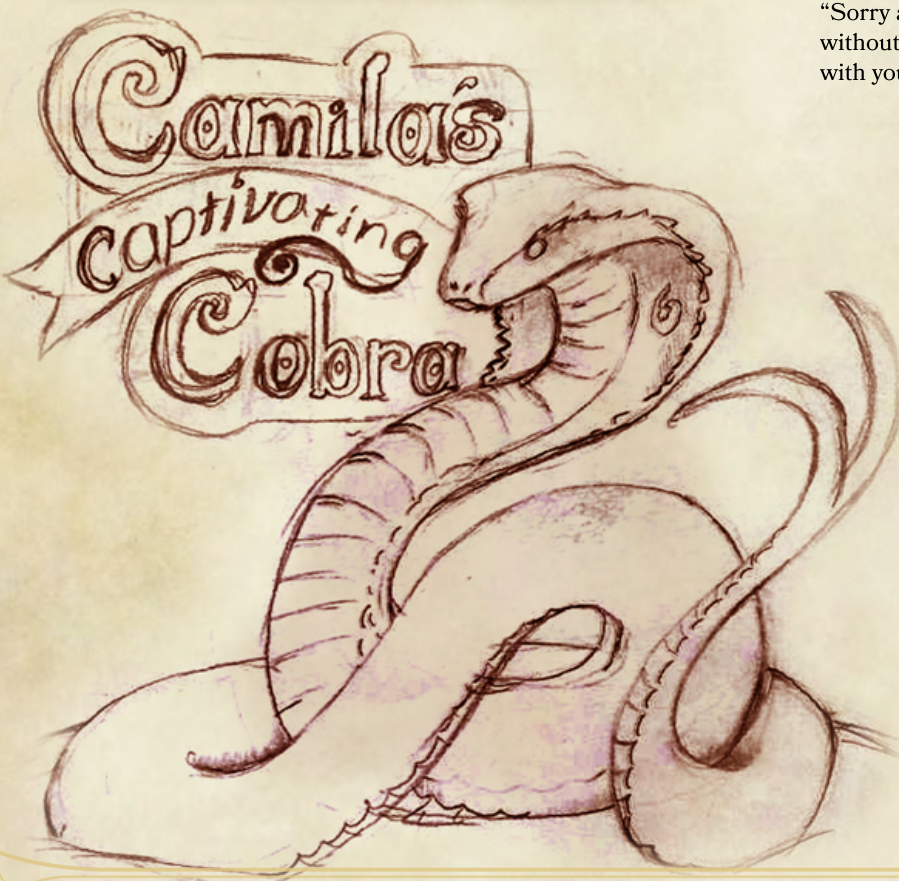
"I'm betting you feel a little woozy at the moment sweetie, don't you worry, that's just Sly Bonnie here working her magic."

To your surprise you do feel odd, slightly dizzy and absolutely fascinated with what your new friend Minn is saying.

Minn clears her throat and recites, "Allow me to introduce, Camilla's Captivating Cobra! Why work twice as hard when your new friend can make you twice as charming? With Camilla's Captivating Cobra, your suggestions are more appealing, your ideas are more intriguing, and your audience will be, well, captivated."

Minn snaps her fingers in front of your face and you lose the odd malaise that came over you.

"Sorry about that sweetie, it's hard to show off Sly Bonnie without, well, demonstrating. What do you think? She can go with you for just **150 gp.**"





FLANNIGAN'S FIREFLY

Tiny beast, unaligned

Armor Class 12

Hit Points 2 (1d4)

Speed 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
1 (-5)	15 (+2)	10 (+0)	1 (-5)	15 (+2)	3 (-4)

Senses passive Perception 12, darkvision 30 ft.

Languages -

Challenge 1/8 (25 XP)

Innate Spellcasting. The flannigan's firefly's spellcasting ability is Wisdom (spell save DC 12). The flannigan's firefly can innately cast the following spells, requiring no material components:

At will: *Light*

1/day each: *Faerie Fire*

FLANNIGAN'S FIREFLY

Minn continues to lead you around when you turn a corner and face a pitch-black hallway.

"Drat, I thought I filled those oil lamps. Excuse me I won't be a minute."

Minn leaves down another hallway and leaves you alone for a few minutes, returning with a small box and a bottle of lamp oil. Minn opens the box and says in a hushed tone, "Go on little beauties light the hall for me."

Three winged insects about 5 inches long flutter out of the box, their abdomens glowing brightly yellow. And with a spark of arcane energy, the darkened hallway lights up as the insects dart and dash in the air.

As Minn starts filling the oil lamps, one of the odd insects lands on your finger, and as it does so you feel a slight tingle as a shimmering light glows from your entire body.

"Oh sorry about that, don't worry about it, fairy fires are harmless sweetie, it'll ware off in just a bit."

You carefully inspect the glowing insect, its antenna twitch as it inspects you back.

"Awe, would you look at that? Hey, if you want to keep him I can let him go for **20 gp.**"



GOLDEN SONG BIRD

Tiny beast, unaligned

Armor Class 12

Hit Points 3 (1d6)

Speed 10 ft., fly 60 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
6 (-2)	15 (+2)	10 (+0)	2 (-4)	14 (+2)	15 (+2)

Saving Throws Wis +2, Cha +2

Skills Performance +4

Senses passive Perception 12

Languages -

Challenge 0 (10 XP)

Marvelous Radiance. All creatures that the golden songbird consider's to be allies within 10 feet add +4 to their Charisma (Diplomacy) and Charisma (Persuasion) checks.

ACTIONS

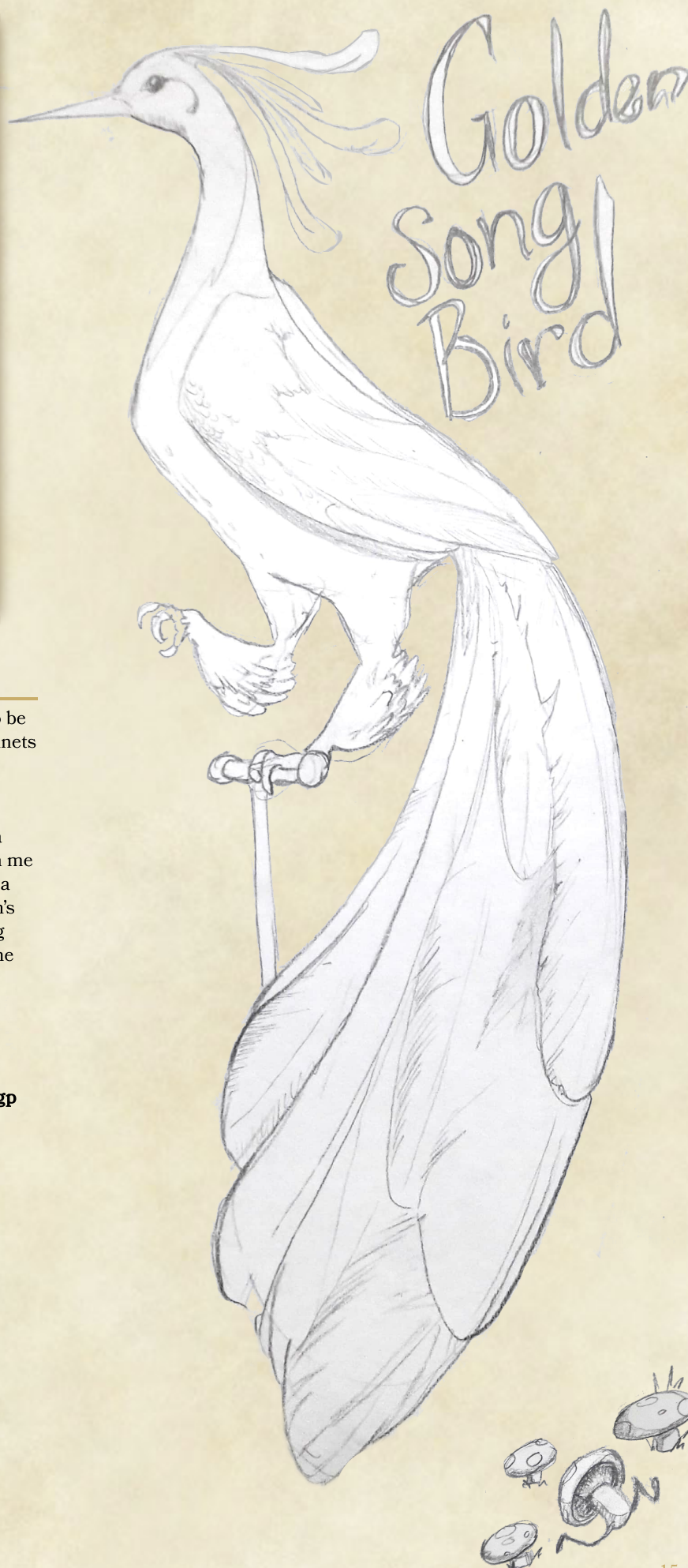
Talons. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +4 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target.
Hit: 4 (1d4+2) slashing damage.

