

2ND  
LEVEL



# THE ANGRY CHAIR



Made for 5E  
Brought to you by MykeMyke,  
The DM Tool Chest, and Darryl T. Jones



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# THE ANGRY CHAIR



The *Angry Chair* is a Fifth Edition adventure for three to six characters of 1st to 4th level and is optimized for four characters with an average party level (APL) of 2. Characters who complete this adventure should earn half of the XP required to reach the 3rd level. This adventure takes place in the relatively peaceful town of Krov, where the party finds themselves in a tavern brawl before agreeing to help the owner replace the resulting broken chairs. Little do they know the trouble they'll find themselves in at The Chairmaker's shop. This adventure is setting agnostic and easily placed into any existing campaign.

## BACKGROUND

The local "master" carpenter in Krov is Benjamin Cranklin, who has a knack for making quality chairs. He has been making a (mostly) honest living for many years in this sleepy town long enough that people affectionately know him as The Chairmaker. Benjamin's love of his craft has naturally led to him becoming an obsessive collector and sometimes not asking enough questions about where a particularly interesting specimen comes from. One particular piece in his collection is a fine-looking rocking chair that, unbeknownst to The Chairmaker, is also a cursed mimic, bound to its inconspicuous form. The disguised witch who sold it to him must have neglected to mention its cursed state.

## ADVENTURE HOOKS

You can use the following adventure hooks to key your players up for this adventure.

**Living Your Best Lives.** Times are good for the adventurers. They've just come back from a successful (and profitable) enterprise and are enjoying a few well-earned hours of respite in the local tavern.

**The Next Big Thing.** The adventurers have heard about the promise of work. They're waiting in this tavern to meet a prospective employer, and he should be along any minute now.

**Chasing Down a Lead.** The adventurers have been on the trail of a known criminal who is rumored to visit this tavern. There is no sign of them yet today, but it's still early.

## ABOUT KROV

Krov is a walled town established for its proximity to both forests and mountains, and its large river has allowed it to trade and grow. The

lower town is involved in either logging, mining, or catering to those who are, while the upper town gets rich off the lower town's toil. Folks that grow up in Krov often never leave, though nobody passing through can understand why. People of all types are attracted here, though, and since life is simple and the work is hard, the mostly human populace of Krov tend to be more tolerant of other races than elsewhere in the region — at least in the lower town.

## THE FRIENDLY FERRET

One of the prominent taverns in Krov is The Friendly Ferret, known for its strong and bitter ales that it brews locally (though notably outside the town walls). A bottle of their strongest ale is always on display behind the bar, nestled in the tavern's namesake's arms — a taxidermied ferret whom locals call Freddie. The tavern has a good reputation for atmosphere, and the Halfling proprietor Gerta Goodwillow has successfully kept it going for many years now.

