

S&S 5E: Artificer

Inventor

Out yonder in the untamed sprawls of the Wild West, there's a rare breed of folk, the Inventors, partners in crime with the whimsical dance of magic and the steadfast grip of a wrench. They've got a peculiar talent, as wild and boundless as a mustang gallopin' through the open prairie, for meshing the mystical with gears and gadgets.

To these crafty souls, magic ain't nothin' but a cryptic puzzle box, a challenge meant to be unwound. Each spell, every gadget, is a masterfully crafted key, ready to pop that lock and let loose powers as wild and free as a coyote's howl under a harvest moon.

Now, when an Inventor gets to brewin', it's like watchin' a seasoned prospector sifting for gold. Every potion's an unearthed gem, shinin' with promise. And when they take to inscribin' symbols of power, it's as solemn and eternal as the laws that hang heavy in a frontier town, etched deep and unyielding.

With tinker's tools in hand, each Inventor's as precise as a sharpshooter zeroing in on a far-off target. They conjure up charms, fleeting yet fierce, like the haunting echo of a lone drifter's ballad under the ghostly glow of the desert moon.

In the untethered wilds where the grit of the earth meets the whisper of mystic winds, these Inventors sling their spells and forge creations that are the very essence of the Wild West. It's a symphony of steel and sorcery, echoing the unbridled, indomitable spirit of the rugged lands they roam. Each invention, every incantation, is a wild dance of magic and mettle, as untethered and fierce as the winds that whip across the open plains.

Creating an Inventor

To rustle up an Inventor, partner, mosey on down through the next stretch of words. We're talkin' hit points, skills honed sharper than a rattlesnake's fang, and the gear you'll be totin' from the get-go. Then, give a gander at the Inventor's lay of the land in the table yonder, showin' you the tricks up your sleeve at each twist and turn of the trail. You'll find the lowdown on all them special talents in the "Inventor Features" section, as clear as a desert sky at high noon.

QUICK BUILD

To whip up an Inventor quicker than a rattlesnake strike, just follow these simple steps, partner. First off, hitch your highest skill to Intelligence, then let Constitution or Dexterity ride shotgun. Next, saddle up with the guild artisan background - it fits like a well-worn pair of boots. You'll be ready to hit the trail, guns blazin', in no time.

The Inventor Table

Level	Proficiency Bonus	CLASS Features	Infusions Known	Infused Items	Cantrips Known	—Spell Slots per Spell Level—				
						1st	2nd	3rd	4th	5th
1st	+2	Magical Tinkering, Spellcasting	-	-	2	2	-	-	-	-
2nd	+2	Infuse Item	4	2	2	2	-	-	-	-
3rd	+2	Inventor Specialist, The Right Tool for the Job	4	2	2	3	-	-	-	-
4th	+2	Ability Score Improvement	4	2	2	3	-	-	-	-
5th	+3	Inventor Specialist Feature	4	2	2	4	2	-	-	-
6th	+3	Tool Expertise	6	3	2	4	2	-	-	-
7th	+3	Flash of Genius	6	3	2	4	3	-	-	-
8th	+3	Ability Score Improvement	6	3	2	4	3	-	-	-
9th	+4	Inventor Specialist Feature	6	3	2	4	3	2	-	-
10th	+4	Magic Item Adept	8	4	3	4	3	2	-	-
11th	+4	Spell-Storing Item	8	4	3	4	3	3	-	-
12th	+4	Ability Score Improvement	8	4	3	4	3	3	-	-
13th	+5	-	8	4	3	4	3	3	1	-
14th	+5	Magic Item Savant	10	5	4	4	3	3	1	-
15th	+5	Inventor Specialist Feature	10	5	4	4	3	3	2	-
16th	+5	Ability Score Improvement	10	5	4	4	3	3	2	-

17th	+6	-	10	5	4	4	3	3	3	1
18th	+6	Magic Item Master	12	6	4	4	3	3	3	1
19th	+6	Ability Score Improvement	12	6	4	4	3	3	3	2
20th	+6	Soul of Invention	12	6	4	4	3	3	3	2

Multiclassing and the Inventor

If your posse's takin' a gander at that fancy multiclassin' rule, here's the lowdown for saddlin' up as an Inventor.

Ability Score Minimum. Now, if you're lookin' to wear the Inventor's badge, you gotta have your wits about you. An Intelligence score of 13 is the price of admission, whether you're joinin' the ranks or already one of the seasoned hands.

Proficiencies Gained. If the Inventor's path is a trail you ain't yet wandered, here's the gear you'll get your hands on when you set foot on it for the first time: light armor, medium armor, shields, thieves' tools, and tinker's tools.

Spell Slots. To figure out how many spell slots you got, add half your levels (round that number up, partner) in the Inventor class to whatever levels you've got from ridin' other trails. There you have it, your arsenal of spells, ready to be unleashed like a hail of bullets.

Class Features

As an inventor, you gain the following class features.

Hit Points

Hit Dice: 1d8 per Inventor level

Hit Points at 1st Level: 8 + your Constitution modifier

Hit Points at Higher Levels: 1d8 (or 5) + your Constitution modifier per Inventor level after 1st

Proficiencies

Armor: Light armor, medium armor

Weapons: Simple weapons, pistols, blunderbuss

Tools: Tinker's tools, one type of artisan's tools of your choice

Saving Throws: Constitution, Intelligence

Skills: Choose two from Arcana, History, Investigation, Medicine, Nature, Perception, and Sleight of Hand

Equipment

You start with the following equipment, in addition to the equipment granted by your background:

- (a) a pistol and 20 bullets or (b) any simple weapon
- (a) a light hammer or (b) any simple weapon
- (a) a set of leather armor or (b) scale mail
- (a) a tinker's tools or (b) any other type of artisan's tools
- (a) a dungeoneer's pack or (b) an explorer's pack

Magical Tinkering

At the crack of the first level, partner, you'll be learnin' how to instill a touch of that wild magic into plain ol' objects. Now, make sure you got your thieves' tools or artisan's tools at the ready. With a swift action, you lay your hands on a Tiny nonmagical trinket and, like breathin' life into a still wind, you grant it a magical touch of your choosin':

- It could shine bright as the mornin' sun in a 5-foot radius, and cast a gentle glow for another 5 feet.
-
- Or perhaps, with a tap, it'll spill a recorded message, clear as a bell, for folks within 10 feet to hear. Mind you, partner, keep your message shorter than a 6-second ride on a wild bronco.
-
- Maybe you want that object hummin' a tune or spreadin' a fragrance like the wildflowers after a spring rain, noticeable up to 10 feet away.
-
- Or, turn that plain ol' object into a canvas, adorned with visuals, no more than 25 words, or a dance of lines and shapes, stirrin' to life at your touch.

That magic? It'll stick 'round as long as a shadow at high noon. But with a touch, you can snuff it out quicker than a candle in a gust.

You can sprinkle that magic on more than one item, one for each call of this gift, though one item can only hold one touch of magic at a time. You're limited to a number of items equal to your Intelligence modifier (at least one, don't you worry). Try to overstep that, and the oldest touch of magic will fade away, makin' room for the new.

Spell-slingin'

Now listen up, buckaroo. Yer one of them folks who's got the know-how of weavin' magic, mixin' it up with tools and trinkets, and makin' wonders as natural as a tumbleweed rollin' through town. You ain't your everyday wand-waver; you're an Inventor, pullin' miracles outta hats and concoctin' spells from the ordinary.

Tools of the Trade

To spin your magic, partner, you're gonna need your trusty tools. A spellcastin' focus, be it thieves' tools or some artful artisan's gadget, needs to be in your grip when you're callin' down the thunder (or any spell that requires an 'M' component, to be precise). And mind you, you better be as familiar with those tools as a gunslinger is with his six-shooter.

When you hit that 2nd level and get your mitts on the Infuse Item knack, well, that's when the real fun begins. Any item blessed with your infusion, whether it be as fiery as a summer sun or as cold as a mountain pass in winter, can be your spellcastin' focus. You'll be pullin' spells outta thin air, as easy as a cowboy draws his iron.

Rustlin' Up Some Magic

At the crack of dawn, when you're just a greenhorn Inventor at 1st level, you got a pair of cantrips rustled up from the Inventor spell list. As you ride further down the trail, growin' more grizzled and wise, you'll be wranglin' up more of them cantrips, as marked in the Cantrips Known column of the ol' Inventor table.