GOLDEN SONG BIRD

Minn leads you into a smaller room that seems at once to be a library and an aviary. Books lie behind closed glass cabinets alongside dozens of birds who sit and squabble along twisting oak perches.

"Now I know what you're thinking. What I really need is a friend with a little elegance, some gravitas I can take with me into high society." Minn makes a few clicking sounds and a gorgeous bird descends from its perch and lands on Minn's shoulder. The bird is the size of a heron, with shimmering golden feathers that flow almost like a gown around it. The bird trills melodiously as it stretches its wings, a perfect picture of poise.

"Everything that gets near Reginald here will seem just a touch more radiant. Trust me, with Reginald on your shoulder, you'll be the talk of any soiree. And what's **150 gp** compared with elegance like this."





HUNTING DOG

Small beast, unaligned

Armor Class 15

Hit Points 13 (3d6 + 3)

Speed 40 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
11 (+0)	14 (+2)	12 (+1)	2 (-4)	14 (+2)	7 (-2)

Skills Perception +4, Survival +4

Senses passive Perception 12

Languages -

Challenge 0 (10 XP)

Keen Hearing And Smell. The dog has advantage on Wisdom (Perception) checks that rely on hearing or smell.

On The Trail. The dog adds 4 to any checks made to find a target if it has already found a trail made by the target.

ACTIONS

Bite. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +4 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 4 (1d4+2) piercing damage. If the target is a creature, it must succeed on a DC 11 Strength saving throw or be knocked prone.

HUNTING DOG

You follow Minn into a chamber filled with large kennels, the chamber is filled with a chorus of barking and the floor is strewn with bones and chew toys.

“Perhaps you need a companion that can rough it with you on long trips, huh sweetie? I can just see you, out in the brush, tracking down something tasty or somebody hiding. Who you need is Clover.”

Minn points to a spotted Labrador, panting happily inside a kennel. Minn holds up a little silver ball in-front of Clover’s cage. “There it is girl, get that smell right. Ok Clover go get it!” Minn throws the silver ball which sprouts a pair of mechanical legs mid-flight and sprints down the hallway. Minn unlatches the kennel and Clover dives after it.

You hear clinking taps of the ball grow distant along with the great galumphing strides of the dog. “It’ll just take a minute.” Minn reassures.

A minute later, the little ball runs back into the room from a different hallway with Clover in hot pursuit. Clover finally snatches the little ball and comes to a panting and accomplished stop in front of you, dropping the little ball at your feet.

“Purebred of course, a steal at **35 gp.**”



MENDING SPIDER

Tiny beast, unaligned

Armor Class 12

Hit Points 1 (1d4 - 1)

Speed 20 ft., climb 20 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
2 (-4)	14 (+2)	9 (-1)	2 (-4)	15 (+2)	4 (-3)

Skills Stealth +4

Senses darkvision 30 ft., passive Perception 12

Languages -

Challenge 1/8 (25 XP)

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

Web Walker. The Mending Spider ignores movement restrictions caused by webbing.

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

Innate Spellcasting. The mending spider's spellcasting ability is Wisdom (spell save DC 12). The mending spider can innately cast the following spells, requiring no material components:

At will: *mending*

MENDING SPIDER

As you follow Minn down yet another corridor and come to a junction, you pause as you hear something loud echoing from down the hall. In a moment, Betty who once again shadowed you without your notice, snatches you in her jaws and pulls you away just before something large, fast and fuzzy thunders its way down the hall.

"Oh my goodness, I'm truly sorry about that. It must be 6 already, that's Jim's exercise time. Oh! Would you look at that, Betty ripped your sleeve something awful. Let me fix that up for you."

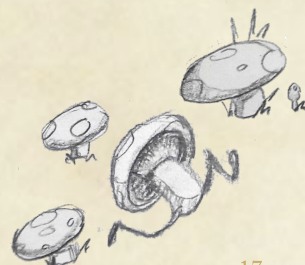
Minn leads you into a curious study, crawling things chitter and chirp within small mesh cages that line every shelf. Minn opens a cage that seems curiously lined with scraps of fabric and buttons and she scoops out a large fuzzy spider.

"You just let Hilda here see to that tear." She lets the spider onto your sleeve, which immediately starts weaving threads between the rips.

"I've heard it was the fey that had something to do with the first mending spiders. I don't think they'd ever come up with something so useful though. If you're finding your clothes and things tearing all the time, I'd let little Hilda here go with you for **40 gp**."

In the brief minute of your conversation, Hilda has expertly shorn up your sleeve and you can't even see the original tears, it almost looks better than before. Hilda's tiny spidery legs wipe her brow, satisfied with a good job done well.

Mending Spider





MINN'S MINI MIMIC

As you progress from one chamber to another, Minn pauses and looks at you critically. "Were you wearing that ascot when you came in?"

To your surprise and unbeknownst to you your outfit has somehow changed to now include a fetching yellow ascot.

Minn taps her foot impatiently and scoldingly says, "Charlie I know that's you, come on now give it up." And Minn holds out her hand.

The fashionable yellow ascot surges forward and splashes onto Minn's hand, recollecting into a silvery blob that then sculpts itself into a single yellow eye that looks back up at you.

"Sorry about that, Charlie here often finds ways out of his tank and likes to tag along while I work. I dare say you'd get away with it more Charlie, but you always choose yellow, gives you away darling."

The eye looks bashful before transforming into a series of intricate shapes before settling on one, all yellow.

"My own breed of mini mimics, my pride and joy. No end of tricks they can do, become whatever you like really and they're dear little sweethearts. If you're interested, they sell for **200 gp**."

MINN'S MINI MIMIC

Tiny monstrosity (shapechanger), unaligned

Armor Class 14 (natural armor)

Hit Points 13 (3d4 + 6)

Speed 5 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
5 (-3)	12 (+1)	15 (+2)	12 (+1)	10 (+0)	5 (-3)

Saving Throws Con +2

Skills Stealth +5

Damage Immunities acid

Condition Immunities prone

Senses darkvision 60 ft., passive Perception 10

Languages -

Challenge 1/8 (25 XP)

False Appearance (Object Form Only). While Minn's mini mimic remains motionless, it is indistinguishable from an ordinary object.

Shapechanger. Minn's mini mimic can use its action to polymorph into an object no larger than 12-square inches, or back into its true, amorphous form. Its statistics are the same in each form. Any equipment it was wearing or carrying isn't transformed. It reverts to its true form if it dies.

Telepathic Pathfinding. Minn's mini mimic can form a telepathic link with one creature. While linked, Minn's mimic will always know the direction of the linked creature and will know the safest path to get to it.

ACTIONS

Bite. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +3 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 6 (2d4+1) piercing damage and the target takes 1 point of acid damage.





PARROTING PARROT

Minn leads you into a smaller room that seems at once to be a library and an aviary. Books lie behind closed glass cabinets alongside dozens of birds who sit and squabble along twisting oak perches.

"I'm thinking maybe you'd like a friend to chat with? Maybe it gets a little lonely out on the trail hmm? Come along down here Rita."

A small parrot with vibrant plumage of blue, green and orange alights on Minn's wrist.

"Rita, listen carefully. Ahem, I slit a sheet, a sheet I slit and on a slitted sheet I sit. I slit a sheet, a sheet I slit. The sheet I slit, that sheet was it." Minn beams satisfied with her rapid recital. Minn pats Rita atop her head and says "Boop."

Rita squawks before perfectly reciting, "Ahem, I slit a sheet, a sheet I slit and on a slitted sheet I sit. I slit a sheet, a sheet I slit. The sheet I slit, that sheet was it."

PARROTING PARROT

Tiny beast, unaligned

Armor Class 10

Hit Points 2 (1d4)

Speed 10 ft., fly 60 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
2 (-4)	10 (+0)	10 (+0)	2 (-4)	12 (+1)	7 (-2)

Senses passive Perception 11

Languages -

Challenge 0 (10 XP)

Perfect Mimicry. The Parroting Parrot can perfectly mimic up to 10 minutes of sound it hears after given a command to listen. This command can be whatever its owner trained the parrot to be, such as a simple word or a subtle gesture it can see. It will repeat these ten minutes of conversation after given a command to repeat. The parrot will forget whatever it previously heard once given a new command to listen.