## TAVERN FEATURES

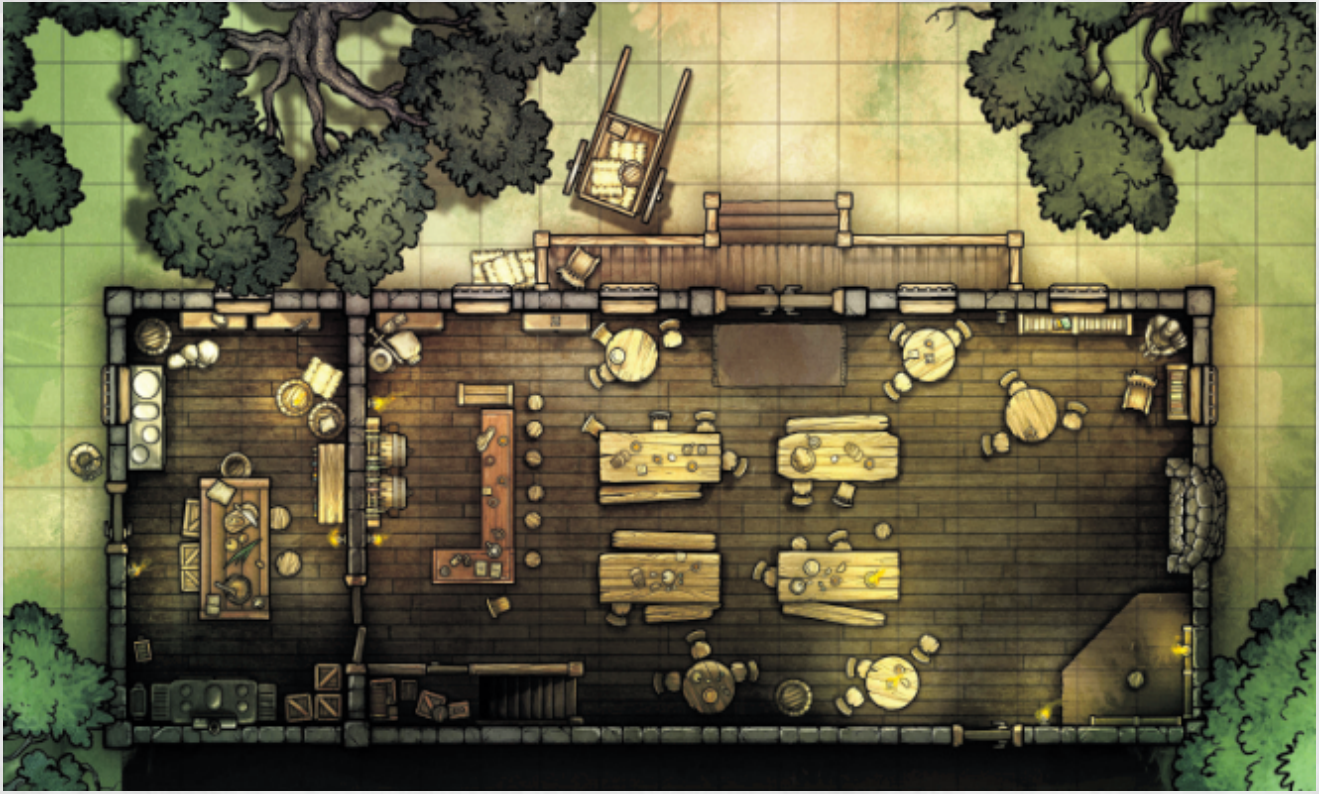
The Friendly Ferret is a rustic but well-maintained two-storey tavern. Taller customers risk hitting their heads on beams set in the 7ft high ceiling. Dim light fills the tavern, filtering through shuttered windows during the day or by hooded lanterns at night. A reading corner and small stage feature in the main room, and a door on the wall behind the bar leads to the kitchen. There is a trap door to a basement with an organised stock-room and a sparse office. While not an actual inn, there are stairs leading up to a few rooms that can be rented.

A young human barmaid is taking food and drinks to people and clearing tables. She puts on a good front, but any second glance reveals that she is not happy with her life. Meanwhile, a middle-aged man is tending bar, and a bed-roll tucked under the counter implies he might sleep here too. The owner, Gerta, is in the cellar doing a stock take.

## AT THE TAVERN

For the last hour, after a hearty lunch, the adventurers have been enjoying the company of Gwynlinn (NG female dwarf **commoner**), a bard who is passing through the area, seeking tales from "rugged" folk to spruce up her next publication. She struck up a conversation with the adventurers out of the blue; perhaps they have a particular look about them or described something noteworthy in any character introductions.

There's a good crowd in the tavern, and the atmosphere is boisterous for being so early in the



day. Gwynlinn asks if the adventurers know any stories that she might be able to use as inspiration for her tales — there's coin in it for anybody that can give her some good material. She will reward any great anecdotes with 10gp, and any good ones with 5gp, while scribbling a few notes in a small journal. Any bad ones are rewarded with an ale and a quip such as "drink up — it might make you funnier!".

### ROLEPLAYING GWYNLINN

Gwynlinn is naturally charismatic, with a beard that accentuates her cheekbones. Every part of her conversation sparkles with optimism, and her outlook on life is heavily rose-tinted — she will politely chide anybody being a downer. She loves tales of adventure, comedy, and romance equally, and though she understands sophistication, she is far from sophisticated herself.

