

# HOME KOBOLDS

A HOLIDAY PARODY ADVENTURE WITHOUT THE ADVENTURERS



# HOME KOBOLDS

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## OVERVIEW

This holiday-themed adventure is a loose parody  
retelling of the classic film *Home Alone*. As your  
adventuring party relax at an inn or tavern  
around the time of the Midwinter holiday, they  
are approached by a kobold who offers to share a  
tale of Midwinter adventure.

A tribe of kobolds had taken up residence in  
the old dilapidated mansion of a fishing industry  
magnate. In honor of the gaudy trophy mounted  
above the fireplace, the kobolds dubbed their  
home The Silver Tuna.

Every year, the tribe would travel to a large  
Midwinter festival. This particular year, however,  
a number of the kobolds had been quite naughty  
and the tribe concocted a reason to leave them  
behind. A pair of bandits calling themselves the  
“Wealth Enrichment Troupe” had become active  
in the area, robbing homes, haunts, and hideouts  
while their occupants were away.

The Silver Tuna kobolds used the threat of the  
WET bandits as an excuse to leave the naughty  
kobolds behind to guard the mansion, making a  
show of dubbing them the “Kobold Emergency  
Vanguard of Immediate Necessity.”

The KEVIN kobolds were more than happy to  
see the rest of the family gone. After all, the others  
were just a bunch of big jerks who were always  
picking on them.

When the WET bandits arrive looking to score  
the silver tuna, your players each take on the role  
of one of the KEVIN kobolds, devising clever  
traps to impede the bandits’ progress. After all,  
it’s their home—they have to defend it!



# THE WET BANDITS

Squat, bald, and sporting an emerald false tooth, Harold considers himself the boss of the pair of thieves and the brains behind the operation. Marvin is tall and lanky, with wild frizzy hair and a happy disposition. He's proud of having come up with the name "Wealth Enrichment Troupe." The two **WET bandits** have been plundering unoccupied homes in the region in the lead-up to the Midwinter holiday as their occupants travel to festivities. Although their spoils so far have been impressive, Harold is excited to plunder an old home said to have on display a figure of a large fish crafted from solid silver and worth a small fortune.

## SLAPSTICK

Because this adventure is rated PG, the consequences for the acts of horrific violence that will ensure are purely comical in nature.

### WET BANDIT

Medium humanoid (human), chaotic evil

**Armor Class** 12

**Hit Points** 50 (arbitrary)

**Speed** 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
11 (+0)	12 (+2)	12 (+1)	8 (-1)	8 (-1)	8 (-1)

**Damage Immunities** All (*slap stick*)

**Senses** Passive Perception 9

**Languages** Common

**Special Equipment.** The WET bandit carries a *slap stick*, which grants immunity to all damage types, and causes all weapon attack rolls to automatically be a 1 on the d20.

### ACTIONS

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

**Hangup.** A Small creature within 5 ft. of the WET bandit must make a DC 12 Dexterity saving throw. On a failed save, the WET bandit can stick a clothes hanger through the creature's clothing and move up to their speed to pin the creature to a wall. The creature is restrained. The condition ends when another creature uses their action to free the target.

Harold and Marvin each carry a *slap stick*, a magic item that would make no sense outside the specific context of this one-off adventure (although a more limited version is later provided as a reward). The *slap stick* provides immunity to all damage (humorously) and causes all weapon attacks to fail. When either occurs, a ruler-like stick appears in front of the bandit and slaps them across the face. The bandit must then react to the circumstance in a cartoonish manner. Direct combat between the kobolds and bandits is rather pointless.

A *slap stick* has 10 charges, and expends one charge it provides immunity to damage taken. Over the course of Harold and Marvin taking a beating, use your description of the slap stick's appearance to indicate to the players that their traps are taking their toll. As things progress the stick begins to appear less solid, shorter, and lacking the same oomph of face slapping.

Harold's smile reveals an emerald false tooth. It's magical, but Harold hasn't realized that. The first time Harold takes bludgeoning damage to the face, even if the *slap stick* provides immunity, the *tooth be toad* is knocked loose.