ACTIONS

Beak. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +2 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 2 (1d4) piercing damage.

"Oh, good girl Rita, you didn't skip a beat." Says Minn before feeding the little parrot a cracker.

"Rita here is a parrot of a rare kind, she can recite anything just perfectly. Comes quite in handy too, getting a conversation down on record, so to speak."

"WRAWWK, so to speak. Oh, good girl Rita, you didn't skip a beat." Repeats the parrot.

"Oh here you go you beggar you." Says Minn giving the parrot another cracker, "If you'd like Rita can go along and keep you company for a measly **40 gp.**"



PHOENIX FINCH

Tiny beast, unaligned

Armor Class 12

Hit Points 2 (1d4)

Speed 10 ft., fly 60 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
6 (-2)	15 (+2)	11 (+0)	2 (-4)	9 (-1)	12 (+1)

Saving Throws Cha +2

Damage Immunities fire

Damage Vulnerabilities cold

Senses passive Perception 9

Languages -

Challenge 1/8 (25 XP)

Heated Body. A creature that touches the phoenix finch or hits it with a melee attack while within 5 feet of it takes 3 (1d6) fire damage.

Innate Spellcasting. The phoenix finch's spellcasting ability is Charisma (spell save DC 11). The phoenix finch can innately cast the following spells, requiring no material components:

1/day each: *Fire Bolt*

ACTIONS

Claws. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +4 to hit, reach 5 ft., *Hit:*) slashing damage and the target takes 2 (1d4) points of fire damage

Ignite. The finch ignites into a large fire that fills a 5-foot cube. Any creature in the fire's space must pass a DC 15 Dexterity saving throw or take 1d8 points of fire damage. A creature must also make the save when it moves into the fire's space or ends its turn there. The fire ignites all flammable objects in its area that aren't being worn or carried.

The finch will resurrect from the ash of this fire after 24 hours with full hit points.



PHOENIX FINCH

Minn surprisingly leads you back into the parlor you first entered, though you have no idea how you've reached it again. The fireplace has dimmed from its former roaring fire into a low smolder.

"Oh, darn it all. Fiona has gone off somewhere again. Give me a moment sweetie, oh, and keep an eye out for Fiona." Minn then starts roaming about the room, cooing and making bird calls.

As Minn whistles and calls you notice smoke rising from under one of the armchairs, "Uh, miss?"

"Ah! There you are Fiona!" Minn exclaims as she pushes the smoking chair aside to reveal a small yellow bird, glowing and radiating heat like a furnace. "Go on, hop back to that fireplace little lady! Hop to! You're scorching the floor!"

The fireplace reignites as the tiny bird dives back amongst the smoldering logs, it half buries itself in the ashes and looks up at Minn as if ashamed. After seeing Minn's stern and disapproving look the bird explodes. Bits of wood from the fireplace is thrown about the room as the bird with a sudden pop bursts into flames and ashes.

"Oh, that's just like Fiona, exploding to get out of trouble." Minn sees your shocked stare, "Don't worry now, Fiona is a phoenix finch, she'll be reborn from her ashes there in about a day. And don't think I'll forget that you're in trouble Fiona! Ah well, I think she's too bottled up here, needs to get out and stretch her wings. I don't suppose you'd be interested? I can let her go for **100 gp.**"



PLUNDERING OCTOPUS

Small beast, unaligned

Armor Class 14

Hit Points 3 (1d6)

Speed 5 ft., climb 5 ft., swim 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
4 (-3)	18 (+4)	11 (+0)	3 (-4)	12 (+1)	5 (-3)

Skills Sleight of Hand +8, Stealth +8

Senses passive Perception 11

Languages -

Challenge 1/8 (25 XP)

Hold Breath. While out of water, the octopus can hold its breath for 30 minutes.

Natural Fence. The octopus has an innate knowledge of value and can tell what an object is worth compared to another within a 100gp range.

Underwater Camouflage. The octopus has advantage on Dexterity (Stealth) checks made while Underwater.

Water Breathing. The octopus can breathe only Underwater.

ACTIONS

Ink Cloud (Recharges After A Short Or Long Rest). A 5-foot-radius cloud of ink extends all around the octopus if it is Underwater. The area is heavily obscured for 1 minute, although a significant current can disperse the ink. After releasing the ink, the octopus can use the Dash action as a Bonus Action.

Tentacles. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +6 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 7 (1d6+4) thunder damage and the target is Grappled (escape DC 12). Until this grapple ends, the octopus can't use its tentacles on another target

PLUNDERING OCTOPUS

Minn leads you into a warm and humid room, tiles cover the floors and ceiling and mist rises off several large pools in the floor and condenses on the dripping tiles.

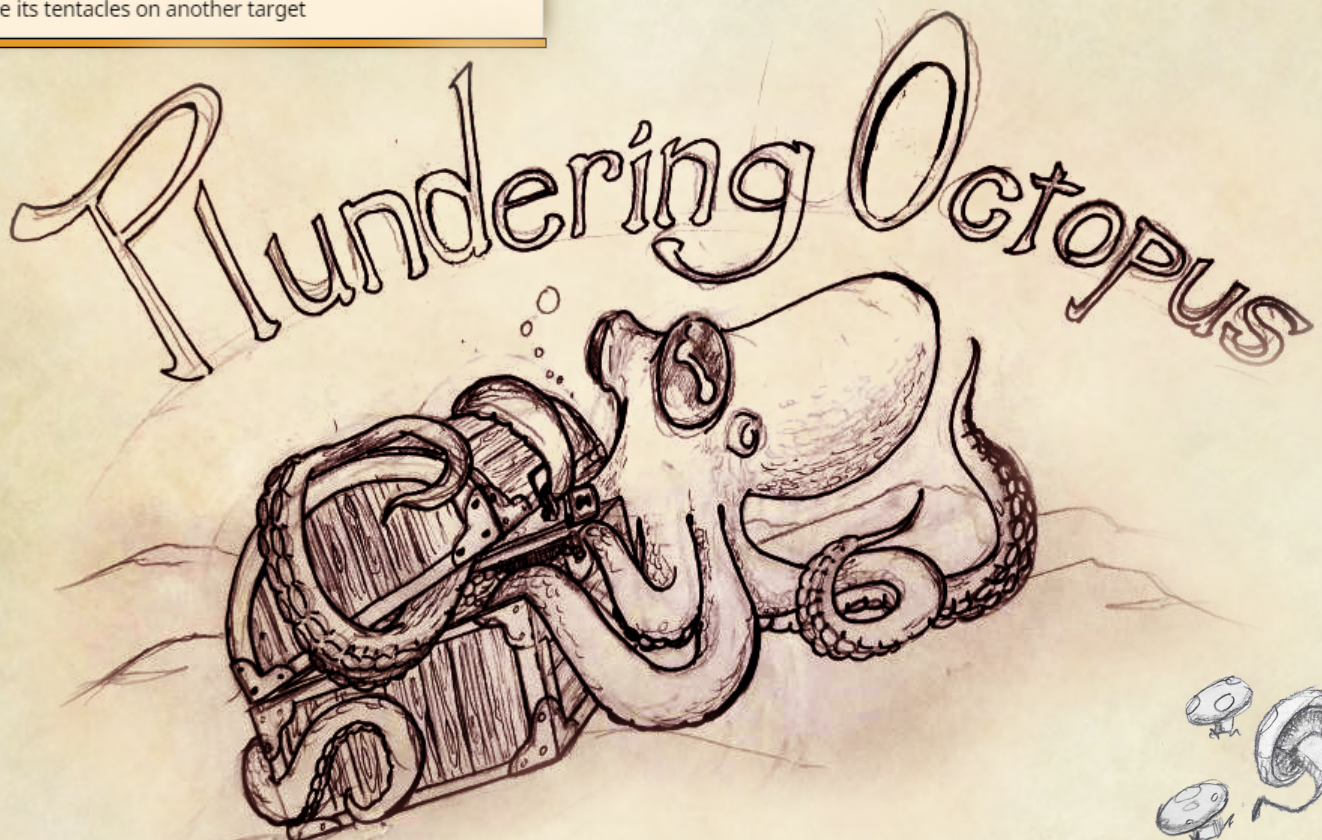
You feel the tiniest tug on your coin purse followed by a small splash in a shallow pool next to you.