When the sun rises on a new day and you notch another level under your belt, you can trade one of your known inventor cantrips for another, fresh from the inventor spell list.

Loadin' Your Six-Shooter

Take a gander at the Inventor table, it lays bare the count of spell slots you got at your disposal. To cast those powerful incantations, partner, you gotta spend a spell slot that matches the level of the spell or higher. Don't worry none, after a long rest under the stars, those spent spell slots come gallopin' back.

The inventor spells you got holstered are chosen from the inventor spell list. You select a number equal to your Intelligence modifier plus half your Inventor level, rounded down (but you'll always have at least one spell, fear not). Make sure the spells are fit for the spell slots you got.

When the coyotes are howlin' and a new day breaks, after a long rest, you can swap out your prepared spells. To get those new spells ready to roll, you'll need to tinker with your spellcasting focuses, spendin' at least 1 minute per spell level for each spell you're aimin' to cast. It's like cleanin' your revolver before the duel at high noon – preparation is key, partner.

THE MAGIC OF INVENTION

Pardner, as an Inventor, every spell you sling is woven with the skilled hands that wield your tools. Imagine, if you will, mixin' up a quick healin' salve with your alchemist's supplies to mend the wounds of a fallen comrade. Or maybe you've got a nifty contraption, a mechanical spider crafted with your tinker's tools, that'll stitch up those cuts quicker than a rattlesnake strike.

Your spells, they're as potent as a preacher's sermon, but it's the way you bring 'em to life that tells your tale. A poison spray? That could be a handful of deadly dust you conjured up with your alchemist's gear, or a wand forged with your own hands, spittin' venom like a serpent in the moonlight.

When the campfire's burnin' and you're preparin' your spells, you ain't thumbin' through no dusty ol' spellbook or whisperin' prayers to the wind. Nope, you're there with your tools, workin' 'em like a blacksmith at the anvil, craftin' the very items that'll channel your mystical powers.

Say you swap out curin' touch for the searin' heat of molten metal - that ain't no magical mystery, just a tweakin' of the tools, refinin' a device to spit fire instead of mendin' grace.

Now, these particulars don't rope you in or grant you any extra tricks, and you ain't gotta explain the workings of your mystical arts to no one. But paintin' a picture with your words, describin' the dance of magic and machine, well that's a yarn worth spinnin', a legacy as grand as the canyons and as wild as the rolling prairies.

SPELLSLINGIN' SMARTS

It's your sharp wit and keen know-how that puts the power behind them inventor spells. Yessir, Intelligence - that's the name of the game. You got a mind quicker than a rattlesnake and sharper than a barber's blade, and that's what makes your magic sing.

Every incantation, every mystical move you make – it's all hitched to your smarts. Your noggin ain't just for wearin' hats, it's the engine that drives those wonders. When a spell calls for some brainpower, you step up, six-shooters of intellect blazin'.

And don't you forget, when it comes time to set the bar for resistin' your spells, it's that keen intelligence that sets the stakes. You're calculatin' the odds, dialin' in the difficulty, and when your magic flies, it's as sharp and true as an eagle's eye.

When your fingers dance, and the spells start slingin', your intelligence is the gunslinger, the sharpshooter, drawin' a bead and lettin' fly. Every spell, every piece of magic, it's got your smarts, your savvy, written all over it, as clear as the stars on a prairie night.

Spell save DC = 8 + your proficiency bonus + your Intelligence modifier

Spell attack modifier = your proficiency bonus + your Intelligence modifier

Ritual Ropin'

Now, every so often, you might find yourself wantin' to spin a spell without burnin' through them precious slots. That's where your ritual castin' steps in, as handy as a lasso in a roundup. If you got one of them inventor spells prepared and it's got the ritual tag branded on it, you can cast it nice and easy, no spell slot needed.

Infuse Item

Now, come 2nd level, you'll be rustlin' up somethin' called "Infuse Item." You'll be like a blacksmith breathin' life into cold steel, turnin' everyday trinkets into enchanted wonders, as wild and spirited as a mustang on the open plains.

Infusions Known

You'll start off knowin' four nifty infusions, like a card shark with aces up his sleeve, pickin' from that big ol' list of "Inventor Infusions." As you roam these wild lands, you'll learn a few more tricks, changin' and swappin' them as you please each time the sun rises on a new day.

Infusing an Item

After a long night's rest under the starlit sky, you can touch a plain ol' item and like a bolt of lightnin', it's infused with magic, transformed as sure as a greenhorn turnin' into a seasoned cowboy. Some rules do apply - can't just go brandin' any ol' thing with your magic touch.

If tragedy strikes and you bite the dust, don't fret none – that infused magic'll linger like the echo of a coyote's howl, stickin' around for a number of days equal to your sharp-witted Intelligence modifier.

You ain't limited to brandin' just one item with your magical touch. Nope, as you grow in know-how and grit, you'll be able to infuse more items than a cowpoke can count on one hand. But remember, each piece of gear can only be touched by one of your infusions at a time. Get too greedy, and the old magic'll fade quicker than a gambler's luck, makin' room for the new.

And if by chance, an infusion ends on a container of sorts, fret not – everythin' inside'll spill out gentler than tumbleweeds rollin' across the prairie.

Inventor Specialist

Come 3rd level, a wanderin' Inventor finds themselves at a crossroads, like a lonesome cowboy under the vast prairie sky, ponderin' which trail to tread. Ain't no two Inventors cut from the same

cloth, and it's about that time they pick their specialty, like choosin' a trusty steed from the herd. Every discipline's as distinct as the patterns on a rattlesnake, offerin' its own brand of wild magic and frontier know-how.

The Right Tool for the Job

At 3rd level, partner, you're as handy as a ranch hand at brandin' time, able to conjure up the right tool quicker than a rattlesnake strike. Whether you're fiddlin' with thieves' tools or artisan's tools, you can whip up a set of artisan's tools from nothin', appearin' right there in the open space a stone's throw away from ya.

All it takes is an hour of focused toil, just like whittlin' away at a piece of hickory by the campfire durin' a short or long rest under that big ol' starry sky. These tools ain't carryin' no touch of magic, though they're born from it, and they'll vanish into the wind as soon as you conjure up another set, just as sure as the sun'll rise.

Ability Score Improvement

At the 4th, 8th, 12th, 16th, and 19th markers, partner, you've earned yourself a chance to sharpen your edge, like honin' a blade or breakin' a wild stallion. You can hitch up one of your ability scores by a pair, or spread that good fortune 'twixt two of 'em, liftin' each by a single notch. But remember, even the mightiest steed can't jump the moon – none of those scores can climb higher than 20, you hear?

Tool Expertise

Come the 6th level, partner, you'll find your hands workin' with a finesse as smooth as a well-oiled six-shooter. Whatever tool you're wranglin' that you're proficient in, well, you can reckon that your proficiency bonus'll be doubled, quicker than a rattlesnake on a hot rock. Every stitch, carve, or tinkering will carry the mark of a true craftsman, I guarantee it.

Flash of Genius

From the time y'all hit 7th level, you're as sharp and quick as a cat on a hot tin roof. When the chips are down and the stakes are high, you can whip up answers faster than a gunslinger draws his piece. If you or another buckaroo within 30 paces are facin' an ability check or savin' throw, you can toss in your two cents, addin' your Intelligence modifier to the roll, quicker than a tumbleweed in a dust storm.

You can pull this trick as many times as your Intelligence modifier allows (at least once, don't you worry). Once you're spent, a good ol' long rest under the stars'll have you ready to jump back in the saddle, all barrels blazin'.

Magic Item Adept

By the time you're sittin' pretty at 10th level, partner, you'll have the know-how of magic items woven into your very bones. You'll be as in tune with them as a coyote is with the moon.

- You'll have the gift to be connected to four magic trinkets at the same ol' time. It's like havin' four aces up your sleeve in a friendly game of poker.
- And should you get the itch to craft somethin' with the common or uncommon touch of magic, you'll whip it up in a quarter of the time and for half the gold. You'll be savin' coin faster than a saloon gathers cowpokes on a Saturday night.

