

## HONK HONK, MOTHERDUCKER

Your quest? Enjoy a wholesome halfling festival, uncover a cosmic poultry conspiracy, and maybe prevent a full-blown honkpocalypse. Simple stuff. Except “festival” actually means:

- Solving the murder of a prized racing goose while villagers cry over spilled feathers and scream about cursed cows
- Breaking a hedgehog oracle out of forest jail who delivers his prophecy as a chaotic freestyle rap
- Navigating a glowing mushroom forest to question spriggans who fear raccoons and hand out wet cookies
- Sneaking into a wizardess’ hut and discovering she’s planning goose-based ritual homicide
- Choosing between summoning an ancient honk-beast to cleanse the land... or fighting off a zombie goose uprising with breadsticks and trauma
- Watching a celestial goose ascend into the sky like a feathered anime protagonist while halflings throw a funeral feast in its honor

And if you mess up? Congrats! You get catapulted out of town in a cart full of manure while a goddess silently judges your entire existence. Honk responsibly.



## WHY YOU'RE IN THIS MESS

So how did you end up in a cursed halfling village neck-deep in goose prophecy? Let’s unpack:

- **Honk If You're Bored:** Farm animals started mooing backward in a nearby region and you had *nothing better to do*. You came to poke around. Now you’re emotionally invested in a goose.
- **A Dream Told You To, Probably:** You had a vision. A golden goose whispered your name. You woke up with crumbs in your boots and an overwhelming sense of honk-based destiny.
- **Spin the Wheel, They Said:** You saw a flyer for The Honk of Fortune – a spinning festival wheel of prizes and curses. You sprinted here like it was your job. It’s... sort of your job now.



## EVERYTHING EVERYWHERE HONK AT ONCE

Sure, there’s a prophecy and a creeping animal curse... But first? Games. Lots of weird, probably cursed, absolutely hilarious games. You can:

- Wear a goose mask and play social deduction in Goose Goose Quack
- Run the Milk Gauntlet, balancing dairy while dodging livestock
- Barter something ridiculous for a pie at Alvin’s Trade-Only Booth
- Spin the infamous Honk of Fortune (good luck... seriously)
- Pin a greased-up goose that moves like a caffeinated eel in zero gravity. It’s wearing sunglasses.
- Mount a magically enlarged hare and try to survive...

And that’s just the beginning.

Welcome to Gooseford. Try not to die before dessert.

# RISE OF THE HONK

Instant Adventure for DnD.

Want the whole module?

The entire pdf includes extended descriptions of the adventure plot points, NPCs, monsters, places and so much more!

Get it via [DTRPG](#) or our [website](#)!

Somewhere between the pie-eating contest, the Goose Race, and a highly illegal magical summoning, things have gone very honk-shaped. Animals are going rigid, tensions are rising, and someone’s performing goose-based blood magic under a tent full of party balloons.

You could stop the curse, save the land, and become heroes. Or you could enter every contest, hoard pastries, and try your luck with the Honk of Fortune.

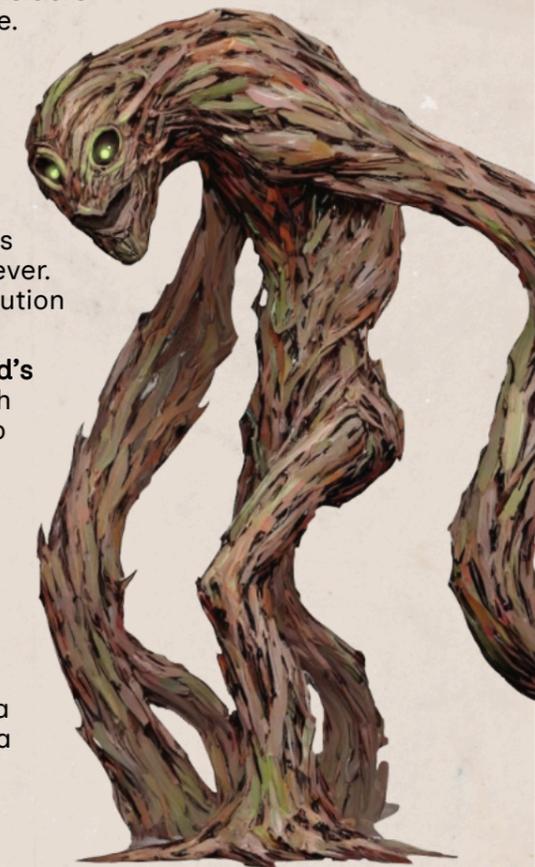
Either way: You’re here now. And the prophecy has feathers.

## INTRODUCTION

Welcome to **Gooseford**, the only halfling village where divine blessings, feathered chaos, and emotional support pastries collide. You thought this was gonna be a cozy spring festival with some light honking? Good joke!

## STARRING:

- **Snug Hog, The Anxious Oracle:** Hedgehog prophet who can’t stop rapping like a pro, snacks through panic attacks, and once accidentally foresaw a pie contest outcome three years early.
- **Philippa Fetch, The Ritual Baddie:** Wizardess with a plan, a spellbook, and no chill. Thinks blood magic is just “efficient problem-solving” and considers geese a necessary sacrifice. She’s not evil – just really focused.
- **Alvin Appleberry, Barter King of Pies:** Only accepts payment in weird vibes, emotional items, or interpretive dance. Believes money is fake, but pie is forever. May start a food-based revolution if pushed.
- **Eli Swoonsong, Gooseford’s Celebrity:** Dramatic bard with glitter eyeliner and zero volume control. Will narrate the apocalypse if allowed. Performs mid-crisis. Faints artistically when overwhelmed.
- **Yolana, Goddess of Halflings:** Kind, radiant, and 100% done with everyone’s nonsense. Smiles like a grandmother, smites like a celestial freight train.



## THE CURSE & HOW TO FIX IT

Something’s wrong with the animals. Cows freeze mid-moo. Chickens cluck in reverse. Pigs stare into space like they’ve seen the end. A creeping magical curse is spreading – quiet, slow, and deeply unsettling. No one knows its origin, but it’s growing stronger with every honk.

To stop it, the party must choose:

- **Option A: Ritual Gone Right**  
Help Philippa successfully summon the Goosdra with the full sacrifice. The celestial goose arrives, purifies the land in radiant light, and vanishes like an avian messiah. The curse ends, but the cost is... emotional.
- **Option B: Ritual Gone Wrong**  
Attempt the ritual with hesitation, half-measures, or bad vibes. Goosdra rises unstable, revives the dead geese, and sparks a zombie goose apocalypse. Stop the rampage to (mostly) restore balance.
- **Option C: Yolana Intervenes**  
Follow Snug’s prophecy and convince Yolana to perform the cleansing herself through divine sacrifice and celestial power. The land is healed, the blessed goose ascends, and the festival becomes a legendary funeral.