"Oh no, Paul got to your coins. Sorry about this sweetie I'll get them back for you." Minn leans down to a shallow sandy pool and chastises an octopus peaking out from between some stones. "Paul don't you give me that look, I know you took this nice customer's coin purse."

The octopus bashfully lifts your coin purse up and you tactfully pluck it from the proffered tentacle.

"Sorry about that, Paul is trained to retrieve treasure from wrecks and the little scamp doesn't keep his tentacles to himself sometimes. Ah! I saw that, hand it over." Paul reluctantly offers up a couple platinum pieces that you hadn't yet noticed were missing from your bag.

"Ah, still, if you're looking to do some plundering he's quite handy, eh? Alright fine, well if you've gotten all your coins back there, Paul here goes for **80 gp**."



QUANTUM WORM

Minn leads you into a curious study, crawling things chitter and chirp within small mesh cages that line every shelf.

Minn reaches into one of the cabinets and pulls out a pair of glass spheres. "I'm getting the sense you may be looking for something a little less cute and a little more practical, allow me to show you the quantum worm!" Minn pauses and seems to wait in anticipation.

You read her face and say with some faked awe, "Ohhh..."

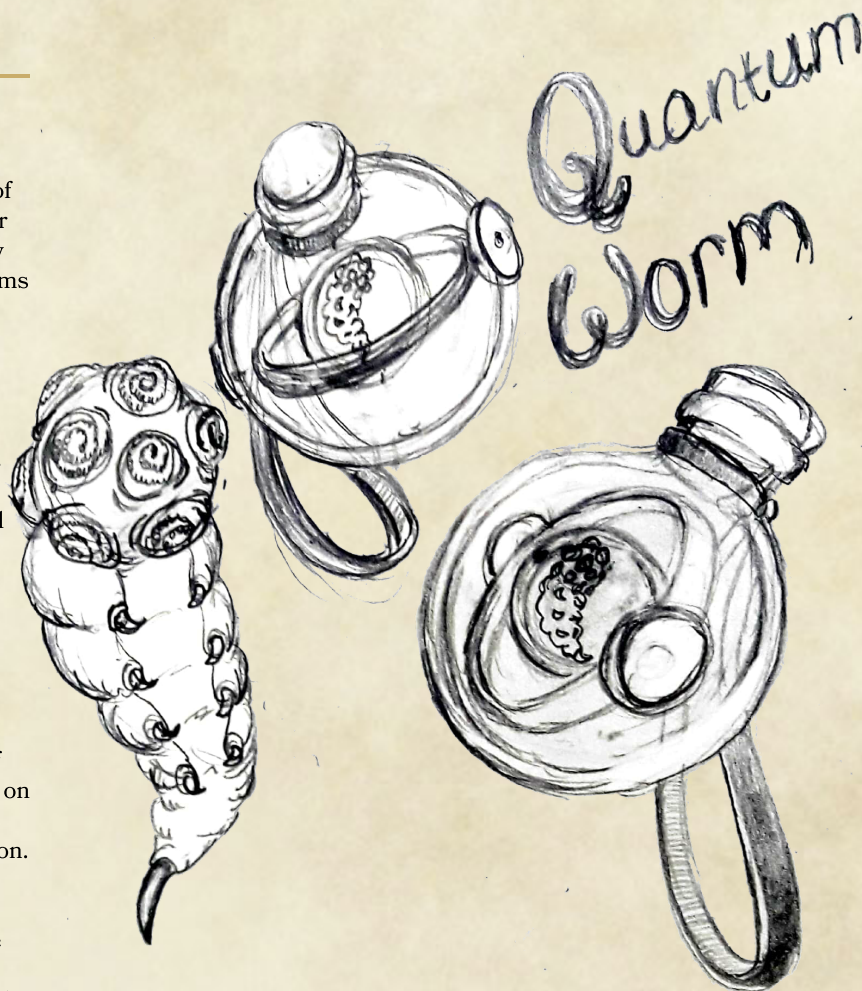
Minn clears her throat and recites, "This pair of vestibules each hold one half of a single original quantum worm! This amazing little grub can completely regrow into two worms when cut in half. Why does that matter I hear you ask? Well these new worms are quantum entangled! Anything that happens to one worm will instantly happen to the other no matter how far apart they become!"

Again, she pauses, and you diligently respond with, "Oooohhh..."

"How can that be useful I hear you ask?" Minn turns one of the glass containers, you can see the little worm munching on a leaf inside on a gyroscopic contraption. When she turns one, the other gyroscopically turns to face the same direction.

"Think of the endless possibilities! Leave one half at the entrance to a dungeon and always know the direction! Give one to another person and communicate in code no matter how far away they are! Put one on something important and know if it's been moved from continents away!"

Minn is panting slightly after reciting her worm focused tirade. "Sorry, I just... Really believe these little guys are amazing and none of the other beast masters believe in them. But hey, you realize how incredible these guys are right? I can give you a quantum entangled pair for **40 gp**, I even throw in the little gyroscopic jars, what do you say?"



QUANTUM WORM

Tiny beast, unaligned

Armor Class 8

Hit Points 1 (1d4 - 1)

Speed 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
1 (-5)	1 (-5)	9 (-1)	1 (-5)	1 (-5)	1 (-5)

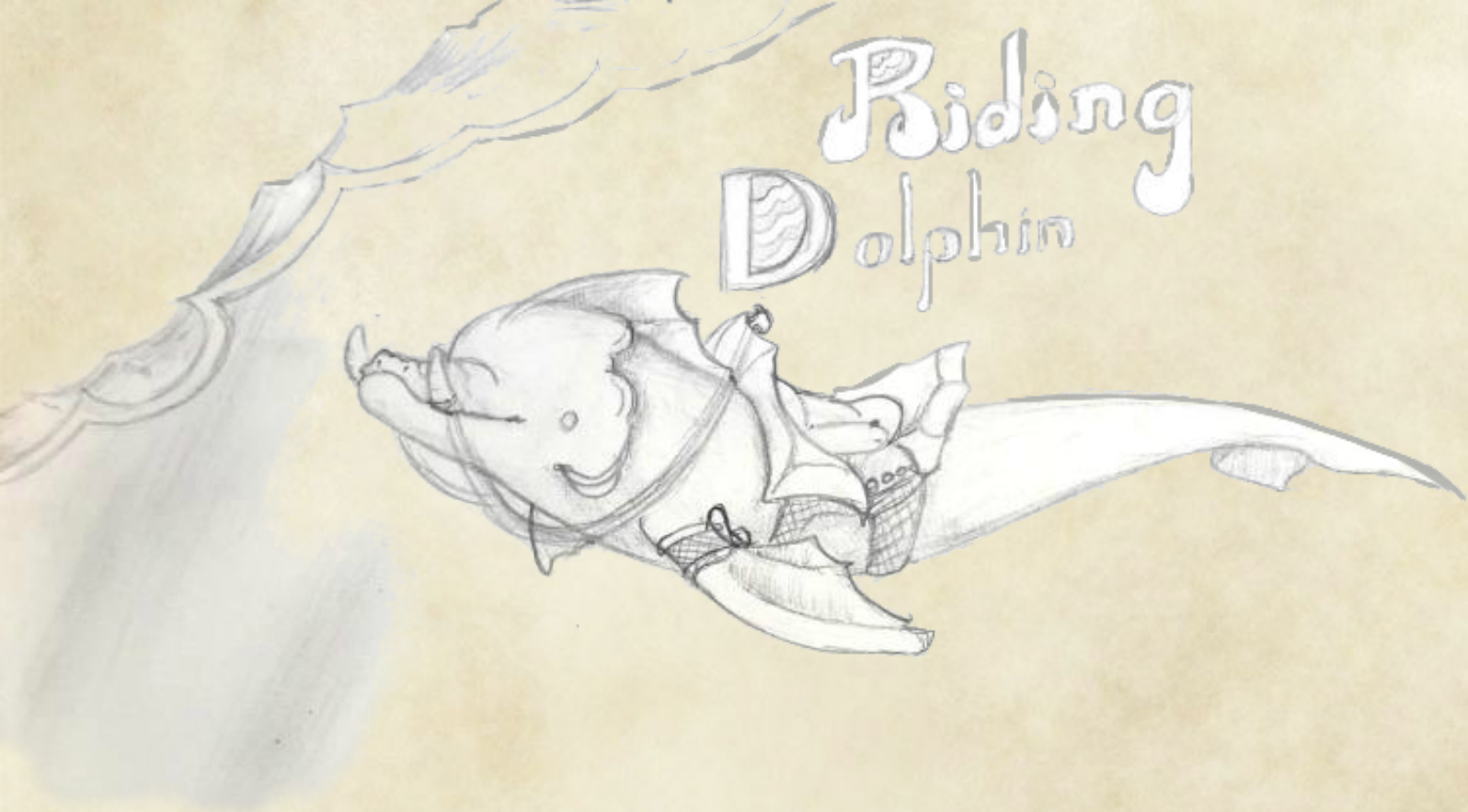
Senses passive Perception 5

Languages -

Challenge 0 (10 XP)

Quantum Entanglement. Both halves of the worm are quantumly linked together, making anything that happens to one half happen to the other. If one side is moved, the other side moves accordingly. This entanglement works across any distance and across the planes.