Spell-Storing Item

Come 11th level, partner, you'll have the knowin' to lock a spell tight as a bank vault right inside an object. After a long rest, as sure as the sun rises, you can touch a simple or martial weapon, or even an item you use to cast your spells, and trap a spell inside it quicker than a rattlesnake strikes. You'll be pickin' from a 1st- or 2nd-level spell from the inventor's lineup, faster than a gunslinger draws, no need to have it ready beforehand.

Now, any cowpoke holdin' that enchanted item can, with the drop of a hat, unleash the spell coiled up inside, usin' your knack for spellcastin'. If that ol' spell needs a steady hand to concentrate, well, they'll have to hold their horses and focus up.

That magic'll stick around in the object, ready to jump out like a jackrabbit, a number of times equal to twice your smarts, or until you decide to wrangle another spell into an object with this here trick of yours. It's like havin' a six-shooter that reloads itself while you take a siesta.

Magic Item Savant

At the ripe level of 14, partner, you become a bona fide wizard with them magic trinkets, a real Magic Item Savant.

- You can juggle attuning to five magic doodads at the same time, slicker than grease on a griddle. Like a gun slinger with pistols aplenty, you're ready for any ruckus that comes your way.
- And don't you worry none about those pesky rules and rigmaroles. Class, race, spell, and level requirements? Pshaw! You can toss 'em out the saloon door. You've got the golden touch, and ain't no magic item too ornery or uppity for you to wrangle and put to good use. You're the law in this town when it comes to usin' them enchanted gizmos.

Magic Item Master

Come 18th level, partner, you'll be akin to a legendary outlaw, with a knack for jugglin' enchanted trinkets as if it's as natural as breathin'. Yessir, you can be attuned to six magical items, all at the same doggone time. Like a six-shooter fully loaded and ready to dance, you're armed to the teeth with magic, and ready for whatever the wild frontier throws your way.

Soul of Invention

At the grand ol' level of 20, partner, you and your magical contraptions become as close as a cowboy and his trusty steed, ridin' together under the sunswept skies.

- Each charmed item you're attuned to adds a +1 bonus to all your savin' throws, makin' you as sturdy as a fortress.
- And when the goin' gets tough, fear not, for the wild spirit inside ya ain't ready to be tamed just yet. If you find yourself starin' down the barrel of the grim reaper, just call on the mystic bond with your inventions. Use your quick-as-a-whip reaction to sever the tie to one of your inventor infusions. Instead of meetin' your maker, you'll find yourself clutchin' to life with 1 hit point, ready to fight another day in this wild, untamed land of ours.

Inventor Infusions

Inventor infusions, partner, are like turnin' a spit of land into a goldmine with just a touch and a bit of know-how. These here processes can take an ordinary somethin' and turn it straight into a magic item quicker than a rattlesnake strikes.

Each infusion down the line spells out the kind of object that can be touched by this here magic, and whether or not you'll need to be attuned to the trinket to feel its full force.

Now, don't get ahead of yerself, cowboy. Some of these infusions are for the experienced hands only, meanin' you gotta be a certain level to get your mitts on 'em.

And unless it's otherwise stated, an infusion is like a wild mustang – can't be tamed twice. You learn it once, and that's the end of that chapter.

Arcane Propulsion Armor

Prerequisite: Gotta be a 14th-level Inventor, partner

Item: A sturdy suit of armor (requires attunement)

Well howdy, when you don this enchanted armor, you're in for a wild ride, partner. Here's the gold you're pannin' for:

- You'll be quicker than a jackrabbit in the summer, with your walkin' speed giddyin' up by an extra 5 feet.
- This ain't just any ol' armor; it comes equipped with gauntlets, each as potent as a colt .45. You can only unleash their fury when your hands ain't already occupied. You're as skilled with these gauntlets as a gunslinger with his irons, each packin' a punch of 1d8 force damage and can be tossed quicker than a hot potato with a range of 20 feet, or if

you've got the eyes of a hawk, they can reach out to a distant 60 feet. Like a loyal steed, they'll return to you posthaste after strikin'.

- Try as they might, no yellow-bellied scoundrel can rip this armor off ya; it sticks to you like mud on a pig.
- Missin' a limb or two? Worry not, for this armor's got you covered, partner. It'll fill in for your lost appendages, workin' just as good as the ones the good Lord gave ya.

In this suit, you ain't just an inventor, but a force as wild and untethered as the West itself.

Armor of Magical Strength

Item: A fine suit of armor (needs attunement)

Pardner, this ain't your everyday chaw of tobacco. This armor's charged up with six doses of raw, unbridled power, as fierce as a stampede of wild mustangs. Here's how you rein it in:

- When you're rustlin' up the strength to wrangle somethin' or someone, or diggin' your heels in to hold your ground, you can call upon this enchanted hide to lend you a hand. Spend 1 charge, and your Intelligence – as sharp as a bowie knife – adds its might to your muscle, makin' you as stout as an ox.
- If some ornery varmint or twist of fate aims to lay you out flat, spend 1 charge quicker than a rattlesnake's strike, and you'll stand tall, unshaken, like the Rockies themselves.
- Now, don't fret none if you find yourself runnin' low. With the break of dawn and the crow of the rooster, this armor soaks up the mornin' sun, regaining up to 1d6 of its spent charges, ready to face another day under the wild, untamed skies of the West.

In this armored shell, you're not just protected; you're as mighty as the legends that roam these open plains, a figure carved from the very soul of the frontier.

Boots of the Winding Path

Prerequisite: Gotta be a 6th-level inventor, partner

Item: A sturdy pair of boots (gotta attune to 'em first, though)

Well howdy, these boots ain't your run-of-the-mill leather kicks. When you're strapped into these bad boys, you can vanish quicker than a gambler's coin and appear up to 15 feet yonder, just as swift as a tumbleweed in the wind. Now, there's a catch - you can only hitch a ride to a spot your boots have tread on that very turn.

It's like takin' a shortcut through a canyon - one moment you're here, next you're there, leavin' folks wonderin' if they'd been sippin' grandpa's ol' cough medicine. Just make sure that spot's as empty as a ghost town at high noon, and it's all yours, quicker than a rattlesnake on a hot day.

Enhanced Arcane Focus

Item: Could be a rod, might be a staff, or maybe even a wand (you'll need to attune yourself to it, partner)

Now, listen here. This ain't just any ol' stick you picked up off the dusty trail. Nope, this here's an Enhanced Arcane Focus, forged with a touch of that wild magic, as mysterious as a midnight desert sky. Hold this in your grasp, and your spells'll fly true as an eagle in open skies, grantin' ya a +1 bonus to settlin' scores with them spell attacks.

And don't ya worry none if your target's hidin' behind some cactus or wagon wheel – this focus is sharp as a rattler's fang, lettin' ya ignore half cover when you're unleashin' your magic.

Stick with it, and once you're a 10th level inventor, well partner, that bonus'll jump up to +2 quicker than a jackrabbit with its tail on fire. Make no mistake, with this by your side, you're as dangerous as a coyote in a henhouse.

Enhanced Defense

Item: Could be a suit of armor, could be a shield

In the untamed lands where danger lurks in every shadow, a cowboy's best friend is somethin' sturdy between him and the business end of a six-shooter. That's where this Enhanced Defense comes in handy. Be it a suit of armor forged with the grit of the wild, or a shield as steadfast as a mountain, this ain't your everyday protection.

Slip into this armor or hoist this shield, and you'll find yourself with a +1 bonus to your Armor Class, making you as tough to hit as a rattlesnake in a rock pile. You'll be wearin' confidence as natural as a second skin or wieldin' bravery as steady as a well-aimed Winchester.

And don't you hang your hat just yet – once you've roamed these lands long enough to reach the esteemed rank of a 10th level inventor, that bonus'll spur up to a +2. Quicker than a prairie fire with a tailwind, you'll be standin' tall, bold as brass, with the Enhanced Defense by your side, ready to face whatever wild wonders or wicked woes the West's got to throw your way.

Enhanced Weapon

Item: Could be a simple shootin' iron or a full-on warrior's weapon

Out here in the wild, untamed expanse of the West, a cowboy's mettle is often tested by the steel he carries by his side. Now, with this here Enhanced Weapon, you're packin' more than just a piece of forged iron – you're carryin' a slice of magic where lead meets the sky.