## BANDIT ATTACKS

Any weapon attack made by a WET bandit automatically fails. It's a good idea to provide an example of this early in the session. For example:

As the taller man with the crazy hair winds up for a mighty chop with his crowbar, a short flat stick appears midair and slaps the man across the face. His left foot slips and the loss of balance causes the swing to miss wildly and slam into the ground. Vibrations from metal clang intensify as they travel up through the man causing him to spasm uncontrollably. "You idiot!" shouts the smaller bandit. "How many times you gonna do that before you get it through your thick skull that it don't work!"

**Hung out to Dry.** The one move the bandits do have in melee is their Hangup action. If a kobold fails their save, the bandit produces a clothes hanger (seemingly from nowhere and with an endless supply), shoves it through the collar of the kobold's shirt, and hangs them on the nearest wall. The kobold is then restrained until a companion pulls them down.



**Okay, FINE. Have a Combat Encounter.**

Because most groups feel the need to roll initiative and kill *something*, Harold has a *grey bag of tricks*. Roll a d6 rather than a d8 to determine the creature each fuzzy object transforms into, thus limiting to creatures to a CR no greater than 1/4.

## DAMAGE IMMUNITY

Since the entire point is to subject the bandits to brutal physical punishments, it's a good thing the *slap stick* provides immunity to all damage types.

Whenever a bandit would take damage, the magical stick appears and slaps them across the face. They then react in an over-the-top *Three Stooges* fashion. This will require creative improv on the part of the DM. Remember: no blood or anything gruesome. We wouldn't want children to get the wrong idea about gratuitous violence. Some suggestions are provided here to get you started:

**Bludgeoning.** The bandit crumples where the blow was dealt, and stars or little birdies briefly encircle their head. A swollen lump protrudes thereafter.

**Piercing.** A clean hole appears at the point of puncture. The bandit howls in pain and plugs the hole with their finger.

**Slashing.** Either side of the slice flap in the breeze (remember, no gore!) The bandit pulls out needle and thread or a role of tape to hastily secure the wound.

**Acid.** The bandit's flesh appears to melt like candy in the hot sun. They can produce a box of baking soda and cause the affected area to fizz like a 1st-grade science experiment.

**Cold.** A layer of ice covers the bandit, who is momentarily immobilized before breaking free and causing the ice to shatter around them. Their lips turn blue and their teeth chatter.

**Fire.** For a beat or two, the bandit is perfectly content. Then they realize they are on fire and freak out, running about making it worse until eventually rolling around to smother the flames. Their clothing and hair is then singed.

**Force.** A reaction to force damage is similar to bludgeoning, except with a lot more flailing physical reaction. A head or limb might spin in a way not anatomically possible.

**Lighting.** Crackling blue energy surrounds the bandit and they convulse wildly. Afterwards, the top of their head emits a steady hiss of smoke.

**Necrotic.** Flesh turns black and falls to the ground. The bandit suddenly sports black lipstick and eyeliner and comments sullenly on the futility of existence.

**Poison.** The bandit turns sickly green and retches. You never *see* the vomit, of course, but you certainly hear it.

**Psychic.** The bandit looks to the sky with eyes rolled back while babbling. Or simply stares out into the distance, a single tear rolling down their cheek.

**Radiant.** As the searing light rains down upon them, the bandit falls to their knees, looks above and yells "Lord, have mercy! I repent, I rep... wait. No, I don't. I'm evil!"

**Thunder.** The bandit clamps their hands over their ears, and then proceeds to TALK VERY LOUDLY even if they aren't subject to the deafened condition.

## THE KEVIN KOBOLDS

With the Midwinter holiday fast approaching, it was time to the kobold tribe to travel to the annual feast! In response to the known WET bandit threat, a small group was branded the "Kobold Emergency Vanguard of Immediate Necessity." In reality, the rest of the tribe didn't like those kobolds very much and used it as an excuse to leave them Home Al... all... all by themselves at home. No copyright infringement in that.

The number of **KEVIN kobolds** conveniently matches the number of players at your table, and each will play one of the kobolds rather than their usual character, who is in a tavern listening to this story unfold.



## HOLIDAY ADVENTURE

The holiday season can make the already tough job of session-scheduling nearly impossible. But even if you have all of your players or it's not the holidays, this adventure is a fine diversion from normal play or a great one-shot.

The conceit is that adventure is a story being told to your players' regular characters at some tavern. Like a tale from the *Yawning Portal*.

## STARTING THE ADVENTURE

Place your adventuring party in some tavern and get cracking.