RIDING DOLPHIN

Large beast, unaligned

Armor Class 14 (natural armor, leather armor)

Hit Points 13 (2d10 + 2)

Speed 0 ft., swim 60 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
13 (+1)	15 (+2)	12 (+1)	2 (-4)	12 (+1)	8 (-1)

Senses blindsight 60 ft., passive Perception 11

Languages -

Challenge 1/2 (100 XP)

Charge. If the dolphin moves at least 20 feet straight toward a target and then hits it with a slam attack on the same turn, the target takes an extra 9 (2d8) bludgeoning damage.

Echolocation. The dolphin can't use its blindsight while deafened.

Hold Breath. The dolphin can hold its breath for 30 minutes.

ACTIONS

Slam. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +4 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 7 (1d10+2) damage.

RIDING DOLPHIN

Minn leads you into a warm and humid room, tiles cover the floors and ceiling and mist rises off several large pools in the floor and condenses on the dripping tiles. Minn takes you to one of the larger pools and several dolphins suddenly breach the surface and squeak and chirp as they rush up to Minn.

"Alright, settle down now. There you go Duncan have a mackerel."

To your surprise, Minn pulls a saddle off a nearby hook, straps it on one of the dolphins and proceeds to ride it in a circuit around the pool.

Minn rides the dolphin through a series of tricks and turns while shouting, "I've bred the finest riding dolphins around, they'll beat those Triton's stuffy purebreds in any contest any speed. You could ride the sea in style for just **60 gp**."





RIDING LIZARD

Minn leads you into a wide stable, dozens of horses and other odd creatures nay and make other assorted sounds as you enter.

“So you could buy a horse from any old stable, but you didn’t walk into any old stable. Johanna!” Minn whistles loudly and you hear an odd noise from the ceiling. You look up just as a large lizard sporting a saddle drops down in front of you.

The huge reptile resembles a large monitor lizard, though you note that its feet end in suction pads as well as claws.

“The best trained horses can take you up a dangerous mountain trail. The best trained lizards can just run up the side of the mountain. Johanna here is my best climber, easy to ride and she really likes scratches under her chin. Yes, she does! Yes, she does!” Says Minn as she scratches the massive reptile and its back-leg kicks in appreciation.

“She can carry you out of here for just **60 gp.**”

RIDING LIZARD

Large beast, unaligned

Armor Class 15 (natural armor, leather armor)

Hit Points 19 (3d10 + 3)

Speed 30 ft., climb 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
15 (+2)	14 (+2)	12 (+1)	2 (-4)	10 (+0)	7 (-2)

Skills Acrobatics +4, Athletics +4

Senses passive Perception 10

Languages -

Challenge 1 (200 XP)

Trampling Charge. If the lizard moves at least 20 feet straight toward a creature and then hits it with a hooves attack on the same turn, that target must succeed on a DC 14 Strength saving throw or be knocked prone. If the target is prone, the lizard can make another attack with its bite against it as a bonus action.

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

ACTIONS

Bite. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +4 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 6 (1d8+2) piercing damage.

Tail Attack. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +4 to hit, reach 10 ft., one target. *Hit:* 6 (1d8+2) bludgeoning damage.





SCOUTING EAGLE

Minn leads you into a smaller room that seems at once to be a library and an aviary. Books lie behind closed glass cabinets alongside dozens of birds who sit and squabble along twisting oak perches.

Minn pulls out a small silver whistle and with a single clear note an eagle swoops down from the rafters and alights on Minn's wrist. "Now get a good look at the nice customer Cliff." Says Minn as the eagle carefully turns its head back and forth, observing you closely with focused avian eyes.

"Now sweetie, if you'd be so kind? Run for it! Go and get yourself good and hidden." Minn orders you out of the Aviary.

You step out of the Aviary, quickly head down one hallway and then another. Quite quickly you find yourself quite lost without Minn as your guide. You turn a blind corner and are confronted with a heavily barred door bearing the sign "Beware the leopard." You decide that this must be far enough.

Only a few moments later, that same eagle glides down the hallway and perches on an old clock beside you, then it confidently and loudly screeches.

Minn turns the corner a few moments later saying, "Ah, there you are. Cliff never lost you once but I'd honestly lost track. Fine thing Cliff, best bird there is for finding that which don't want to be found. If that sounds like the sort of skill you're needing, Cliff here can go for just **45 gp**."

SCOUTING EAGLE

Small beast, unaligned

Armor Class 13

Hit Points 3 (1d6)

Speed 10 ft., fly 60 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
8 (-1)	16 (+3)	10 (+0)	2 (-4)	15 (+2)	7 (-2)

Skills Perception +4, Survival +4

Senses passive Perception 14

Languages -

Challenge 0 (10 XP)

Keen Sight. The eagle has advantage on Wisdom (perception) checks that rely on sight.

On The Trail. The eagle adds 4 to any checks made to find a target if it has already found a trail made by the target.

ACTIONS

Talons. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +5 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target.

Hit: 5 (1d4+3) slashing damage.



SCOUTING WEASEL

Tiny beast, unaligned

Armor Class 14

Hit Points 1 (1d4 - 1)

Speed 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
3 (-4)	18 (+4)	8 (-1)	2 (-4)	14 (+2)	8 (-1)

Saving Throws Dex +2

Skills Perception +4, Survival +4

Senses passive Perception 12

Languages -

Challenge 1/8 (25 XP)

Keen Hearing And Smell. The scouting weasel has advantage on Wisdom (Perception) checks that rely on hearing or smell.

On The Trail. The eagle adds 4 to any checks made to find a target if it has already found a trail made by the target.

ACTIONS

Bite. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +6 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 6 (1d4+4) piercing damage.



SCOUTING WEASEL

You follow Minn into a small room filled with glass tubes, clear crisscrossing pipes line the walls and ceiling. Dozens of rodent faces of all shapes and sizes look up from around the room as you enter, twitching their whiskers with excitement.

"Monterey! Come on out Monty, where are you?" With this prompting, a weasel pops out of a tube hanging from the ceiling.

Minn takes out a hard-boiled egg from her pocket and drops it into a tube which seems to whip it around the room, rolling from tube to tube like a rocket. "Go get the treat Monty!"

The weasel pops back into his tube and you quickly loose track of him as he races around the room, navigating the maze-like labyrinth of tubes faster than your eyes can follow. Within the minute you see Monty pop up from a tube at the opposite end of the room, holding the egg and happily munching on it.

"Monty's got the best little nose and whiskers out of anything, wonderful for sniffing your way out of a maze or finding something hiding out."

You suddenly feel the weasel on your shoulder, almost finished with his egg.

"Quick as you like too, awe, look at him he's so happy with his little treat. Well, if you'd like him he can go for only **45 gp.**"



Seeking Swine



SEEKING SWINE

As Minn leads you down another hallway, you notice a strange pig trying fruitlessly to scratch its way through a rather sturdy looking door.

You point the pig out and only manage to say “Um...” before Minn cuts you off.

“Oh, blast it, Ginny! Stop that right now!”

The pig squeals and runs around in a circle for a moment before running up and nuzzling Minn’s shins.

“Ah well, allow me to introduce Ginerva Montague, Duchess of Snuffles. Or you can call her Ginny.”

The pig is covered in short soft fur and is stocky, but only stands a foot and a half high, and it sports a large and curiously shaped nose.

“Ginny here is a seeking swine, she has a magical nose for sniffing out gold and other shiny expensive things. Which would be fine except you try to chew my things Ginny! You’re not getting into my room so there’ll be no fussing, back to your pen now.”

Minn pauses, “Unless of course, you’d be interested? Ginny needs to get out and do some real treasure hunting. Hard to come by though, I’d only be able to let her go for **500 gp**.