Every swing or shot is as sure as the sun's rise, blessin' you with a +1 bonus to both your aim and the sting of your strikes. It's like havin' the spirit of a lone wolf, eyes sharp and teeth bared, guidin' your hand under the moon's silver gaze.

But hold your horses, partner – the trail doesn't end there. By the time you've earned your spurs as a 10th level inventor, that weapon'll be as honed and hearty as a ranger's instinct, boastin' a +2 bonus. You'll be as feared and respected as a gunslingin' legend, with a weapon singin' the ballad of the West with every crack and clash.

Helm of Awareness

Prerequisite: You gotta be a 10th-level inventor, partner

Item: A sturdy ol' helmet (you'll need to attune yourself to it, just so you know)

Strap on this here Helm of Awareness, and it's like havin' the eyes of a hawk and the ears of a fox. Underneath this beauty, the world slows, and you're quicker on the draw than a rattlesnake in August.

Every time a dust-up is brewin', wearin' this helmet means you've got the advantage on those initiative rolls. It's like the helm whispers the comings and goings of danger, right into your ear.

And speakin' of danger, ain't no way you'll be caught nappin' with this helm on your noggin. Surprises? Not for you, partner. As long as you ain't out cold, you'll see trouble comin' from a country mile away, with plenty of time to cock that hammer and take a stand. You'll be ready and waitin', come hell or high water.

Homunculus Servant

Item: A sparklin' gem or crystal that'll set ya back at least a hundred gold pieces

Now listen here, partner. I reckon you got the smarts and the magic touch to conjure up a loyal little critter - a Homunculus Servant, crafted with the spit and spirit of the wild west. The gem or crystal you picked out? Well, that's the heartbeat of this creation, the center of its very existence.

You got the reins when it comes to how this creature looks. Some folks like 'em to resemble mechanical birds, others fancy winged vials, and some are partial to tiny, lively cauldrons hoppin' around.

This little partner-in-crime is as friendly as a well-fed mule, stickin' by you and your companions, followin' your every holler and command. It's got its own set of skills, tied tighter than a lasso to your proficiency bonus.

When the lead starts flyin', this critter's dancin' to the same tune as you, takin' its turn right after yours. It can scoot around and react faster than a jackrabbit, but unless you tell it otherwise, it's just dodgin' trouble. If you're out cold, well, this little varmint takes the reins, actin' as it pleases.

If it finds itself in a bind, just a touch of the mending spell'll perk it right up, restorin' 2d6 hit points. If either you or this trusty companion bite the dust, it'll vanish into the wind, leavin' nothin' but its heart behind, as a memory of the trails you both trod.

HOMUNCULUS SERVANT

[*Serviteur homoncule*]
Tiny construct, -

Armor Class 13 (natural armor)
Hit Points 1 + your Intelligence modifier + your artificer level (the homunculus has a number of Hit Dice [d4s] equal to your artificer level)
Speed 20 ft., fly 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
4 (-3)	15 (+2)	12 (+1)	10 (+0)	10 (+0)	7 (-2)

Saving Throws Dex +2 plus PB
Skills Perception +0 plus PB x 2, Stealth +2 plus PB
Damage Immunities poison
Condition Immunities exhaustion, poisoned
Senses darkvision 60 ft., passive Perception 10 + (PB x 2)
Languages understands the languages you speak
Challenge - Proficiency Bonus equals your bonus

Evasion. If the homunculus is subjected to an effect that allows it to make a Dexterity saving throw to take only half damage, it instead takes no damage if it succeeds on the saving throw, and only half damage if it fails. It can't use this trait if it's incapacitated.

ACTIONS

Force Strike. *Ranged Weapon Attack.* your spell attack modifier to hit, range 30 ft., one target you can see. *Hit.* 1d4 + PB force damage.

REACTIONS

Channel Magic. The homunculus delivers a spell you cast that has a range of touch. The homunculus must be within 120 feet of you.

Mind Sharpener

Item: A suit of armor or robes

Now, this here's a piece of attire with a touch of the mystical. Whether it be a sturdy suit of armor or a set of robes as mysterious as a moonlit night in the desert, this infused item's got a special knack for keepin' the wearer's wits about 'em.

Like a trusty six-shooter with four bullets ready to fire, this item's charged up with 4 doses of mental clarity. If ever the wearer's mind starts to wander, failin' to hold a spell together, they can call upon the power of the Mind Sharpener. Quicker than a rattlesnake's strike, they can use a reaction to expend a charge, turnin' that failure into a surefire success.

As the sun rises and paints the sky with the first light of dawn, this enchanted piece of wear replenishes its arsenal, regainin' 1d4 expended charges, ready to face another day in the untamed wilds where only the sharpest minds and quickest draws survive.

Radiant Weapon

Prerequisite: 6th-level inventor

Item: A simple or martial weapon (requires attunement)

This ain't just any ol' weapon, partner. It's kissed by the desert sun, imbued with a radiance as fearsome as a lone ranger facin' down a band of outlaws. When you're swingin' this steel, you're granted a +1 bonus to your aim and the damage it deals.

Hold it high, and with a mere thought and a swift motion - quicker than a tumbleweed in a dust storm - you can summon a blaze of light as bright as noontday sun. A 30-foot radius gets bathed in bright light, and dim light stretches out another 30 feet beyond. And if the stars and the moon are all the company you desire, just snuff out that light with another swift motion.

But wait, there's more grit to this blade. It's got 4 charges, each one ready to unleash the blinding light of justice. If some no-good varmint lands a hit, you can react quicker than a rattler, expendin' a charge to blind that attacker faster than a flashbang in a saloon brawl, unless they've got the constitution to withstand the dazzlin' glare.

Every mornin' as the cock crows and the sun peeks over the horizon, this weapon, blessed by the spirit of the West, regains 1d4 of its spent charges, ready to face another day where only the bravest souls dare to tread.

Repeating Shot

Item: A simple or martial weapon with the ammunition property (requires attunement)

Well now, ain't this a beaut? This here piece of finely crafted artillery is for those who aim to keep their enemies at a distance while holdin' their ground like a steadfast sheriff in a lawless

land. She comes with a +1 bonus to both your aim and the sting it delivers, every time you let her sing her piercing tune from afar.

But hold on to your hats, cowpokes, for this ain't your granddaddy's shootin' iron. If she's got the loadin' property, you can just forget about it – this belle doesn't have the patience for a slow draw.

And get this – if you find yourself out in the wild with nothin' but the open sky above and not a piece of ammunition to your name, worry not. Like a mirage of salvation in the scorchin' desert, she'll conjure her own magic bullet every time you pull that trigger, as reliable as the risin' sun. But don't go lookin' for souvenirs – those conjured rounds vanish quicker than a ghost town once the dust settles, hit or miss.

Replicate Magic Item

With this infusion, you've got the know-how to cook up a replica of a specific piece of magical finery. It's like having the blueprint to a treasure trove, partner. You can learn this crafty trick more than once, and every time you do, you pick another enchanted trinket to whip up, choosing from the list of Replicable Items tables like a miner pickin' a vein of gold.

Each table's as exclusive as a saloon's VIP parlour, requirin' you to be a certain level in the class to get your hands on those coveted items. If you're lookin' to keep things simple, you can pick a common magic item from the vast prairie of the game, steerin' clear of them unpredictable potions and scrolls.

In those handy tables, you'll see whether you need to attune yourself to the item, like a lone ranger syncin' up with his trusty steed. For the nitty-gritty details, like the makings and the mystery, you'll wanna mosey on over to the Dungeon Master's Guide – it's got the lowdown on everything you need.