### JUST ANOTHER TAVERN BRAWL

After all of the adventurers have had an opportunity to tell a story or passed, Gwynlinn tells one last story about the time her aunt thought that a stablehand was a noble and tried to seduce him [DM can replace with any genuinely funny story — trying to get the players to laugh]. As she finishes and roars with laughter, she bangs the table and kicks her legs into the air in mirth. This causes her to knock into a Half-Orc patron, Karguk, spilling their ale and sending Gwynlinn

into further hysterics. Read the following or similar:

You see the half-orc turn to you, face dripping with spilled ale. He contorts his lips to blow the foamy froth off his nose and growls at the dwarf. "You spill drink of Karguk! What the heck do you think you're playing at?" the Half-Orc thunders. Gwynlinn, meanwhile, is still laughing uncontrollably, clutching her sides and doubling over.

One table of Half-Orcs from where Karguk has just come from appears to be slowly standing up, as is another table of humans on the opposite side of the room. "Karguk teach you a lesson, short one!" he roars and smashes a chair into where Gwynlinn's head was, just moments before the Dwarf ducked and rolled nimbly out of the way. She is still laughing. The Half-Orc bellows in frustration, and you see his friends start to push towards you.

**Encounter: A Simple Misunderstanding** One orc thug and three + (number of characters bandits (e.g. eight bandits for five Adventurers). This encounter is not intended to be challenging, but instead to be an evocative brawl. The enemies need not draw their weapons if you don't want but can instead grapple and use improvised weapons, most notably the other patrons' tankards and especially chairs. By the fight's end many of the tavern's chairs should be broken after being wielded as weapons or being smashed into. None of the other onlookers in the tavern seem keen to get involved, and most either back away or leave. The bandits fight until only the last

two are left, who attempt to flee by jumping through the tavern's front windows.

### AFTER THE FIGHT

Gerta Goodwillow, the Halfling proprietor of The Friendly Ferret, bursts up into the room just in time to see the final blow and is looking at the carnage that was her bar. Read the following or similar:

An older female Halfling bursts into the room just in time to see the final blow. The barmaid who fetched her stands meekly in the kitchen doorway as the carnage is surveyed. Everything that was on tables now lies broken on the floor, as well as some thoroughly broken chairs and some bodies — some of whom are still breathing. "You lot," she says with authority to a group of loiterers by the door, "get these folks over to the doc's place while we get things fixed up here." She glowers at them through their momentary hesitation, and they eventually start carrying the injured folks away. Gerta then turns to the adventurers and asks: "And what was your part in all this then?"

Gerta will listen to the tale the adventurers give her while slowly picking through the detritus of the bar. The staff will interject to support any statements that they were in the right. If the adventurers are overly aggressive or dismissive towards Gerta, Gwynlinn will remind the adventurers that Gerta's word carries weight in Krov and could make their lives difficult - she's known to be fair to those that are fair to her. After she listens to their explanations or if the party moves to leave the tavern, Gerta will make them an offer. She will pay them for their help in getting the place back together in time for the evening rush - time is of the essence (though there is time for a short rest), or she'll lose a lot of coin, so she needs them to fetch some replacement chairs from The Chairmaker in town - "Old Benjamin is going to clean up today...". She asks for a dozen and throws the adventurers a coin pouch with 100gp in it, promising two more for their trouble when they return with the chairs. Gerta gives the adventurers rough directions to the shop in a side-alley on the other side of town. Meanwhile, her staff starts cleaning up the bar - the barmaid squeamishly mopping up blood, and the barkeep collecting tankards. Gwynlinn stands writing furiously in a notebook and doesn't lift a finger to help.

## THE CHAIRMAKER'S SHOP

The Chairmaker's shop is nestled amongst several others in a small alley on the far side of town, though this is the only one with anything out on the street itself. This is a place for functional businesses; there isn't anything fancy about it except for a wooden sign with a finely

chiseled relief of a carved throne, distinctly out of keeping with the rest of the row of shops. Beneath it is a spritely looking older human wearing an apron stuffed full of woodworking tools. He is currently kneeling on the floor, inspecting a chair he had been sanding as the adventurers approach.