SEEKING SWINE

Small beast, unaligned

Armor Class 11 (Natural Armor)

Hit Points 4 (1d4 + 2)

Speed 35 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
14 (+2)	9 (-1)	14 (+2)	2 (-4)	12 (+1)	7 (-2)

Saving Throws Str +2

Senses passive Perception 11

Languages -

Challenge 0 (10 XP)

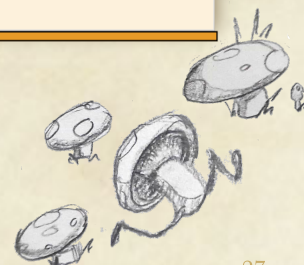
Treasure Sense. The Seeking Swine can pinpoint, by scent, the location of precious metals and stones, such as coins and gems, within 60 feet of it.

Natural Fence. The swine has an innate knowledge of value and can tell what an objects worth is compared to others within a 100gp range.

Keen Hearing And Smell. The seeking swine has advantage on Wisdom (Perception) checks that rely on hearing or smell.

ACTIONS

Bite. : +4 to hit, reach 5 ft., or range 5 ft., **Hit:** 4 (1d4+2) piercing damage.



Spying Raven



SPYING RAVEN

Minn leads you into a smaller room that seems at once to be a library and an aviary. Books lie behind closed glass cabinets alongside dozens of birds who sit and squabble along twisting oak perches.

“Now don’t you fret too much sweetie, but I’ve got an enormous ROC hiding up in the rafters here. Isn’t that right BRANWEN!”

You hear the roar of some ferocious bird above you, though the room seems far too small to house such a beast.

“It likes to roost up there with the PTERODACTYL!”

You hear a piercing reptilian screech from above, though the room couldn’t possibly house the creature that would match it.

“Though they both have to watch out for the DRAGON!”

As you hear a dragon roar, you look skeptically at Minn who seems to be unable to contain her laughter.

“Oh my, hah, you can’t deny the look on your face there. Branwen, could you come down now?”

A small black raven flutters down from above and lands on Minn’s head. It roars like a dragon again before producing a variety of sounds from untold beasts to the sounds of the city.

“Branwen is a very talented little bird and I must say he likes having a lark as much as I do. Very hard to spot when he doesn’t want noticing and it’ll take a talented ear to pick his sounds out from the genuine ones. If a lark is what you’re looking for, he can go for just **40 gp.**”

SPYING RAVEN

Tiny beast, unaligned

Armor Class 13

Hit Points 2 (1d4)

Speed 10 ft., fly 50 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
2 (-4)	16 (+3)	10 (+0)	2 (-4)	12 (+1)	7 (-2)

Skills Stealth +7

Senses passive Perception 11

Languages -

Challenge 0 (10 XP)

Mimicry. The raven can mimic simple sounds it has heard, such as a person whispering, a baby crying, or an animal chittering. A creature that hears the sounds can tell they are imitations with a successful DC 10 Wisdom (Insight) check.

Obscurity. Wisdom (Perception) checks made to notice the raven are made at disadvantage.

ACTIONS

Beak. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +5 to hit, reach 5 ft., *Hit:* 2 (1d4) piercing damage.



SQUIRREL OF HOLDING

You follow Minn to a rather large and imposing door locked fast with iron chains and an imposing lock, a small handwritten note says, “beware the leopard”.

“I have to keep him behind here because... Because...” Minn rifles through her pockets and finds nothing.

“Drat, I must have left the key with Kit. Sorry, follow this way for just a tic.”

You follow Minn into a small room filled with glass tubes, clear crisscrossing pipes line the walls and ceiling. Dozens of rodent faces of all shapes and sizes look up from around the room as you enter, twitching their whiskers with excitement.

“Kit? Kit come out here for just a second.” A Squirrel pokes up from one of the tubes, carrying an entire apple in its teeth. In a single disquieting moment, the squirrel seems to unhinge its jaw and envelops the apple, the fruit disappearing into its cheeks that are at once too small for the apple and apparently infinite.

“There you are, I need the key for Gorge’s room, could you fetch it?”

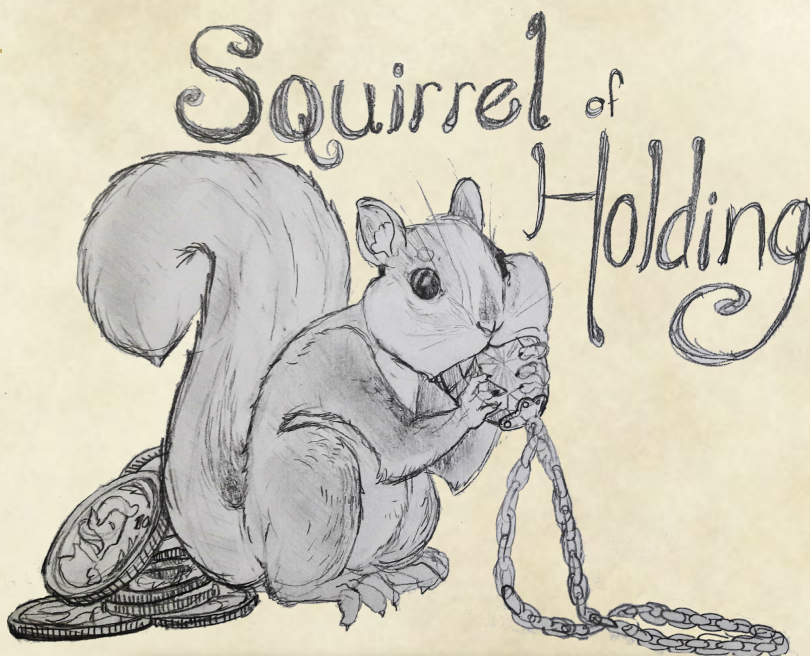
From out of the squirrel’s cheeks emerges the aforementioned apple, a violin, 3 bags of seed and a rather sizable chest.

“Kit dear, I need the key.” Says Minn, and then the squirrel points excitedly at the massive chest.

“Oh, did I leave it in there? I don’t suppose I gave you the key to that then?” Kit spits out a long brass key that Minn proceeds to unlock the chest with. She then pulls an iron key out of the chest and says, “Well then thank you Kit. Clean the rest of this back up, would you?”

You watch in fascination as the squirrel seemingly absorbs the items back into its bottomless cheeks.

“Oh? Never seen a squirrel of holding before? I suppose I shouldn’t be so surprised since they’re magic and quite rare. If you’re interested, I can stow my things in a cupboard and let Kit go with you for **300 gp.**”



SQUIRREL OF HOLDING

Tiny beast, unaligned

Armor Class 12

Hit Points 3 (1d4 + 1)

Speed 30 ft., climb 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
8 (-1)	15 (+2)	12 (+1)	2 (-4)	7 (-2)	7 (-2)

Saving Throws Dex +3

Senses passive Perception 8

Languages -

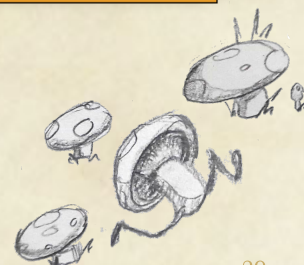
Challenge 1/8 (25 XP)

Cheek Pouch. The squirrel’s cheeks are an extradimensional space considerably larger than its outside dimensions; the squirrel can hold up to 100 pounds, not exceeding a volume of 25 cubic feet. The items in the extradimensional space do not affect the weight of the squirrel. The squirrel’s owner can say a command as an action to have the squirrel retrieve an item.

If the squirrel is killed, its contents are scattered in the Astral Plane. For each day the squirrel doesn’t get fed it accidentally “devours” an item in its extradimensional space. The item is destroyed and its essence is magically converted to nutrients for the squirrel.

ACTIONS

Bite. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +4 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 4 (1d4+2) piercing damage.



THIEVING MONKEY

Tiny beast, unaligned

Armor Class 12

Hit Points 2 (1d4)

Speed 30 ft., climb 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
6 (-2)	15 (+2)	10 (+0)	7 (-2)	12 (+1)	9 (-1)

Skills Sleight of Hand +6

Senses passive Perception 11

Languages -

Challenge 1/8 (25 XP)

Natural Fence. The monkey has an inherit knowledge of value and can tell what objects worth compared to others within a 100gp range

ACTIONS

Bite. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +0 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 0 (1d4-2) piercing damage.