Replicable Items (2nd-Level Inventor)

Magic Item	Attunement
Alchemy Jug	No
Bag of Holding	No
Cap of Water Breathing	No
Goggles of Night	No

Rope of Climbing	No
Sending Stones	No
Wand of Magic Detection	No
Wand of Secrets	No

Replicable Items (6th-Level Inventor)

Magic Item	Attunement
Boots of elvenkind	No
Cloak of elvenkind	Yes
Cloak of the manta ray	No
Eyes of charming	Yes
Gloves of thievery	No
Lantern of revealing	No
Pipes of haunting	No
Ring of water walking	No

Replicable Items (10th-Level Inventor)

Magic Item	Attunement
Boots of striding and springing	Yes
Boots of the winterlands	Yes
Bracers of archery	Yes
Brooch of shielding	Yes
Cloak of protection	Yes

Eyes of the eagle	Yes
Gauntlets of ogre power	Yes
Gloves of missile snaring	Yes
Gloves of swimming and climbing	Yes
Hat of disguise	Yes
Headband of intellect	Yes
Helm of telepathy	Yes
Medallion of thoughts	Yes
Necklace of adaptation	Yes
Periapt of wound closure	Yes
Pipes of the sewers	Yes
Quiver of Ehlonna	No
Ring of jumping	Yes
Ring of mind shielding	Yes
Slippers of spider climbing	Yes
Winged boots	Yes

Replicable Items (14th-Level Inventor)

Magic Item	Attunement
Amulet of health	Yes
Belt of hill giant strength	Yes
Boots of levitation	Yes
Boots of speed	Yes

Bracers of defense	Yes
Cloak of the bat	Yes
Dimensional shackles	No
Gem of seeing	Yes
Horn of blasting	No
Ring of free action	Yes
Ring of protection	Yes
Ring of the ram	Yes

Repulsion Shield

Prerequisite: 6th-level inventor

Item: A shield (requires attunement)

You gotta be a 6th-level inventor to get your mitts on this beauty. It's a shield that requires your attunement like a trusty six-shooter needin' a steady hand.

Now, this ain't just any ol' piece of wood or metal – while you're totin' this shield, you gain a +1 bonus to your Armor Class, makin' you as tough to hit as a rattlesnake in a moonlit desert.

But wait, there's more – this shield's loaded with 4 charges, each one packed with the punch of a prairie tornado. If some varmint has the nerve to hit you with a melee attack, you can use your quick-as-lightning reflexes to expend one of them charges. Like the kick of a mule, that attacker will find themselves pushed up to 15 feet away quicker than a tumbleweed in a dust storm.

Don't you worry none about runnin' out of these powerful charges. Come the first light of dawn, the shield gets back 1d4 expended charges, ready to send any troublemakers packin' once more.

Resistant Armor

Prerequisite: 6th-level inventor

Item: A suit of armor (requires attunement)

Once y'all hit that 6th-level inventor mark, this type of armor can be yours to brandish. You'll need to be attuned to it, much like a loyal steed respondin' to its rider's every nudge.

This ain't no regular leather or chainmail – while sportin' this protective gear, a cowpoke gains a sturdy resistance against one of them damage types that could sour your day quicker than a rattler's strike. When you're fixin' to infuse this armor, you get to pick your poison: be it acid, cold, fire, force, lightning, necrotic, poison, psychic, radiant, or thunder, you'll be standin' tall, partner.

It's like havin' a guardian angel ridin' shotgun, watchin' over you when the goin' gets rough, makin' sure you stay in the saddle when others might hit the dust.

Returning Weapon

Item: A piece of fightin' iron with the gift of bein' thrown

Now here's a piece of weaponry, as loyal as a well-trained mustang. Give it a heave, and it'll find its mark and then, quicker than a rattlesnake on a hot day, it's right back in your grip, ready for another go. This piece of steel carries with it a charm, lendin' a +1 bonus to both your aim and the bite of its strike. It's like havin' a trusty sidekick that never strays too far – always ready, always willin', and never missin' the action when the lead starts flyin'.

Spell-Refueling Ring

Prerequisite: 6th-level inventor

Item: A ring (needs a reckonin' to attune)

Adorn this here trinket 'round yer finger, partner, and you'll find yerself with a bit of that ol' razzle-dazzle right when ya need it most. This ain't just any piece of jewelry – it's got the magic of a desert sunset, grantin' the wearer the gift of conjurin' back a spent spell slot, quicker than a coyote snatchin' a rabbit. All it takes is a moment, a breath, and there ya have it – magic, as fresh as a new day.

Now don't go gettin' greedy – this here ring's got limits. It'll only fetch ya back a spell of 3rd echelon or lower. And once it's done its part, it needs a spell under the starlit sky to gather its wits and magic back. Come the first light of dawn, it'll be rarin' to go again, ready to fuel yer incantations with the fire of the mornin' sun.

Inventor Specialists

Inventors pursue many disciplines. Here are specialist options you can choose from at 3rd level.

Snake Oil Peddler

Out in the wild frontiers, there's a special breed of Inventor known as the Snake Oil Salesman. Craftin' brews more potent than a kick from a buckin' bronco, these folks know just how to whip up a concoction that'll cure what ails ya – or maybe cause a heap of trouble. Drawin' from ancient traditions, these charmers work their magic, mixin' up their famed "Snake Oil" – a remedy that's saved more lives and caused more ruckuses than any gunfighter's bullet.

Tool of the Trade

3rd-level Snake Oil Salesman feature

Yer now skilled with them alchemist's supplies. But if you're already handy with 'em, well, partner, pick up another set of artisan's tools that tickles your fancy.

Snake Oil Specialties

3rd-level Snake Oil Salesman feature

As you ride the trail and level up in this here class, you'll always have a few tricks up your sleeve, as laid out in the Snake Oil Specialties table. These spells are like your trusty six-shooter, always at the ready. They count as inventor spells for you, but don't ya worry, they won't hog space from the other inventor spells you're packin'.

Snake Oil Peddler Spells

Inventor Level	Spell
3rd	<i>cure wounds, inflict wounds</i>
5th	<i>scorching ray, Melf's acid arrow</i>
9th	<i>gaseous form, mass cure wounds</i>
13th	<i>blight, death ward</i>
17th	<i>cloudkill, raise dead</i>

Miracle Cure

3rd-level Snake Oil Peddler feature

After you've had a good night's rest under the starlit sky, you can whip up a Miracle Cure in any empty flask you lay your hands on. To find out the magic brewin' inside, roll on the Miracle Cure table. Whoever gulps down this potent potion will feel its effects quicker than a rattlesnake's strike. In the heat of the moment, a critter can swig it down or pour it down the gullet of a fallen comrade faster than a prairie fire with a tail wind.

Want more of these mystical brews? Easy there, partner. Just fork over a spell slot of 1st level or higher for each extra elixir. Use your alchemist's supplies, and with a flick of your wrist, another Miracle Cure is ready for the takin'. Choose the effect straight from the Miracle Cure table – no need to leave it to chance.

The Fine Print

Craftin' a Miracle Cure means you gotta have those alchemist's supplies close at hand. Every concoction you brew up sticks around until some brave soul downs it or till the rooster crows at the crack of dawn.

As you saddle up and ride higher in this class, more cures will be yours to brew when the coyotes are howlin' and the moon's shinin' bright: two elixirs come 6th level, and three by the time you hit 15th. Roll for each effect – every elixir's as wild and unpredictable as a bull in a china shop. And remember, partner, every one of those magical mixtures needs its own flask to call home.

Miracle Cure

d6	Effect
1	Healing. The drinker regains a number of hit points equal to 2d4 + your Intelligence modifier.
2	Agility. The drinker's walking speed increases by 10 feet for 1 hour.
3	Fortitude. The drinker gains a +1 bonus to AC for 10 minutes.
4	Courage. The drinker can roll a d4 and add the number rolled to every attack roll and saving throw they make for the next minute.
5	Lightness. The drinker gains a flying speed of 10 feet for 10 minutes.
6	Metamorphosis. The drinker's body is transformed as if by the alter self spell. The drinker determines the transformation caused by the spell, the effects of which last for 10 minutes.

Miracle Mixer

5th-level Snake Oil Peddler feature

Yer skills in concoctin' mystical brews have reached a pinnacle, partner. Whether it's breathin' life back into the weary or bringin' the heat to your foes, you've got the magic touch. Every time you whip up a spell, usin' those trusty brewer's supplies of yours as the conduit, somethin' special stirs in the mix.

You add a sprinkle of expertise to one roll of that spell, be it breathin' life into the fallen or searin' enemies with acid, fire, necrotic, or poison. The potency of this enchanted mix is fueled by the sharpness of yer wit, with a bonus matchin' your Intelligence modifier (but you'll always have at least a +1, even on your off days).

So whether you're mendin' bones or raisin' hell, remember, cowboy: with every concoction, there's a touch of your genius in the mix. Yeehaw!