You sit around a table in the cozy taproom, enjoying conversation as a blazing fire wards off the chilling winter cold outside. A lone kobold pulls up a chair. "Buy me an ale and I'll share a Midwinter's tale."

Give each player a copy of the **KEVIN kobold** stat block (a page with plenty of room for notetaking is provided at the end of the adventure) and ask the players to give them festive names. The kobold (whose name is Mak Alazta, if it comes up) describes how the KEVIN kobolds came to be Left All By Themselves at Home that year.

The action starts as the WET bandits approach the front door of Silver Tuna Manor.

## IT'S OUR HOME.

## WE HAVE TO DEFEND IT!

When the WET bandits arrive, and as the bandits progress through the kobolds' home, the kobolds refer to their battle plan.

When the bandits reach any area of the house, step back in time and have the players devise a trap which was set up in preparation for facing the thieves. The more ludicrously complicated and Rube Goldberg-esque the better.

After the trap is devised, return to the present and play out the triggering of the trap and any other interactions you deem necessary. Repeat this process as you move to the next area of the home.

## TRAP-MAKING EQUIPMENT

In order to create these traps, the kobolds have access to any of the items on the *Adventuring Gear*

table in Chapter 4 of the *Player's Handbook* as well as any other mundane household items the players come up with that you deem appropriate. Putting the table on page 150 or the equivalent from an online source *D&D Beyond* directly in front of the players helps get the creative juices flowing, and is also a good way to introduce new players to the myriad of adventuring gear available .

The kobolds also have these spell scrolls: *alarm*, *grease*, *heat metal*, *magic mouth* and these magic items: *bead of force* (1 bead), *dust of dryness* (1 pinch), *immovable rod*, *potion of healing*, *wind fan*.

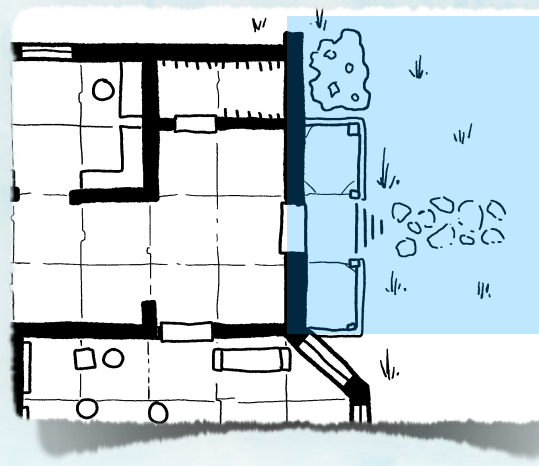
Each area of the home has appropriate items (e.g., pots and pans in the kitchen), which are non-exhaustively listed in that area's description.

## SILVER TUNA MANOR

The kobold tribe nested in this long abandoned dilapidated mansion of a fishing industry magnate. In honor of the gaudy trophy mounted above the fireplace, they dubbed their home The Silver Tuna. The full map of the two-story structure is located at the end of the adventure.

## FRONT DOOR

A path made of broad flagstones leads to a stone staircase, bereft of a railing, which climbs 5 feet to a wide porch. The front door of the home is made from heavy wood, and the large brass doorknob is embossed with a flopping fish design. The bush to the right of the porch has been decorated with four candles, each glowing with the light of a *continual flame* spell. The entire area is snow-covered, and because of a recent thaw / freeze cycle and kobold lack-of-shoveling laziness (they prefer to go in and out via the back at the kitchen) the area is quite slippery.



You can use this boxed text to kick things off and clue your players into how things are going to go:

The moment you feared has arrived. Two men, one squat and bald and the other tall with crazy hair, clink crowbars as they approach your home. The shorter man begins to slip on the slick path, his arms flailing wildly to keep his balance. One leg flies into the air, then the other. On his way to the ground a small flat stick appears and slaps the man across the face then disappears before his head hits the ground with a sickening crack. A small galaxy of stars briefly circle his head, but after a moment he rises, and the back of his caved-in skull moves back into place with a loud "POP!"