Rock. *Ranged Weapon Attack:* +4 to hit, range 25/50 ft., one target. *Hit:* 4 (1d4+2) bludgeoning damage.

THIEVING MONKEY

As you follow Minn from one room to the next, Minn suddenly stops and says, “Oh drat, your coin bag is gone.”

Looking down to your belt you notice the absence of your finances and look up at Minn.

“Oh, don’t look at me like that, I’m pretty sure Benny has just nicked it when we weren’t looking. Just follow me, I know where he usually hides after his big capers.”

You follow Minn into a kitchen of sorts, though food preparation for people seems to be a half-forgotten concern. Food is prepared here for seemingly every conceivable variety of creature, and even inconceivable creatures in the case of whatever is glowing purple in the corner.

Minn swings open a pantry door to reveal a small monkey with your coin bag and its contents strewn about the floor.

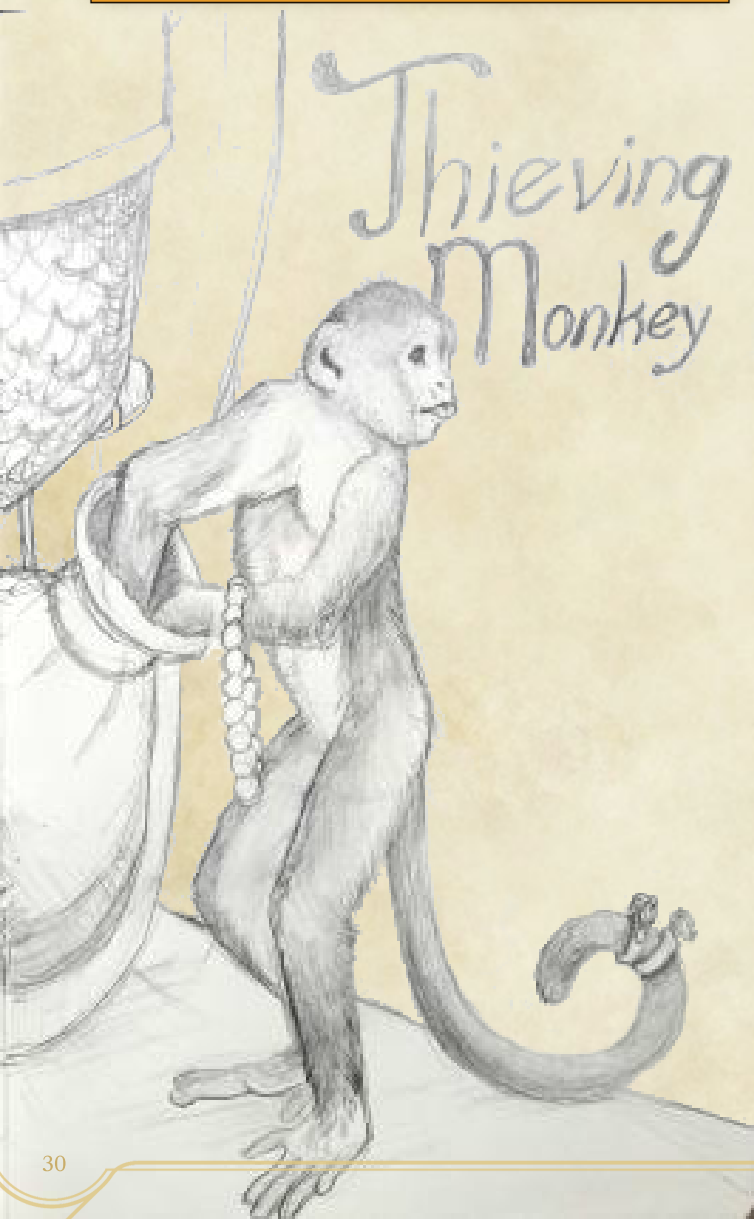
“Benjamin! We’ve talked about this, there’ll be no more filching from customers and I really mean it!”

The small scolded primate dutifully scoops up your coins back into your bag and gives you an innocent smile as he hands it up to you.

“I’m so sorry about that, should be all accounted for. Benny here has sticky little monkey fingers, especially when he gets into my caramels.”

Benny gives you an apologetic shrug and then clambers up to Minn’s shoulder.

“No harm no foul I hope? Hey, I’ll tell you what, if you want Benny here to go with you I’ll only charge **80 gp**.”





WARHORSE

Minn leads you into a wide stable, dozens of horses and other odd creatures nay and make other assorted sounds as you enter.

"I'm thinking maybe you really need somebody who's been through it all, somebody who can really be trusted to get you through the thick of it." Minn unlatches a stable door and a magnificent white stallion trots out in full battle regalia.

"Binky here has been through 5 battles, 2 scraps, 7 skirmishes and 1 rather nasty tussle." Minn feeds the battle-hardened steed a sugar cube. "Admittedly the name is a bit of a misnomer but trust me, if you're planning on battling, scrapping, skirmishing or even tussling, you're going to want Binky with you."

The horse snorts dismissively, "Oh don't be like that, I'm sure they can tussle with the best of them. Anyway, if you're interested you can ride Binky out of here for **150 gp**, armor and all."

WARHORSE

Large beast, Unaligned

Armor Class 11

Hit Points 19 (3d10+3)

Speed 60ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
18 (+4)	12 (+1)	13 (+1)	2 (-4)	12 (+1)	7 (-2)

Senses passive Perception 11

Challenge 1/2 (100 XP)

Trampling Charge. If the horse moves at least 20 ft. straight toward a creature and then hits it with a hooves attack on the same turn, that target must succeed on a DC 14 Strength saving throw or be knocked prone. If the target is prone, the horse can make another attack with its hooves against it as a bonus action.

Actions

Hooves. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +6 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. Hit: (2d6 + 4) bludgeoning damage.





WATCHMAKER'S CAT

Tiny beast, unaligned

Armor Class 12

Hit Points 2 (1d4)

Speed 30 ft., climb 20 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
9 (-1)	15 (+2)	10 (+0)	2 (-4)	8 (-1)	6 (-2)

Senses darkvision 30 ft., passive Perception 9

Languages -

Challenge 0 (10 XP)

Horological Glare. The cat has a unique connection with the flow of time and their eyes change shape subtly to reflect what the current time is. Any creature can spend an action to study the cat's eyes and will know the time.

ACTIONS

Claws. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +4 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target.
Hit: 4 (1d4+2) slashing damage.

WATCHMAKER'S CAT

As you follow Minn down another corridor, you notice an odd clock sitting on a nearby cabinet. It resembles a cat but with impossibly wide and rather disquieting eyes, its tail and eyes seem to move in rhythm with another nearby clock.

To your surprise, the clock leaps down from the cabinet and starts purring as it rubs its head against your shins in an affectionate feline way.

Minn turns and says, "Oh I see you found Congreve, ah, it looks like he took right to you. He's only this affectionate with people he likes.

The odd black cat looks up at you, its eyes and tail still moving in time with the tick of the clock.

"They're touched by a bit of chronomancy, you can set your clock to them, and I do. You know that old wives' tale about telling time from the eyes of a cat? These little fellows are the source of that, you can literally know the time just by looking him in the eye. If you like you can keep him for **20 gp**, I'd do him some good to get out and about."



YONYEY'S HARVESTER ANT

Tiny beast, unaligned

Armor Class 9

Hit Points 2 (1d4)

Speed 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
18 (+4)	8 (-1)	10 (+0)	1 (-5)	8 (-1)	2 (-4)

Senses blindsight 20 ft. passive Perception 9

Languages -

Challenge 1 (200 XP)

Siege Monster. The ant deals double damage to objects and structures.

ACTIONS

Bite. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +6 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 6 (1d4+4) piercing damage.

YONYEY'S HARVESTER ANT

You emerge from the menagerie into the light of day, your new animal companions in tow.

Minn follows you out and it's obvious that she's emotional about saying goodbye to your new pets.

"Oh and don't forget the proper water and proper feeding. Make sure they get enough sunlight and oh drat it." Minn's heartfelt goodbyes are cut short when Minn notices a strip of metal locked into place on one of her wagon's wheels next to a note.