Revitalizing Concoctions

9th-level Snake Oil Peddler feature

When you're mixin' up them Miracle Cures, partner, you've got the knack to weave in a bit of the ol' restorative magic.

- Every soul that takes a swig from one of your concoctions doesn't just get the cure they're lookin' for – they're also blessed with a burst of vigor, gainin' temporary hit points to the tune of 2d6, plus a dash of your own clever insight (that's your Intelligence modifier for the uninitiated, with a guarantee of at least 1 temporary hit point).
- And that ain't all, buckaroo. When you're armed with your trusty brewer's supplies, you can whip up the blessin's of a *lesser restoration* quicker than a rattlesnake strikes, without spendin' a lick of spell slots or botherin' to prepare the spell ahead of time. You can pull this miracle out of your hat a number of times equal to your Intelligence modifier (and at least once, just to be clear). Come the break of dawn after a good night's rest under the stars, you're recharged, ready to do it all again. Now ain't that somethin'?

Elixir Mastery

15th-level Snake Oil Peddler feature

Now, after mixin' up so many a those potent concoctions, your constitution's as sturdy as an oak barrel, partner. That wicked brew? Pssh, it's no more threatenin' than a rattler with no fangs.

Yessir, you've wrangled yourself a resistance to the burn of acid and the bite of poison, and as for bein' poisoned? Well, that's as likely as findin' a river in the heart of the desert - just ain't gonna happen.

But wait, there's more up your sleeve - or should I say, in your brewer's supplies. With a dash of your skill and a pinch of your know-how, you can whip up the blessin's of greater restoration and heal. No need for spell slots, no call for preparin', and you can leave them pricey materials to the tenderfoots and greenhorns.

But let's get one thing straight, cowboy - once you've pulled either of these particular rabbits out of your hat, you'll need to hang your spurs up till the rooster crows at dawn to do it again. Rest up, and let the mystery of the night renew your touch.

Armor Forger

An Inventor who takes the path of the Armor Forger is as skilled as a blacksmith workin' the fires at dawn, mouldin' armor that's tough as the rocky cliffs of the canyons. This ain't your everyday chain mail, partner - this is a second skin, forged in the flames and quenched in the spirit of the wild west, ready to enhance the Inventor's magical prowess and serve as a steadfast barrier against the perils of the frontier.

Tools of the Trail

3rd-level Armor Forger feature

Hold your horses, partner, 'cause when you mosey down the Armor Forger's trail, you earn your spurs with heavy armor, knowin' its ins and outs like a seasoned wrangler knows his steeds. And as for the anvil and hammer, well, blacksmith's tools become your loyal companions. If you're already acquainted, you can tip your hat to another craftsman's gear of your choosin'.

Armor Forger Spells

3rd-level Armor Forger feature

Like a trusty six-shooter always at the ready, you've got certain spells holstered and ready to draw at a moment's notice, etched into your memory like the carvings on an old saloon door. These incantations are as much a part of you as the Armor Forger Spells table says they are - ready to be unleashed without countin' against your arsenal of prepared inventor spells. Yeehaw!

Armor Forger Spells

Inventor Level	Spell
3rd	<i>magic missile, thunderwave</i>
5th	<i>mirror image, shatter</i>
9th	<i>hypnotic pattern, lightning bolt</i>
13th	<i>fire shield, greater invisibility</i>
17th	<i>passwall, wall of force</i>

Mechanical Armor

3rd-level Armor Forger feature

Well, saddle up, 'cause your skills in the blacksmith's dance of hammer and anvil ain't just for makin' horseshoes. With a swing and a clang, you've wrangled the essence of the wild into every piece of metal you touch. With blacksmith's tools in hand and a heart full of frontier grit, you can morph your regular ol' armor into Mechanical Armor quicker than a rattlesnake's strike.

While wearin' this special armor, you're holdin' these aces up your sleeve:

- Strength requirements? Not in this saloon, partner. This mechanical marvel dons you with grace, no matter the weight.
- When it comes to castin' your inventor spells, this armor's as good a focus as an eagle's eye on its prey.
- Try as they might, no outlaw or critter can strip this armor from you. It clings to you like the moon to the midnight sky, even fillin' in for any limbs the rough trails might've claimed.
- The helm? It slides back with ease, quicker than a gambler foldin' a losin' hand, with just a bonus action.
- Need to shed the steel hide? It sloughs off with an action, quicker than a tumbleweed in the wind.
- The magic lingers, sturdy as an oak, until another suit of armor graces your frame or until the stars claim you for their own.

Armor Model

3rd-level Armor Forger feature

Well now, ain't this a sight to behold? Your Mechanical Armor's as versatile as a jackrabbit in the Mojave. With your trusty blacksmith's tools and a can-do attitude, you can turn that suit into

either the steadfast Protector or the swift and silent Shadow. Each model's got a special weapon that leans on your smarts, not just your muscle, for puttin' the hurt on the bad guys.

Protector Model:

Now this here's for the folks who ain't afraid to be the first into the fray. Your armor's as bold as a bull, equipped with:

Shock Fists: Like thunder rollin' across the plains, these gauntlets pack a punch with each hit, dealin' 1d8 thunder damage. Land a hit and that varmint'll think twice before takin' a swipe at anyone but you, courtesy of a magic jolt that's more distractin' than a coyote in a hen house.

Aegis Field: With a swift motion, quicker than a rattler's strike, you're wrapped in a shield of temporary grit as tough as old leather, equal to your level in this here class. These extra layers of protection vanish if you hang up the armor. You can rustle up this defense as many times as your proficiency bonus allows, and a good night's sleep under the starlit sky refreshes you to do it all over again.

Shadow Model:

This one's for the silent wanderers, the ghost riders who walk unseen beneath the moon's pale gaze. Your armor's got tricks as sly as a fox, including:

Bolt Thrower: A gleamin' crystal node, set on your fist or chest, spits lightning like a storm unleashed, reachin' far and hittin' hard with 1d6 damage. Every time you tag a critter with this beauty, you can jolt 'em with an extra 1d6 lightning damage.

Ghost Steps: Swift as a deer, your walkin' speed jumps up a notch, makin' you as fleet-footed as a mustang in full gallop.

Shade Field: Movin' with the grace of a mountain cat, you get the drop on folks with ease, givin' you the upper hand in keepin' to the shadows. If your armor's a bit clanky and noisy, this feature quiets it down, makin' you as silent as the desert breeze.

A tip of the hat to you, partner, for you ain't just wearin' armor – you're wieldin' a masterpiece of frontier craftsmanship, molded by the rugged hands of an inventor who knows the wild ways of the West.

Extra Attack

5th-level Armor Forger feature

Well, ain't this somethin'? Like a gunslinger with a six-shooter in each hand, you're now quick enough to throw out two attacks in the time it used to take to make one. Every time you step up to throw down, you can let loose twice, not just once, like a double-barreled shotgun blatin' in the heat of battle.

Armor Upgrades

9th-level Armor Forger feature

Now hold onto your hats, 'cause it's about to get wilder than a bronco in a windstorm. Your craftin' skills are as sharp as a hawk's eyes now, partner. Your Mechanical Armor? It ain't just a tough shell no more – it's a canvas, and you're the artist, paintin' masterpieces of invention with every stroke of your blacksmith's hammer.

Each piece of that glorious contraption – the chest piece, the boots, the helmet, and that special weapon that's as trusty as an old stallion – can now be infused with the spirit of the West. They're like four separate critters, each one wearin' a brand of your genius, and those brands stick, even if you decide to swap models faster than a gambler foldin' a bad hand.

And because every good cowboy knows there's strength in numbers, you can now infuse two more items at the same time, as long as they're parts of that Mechanical Armor. It's like addin' extra barrels to your shotgun – more bang for your buck, more fire for your fight, and more grit in your grip.

Perfected Armor

15th-level Armor Forger feature

Hold your horses! Your Mechanical Armor's about as mean as a rattlesnake and as stout as a bull. She's been with you through thick and thin, and now, she's more refined than a golden nugget plucked straight from the heart of the Rockies. Based on the model you hitched your wagon to, here are the new tricks up your armored sleeve:

Protector. Now, say a critter, no bigger than Huge, decides to mosey on up within 30 feet of ya and then stops like a deer in the lantern light. Quick as a whip, you can use your reaction to put the spurs to it, makin' it roll a Strength savin' throw against your spell slinging DC. If that varmint fails, you yank it up to 25 feet closer, right into an open spot. If it ends up closer than a coyote to a campfire (that's 5 feet, for you city folk), you can lash out with a melee weapon attack swifter than a rattler strikes.