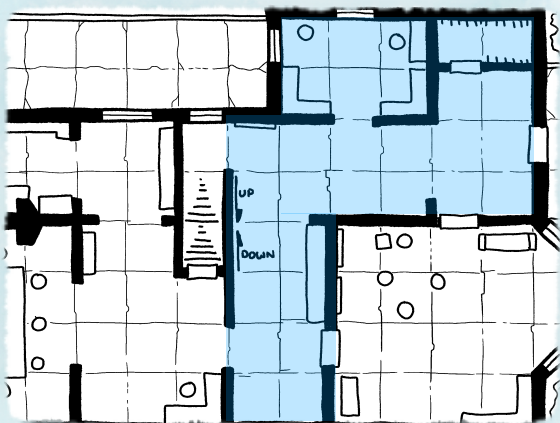
"Yeowsa!" he exclaims. "Even with this thing, I gotta be more careful. That really hurt!" He breaks into a wide grin. "Let's get that silver tuna!"

Fortunately, you were prepared. This is your house. You have to defend it!

Have your players devise their trap, and then play out the bandits setting it off. If they are adequately deterred at the front door, they move around the house to try the back. Otherwise the duo continues into the entryway.

## ENTRYWAY AREA

This area of the mansion leads to the living room, dining area, and staircase. The hallway is lit with oil lamps and the floor is covered with well worn rugs. The large display case set against the living room wall is littered with worthless kobold treasures.



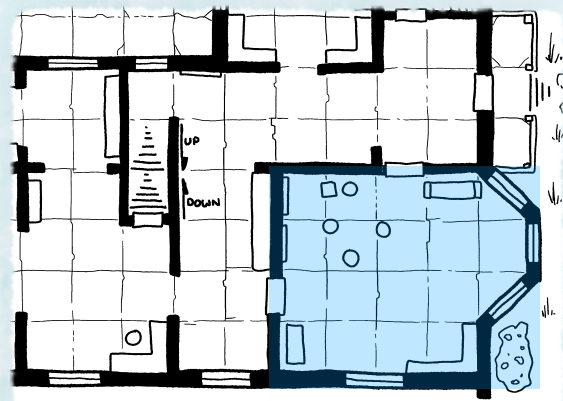
**Coat Closet.** The closet by the front door is mostly empty, with the kobold clan having bundled up in their cold weather gear for their midwinter journey.

The closet is the first place Harold starts looting, and is actually pretty happy to find all the empty coat hangers. "Can never have enough of these," he exclaims, as he stuffs them into his sack.

**Library.** The room to the north contains a comfortable recliner, a player piano, and bookcases stuff with musty old books. The titles of the books are primarily related to sailing and fishing.

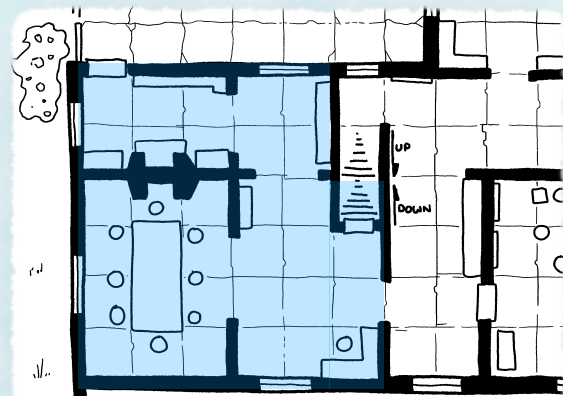
## LIVING ROOM

The kobolds' primary living area features furnishing that were luxurious when originally placed there more than a century ago, but have fallen into decay. A number of kobold-sized bean bag chairs are strewn about the room, and a 3-foot tall, sloppily decorated spruce tree stands in the bay window.



## KITCHEN / DINING AREA

The entirety of the remaining area of the mansion's main floor is dedicated to the kobolds' favorite activity.



**Spillover.** Dirty dishes scattered about the floor of the area directly off the main hallway indicate that not everyone in the large kobold clan gets a seat at the table. A writing desk in the corner has been repurposed as a makeshift bar.