### ROLEPLAYING THE CHAIRMAKER

Benjamin Cranklin has a knack for making quality chairs, developed over decades of carpentry in Krov. When nothing is requiring his attention elsewhere, he can usually be found here at his shop crafting his next fine chair - no matter the hour of the day.

Benjamin comes across as distracted - this isn't because he's addled but simply because he's distracted, as his concentration is really on the chair he's making, not on the adventurers. He will answer their questions and look at them as he does so, but his gaze never strays long from the chair. Benjamin is courteous and cheerful, but his answers are brief and superficial — there are more important things on his mind. He tells the adventurers they are welcome to look around for whatever they need and just bring down what they've chosen; he'll be happy to give them a fair price. He will not accompany them upstairs, chuckling at them in good humor if any try to insist. "You don't need an old man's help to pick out furniture, do ya?"

## THE WORKSHOP

Downstairs, dim light through open shutters illuminates the inside of The Chairmaker's shop is a workshop, with a flagstone floor covered universally with a thin layer of sawdust and odd patches of wood shavings. Several workbenches are cluttered with tools and new pieces in progress, most of which are chairs that have some sort of unusual feature. Any interest in the work in progress with a successful DC 12 Intelligence (Investigation) check reveals that these appear to be hobby pieces as an exercise and for his amusement. Additionally, there is a single bench with more refined-looking chairs, which seem better organized - there are pins and pots of lacquer that imply repairs for some of the town's finer folks is how he makes his actual living.

Upstairs, dim light through open shutters illuminates a crammed full storage/display room with heavily scratched wooden floors. It's clear that The Chairmaker has taken over space from the shop next door, and 10ft open archways stand at both ends of the dividing wall. The stair opening from the neighboring room has been replaced with a trapdoor and barred from this side. Chairs and sofas of all styles are piled up in both halves of the room - they all appear to be of acceptable quality, even those of perfectly

ordinary design. There is a small workbench on one wall.

### WITCH CHAIR IS WHICH?

In the opposite corner from the stairs, and stood apart from the other stock, is an ornate rocking chair in fine black wood. The carving is intricate and beautiful in a twisted, abstract way that the adventurers can't quite fathom. A successful DC 15 Intelligence (Arcana or History) check will reveal that it is of Fey origin. If the check is succeeded by 5 or more, the adventurer additionally learns that the carvings appear to be connected to a magical binding.

**Encounter: The Witch's Chair.** The chair is a **Mimic Rocking-Chair** (see Appendix). As each adventurer looks at the chair for the first time, they must succeed a DC 13 Wisdom saving throw or become subject to its Evil Allure ability.

It will attack as soon as an adventurer falls unconscious from its evil allure ability, overcomes the charm effect, successfully pulls a charmed ally away from it, or takes a hostile

#### MIMIC ROCKING-CHAIR

The Mimic Rocking-Chair uses the **mimic** stat block, with the following adjustments:

- Modified Trait - **False Appearance (Object Form Only)**: While the Mimic Rocking-Chair is motionless or rocking, it is indistinguishable from an ordinary object.
- Bonus Trait - **Evil Allure**: When a creature looks at the Mimic Rocking-Chair for the first time, they must make a DC 13 Wisdom saving throw or become secretly Charmed for 1 minute by what is, in fact, a Mimic Rocking-Chair, and feel compelled to sit down in it as if affected by the *Command* spell. If somebody is already sitting in the Mimic Rocking-Chair, they feel compelled to touch it up close. While sitting or touching the Mimic Rocking-Chair in this way, they are unaware that they are Grappled and take 1d4 Necrotic damage per round (6 seconds), all the while professing how comfortable or beautiful the chair is. Upon taking damage in this way, they may make a DC 13 the Wisdom saving throw and overcome the charm effect on a success.

action towards it. It will fight to the death, prioritizing grappled victims or the nearest adventurer. It does not attack unconscious



adventurers because their life force is too weak to be succulent.

**Development: The Evil Within.** When the Mimic Rocking-Chair is defeated, it will splinter apart with a harrowing shriek, releasing the Fey entity bound within it. The entity is an **imp** (who appears visible), or for an additional challenge, a malignant sorcerer (use the **cult fanatic** statblock). The entity realizes it is outnumbered and will prioritize reducing the number of threats as quickly as possible as long as it doesn't put itself in more danger. Read the following:

"At last, I'm free from that witch's accursed chair! Wait, who are you? No matter - nobody must know that I've returned... die fools!"

## WHAT THE CHAIRMAKER KNOWS

The Chairmaker downstairs seems oblivious to any commotion upstairs and is distractedly testing the balance of a new rocking chair - fortunately, this lacks the carvings/menace of the Mimic Rocking-Chair. He chuckles derisively at any earnest mention of a fight. If asked, he doesn't know where he got the chair - he buys and sells from many folks passing through. He will, however, go on at length about how beautiful and unusual a piece it is for a full minute or until cut off. If the adventurers press the issue, he reveals that he bought it from a very nice young lady a few weeks ago - never seen her before, nothing fancy about her, though she did have a lovely pointy hat.

The Chairmaker will agree to sell the adventurers 12 normal chairs for 100gp. In the course of haggling, the adventurers may make a Charisma Check (Intimidation DC 11, or Persuasion DC 15) to get him to agree to sell them for 80gp. The Chairmaker just wants to make a living and be left alone.

If the adventurers did not show The Chairmaker evidence of the Mimic Rocking-Chair, as the adventurers depart, he heads inside the shop, and his loud exclamations and bewilderment can be heard from as far away as the end of the alley.

## AFTERMATH

If the adventurers make their way back with chairs in hand to The Friendly Ferret, Gerta, the tavern owner, thanks you profusely, though she makes it clear that you were cutting it very fine! She hurriedly starts ferrying chairs into suitable positions and has clearly been fending off requests for hours. There is a brief moment where she waits anxiously for a moment to see what the already crowded room will do, and as the orders start to flow immediately, you see her breathe a sigh of relief.

"Well, you certainly helped me out there, so thank you. Here..." and hands the party 200gp. She also takes a small

wooden box down off the top shelf with the good spirits on it. "You might as well take this too — doesn't do me any good, but you adventuring type folks might get something out of it..." When the adventurers open the box, nestled inside a small velvet cushion is a perfectly marbled sphere, whose pattern seems to shift from one moment to the next—[This is a *Pearl of Power*].

"Thanks again," she says as she hurries off to the kitchen. Any attempt to ask where she got such a prize is met with blushing and her hurriedly heading off to the kitchen. "Busy again, sorry!"

**If the adventurers flee from The Chairmaker's shop,** they are able to find safe lodgings at a shady inn in Krov's lower town. If they return to The Friendly Ferret, Gerta rails at them for failing to deliver the chairs - she lost at least half of her custom for the night because of it. At some point when they are walking through the town, they spot a strangely pointy hat moving through the crowd, but can't catch up to it or see who's wearing it.



## ADVENTURE HOOK RESOLUTIONS

Here is the resolution for each adventure hook:

**Living Your Best Lives.** The adventurers settle back in (on arguably more comfortable chairs) and breathe easy once more. That was quite enough excitement for one day!

**The Next Big Thing.** The adventurers settle back in (on arguably more comfortable chairs), and later that evening, the barmaid remembers to tell you that your potential employer came by earlier while the place was still getting cleared up. They didn't look impressed. Oh well, at least you got a payday anyway, right?

**Chasing Down a Lead.** The adventurers settle back in (on arguably more comfortable chairs) and resume their wait for the criminal they are tailing. Hopefully, the commotion hasn't scared them off.

## PARTING QUIP

A suggested way to finish the adventure is to have Gwynlinn the bard (who was arguably responsible for this whole mess) walk in and slap the nearest of the adventurers heartily on the back. "So — anything interesting happen...?"

# CREDITS

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