Now, a cowboy's got limits. You can pull this off a number of times equal to your proficiency bonus, and then you'll need a long rest under the stars to get those reactions back.

Shadow. Well, if a no-good, rotten scoundrel is unlucky enough to feel the sting of your Bolt Thrower, that outlaw's gonna shine like the mornin' sun, thanks to a magical glimmer until your next turn rolls around. That glowing bandit will cast a dim light for 5 feet and is gonna have a harder time hittin' you than a drunk cowboy at a shootin' gallery – that means disadvantage on attack rolls against you, partner. Plus, the next shot aimed at that lit-up troublemaker has a keener edge, and if it hits, it'll pack an extra jolt of 1d6 lightning damage, hot enough to make a jackrabbit slap a bear!

Dynamite Specialist

Y'all ever heard tell of a craftsman who tames the wild fury of fire and brimstone, wrangling it into somethin' fearsome? That's a Dynamite Specialist for ya, partners – a maestro of mayhem who's mastered the arcane art of ignitin' and controlin' them powder kegs, tossin' 'em with a marksman's eye that'd make any gunslinger green with envy. When the air is thick with gunfire and echoes of war, it's the Dynamite Specialist who brings the thunder, lightin' up the battlefield like the fourth of July. And when the dust settles and silence reigns, these firebrands use their explosive talents to keep the peace, with every blast a warnin' to would-be troublemakers.

Tool Proficiency

3rd-level Dynamite Specialist feature

Now listen here – a Dynamite Specialist gets real cozy-like with tinker's tools. If by chance you're already well-acquainted, well then, reckon it's time to get familiar with another set of artisan's tools, partner.

Dynamite Specialist Spells

3rd-level Dynamite Specialist feature

Now, ain't no Dynamite Specialist worth his salt without a roster of trusty spells at the ready. Take a gander at the Dynamite Specialist Spells table – those incantations are yours to command, though they ain't countin' against your regular tally of prepared inventor spells.

Dynamite Specialist Spells

Inventor Level	Spell
3rd	<i>shield, thunderwave</i>
5th	<i>scorching ray, shatter</i>
9th	<i>fireball, wind wall</i>

13th	<i>ice storm, wall of fire</i>
17th	<i>cone of cold, wall of force</i>

Wild West Turret

3rd-level Dynamite Specialist feature

With your trusty tinker's tools or smith's tools slung at your side, you can conjure up a Small or Tiny turret quicker than a rattlesnake strikes, right there on any empty patch o' ground or table top, no more than a stone's throw away.

Now, don't go gettin' ahead of yerself – once you've summoned one of these bad boys, you'll need to bed down for the night or offer up a spell slot 'fore you can do it all over again. And don't think you can just rustle up an army of 'em – one at a time, cowboy.

This here turret ain't no ordinary contraption – it's laced with magic, tougher than a two-dollar steak. Don't matter if it's Small or Tiny, it's boastin' an AC of 18 and enough hit points to weather a storm, equal to five times your inventor level. Ain't no use tryin' to poison or psyche it out neither – won't do no good. And if the goin' gets tough, well, a touch of that mending spell'll patch it right up, restorin' 2d6 hit points. But remember, it ain't gonna stick around forever – it'll vanish into the wind after an hour or if it bites the dust. Though if you're hankerin' to send it packin' sooner, it only takes an action.

When you bring that turret to life, you've got the say on how it looks and whether it'll be roamin' around on legs. You'll also choose its type from the rollin' options on the Wild West Turrets table. And on your turn, if that turret's within 60 paces, you can kick it into gear with nothin' more than a bonus action. If it's got legs, you can even mosey it 15 feet to a new spot with the same quick flick of your wrist.

Wild West Turrets

Turret	Activation
Flame-thrower	That there turret's got a trick up its sleeve, I tell ya. Quick as a rattler's strike, it lets loose a blaze hotter than the noonday sun, spewin' flames in a 15-foot cone, lickin' at the boots of anyone standin' too close. Each varmint caught in that fiery breath best be quick on their feet, needin' to make a Dexterity savin' throw against your spell magic number, or they'll be feelin' the burn of 2d8 fire damage. Those quick enough to dance away will only feel half the heat.

	<p>And lemme tell ya, partner, any loose dry goods or firewood lyin' about, not bein' toted or worn, will catch that fire quicker than gossip spreads in a small town.</p>
Gatling Gun	<p>Well now, this here gizmo's got an eye for trouble, don't it? Quick as a flash, it locks onto some poor soul or object within a stone's throw - that's 120 feet for you city folk. It lets loose a force as wild as a buckin' bronco, demandin' a ranged spell shootout.</p> <p>If that shot hits its mark, and it often does, the unlucky target's gonna be feelin' the sting of 2d8 force damage, as sure as the desert sun burns at high noon. And if it's a livin', breathin' creature on the receivin' end of that blast? Well, partner, it'll find itself shoved back a good 5 feet, as if kicked by an ornery mule. Ain't no standin' tall 'gainst that kinda firepower, no siree!</p>
Protector	<p>Hoo-wee, now ain't this somethin' special? This lil' contraption's got a heart of gold, I tell ya. Quick as a rattlesnake's bite, the turret belts out a burst of that good ol' positive energy, touchin' the soul like a warm prairie breeze. It's like a whiskey shot for the weary, I swear.</p> <p>Now, it ain't just the machine that gets blessed by this light. No sir, every critter you take a likin' to, standin' within a stone's throw - that's about 10 feet for those who like it plain - gets touched by this heavenly grace.</p> <p>And what's the take, you ask? Well, that'd be temporary hit points, as welcome as rain in a drought, equal to 1d8, spruced up with your own smarts – that's your Intelligence modifier for the book-learned folks. And don't you worry none if you ain't the sharpest tool in the shed; you'll still get a tip of the hat with at least +1 to your name. That's the wild, magical west for ya, partner!</p>

Magic Musket

5th-level Dynamite Specialist feature

Well, holler and hoot, partner! Come 5th-level, every Dynamite Specialist gets their hands on somethin' that'd make even the toughest outlaw tip their hat – the Magic Musket.

After a night under the stars, with the cracklin' fire and the coyotes howlin', you can whip out your tinker's tools at the break of dawn. With those skilled hands, you etch mystical etchins' into

a wand, staff, or rod, breathin' the wild spirit of the frontier into it, transformin' it into a musket that's magic as moonlight on a quiet desert night.

Now, don't be gettin' no ideas about this bein' a one-time hoedown. Nah, those marks you carve, they stay put, steadfast as a mountain, unless you get the itch to mark up another piece.

You sling that Magic Musket over your shoulder and, lo and behold, it ain't just for show – it's a bona fide spellcasting focus for all them inventor spells you got up your sleeve. Let loose a spell through that musket, and it's like shootin' with a bit of thunder and lightning mixed in. Roll yourself a d8, and add that number straight to one of your spell's damage rolls.

Every crack of that musket is a symphony of magic and might, echoin' the untamed power of the wild, wild west. Yeehaw!

Powerful Turret

9th-level Dynamite Specialist feature

Howdy partner, grab your hat 'cause I got some news that'll blow it clean off. Come 9th level, every Dynamite Specialist worth their salt turns their turret into a downright menace, a true force of the untamed west.

- Every time that turret of yours spits fire or launches bolts, it does it with the fury of a rattlesnake with its tail caught in a trap - each of its damage rolls gets an extra 1d8 tacked onto it, meanin' more bang for your buck.
- But wait, there's more. If you're feelin' like kickin' up a real dust storm, you can use an action to make that turret of yours go up like a keg of dynamite at a hoedown, provided you're within 60 feet, of course. The explosion'll scatter critters within 20 feet like tumbleweeds in the wind, forcin' them to make a Dexterity savin' throw against your spell save DC. If they ain't quick on the draw, they're takin' a hellfire of 3d8 force damage, or half that if they manage to jump the explosion.

It's wild, it's loud, and it's exactly the kinda power a Dynamite Specialist should be packin'. Ride safe now, y'hear?

Fortified Outpost

15th-level Dynamite Specialist feature

This ain't no greenhorn's game no more; welcome to the Fortified Outpost, where the Wild West ain't just wild, it's downright untamable.

When you're out there, settin' up your Wild West Turret, somethin' magical happens. That contraption of yours, it starts hummin' and buzzin', and before you know it, a shimmerin' field of magical protection appears, as sure as shootin'. Now, anyone lucky enough to be within 10 feet of that marvel of engineering and magic, they find themselves behind half cover. Bullets and arrows? They might as well be tryin' to shoot the wind.

But hold onto your horses because the rodeo ain't over yet. You've got another ace in the hole. You can conjure up not one, but two of them Wild West Turrets with the wave of your wand and the same spell slot, faster than a rattlesnake on a hot summer day. And with a flick of your wrist and a tip of your hat, both them turrets come to life with the same bonus action, spittin' fire or bolts, your choice, partner.

Now, don't go gettin' too big for your britches; two's company but three's a crowd. Can't be havin' more than two of these bad boys at the ready. But let me tell ya, with a duo of Wild West Turrets and a Fortified Outpost, you ain't just a wanderer in the wild, partner – you're a force to be reckoned with. **Steam Smith**

Out in the wild terrains of the untethered west, where the law is as scarce as water in the desert, survivin' is an art, and defense is your brush. A Steam Smith, now that's a breed of tinkerer who knows the lay of this merciless land, weavin' protection and mendin' like they're spinnin' a lasso.

These folks, clad in leather and steel, they don't just mend the broken; they bring it back to life, breathin' soul into lifeless objects and patchin' up cowpokes faster than a rattler strikes. Every Steam Smith's got a sidekick, an Ironside Companion, forged from the fires of ingenuity and hard work. It ain't just metal and steam; it's a guardian, a protector, crafted with sweat, blood, and a touch of that ol' western magic.

Tool Proficiency

3rd-level Steam Smith feature

Now, to be a Steam Smith, you gotta know your way 'round the anvil and hammer. You'll be gettin' cosy with smith's tools, partner. If that ain't news to you and you've already got that feather in your cap, well then, pick another type of artisan's tools. The Wild West's a vast expanse; there's always somethin' new to learn, somethin' to perfect.

Steam Smith Spells

3rd-level Steam Smith feature

A Steam Smith's got a pocket full of tricks, spells that are as much a part of them as the dust in their boots. Every time you climb another rung on this wild ladder, there's a set of spells waitin' for you, etched in the Steam Smith Spells table. You don't need to fuss about preparin' 'em –

they're ready to roll, and they won't count 'gainst the number of inventor spells you can have up your sleeve.

So, when the coyotes howl and the cold wind bites, remember, in the lawless dance of the Wild West, the Steam Smith and their Ironside Companion ain't just participatin'. They're leadin' the dance, guardians of the frontier, weldin' magic and metal in a tango of protection and power.

Steam Smith Spells

Inventor Level	Spell
3rd	<i>heroism, shield</i>
5th	<i>branding smite, warding bond</i>
9th	<i>aura of vitality, conjure barrage</i>
13th	<i>aura of purity, fire shield</i>
17th	<i>banishing smite, mass cure wounds</i>

Frontier Preparedness

3rd-level Steam Smith feature

Out here in the wild open, a Steam Smith's education ain't confined to books and scrolls. No sir, it's the harsh desert winds and the unyielding sun that's your tutors, and they've got lessons that stick.

- Now, thanks to that unrelentin' tutorin', you've got a firm grip on martial weapons. You can swing a sword and notch an arrow with the best of 'em. But that ain't all, partner.
- When you're armed with a magic weapon, your shootin' and slicin' is guided by the keen sharpness of your intellect. Yessiree, your smarts guide your hand; use that Intelligence modifier for your attack and damage rolls, leavin' Strength and Dexterity in the dust.

Ironside Companion

3rd-level Steam Smith feature

Out on these wild plains, a fella needs a reliable sidekick, and ain't no partner more trusty than the Ironside Companion you've rustled up with your own two hands. This contraption's got your back, and it's downright friendly to you and any cowpoke you call a friend. Now, for the nitty-gritty on what this mechanical marvel can do, best take a gander at the Ironside

Companion stat sheet – you'll notice your own sharp skills (that's your proficiency bonus, or PB) play a big part in its doings.

When the bullets start flyin', your Ironside buddy gets movin' right after you, sharin' your same get-up-and-go speed. Left to its own devices, it'll just duck and dodge, but give it a little nudge with a bonus action on your part, and it'll leap into action, either doin' one of its regular tricks or any other move you fancy. And if you're out cold? Well, then it's up to your Ironside to figure out its next move.

Should it get a tad banged up, a quick mending spell'll patch it right up, healin' 2d6 of its bruises and scrapes. And if the unthinkable happens and it goes belly up? No worries. If it's only been an hour, you can roll up your sleeves, use them smith's tools, and with a spell slot of 1st level or higher, your Ironside'll be back on its feet in a jiffy, right as rain.

And let's say you get a hankerin' to craft a new model after a good night's sleep. Well, with your smith's tools in hand, you can whip up a fresh Ironside Companion come mornin'. Just remember, the land ain't big enough for two of 'em, so the old one'll have to mosey on to the great scrapyards in the sky. And, heaven forbid, if you bite the dust? Your Ironside'll follow you to that big ranch in the sky.

STEEL DEFENDER

[Défenseur d'acier]

Medium construct, -

Armor Class 15 (natural armor)

Hit Points 2 + your Intelligence modifier + five times your artificer level (the defender has a number of Hit Dice [d8s] equal to your artificer level)

Speed 40 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
14 (+2)	12 (+1)	14 (+2)	4 (-3)	10 (+0)	6 (-2)

Saving Throws Dex +1 plus PB, Con +2 plus PB

Skills Athletics +2 plus PB, Perception +0 plus PB x 2

Damage Immunities poison

Condition Immunities charmed, exhaustion, poisoned

Senses darkvision 60 ft., passive Perception 10 + (PB x 2)

Languages understands the languages you speak

Challenge - Proficiency Bonus equals your bonus

Vigilant. The defender can't be surprised.

ACTIONS

Force-Empowered Rend. *Melee Weapon Attack:* your spell attack modifier to hit, reach 5 ft., one target you can see. *Hit:* 1d8 + PB force damage.

Repair (3/Day). The magical mechanisms inside the defender restore 2d8 + PB hit points to itself or to one construct or object within 5 feet of it.

REACTIONS

Deflect Attack. The defender imposes disadvantage on the attack roll of one creature it can see that is within 5 feet of it, provided the attack roll is against a creature other than the defender.

Twin Barrels Blazin'

5th-level Steam Smith feature

When the action gets as heated as the midday sun in July, you've got the grit to pull the trigger twice, not just once, every time you hunker down for the Attack action on your spin around the dance floor.

Mystic Surge

9th-level Steam Smith feature

You've rustled up some fancy tricks, partner, mixin' the raw energy of the frontier with the mystique of the arcane. When your trusty iron or your Ironside Companion lands a hit, you can unleash this harnessed energy to stir up one of these ruckuses:

- Your target gets rattled with an extra 2d6 force damage, as if struck by a ghostly rattlesnake.
- Choose a critter or an old inanimate within 30 paces of the target. A wave of healin' energy, as soothing as a desert breeze, rolls over 'em, mendin' 2d6 of their wounds.
- You can whip out this arcane lasso a number of times equal to your Intelligence modifier (gotta have at least one shot in the chamber), but don't get too trigger happy - only one pull per turn. Come the break of dawn after a night under the stars, you're loaded and ready to roll again with all uses replenished.

Enhanced Defender

15th-level Steam Smith feature

Your Mystic Surge and Ironside Companion are now more dangerous than a rattlesnake in a sleepin' bag:

- Them there mystical surges of yours pack more wallop, dealin' or healin' a hefty 4d6.
- Your Ironside Companion is now tough as nails with an extra +2 to its Armor Class, makin' it harder to hit than a jackrabbit on a sugar rush.
- Every time your Ironside Companion throws up its Deflect Attack, it's like a reboundin' bullet, and the varmint that dared to attack gets a sting of force damage equal to 1d4 + your Intelligence modifier.