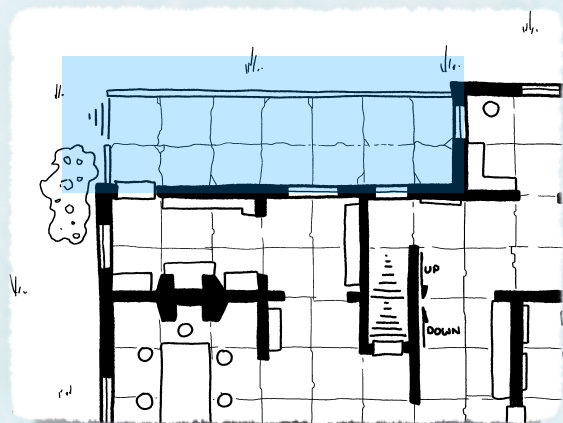
**Formal Dining.** A large oak table with finely carved wooden chairs sized for the home's original occupants dominates this room. The table is also littered with the original occupant's china, now chipped and worn, and flatware that the bandits are excited to find is, in fact, cast in pure silver. The fireplace here is shared with the kitchen.

**Kitchen.** The large cooking hearth is flanked by an oil stove and cupboards containing all manner of cookware. A china cabinet on the far end of the room contains more china and silverware. Directly across from the fireplace, an *alchemy jug* is permanently mounted above the countertop. The bandits are frustrated to find that no amount of work with their crowbars can pry it loose. A door leads to the back patio.

**Pantry.** A small cellar (not pictured on the map) can be accessed under the stairs leading to the mansion's second level. The kobolds have it well stocked with dry and preserved goods for the long winter.

## BACK PATIO

The kobolds keep this rotting wooden deck clear of snow and ice, and footprints leading to and from indicate that this is their primary entrance to the mansion. The deck sits 5 feet above the ground, and the decaying wooden staircase has been modified to include extra steps for the gait of a kobold.



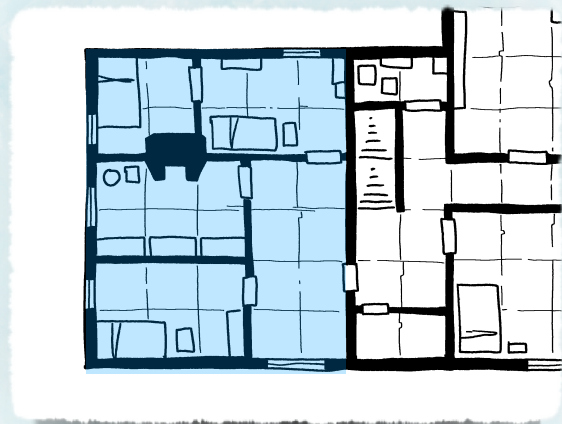
## STAIRCASE / HALLWAY

A narrow (by human standards) staircase ascends to the second level's hallway. The communal water closet lies to the north, and a linen closet to the south.



## WESTERN QUARTERS

The upper level of the mansion demonstrates the kobold clan's pecking order. The lower status kobolds are piled into a series of connected rooms to the west.



**Entry Area.** The lowest status kobolds occupy this room which is littered with simple bedrolls. The KEVIN kobolds would normally sleep here, but have helped themselves to more comfortable accommodations left unoccupied.

**Bedrooms.** The suite to the north and bedroom to the south have their original, human-sized furnishings, but it's clear that more than one kobold occupies each bed.

**The Silver Tuna.** The kobolds have set up a trio of kobold-sized bunk beds in the room with the fireplace. Above the mantle is the primary object of the thieves' desire. They're in for a sad surprise.

The bandit licks his lips and rubs his hands together. "There's our prize! The Silver Tuna." As he works the crowbar attempting to get it loose, there's the sound of splintering wood, and flecks of silver paint go flying. The bandit stares dumbly for a moment, and then the stick appears. With a slap across the face the bandit begins to turn bright red. Steam blasts out his ears with a whistling-teakettle scream. "It's fake! All this for a fake! I'll kill those little monsters!"

### "QUEEN" OHARA'S SUITE

The kobold matriarch has claimed these large rooms with her own small private water closet.

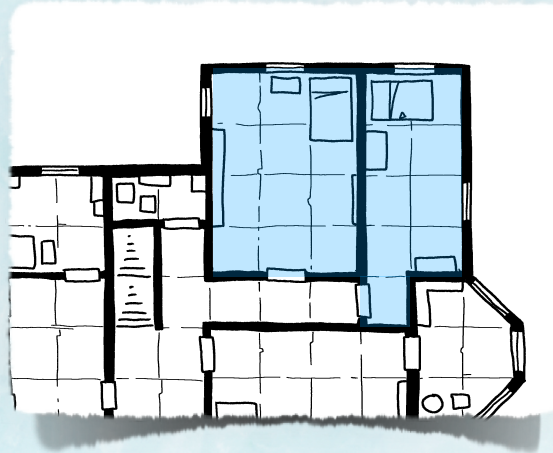


**Bedroom.** Unlike other rooms in the house, the opulent furnishings here aren't worn and musty. The room is tastefully decorated with six 25 gp art objects, which the bandits greedily stuff into their sacks.