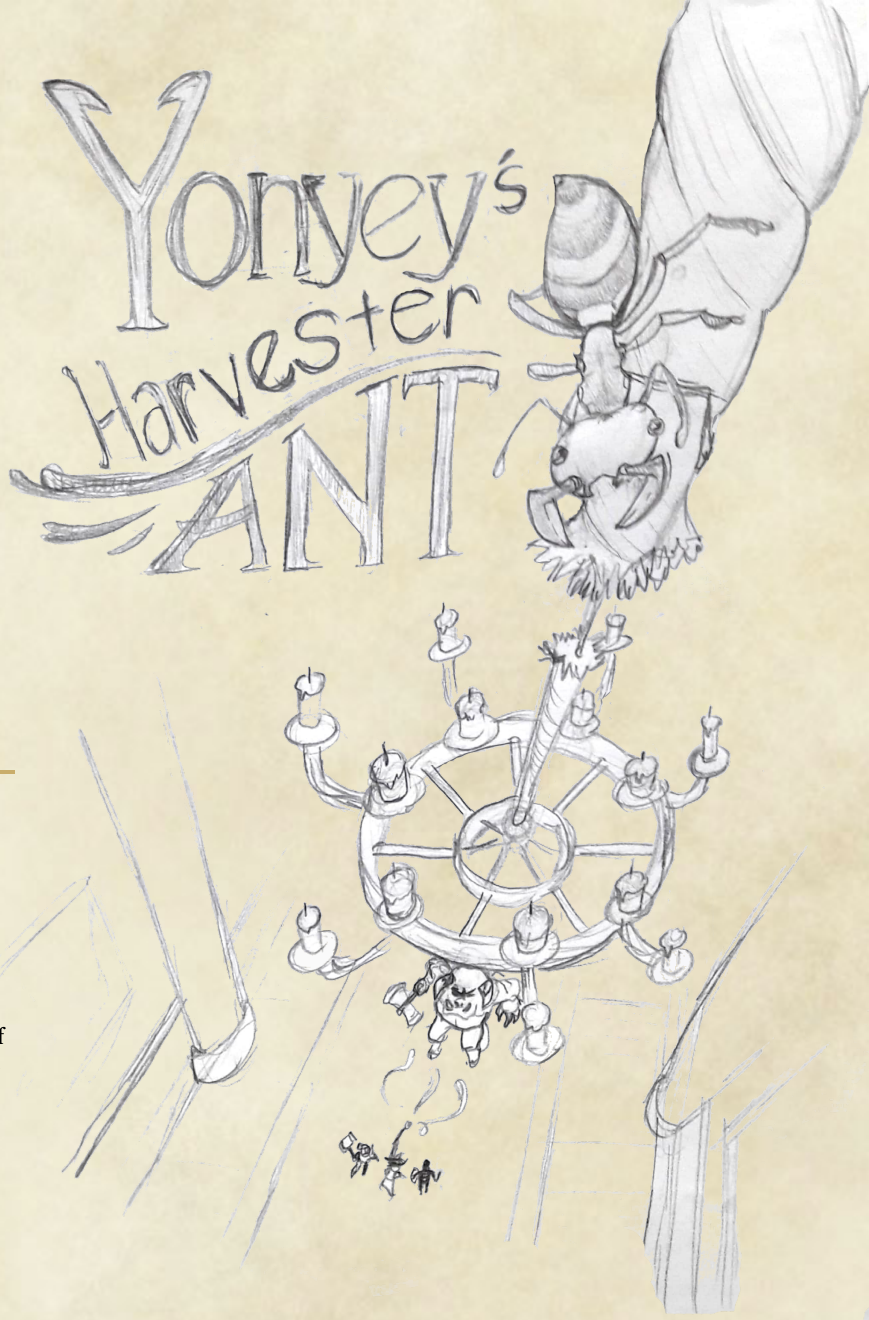
"Oh well that's just ridiculous, I'm going to have to move the whole menagerie now. Excuse me I'll be right back."

You stand awkwardly for a moment while Minn rushes back into her wagon and shortly later emerges holding a small insect with massive pincers.

"Be a dear Adam, will you?" Minn holds the odd ant up to the offending law enforcement device, the insect's pincers cut straight through the metal strip. "There's a good lad."

"Well I'll need to be off, some nonsense about this land belonging to somebody." Minn notices you staring in awe of the insect in her hand.

"Oh, meet Adam, he's a Yonyey's Harvester Ant, strongest little pincers around. You'd be amazed how many times he's come in handy. I don't suppose you'd like to take him with you as well? I can go as low as **30 gp.**"



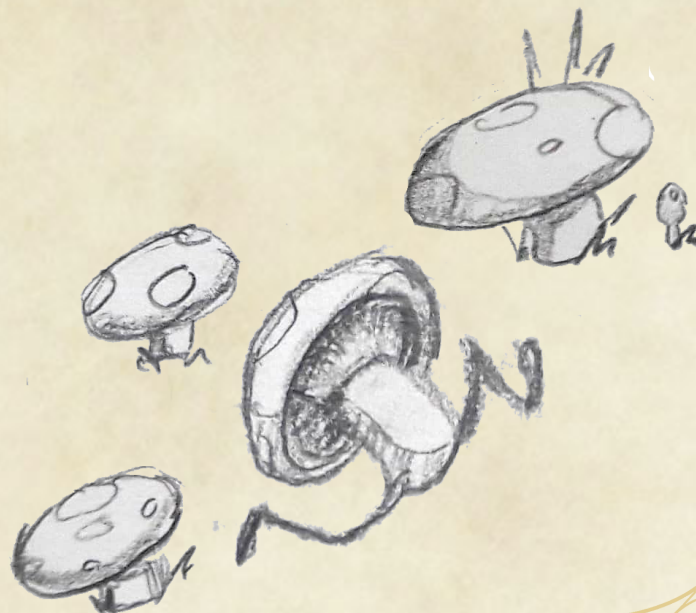
THE MENAGERIE

Price	Creature
70 gp	Armordillo
25 gp	Attack Dog
120 gp	Attack Shark
200 gp	Augury Owl
50 gp	Axe Beak
350 gp	Blizzrick's Bombardier Beetle
40 gp	Bellow Bat
45 gp	Bolt Gecko
85 gp	Bushwag
150 gp	Camila's Captivating Cobra
20 gp	Flannigan's Firefly
150 gp	Golden Song Bird
35 gp	Hunting Dog
40 gp	Mending Spider
200 gp	Minn's Mini Mimic
40 gp	Parroting Parrot
100 gp	Phoenix Finch
80 gp	Plundering Octopus
40 gp	Quantum Worm
60 gp	Riding Dolphin
60 gp	Riding Lizard
45 gp	Scouting Eagle
45 gp	Scouting Weasel
500 gp	Seeking Swine
40 gp	Spying Raven
300 gp	Squirrel of Holding
80 gp	Thieving Monkey
150 gp	Warhorse
20 gp	Watchmaker's Cat
30 gp	Yonyey's Harvester Ant

As Minn unhitches Neat and Not (a lovely pair of ostriches) to pull the wagon, she notices a previously absent little yellow hat sitting atop her massive hairdo. "Charlie is that you? Did you get out again?"

Her hat and several other objects in the room re-sculpt themselves into silvery blobs and scurry about the room. "All of them? You let all of them out! CHARLIE!"

You leave Minn's Magical Menagerie with new lifelong fantastical animal friends in tow. But unbeknownst to you, one of the many toadstools growing in a patch behind you opens an eye, sprouts a couple little legs and trots along so he can catch up.



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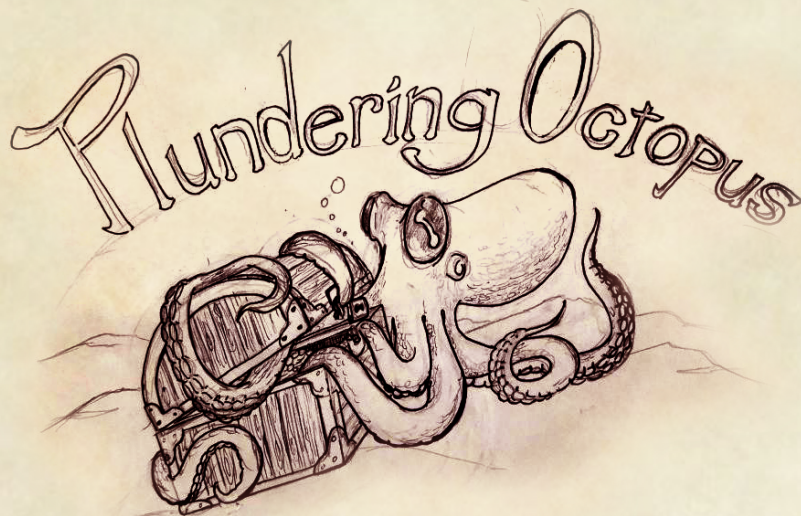
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