**Sewing Room.** Ohara considers herself quite the fashionista, and has made a hobby of sewing her own garments. The room contains bolts of fabrics, a foot-pump-operated sewing machine, and a mannequin that has been enchanted to change poses upon command.

### LIEUTENANTS' QUARTERS

The clan's two toughest warriors, Zubb and Ratra, have been granted use of these private rooms on the right and left, respectively.



**Zubb's Room.** The unlocked chest next to Zubb's bed contains 49 gp in coins of various denominations and minor gemstones, 2 flasks of *alchemist's fire*, and one *potion of healing*. Zubb's pet **giant wolf spider** lurks under the bed.

**Ratra's Room.** The corner bedroom contains a miniature ballista that Ratra built out of a human-sized heavy crossbow.

### ENDING THE ADVENTURE

The WET bandits' romp through the house ends when one of them feels true, hit-point-losing pain when their *slap stick* is depleted. If there are no more rooms to trap, hand-wave burning the last charge of a slap stick when the final trap was triggered.

The bandit groans in pain to his companion, "Let's get out of here, I'm done gettin' all tore up."

"Give up?"

"Are you thirsty for more?"

The duo turn with deadpan expressions towards a bare wall, as though someone there were watching them.

The bandits do their best to escape. It's up to the players to decide if their kobolds are bloodthirsty little murderers.





Eventually the local constabulary shows up and takes the thieves into custody, and the scene abruptly turns back to the players' characters in the tavern.

The storyteller concludes:

"What did you expect, some heartwarming subplot about an old man reuniting with his estranged family? I ain't no bard, I just tell it like it happened. But since you were such good listeners... and since I've been liberally abusing your bar tab this whole time... I got a present for ya. Don't do me no good nomore anyhow. Happy Midwinter!"

## REWARDS

Mak presents each character who listened to his tale with a *bit of slap stick*. He explains:

"So after those goons were put away, we were given some of their stuff in recompense. We weren't exactly good at sharing, so we split it up and... well... that was a mistake."

### BIT OF SLAP STICK

*Wondrous item, very rare*

This small, thin piece of soft wood measures approximately 1 × 3 inches. The creature who possess it always feels a bit more goofy than usual. Whenever the creature takes damage the feeling momentarily intensifies and the creature may choose to become immune to that damage. In order to do so, the creature must respond in a comical, over-the-top, and not necessarily realistic, manner proportional to the amount of damage taken. The DM determines if the performance is sufficient. Once a creature has received damage immunity from any *bit of slap stick* they may not do so again, although the item may be passed on to another creature.

If Harold's tooth was knocked out at some point, Mak might be persuaded to part with it as well, since it's too big for his own mouth. This item is considerably more powerful and may not be appropriate for low-level adventuring parties.

### TOOTH BE TOAD

*Wondrous item, rare (requires attunement by a Medium size humanoid who is missing a tooth)*

This tooth, sized for a Medium humanoid, is made of glistening emerald. You can use an action to activate the tooth by asking a creature a question. If the creature answers truthfully, they get a frog in their throat. The creature can communicate normally, but has disadvantage on Charisma checks. Whenever the creature attempts to cast a spell, they must make a concentration check (as though concentrating on a spell). On a failure, the spell fails and the creature becomes (sigh) a little hoarse. While in this state, the creature behaves as though under a *polymorph* spell transforming them into a **rat**, although they appear as a **Tiny horse**.

Once used, this item can't be used again until the next dawn.

*I was already whacked out on whatever the dentist gave me for the extraction, and then I drank a bunch of eggnog!*

— Mal Paronoma, Inventor

## KEVIN KOBOLD

*Small humanoid (kobold), chaotic neutral*

**Armor Class** 12

**Hit Points** 15 (2d6-2)

**Speed** 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
7 (-2)	15 (+2)	9 (-2)	12 (+1)	7 (-2)	14 (+2)

**Saving Throws** Dex +4

**Skills** Performance +4, Stealth +4

**Senses** Darkvision 60 ft. Passive Perception 8

**Languages** Common, Draconic

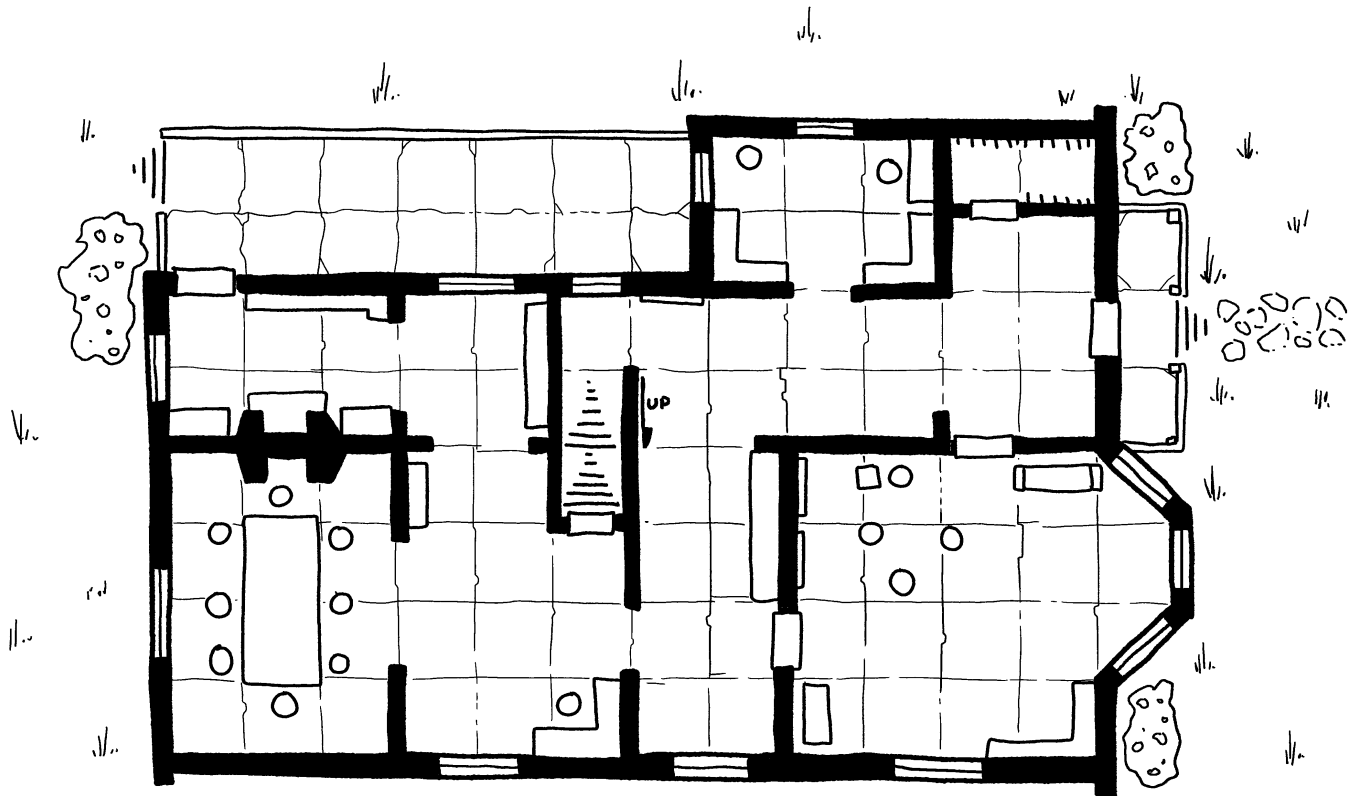
**Pack Tactics.** The kobold has advantage on an attack roll against a creature if at least one of the kobold's allies is within 5 feet of the creature and the ally isn't incapacitated.

### ACTIONS

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

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





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STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
7 (-2)	15 (+2)	9 (-2)	12 (+1)	7 (-2)	14 (+2)

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**Saving Throws** Dex +4

**Skills** Performance +4, Stealth +4

**Senses** Darkvision 60 ft. Passive Perception 8

**Languages** Common, Draconic

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### ACTIONS

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

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

My name is:

The tribe left me behind for the holiday because: