CITYBOOK™ I

Butcher, Baker, Candlestick Maker

a game-master's aid for all role-playing systems

H.G. Wells Award Winner: Best Role Playing Adventure for 1982!



25 city-based establishments with over 75 fully-described non-player characters, and scenario suggestions for use with any role-playing system

Produced by **BLADE** a division of Flying Buffalo Inc.

All-System Catalyst™ Series

Winner of the H.G. Wells Award for Best Role Playing Adventure for 1982!

CITYBOOK™ I

Butcher, Baker, Candlestick Maker

25
fully-described business establishments for use with any role-playing system including over 75 completely developed non-player personalities to interact with your players' characters in City adventures

edited by Larry DiTillio

front cover by Stephan Peregrine

illustrated by
Liz Danforth and Steven S. Crompton

Produced by



Flying Buffalo Inc
PO Box 1467
SCOTTSDALE AZ 85252

CityBook I *is one in the* Catalyst *series of booklets, a line of game master aids for use with any role-playing game. Each book in the series provides a "catalyst to your imagination" – something to give your imagination a boost towards better gaming.* Catalyst *is Flying Buffalo's trademark name for its entire series of game booklets designed for use with any role-playing game.* CityBook *is Flying Buffalo's trademark name for those* Catalyst *game booklets which describe businesses, personalities, and scenarios for city-based play.*

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Introduction

Welcome to the City! What you now hold in your hands is a new concept in city components for fantasy role-playing gaming. On the pages that follow, you will find 25 *completely-delineated* establishments, compatible with any city, town, or village in *any* game system. Each establishment is completely mapped, described in detail, and populated with colorful NPC personalities to interact with your players. After each description are a number of scenario suggestions centered around the establishment. Your cities need not be mere stop-over points between adventures; with *CityBook 1,* your players can now find fun and excitement even in such mundane activity as buying a loaf of bread or having a battered suit of armor repaired.

While the establishments in *CityBook 1* are described in detail, the choice of business included are those a group of adventurers is most likely to have an immediate interest in. There is an inn for players to spend the night, a tavern where they may pick up rumors between sips of ale, a magic supplies shop for wizards to browse in, a sword-maker and bowyer for fighters, a fine armor-crafter, a stable for boarding or renting horses, a jailhouse for incarcerating the rambunctious or larcenous members of the adventuring party. To avoid any possibility of boredom, there are also a number of specialty shops. There is even a mortuary and cemetary for those unfortunate adventurers who have passed beyond. For the heroes and heroines among the gamers, there are quests aplenty, from hunting snow-bear noses for the local butcher to exorcising a troublesome ghost.

As GM, all you need do is provide specific game statistics for the NPCs and monsters we've described, then give it a dose of your own fertile imagination. The establishments in *CityBook 1* will work equally well in large cities, towns, or villages; some would even fit as isolated stops along a trail. You can link one or more establishments together to broaden the scope of the suggested scenarios, to the point of making one coherent, complete city just with these establishments. We created *CityBook 1* to take out the hard work of designing and running a city-based adventure, so both you and your players can have a more enjoyable gaming session together.

CityBook 1 is designed as a role-playing aid for fantasy gaming. Therefore, the flavor is basically medieval. However, there is no reason why with a little bit of effort it could not be made suitable for modern-day or futuristic role-playing games. Whatever you choose to do with *CityBook 1,* we hope you will enjoy it and use it often to add excitement to your game play.

– Larry DiTillio

A Brief Note

CityBook I is not a complete city, nor was that our intention in writing it. If you want to make it the core of a complete city, you will find it an excellent foundation; if you want to add an extra shop when running a city of your own devising, and happen to need one of the businesses listed here, you should be able to do so easily. The primary purpose of this book is to provide a number of modular pieces of cities, from which you can pick and choose what you want to use. If you like this approach, or have some complaints about the systems used or material presented, let us know. We welcome your criticisms and comments. We plan to produce more of these books, and your opinion is important to us. Please write – we can't promise to answer every letter, but we certainly do want to hear from you. Our address is:

Flying Buffalo Inc.
P.O. Box 1467
Scottsdale, AZ
85252-1467

GM Guidelines

Since *CityBook I* is a generic role-playing aid, no game-specific statistics for NPC's or monsters have been given. However, as an aid to the GM who must convert our descriptions into game mechanics, we have provided the following guidelines to help you in adapting *CityBook I* to your favorite game system. Keep in mind, however, that this is now *your* book; if you wish to change anything, go ahead!

GENERAL ATTRIBUTES

It isn't necessary to give each non-player character in *CityBook* complete attributes such as Power, Luck, Wisdom, and so forth. However, should you choose to do so you will note in the character descriptions such phrases as "very strong," "quick," "stupid," "beautiful," etc. By noting these phrases and reflecting them in the NPC's attributes, you should come out with a fairly accurate set of statistics for the person in question.

FIGHTING PROWESS

At times, player adventurers will probably get into fights with non-player characters. We have provided a six-level coding system to describe how well a particular *CityBook* NPC can fight. In some cases, the combat ability of an NPC is given in terms of a specific weapon or weapons (e.g. Cleavsom Rumpchunk the Butcher is "good" with a cleaver or butcher knife, but only "average" with anything else). In other cases, the fighting prowess is overall (e.g. Bron Arvo the Armorer is "very good" with any weapon).

There are two ways to randomize for the fighting prowess of an NPC. You can roll 1d6 for category. For example, a player character has just been insulted by some nameless warrior-type in the local tavern. The player draws his sword, determined to battle it out. The GM rolls the warrior-type's prowess on 1d6 and rolls a 5. The player is in trouble! Or, you can roll 1d100 and refer to the percentages given after the descriptions of each code below. These percentages correspond to how that person stacks up in relation to all other fighters in your average world. Therefore, a "poor" fighting prowess would account for about 40% of all fighters met, and an "excellent" prowess would only fit about 4% of the fighters. If you put a "poor" fighter into your campaign, we expect that 60% of the rest of the fighters in your world will be better.

These are the codes for fighting prowess:

☐ **POOR.** Unfamiliar with combat arts; can be easily wounded or killed. *(01 - 40%)*

☐ **AVERAGE.** A run-of-the mill type, but certainly no hero. *(41 - 59%)*

☐ **FAIR.** Better than average and will acquit himself adequately. *(60 - 74%)*

☐ **GOOD.** Can go one-on-one with seasoned fighters. *(75 -84%)*

☐ **VERY GOOD.** This person can cause a lot of trouble in combat! *(85 - 95%)*

☐ **EXCELLENT.** If blood is spilled, it's not likely to come from this character... *(96 - 100%)*

MAGIC ABILITY

To determine the expertise with which an NPC uses magic power, *CityBook 1* employs a six-level system similar to the one for fighting prowess. This is listed in the NPC descriptions as "Magic Ability," and will be followed by a listing of the particular areas the magic-user might be competent in (see "The Eight C's of Magic" below). If an NPC has no Magic Ability listed, then none exists. The codes for Magic Ability are:

☐ **POOR.** A hedge wizard or apprentice. Might very well turn himself into a frog. *(01 - 40%)*

☐ **AVERAGE.** Competent, but hardly a world-shaker. Only a few spells at his command. *(41 -59%)*

☐ **FAIR.** A wider range of spells. Effective, but not powerful. *(60 - 74%)*

☐ **GOOD.** Knows numerous spells in many categories, and is versatile in their use. *(75 - 84%)*

☐ **VERY GOOD.** Knows powerful spells in most of the Eight C's. Formidable. *(85 - 95%)*

☐ **EXCELLENT.** Not a person to cross. Can easily command almost all the known spells, and might be able to turn the party into anchovy paste with a single gesture. *(96 - 100%)*

Given the diversity of magic systems in fantasy gaming, it is impossible to assign specific spells or powers to any magic-using NPC in *CityBook.* However, spells or powers can be broken down into categories of magic, regardless of what game

system you use. Thanks to Mike Stackpole, *CityBook 1* has the "8C's System" to give GMs some idea of what type of magic a particular NPC might wield.

☐ **C1. COMBAT MAGIC.** Any spell used primarily in an offensive/defensive manner in combat.

☐ **C2. CURATIVE MAGIC.** Any spell used to heal wounds, cure diseases, stop poison damage, etc.

☐ **C3. CLAIRVOYANT MAGIC.** Any spell used to detect things: secret doors, magic, hidden or trapped items, etc.

☐ **C4. CONVEYANCE MAGIC.** Teleportation, levitation, flying, telekinesis spells, etc.

☐ **C5. COMMUNICATION MAGIC.** Any spell used to communicate: telepathy, translation, hypnosis, magic reading spells, etc.

☐ **C6. CONSTRUCTION MAGIC.** Any spell which uses matter or energy to "build," e.g. wall spells, protective fields, stone-shaping spells, etc.

☐ **C7. CONCEALMENT MAGIC.** Any spell which serves to hide or misdirect, e.g. invisibility, illusion, shape-shifting spells, etc.

☐ **C8. CONJURATION MAGIC.** Any spell which produces a condition or entity, e.g. light spells, weather control, demon-summoning spells, etc.

Keep in mind that a character with Magic Ability need not always be a sorcerer. An NPC could possess certain magic abilities as a result of owning some device or from some form of supernatural intervention. You can also use the Magic Ability Chart randomly by rolling either 1d6 or 1d100 (as was suggested for the fighting prowess chart) to judge the level of a magic-using character, and 1d8 to determine what areas on the "Eight C's" list the character is competent in.

LOCKS

Light-fingered thieves and pilfering rogues are ever-present in the worlds of fantasy. To help the GM deal with these types, *CityBook* uses a system to code the difficulty of any locks encountered. These codes appear in the text when a reference is made to a chest or similar locked item (e.g., "locked[3]," which means the lock is "fair"), and on the maps themselves in reference to doors. The codes for locks are as follows:

☐ **1. POOR.** An orphan with a hatpin could open this lock. *(01 - 40%)*

☐ **2. AVERAGE.** A little tougher to jimmy; just adequate. *(41 - 59%)*

☐ **3. FAIR.** Takes some effort to open. *(60 -74%)*

☐ **4. GOOD.** Particularly tough. Probably will require special tools to open. *(75 - 84%)*

☐ **5. VERY GOOD.** Will take even a master thief a long time to open. *(85 - 95%)*

☐ **6. EXCELLENT.** Could require magic or a howitzer to open easily – unless you have the key! *(96 - 100%)*

Again, the percentages here refer to what percentage of such locks exist in an average cross-section. Many locks fall into the "poor" category, and there are only a few truly "excellent" locks.

You could also use the percentages to indicate how many thieves could jimmy the lock. For example, at least 60% of all thieves could jimmy a "poor" lock, while 4% or less could undo an "excellent" lock. The GM will have to determine how well a particular thief character does when confronted with a certain level of lock (i.e. a very poor thief would have lots of trouble with even a "fair" lock). Once again, a GM can randomize on this lock system to determine the nature of any lock.

MONETARY GUIDELINES

Prices in *CityBook* are usually given in overall terms (i.e., "low," "reasonable," and "expensive"). You should use common sense regarding these terms; a reasonable price for a broadsword would be outrageous when applied to a single arrow. Where prices are actually listed, *CityBook* assumes this standard: 10 copper pieces = 1 silver piece; 10 silver pieces = 1 gold piece; a gold piece represents approximately $1 in U.S. currency. This currency system obviously must be altered to fit your own economic system.

TIME FRAME

CityBook uses a standard 24-hour day as its time frame. If your world operates under a different system, alter the times given to fit it.

NON-HUMAN RACES

For color, we've included some non-humans and a few halfbreeds. If it doesn't fit into your campaign to have a dwarven messenger, simply make him a short human; if an orcish tattoo artist bothers you, just make the Sleaz brothers a pair of very ugly human twins. As in all facets of the *CityBook*, adjust things to suit yourself!

City Building and Citymastering

by Paul O'Connor

Fantasy role-playing games are, by their very nature, among the most versatile and imaginative games a person can play. Using FRP rules, it is possible to undertake journeys through alien dimensions, engage in an aerial clash of mounted war dragons, fight out a massive battle between ships at sea, or attempt to escape from Hell itself. Yet despite the free-form nature of the genre, many FRP gamers still needlessly restrict their experiences to conventional dungeon runs.

There's certainly nothing wrong with dungeon delving, but a person who spends all of his or her time wandering around in tunnels is missing out on a whole world of possible adventures. Every fantasy gamer or Game Master owes it to him or herself to try coming up out of the dungeons at least once, if only to try something different.

A city is a good place to begin moving out of the dungeons, as it can provide a comfortable link with game play that has already taken place. The characters that have been running through your dungeon came from somewhere – why not make your city their home? You might want to set your city near your dungeon, to better explain why everyone who enters your dungeon seems to come from the same place.

The most important thing to remember when setting out to design a city is not to let sheer size overwhelm you. While a city *might* be a vast place comprising hundreds of structures and thousands of inhabitants, chances are that your players' characters will only deal with a little bit of it at a time – at least at first. You needn't detail every single building and citizen of your city before beginning play. Such a task would be a truly thankless one. You'd spend the rest of your natural life working on the city, and no one would ever get the chance to see it – worthwhile, perhaps, as a twisted end in and of itself, but a bit impractical.

To start developing your city, work up a general idea of the sort of settlement you want to design. Is a sprawling metropolis to your taste? or would you feel more comfortable with a small village? Decide where you want to locate your city – steaming jungle or parched desert, rugged coastline or mountaintop perch?

After you've roughed out the details of climate and approximate size, sketch a map of the place. Concentrate on blocking out the city as a whole, rather than paying attention to individual details. Indicate such things as the city's defenses and major quarters (e.g. these are the walls that surround the city, with gates here and here; these are the beggars' quarters; this is where the royal palace is; here's the marketplace; this is where the sea-front businesses are located, etc.). It shouldn't take more than a couple of hours to block out a city this way – though you'll probably end up with a rather messy map.

Your next task is to get your players involved. It is important that your players' characters come to care for the city as much as you do. The city should feel like home to these characters, a place where they can rest from the continual hazards of dungeon delving ... unless they go looking for trouble (as most characters do). If characters treat your city as a dungeon without a roof, spending their time there trying to knock over everything in sight, then it isn't going to work very well. Character interaction is the lifeblood of a city.

Walk the players around the city, until they get to know it as well as you do (which shouldn't be difficult – at this point you probably won't know much about the city anyway). Unless you feel especially confident, don't try running anything in the way of an actual city adventure immediately – just get the characters familiar with the turf. Perhaps the best way to accomplish this is to simply throw your map on the table and explain it to the players.

The object of this exercise is to find out what parts of the city interest your players. Determining this important information before your first actual city game will save you a lot of grief later. The importance of talking to your players cannot be overemphasized. Before you run off and detail all

seven levels of the local gemsmith's guild, complete with one hundred and one fully-statted non-player characters, make sure your characters are interested in adventuring there.

After you've found out what interests your players, sit down and consider a few scenarios set in the general areas that apply. If your characters want to wander around the marketplace, then draw up a rough map of that area as you envision it – a farmer's crops here, a spice merchant's booth there, a one-armed goblin with three heads juggling squids over there. You can make this quite detailed if you wish, but don't waste too much time on details that aren't likely to *directly* affect game play. You can always pencil specific details onto the map as you go along.

Next, write up a few scenarios for the area you've detailed. Try to think of what might happen to someone who visits this part of the city. A character wandering through the marketplace might find himself hustled by merchants, victimized by a pickpocket, or unjustly accused of being a thief. Generate a few NPCs representative of the area to throw at the characters – a couple of merchants, a few average citizens, a thug or two and maybe a few city guardsmen would be appropriate for a marketplace.

When it comes to actually running a city trip, be flexible. Try to allow for your players' desires. Let the characters take a hand in directing the action – *never* try to force characters into doing something they don't want to, simply because you've got nothing developed for the path they're taking. Often, a city trip will split off into a completely unexpected direction – usually quite different from the one planned. If this happens, flow with it! Try to ajudicate whatever situations arise to the best of your ability. *There's nothing wrong with making up an adventure as you go along.* Be sure to note down anything you develop during these game sessions for future reference – pretty soon you'll have built a sizeable file on how your city works.

Exercise common sense in your rulings. If a character walks up to the gates of the Overlord's palace and starts mowing down the guards, then he should expect some sort of retaliation. On the other hand, if a character gets caught stealing an apple off a cart, it shouldn't be grounds for instant execution – unless your city has a *very* strict law against stealing apples. If you run into trouble judging a character's actions, use a real-life city you know as an example. Evaluate your own chance of accomplishing a similar deed in a comparable section of a real city. Fantasy is rooted in reality – using a link between the two for your benefit shouldn't be difficult.

Whenever possible, strive to enlist the imaginations of your players in developing your city. If a character is wandering through a section of town about which you know little or nothing, ask the player to describe what he or she feels should be there. Carefully curtail what the player develops so as to maintain the internal consistency and balance of your city, but try to incorporate as many of his or her suggestions as possible – it will make the player feel more a part of the city. Don't take this to mean that you should grant any wish on request – if a character says he sees a wizard standing on the streetcorner handing out bags of gold to anyone passing by, then overrule him. Conversely, if a character says he sees a "Help Wanted" poster tacked to a tavern wall, offering a position as a bodyguard for a local merchant, then let him take the ball and run with it. Some of the very best city adventures are the products of such joint efforts.

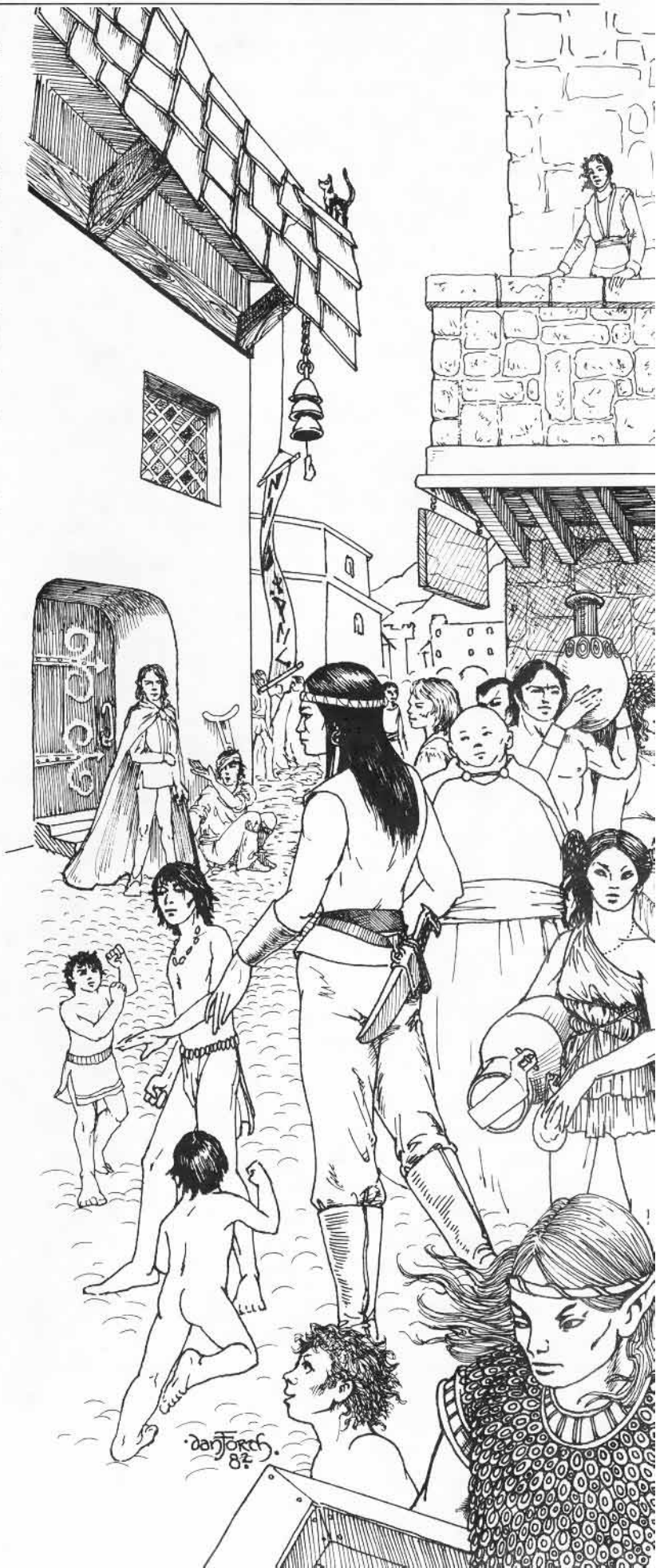
After you've run a couple of adventures, your city will start to take on a life of its own. You'll find you're having less trouble determining what different sections of the city look like – and you might want to re-draw your original city map, taking care to include such things as buildings the characters have visited, street names they've thought out, and locations of personal residences the players may have established. Don't hesitate to throw out under-developed sections of the city that no longer fit in with the whole – if your town has turned out to be violently anti-magic, then throw out the space you set aside for the local chapter house of the Wizards' Guild.

After you've developed a knack for running city adventures, you might want to toy with setting up some larger, long-range scenarios that involve the whole city, rather than just one small part of it. Perhaps a close NPC friend in the city has been murdered or kidnapped and it's up to the characters to track down the culprit. Maybe the Overlord has decided to tax the city ... again. What if the Thieves' Guild has decided it's time for the characters to pay their dues on that dungeon loot they've got lying

around? The possibilities are infinite. These sort of scenarios work well when sprung on characters who have become comfortable with the city, when just exploring for exploration's sake no longer interests them. You'll find that after characters have been in the city for a while, they'll begin to develop patterns that will help you create scenarios for them. Perhaps the characters frequent a particular tavern each night, or routinely follow a particular street when going to market in the morning. These areas can be detailed by GM and players, and used as a starting point for scenarios. Countless adventures have begun in my own city of Iron Bell with the characters simply sitting in a back booth of Valerion's Wet Whistle: a bloody messenger will stagger into the tavern with a dagger in his back and a parchment clutched in his hand; or a conversation about a shipment of gems arriving at the docks will be overheard, and then it's off to the races ...

Once you've introduced your players to a city, you'll begin to explore facts of your FRP universe that you probably never knew existed. Eventually the dungeon loot is going to run out, and the characters will be faced with the prospect of paying for food and rent. Some characters will try to get an honest job. Others will take to the street in search of an easy mark. Still others might get sucked in by get-rich-quick schemes. Some characters might even return to your old dungeon in search of more treasure – you'll be surprised how fresh your dungeon will seem after just a couple of weeks of city adventuring.

If you start small and work your way up, I think you'll find the job of city construction and administration will test your gamemastering talent to the utmost. Most of the time you'll be winging it, without much in the way of established material to rely on. While citymastering may prove difficult at first, I think you'll find your playing enjoyment will increase greatly for the effort. You'll end up being a better GM and player for the experience, despite having long since gone completely mad.



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Explanation of Maps

The multitude of symbols on the opposite page shouldn't panic you. You should find most to be self-explanatory in conjunction with the text.

The maps are intended to both show what the room would look like, and what the room contains. The views are taken as though you were looking down on the building with its roof removed; if there is more than one floor, each is provided on a separate map.

The key will provide you with the meanings for the various symbols used to indicate a room's contents and furnishings. Most objects are shown by a reasonable facsimile of their actual shape. However, certain items have been stylized for easy recognition. For instance, a bed in a fantasy world does not necessarily look like the symbol used to represent a bed on the map – but when you look at the symbol, you *know* it's a bed.

In simplest terms: read the text and look at the map which accompanies it. You should find it reasonably clear and easy to understand. If you still have trouble figuring out part of it, check back here for the key.

Note that all maps in this book are oriented so that, when read normally, North is at the top of the page. An explanation of symbols unique to a particular establishment is provided with each map. Different scales have been used, and each map has its scale noted as so many feet to the square.

More Ideas for the GM

Although no establishment connects to any other in the *CityBook* as written now, don't let that stop you from doing so. There are some places where connections are obvious, and some interesting scenarios can be made by connecting those which aren't so obvious.

If you're introducing someone to the fun of FRP, but he or she is having trouble getting into the idea of role-playing, try assigning statistics and attributes to one of the NPCs in this book and letting the new player run that character as a full-fledged player-character with a background and attitudes already sketched in.

Occasionally, a GM finds the players getting involved in something – or someone – that wasn't expected. For instance, your unbeatable guardian is outsmarted and its captive is freed. Who's the captive? He might be one of the *CityBook* NPCs – you can determine if he would be ransomed by his family, or if anyone would really care!

In addition, many of these NPCs could be found away from their places of business as easily as not. Ki Skywhite could be out shopping in the market when a sudden fire traps her in an alley with the party; Idaya Trueshaft could be encountered in the wilderness while she searched for a better stand of trees with wood suited to her craft.

This City can also be viewed as a "home town" for the player characters. These NPCs might be their neighbors – or relatives! This familial connection can add interesting background to a character who might otherwise be just another row of numbers.

Finally, if a player-character is looking to invest his or her hard-won loot in a small but steady business, some of these establishments would be ideal. Likewise, if by some sorry circumstance the original owner of a business is no more, then perhaps a player character could settle down to a humdrum life of tending shop and telling old war stories about his or her days of adventure in the ruins...

Key to All Maps

Basics

plain walls

barred walls

parapet

fence (or unroofed walls) of stone or brick

rail fence

dirt path

stone-edged path

single, plain doors

double doors

locked doors

barred doors

secret doors

swinging doors

trapdoor

stairs (leading up)

stairs (leading down)

spiral stairs

posts, poles, support beams

counter

tree

fireplace, hearth, or forge

oven

debris

Other Common Objects

table

chair

table and chair

sofa or divan

armchair

bench

stool

single bed

double bed

four-poster bed

bunk bed

ordinary candle

freestanding candle

candle attached to wall

wood pile

target

bellows

anvil

vat (bubbling)

podium

coffin

statue

armor mannikin

shelves (# of lines is relative to # of shelves)

rugs

privies

troughs

Containers

crate

cask or barrel

chest

cupboard, cabinet, or dresser table

display case

lockbox

water bucket or barrel

bathing tub

Wall Fixtures and Accessories

normal curtains (also tapestries)

beaded curtains

ordinary windows

barred windows

shuttered windows

barred AND shuttered windows

wall pegs

hooks

weapons rack

archer ports



For adventurers who have spent sleepless nights amid dusty ruins, the lure of a comfortable bed and good company can be quite attractive. Warm food, good drink, and exotic entertainment can wash away visions of horror and speed the healing of battle-wounds. And who knows what new tales will surface in a night's revelry to stir the blood, chill the heart, and spark thoughts of how to refill that slowly-emptying purse?

Whenever adventurers descend upon on a city, one of the first places they hit is an inn or tavern. Inns offer them a place to store their luggage and catch a quick meal. The common room of an inn can act as a meeting place for fellow travellers and local townspeople. Inns can also supply interesting entertainment in the persons of bards, storytellers, and others.

Taverns, on the other hand, seek to sate the more basic desire for drink, companionship, and unusual forms of entertainment. Games of skill or chance can be found in taverns, as can other diversions which are easily as exciting as the troll who tried to rip a character in half during the last battle. And almost anything can become an adventure in a tavern, often without the characters suspecting they have walked into a hornets' nest.

The Diamond Spider Tavern and The Grey Minstrel Inn are examples of these types of establishments. Each offers a blend of the expected and unexpected services – and neither is as sedate as characters might imagine.

The Diamond Spider Tavern

For a cheap drink and cheaper thrills, there's no better tavern in the whole city than The Diamond Spider.

Over the stout oak door that is the main entrance to the tavern swings an octagonal sign which depicts a glistening arachnid framed against a dark web pattern. The sign reads "The Diamond Spider — S. Braz, Proprietor.

The specialty of the house at The Diamond Spider is a lethal concoction known as a "Spider's Web". It contains five varieties of hard alcohol, three fruit juices, and a drop or two of tincture of opium. The suggested limit is 3; most people have a hard time downing one. At 2 gold pieces, it is the most expensive libation offered. Ale, beer, wine, applejack, brandy, mead, rum, gin, usquebaugh, vodka, and corn liquor are also available, at prices ranging from a few coppers to 1 gold piece. Characters who wish to drink water, milk, or sasparilla had best find another establishment.

No hot food is offered; however, customers may order a cheese platter (which includes a large onion and some monstrously hot mustard) for only 3 silver pieces. Sticks of hard salted bread, salted fish, spicy jerked-beef strips, and green olives are placed on tables as "snacks".

While not exactly the lowest dive in town, The Diamond Spider's clientele is not the most savory. Thieves, courtesans, bandits, assassins, smugglers, spies, and other disreputable sorts mingle freely with the more honest inhabitants of the city. Brawls are frequent, rumors run rampant, and all manner of shady deals are consummated here. It's a very popular place!



Games and Entertainment

The Diamond Spider also offers games and entertainment. Games include:

DAGGER PITCHING. Players stand at one end of a 15' long "lane" and throw daggers at a 6' high wooden target. On the target is the outline of a man; the vital areas (heart, lungs, eyes, etc.) are represented in this outline. Players get three shots at the target with throwing daggers; they score points depending on the accuracy of the shot. Competition is fierce and sometimes dangerous.

The Diamond Spider has a regular dagger pitch league, but anyone who cares to join in when it isn't league night is welcome. The minimum throwing distance is 12'; ajudicate attempts based on the normal dagger-throwing mechanics of your system. (See the Dagger Boards, Section E in the Layout.)

SPIDER RACES. Various arachnids are placed in glass-topped "lanes" and race for insects at the end of the lane. First spider there wins!

LEG WRESTLING. Akin to arm-wrestling, except participants lay on the floor on their backs, side-to-side, their heads pointed in different directions. Players lock legs and try to flip each other over, a test of both strength and dexterity.

HOWLING CONTESTS. Patrons very simply try to out-howl each other.

TWEZELIEWOP. A large log is placed on the floor and two people face each other standing on the log. Each person must hold one hand behind his back; in his other hand he holds a large grain sack filled with goosefeathers. Each player attempts to knock the other off the log by hitting him with the sack.

DICE AND CARD GAMES. The usual. None are "house" games, though the tavern can provide dice or cards.

Entertainment is in the form of various exotic dancers, accompanied by some truly awful musicians; several jugglers; an occasional sleight-of-hand artist and a Storyteller. The Diamond Spider teems with activity and tables and chairs can be shuffled aside for a contest or game at a moment's notice. Betting on games is a favorite pastime of the patrons. There are rumors that occasionally men with a grudge against each other are invited to fight duels to the death in the Tavern, and that such matches have been held more than once (this is true).

LAYOUT

The building itself measures 100′ from east to west and 80′ from north to south. It is about 20′ high and has windows that are about 14′ above the ground. Smaller barred windows serve as ventilation for the ground floor. There are three entrances/exits, all with doors of stout oak banded with iron; each door has a built-in lock[3]. They are all unlocked while the Tavern is in operation (roughly from noon till about 2:00 a.m.)

The interior of the tavern is "split-level". A 10′ wide top deck area runs around the entire tavern, bounded by a 3′ high wooden railing. Stairs lead from the floor level to this top deck area, which is about 10′ above the main floor. The bar, private booths, dagger pitching boards, party room, privies, and storage areas are all beneath the top deck.

Shadows abound throughout the tavern. Light comes from wheel chandeliers with candles in them. These chandeliers are hung from the ceiling and can be lowered by ropes, tied to the wooden rail around the top deck. They are ideal for swinging on during brawls.

A. Bar. *(35′ × 10′)* The bar is thick wood, about 4′ high and 3′ feet across. Liquors and wines are kept beneath it. Ale, beer, and brandy are served from the three casks which are set into the wall behind the bar. Various shelves hold goblets, mugs, and bar tools.

The bar is manned by three to five bartenders. Each carries two daggers, wears leather armor, and has a "change" belt (a leather belt with three large pouches for holding copper, silver, and gold pieces). Payment for drinks goes directly into these pouches; tips are placed in a large mug beneath the bar. The back wall of the bar has a spiderweb pattern etched into it, and in the very center of this web is a small shelf. Upon the shelf is a glass case containing a grapefruit-sized statuette of a spider which appears to be made of diamond.

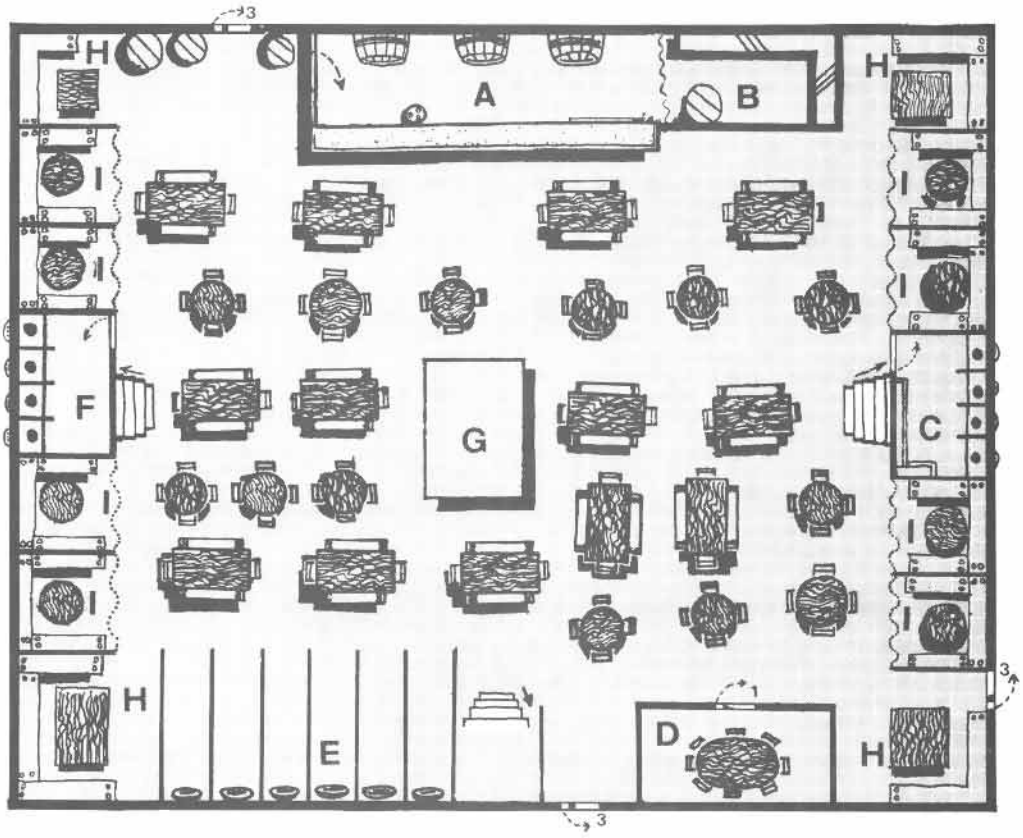
Bartenders can enter and leave the bar through a hinged section at the west end; they can fetch supplies and bar snacks from the storage room (B) as needed. Various cudgels, blackjacks, and bung starters under the bar can be used by the bartenders during a brawl.

B. Storage Room. *(10′ × 15′)* This is a "dry" storage room, containing bar supplies, hard liquor, mugs, bar snacks, etc. It is locked[1] during business hours.

C. Men's Privy. *(10′ × 15′)* A number of curtained stalls line the west wall, and a long trough stands against the east wall and south walls. Three barred windows in the east wall provide ventilation.

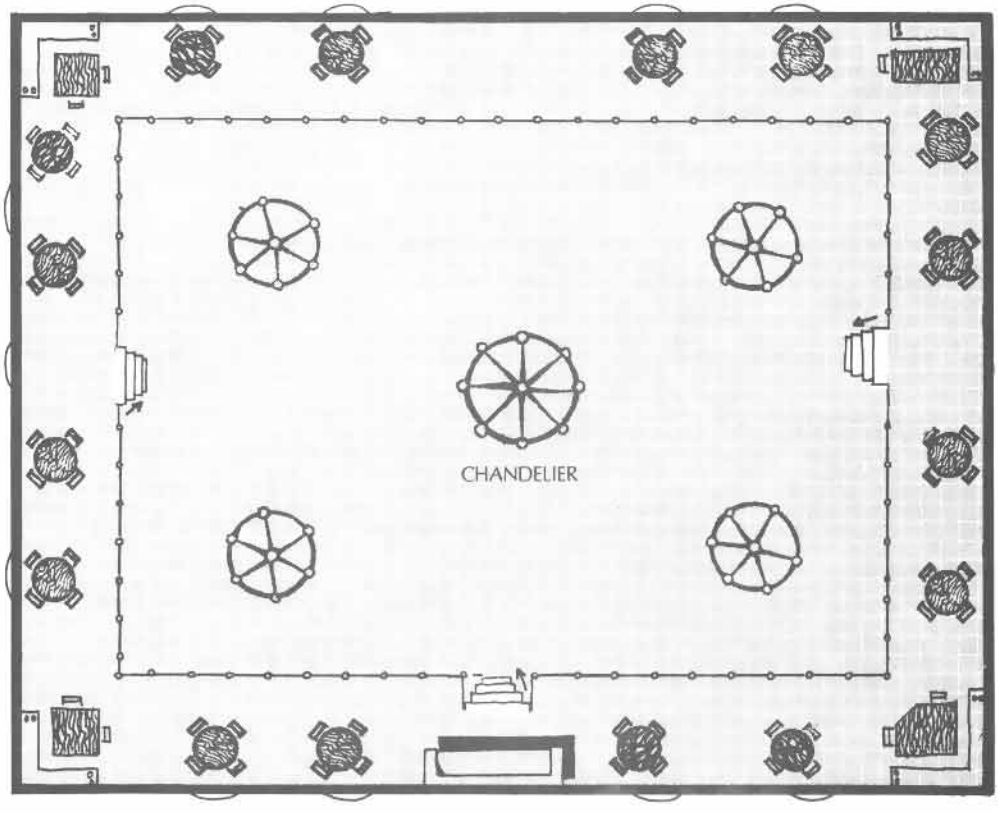
D. Party Room. *(10′ × 20′)* This is a private room for special parties. It contains a large table and many chairs which can be rearranged any way the client wishes. If the room is not in use, the door is kept locked[1]. The party room must be reserved in advance through The Diamond Spider's proprietor.

E. Dagger Boards. *(15′ × 30′ area, divided into 6 "lanes").* This is where the popular dagger pitching games are held. Wood partitions separate each "lane". At the south end of each "lane" is a 6′ high "target". The target boards are changed as



GROUND FLOOR ▲ UPPER FLOOR ▼

SCALE: one square = 2 feet



necessary. No axes, spears, and so forth are allowed! Hanging lanterns light the targets.

F. Women's Privy. *(10' × 15')* Similar to the men's privy (C), except there is no trough – just stalls along the west wall.

G. Entertainment Area. *(10' × 15')* This is merely an open, raised area of floor where the various performers do their thing. Contests are also held here at times.

H. Semi-Private Booths. These consist of padded wooden benches joined at a right angle, and a table. They are not screened by curtains. Candles provide light.

I. Private Booths. Each consists of 3 joined, padded wooden benches around a table and a beaded curtain across the front. They hold a good number of patrons and are ideal for intrigue. Candles provide light.

PERSONALITIES

Spider Braz. *Human. Ht: 5'9". Wt: 165 lbs. Age: 41. Fighting prowess: excellent when throwing a dagger; otherwise very good.*

Spider is the sole owner and proprietor of the tavern. He has beady dark eyes, curly black hair that he wears in long ringlets, a Mandarin-style moustache, and an intricate spider tattoo on his left cheek. He is shady-looking in the extreme, and very quick, cunning, and lucky. He prefers daggers as weapons, but sometimes carries a short sword as well. He usually wears finely-crafted leather armor.

Spider was your basic, two-bit rogue until the day he joined a party of adventurers seeking the fabled "Diamond Spider". This valuable artifact was located in the Temple of Chag the Spider-Devil, and Braz was the only survivor of the expedition (mainly due to his ability to *hide*). Spider, of course, claims he went toe-to-toe with Chag himself to grab the artifact. The Spider Statuette in the Bar area is only a paste imitation, though Spider claims it is the real thing (which he chopped up long ago to pay for the tavern). Braz considers spiders lucky and smashing one in his presence in a definite faux pas.

True to his nickname (the only name anyone knows him by), Spider has a hand in most of the illegal dealings in the City. As befits a tavern-keeper, he is very friendly and is around most of the time. He never tends bar, but he does judge contests, announce entertainers, and oversee the general operation of the tavern.



Spider Braz

Vishina. *Human. Ht: 5'7". Wt: 110 lbs. Age: 23. Fighting prowess: Average.*

Vishina, also known as "The Steel Gazelle", is the most popular dancer at The Diamond Spider. This sloe-eyed, voluptuous, tawny-blonde beauty has caused more men's deaths than the plague. Her haughty manner and total contempt for the male gender is a vast contrast to the abandoned sensuality of her various dance numbers, hence her odd nickname. She dances three times a night, twice a week; when she dances, the tavern is *always* packed to the rafters. Spider lusts after her, to no avail, and she can twist him around her little finger.

Vishina is the daughter of a powerful sorcerer. She dances in this scummy tavern to anger him, though no one is aware of this.

Vishina wears two rings. One ring has a small needle tipped with a substance called *Skintwister* which causes anyone injected to have violent

convulsions for about five minutes. The other ring contains a powdered poison called *Black Rapture* which is lethal within 30 seconds of its ingestion. She will use the first ring on someone who playfully molests her; she reserves the second ring for the truly crude types. She also wears a long comb in her hair which she can use as a weapon.

Mondrin Delain. *Human. Ht: 5'6". Wt: 150 lbs. Age: 46. Fighting prowess: poor.*

Mondrin is a short, grizzled man with a powerful, resonant voice and a compelling manner. He is something of a scholar, and has travelled much. He loves ancient legends and contemporary sagas in equal measure and is always on the lookout for new material for his stories.

Mondrin is the tavern storyteller. He secured the job by a stirring rendition of "The Ballad of The Diamond Spider", elaborating greatly on Spider Braz's recounting and of course making the tavern-keeper the central figure.

Mondrin is the only man who can drink more "Spider's Webs" than Spider himself. He is a great source of legendary information (for a price) and will even compose a story on the spot for an interested character (again, for a price). Mondrin is forced to recount "The Ballad of the Diamond Spider" once a week; otherwise, his repertoire varies widely. Mondrin is very popular. When he tells a story, the tavern becomes quiet and any boisterous activity is quickly stifled by bouncers.

Tavern Workers. There are some 15 serving girls, a variety of bartenders and bouncers, and a basic clean-up crew. Personalize such employees as you see fit. Remember, the Tavern can be a rough place, so make the bartenders and bouncers fairly tough in a fight (fair to very good).

Patrons. Again, this is up to the GM. You can figure 3 – 18 patrons at slow hours, and a minimum of 25 when things are livelier.

SCENARIO SUGGESTIONS

Scenario 1. A Priest of the Spider-Devil hires the characters to steal the Diamond Spider Statuette from the Tavern. The adventurers may or may not know the true nature of their employer. It's a safe bet that when the statuette turns out to be a fake, the party will be in hot water from more than one source.

Scenario 2. The characters are present when Vishina's father shows up, having decided to haul his daughter home. Spider promises a vast reward if someone will stop this crazy old coot (who, as mentioned, is a powerful sorcerer).

Scenario 3. Tragedy has struck The Diamond Spider's dagger-pitching team. Their best man has been run over by a dung wagon and cannot participate (Spider suspects it might *not* have been an accident). A big match with a team from the Golden Troll tavern is scheduled, and much money is riding on the outcome. The best dagger thrower in the party is invited to join the team. If he or she declines, then the boys from the Spider are going to be very angry. If he or she accepts, the Big Gambler who had the guy run over by the dung wagon to hedge his bet is going to try and arrange a similar accident for the character. People tend to take their dagger-pitching very seriously in the City.

Obviously, many scenarios can be derived from a night in The Diamond Spider. Mondrin the Storyteller makes an excellent device for alerting players to the next quest in the GM's campaign (or even for sending them off on a monster-filled wild goose chase). Vishina is an excellent foil for the macho types in the party, and Spider himself can get players in all types of trouble. Characters can even have a good time merely sampling the various games offered (try an actual howling contest, but alert your neighbors FIRST!), getting in brawls, or making wagers. Taverns are a mainstay of fantasy gaming, and this one should fulfill your needs admirably.

The Grey Minstrel Inn

For the adventurers whose finances are modest, The Grey Minstrel is the perfect choice of residence while in the City.

The Grey Minstrel is owned by Torm Hilliard and Boomer Tuntapper. The Inn is easily identified by an ornate sign above its double oaken doors, which shows a spectral grey figure strumming a lute.

Prices are reasonable at the Inn and a variety of "plans" are available. Characters may share a room (within limits) or opt for a private room. More well-to-do guests may even get a luxury suite, complete with bath. Meals can be included in the price of a room or paid for separately as guests desire. The food is standard inn fare: beef, cheeses, mutton, game, homemade breads, etc. Ale, beer, and wine are all available. Portions are plentiful and the cooking is good.

The Inn is two stories, the top being the guest rooms, the bottom consisting of a Dining Room (operates from sunrise to about 9 p.m.) and a Tavern (operates from noon to about 1 a.m.). The Tavern is a hangout for many of the City's decent, lower middle-class types. Several excellent bards and minstrels provide entertainment in the Tavern. The Tavern can get rowdy at times, but Boomer and Torm strive to keep the riff-raff out.

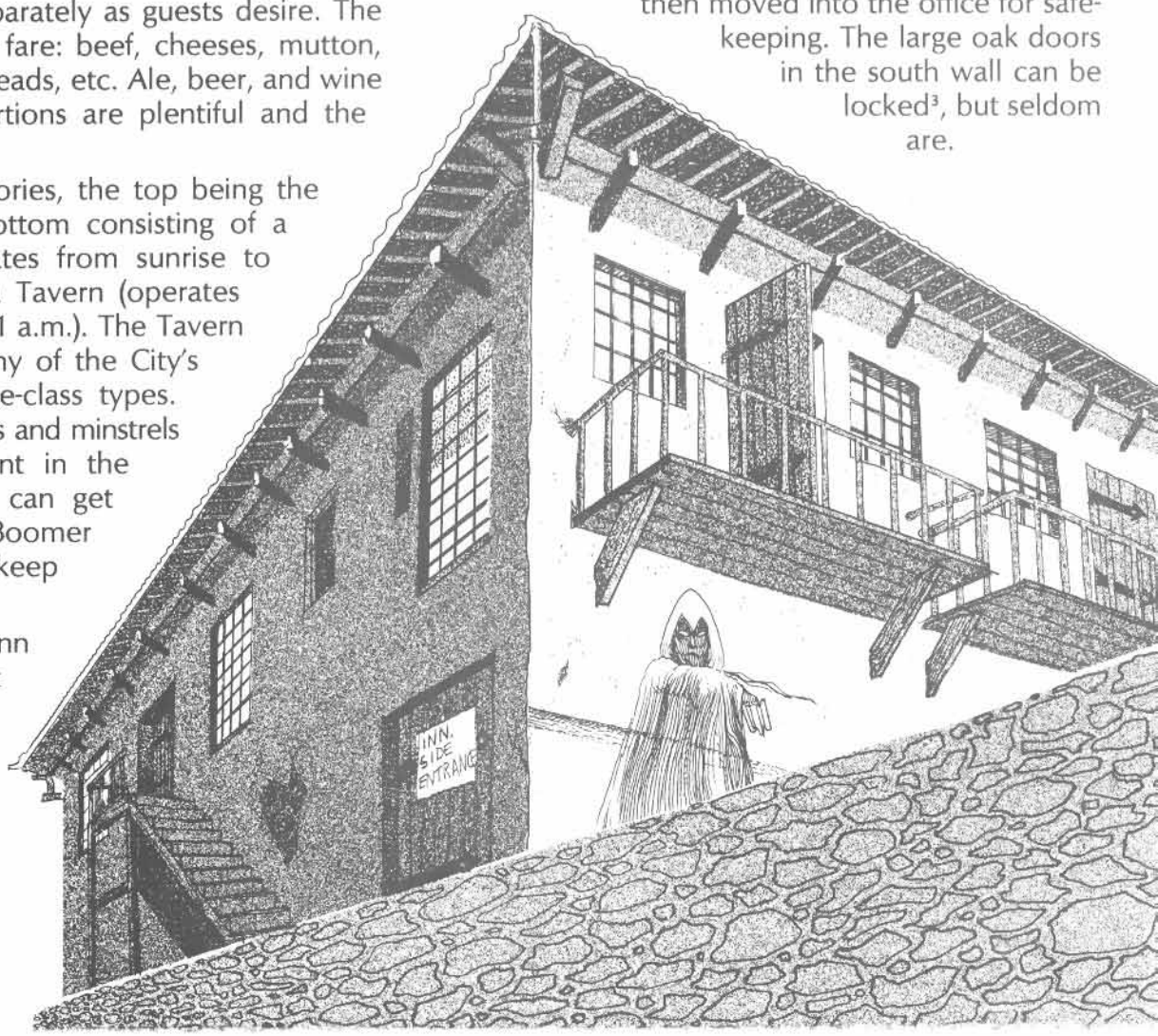
The name of the Inn derives from the fact that it is haunted by a somewhat mischievous spirit. Details of this "spook" will be given in the *Personalities* section.

Rooms are available at any time of the day or night, since there is always a clerk on duty at the front desk.

LAYOUT

Ground Floor

A. Lobby / Front Desk. *(20'×15')* Guests sign in and pay at the desk, and money is deposited in a small wooden box beneath the desk. Clerks inform Torm or Boomer when more than 100 gold pieces are in this box and the money is then moved into the office for safe-keeping. The large oak doors in the south wall can be locked[3], but seldom are.



B. Office. *(10′ × 15′)* This is where business is discussed, accounts are done, etc. There is a large ebony table and several armchairs and oil portraits of both Torm and Boomer, one on the east wall, one on the north wall. Behind each portrait is a peephole looking out on the Tavern area. Beneath the table is a hidden trapdoor; a small niche under this trapdoor holds a strongbox with a heavy padlock[5]. This is where profits are kept.

C. Corridor. *(5′ wide)* This leads to the stairs going up to the second story. There are open arches leading to both the Tavern and Dining Room, and a door to the Kitchen area which is never locked.

D. Kitchen. *(20′ × 25′)* Between 5 and 10 cooks, bakers, etc. work here. There are two hearths and a baking oven in the West Wall; various shelves, cabinets, and work tables for food preparation have been placed around the room. There are two swinging doors in the south wall which lead into the Dining Room. A door in the north wall leads to Corridor C, and a door in the west wall leads to the alley outside. The west door is locked[2] when the kitchen is not in operation.

E. Dining Room. *(45′ × 55′)* The Dining Room has 9 wooden tables in an open area and 4 private booths (2 against the north wall, 2 against the east wall). Generally, booths must be reserved in advance, and make ideal places to plot intrigues, fence illegal items, etc. Well-to-do guests or special occasion parties will use these booths frequently. Six to eight serving girls work in the Dining Room.

F. Tavern Storage. *(15′ × 15′)* Casks of ale and beer and tuns of wine are kept here, along with other bar supplies. The door has a padlock[2].

G. Tavern. *(60′ × 70′)* The Tavern consists of a long bar and a large common room with many tables and chairs. A large hearth is set in the east wall. Ten to fifteen serving girls work the area, along with two to five barmen. Several large bravos with oaken cudgels act as bouncers. Brawls are infrequent, but possible. No hot meals are served in the tavern, but patrons can get cheese, bread, and cold meats. The large round table marked G1 is Boomer and Torm's personal table. The small table marked G2 is the regular table of Jason Skilhollow.

Upper Floor

There are two ways to reach the upper floor: the inside stairs from Corridor C, and the stairs from the east alley outside the tavern. The door at the top of the alley stairs is locked[3] after sundown. The upper floor is 15′ from the street; on the south face are a series of five balconies which connect to rooms 20 – 24. The corridors on the upper floor are 8′ high and lit by hanging oil lanterns.

All Guest Rooms have wooden doors which open inward. These doors are not particularly thick, but can be locked[2]. Basic furnishings include a bed or beds, a chamber pot, a water jug and washbasin, a single dresser, a candle holder or hanging lantern, and wall pegs for clothing or weapons.

Rooms 1 – 4, 7, 14, and **19.** *(15′ × 10′)* Double rooms with two beds. Three or four characters could share one.

Rooms 5 and **6.** *(20′ × 20′)* Quadruple rooms. Four beds, two dressers. Six or seven characters could share one.

Rooms 8 – 12 and **15 – 18.** *(10′ × 10′)* Single rooms. They are the least expensive accomodations and have only one bed. Two or three characters could share one in a pinch.

Rooms 20, 23, 24. *(20′ × 20′)* Suites. Each has a large king-size bed, full-length mirrors, carpeting, velvet drapes, ornate dressers, and a large desk. Each comes with a large copper tub for bathing, which is sectioned off from the rest of the room by a screen.

Rooms 21 and **22.** *(20′ × 20′)* Suites. Similar to rooms 20, 23, and 24, except each has a separate bathroom with a long porcelain tub (marked 21A and 22A respectively). These rooms also have a door connecting them so they can be turned into one large Royal Suite. These rooms are all the most expensive accomodations and occupancy by more than three guests is frowned upon. The door between these two rooms can be locked[2].

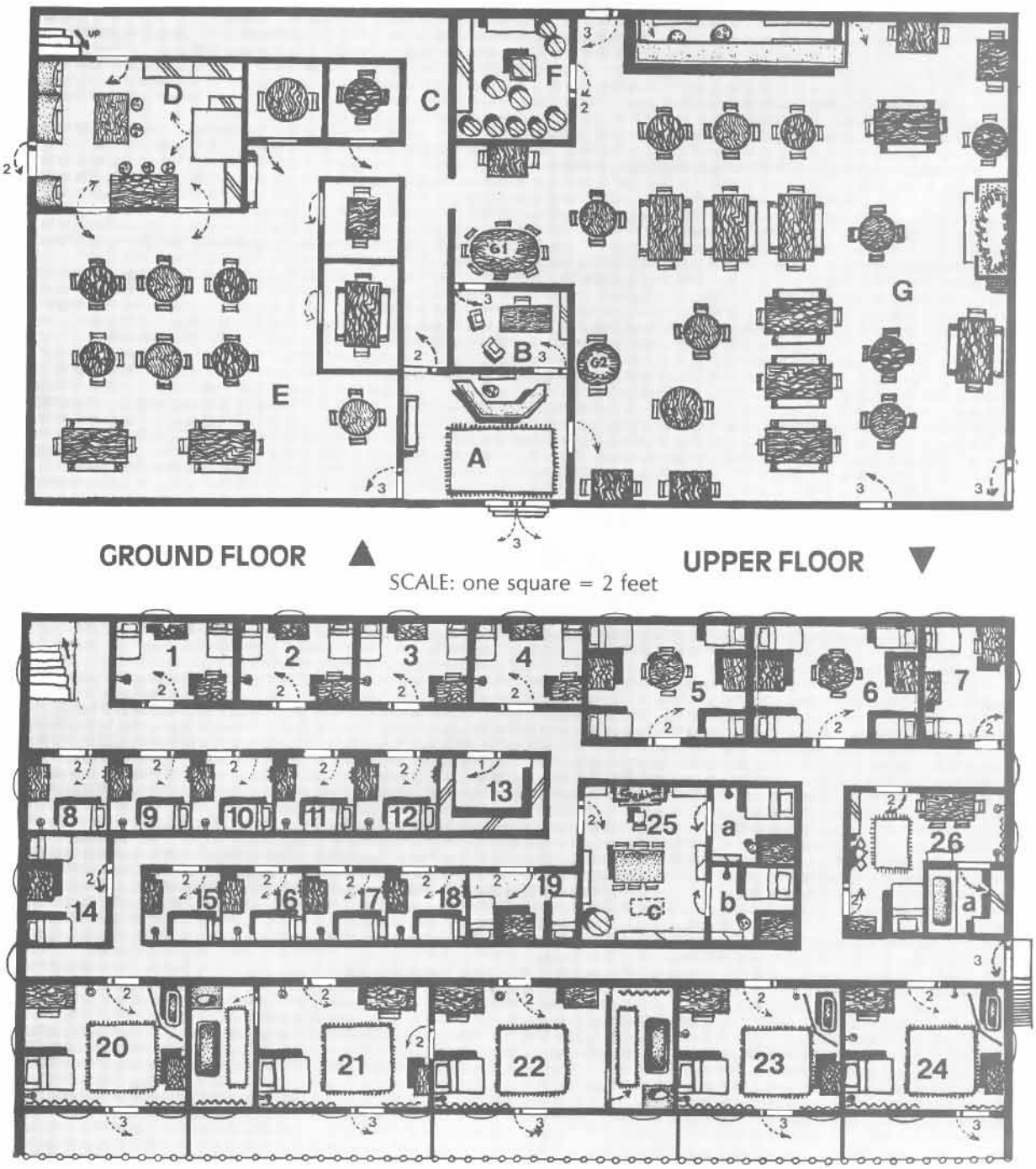
Room 25. *(20′ × 25′)* Boomer's private suite. A large living room, containing a stone table and several chairs. Numerous shelves hold Boomer's prized collection of beer mugs. A large, tapped keg of Fine Mountain Ale is always in the southwest corner. In the north wall is a small fireplace, on the mantle of which is a rack of long clay pipes and a humidor of foul-smelling pipeweed. Above the

fireplace a much-dented shield with the symbol of Boomer's Dwarven Clan hangs proudly. A heavy, well-crafted rocking chair stands before the fireplace.

25A is Boomer's bedroom. Beneath the bed is a small locked[4] chest in which Boomer keeps his money and personal possessions. 25B is a Boomer's guest room. 25C is a hidden hole in which lie the remains of Lyarn Fanti (see *Personalities*). No one is aware that this hole exists.

Room 26. *(20' × 20')* Torm's private suite. A large L-shaped living room/bedroom combination. Torm's bed is against the south wall. In the north half of the room, against the west wall, is an armor rack. A battered suit of chain mail is displayed here, along with a black-and-silver full helm crafted in the shape of a wolfhead. A hand-and-a-half sword is also part of this display. 26A is Torm's private bathroom. It has a long porcelain tub; Torm likes to have a good long soak at least twice a week.

Room 13. *(10'×15')* A storage room where bed linens, chamber pots, basins, and so forth are kept. The door is seldom locked[1].



PERSONALITIES

Torm Hilliard. *Human. Ht: 5'11". Wt: 190 lbs. Age: 61. Fighting Prowess: very good.*

Torm has short-cropped, reddish-brown hair, dark eyes, and a full beard which is stained from the tobacco he constantly chews. Torm spent 25 years in various military companies and is now devoted to the peaceful life. He is a moderate drinker, does not like to talk about his warring days, and is something of a misogynist. He met Boomer 6 years ago during his last period of armed service, and the two are fast friends. He is very kind to old soldiers and hires many to work around the Inn. His only concession to his long career in the military is a weekly wargame with some old cronies, played on a unique board of his own design. Torm never wears armor or carries a weapon.

Boomer Tuntapper. *Dwarf. Ht: 4'5". Wt: 165 lbs. Age: 170. Fighting Prowess: excellent throwing or wielding a war-axe; otherwise very good.*

Boomer is a feisty, mountain-bred dwarf with a long brown beard, bright greyish eyes and long brown hair which he wears loose. Unlike Torm, Boomer loves to boast about his soldiering days and his tales grow more shaggy with each telling. He always carries his deadly, short-hafted war axe and wears a mithril cap. He leaves most of the Inn's business to his good friend Torm, but runs the Tavern himself. He loves to drink Mountain Ale and has a prodigious capacity. His voice is a cross between a roar and a thunderclap, and he loves to raise it in a good drinking song. He has an eye for the ladies and a talent for making them laugh. In a brawl, he can easily prove that strength has nothing to do with size. He is not sensitive to short jokes, but is not to be jibed overmuch.



Boomer Tuntapper

Lyran Fanti. *(the Ghost).* Lyran Fanti was a bard, who some 13 years ago made the mistake of romancing the original innkeeper's wife. In a jealous rage, the innkeeper slew Lyran. To cover the crime, he buried the bard in a hole in Room 25 (it was to be a sunken tub). The innkeeper bricked the hole over and put down a wood floor; Fanti's bones remain there to this day. His spirit, however, rose to torment his murderer and eventually drove the innkeeper to suicide. The inn was thereafter sold, but Lyran continues to haunt it.

He manifests either as a grey spectral figure or simply commits poltergeist acts, often creating some quite comical havoc. Eerie lute music always accompanies his presence. His haunts have caused the Inn to be sold numerous times. However, when Boomer and Torm acquired it, they swiftly hired several superb bards and minstrels, which somewhat mollified Lyran's spirit. He still rises infrequently, usually when some amateur bard slaughters one of his favorite tunes. He always appears for a grand haunt on the eve of his murder.

Boomer and Torm do not know why the Ghost keeps his hauntings to a minimum, but they put up with it when he does rise. Lyran's grey cloak and fine lute are in the hole with his bones. If someone should discover the bones, they could be properly laid to rest and the Ghost would depart. GMs: pop Lyran up for a quick spook session at your whim!

Jason Skilhollow. *Human. Ht: 6'. Wt: 175 lbs. Age: 36. Fighting Prowess: Excellent with rapier, dirk, stiletto; very good with most other weapons.*

Skilhollow purports to be a dealer in rare books, but is in truth a Master Assassin. He has dark hair, pale green eyes, and is clean-shaven. Only his clients actually know his true profession. He is very intelligent and an interesting conversationalist. The Grey

Minstrel is his favorite drinking establishment and he always sits at the table marked G2. His services come high, and he is strictly a freelance artist.

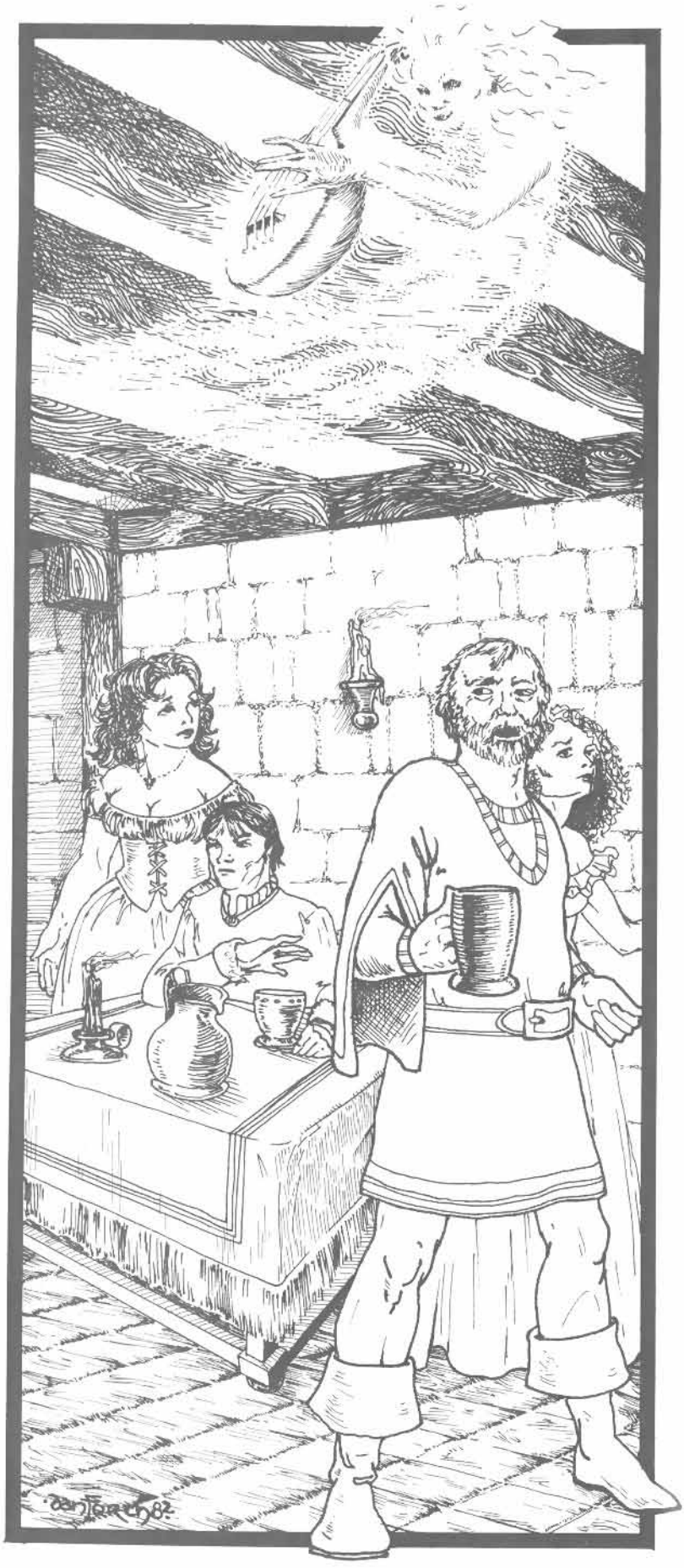
Other Patrons and Employees. The GM may personalize NPCs as he sees fit in this area. Keep in mind that the Inn is *not* a dive, and fit in personalities accordingly.

SCENARIO SUGGESTIONS

Scenario 1. Torm and Boomer's patience with the spirit of Lyran Fanti is over, since the prankish specter just caused the Earl of Umbleston and his entire entourage to quit the Inn in a screaming fit. They are looking for adventurers to rid themselves of the bothersome spook. This scenario could be played seriously or as a kind of "comic relief" adventure, with the ghost playing various tricks on the party to keep them from discovering where his bones are hidden.

Scenario 2. Using the Jason Skilhollow character, the adventurers can become embroiled in a deadly plot to kill a visiting dignitary. The party might be hired to foil *or* aid this plot (wittingly or as mere pawns). Alternatively, Skilhollow could be hired to kill one of the player characters – *or* the party could be led to think that Skilhollow, in his guise as a dealer in rare books, has a tome or scroll that would aid them. Unwittingly, they might then wind up trying to rob or waylay a most dangerous man.

Obviously, the possibilities for role-play involving The Grey Minstrel are legion. The two suggested are only to get your own imagination going. The Grey Minstrel also makes an excellent base for adventurers, and since each room is portrayed on the map the GM can send thieves, assassins and other villains at the party with both ease and accuracy. By the same token, roguish types in the party itself now have full parameters for their nefarious missions. Non-player "guests" can be of any conceivable type, e.g. a mage with the clue to some legendary artifact; a great hero or heroine stopping for a night; a mad alchemist trying out a new formula in secret, etc. An Inn can be more than just a rest stop – it can be the gateway to a multitude of adventures. Use it!



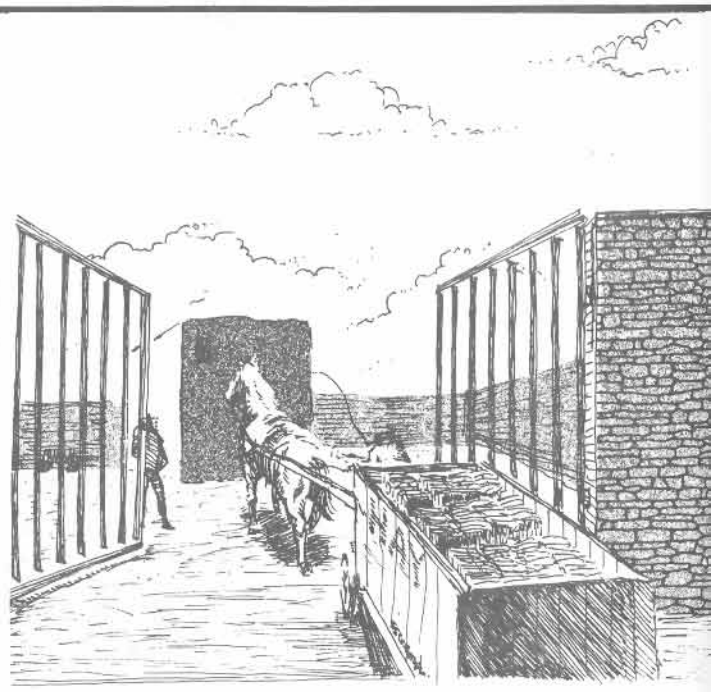


The adventurers' life is a spartan one. A character can bring along only the barest of essentials when braving the depths of some shattered temple or wizard's demesne. Once freed of such constraints, however, the adventurer often finds a desire to indulge in the pleasure that must be forgone while working.

Personal services can be as varied as the individuals providing the services and those availing themselves of the services. Korbo's Transport provides characters with individual or mass transportation around the City. Professor Fyber can immortalize that souvenir from the last adventure, or entertain with his Museum of the unusual. Gillian's Fantasies in Wax or Kolat's Emporium of Miracles supply the exotica befitting a life of luxury, while Skywhite's House of Lavation vends relaxation (something seldom, if ever, to be found on an adventure). The Sleaz Brothers' tattoo parlor can provide the utmost in pictoral self-indulgence, while Larkspur the Leech can dispense medical knowledge to those who are in need. Thelesha Moonscry has the ability to gift the characters with something that is highly personal and serviceable: a look into their future.

And while a character sits back to savor the return of forgotten memories, he may find that he has not left one thing behind: adventure . . .

Korbo's Transport



For the foot-sore adventurers who want to see the City in style and comfort, Korbo's Transport is made to order.

Services

Korbo's provides three basic services: flat wagon, pick-up, and on-call.

FLAT WAGON SERVICE. Korbo has four large flat-bed wagons which make circuits of the city throughout the day. Each wagon has its own established route. The wagons move slowly; anyone who wishes may hop aboard, pay the fare (only a few coppers), and hop off again at the desired location. Volume is the key to profit, and customers are packed aboard by brawny employees of Korbo's known as Haulers. These Haulers stand atop the wagons, lifting riders on like barley sacks and depositing them in any available space. A large bell is affixed to the driver's seat; the driver rings this bell to herald the wagon's approach. Each wagon is drawn by two large draft horses. The wagons are also used to haul grain, water, and construction materials to Korbo's stables. A single fare entitles a rider to one complete circuit only.

PICK–UP SERVICE. Small carriages from Korbo's roam freely about the city, pulling over for anyone who hails them. Each carriage holds four to six people and is drawn by a single steed. The fare for one of these "hansom cabs" is 2 gold pieces per passenger, entitling the rider to one destination or one hour of riding. Drivers will pick up passengers as long as seats are available; however, if a fare wishes to pay the price for any extra seats, a cab can be taken privately. All fares are deposited in a slitted iron box under the driver's seat. The box is bolted in place, and has a good padlock. Cab drivers usually wear leather armor and are armed with daggers or shortswords.

ON–CALL SERVICE. This is a service for the elite, generally reserved for the exclusive use of nobles and City officials. Such patrons arrange to be picked up at a certain place and time by a small carriage or special coach.

On-Call Carriage Service uses the normal hansom cabs. The fare begins at 25 gold pieces, and is dependent on how long the carriage will be needed and for what purpose. Carriages can be taken out of the city to nearby towns, but never farther than 50 miles (and the price will be *HIGH*). On-Call Carriage Service is always more expensive on Festival Days.

On-Call Coach Service uses one of the five lavish coaches Korbo procured for special customers and occasions. Each magnificent coach is drawn by two horses, and Korbo maintains a string of beautiful geldings for this purpose. A coach holds two to three passengers, but can be altered to hold as many as six. Each coach has a hand-picked driver in a resplendent "uniform". The fare for On-Call Coach Service is never less than 50 gold pieces per hour. If a party of adventurers is flush and would like to make a splash when they hit town, this is right up their alley.

All on-call service must be paid for in advance. Arrangements are usually made by go-betweens, servants, or messengers.

LAYOUT

Exterior

Korbo's consists of three stable wings. The east and west wings are joined at the north end by an 8' high iron fence. A 20' wide double gate in the center of the fence opens out on a main area of the city. This gate is locked[3] with a chain and padlock at the end of the business day. Korbo's operates from sunrise to about midnight during weekdays, to 3:00 am on weekends, and 24 hours a day on Festival Days.

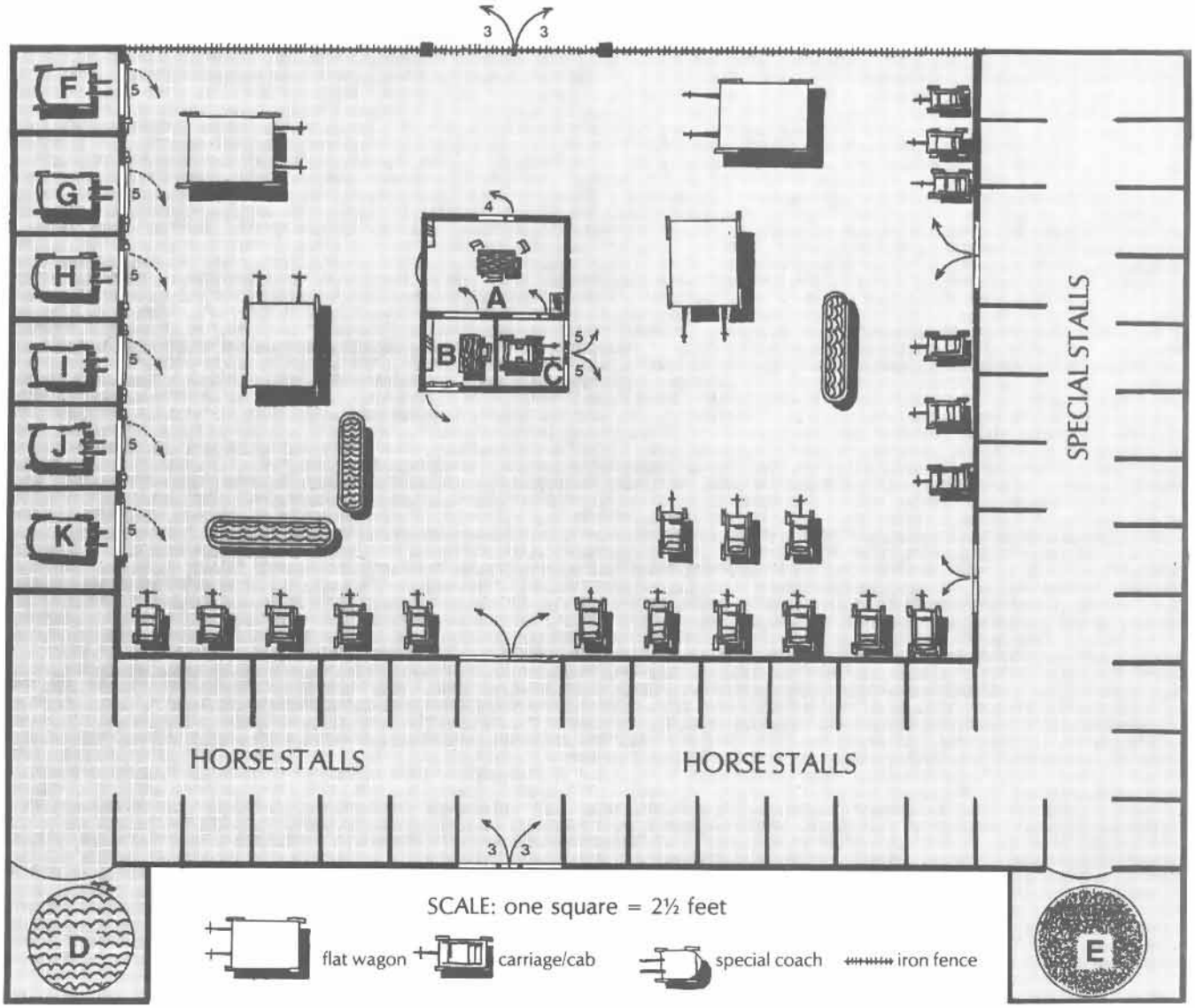
The area bounded by the stables and the fence is open dirt. Flat wagons and carriages are kept in the open yard; when it rains or snows, they are covered with tarps. In the center of the yard is a one-story stone structure – Korbo's main office.

Main Office

A. Front Office. *(15' × 20')* A carpeted room with a large desk and an oak chair. A large map of the city covers the east wall. In the southeast corner is a 3'×2'×3' locked[5] iron box, a "safe" for collected fares. Korbo takes these fares home each night. The front door can be locked[4].

B. Back Office. *(10' × 10')* This room contains a small table and a comfortable chair. Korbo uses the back office to do the accounts, make the payroll, and handle "discreet" requests for transportation.

C. "Garage". *(10' × 10')* This is where Korbo stores his private coach, a magnificent two-passenger affair which is drawn by his very best horses. The two double doors on the east wall are usually padlocked[5].



Stables

D. Water Basin. *(15' × 15' × 4')* This is a 5,000-gallon water basin with a spigot and pump arrangement. The basin is in a fenced-in section of the stables; there is no entrance to it from outside.

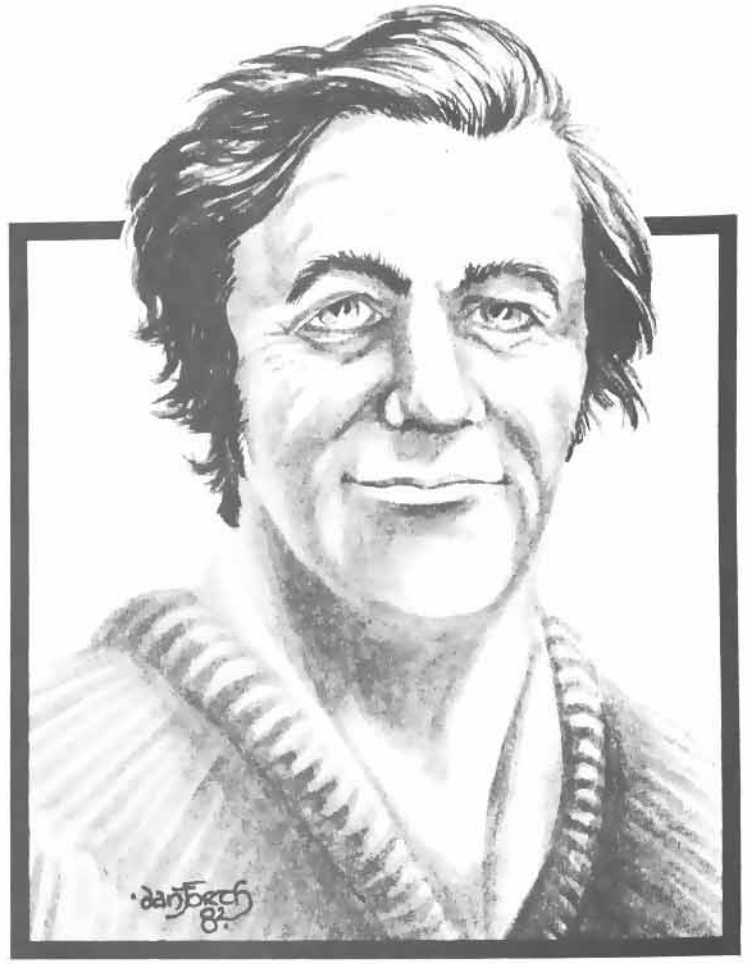
E. Grain Silo. *(15' in diameter)* This is a 25' high silo with two levels. Grain for the horses is stored here. Like the water basin, it is within a fenced yard in the stable area, and there is no entrance from outside.

F — K. Coach Barns. *(12½' × 15' each)* The special coaches are kept in these barns with their appropriate tack. The gates on the east wall of each barn are kept padlocked[5].

Horse Stalls. *(10' × 10' each)* Each stall holds one of the sturdy draft horses which pull the carriages or flat wagons. These are normal stalls, with straw on the ground, hay bales, water troughs, and so forth.

Special Stalls. *(10' × 10' each)* In these twelve stalls are the fine geldings which pull both the special coaches and Korbo's private coach.

Tack for the various carriages are hung on the stable walls, as is equipment for grooming and caring for the horses. The stable doors are not lockable but can be barred from the side towards which they open.



Gedrin Korbo

PERSONALITIES

Gedrin Korbo. *Human. Ht: 5'8". Wt: 170 lbs. Age: 52. Fighting prowess: poor*

Korbo has florid red hair, green eyes, a thickset face, and a bulbous nose. His business is based on two factors: he hates horses (though a shrewd trader in horse flesh, he cannot conceive of *riding* the stubborn beasts), and he believes exercise is the quickest way to an early grave. Korbo walks nowhere if he can help it.

Korbo is a pleasant fellow and a great source of information, since he enjoys hanging around with his drivers. However, he is also the soul of discretion and will never betray a confidence or reveal the plans of a client.

Gedrin Korbo is very careful about renting out his special coaches and will never rent to anyone who looks disreputable or suspicious. Carriages are a different story, however, and he will deal with almost anyone on them. He is always ready to help his drivers with problems.

"Crazy" Ool. *Human. Ht: 6'2". Wt: 185 lbs. Age: 29. Fighting prowess: excellent with broadsword; otherwise very good.*

"Crazy" Ool is a strong man with black hair, wild dark eyes, and a maniacal laugh. While driving, he wears green dragon-scale gauntlets and a jaunty leather cap with a scarlet feather.

His nickname comes from the fact that he frequently goes berserk while at the reins. While this madness strikes, Ool will whip his horse and send his carriage careening madly through the streets, narrowly missing collisions, knocking over streetside stands, and causing great consternation in citizens. He laughs wildly when he does this and — oddly enough — this "madness" always ends when he brings his passengers to their destination

(which he always does!). Ool's "fits" will strike about 50% of the time when characters are riding with him.

Ool's origins are a definite mystery. His skill with a broadsword marks him as a fighting man (as does the battered suit of chain mail he wears beneath his tattered cloak), but if he is some famous outlaw or warrior no one has proved it yet.

He is a voracious drinker of ale as well and has an incredible capacity for holding it. Ool knows every disreputable joint in town, and will sometimes join passengers on a binge.

Ool sleeps in the stables at night and functions as a guard there in case of trouble. One night, three thugs jumped Korbo, thinking to steal the day's receipts, and Ool saved his boss's life. This is the main reason Korbo has not yet fired Ool.

SCENARIO SUGGESTIONS

Scenario 1. A ride around the city can be a small adventure in itself, particularly if the driver is Crazy Ool. It is also an excellent way to introduce player-characters to the city milieu.

Scenario 2. The party members must reach a certain city official or member of a noble family whom they know to be a frequent user of Korbo's on-call service. (The reason may be a kidnapping, delivery of a message, and so forth.) This can involve waylaying a driver (who might be Ool or some even nastier thug); breaking into the main office to sneak a peak at records; or even staging some fake robbery or disaster to induce Korbo to hire a party member.

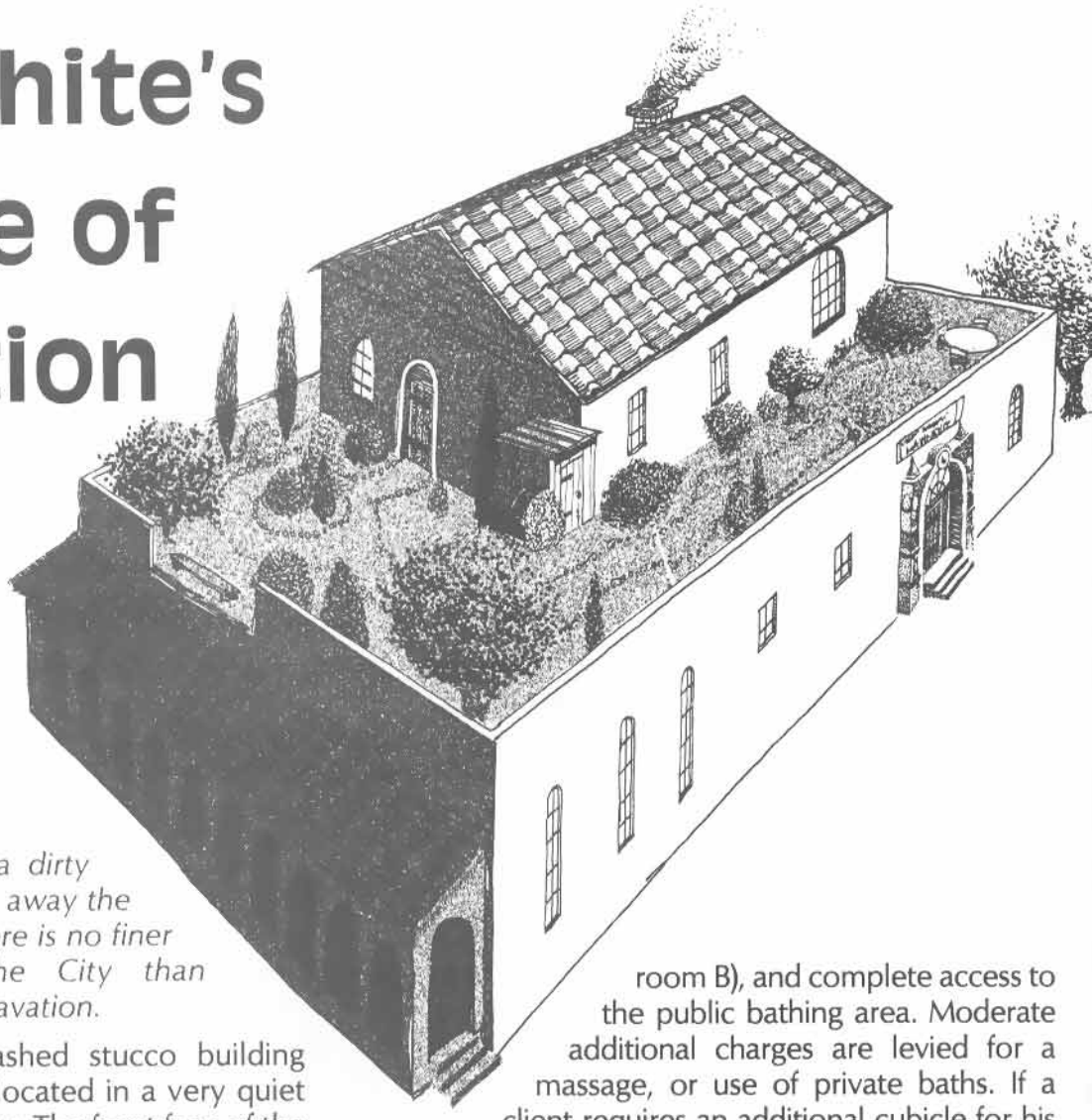
Scenario 3. A rival of Korbo's hires the characters to steal one of his special coaches or one or more of his horses (or perhaps the whole kaboodle!).

Scenario 4. "Follow that carriage!" ... Need we say more?

Korbo's Transport can be the site of many an adventure, both large and small. Drivers can be not only colorful but also the source of information. In addition, they'll know "where the action is"!



Skywhite's House of Lavation



Adventuring can be a dirty business, and to wash away the grime of the quest there is no finer establishment in the City than Skywhite's House of Lavation.

The two-story, white-washed stucco building which houses Skywhite's is located in a very quiet area near the edge of the City. The front face of the building is painted with a colorful mural which depicts people enjoying themselves at the edge of a lovely tree-lined lake while dancers and musicians entertain about them (an overstated advertisement for Skywhite's House of Lavation). Above the entrance to the establishment is the name of the place, painted in the same colorful style as the mural.

The House of Lavation is run by Nio Skywhite and his sister Ki. Both are genteel, soft-spoken folk and their establishment reflects this even temperament. The House has a quiet, meditative atmosphere in which to cleanse the body and thoroughly relax; unruly visitors are not welcome.

Skywhite's has both public and private baths. For the basic fee (which is moderate, but higher than one might expect), customers receive the use of a cubicle to store their belongings, tea (served in room B), and complete access to the public bathing area. Moderate additional charges are levied for a massage, or use of private baths. If a client requires an additional cubicle for his or her belongings, there is another low fee. The extremely dirty and visibly verminiferous are strongly encouraged to pay for a private bath before using the public bathing area; if they refuse to do so, they may be denied entrance. Males and females may bathe together in the public baths, but rowdiness or crude behavior of any sort is not tolerated and offenders will be asked to leave immediately. (GM: if mixed bathing is not likely or desirable in your game, restrict the House to one sex, or have alternating hours for male and female bathing.)

Skywhite's hours of operation are roughly from early morning to about 10:00 at night. It is possible to rent the entire bathhouse for private use, but the fee for this would be very high. (Usually, this could only be afforded by noble clientele, of which Skywhite's has quite a few.)

LAYOUT

The 40'×70', two-story building is of brick which has been stuccoed and whitewashed. The main entrance is on the south wall and can be bolted from inside and also locked[4]. There is a secret entrance from the drainage system located beneath the building. On the roof, adjoining the living quarters, is an outdoor garden and sun deck. All the public rooms of the House are painted with pleasing, restful scenes designed to induce the properly relaxed state of mind in clients. Well-tended potted plants and small trees are also part of the decor.

A. Entrance Area. *(9' × 19')* From behind the low counter in the center of the entrance area, either Nio or Ki greet customers and describe the services available. Neither is particularly pushy, and both will become disdainfully aloof if their establishment is mistaken for some sort of brothel (as strangers sometimes think). Basic fees must be paid in advance, and credit is only extended to regular customers. The south half of the counter has a swinging gate which permits entrance behind the counter. Large items belonging to clients (shields, polearms, bows, etc.) are kept in a storage area behind the counter, in a closet against the east wall. Behind the north end of the counter is a door leading to the spiral staircase to the second story; this door is locked[2] at night. Customers are not allowed in this area, nor are they allowed upstairs.

B. The Tea Room. *(20' × 30')* All customers are directed to this room before entering the bath area, because Nio and Ki feel at least one cup of tea is necessary to insure the proper state of relaxation for a quality soak. Some folk believe the tea is specially blended to be a soporific (the staff will neither confirm nor deny this), and at least one cup of tea is pressed upon every customer. Those who refuse to take tea have their fees politely refunded, and are shown out with the admonition to return when in a better mood for a proper bathing experience (which is a far cry from recklessly plunging the body into a mountain stream!).

Customers who drink the tea and spend a short while in the tea room do find themselves in a most peaceful state of mind. However, this effect is not due to the tea, but rather to the soft music played by the twins Marah and Ama in the tea room. (See *Personalities* for elaboration.) The platform marked B1 is where the twins sit as they play.

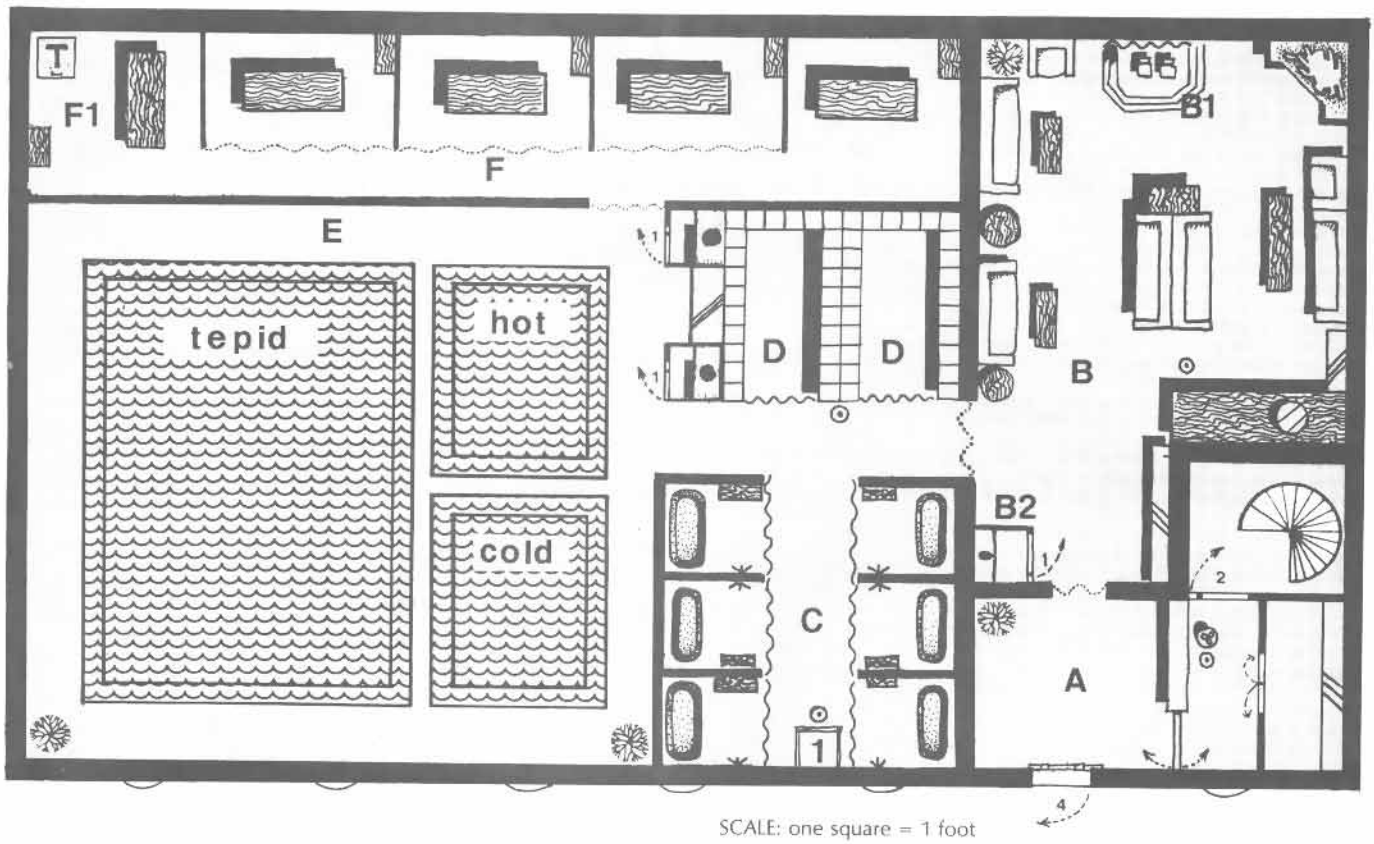
The tea room is very clean and comfortable. It contains a number of soft chairs and divans and is plushly carpeted. In the southeast corner is a long wooden table; set on this table is a large tapped cask of water and a number of teapots and teacups. The small shelf adjoining this table holds numerous stone jars filled with the specially-blended tea leaves (the Skywhites' personal blend). Attendants draw water from the cask and heat it on the small hearth located in the northeast corner. This water is then poured into the teapots for brewing the tea. There is always an attendant at the table, and customers are served by other attendants around the tea room. The tea room is kept slightly scented at all times by a sweet incense. There is a privy (B2) located in the southwest corner of the tea room.

C. Private Bath Area. *(15' × 15')* The Private Baths are curtained booths which contain large copper tubs. Hot spring water from a small pump (marked C1 on the map) is used to fill the tubs. The fee for a private bath includes use of the tub for a "reasonable" amount of time (no more than an hour), a small towel, and soap. Specially scented soaps, herbal infusions, bath oils, special anti-vermin soaps and shampoos, and large warmed and scented towels are also available for additional fees. Such fees can be paid directly to attendants.

D. The Changing Room. *(13' × 10')* There are 48 wooden cubicles in this area, each 1' wide and 5' high. Each cubicle contains a small towel and a toga-like garment for wearing out to the bathing area; after removing these items, the customer stores his or her clothes and possessions in the cubicle. Items which cannot be stored in a cubicle or which a customer wants more closely guarded are usually left in the storage area in the entrance room. There are always two attendants on duty here (one in each section) to make sure nothing is stolen and to change the towels and togas as they are used.

E. The Baths. *(34' × 30')* There are three baths, one "cold", one "tepid", and one "hot". The cold bath is not icy but rather normal-temperature water coming directly from the City aqueducts. The "hot" bathwater (about 120° F) comes from underground

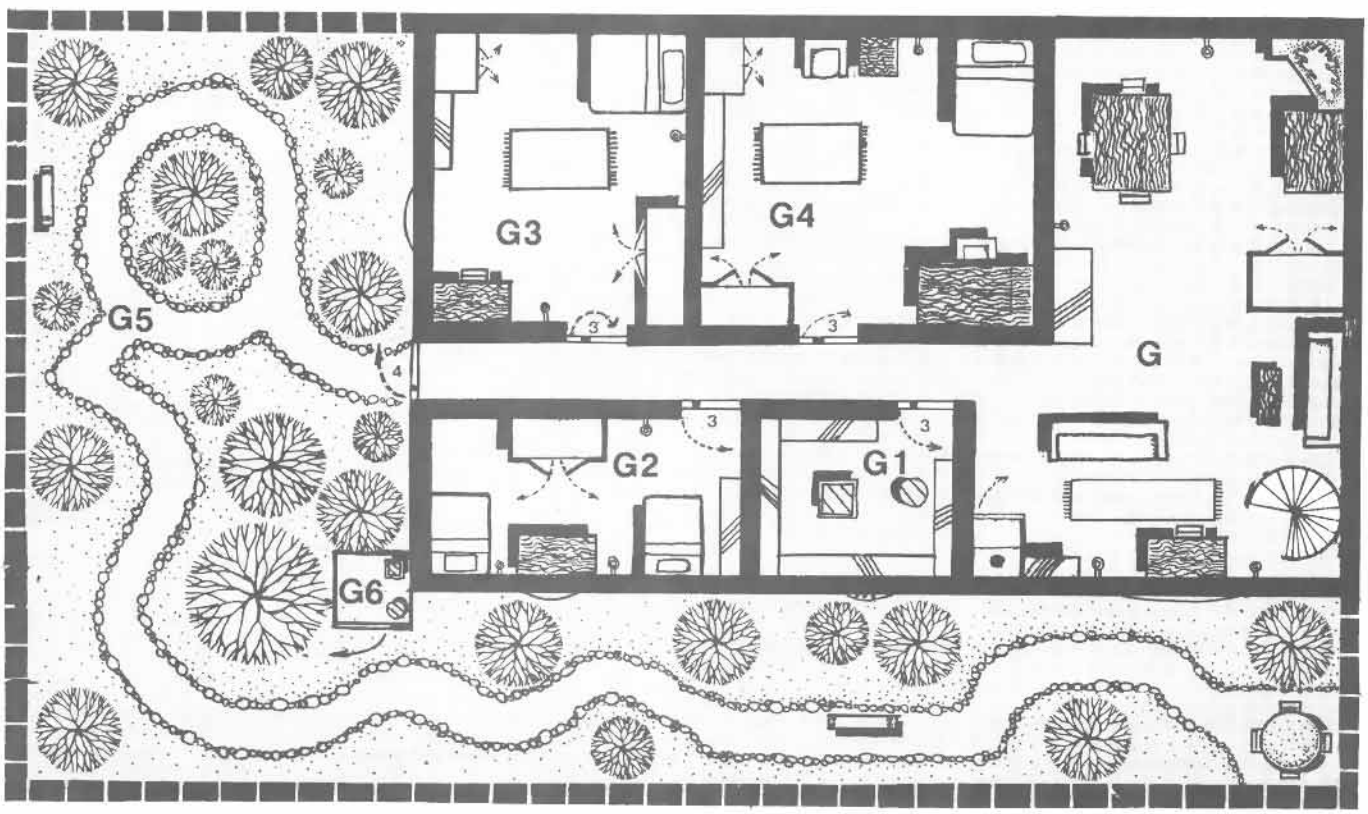
GROUND FLOOR ▼



SCALE: one square = 1 foot

UPPER FLOOR ▼

drain to sewers lockers attendant stations



hot springs over which the bathhouse is located. The "tepid" bath is a mixture of water from the aqueducts and the springs, and is about 85° F. Bathers move from bath to bath as they wish, but most prefer to lounge in the tepid pool. Attendants around the bath area make sure customers do not accidentally fall asleep and drown. Each bath is about 4' deep and has submerged bench-like ledges on which bathers can sit and relax. Customers can bathe in this area as long as they wish; in fact, long restful soaks are encouraged. There are two privies in the northeast section of this room; their doors can be latched[1].

F. Massage Area. *(50' × 10')* There are five private massage rooms in this area. All bathhouse attendants have been trained in the art of massage, and those not occupied elsewhere in the bathhouse will be available to give full-body massages at a reasonable price (though more is charged if specially-scented oils are desired). Sexual liasons are *not* part of the services available here; a customer who becomes pushy on this subject may be summarily ejected.

The room marked F1 on the map is used exclusively by a husband-and-wife team. They know of and control access to the secret trapdoor located there; it leads down to the bathhouse drainage system, and can be latched[3] securely. (The Skywhites also know of this door.)

Upper Floor

The living quarters are on the upper floor of the House, and customers are forbidden entrance there. The upper floor is reached from the spiral staircase off the entrance area (A). Nio or Ki carries the keys to all lockes in the bathhouse.

G. Living Quarters. *(70' × 30')* These are the living quarters for Nio (G4), Ki (G3), and the twins Marah and Ama (G2). The furnishings in the living quarters are not overly sumptuous but are quite comfortable.

The room marked G1 is a storage area for the various soaps, oils, and other supplies used in the bathhouse.

The outdoor garden and sun deck (G5) are reached from the west end of the living area. The door to the outside garden is locked[4] at night. Gardening tools are stored in the shack at G6.

PERSONALITIES

Nio Skywhite. *Human. Ht: 5'7". Wt: 210 lbs. Age: 55. Fighting prowess: average.*

Nio has straight, thinning black hair which he wears short, and dark eyes with a somewhat Eastern cast to them. He carries a dagger, but depends mainly on the City authorities to deal with disturbances in the House. To summon the City guard, he always wears a shrill-sounding bone whistle around his neck.

Nio is soft-spoken and polite, and favors belted robes in dark earth color for attire (deep greens, rusty reds, tans, etc.). He is humbly proud of his artistic abilities, which are expressed in the murals around the bathhouse, and in the care he takes in tending the roof garden.



Nio Skywhite

Ki Skywhite. *Human. Ht: 5'4". Wt: 210 lbs. Age: 62. Fighting prowess: average with cane.*

Ki bears a strong resemblance to her brother, but her left foot is twisted (the result of an accident) and she uses a gnarled blackwood cane to get about. She will not hesitate to wallop a malefactor with this cane if she deems it appropriate.

Ki is as soft-spoken and polite as her brother, but

much more hard-headed about the operation of the bathhouse, gladly rejecting customers she considers too "low-life". She controls the purchase of all materials used in the bathhouse.

Ki does not talk much about her earlier life, but it is known that she has been a widow for some years and she still wears an insignia of mourning. Her attire is the same belted-robe style garment as her brother, though she favors yellows and blues.

The Twins.

Marah. *Human female. Ht: 4'5". Wt: 100 lbs. Age: 12. Magic ability: innate, limited, effectively irresistable (see description below).*

Ama. *Human male. Ht: 4'4". Wt: 97 lbs. Age: 12. Magic ability: innate, limited, effectively irresistable (see description below).*

Marah and Ama are twins. They have pale hair and large eyes, are dextrous and nimble, and have a unique, inherent, magical ability to use music to lull listeners into a peaceful state of mind. They focus this ability best in their most treasured possessions: Marah's large darkwood flute, and Ama's oddly-designed string instrument (which is not akin to any known type).

The twins were street-children and do not remember their early years or how they got their talent. They were hired as musicians by the Skywhites over a year ago and have been virtually adopted by them. They are still street-wise and overly cautious for children, having grown up in the school of hard knocks (an education they still fear is not completely over, despite their comfortable situation). They trust only each other, though they have a certain affection for the Skywhites.

Marah and Ama keep the secret of their ability to themselves and even the Skywhites do not truly understand it, though they are pleased with the results. The twins mask the use of this magical ability by the fact that their music dulls the listeners' senses while soothing them into a state of peacefulness. (GM: note that the instruments the twins play are not magical; they merely focus the natural ability of the twins.)

Attendants. The House of Lavation attendants can be personalized as the GM sees fit. The criteria is refinement and physical attractiveness, and most would be men or women in their late teens or early 20's. Attendants gladly accept "tips", but bribery for the purpose of robbery or other nefarious activity would be quickly reported to the Skywhites. Pay for an attendant is about 5 gold pieces a week.

SCENARIO SUGGESTIONS

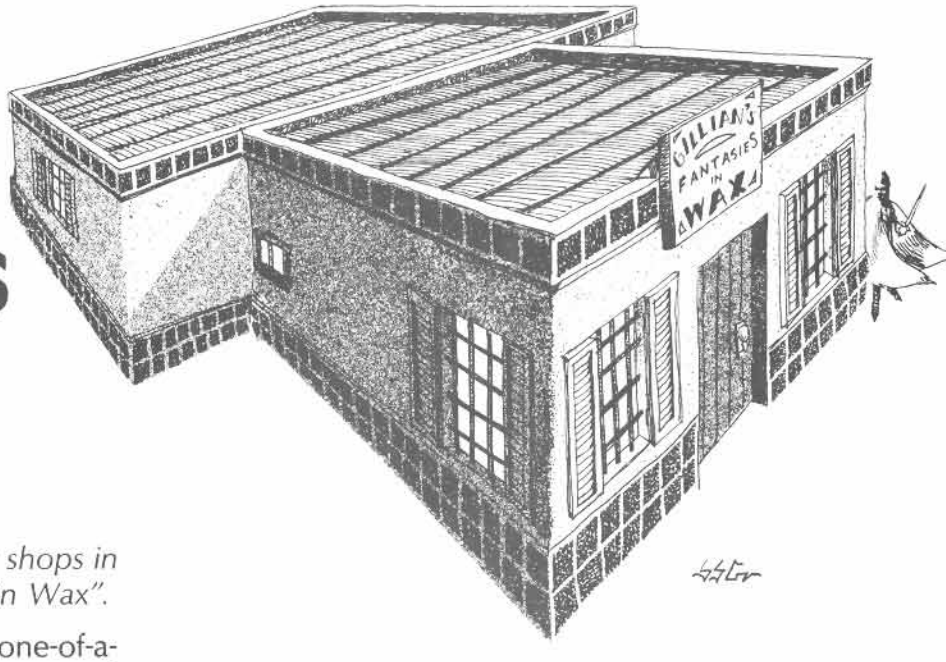
Scenario 1. A local person of power (lord, wizard, etc.) wishes to find a way to reproduce the extraordinary peace of mind the customers at the House seem to receive. This person hires the adventurers to steal the House's tea supply (which is brewed according to the Skywhites' secret recipe), mistakenly thinking that is the key. Once the tea is found to be merely ordinary tea, the adventurers are sent to find the real secret. This will eventually mean kidnapping the twins (*if* the adventurers can ascertain that their power is the real secret), a move that would cause the Skywhites to go immediately to the City Guard and noble clients for aid.

Scenario 2. The House of Lavation is being used as an information drop by a spy network. The adventurers are hired to either carry information for the network, intercept some information, or uncover the spies on behalf of local authorities (or the Skywhites themselves).

Scenario 3. A rival bathhouse has hired a wizard to ruin the Skywhites' business. This wizard is using spells to slow the flow of water, cause diseases, subvert attendants, etc. In addition, frequent invasions of imps and goblins are sent against the House; these imps eat soap, throw fish into the pools, and in general send customers running. Nio and Ki hire the adventurers to protect the house and stop the insidious wizard.

The bathhouse is also a good place to make deals or exchange information, and makes a pleasant change from the usual tavern setting. Aside from providing a rather unique setting for some luxurious role-playing, the House of Lavation can engender any number of scenarios simply from the clientele that uses it. The odd magical ability of the twins can also provoke some unique scenarios centered on how they got this ability and who they really are.

Gillian's Fantasies in Wax



One of the most delightful specialty shops in the City is Gillian Olfin's "Fantasies in Wax".

Gillian specializes in delicately crafted, one-of-a-kind candles that are greatly prized by visitors and city residents alike. These candles are molded in any shape or size the buyer likes and are then elaborately sculpted and decorated by Gillian herself. Prices depend on the complexity of the design and the time spent making the candle.

Gillian also makes the usual dripped, poured, and rolled types of candles, both scented and unscented. These are ordinary household candles made of either tallow or refined beeswax. The tallow candles are cheaper and will burn a little more brightly, but in an area without adequate ventilation (such as your basic dungeon-type room), they tend to smoke heavily, causing nausea.

Special Candles

Although it is not common knowledge, Gillian also turns out two very "special" types of candles.

LOVE CANDLE. The first special candle Gillian makes is called a "Love Candle." Made of the finest virgin beeswax, this candle incorporates a few drops of blood or sweat from both the proposed "lover" and the person who wishes to be loved. The candle is presented to the "lover"; as that person burns it, he or she falls in love with the candle's buyer.

The first onset of "love" begins when the candle has burned halfway down; by the time it is totally consumed, full love blossoms. The "victim" of a love candle is totally unaware of the effect and sees it as a natural attraction to a person. However, a magic-using type could detect an enchantment on the "victim."

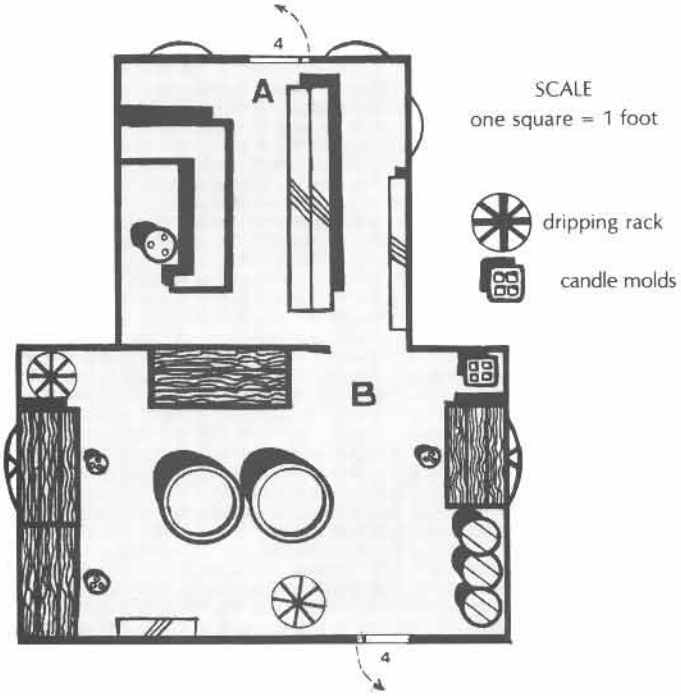
The effect of a love candle wears off in 1 – 6 weeks, but can be "reinforced" by the use of another candle. These love candles are very useful items to marriage brokers, and nobles who wish reluctant sons or daughters to enter marriages of state; as well as your basic lovelorn type. The price of a love candle is high; it takes Gillian 2 – 12 days to produce one.

GHOST DETECTOR. Gillian also makes a special candle called a "Ghost Detector". This is a thin black candle which burns with an ordinary yellow-white flame. When brought within 20' of a disembodied spirit or an enchanted corpse, the flame burns a bright blue. The candle should burn for about 48 hours continuously, and will detect most sorts of undead creatures.

The price for a Ghost Detector is high; the usual customers are high priests or ghost-hunters, but a band of adventurers who inquire or hint about it might obtain one. A Ghost Detector takes 3 – 18 days to produce.

LAYOUT

A. Storefront. *(15' × 15')* This is the basic shop, constructed of wood and light-hued stone. Candles are displayed on racks and shelves; money is taken



by one of the shopgirls who works there, and placed into a clay bowl. The shop is open from about an hour after dawn until about two hours after dusk.

B. Workshop. *(25' × 15')* The candles are produced in this work area. In the center of the room is a large circular iron vat atop a stand which is placed over a firepit. Wax for dipped, poured, molded, and rolled candles is melted inside the vat. Three large dipping racks (wooden affairs on which dipped candles are hung to dry) stand against the north wall. Four worktables have been placed in the workshop, and here Gillian and her helpers make the various types of candles. Supplies such as wicks, dyes, and raw wax are located on and under these tables. If Gillian is producing a Love Candle or a Ghost Detector she will work here late at night, alone or with Cera.

PERSONALITIES

Gillian Olfin. *Human. Ht: 5'8". Wt: 130 lbs. Age: 26. Fighting prowess: poor. Magic ability: average; C2, C3, C5.*

Gillian (pronounced with a hard G) is a gorgeous, sultry, husky-voiced woman. She has dark-blonde hair, haunting green eyes, and a pet Siamese cat called Shinjaru. She is both very independent and very mysterious. Some say she is a witch. This is untrue, although Gillian does have minor magical powers which she obtained during her brief stint as a priestess of a sect known as the Daughters of the Iron Drum. This sect was dedicated to a most obscure goddess named Yulali; the requirement of being a virgin priestess was what drove Gillian away.

Gillian loves to swim nude in the moonlight, does not drink, and is rumored to have numerous lovers in high positions in the City. She is always barefoot.



Gillian Olfin

Cera d'Mur. *Human female. Ht: 4'9". Wt: 90 lbs. Age: 15. Fighting prowess: poor. Magic ability: fair; C1, C2, C5, C8.*

Cera is a tiny woman with ice-blue eyes, black hair, and pale, fine features. She is shy and quiet, and doesn't make friends easily. She is slow to take offense, and has an iron will that belies her stature. She walks with a regal bearing, but always defers to Gillian.

An illegitimate child, Cera was given into the Daughters' care by her noble father to avoid scandal. The Daughters used her to blackmail her father, and Cera objected. With Gillian's help, Cera also escaped from the Daughters of the Iron Drum. After Gillian set up her candle shop, she invited

Cera to come and work for her. She and Gillian have made no attempt to contact Cera's father, and (unbeknownst to them) he is trying to find his lost daughter.

Cera keeps a low profile around Gillian's shop. She taught Gillian how to make the "Ghost Detector" candle, and they're both working on developing new types of magical candles.

In her spare time, Cera makes small wax sculptures which would be suitable for casting into metal. Cera has the magical ability to transform a wax sculpture into a "voodoo doll" simulacrum. She rarely uses this talent, and only for personal revenge.

Shopgirls, Candlemakers. Gillian's entire staff is composed of young girls who she trains to make candles. They range in age from about 14 to 22. She not only believes in women having a trade, but she also found it difficult to hire men because of their annoying habit of falling in love with her. (GMs, personalize any of these assistants as you see fit.)

SCENARIO SUGGESTIONS

Gillian's candleshop has obvious use for any adventurers who wish to procure simple illumination, as well as the "specials". You can also try these suggestions.

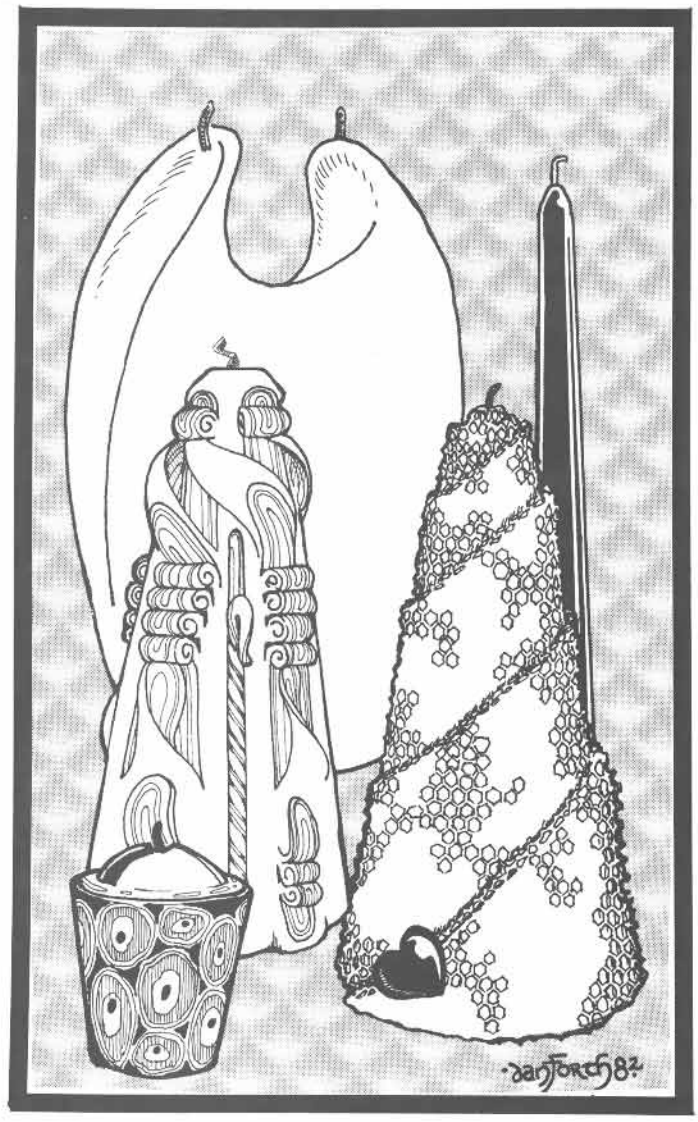
Scenario 1. In conjunction with one of her noble lovers, Gillian gulls a male party member into undertaking some perilous mission. (She could use a Love Candle for this, or just seduce the poor schnook.) The mission could be city-based (the theft of some precious bauble from the City treasury, the obtaining of a certain incriminating document from the mayor's home, etc.), *or* could be a lengthy quest or dungeon delve that is part of the GM's campaign.

Scenario 2. A contingent of sour-faced priestesses from the Daughters of the Iron Drum arrive in the City to take vengeance on Gillian and Cera for escaping from their sect. The party becomes embroiled in this struggle by accident, facing the powers of the Daughters – and perhaps the Goddess Yulali herself. (If you wish, substitute the appropriate deity from your own pantheon.)

Scenario 3. Freed from the confines of a political marriage by the premature death of his wife, Cera's father has married his true love – Cera's mother. His first wife gave him no children; Cera is his only heir. His nephew is attempting to dispossess him of his lands and title. Both sides in this family squabble are searching for Cera: her father to recognize her, her cousin to kill her.

The adventurers could be hired by either side to locate and capture Cera. If Cera has already been kidnapped, the adventurers can be retained to rescue her. Gillian might also hire the adventurers to protect Cera, thinking this another attempt at revenge by the Daughters of the Iron Drum, or a rival candlemaker seeking to steal the secrets of making the magical candles.

In all cases, the adventurers will find Cera reluctant to have anything to do with them. She hates being a pawn...



Larkspur the Leech



For the treatment of wounds, broken bones, disease, and other unpleasant legacies of the adventuring trade, the man to see is Larkspur.

A modest, one-story wood building with a sloping shingled roof is both home and office to Larkspur, a practitioner of the medical arts. Near the oaken door of this building is a much-weathered sign which reads "Larkspur – Consulting Chirurgeon. No ailment too minor. Hours 10 - 5."

Larkspur is quite adept at setting bones, treating cuts and burns, and curing minor ailments. Major or strange diseases might cause him some problems. As to actual surgery, Larkspur is best described as dangerous. He loves to operate and will often suggest surgery for no good reason, merely wishing to get inside someone – and the results are usually dire. He is especially eager to operate on non-human kindred such as elves and dwarves, since he knows very little concerning the physiology of these races. His best talent is concocting various serums, elixirs, and poultices to aid healing, with medicines he creates from a large stock of exotic drugs, herbs, and other components.

Larkspur's prices depend on what sort of service is required. He will treat minor wounds and broken bones for as little as 5 gold pieces. Cures for diseases range anywhere from 2 to 200 gold pieces (depending on how much treatment is required and what sort of medication is prescribed). A complete "body-mapping" (physical) costs 30 gold pieces, while a mere consultation costs but 1 - 10 gold piece. Surgery will cost between 20 and 400 gold pieces, depending on its complexity, though the price may drop if Larkspur is really eager to see what a particular patient looks like inside. Larkspur also sells pain-killers, headache powders, sleeping potions, vitamin mixtures, mustard plasters, and the like. Again, prices for these depend on what sort of materials are involved in the brewing of the medicines.

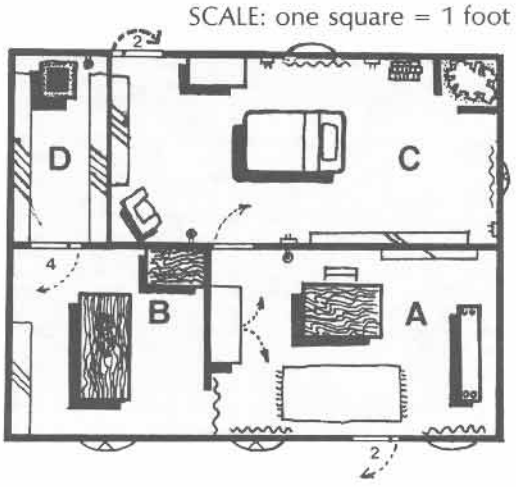
Larkspur has a reputation as something of an eccentric and his practice is not large. His main source of income is several hypochondriac ladies of the court to whom he makes weekly house calls. He will not see his patients except during his office hours, unless there is an extreme emergency (the subsequent fee for such visits will be much higher). He is not a sociable fellow and spends most of his off-hours doing research.

LAYOUT

The building that houses Larkspur's establishment has two doors: a public entrance in the south face leading to an alley, and a private entrance in the north face leading in from the street. Both have locks[2] and Larkspur keeps the keys in his pocket. The windows in the north, south, and east faces have wooden shutters which can be latched from the inside, and all are curtained.

A. Front Office. *(15′ × 10′)* This is where patients come to arrange for treatment or for consultation. Larkspur sits at a desk opposite the front door. He takes care of all business himself, and always insists on being paid in advance. He puts all monies in his pocket, later transferring it to the lockbox in the storeroom.

A large bench has been placed near the east wall for patients to sit on while they wait. On the west wall is a large cabinet in which Larkspur keeps simple medicines (headache powders, tonics, etc.). This cabinet is always locked[2], and Larkspur has the



only key in his pocket. A threadbare rug covers the floor. The curtained archway in the west wall leads to the Examination Room (B).

B. Examination Room / Surgery. *(10′ × 10′)* This is where Larkspur examines patients and performs operations. A long, bloodstained operating table of wood is in the center of the room; the sheet which covers it is removed during operations. A small worktable in the northeast corner holds various surgical instruments (scalpels, bone saws, drills, etc.). A series of shelves on the west wall holds yet other equipment, including specimen jars, charts, books, etc. Light comes from two hanging oil lanterns suspended directly over the operating table.

The window in the south wall is always shuttered during an examination or operation. The door in the north wall can be locked[4], and Larkspur also keeps this key in his pocket. The south wall of this room is covered with anatomical charts that Larkspur has drawn. A person with some medical knowledge might notice glaring mistakes on these charts.

C. Bedroom. *(20′ × 10′)* This is a simple room. There is a large bed in the center of the room, a dresser against the north wall, and a single armchair and a large bookcase against the west wall. The bookcase holds a great number of books (some quite rare) that pertain to the medical arts.

On top of the dresser is a silver decanter and two goblets, a gift from one of the hypochondriac noblewomen he serves. It is usually filled with a cheap white wine. The dresser itself holds clothes; there are a few clothes pegs on the walls as well.

A small fireplace is set in the northeast corner. Larkspur usually eats out, but when he is heavily embroiled in research he keeps a pot of soup simmering in the fireplace.

D. Storeroom. *(5′ × 10′)* This narrow closet-like chamber has shelves lining the east and west walls. These hold the various components of Larkspur's medicines, all in jars or bottles that are labelled with a unique coding system.

Against the north wall is a 2′ square lockbox[4]. In this box Larkspur keeps his money, notes on his experiments, and the code book which describes the various drugs stored here. More expensive medicines are also stored in the storeroom and brought out as needed.

PERSONALITIES

Larkspur. *Human. Ht: 5′7″. Wt: 150 lbs. Age: 53. Fighting prowess: poor*

Larkspur wears small wire-rimmed spectacles over his pale blue eyes, has thinning brownish hair, and is clean-shaven. He has an out-of-focus attitude about him (the result of experimentation with various drugs) but his intelligence is quite high. He is soft-spoken and has an absolute mania for cleanliness. He has a kind of odd charm, but is at



Larkspur

heart a misanthrope. He has no friends to speak of – and doesn't really care.

Larkspur believes he can find cures for all of humanity's ills and is very dedicated to his medical research. He will pay a good price for any medical tome or piece of medical knowledge offered to him. However, Larkspur will not buy bodies, for he believes that dead tissue is useless in learning how the body functions. He is given to trying strange experiments on his patients. While Larkspur is not a bad person at heart, he is not to be completely trusted.

Dame Gerda. *Human. Ht: 5'3". Wt: 135 lbs. Age: 55. Fighting prowess: poor*

This short, greying woman with sad brown eyes is a spinster whose greatest joy in life is coming to Larkspur's house once a week to clean. Larkspur pays her for this service, but she is convinced that he will someday ask her to be his wife (a feeling Larkspur is totally oblivious of). Dame Gerda often brings Larkspur home-cooked meals, fruitcakes, soup, etc. which he politely accepts. Dame Gerda would only be encountered here occasionally.

SCENARIO SUGGESTIONS

Scenario 1. Larkspur is experimenting with a pain-killer, testing it on himself. The drug causes him to go into brief fits of homicidal madness, during which he is *very* dangerous (consider his fighting prowess to be "very good," simply due to a maniacal strength). Fortunately, these fits last only a short time and he has yet to injure anyone (though he does mess up the house).

Unfortunately, the drug has another side effect. It causes Larkspur to wander about the City in a haze, totally forgetting who he is. During one of these fits of wandering, Larkspur walked into a sleazy tavern and promptly fell in with a band of local villains who "befriended" him. Through careful manipulation these thugs have been using the Leech to vile ends (getting information about the houses of the noblewomen he visits, procuring drugs to poison people with, etc.).

Dame Gerda becomes suspicious after finding Larkspur's normally neat house a mess one day. She hires the adventurers to watch him, fearing that he is somehow harming himself. This action will either bring them within his range during one of his murderous fits, or bring them into contention with the villainous band that is using him.

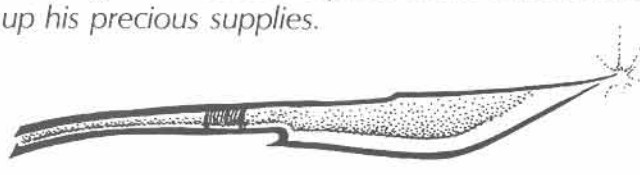
Scenario 2. Larkspur unwittingly unleashes a monster on the City by treating a patient with ape hormones. The patient, the son of a wealthy noble family, turns into a type of were-ape at intervals and murders people. When Larkspur puts two and two together, he decides to have the man captured and brought to him, for he is intrigued by the odd effect. He hires the adventurers to do this.

Naturally, the adventurers will be in deep water, contending with the family (who wants to keep this terrible thing a secret), with the patient himself (who perhaps transforms into an ape under stress), and with Larkspur's admonition to bring in the man alive. In addition, the adventurers may have to save Larkspur from the noble family's wrath when they find out that he has caused their son's "curse".

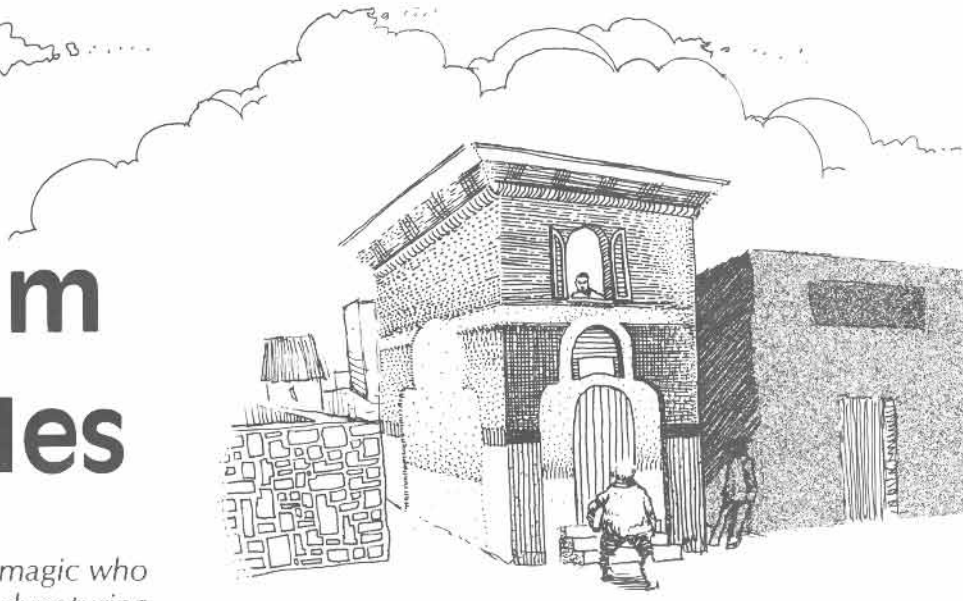
Scenario 3. Larkspur runs out of a specific ingredient for one of his experiments, and desperately needs more. The only place he can obtain any is the local wizard's guild, which uses the material for magical experiments or demon summonings, and will not give him any. Larkspur hires the adventurers to breach the Guild and bring him out a good supply.

Naturally, Larkspur's establishment can be used in a very straightforward manner as a healing center. In addition, the GM might want to make things available that adventurers could use in their quests: medicines to speed healing, sleeping powders or knock-out drops, potions that temporarily increase speed or strength, etc. The value and efficacy of these potions could be questioned.

Larkspur can also be used as a kind of "sage" in regard to medical knowledge. Keep in mind, however, that the medieval physician was barely one step above a witch doctor in expertise, and Larkspur is not even as competent as most! Remember also that Larkspur is no drug dealer and somewhat unsociable to boot, so he might not take kindly to adventurers trooping in and out of his place all the time and buying up his precious supplies.



Kolat's Emporium of Miracles



For the masters and mistresses of magic who lend their peculiar talents to adventuring groups, the establishment most likely to interest them is Kolat's Emporium of Miracles.

On a busy side street of the City stands a two-story building which is both shop and home to Ali Sulam ben Kolat. Kolat is in the business of supplying the needs of those who traffic in the arts arcane. A somewhat weathered and overly elaborate sign hangs from the door of the shop, proclaiming the nature of the establishment.

Kolat's Emporium sells a wide range of magical supplies, including scroll parchment, kraken ink for inscribing magic formulae, special quill pens, ingredients for potions or spells (eye of toad, venom from the head of a Medusa, etc.), staffs, rods, wands, amulets, talismans, charms, crystal balls, tomes on various aspects of the eldritch arts, ritual candles, and so forth. These items are displayed about the shop on shelves or in a variety of display cases located about the store.

Prices at Kolat's are relatively steep, even for the simplest items, mainly because Kolat is greedy. In addition to selling magical items, Kolat will also perform what spells he knows (for a price), and will also serve as an appraiser of magical items. Such appraisal will be free of charge if Kolat buys the item; otherwise it costs. Naturally, Kolat will offer much less than an item is worth if he does decide to buy it.

Unbeknownst to most City residents, Kolat also functions as a fence for stolen magical items (especially magic tomes of any sort). In this respect he usually only deals with established customers, who are either wizards or collectors of magical paraphernalia. However, he might pass on an item or two to adventurers if he thinks they can be trusted (or if the item is particularly hot). As an adjunct to this nefarious occupation, Kolat also fingers characters carrying desirable magic items for thieves in his employ.

Important note: What can or cannot be purchased at Kolat's is strictly up to the individual GM. If magic items are freely bought and sold in your games, then supply Kolat with a stock of enchanted goodies to your taste. If you prefer a game in which characters must find magic items, then simply use Kolat's as a clearing house for the basic tools of the trade. The same applies to spells available.

LAYOUT

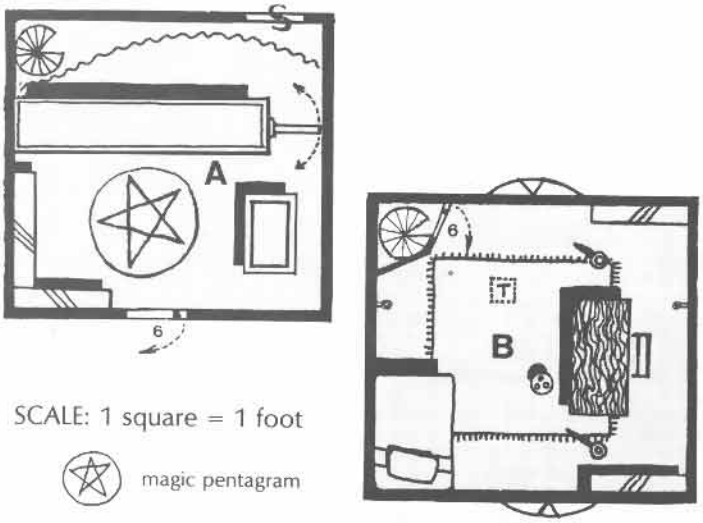
The building itself is two stories high and made of weathered sandstone. Its configuration is vaguely eastern. The only windows are in the second story and are usually kept shuttered. The only visible entrance is in the south face. It is left open while Kolat is open for business; when the shop is closed, it is locked[6] by magic (as opposed to any ordinary mechanical lock). There is a secret entrance leading to the alley behind the shop, but this entrance can be opened only by uttering the secret command word "Chymbala".

A. The Shop. *(15' × 15')* The shop is somewhat cluttered by all the magical equipment for sale, but is surprisingly clean. It always reeks of a sweet,

overly-pungent incense (which masks the odor of brimstone that would otherwise be all too apparent).

A long, 4' high counter of dark wood separates the back of the shop from the front, and in this counter is a glass display case. A swinging gate at the east end of the counter permits entry behind the counter. In the northwest corner of the shop is a curtained-off alcove; behind the curtain is the staircase which leads up to the upper floor.

When a customer enters the front door, a bell sounds, though no bell is apparent (it is invisible and hung from the door frame). Light is provided by a single hanging oil lantern suspended from the ceiling, so the shop is somewhat shadowy. The floor is wood; etched into it is a large pentagram that is somewhat worn.



SCALE: 1 square = 1 foot

magic pentagram

B. Living Quarters. *(15' × 15')* The stairs from below enter the living quarters through a very solid wooden door which can be magically locked[6]. These quarters function as both living area and workshop to Kolat. The room contains a large worktable and chair, two large standing candle-holders, shelves, and a bed. The floor is covered by a large rug. The shutters over the windows can be barred from inside. The table is usually covered with papers, books, alembics, etc.; the entire room has a definite Middle Eastern look to it.

Beneath the rug is a hidden trapdoor which can only be opened by magic. This door covers a small hole; inside the hole is concealed a padlocked[4] box. Inside this chest, Kolat stores any stolen items in his possession. (Items too large for the chest are rendered invisible, and are kept among the items in the glass case in the counter in the shop area.)

Also in the chest is a small brass coffer with a built-in lock[4] that has been trapped with a deadly poison needle. The coffer holds Kolat's most prized possession, "The Eye of Rurin". The Eye is a large star sapphire with a swirling, milky white center. It enables its holder to call up Fankyeh, a hideous demon, by speaking the demon's name and reciting a complicated incantation.

The actual incantation – and indeed, the name of the demon – are known only to Kolat. If someone discovers the name, and pronounces it while holding the gem, the demon will appear but will be uncontrollable. It will attack the person holding the gem, grab it, and depart free at last. If they are within the pentagram in the shop area below, they will be protected from the demon. If the incantation is also discovered, then Fankyeh must serve the holder of the gem in any way desired. However, the demon may only be summoned once per day and may not stay on the earthly plane for more than one hour. The appearances of Fankyeh account for the brimstone scent in the shop (Kolat usually calls him up while standing in the pentagram, just in case).

The GM can decide what other magic items may be in the chest at any time, but the Eye of Rurin is always there. The key to the coffer which holds the Eye is on a thong around Kolat's neck at all times.

PERSONALITIES

Ali Sulam ben Kolat. *Human. Ht: 5'5". Wt: 168 lbs. Age: 46. Fighting prowess: poor. Magic ability: fair; C4,C5,C7.*

At first glance, this swarthy, hook-nosed, dark-eyed little man seems a harmless sycophantic type. He will gush over customers, flatter them outrageously and offer "bargains" left and right. In truth his prices are ridiculously inflated; for all his toothy effusion, he is a cunning and dangerous man. His facade of obsequiousness masks a greedy and perverse soul, and though his magic power is not terrifically formidable his ability to summon the demon Fankyeh makes him a potent foe. In addition, he has access to numerous magical devices which add to his powers (GM must decide their particulars).



Ali Sulam ben Kolat

Kolat dresses in outlandish silks and wears a sweet, nauseating perfume that is apparent when he stands nearby. He always has an enchanted dagger concealed on his person, but is barely competent with the weapon (unless he is using it to stab someone in the back). He speaks a wide variety of languages and delights in haggling over prices. His ability to appraise magical items is very good indeed, but he is also the sort of person who would sell a fraudulent piece of equipment (or one which is almost worn out). His main goal in life is to make a handsome profit for himself, and retire elsewhere.

Kefir Naraj. *Human. Ht: 5'9". Wt: 150 lbs. Age: 46. Fighting prowess: very good with scimitar and throwing knife; otherwise good.*

Kefir is a master thief and a countryman of Kolat's. He is swarthy, with a black beard and handsome mustachio. One of his dark eyes is milky (the remnants of a wasting disease). He is one of the thieves Kolat uses to steal magic items from unsuspecting characters. Kefir is very strong, very quick, and can move very silently. He prefers taking victims from behind, shoving a drug-soaked cloth over their faces and robbing them when they fall unconscious. Kefir always carries a vial of this drug with him; it acts on a normal person in about 60 seconds. Kefir wears a grey cloak over his leather armor. He might enter the shop at any time with another "gift" for Kolat.

Fankyeh. *Demon. Ht: 6'8". Wt: 350 lbs. Fighting prowess: very good. Magical ability: fair; C3, C4.*

Fankyeh is a taloned, scarlet-hued horror with a fanged maw in its pot-bellied stomach that snaps and drools hungrily. Fankyeh has five yellow eye-slits in the elongated triangle which is its head, and can speak (though not in any sort of voice a sane person would want to listen to). For all its grossness, the demon is cunning and intelligent. It can teleport, without error, within a 100' radius of the Eye of Rurin which controls it. Fankyeh would dearly love to possess the Eye and be free of human control; it *might* be tempted to bargain with adventurers for this purpose.

SCENARIO SUGGESTIONS

Scenario 1. The party hears strange rumors about Kolat's Emporium, including weird lights seen in his windows and unearthly shapes flitting about the establishment. These rumors coincide with the fact that several young women in that section of the City have been carried off at night by some horrid creature. A relative of one of these women hires the adventurers to track down this monster and find out where it came from. This should serve to bring the party into confrontation with both Kolat and his pet demon.

Scenario 2. Kefir Naraj steals a precious magic item from one of the adventurers. They must locate Kefir and determine where the item is (it is, of course, safely tucked away at Kolat's). Alternately, the party can be hired by some other person to retrieve an item from the thief. Naturally the adventurers will have to take Kefir alive to find out where the item is. This is a good scenario to play out in a Thieves' Quarter of the City.

Kolat's Emporium can be the center of many a scenario involving magic items or workings. However, in running the shop much depends on what the GM wants. Kolat's can simply be a main source of supply for magic-using characters; it can enable the GM to add new spells or devices to the game; or it can be a source of high adventure in its own right.

Professor Fyber's Taxidermy and Museum

For adventurers who desire a permanent trophy of a successful hunt, Professor Fyber's is the place to go.

Fyber's Taxidermy and Museum is enclosed in a two-story gothic-style brownstone building. A basement houses the Museum portion of Fyber's operation and the curious are invited to visit this Museum and marvel at the wondrous work of the eccentric Professor.

Fyber will stuff almost any sort of creature a customer desires, though he does draw the line at Humans or Human kindreds (Dwarves, Elves, Hobbits, etc.). Prices are very high, especially if Fyber must provide the "stuffee" (see *Hunting Parties*). For this reason, most of the Professor's customers are nobles or well-to-do merchants.

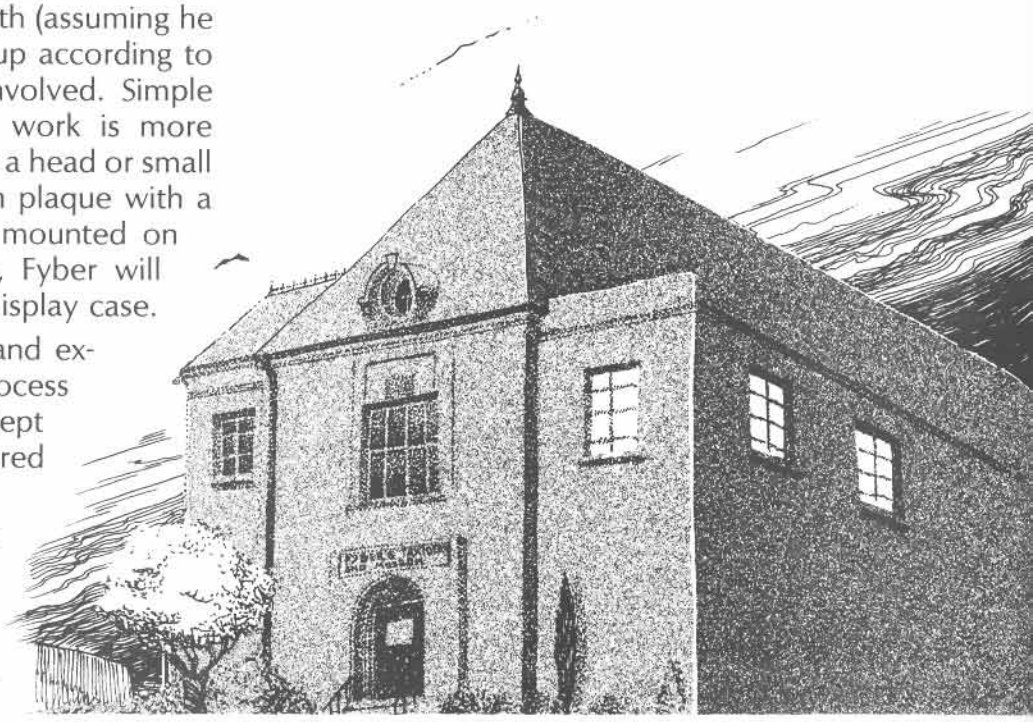
Stuffing and mounting even a small creature will take Fyber several weeks to a month (assuming he has the time). Time and price go up according to size and difficulty of the work involved. Simple heads are the easiest; full body work is more complex. The general mounting for a head or small animal is a finely-polished wooden plaque with a brass nameplate. Larger jobs are mounted on wooden stands. For an extra fee, Fyber will place the creature in a nice glass display case.

Fyber's work is both excellent and extremely lifelike, due to a special process he alone knows. He is also very adept at "repair work," i.e. restoring severed parts of a creature to be stuffed, covering up wounds, and so forth. Naturally, it will be extremely difficult to restore a badly-damaged animal. And Fyber does have his limits – for example, even he could not restore a creature that was fried by magic and then chopped to bits.

Fyber's is open from about mid-day to dusk. Admission to the museum is free, but donations are accepted.

Hunting Parties

If a customer wishes to have a certain animal stuffed and mounted – but does not have the animal – Professor Fyber can arrange for a hunting party to bag the desired "trophy". Naturally, requests must fall somewhat within the bounds of reason, e.g. a hunting party would probably not wish to bag a dragon (though if the price were high



enough, even that might be arranged). Obviously the particular creature requested must exist somewhere and be fairly accessible. The GM should decide what sorts of creatures Fyber will agree to go after.

When a creature must be hunted before it can be stuffed, there will naturally be some delay. This can be anywhere from three weeks to several years, depending on the creature sought. Hunting parties are usually planned by "Toots" O'Neill, one of Fyber's assistants.

Fyber is willing to hire adventurers for his hunting expeditions. Occasionally, such expeditions will include some jaded noble who wants the thrill of the hunt but is too much a coward to make the attempt alone. In such a case, if Fyber hires adventurers, it is in his interest to ensure the safety of the nobleman by taking an insidious "insurance" on the adventurers.

This "insurance" is carried out by the use of the "Leech" gems which are in Fyber's possession; the gems need only be touched to be activated. Fyber places each gem in the stem of a special set of goblets, and before the hunt sets out, insists on a proper toast and send-off. He quietly commands the gems to activate during the toast, admonishes the adventurers to guard the noble and be sure to bring him back safely – and hints that it is within his power to punish treachery. After the expedition sets out, he takes the gems from the goblets and stores them safely against the return of the hunting party.

The "Leech" gems are oddly-shaped, multi-colored jewels. When touched, and the words "Cormantiz Ra!" are spoken, the gem leeches the soul out of the person touching the gem; the victim feels nothing. The soul appears inside the gem as a miniature portrait.

If the party returns the noble without treachery, the soul of the victim is returned to its owner by the reverse command "Ra Cormantiz!". The soul will also return to its normal housing if the gem is smashed, though Fyber wouldn't choose such a method.

If, in Fyber's opinion, treachery or double-dealing has transpired, the soul can be destroyed by the command "Azad Alak!" being pronounced by the person holding the gem. The victim then becomes a soul-less, mindless vegetable. Fyber will not disclose any of this information, and takes great care to pronounce the leeching commands softly (or, when possible, away from spectators entirely).

Fyber owns only 10 of these gems, and they can be used again and again. Each gem holds only a single soul; if a second leeching command is given while the gem is "occupied," the first soul will escape unscathed. If the party of adventurers numbers more than ten, Fyber apologizes for the lack of sufficient goblets to go around and provides poorer containers which, naturally, must be given to the less impressive and important (and presumably less powerful) adventurers. Having ten to take vengeance on is sufficient "insurance."

LAYOUT

The public entrance to Fyber's Taxidermy is on the south face of the building. It is locked[4] when the museum is closed. The ground floor has no windows; the windows on the upper floor are curtained and the curtains are generally drawn.

Ground Floor

A. Storefront. *(15′ × 15′)* This is where small samples of the Professor's work are displayed and arrangements for taxidermy jobs or hunting expeditions are made. The storefront is very nice, lit with a hanging lantern. A plush wine-colored rug covers the floor; there are dark velvet draperies on all the walls. A counter/display case arrangement stands in the northwest corner. Other display cases and shelves are scattered about the room. In the northeast corner are the stairs which lead down to the basement Museum (J). A sign near the stairs reads "Museum" and has an arrow which points downward. The room is lit by a hanging lantern. Toots O'Neill runs the store and is usually found standing behind the counter, honing her weapons or checking out maps.

B. Office. *(15′ × 15′)* When not at work, Professor Fyber will usually be found in this dark, plush office. It is also carpeted and shrouded in velvet, and lit by hanging lanterns and wall candles.

There are several large stuffed armchairs in the room, and a large desk stands in the northwest corner. Fyber uses this desk to do his accounts, keep records, and occasionally work on his memoirs. The Professor also uses this office for personal consultations, though only the best of

clients generally get such a reception. A sideboard on the west wall holds a golden decanter and several ornate golden goblets which are used with the Leech Gems. The decanter is always filled with an excellent brandy.

C. Workshop. *(15′ × 40′)* This is where Professor Fyber works his taxidermical magic. It is a large room with a 10′ high ceiling. An 8′ wide loading door is set into the west wall. This is kept locked[4] except when deliveries are being made.

There are many hooks on the walls and in the ceiling for hanging carcasses to be worked on. Several worktables are scattered throughout the room. Near the north wall is a large vat that contains a most noxious yellow fluid, a special preservative that is part of Fyber's secret process. A cupboard against the east wall holds the tools of Fyber's trade. Shelves and racks along the walls hold chemicals for the Professor's use; these chemicals are marked in a strange code known only to Fyber.

A flight of stairs in the north end of the room leads to the upper floor. There is a door beneath these stairs which leads into the storage area (D).

The room is lit by three hanging lanterns and some candles. On the whole, this room has a rather drab and melancholy atmosphere. It always reeks with the pungent smell of chemicals and dead bodies.

D. Storage Area. *(15′ × 10′)* This is a storage area for carcasses. These are hung on hooks on the walls until Fyber can stuff them. This room is unlighted, so a lantern must be carried within the room for illumination.

At any one time, there will be a variety of different animal and bird corpses in here. The room is a bit colder than the rest of the house, the result of a clever insulation system. This helps slow the decay of the carcasses until Fyber can get around to preserving them.

In this room are several shelves on which are stone jars. In these jars are bits and pieces of creatures Fyber has acquired, such as intestines, fur, feathers, beaks, and horns. Fyber makes a little money on the side by selling such bits and pieces to wizards or alchemists who have use for such things.

Upper Floor

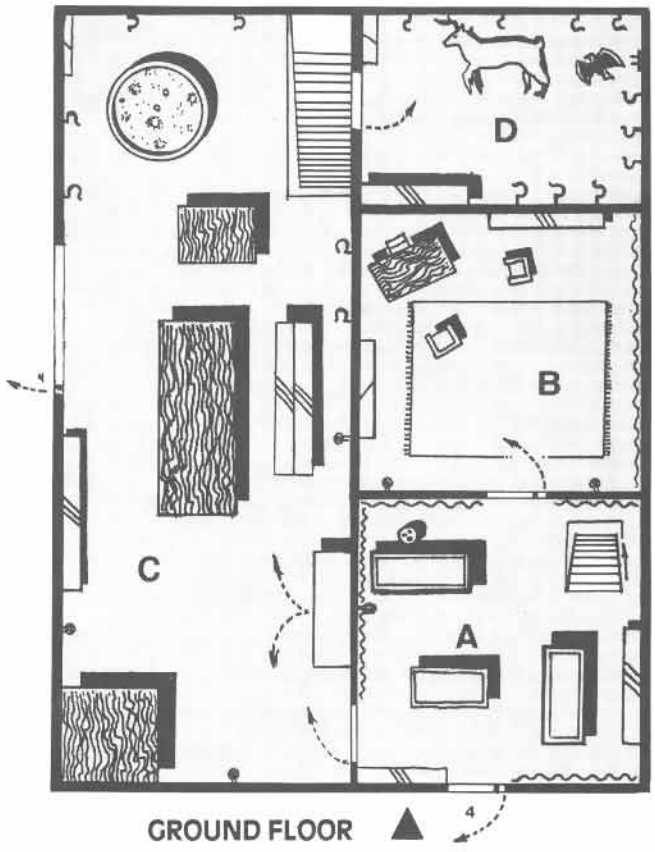
E. Master Bedroom. *(15′ × 20′)* This is Professor Fyber's quarters. It is furnished in the same dark, plush style as his office, with a large armchair and footstool. Light is provided by candles. A very ornate canopy bed stands against the south wall, adjoined by a small night table.

On the north wall is a fireplace; above the fireplace hangs an oil portrait of a beautiful red-haired woman. This was the Professor's wife, Fiona. To either side of the fireplace are bookcases filled with all sorts of tomes.

The mantel of the fireplace contains a secret niche which can be opened by pressing on a decorative symbol (one of a series of carved rosettes) in the very center of the mantel. This rosette looks exactly like the others decorating the mantel. In the niche is a locked[6] iron box which holds the Professor's Leech Gems.

Against the west wall is a 3′ high, 3′ wide, 2′ deep lockbox[5]. Fyber keeps the profits from his business and records of his experiments in this box.

F. Bartolomy's Quarters. *(15′ × 10′)* This is where Bartolomy, curator of the Museum and the



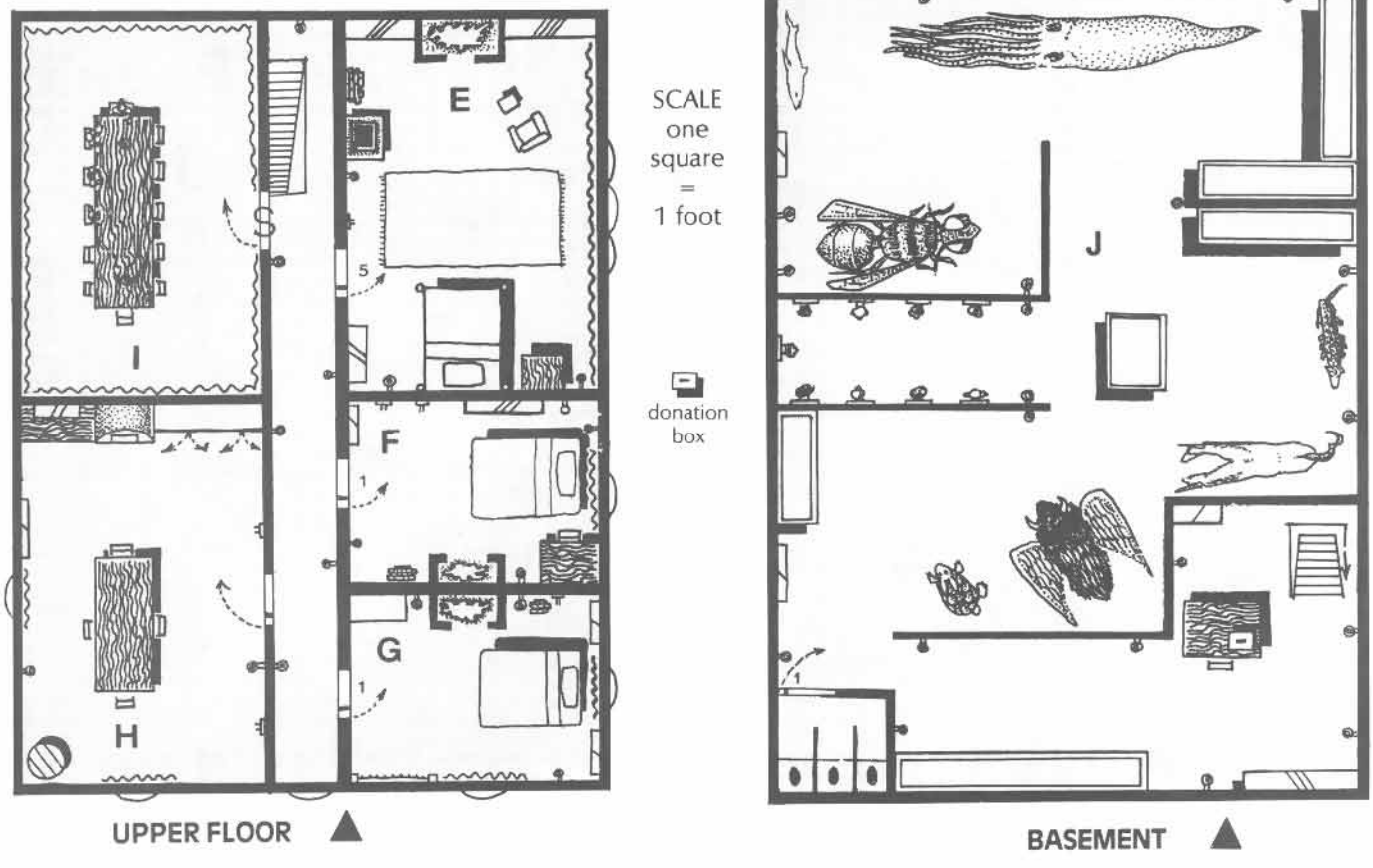
Professor's assistant, sleeps. It is a nice room with dark carpeting, a hearth against the south wall, a small bed against the east wall, and several shelves. There is a table and chair in the southeast corner where Bartolomy works on his sketches. There are various pegs on the walls for clothes. The room is lit by candles.

G. Toots' Quarters. *(15' × 10')* This light green room is where Toots O'Neill sleeps. The room has a hearth on the north wall, a large dresser to the west of the fireplace, a bed against the east wall, and various pegs or brackets on the walls for clothing and weapons. Several trophies of Toots' kills hang on the wall, including a magnificent lion's head. Toots keeps a pouch of money (about 200 gold pieces) in the lion's mouth.

H. Kitchen / Dining Room. *(13' × 20')* This is the kitchen and dining area for Professor Fyber's small household. A beautiful hardwood table with four chairs stands in the center of the room. Food is prepared in the brick oven against the north wall; to the east of the oven is a 6' high pantry in which foodstuffs are kept. The oven is flanked to the west by a worktable, above which is a cupboard for spices, utensils, pots, and such for cooking. There is a water cask in the south corner. Like the rest of Fyber's s house, this room is tastefully decorated though somewhat dark. Light is provided by a hanging lantern. The Professor does all the cooking and insists on regular meal times.

I. The Red Room. *(10' × 20')* This was once a very elaborate dining room, but is now a secret room. Entrance to this room is gained through the secret door on the east wall. This door is opened by lifting the candle out of a candleholder and pressing a button inside the holder. (This candleholder is one of six in the central corridor of the second story, the one directly in front of the secret door on the map.) When the button is pressed, the secret door will then swing inward.

The room is carpeted and draped all in red. A large ebony table with high-backed matching chairs dominates. In the chair at the north end of the table is the perfectly-preserved corpse of Fiona, the Professor's wife. She sits with a glass in her hand as though she were making after-dinner conversation, and looks very real indeed. In the three chairs to the west of the table are three more stuffed corpses (two men and a woman), all quite dead but arranged in animated poses. (See *Personalities* for



an elaboration of this bizarre scene.)

Only Fyber and Bartolomy are aware of this room's existence. Toots has her suspicions but would rather not check them out.

Basement

J. The Museum. *(30' × 40')* The entire basement level is taken up by the Museum. It is separated into areas by partitions; in each area is a display.

The Museum houses a collection of oddities that the Professor has stuffed over the years. This includes a two-headed unicorn, a bison with wings, a wolf with eight legs, and other freaks of nature. One section also contains several heads which once belonged to famous bandits that were executed in the city (the only exceptions to Fyber's no-humans rule). The GM may place in the Museum any special oddities he or she likes.

Bartolomy runs the Museum. He sits at the desk at the bottom of the stairs which lead into the Museum, greeting visitors who enter and showing them around if they wish. On his desk is an iron box for donations; it has a slot and a good built-in lock.

The Museum area has stone walls, wooden floors, and a very musty aged smell. The only entrance is from the staircase.

PERSONALITIES

Professor Fyber. *Human. Ht: 6'3". Wt: 210 lbs. Age: 58. Fighting prowess: very good with rapier or saber; otherwise average.*

Professor Fyber is a dark, aristocratic man with a thin moustache. His dress and voice bespeak a highly cultured man with a sense for the finer things in life. He is a gourmet cook, a lover of good brandy, and very well-read.

Fyber is also quite mad, as is evident from the contents of the Red Room. The story of this room begins with Fyber's finding the Leech Gems. He discovered the gems in an ancient temple while on a hunting expedition with his wife Fiona. While experimenting with them, he accidentally leeched and destroyed Fiona's soul. Unable to bear the sight of his beautiful wife as a soulless vegetable, Fyber killed and stuffed her. He then closed off the Red Room and put her "on display" there.

In life, Fiona enjoyed the company of attractive adventurers. It is Fyber's goal to populate the dining table in the Red Room with the best-looking people he can find. So far he has found only three that meet his standards; these are the nameless corpses now located at the table. Periodically, Fyber enters the room and has a "dinner party", speaking to his wife and the three other "guests" as if they were still alive. He is always on the lookout for other guests whom he can slay and stuff.

Outside of this decided quirk, Fyber is a charming fellow and fairly formidable. He is also a taxidermical genius and very popular with the City nobility to whom he provides trophies. He zealously guards his secret formulas for preserving tissue, and is not above slaying an intruder who tries to steal them. His major goal in his work is to preserve the semblance of life in as natural a manner as possible. Fyber would certainly try to kill anyone who discovers the secret of the Red Room.



Professor Fyber

Bartolomy. *Human. Ht: 5'7". Wt: 140 lbs. Age: 41. Fighting prowess: good with dagger (throwing or wielding); otherwise average.*

Bartolomy is a dark-haired, dark-eyed man with a brooding temperament. He is thoroughly loyal to Fyber, since the Professor saved his life when he was a mere youth and virtually raised him as his own son.

Bartolomy is a journeyman taxidermist in his own right, as well as a masterful sketch artist. He draws sketches of various creatures for Fyber to work from when a job is being done. He also draws for his own satisfaction. While these sketches are excellent in detail they are also quite bizarre, a reflection of Bartolomy's tortured mind.

Bartolomy knows about the Red Room, though he would not dare enter it without Fyber's permission. Being at heart a gentle soul, its existence is a constant source of disturbance to him. On the other hand, if Fyber is threatened in any way Bartolomy will leap to his defense, and his skill with a dagger makes him very dangerous. Bartolomy is very strong and quick as well. He is also secretly in love with Toots, though he is too shy to act on this.

Toots O'Neill. *Human. Ht: 6'0". Wt: 160 lbs. Age: 32. Fighting prowess: excellent with longbow, spear, and hunting knife; otherwise very good.*

Toots is a tall amazon with blonde hair and violet eyes. She doesn't despise men, but does not consider them her equals; while she might have a fling or two, she will never get serious. She takes no guff from anyone, and her fighting skills make her a bad person to cross.

Toots is also a great huntress. During her hunting career, she has killed almost every type of creature in existence. She handles all hunting arrangements for Fyber's shop, but never leads an expedition herself unless it is a very special assignment. Toots dresses as a hunter would: leather boots, beige jerkin with many pockets, heavy breeks, and hunting knife. Her jerkin can be assumed to act as leather armor.

Toots is both tough and sharp. She likes Professor Fyber but has no overwhelming loyalty to him. She basically likes Fyber's cooking and the ease of her position. She pays no mind to Fyber's strange behavior, and treats Bartolomy like a loyal puppy.

SCENARIO SUGGESTIONS

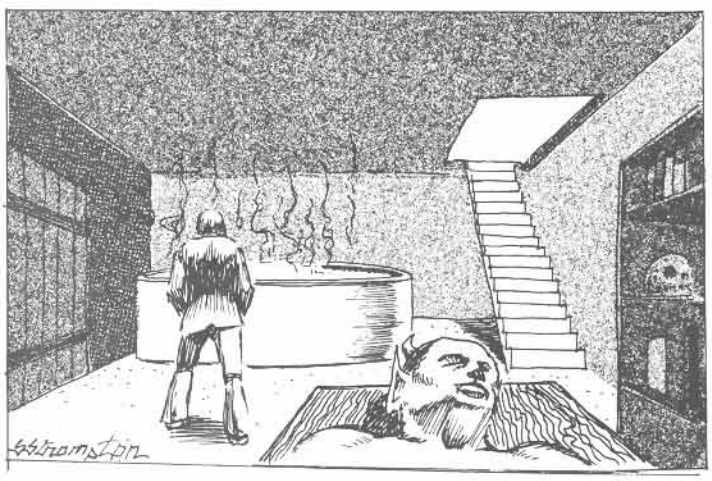
Scenario 1. Fyber spots a potential "dinner guest" among the adventurers (the best-looking member, of course). Fyber has the adventurer kidnapped by Bartolomy, who drugs the victim and secretly hauls him or her into the back room. Fyber prepares to add to his Red Room contingent by killing and stuffing the poor sap. The party must save their comrade from this dire fate.

Alternately, the party can be hired by someone who is a friend or relative of one of the already-stuffed corpses. Their mission would be to determine why that particular person disappeared after a meeting with the Professor. (GM: Note that while Bartolomy would definitely be against the adventurers, Toots might join them, but only if a good case were made.)

Scenario 2. Fyber hires the adventurers to counteract the machinations of an evil mage who is attempting to ruin Fyber's business. This mage periodically causes the strange creatures in the museum to come to life and attack visitors. The adventurers must find out who is behind the scheme, while at the same time acting as guards in the museum should an exhibit come to life.

Scenario 3. One of the heads of the famous bandits in the Museum holds the secret to a vast treasure. The adventurers must steal the head and find a way to revivify it in order to get the clue. This is an easy and somewhat offbeat way to send adventurers off on a quest or adventure.

Fyber's Taxidermy and Museum is a strange setting which can be used to good effect in many a role-playing adventure. The hunting expeditions can make a simple scenario for players, and good mileage can be gotten out of any of the Museum exhibits. Should adventurers drive Fyber out of business by discovering his secrets, the GM can turn the establishment over to yet another non-player character, thus keeping it a viable part of the campaign.



The House of Thelesha Moonscry



What does the future hold for the intrepid adventurer? The answer lies waiting in The House of Thelesha Moonscry.

The House of Thelesha Moonscry is set well away from the street in a quiet part of the City. The house is marked by a colorful banner which reads "Thelesha Moonscry: Diviner – Palmistry, Oneiromancy, Pyromancy, Hydroscopy, Cereoscopy, Astrology, Cartomancy".

An appointment must be made in advance to have a consultation with Thelesha. Arrangements are usually made through Drani (see *Personalities*). Cost for consultation is quite high, and payment must be made in advance. The money is refundable if the character in question notifies her in advance that he cannot keep the appointment. Appointments can be made for any hour the GM desires; however, Thelesha will not give a reading during the nights of the full moon. Her powers have certain spiritual affinity with the cycles of the moon, and she replenishes these powers during the full moon.

Thelesha always has a brief, private meeting with any potential client (no companions are allowed) to determine the following information: the client's name, age, birth sign, state of health, occupation, the type of divination method preferred for the reading, and any dealings with the supernatural that the client may have had.

Thelesha will perform her services for almost any client, with these exceptions: she will not read for someone who is cursed (e.g. a lycanthrope), nor for someone who serves a deity or devil (e.g. a priest or a paladin). In the case of a cursed person, Thelesha's psychic sensitivity makes a reading too painful for her to bear; where servitors of a deity are concerned, Thelesha simply feels that those who have a singular faith must rely on that faith to provide glimpses of what is to come. Lying about personal details in the interview with Thelesha *will* affect the accuracy of her predictions. Otherwise, Thelesha is about 90% accurate in all readings.

The Arts of Divination

Thelesha practices a number of Divination Arts, which you as GM can use to further the course of action in your game. A brief summary of the types of divination available is given below.

ASTROLOGY. The most common art. Divination by the stars. This includes drawing up horoscopes. It is not a quick art and can require up to a full week before some answer or prediction can be made. *Game use:* Check your local newspaper's horoscope section to see what sort of foretelling might be appropriate.

CARTOMANCY. Also quite common. Divination by cards; Tarot. Thelesha lays down a certain pattern and the cards symbolically reveal something of the future. *Game use:* use a Tarot deck if you have one, improvising the meanings of the cards to fit the "prediction" for the character. You may also use a regular card deck in this fashion: Hearts indicate an emotional situation, Diamonds mean money, Spades mean competition, Clubs indicate magic. Face cards represent people.

ONEIROMANCY. Less common. Divination by dreams. The character being read tells Thelesha the content of a dream and she interprets the symbolic meaning. *Game use:* the player makes up a dream story and the GM playing Thelesha interprets it. This can be great fun in a game, depending on the imaginations involved.

PYROMANCY. Less common. Divination by fire. Thelesha throws resin upon burning coals in the hearth. If the fire burns brightly, good fortune is indicated; if it smokes densely, the omens are bad. *Game use:* embellish the pyromantic reading with your own imagination, tailoring good or bad to what you *know* you're going to do with them...

HYDROSCOPY. Less common. Divination by water. Thelesha throws three specially-shaped stones into the garden pool and reads the future according to the pattern of ripples made by the stones. *Game use:* again, embellish the divination with your imagination.

PALMISTRY. Common. Divination by palm-reading. Thelesha reads the lines of the palm to give a general idea of the future. *Game use:* again, create your own meaning for the lines of the hand.

CERESCOPY. Less common. Divination by wax. Thelesha takes a bowl, fills it with cold water, and drops molten wax into it. The wax congeals into strange shapes and Thelesha reads these shapes as symbols of the future. *Game use:* make up the "shapes" to fit what information you want the player to have.

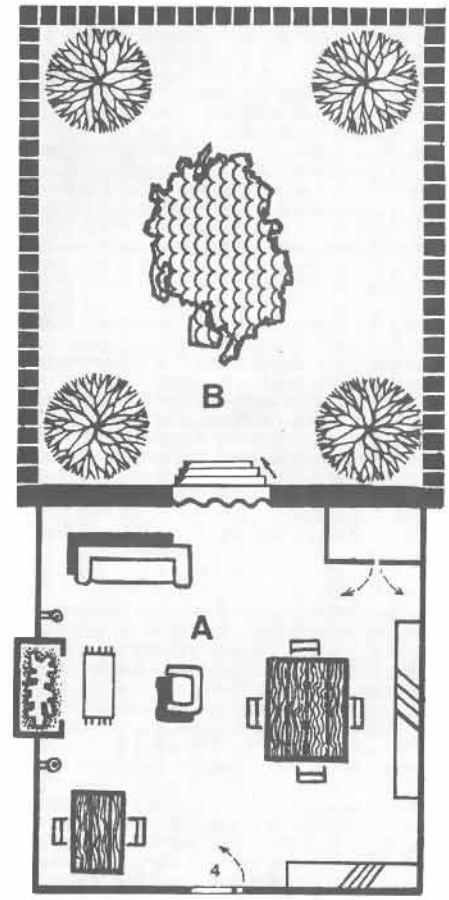
Keep in mind when playing Thelesha that readings are accurate *but* need not be straightforward. In fact, the more esoteric the symbolic answer, the more intriguing it will be to players. As GM, you should have some plans to impart to your players. Your task here is to lay out the future in vague omens. You may want to add other divination arts to this list.

LAYOUT

A. The House. *(20' × 20')* This is basically one all-purpose house. It is uncluttered, and simply furnished but pleasant. Astrological charts of all kinds decorate the walls; shelves all around the room hold the books and other tools of Thelesha's profession. There is a nice hearth in the west wall, which provides cooking space and light. Light also comes from candles or from the skylight *(6'×6')* in the roof, located directly above the center of the room. This skylight is never open during a divination. There is a cupboard in the northeast corner that holds food, and a divan in the northwest corner on which Thelesha sleeps.

B. The Garden. *(20' × 25')* The garden area is walled off by 15' high stone walls. The garden itself looks exactly like a forest glade transplanted into the city. There are oak trees in each corner of the garden and a still pool in the center.

The garden has a magical feel to it, and is indeed enchanted. The enchantment causes someone outside the garden to see what looks like a stone building with a flat roof (i.e. the garden is not visible from outside). The roof may even be walked upon. However, from the inside, it appears there is no roof covering the garden area; there is a clear view of the sky, and light, air, and rain can fall upon the garden. In addition, no outside sounds ever penetrate into the garden, so it is always quiet except for the pleasant tinkling of the windchimes which are hung about the garden. The garden can only be reached by going through the house.



SCALE: one square = 1 foot

PERSONALITIES

Thelesha Moonscry. *Half-elf. Ht: 5'9". Wt: 130 lbs. Age: 29. Fighting ability: poor. Magic ability: average; C5*

Thelesha has very pale skin, and long black hair with silver streaks in it. Her left eye is sea-blue and her right eye is silvery-gray. She is very beautiful and somewhat haunted. Her typical attire is a sky blue robe adorned with a sigil showing silver moons and green oaks.

Thelesha is not particularly cheerful. She knows that she is fated to live without love, and uses her gift in memory of her teachers, an all-but-extinct sect called the MoonRiders. She sometimes sees her talent as more of a curse than a gift, and may break off a reading if the omens she is scrying become too painful. She rarely leaves her house and garden, and the MoonRider Spirits watch over her there.



Thelesha Moonscry

Drani. *Human. Ht: 5'2". Wt: 120 lbs. Age: 10. Fighting prowess: average w/daggers; otherwise poor.*

Drani is a glum, heavy-set lad. He was abandoned on Thelesha's doorstep when he was a babe and she adopted him as her ward. Drani is mature and business-like beyond his years; he is very polite and formal with customers. He handles all business and financial matters for the Moonscry household, and any disrespect or frivolity towards him will net the prospective client either a higher price for a reading or no reading at all.

Drani has an innate sense about people that is rarely wrong. He has no magical talent, but is very clever with numbers. He goes to the marketplace twice a week for food and supplies. He trusts only Thelesha, so he is a hard person to befriend.

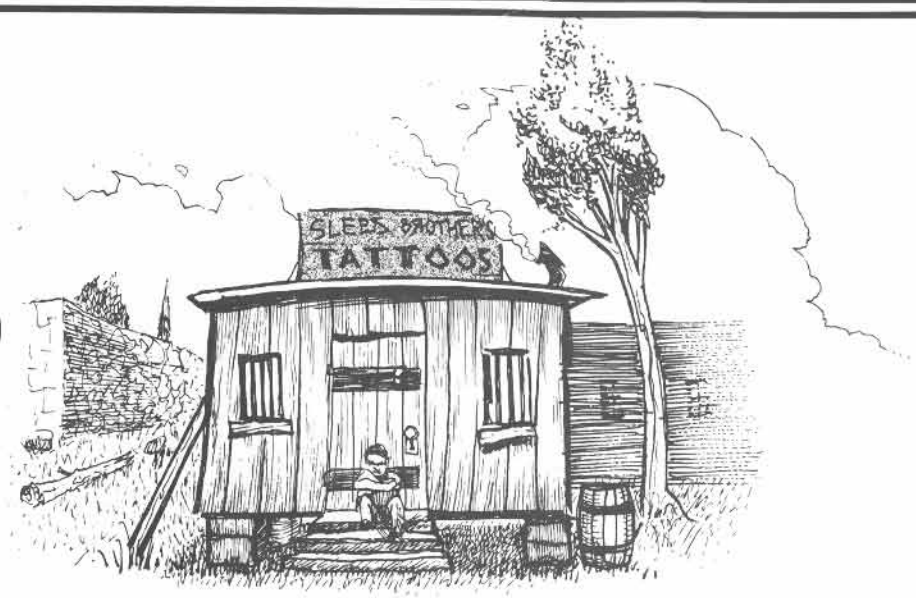
SCENARIO SUGGESTIONS

Scenario 1. Some entity (perhaps an evil supernatural force, such as a demon prince, a devil, or a wizard from another dimension) hires the party to kidnap Thelesha Moonscry, in order to use her powers for his or her benefit. The party must contend against Thelesha's spiritual allies (the MoonRiders) or one or more of her wealthier clients. Alternately, the party might be trying to rescue Thelesha, either on their own or as hirelings of one of her more important clients. A further alternative is for some group to capture Drani to force Thelesha to aid them, with the party being hired by Thelesha herself to get him back.

Scenario 2. An adventurer in the party decides to pay court to the seeress. The results could be: the character wins her love, but this destroys her talent for divination; Thelesha does fall in love *but* becomes embittered when she discovers the character is only seeking to use her power for his own benefit; Thelesha refuses the wooing, sacrificing love for the honor of her teachers and her gift; Thelesha accepts the love and returns it, only to find that this curses her wooer to a dire and immediate fate (a definite problem for the player character).

A very basic use of Thelesha Moonscry is to start adventurers off on a quest or journey by providing clues in the divination. ("I see a castle with a black owl crest upon its gate, wherein a great treasure lies", etc.) Remember that Thelesha is accurate most of the time, so don't let her be misused or over-used by the players. High prices should sufficiently limit the use of her powers!

Sleaz's Tattoo Parlor



In the older section of the City stands a small wooden fire-trap bearing a crudely-inscribed sign which reads "The Brothers Sleaz: Tattoos". Here sailors, soldiers, and adventurers avail themselves of the intricate body art supplied by Jock and Wilbur Sleaz.

Jock and Wilbur can do any sort of tattoo, either custom-designed or chosen from one of the many picture books in their possession. Custom tattoos are more expensive, but on the whole the Sleaz Brothers' prices are reasonable. The only exception to this is Jock's special tattoos, a type of magical body art which he refers to as "Mattoos".

Mattoos

Jock alone does mattoos. A mattoo can represent any sort of creature or object the customer desires; the price starts at around 1000 gold pieces, rising with the complexity of the mattoo desired.

When the wearer of a mattoo concentrates, he can will the mattoo to life and it will function as what it represents. A dragon would be a dragon, a rose a rose, etc. The catch is that the creature or object will only be as big as the actual mattoo. A dragon mattooed on the back of a character's hand would appear as a tiny dragon. It could fly and attack, but at a power appropriate to its size. Moreover, the mattoo can never have any "inherent" abilities (e.g. the dragon would not automatically breathe fire, unless Jock mattooed in fire coming from its mouth; the head of a Medusa would not turn anyone to stone, etc.)

Once a mattoo comes to life, it will follow any command of the wearer (if it's a creature), or be employed in any manner the user wishes. For each hour it exists, the wearer must "pump" strength into it, on an ever expanding scale. The first hour costs 1 point; the second, 2; the third, 4; the fourth, 8; etc. (doubling each time). Willing a mattoo to life for less than an hour costs 1. The strength used returns at 1 point per full game turn. (GM: adjust to your game system.)

The limit for mattoos is 5 per customer. The wearer of a mattoo can will as many mattoos to life at one time as he wishes, but each activation takes at least one minute, and each must be activated separately. Returning a mattoo to its place merely requires another thought.

Jock never solicits a mattoo – but Wilbur will, if he thinks a customer has money to pay for one. He always demonstrates the effect by having Jock will to life the full-size rose mattooed on his left arm. This gives customers the impression that all mattoos come out full-size, an impression Wilbur's sales pitch reinforces. Since a mattoo takes a week to ten days to "set in" before it can be activated, the customer is generally gone before the "catch" is discovered. If a customer does return with a complaint, Jock or Wilbur will offer to remove the mattoo. This is done with a special kris knife, and the procedure is very painful. However, this is the only way to get a refund on a mattoo.

There *is* one mattoo which has additional properties. Very simply, it is a "duckie", a cute little representation of a duck. Jock always recommends it because he likes duckies. The duckie is like a normal mattoo – except that it always appears as a full-sized duck with full powers of speech, better

than human intelligence, and a poisonous bite! In addition, duckies have the power to deflect spells (set the level according to your game system); if a duckie is within a 5' radius of its wearer, it will partly protect its wearer by absorbing the spell. Neither Jock nor Wilbur are aware of these powers – Jock just likes duckies!

Jock sports the maximum five mattoos on his body: two small dragons, a full-size flaming sword down his right leg, a waterfall on his chest (which can be used somewhat like a firehose), and a full-size rose on his left arm.

Note: As GM, you should rework the nature of the mattoos as you see fit, but keep in mind that if they are made too powerful, the game balance may be drastically affected. Clever players who discover how one works can spend their money and get very useful mattoos (e.g. a full-size lantern, a lockpick, a full-size weapon, a radiant gem, a mirror, etc.) Have players describe *in detail* what they want. Mattoos that are somehow destroyed are no longer usable, and leave a scar on the wearer's body. No new mattoo can replace one which is destroyed.

LAYOUT

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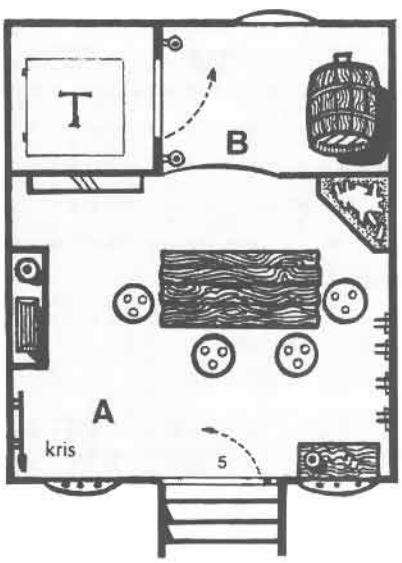


A. Shop Front. *(10' × 8')* The Sleaz Brothers' Shop is small and in barely fair shape. Three steps from the street lead up to a iron-bound wooden door.

In the center of the room are four stools and a large table where the tattooing takes place. In the southeast corner is a small table for odds and ends.

In the northwest corner of the room, the wall holds three shelves; on these shelves are bottles filled with different colors of ink, and various tattooing needles. On the east wall are pegs for holding hats, shields, etc.

In the northeast corner is a small metal fireplace. On the west wall is a large bookcase filled with tattoo and picture books. On top of the bookcase is a candle and a money chest (randomize for how much money is in the chest). Hanging on the wall next to the bookcase is the kris which is used to remove mattoos.

There are two small windows in the south wall. An open arch leads from the front of the shop to the back room (B).

B. The Back Room. *(10' × 4')* On the west wall are a pair of candleholders. When the northernmost candleholder is lifted, a secret door opens beside it. This door leads into a small secret room. Inside the secret room is a round trap door that leads directly into the sewers of the City.

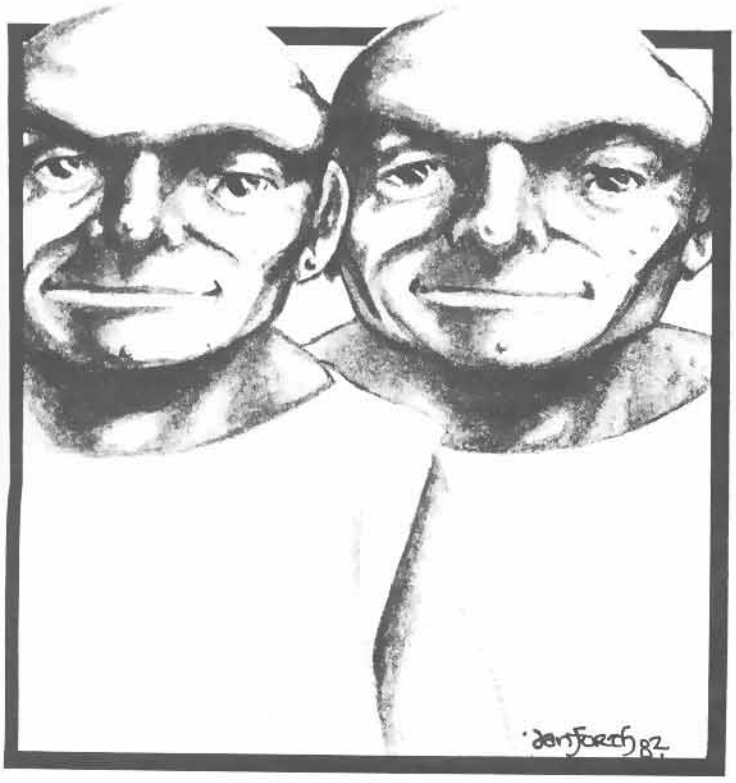
PERSONALITIES

Jock and his brother are a true anomaly of nature: identical Orcish twins. When they were four days old, they were kidnapped and tortured by a band of brigands who meant to sell them later. Fortunately, they were rescued by a kindly wizard of formidable power who took them in and raised them as humans. (GM: if your system has no Orcs, or an Orc would not reasonably fit in your city, make Jock and Wilbur very ugly humans.)

Jock Sleaz. *Orc. Ht: 5'7". Wt: 160 lbs. Age: 35. Fighting prowess: good throwing or wielding a tattoo needle; otherwise average.*

Jock is a very gentle soul and will never start trouble and hurt anyone unless he is attacked. (Allow *one* free combat round against Jock for this kindly nature.) He learned how to make both regular and magical tattoos from the kindly wizard, who created the five mattoos that adorn his body.

Jock adores animals and small children, and will give children free tattoos if they ask. He gives his share of the tattoo earnings to a local orphanage in



Jock and Wilbur Sleaz

order to give a few orphans the benefit of a better upbringing than he received.

Jock has a small mole on his left ear; this is the only way to distinguish him from Wilbur. He is very well-liked by almost everyone in the City, despite his dubious heritage. Jock will use his mattoos in his own defense.

Wilbur Sleaz. *Orc. Ht: 5'7". Wt: 160 lbs. Age: 35. Fighting prowess: good with broadsword; otherwise fair.*

Unlike Jock, Wilbur quite frequently exhibits more of the standard Orcish traits. He loves to steal chickens and eggs from local merchants or outlying farmers, and often joins local thieves on robbery missions. He is also a competent con-artist and has a ruthless cunning that rivals the best of the local Thieves' Guild. Wilbur is also a tattoo artist, but never had sufficient concentration to learn mattooing. Wilbur will defend Jock to the death and his sword-arm is quite fearsome.

Wilbur has secreted away his share of the earnings brought in by the tattoos and mattoos; he only pays for the necessities of life. Wilbur is convinced that, some day in the future, he and his brother will be run out of town for their "bad blood." He wants to attract as little attention as possible – which at the same time allows him to have hidden away a considerable nest egg against the potential of violence from their neighbors.

SCENARIO SUGGESTIONS

Scenario 1. Wilbur gets a little soused one night. When one of the adventurers comes in for a tattoo, he does a magnificent piece of artwork on the character's anatomy. Unfortunately, worked into the piece is a part of a treasure map he caught a glimpse of in the local tavern. The map's owners do not relish the idea of someone running around with a vital piece of it etched on his body. This sets off a series of inexplicable attacks on the adventurer, all seemingly designed to maim whatever part of the body was tattooed. Alternately, the offending tattoo could be the sigil of a secret society, the sacred rune of a death cult, etc.

Scenario 2. The adventurers make a deal with a local city resident to retrieve something of value from the shadowy underworld located in the city sewer system. The proposed entrance to the sewers is, of course, the secret trapdoor in the Sleaz Brothers' shop. The trick is to decoy the brothers and get to the entrance before Wilbur can warn the denizens below that something is coming.

Scenario 3. Wilbur cons a party member into accompanying him on a spree. This spree ends in a robbery – and both Wilbur and the adventurer are caught and sentenced for it! The adventurer's comrades link up with Jock in an attempt to get their friend and Wilbur out of the slammer. It is very likely that some useful mattoos could be a part of this plan (and may be the inducement for the adventurers to go). Alternately, a crew of nasty villains could kidnap Jock in order to make use of his mattooing skill for some dastardly deed. Wilbur could enlist the adventurers to join him in rescuing his brother, perhaps using the sewer system to sneak up on the villain's lair.

The Sleaz Brothers' Tattoo Shop is a colorful setting for many an adventure. Keep in mind that the patrons of the shop may be any type (from the lowest of low-lifes to wealthy thrill-seekers) and use your imagination to incite all sorts of wild escapades.

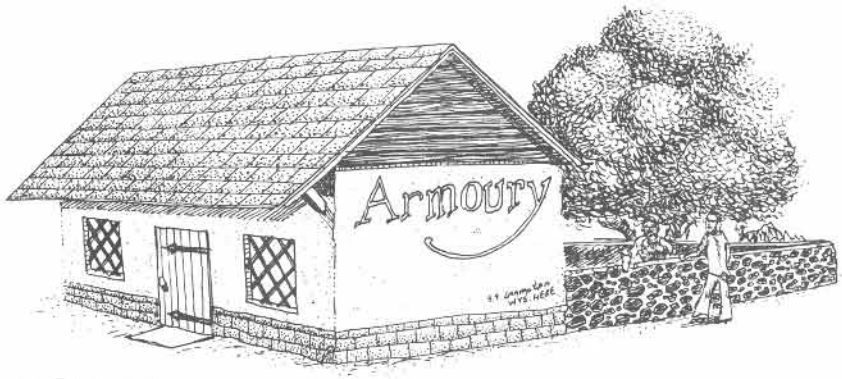


An adventurer leads a life balanced on the razor's edge of doom. The sharpness of a blade, the thickness of a breastplate, the power of a bow – all these things can spell the difference between life and death. If a character wants the best and is prepared to pay for it, there are always artisans who can provide what they desire.

Bron Arvo and his family have been armorers to heroes and nobles; their products are a blend of utility and artistry. No less skillful is Tor, of Blades by Tor, who will custom-make any bladed weapon. Trueshaft's Bowyery will supply goods to those who believe in hitting enemies from afar, while Hairy Jac at Red Earth Leatherworks can provide fine leather items for those who can coerce him into working for them. Findar's Stable and Smithy are available to characters for the boarding, rental, and maintenance of horses in the style to which any warhorse could become accustomed.

In dealing with these establishments, some characters may find that their path has become a tad broader than a razor's edge. However, falling off can be just as dangerous . . .

Bron Arvo's Armory



Any warrior given to the adventuring life will need good armor. For the best in metal armors, Bron Arvo is the man to see.

Bron Arvo specializes in the crafting of metal armors. Though his establishment also produces half-plate, mail, and ring-joined plate, he prefers to make plate armor. His armory does *not* make shields, nor any type of leather or wood armor. Arvo's services come high, but the result is always worth the price. Any hand-crafted armor purchased from Arvo's Armory should be considered of superior quality and durability, thus providing a measure of greater protection overall. (At the GM's discretion, this might translate to better than normal damage reduction for the type of armor chosen.)

Arvo's Armory also crafts metal helms of any style. If a helmet is not custom-made, it is always fashioned in the form of stylized and very ferocious-looking beast-head. If a visor is included, the visor is usually the most daunting feature of the helm. Bron feels that the helmet of a fighting man should serve to instill fear into the enemy, and thus constructs his helms in this curious fashion.

Arvo's occasionally accepts used armor as part of the price for a new purchase, though straight trade-ins are never accepted. Such used goods are generally refurbished and sold, but no guarantees are made concerning its value in combat. All trade-in items are tagged as "used" and are less expensive than the Armory's own goods. The stock on hand at Arvo's will usually include a few suits of full plate (used); bits and pieces of plate such as greaves, gauntlets, gorgets, etc.; some used suits of mail; one or two used helmets; a good stock of newly-made helms; several newly-made mail shirts; and various padding for all types of metal armor. Bron Arvo *always* prefers custom-crafting armor; he thinks of it as a warrior's "second skin".

Production times at Arvo's vary according to the amount of work involved. A full suit of plate will take a minimum of 4 months to make; half-plate will take a minimum of 2 months; and mail will take a minimum of 45 days. Ring-joined plate will take only slightly less time than full plate to fashion. Very special orders or unique additions to armor will *always* take more time. All types of repair work are also available, so long as the armor in question is metal.

The time necessary for repair work or custom-crafted armor also depends on the extent of the repairs or crafting needed, and on what work the Armory has outstanding (i.e. if the Lord of the City needs his plate repaired in three days, the adventurer will have to wait for Bron to get to his job). Arvo's has a large clientele, so it is very unlikely that work for drifting adventurers will ever take precedence, though an offer of more money could help. All armor made by the Armory has Bron Arvo's initials etched prominently into it.

LAYOUT

A. Shop Area. *(20' × 15')* The Shop Area contains neatly-displayed stock, either hung on armor mannequins, laid on shelves, or set out in display cases or on a table. On the north wall is a large mirror for customers to admire themselves in when their armor is fitted.

The shop is tended by Bron's daughter Edwina and his son Karn. Edwina is usually behind the

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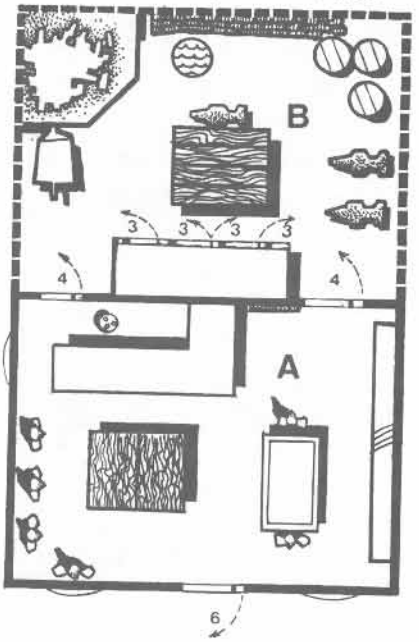


counter in the west end of the shop, while Karn walks around helping customers and dusting off the displays.

In the southwest corner of the shop, prominently displayed on an armor mannequin and visible through the shop window during business hours, is a gorgeous set of full plate. It is silvery in color and bedecked with opals. The helmet topping the armor is visored and shaped like a bearhead. The armor is made of a special steel-platinum alloy and was to adorn a great hero by the name of Cedrin Bearkin. Unfortunately, Bearkin was slain before he received the armor, and now it stands in the window as the ultimate display of Arvo's fine craftmanship. Its purchase price would be no less than 7,000 gold pieces.

The front door is locked[6] when the Armory is not open for business.

B. Courtyard / Forging Area. *(20' × 15')* This outdoor area contains the firepit, tempering barrels, and several anvils. Tools and material are stored in the shed that is set against the south wall of the area. This brick-and-wood shed has heavy, banded-iron oak doors. The area is surrounded by a 3' high stone wall.

Bron and his sons Narham and Trum will usually be at work here. At night, the Courtyard and Shop are both guarded by Bron's faithful old war-dog, Reaver.

PERSONALITIES

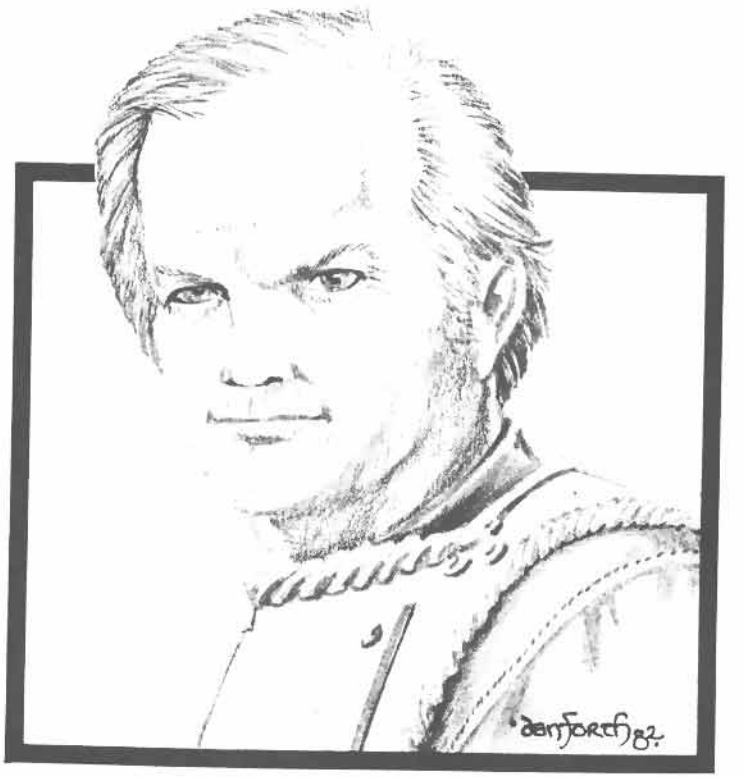
Bron Arvo. *Human. Ht: 6'1". Wt: 200 lbs. Age: 53. Fighting prowess: very good.*

The Master Armorer is a grizzled old fighter, with iron-grey hair and piercing grey eyes. He usually wears a metal breastplate and steel cap, and favors a battle-axe, though he is proficient with many weapons.

Bron's manner is forthright and open. Though he appreciates a joke, he takes his craft very seriously and never jests where a transaction for war gear is concerned. He sees armoring as a fine art, and takes no lip from anyone on this subject.

Bron Arvo frequently experiments with various alloys, trying to come up with the perfect metal for armor-making. He has very little faith in non-metal armor and refuses to deal in it. He enjoys talking with Dwarves, considering them the best providers of metal, and he is always on the lookout for a new connection among the short folk.

Bron always keeps an eye on his daughter Edwina. He's seen her reaction to good-looking adventurers, and doesn't want her to get hurt.



Bron Arvo

Edwina Arvo. *Human. Ht: 5'6". Wt: 115 lbs. Age: 27. Fighting prowess: poor*

Edwina is a plain girl, having inherited her looks from her father. She has a good head for business and knows almost all there is to know about armor, though her father won't let her try her hand at crafting any. Edwina is very susceptible to handsome men, and her business sense often goes out the window when some dashing hero flirts with her. This sometimes causes a problem, especially when Edwina quotes some Lothario a ridiculous price which Bron must then renege on.

Karn Arvo. *Human. Ht: 5'8". Wt: 165 lbs. Age: 15. Fighting prowess: poor.*

The youngest of Bron's three sons, Karn is a baby-faced, stocky lad. He longs to be a soldier and loves to hear stories of great deeds on the field of battle. He often pesters the fighters who enter the shop, trying to get them to tell such stories. His father wants him to apply himself more diligently to armor-crafting, but the boy would rather wear armor than make it. Karn carries a dagger at all times, and often fights imaginary enemies with it.

Narham Arvo. *Human. Ht: 6'. Wt: 225 lbs. Age: 26. Fighting prowess: very good.*

Narham is Bron's eldest son. He is a large, somewhat dense fighting man who nevertheless shares his father's considerable skill in combat (though not in armor-making, which he really hasn't the head for). He usually carries a heavy mace, but does not wear armor while working. When not at work, he favors mail.

Trum Arvo. *Human. Ht: 5'10". Wt: 160 lbs. Age: 24. Fighting prowess: poor.*

Trum is a thin, somewhat handsome chap who fancies himself a great lover. He will try to personally measure any female who comes in for armor, sometimes causing a scene in the process. He is not as proficient as his father at armor-making, though better than many. He carries a dagger at all times, but is not really a fighter. He favors somewhat dandified dress when not at work, a preference that causes consternation in Bron.

Reaver. *War-dog. Fighting prowess: very good.*

Reaver is Bron's war-dog and is quite capable, despite his advanced canine age. Only Bron and Edwina can truly control Reaver, and he will take a chunk out of anyone who comes near him, or tries to harm one of the Arvo family. He sticks near Edwina or Bron during the day, and has free rein of shop and courtyard at night.

SCENARIO SUGGESTIONS

Scenario 1. A drugstore Romeo among the adventurers tries to get a better price on armor by flirting with Edwina – only to be discovered by Bron and his sons. (The GM can encourage this situation by role-playing Edwina's character as written.) Edwina's family decides they have had enough of this, and promptly arrange a sword-point wedding for the unlucky swain.

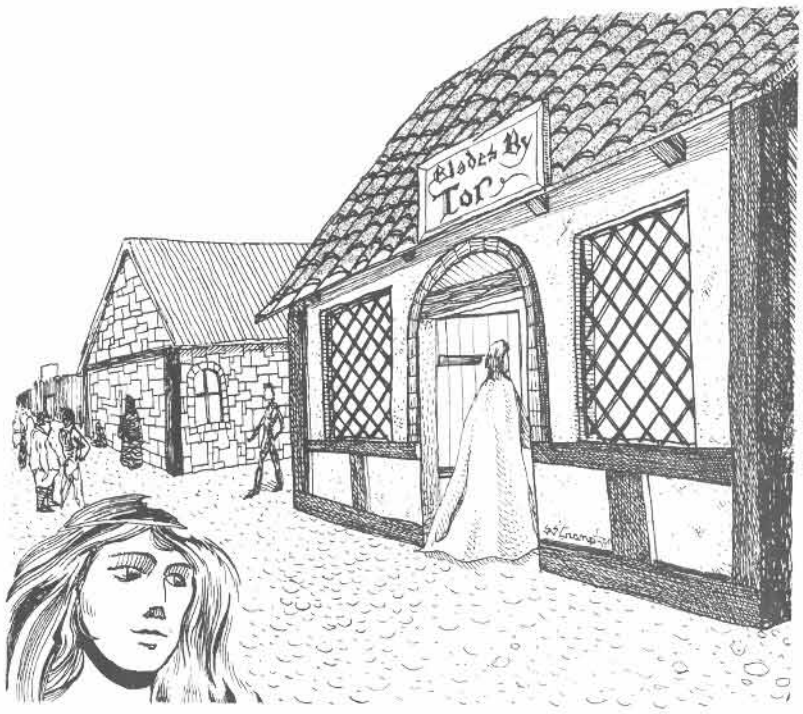
Scenario 2. The party is hired to steal Bearkin's armor from the shop. This will bring on a confrontation with Reaver the war-dog, and possibly one or more of the Arvo clan who is around the shop at the time. Alternately, the armor can be stolen and Bron hires the adventurers to track down the culprits and get the armor back, promising them free armor-work for life if they are successful.

Scenario 3. An adventurer buys a piece of used armor and finds a map to a secret entrance to the City sewer system inside. The map indicates that a magical artifact is hidden in the sewers.

Armor is essential in almost any fantasy game, and Arvo's Armory gives characters a chance to buy good quality metal armor that they can count on. (Naturally, it will take a good deal of time and money, but this prevents adventurers from misusing the establishment.)

Since armor is custom-made, the GM can allow characters to ask for virtually any reasonable gimmick they like (lighter-weight plate, hooks for packs or quivers, etc.). The key word, of course, is reasonable. Light-weight plate will allow a wearer more freedom of movement, but the protection would be less. However, if the GM wishes, Arvo could create special alloys that will give both lighter weight and greater protection.

Blades by Tor



Adventurers seeking finely-crafted blades in the City need look no further than "Blades by Tor", the shop of master swordsmith Tor Reston.

Tor is a former adventurer turned sword-crafter, and his skill in the manufacture of bladed weapons of all types is known throughout the land. Tor's shop will custom-make any sort of bladed weapon, including swords, daggers, thrusting spears, and pikes. His establishment also produces shields, though these are merely average (not being the main craft at the shop). Unavailable at Blades by Tor are any sort of hafted weapons such as axes, flails, and maces, for Tor disdains such crude bashing implements as unfit for true warriors. Prices are high, extremely so for swords and a bit less for other types of blades. Shields are within the average price range. All swords and daggers come with standard scabbards/sheaths, unless something fancier is desired. Blades by Tor also does excellent repair work.

Tor's work is highly valued because he works with his own unique designs and forging methods. He is often called upon to do custom work for local nobility, and it's very likely that adventurers will have to wait several months before he can produce a weapon for them. If an adventurer needs a weapon immediately, though, Tor does have stock on hand. Such stock, however, will not be as satisfactory as a custom-designed weapon, for it was not tailored to a specific wielder. Still, any weapon purchased from Blades by Tor will be excellent in terms of durability, sharpness, and combat efficiency.

Should a custom-made weapon be secured, it will be perfectly balanced and extremely deadly in the hands of the person it was made for (depending, of course, on that person's prowess with the type of weapon made). If the weapon is a sword, some bonus might even be allowed the purchaser in terms of hitting with it (at the GM's discretion, and again dependent on the person's fighting skill with such a sword). By the same token, a custom-made weapon in the hands of someone other than the person it was made for should be less effective than usual.

Tor will fashion a blade from almost any material desired, if the particular material can legitimately function as a weapon. (A gold sword would be pretty, but it would also be fairly useless in combat.) If the desired material is a precious metal, it must be furnished by the purchaser. If a customer wants precious gems worked into the hilt of the sword or into a scabbard, Tor will purchase them (if available) from local gem merchants – but this will add greatly to the price.

Blades by Tor is open for business from sunrise to just after sunset, but the swordsmith and his apprentices often work late into the night on projects.

LAYOUT

The swordshop is a one-story 24'×40' building of stone and wood. Both the front and back door can be locked[4]. Behind the swordshop is a large yard where the forging is done.

A. The Storefront. *(24' × 12')* The storefront of Blades by Tor is a large pleasant room where the shop's merchandise is neatly displayed. Directly opposite the front door is a counter where Sven, Tor's apprentice, sits. Sven is in charge of the storefront; however, he sells only what Tor wishes to be sold, at prices that Tor sets (he cannot be haggled with). Money received is put in a wooden box beneath Sven's counter to be passed on to Tor at the end of the day. In the case of a request for a custom-made weapon, a deposit of 25% of the purchase price is required, and the customer will deal directly with Tor.

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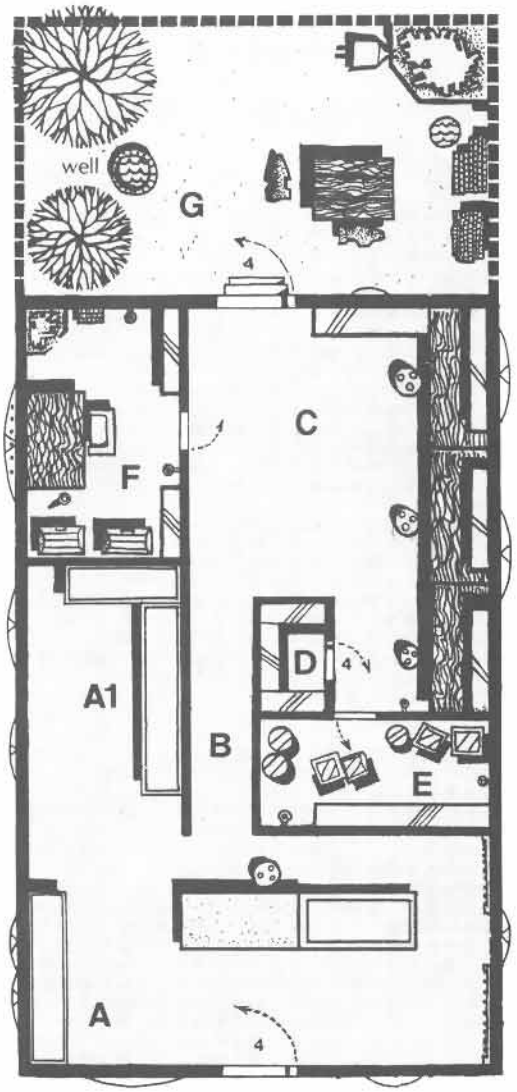


On the east wall, framing the window, are racks that hold spears and pikes. Beside Sven's counter is a display case which holds an array of daggers and shortswords. On the south wall, in the eastern half of the room, are hung several very fine swords of different types, framing a small window in that wall. In front of the windows in the southern half of the west wall is another display case holding swords and daggers. The entire western wall of the store is hung with shields.

A1. Outfitting Area. *(8' × 14')* This section of the storefront, in the western side of the room, is an outfitting area where customers examine the different weapons types and styles to aid Tor in the design of a weapon for them. The room contains a wide selection of samples from which to choose components for a custom weapon.

B. Corridor. *(3' × 12')* This is simply a narrow corridor that leads from the storefront to the back of the shop.

C. The Workroom. *(12' × 21')* This is a largish open area where finishing touches are added to weapons and shields. Against the east wall are shelves containing various tools, and a long workbench with several stools in front of it. Light comes from two large windows in the east wall. There is also a small window in the north wall, looking out on the forge yard.

D. Product Storeroom. *(4' × 6')* This small room is simply a storage area for weapons or shields that are either finished or being worked on. Tor has the only key to the padlock[4] on the heavy wooden door.

E. Storeroom. *(12' × 6')* A storeroom for the raw materials of the swordmaking trade.

F. Design Room. *(8' × 14')* Tor uses this room to work on special designs and ideas. Against the west wall is a desk with a chair before it. Light comes from the large, heavily-barred window in this wall. South of the desk is a tall candle-holder for nightwork. In the northwest corner of the room is a small fireplace. Against the south wall are two very large bronze chests; each is plastered shut with seven mystical seals. These chests are enchanted and can only be opened by touching all seven seals

in a specific order and uttering the incantation "Ramgni Namgreb" as the seventh seal is touched. This enchantment also prevents the chests from being moved (so they cannot be picked up and taken away unless the incantation is spoken). The chests were a gift to Tor from a magician for whom he crafted some special blades. Tor keeps his prized designs in these chests, along with several of the finest examples of his craft.

G. The Forge Yard. *(24' × 14')* The forge yard is an outdoor area enclosed by a 4' high split-rail fence. Two large trees stand on the west side of the yard, and there is a deep well between these trees. The forge itself is in the northwest corner and is next to a water-barrel for cooling and tempering the metal from the forge, and an anvil for the metal-working itself.

PERSONALITIES

Tor Reston. *Human. Hht: 5'10". Wt: 180 lbs. Age: 55. Fighting prowess: excellent with any sword, very good with throwing daggers; otherwise good.*

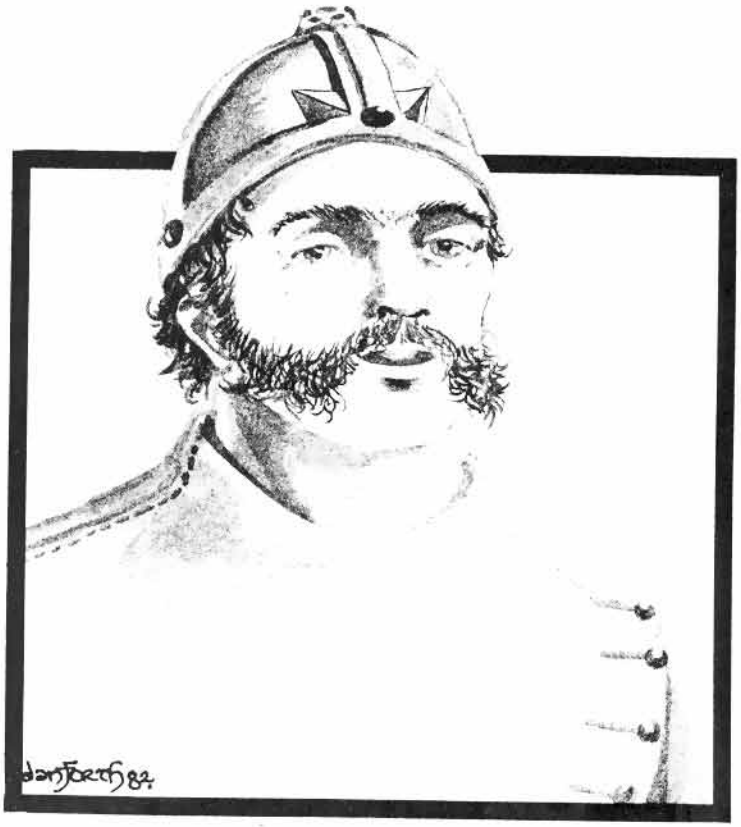
Tor is a dark man, with a deeply tanned face, long shaggy dark hair, a bushy black moustache and beard, and black eyes. He has a long scar down his left arm. He is a hard-working, no-nonsense craftsman and he jealously guards his designs from rivals in the trade (both real and imagined).

Tor Reston was an adventurer for many years, though he does not talk about it much. He is something of a workaholic and can usually be found in the shop late at night, laboring over some project.

Tor is as formidable at using swords as he is at making them, and would not hesitate to skewer someone attempting to steal from him. Outside the shop he is generally armed with a broadsword. Tor wears a battered hauberk and leather wristbands most of the time.

Sven Nyquist. *Human. Ht: 6'2". Wt: 185 lbs. Age: 36. Fighting prowess: very good with any sword; otherwise fair.*

Sven has red hair and a moustache, and green eyes. He is tall, strong, and a bit slow; he is slightly lame in his left leg. He is an apprentice, and though he is a steady and reliable worker he lacks the spark of genius needed in a master smith.



Sven Nyquist

Sven's swordarm is almost as good as Tor's; however, he has a tendency to go berserk in battle (35% chance). This fact sometimes causes trouble when customers are fencing with him in the street while trying out a weapon; more than once, Tor has had to knock him out to keep him from skewering a potential sale.

Sven always wears a steel cap and leather jerkin, along with thick swordsman's gauntlets of hide. He is loyal to Tor, and the two men are friends.

Klas Tentre. *Human. Ht: 5'11". Wt: 190 lbs. Age: 18. Fighting prowess: average.*

Klas is Tor's nephew and apprentice. He has short brown hair, very fair skin, and blue eyes.

Though Klas is a fairly competent metal-worker he has no real interest in his uncle's business. He constantly dreams of being an adventurer, questing after gold, glory, and fair damsels. This does not set well with Tor. When he retires, he desperately wants Klas to continue the business, for the boy is his only living relative.

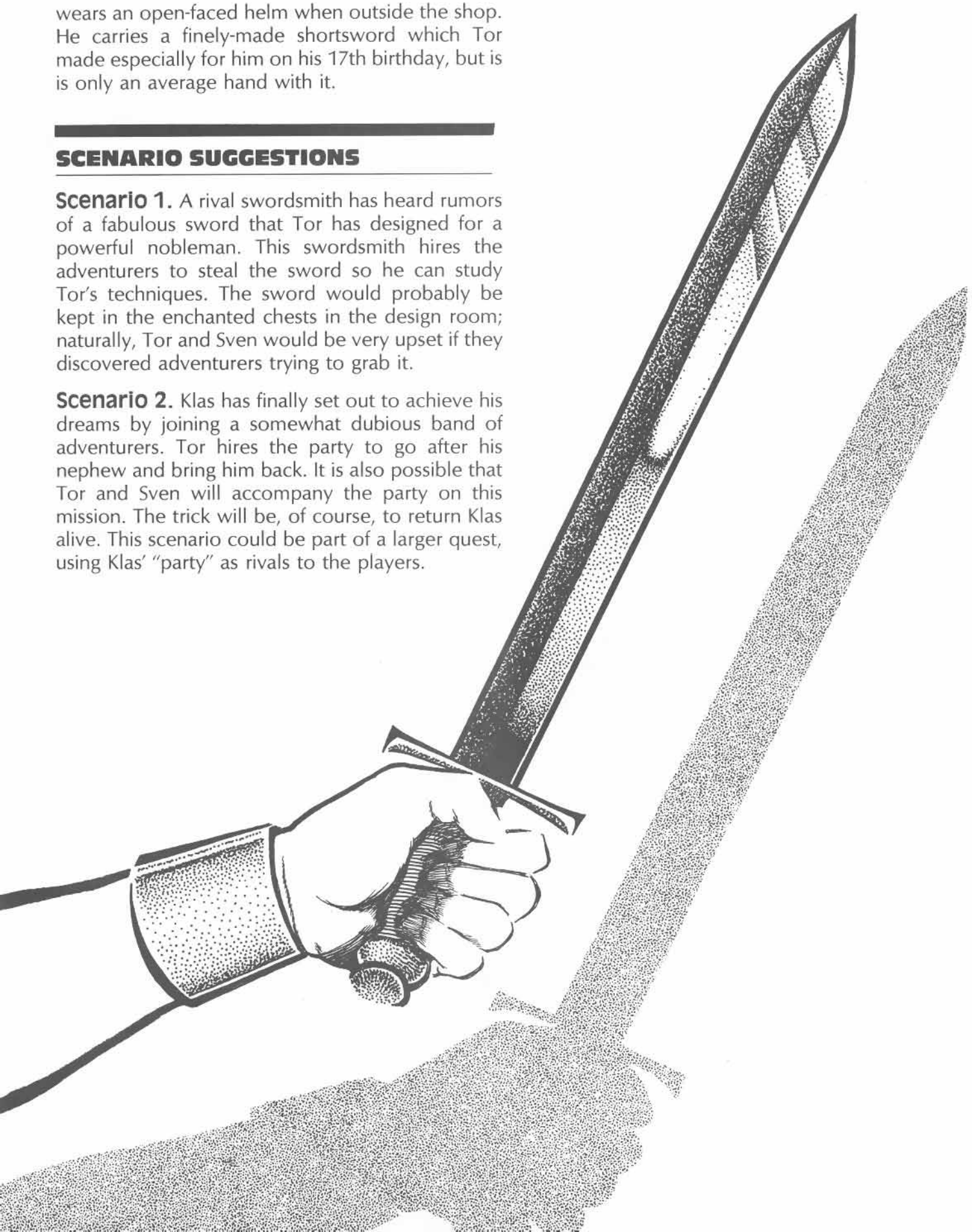
Klas is generally attired in a light hauberk, and

wears an open-faced helm when outside the shop. He carries a finely-made shortsword which Tor made especially for him on his 17th birthday, but is is only an average hand with it.

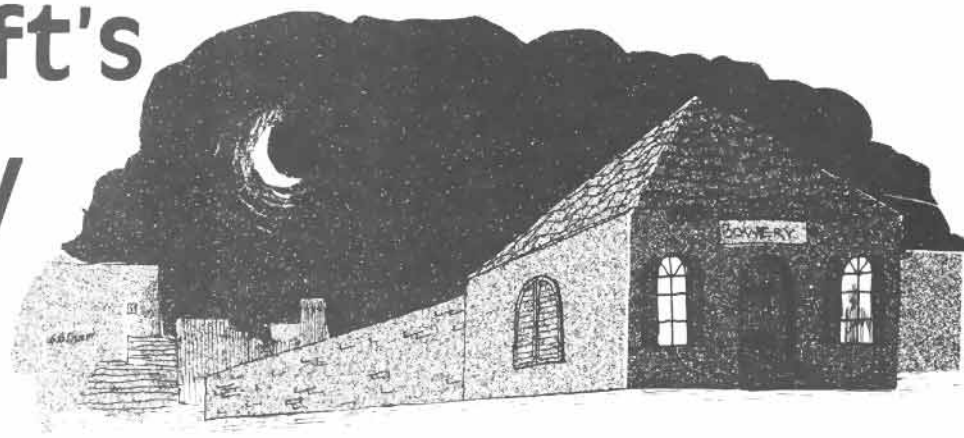
SCENARIO SUGGESTIONS

Scenario 1. A rival swordsmith has heard rumors of a fabulous sword that Tor has designed for a powerful nobleman. This swordsmith hires the adventurers to steal the sword so he can study Tor's techniques. The sword would probably be kept in the enchanted chests in the design room; naturally, Tor and Sven would be very upset if they discovered adventurers trying to grab it.

Scenario 2. Klas has finally set out to achieve his dreams by joining a somewhat dubious band of adventurers. Tor hires the party to go after his nephew and bring him back. It is also possible that Tor and Sven will accompany the party on this mission. The trick will be, of course, to return Klas alive. This scenario could be part of a larger quest, using Klas' "party" as rivals to the players.



Trueshaft's Bowyery



For the adventurers who rely on a swiftly-loosed shaft from a fine bow, the shop of Idaya Trueshaft is sure to be a draw.

Trueshaft's Bowyery sells a wide variety of self, built, and composite bows. The only type of bow *not* available at Trueshaft's is the crossbow. Arrows of all types are also available, along with quivers, bracers, wrist and finger guards, bowstrings, bow wax, and other accessories for the well-equipped archer. Archery lessons may also be taken from Idaya Trueshaft herself, at the cost of 2 gold pieces per lesson.

The "specialty" of Trueshaft's Bowyery is the longbow, particularly the composite longbow. This weapon is the finest piece of craftwork Idaya Trueshaft does and is fairly high-priced. Such a longbow can be bought "off the rack", but Idaya prefers to custom tailor these bows to the purchaser. Such custom jobs make the price even higher – *however,* the result will be a weapon with greater range, better hitting power, and more reliable accuracy. In addition, Idaya can craft a bow to take advantage of the buyer's strong points (e.g. an exceptionally strong character could get a bow that would utilize his or her strength).

Arrows are made for both hunting and warfare. A hunting arrow will cost 2 silver pieces; a war arrow will cost 4 silver pieces. The feathering on Idaya's arrows is very precise and often colorful. If special insignia or coloration is desired on arrows, it can be arranged. Like the bows, Trueshaft's arrows are reliable.

Bowstrings come in a wide range of materials, from simple one-ply cord to multiple strings of fine silk thread. The cheapest bowstring costs 1 copper piece; the most expensive costs 5 silver pieces.

Idaya Trueshaft does all the bow-making herself and is very proud of her work. She also makes arrows and bowstrings, but she does have apprentices to help her in this. She is a dead shot with a bow of any type, and taking lessons from her is bound to increase a person's skill (a minimum of 5 lessons over 5 days for any noticeable increase).

Trueshaft's also repairs bows, and Idaya will take bows in trade or buy a very interesting type of bow if one is offered. She is always interested in new techniques and styles in her craft. She does not consider crossbows "worthy" and will have nothing to do with them.

Trueshaft's hours of operation are roughly from 10:00 a.m. to nightfall.

LAYOUT

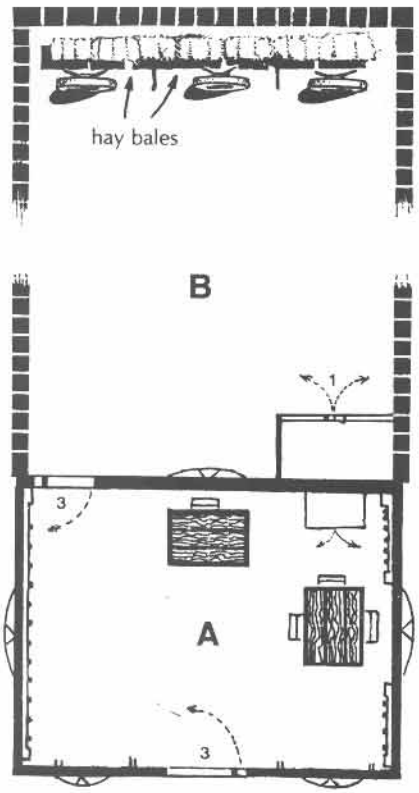
A. The Shop. *(15' × 20')* The Shop is a pleasant, well-lighted area where the various wares of the Bowyery are displayed. Bows are hung on racks on the east and west walls; quivers and other accessories hang from pegs on the south wall.

Prominently displayed on the north wall are three gorgeous bows which belong to Idaya Trueshaft herself. One of these is a self bow of polished horn; the second is an ebon longbow with gold trim; the third is a composite hunting bow of red wood.

The table in front of the window on the north wall is where Idaya works. The table before the window on the east wall is for her apprentices. Monies collected are placed in a drawer in Idaya's work table, in a small coffer of brass. Neither the drawer nor the coffer can be locked.

At A1 is a cabinet where Idaya keeps the smaller

tools and materials she requires: points, feathers, cord, etc. Idaya usually works late into the night at the shop, so a box of candles is always kept around for light. Idaya and both apprentices have keys to the shop.



SCALE: one square = 1 foot

B. The Archery Range. *(300′ × 20′)* This is an open area surrounded by a 16′ high brick wall.

At the northern end of the area are three targets set against a 10′ high pile of hay bales. The center target is a normal bullseye; the left target is a man's silhouette; the right target is the silhouette of a stag. There are several poles stuck into the hay bales about 8′ from the ground; moving targets can be hung from these. All bow-testing and archery lessons take place here.

At B1 is a small shed in which Idaya keeps her unseasoned wood. When the wood is properly seasoned, it is made into bows and arrow shafts. The shed has only a simple lock[1].

(The map of this section has been abbreviated along the broken lines. The range is much longer than drawn.)

PERSONALITIES

Idaya Trueshaft. *Half-elf. Ht: 5′11″. Wt: 125 lbs. Age: 32. Fighting Prowess: excellent with bows of any type (except crossbows); otherwise poor.*

Idaya is an attractive woman with long jet-black hair, dark green eyes, and a slim figure. She dresses in light green tunic and dark green breeks, black boots, beige doeskin gloves, and a hunter's cap.

Idaya has won more trophies in archery contests than anyone in the City, and loves to test her skill against all comers. She practices at least 2 hours a day with a bow, constantly honing her sharpness with the weapon. She is very quick, and can shoot three to four arrows in a matter of only a few seconds, each with amazing accuracy.

It takes Idaya 3 - 4 weeks to manufacture a single bow, longer for custom jobs. Her name is etched into every bow she makes. She always carries a bow with her, usually the ebon longbow from the shop.

Idaya Trueshaft is a moderate drinker of wine. She is not above a brief flirtation with a handsome swain, but has vowed to marry only a man who can best her with a bow. As yet, none have.



Idaya Trueshaft

Bardrin Savelow. *Human. Ht: 5'7". Wt: 155 lbs. Age: 28. Fighting Prowess: average.*

Bardrin is a reasonably good-looking fellow with short blonde hair, a moustache, and a patch over his left eye. Bardrin lost the eye while serving in the military and resigned shortly thereafter. He is very good at making arrows and functions as Chief Fletcher of the Bowyery.

He is hopelessly in love with Idaya and *very jealous* of anyone who pays attention to her. Idaya is not quite aware of this fact, tending to react to Bardrin in a business-like manner.

Bettina Cyal. *Human. Ht: 5'6". Wt: 110 lbs. Age: 17. Fighting prowess: poor.*

Bettina is the other apprentice at the Bowyery. A plain girl with red hair, freckles, and green eyes, she is somewhat high-strung and very moody.

Bettina does odd jobs around the shop while learning the trade. Bardrin is teaching her fletching, and Idaya helps her out on bow repair. She doesn't have much of a knack for the work and constantly makes mistakes, but since she is the daughter of Idaya's oldest friends, the bowyer tolerates it.

Bettina has a crush on Bardrin that is almost as intense as Bardrin's crush on Idaya. He does not realize this.

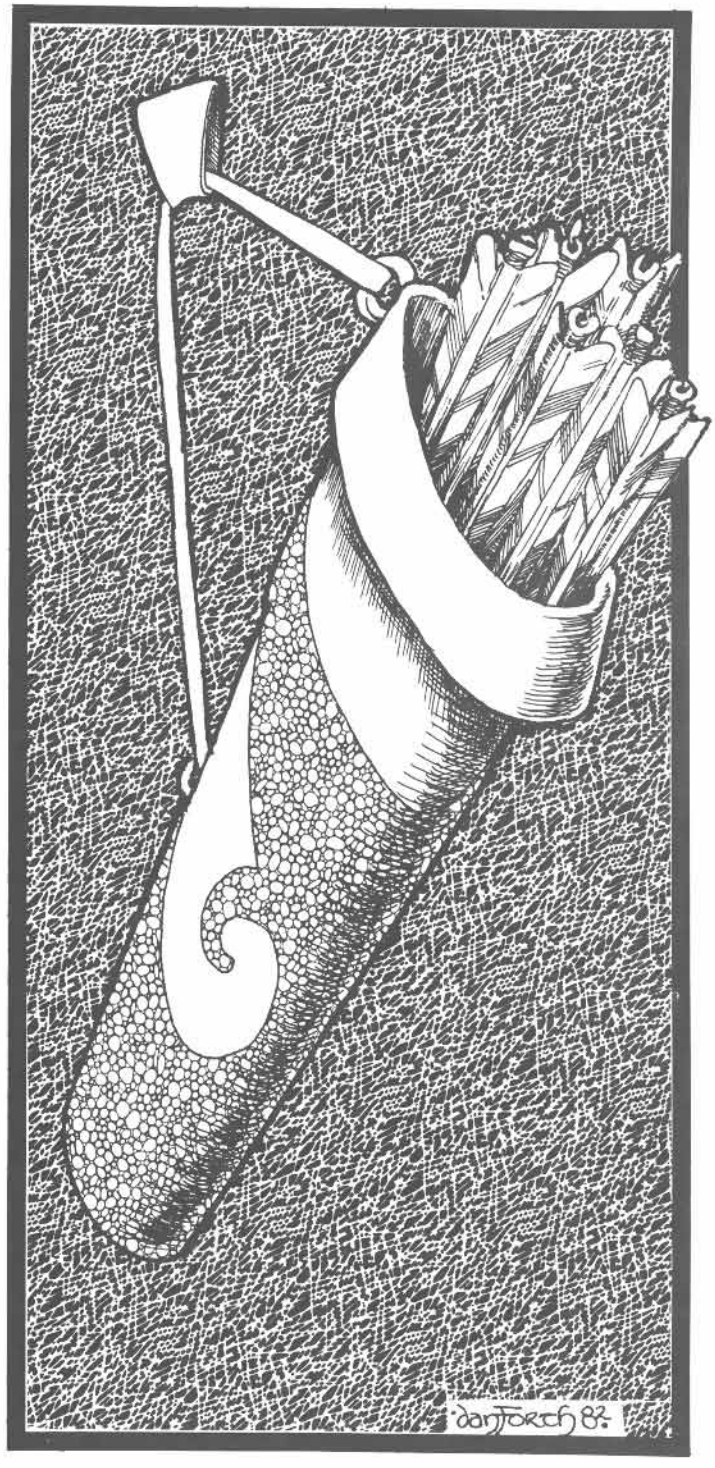
SCENARIO SUGGESTIONS

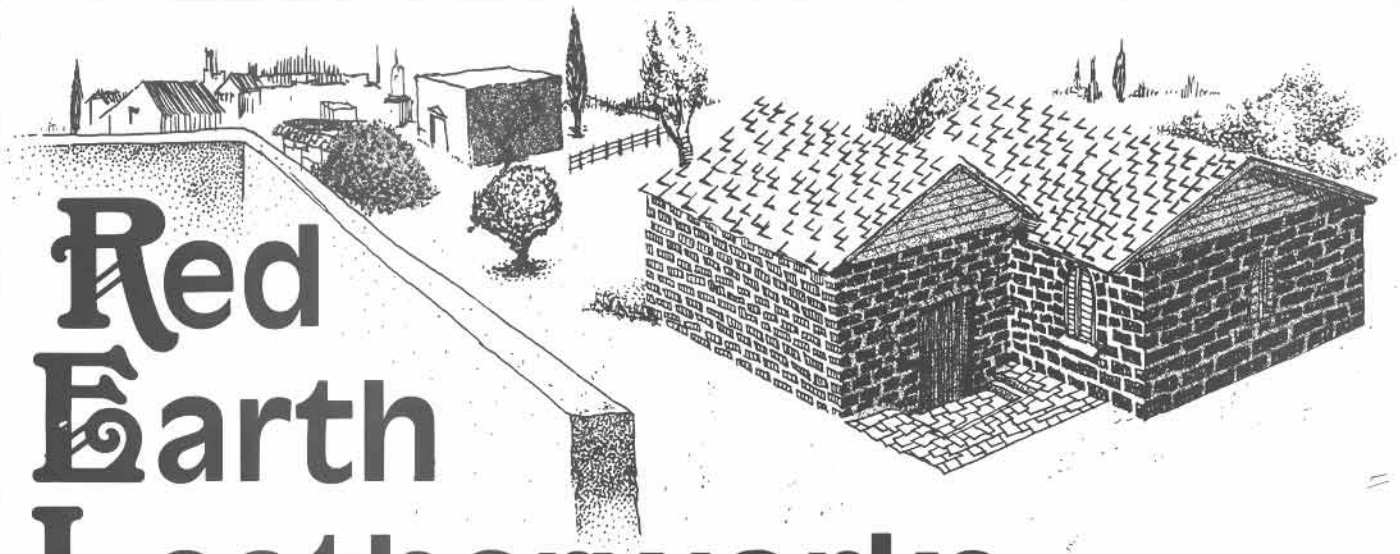
Scenario 1. Idaya is the City Lord's Champion in a mammoth archery contest which will be held in only a few days. Much money and political prestige is involved in this contest, so a nobleman who is the City Lord's rival hires a mage to curse Idaya. Consequently, she shakes violently whenever she draws a bow.

Idaya hires the adventurer characters to find the mage who laid this curse upon her (she does not know who or where he is) and force him to undo it in time for the big contest. Naturally, to help Trueshaft out the party must face various hirelings of the evil nobleman, as well as the mage himself.

Scenario 2. Bardrin Savelow does not like the attention some male adventurer in the party is showing to his beloved. He may challenge this person to a duel, or hire thugs to teach the adventurer a lesson.

Scenario 3. Wind of an artifact associated with archery (a magic bow, a magic arrow, a gauntlet that permits more rapid firing, etc.) reaches Idaya. She wants the item and hires the party to find it for her. The item in question may be in the possession of someone in the City, *or* may be located in some long-forgotten place of mystery. The artifact may even be something that was stolen from Idaya herself in the past.





Red Earth Leatherworks



The wise adventurer is constantly suspicious, ever alert, and always prepared for any peril. For such folk, Red Earth Leatherworks can supply a whole line of covert paraphernalia as well as a wide array of well-made leather goods.

The run-down home, store, and workshop that comprises Red Earth Leatherworks is located on a back alley in the older section of the City. Here Jac Kerrick, known as "Hairy Jac", produces odd leather accessories for the mildly paranoid (a condition Jac is intimately familiar with). Jac's trademark is a rich, ruddy ocher dye derived from a secret source of clays.

Hairy Jac can fulfill most leather needs, either from his stock or on a commission basis. All his wares are of good quality and workmanship, and are usually fashioned from ordinary leathers – cow, calf, pig, and deerskin. On occasion, he also uses horsehide, sheepskin, kid and goat hide, and rabbitskin. Jac will work with almost any sort of hide brought to him, so long as his tools and glues can affect it. He does not do his own tanning, preferring to buy his materials already tanned with the fur removed (but he will work with untanned material).

Jac specializes in small leather items and has little skill or interest in doing things like leather armor, shields, or saddles. His prices depend on what sort of work is desired. His hours of operation are a matter of conjecture and he basically works on a catch-as-catch-can basis – *if* adventurers can catch him!

Stock in Trade

Hairy Jac will usually have a varied stock of the following leather goods available for immediate purchase: Belts, Thongs (thin strips of leather cut from scraps), Leather rope (thick, heavy, and hard to cut; made of interlaced thongs and sold by the foot), Leather cloaks (expensive), Caps and Hats, Bags, Pouches, Purses, Bracers, Armlets, and Whips (varying from short quirts all the way to nine-foot bullwhips). All items but cloaks are reasonably priced; cloaks are somewhat costly.

On request, Jac will also "customize" some of these items. For example, he will make belt buckles that contain small punch-daggers or garrote wires; belts with folding pockets on the inside to hold coins; cloaks with hidden pockets on the lining; caps or hats with garrote wires worked into the band, or with insets of metal to foil alley-bashers; wire-reinforced pouches or bags to foil cutpurses; bracers with metal inserts to provide better armor protection; and whips with metal handles that can be used like truncheons. Once in a while such an item will be immediately purchasable, but most will have to be commissioned.

On a strictly commission basis, Jac also makes the other types of goods listed and described below.

GLOVES. These are Jac's specialty and are always of good quality. Jac fits them by making tracings of the customer's hands. Gauntlet-style gloves can be created from horsehide or very thick cowhide and will be sturdy enough to resist sword or dagger slashes as well as most needle traps. Very fine gloves are made of lambskin, kidskin, or deerskin, and are only ornamental unless further customized. Jac's gloves always fit well and allow much more freedom of movement than a standard glove (depending on the thickness of the leather used).

Jac can elaborate on glove design in several ways. He can add *knuckle studs* which are used like built-in brass knuckles. Small *razor blades* can be fitted into the upraised seams along the fingers to make a back-handed slap quite devastating. A protective reinforcement of overlapping *metal strips* will protect the back of the hand and possibly the wrist and forearm as well if the gloves reach to the elbow.

Jac also makes *"sticky"* gloves. He will only mention them when he has come to know and like a character (a rare circumstance at best!). Sticky gloves are made from the hide of a special type of mole which Jac hunts. He tans the hide himself, leaving some of the fur on. The resultant gloves are hairy on the inside and the back of the hand, while the palm portion is hairless and almost sticky. They are ideal for climbing and provide a much better weapon grip, as well as making it easier to catch something that is thrown. These gloves are somewhat bulky, restricting fine movement and cutting down the sense of touch. They are also very expensive, and because of Jac's ineptness in tanning they are unlikely to last more than a year.

SOFT BOOTS. These are soft-soled, soft-sided leather moccasin-style boots which allow the wearer to move both very quietly and surely. They protect both foot and leg well from all but the roughest terrain. The soles will wear out in about six to ten months, but the boots can be re-soled twice at about a quarter of the cost of the boots. Jac's boots are expensive but nicely decorated. He can also add dagger sheaths or metal reinforcements, or both, to the boots (adding to the expense).

OTHER ITEMS. Hairy Jac will make tunics, shirts, vests, caps, hats, arm bracers, and wristlets as the customer desires. He is not quite as adept at them as he is at gloves and boots, and the fit will show this. He will add hidden pockets, dagger sheaths, metal reinforcement, loops for crossbow bolts, and so forth on request. Every addition will jack up the price accordingly. Jac works fairly fast, so items can be had in a reasonable amount of time.

(GM: use your discretion as to what Jac will charge and how much "customizing" he may suggest to a particular adventurer. Keep in mind that he is quite an unstable personality and may very well refuse certain requests.)

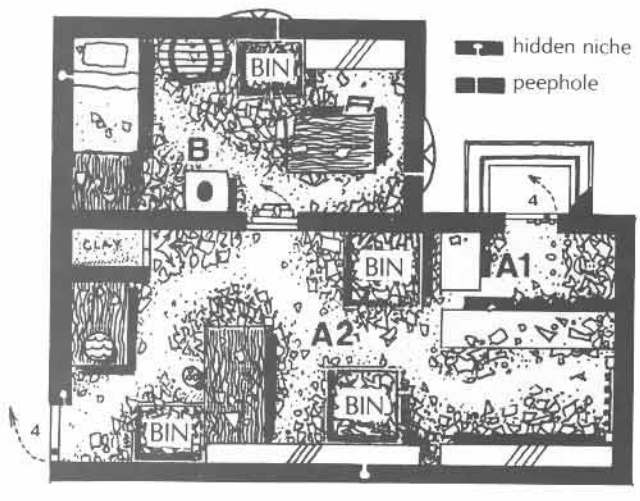
LAYOUT

The building that houses Red Earth Leatherworks is made of stone; its interior is plastered and wood-panelled. The high-peaked roof is shingled with a slippery slate that would be very difficult to negotiate. The roof is also the ceiling of the shop, and heavy beams are visible from inside.

The main entrance to the shop is through a small, flagstone courtyard and down a few steps to a door that is always closed. To gain admittance, visitors must ring a small bell that is located on the left side of the door. Hairy Jac will check out anyone who rings the bell through one of a number of small peepholes located around the entrance area; if he feels like doing business with them, he will use a long wire-rigged affair to unbolt the door. The door is always bolted, and is also locked[4] when Jac is not "open for business."

Scattered about the interior of the establishment are four secret niches which Jac has pecked out of the stone walls (marked ▬ on the map). The opening to each niche is large enough to admit one coin at a time, and these coins stack up in a tube

SCALE: one square = 1 foot



below the niche. Each tube holds between fifty and eighty coins. Jac keeps only gold coins in these niches.

A. Storefront / Workroom. *(30′ × 14′)* This single room is divided into a storefront area (A1) and a workroom (A2).

The room is filthy and incredibly cluttered. Almost every inch of space is taken up by huge bins that overflow with scraps of leather, and the floor is thoroughly covered by refuse appropriate to the leatherworking trade. The effect creates very narrow paths through the room, and fast maneuvering is virtually impossible here. Freshly-dyed hides and half-finished projects hang from the rafters, further adding to the claustrophobic air of the establishment.

There is always a stale reek of new leather, dust, and pungent chemicals in the shop.

The "storefront" area is barely worthy of the name. A tottery wooden counter keeps his customers from wandering into the work area. The shelf on the south wall holds any commissioned items Jac has finished, and a rack on the east wall is used to "display" ready-made items.

The workroom portion of the room is also completely cluttered and very poorly lit. Jac always keeps a candle beside him when he is working.

In the northwest corner of the workroom is the "earth-room", a partitioned-off section in which Jac keeps the red clay from which he makes his dye. Jac is very paranoid about his secret dye and will allow no one into the earth-room.

A short flight of steps on the north wall of the workroom area leads up into Jac's living quarters.

B. Living Quarters. *(17′ × 9′)* This room is even more cluttered than the storefront/workroom area.

A musty unmade bed is in the northwest corner; the bed is reached by a narrow path formed by piles of leather scraps and debris. Beside the bed is a large chest; there is less *in* the chest than on it. Usually Jac keeps some clothes and whatever copper coins he earns in there.

The peephole in the window in the east wall is one of Jac's vantage points to look over people at his front door. Light in the room comes from two candleholders on the south wall.

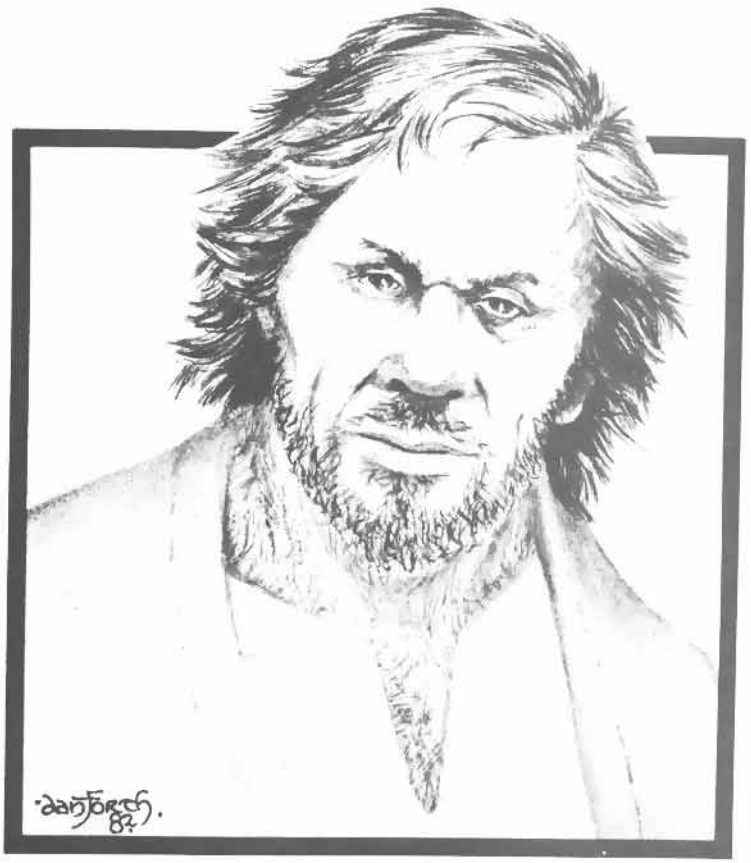
PERSONALITIES

"Hairy" Jac Kerrick. *Human. Ht: 5′10″. Wt: 120 lbs. Age: 35. Fighting prowess: very good with whip; average with edged weapons; otherwise poor.*

"Hairy" Jac gets his nickname from his incredibly hirsute body. He is a bony man, with a ratty beard and moustache which he constantly tugs at while talking. His ill-kept dark hair is already streaked with silver. Because he works inside under dim light, he squints ferociously in any stronger illumination. His shoulders are hunched from years of bending over his work, and this makes him appear shorter than he actually is.

Jac suffers from a slow, malignant poisoning which comes from the earth dye he uses. This toxic effect not only makes him appear some ten years older than he is, but also causes him to have delusions that anyone and everyone is, or could be, out to "get him". He thus acts (and *is*) very paranoid with all visitors.

Jac's favorite weapon is a greasy black whip



"Hairy" Jac Kerrick

which he keeps coiled around his waist. The iron handle of the whip is hollow, and inside he keeps any gems he receives in payment (he packs them so they won't rattle). He is quite good with the whip and will swiftly use it to disarm, blind, or strangle someone in what he perceives as self-defense. He usually has some sort of edged weapon close to hand as well.

Jac is particularly paranoid about his special earth dye and assumes that everyone wants to steal the secret of it (a monstrous delusion – few could use the secret even if they got it). He takes elaborate precautions whenever he must replenish his supply of the dye, and will become violent should a customer get anywhere near the clay bin.

Because he is paranoid, Jac keeps to himself. However he must deal with those City residents who supply his establishment (tanners, a metal worker, a maker of daggers, etc.). None could truly be called his friends. Jac leaves his shop only at early dawn or twilight, and always uses the back entrance of the shop.

SCENARIO SUGGESTIONS

Scenario 1. A recent batch of Jac's special red-earth dye has imparted some unusual properties to a pair of very fine kidskin gloves. Jac made them for a thief, although he did not know the man's true occupation.

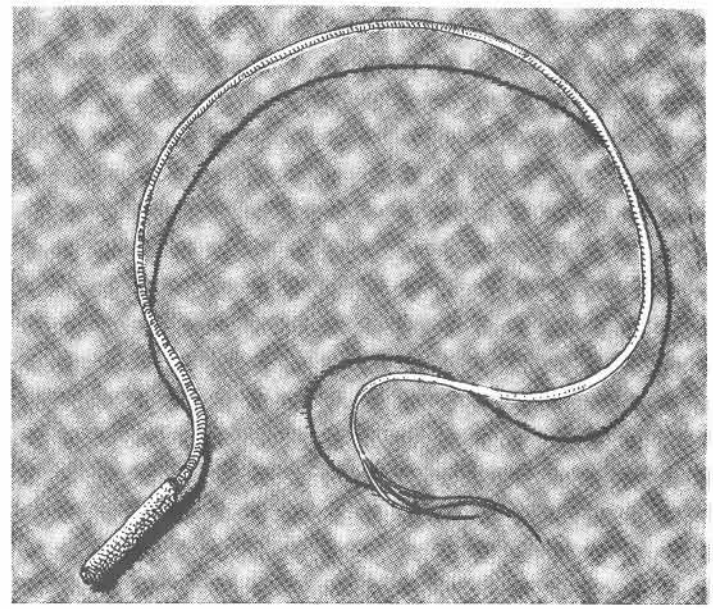
Due to a strange chemical reaction, the gloves give off a soft candle-like glow when rubbed together briskly. This instant light is sufficient to pick locks by and thus is very much prized by clever rogues. The local prince of thieves has tried to get some of the dye, but because of Jac's paranoia the attempts have failed.

The prince of thieves therefore approaches the adventurers and either hires them outright or cajoles them into trying to obtain the dye and/or discover the claybank it came from. The adventurers might also be asked to determine if the glow is strictly linked to the reaction of the dye and the fine kidskin or if Jac does something else to cause it. The thieves in town want all the "glow-gloves" they can get!

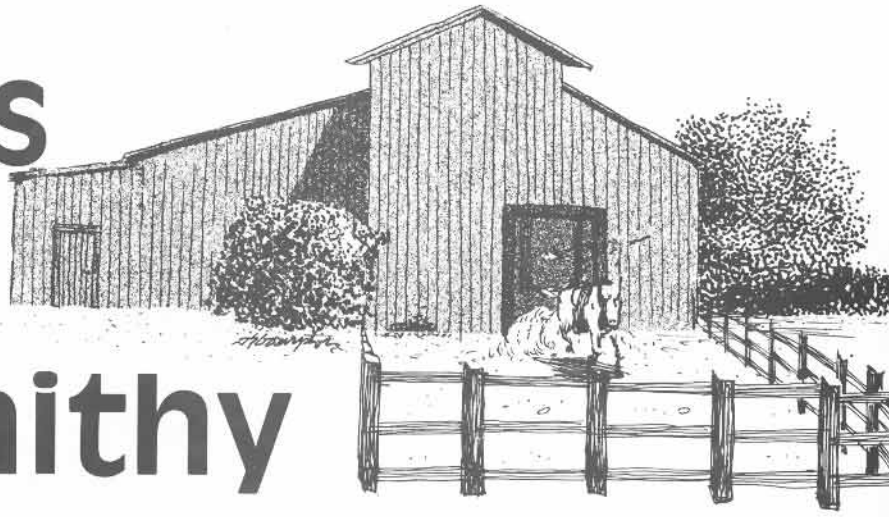
Scenario 2. Somewhere in the heaps of junk in Jac's workroom is a tracing of a woman's hands, feet, and torso. These were all taken so that Jac could make a matching outfit of gloves, boots, and tunic for the woman. The job was never done because the woman perished in a fire shortly thereafter, but Jac kept the tracings (he keeps *everything*). A necromancer who loved the woman believes he can restore her to life by using the tracings and her ashes. Jac refuses to deal with the necromancer, for he is certain the man means to cast a spell on him. The necromancer offers the adventurers a hefty sum of money if they can find the tracings.

Scenario 3. Jac receives a commission to create an item out of some rare beast-hide. He hires the adventurers to hunt the beast down and bring its hide to him. Alternately, Jac has such a hide but cannot get his usual glues to work suitably on it. In his unstable state of mind he becomes convinced that one of the adventurers has some sort of recipe for a glue which will do the job and dogs the poor adventurer, trying to get it.

Hairy Jac is that most beloved of NPC's: a true nutcase. His weird personality can cause all sorts of problems for adventurers, particularly if he should befriend one or more of them for some odd reason. Beyond this sort of interplay, Red Earth Leatherworks provides the perfect opportunity for imaginative players to have all sorts of useful accessories made. Let your players come up with ideas for such accessories on their own, and use common sense as to what is and isn't possible, and what kind of time and prices are appropriate.



Findar's Stable and Smithy



At times, a good steed can be as important to an adventurer as a finely-honed sword or a staff of magic. For the care or purchase of such, Findar's Stable and Smithy fits the bill.

Findar's is located on the outskirts of the City, beside one of the major roads. The Stable and Smithy provides all the expected services at reasonable prices.

Boarding a horse (a service which includes food, rubdown, and exercise) costs about 5 gold pieces per day. Merely stabling the horse for a short period of time (which includes water and a rubdown) goes for 3 gold pieces, payable in advance.

Findar also rents horses with or without appropriate tack for 8 gold pieces a day. However, a drop of the renter's blood is required as a "security deposit". (See Scenario 2 for elaboration.)

The purchase of a horse and/or tack is strictly a matter of horse-trading with Nedd (who will attempt to soak the buyer for everything he can get). Horses can be shod for 5 silver pieces.

Findar's also repairs wagons, at a cost of about 3 gold pieces per part fixed or fitted. The establishment also does odd smithing jobs such as small repairs on weapons or armor; the price depends on how much work is required.

LAYOUT

The wooden stable building is two stories tall except for the smithy area in the northwest corner. This area is covered by a sloping wood roof supported by 4 posts (an open lean-to arrangement).

The floors are all of dirt, and the stable area is strewn with straw. The "upper floor" of the stables is actually an open hayloft covered by a roof that is also supported by posts. Most of the loft is piled high with hay. In the middle of the east wall of the loft, beneath some hay, is a small box containing a small sum of money (Nedd's secret stash).

A. Smithy Area / Forge. *(15′ × 18′)* This is where the blacksmith makes and repairs metal tools and implements. The coal-fueled forge is kept banked when not in use. Pulling a rope attached to a ceiling beam activates the bellows, drawing the bottom of the bellows up and blowing air into the bottom of the forge (causing the fire to flare up). A fifty-pound anvil on a wooden base stands before the forge; the base holds some of the tools the blacksmith uses. The wooden cooling trough is filled with water to cool items as they come off the anvil.

B. Coal Bin. *(8′ × 10′)* All coal for the forge is stored here. The south doors are used to fill the bin; the smith slips in through the north doors to get coal for the forge. The east wall of the bin is 5′ high.

C. Wagon Repair Area. *(14′ × 20′)* This is an open area with a block-and-tackle hung from the rafters. This block-and-tackle is used to hold a wagon up while a wheel or axle is fitted or repaired. The area is also used for shoeing horses when the weather is bad; when the weather is pleasant, shoeing is usually done out in the street.

D. Storage Area. *(8′ × 10′)* This area is used to store wheels, wood, iron, and even coal that has spilled over from the coal bin. It is very dirty, dusty, and cluttered; behind all the clutter, deep in the back, is a dirty tarpaulin covering a small forge. This

forge is a mere 2'×1'×1' and is covered with a variety of strange runes and odd magical symbols. It reeks of magic and only the blacksmith knows of it.

E. The Smith's Room. *(8' × 10')* This room is very simply furnished, containing only a small table on which the smith eats, a basin and pitcher for washing up, and a series of pegs on the east wall for hanging clothes. The smith sleeps on a blanket thrown over a pile of hay against the north wall. Beneath this haypile is a hole dug in the dirt floor; the smith hides a special axe here which he works on in his spare time. Loosely packed dirt covers the hole, and though Nedd has noted this when changing the hay he has never given it much thought. The axe is nicely worked with strange runes, but is otherwise a normal axe (see The Smith under *Personalities* for elaboration).

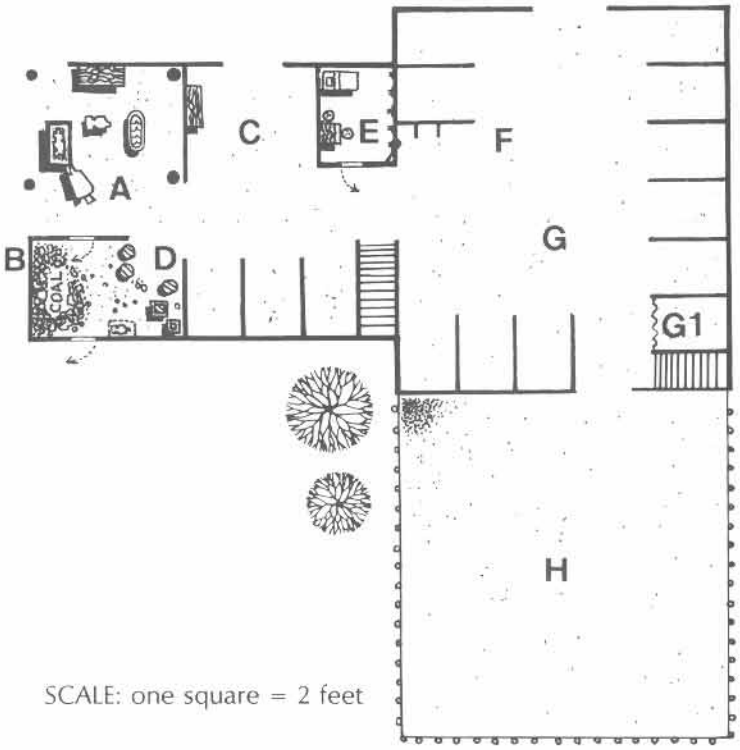
F. Tack Storage. *(12' × 4')* Bridles, saddles, harnesses, etc. are hung here when not in use. Such storage is included in the stabling fees.

G. Receiving Area and **Stalls.** *(approx. 40' × 34')* This is a large open area in the center of walls lined with horse stables. The huge doorway in the north wall permits entry of the wagons which bring in hay to feed the horses. The hay is forked from the wagons up into the loft above the stalls. On rainy days, a few men who usually sit in front of the local taverns come into this area to talk, watch passersby, and perhaps play an impromptu game of horseshoes.

The stall marked G1 is Nedd's "special stall". This is an otherwise normal horse stall which Nedd has covered completely by hanging a canvas from the loft above. Nedd delights in telling visitors that – for a silver piece – he will show them a horse that has a head where its tail should be and vice versa. Naturally, he has merely put a horse in the stall backwards, so it faces in the opposite direction from all the other horses! He reveals this "spectacular" sight to one person at a time, cautioning each in a low voice not to spill the beans to other gullible souls awaiting their turn. The success he has had with this joke says much about his persuasive wit.

The other stalls (including those across from section C) are ordinary horse stalls for boarding horses as necessary.

H. Corral. *(36' × 34')* This corral is used to exercise horses. Nedd shovels all horse droppings into the northwest corner of the corral; buried some two feet below this pile is the major portion of Nedd's secret hoard (some 100 gold pieces in all). He checks on it only on nights with no moon. The fence around the corral is split-rail and stands 5' high.



SCALE: one square = 2 feet

PERSONALITIES

Findar. *Human. Ht: 5'9". Wt: 180 lbs. Age: 43. Fighting prowess: poor.*

Findar is a fat, balding man with a face like an eroded hillside. The scarlet tracings of veins in his cheeks and the stench of various potables confirm impressions that he is a drunkard. He is also the owner of the stable and smithy. Findar's goal in life is to *never* breathe a sober breath. He could well be a fountain of information for anyone who is willing to buy him a drink or two (or three or four) – but he often forgets important details in his fermented mental haze. Of course Findar only drinks with friends, but anyone who buys him a drink is automatically his friend.

Findar spends as little time as possible in the stable, and Nedd actually runs things. He will vaguely state this if asked, and also recall that Nedd is his nephew and a good boy. He will say little about the

Smith and belt down an immediate drink or two to ward off the effects of even thinking about the subject. He avoids the Smith at all times.

Findar does not live in the stable, and usually sleeps wherever he happens to fall. If he falls near the stable, Nedd will take him home to a small hovel in the middle of the City. Paranoid about ever running out of alcohol, Findar stashes bottles of brandy all around the stable.

Nedd. *Human. Ht: 6'0". Wt: 135 lbs. Age: 19. Fighting prowess: good w/ knife; otherwise average.*

Nedd is a gangling youth, quick of wit and quick with the ornate dagger he carries at all times. His hair is dirty blonde, roughly cut to collar length and parted in the middle. His eyes are blue, his teeth clean (and mostly all there). He often works without a shirt, revealing a skinny torso with virtually no body hair. Despite Findar's conception that Nedd is his nephew, he isn't. Nedd merely told this to Findar to secure a job.

Nedd is basically a fair person and a hard worker. He cheats only those he believes can afford it, and has a great talent for spotting the type of person who ventures around in dank ruins and returns with wealth. He is a very enterprising young man and has a persuasive way about him.



Nedd

The ornate dagger he carries is magical. He got it from his former master, a local knight who abused him mightily. He was page to this knight and left his service when he grew tired of the abuse. The dagger does double normal damage and the wound it makes will not heal unless the dagger's wielder wills it to in the presence of the wounded person. Nedd gave his former master a rather nasty cut with the weapon when he departed from his service.

The Smith. *Human. Height: 6'2". Weight: 175 lbs. Age: 42. Fighting prowess: good w/axe, otherwise fair. Magical ability: very good, C1, C2, C4, C5, C6, C8.*

The Smith is a tall, lean man; he is clean-shaven, with thick, bright-red, shoulder-length hair. His right eye is blue and his left is dark brown. He is apparently a mute.

A day before the Smith was ever seen in the City, the Stable's former blacksmith suffered a strange accident. The forge fire suddenly flared up and ignited the man; his death was horrible but quick.

The next day, the Smith appeared at the Stable; in sign language he asked Findar for the post of blacksmith. Findar was about to laugh him off (thinking him much too slight to be a smith) when the man gave him a glance that sobered Findar immediately. The Smith was hired and proved to be quite competent, though even if this were not so Findar would not have the nerve to fire him.

The Smith (the only name he is known by) is actually a powerful wizard-warrior by the name of Koris ibn Tas. He is quite capable of speech; posing as a mute is a part of his disguise. His appearance is also a part of his disguise, the result of magical alteration.

He keeps to himself for the most part, working on a plan of vengeance involving a local warlord, the magic forge in Area D, and the axe he keeps hidden in his room. (Scenario 1 will detail this plan.)

The Smith will take great pains to conceal his true identity. He is nevertheless a disturbing and mysterious figure, especially to Findar.

(GM: if a wizard-warrior combination does not fit in your game system, make Koris simply a wizard or treat him as a special personality.)

SCENARIO SUGGESTIONS

Scenario 1. Three years ago, a local warlord slew Koris ibn Task's family and drove Koris himself from his ancestral village. It is because of this that Koris, known around Findar's as the Smith, magically altered his appearance and "secured" his job as blacksmith.

Koris is now working on a plan of vengeance, involving the axe he keeps in his room and the magic forge hidden in area D. Koris has been preparing this axe for some time, working runes into its blade.

In doing so, Koris has made sure that rumors about the weapon have begun to circulate around the City. These rumors were greatly added to when three ruffians tried to take the axe from him one day, and he slew them all in rapid succession. The axe was seen to glow white-hot during the fight – a magical trick, since the axe itself is not magical.

Koris' plan is to wait until the warlord hears the rumors and comes for the axe. Since the warlord relies heavily on magical weapons, he's likely to do this. Koris will then give him the axe – but first he will use the forge to enchant it.

The forge causes any weapon created on it to do double damage in battle and glow white-hot when wielded. However, the weapon also traps the souls of those slain by it and allows them to haunt the dreams of he who slew them, eventually driving the killer mad. This effect must be attuned to one person only, and only that person will receive the benefits and curse (for all others, the axe is a normal weapon).

The adventurers can come into this plan in any one of a number of ways. They may be hired to steal the axe by another party or by the warlord himself. They may hear of the axe and try to steal it for themselves. Koris may hire them to deliver the axe to the warlord; however, they are attacked by another group, and Koris then demands that the party get the axe back.

In any case, the adventurers will confront Koris or the warlord or any number of other interested parties in the attempt. Keep in mind that Koris will maintain his pose as the mute Smith as long as possible, and his desire for vengeance on the warlord is the consuming passion of his life.

Scenario 2. Nedd has a nasty habit of renting out horses he does not own (i.e. horses boarded by others). This is why a drop of blood is required for "security" when renting horses. Nedd takes the blood to a wizard in town who can use it to send a demon after anyone who doesn't return a horse.

This set-up can work in two ways. A thief might rent a horse from Nedd, and Nedd gives him one of the adventurers' horses. The horse is then used in a bold robbery and returned. The unwitting adventurer later rides out on his horse, the steed is recognized, and the adventurer is arrested for a crime he didn't commit. To clear him, the party will have to get Nedd to admit the truth and perhaps find the real culprit as well. The other set-up is, of course, the adventurer deciding he can steal his rented horse, and suddenly finding a demon on his trail!

Scenario 3. The Knight whom Nedd used to serve comes back in town, determined to slay his former page and regain the magic dagger which so sorely wounded him. The wily Nedd finds a way to bring the adventurers into this, gulling them into contesting the Knight who, by this time, may have a whole entourage traveling with him.

The Stable is quite handy simply for boarding horses and getting repair work done. It also serves as a place to gather information from local residents. The Smith might even be capable of fashioning any sort of metal device adventurers wish to have made. Another scenario involving the Stable could also be set around local horse races or horseshoe tournaments, depending on your own preferences and imagination.

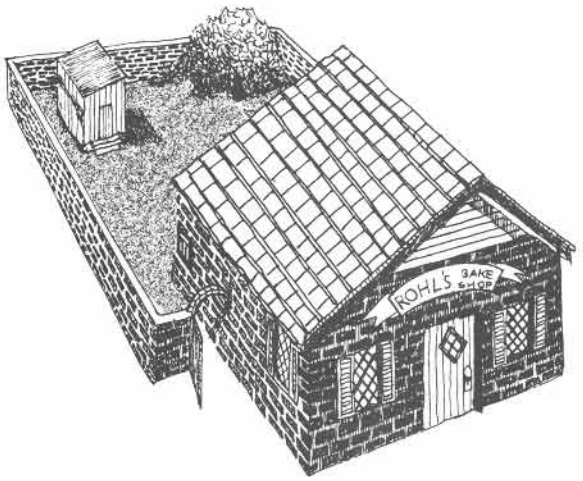


Adventurers do not live on bread alone, but fresh rations are seldom available when they are most needed. Days of munching on iron rations and washing them down with tepid, stagnant water can fade memories of real food. A city, on the other hand, is a place where only beggars must eat such fare.

Who can resist the aroma of freshly baked bread, especially as it drifts from Widow Rohls' Bakeshop? And there can only be one place where a character would shop to get that perfect cut of meat; Rumpchunk's Butchery is renowned for their service and quality. For a quick and spicy snack while touring the City, Slimon's Strolling Salmagundi Wagon is hard to ignore.

Adventurers do not live on bread alone, and these establishments sell much more than food . . .

Widow Rohls Bakeshop

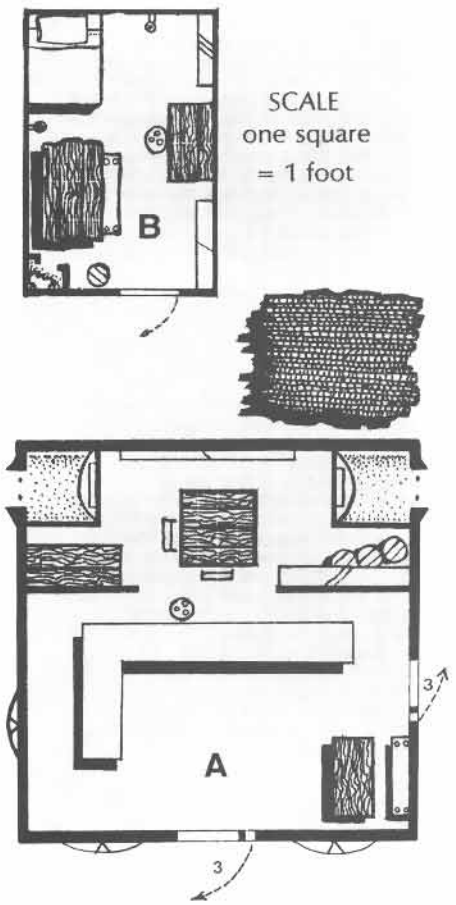


For those who love the warm, homey smell of fresh-baked breads, there is no more savory establishment in the City than the Bakeshop of the Widow Rohls.

The specialty of the Widow Rohls' shop is fresh bread and crescent rolls made of white, wheat, and rye flour. Fresh batches come out of the shop's two ovens at sunrise, midday, and dusk. The smell is pure heaven and the prices extremely reasonable. For a copper or so extra, a customer can have butter, clover honey, or bimbleberry jam to go with the bread or roll. These condiments are also available for sale in the shop, in small ceramic jars marked with the Widow Rohls label. The bakeshop also offers a limited selection of pies, fruit tarts, cookies, and cakes.

For birthdays, weddings, dinner parties, and other special occasions, the Bakeshop will take orders for elaborately iced and decorated cakes. These special orders are the province of Old Sam, an odd duffer who, besides being chief icer, does odd jobs around the shop.

The Widow is aided in the shop by one or more of her three daughters, Poppy, Sesame, and Sweet Nell. Neither the widow or her daughters live on the premises.



LAYOUT

The building which houses the bakeshop is a simple edifice of blue brick with a sloping white roof. Behind the shop is a small shack of wood in which Old Sam resides. An ornate hanging sign marks the shop.

A. The Shop. *(20′ × 20′)* The interior of the shop is very neat, clean, and pleasant. The three windows give the shop a light, airy feel.

The center of the room is dominated by an L-shaped counter, which the Widow and her daughters stand behind to sell their wares.

At the rear of the shop, flanking a general work area, are two large brick ovens. Here the breads, rolls, and other goodies are prepared and baked. The ovens are stoked with wood from outside the shop.

In the work area are tables and chairs, and shelves holding all the ingredients necessary for

baking: flour, sugar, salt, yeast, milk, and so forth.

In the southeast corner is a table and bench where customers can sit and munch their purchases, if they wish. The Bakeshop is usually quite full, particularly when a new batch of bread leaves the ovens (which happens at precisely the same times each day).

Behind the shop is a large woodpile.

B. Old Sam's Shack. *(10' × 15')* This shack used to be a simple storage shed, but is now inhabited by Old Sam, the cake-icer. It has only one door and no windows (Sam does most of his work by lamp light).

The shelves on the east wall hold all the tools of Sam's trade, as well as various food-colorings, sugars, and so forth. There is a large table and bench where Sam works, and a smaller table and chair where he eats. Sam's bed is in the northwest corner. In the southwest corner is a tiny hearth for both cooking and warmth.

PERSONALITIES

Widow Rohls. *Human. Ht: 5'5". Wt: 170 lbs. Age: 55. Fighting prowess: poor.*

Vivian Rohls is never called anything but "Widow", for she has buried no less than three husbands to date (they died of sheer obesity). She is a chubby, jovial woman with brown hair and laughing green eyes. She is an exquisite cook as well as a crackerjack baker, and not a few older bachelors or widowers of the city seek her plump little hand in marriage. The Widow is something of a flirt (particularly with older men) but is no dingbat; she runs her business very capably. She misses each of her three husbands, but will probably marry again someday. She is always looking for husbands for her three daughters, being a firm believer in matrimony.

Sesame. *Human. Ht: 5'5". Wt: 150 lbs. Age: 30. Fighting prowess: poor*

Sesame is the Widow's eldest daughter; like her mother, she is chubby, brown-haired, and green-eyed. Sesame's father was the Widow's first husband; however, she uses the same surname as her mother, as do all the daughters (this surname came from the Widow's last husband, Druton Rohls).

Sesame has the same capable head for business as her mother, but takes badly to the Widow's matchmaking efforts since a bad romance has left her something of a man-hater.

Poppy. *Human. Ht: 5'6". Wt: 160 lbs. Age: 24. Fighting prowess: poor.*

Poppy is the issue of the Widow's second marriage; she resembles her mother. Poppy is a complete scatterbrain, but quite lovable. She loves men, but is too fanciful to settle down with one, preferring to play the field.

Sweet Nell. *Human. Ht: 5'4". Wt: 115 lbs. Age: 19. Fighting prowess: poor.*

Sweet Nell is the child of the Widow's last husband; unlike her sisters, she is petite. The Widow sometimes worries about this (she thinks that fat is good for the system) but Sweet Nell eats just as much as her sisters, so the Widow hopes that she will soon fill out her figure. Sweet Nell is very popular with the local swains, but she is a dreamer and a dyed-in-the-wool romantic, and will settle for nothing less than the handsomest of princes. A young City Guardsman is currently wooing her (and has gained 30 pounds in the



Widow Rohls

process), but though she likes him, she is still holding out for her knight in shining armor.

Old Sam. *Human. Ht: 5'9". Wt: 140 lbs. Age: 52. Fighting prowess: poor. Magic ability: average, C4, C8 / or excellent, C1–C8.*

Old Sam looks as though he is about 78 years old. He has snow-white hair, a white beard, is thin, and seems senile. He does odd jobs around the bakeshop (such as stoking the ovens and cleaning up) but his main function is to ice cakes, for he has a definite genius for elaborate frosting work.

Old Sam was once *Samar, Master of the Nine Hells,* an evil wizard with staggering arcane powers. An assault by ten rival sorcerers blasted his memory from him and aged him almost thirty years. He escaped destruction by a desperate teleportation spell, and was found wandering in the City sometime later by Druton Rohls. The Rohls family took him in out of pity, but found, much to their delight, that he had a definite talent for icing cakes (the result of years of scribing complex spells). Sam's gentle manner has made him a much-beloved member of the family, and they have no inkling of his former identity. The dual listing for Sam's magic ability refers to the purely accidental use of some of his former powers (the average listing) and what that power would be like should he ever regain his full memory.

Sam is not aware that he is a mage, so when at times he manages to light the ovens without flint and steel, levitate cakes onto shelves, or get to his favorite tavern without actually walking there, he puts it down to some geriatric quirk. Sam also has some very odd dreams at times, and even on occasion a weird visitor or two pops into his shack, all of which he passes off as wine-provoked illusions. He likes wine, though he is not a drunkard. Old Sam is somewhat taciturn and is very loyal to the Widow and her daughters, all of whom he is very fond.

SCENARIO SUGGESTIONS

Scenario 1. Sweet Nell takes a liking to a male party member and begins a brief flirtation with him. Unfortunately, the City Guardsman who is wooing her does not like this. He may challenge the party member to a duel, or may frame him for some crime.

Scenario 2. A cake that Old Sam has prepared is sitting on the counter, waiting to be delivered. One of the adventurers looks at it, unaware that Sam has unwittingly worked some eldritch rune into the design. The rune causes some strange effect which could have the character possessed by some supernatural entity, cause a spell to fire, lay a curse on the viewer, open a gateway to an alternate universe, or any other magical surprise the GM cares to spring.

Scenario 3. While the adventurers are in the Bakeshop, Old Sam is attacked by an assassin. He manages to evade the attack, but receives a vicious knock on the head. The adventurers should, of course, respond to Sam's cries for help (but if they don't, the Widow can bop the assassin with a pan). The head injury restores Sam's memory and he again becomes Samar, Master of the Nine Hells. The assassin was sent by the sorcerers who once attacked him; they have just re-discovered his whereabouts. Samar can enlist the adventurers as bodyguards for an assault on his enemies, turn on them, or take some other action.



Rumpchunk's Butchery



Cleavsom Rumpchunk is a man who knows meat. It is logical, then, that he is the proprietor of one of the City's best-known Butcheries.

Rumpchunk's prices are moderately high, but he always has something affordable for poor folks. He specializes in fresh chickens and ducks, but he also sells beef, pork, lamb, veal, and various game meats such as venison, boar, moose, bear, mountain sheep, rabbits, squirrels, possums, wild geese, and so forth.

Occasionally, he also offers "exotic" viands, including filet of giant lake lizard, shank of dragon (*very* rare), sirloin snakes, lion loin, giant ant legs, horned owl tripe, marinated snow-bear nose, monkey brains, and anything else the GM can come up with. Many of these meats are purchased from adventurers, but freshness is a *must*.

Rumpchunk takes all the scraps left over at the end of the day, and has his brother Dimsom grind it up into highly-seasoned sausage. He sells the sausage to the poor at a reasonable price, and will take offense if anyone makes snide comments about the sausage ingredients.

Rumpchunk's is a family business, including Cleavsom's brothers Chopsom, Slysum, and Dimsum; his wife Dian; his son Ribeye; and various cousins, nephews, etc. All the Rumpchunk brothers are master butchers, but none are so artful with a knife and cleaver as Cleavsom.

Besides their reputation for good-quality meat, Rumpchunk's is also noted for a delicious marinade called Dian's Lip-Smacking Pot-Likker. This marinade does a miraculous job of both flavoring and tenderizing any cut of meat. The poor buy it to soften tough, cheap cuts of meat; the rich buy it for its flavor. The recipe is a closely-guarded secret of Dian's family (even Cleavsom doesn't know the secret, but it is one of the reasons he married her).

LAYOUT

The Butchery consists of 6 separate areas, all in the same general location. A sign proclaiming the name of the Butchery stands on a pole before the shop area. None of the Rumpchunk clan live on the Butchery premises.

A. The Shop. *(16′ × 16′)* This is actually a canvas pavilion. Beneath the canopy is a long counter on which meats fresh that day are displayed. Behind the counter is a rack arrangement on which carcasses are hung.

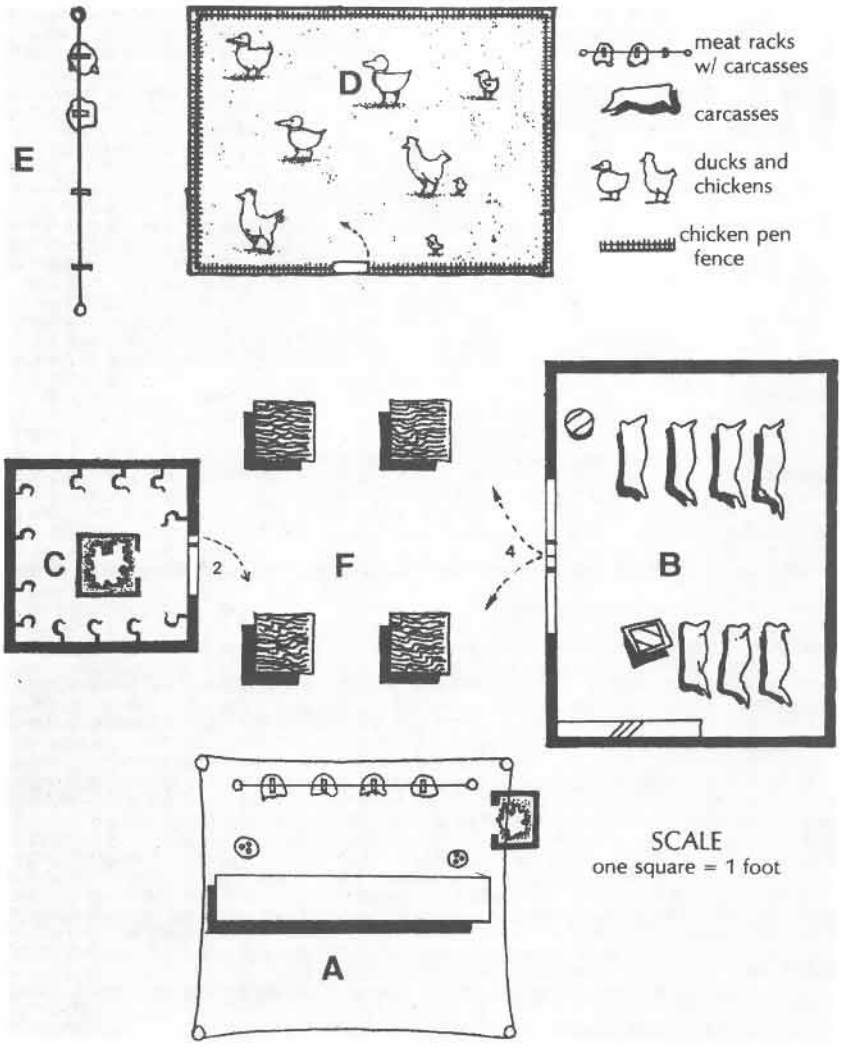
The Shop is usually manned by Cleavsom, Dian, Ribeye, and whatever cousins, nephews, and relatives are working.

A small barbecue is always lit in the northeast corner of the pavilion; throughout the day, skewers of various meats cook there for sampling or a pick-up lunch. The smell is wonderful! Jugs of Dian's Lip-Smacking Pot-Likker are available in varying sizes (half-pints up to gallons).

All money collected goes into cowskull receptacles tacked along the north end of the counter.

B. Storage Shed. *(15′ × 20′)* Animal carcasses and tools are stored in this stone building. The stones keep meat fairly cool. The double doors are usually padlocked[4]. Dimsom keeps the storage shed cleaned and free of clutter.

C. Smokehouse. *(10′ × 10′)* A small redwood building with a chimney, used to smoke meats. It has one door which has a simple lock[2].



D. Chicken and Duck Pens. *(13' × 18')* This is where the fowl are kept. Customers pick out the desired bird, and it is killed, plucked, and butchered to order.

E. Game Rack. *(16' long.)* A long wooden rack; game animals are hung here to be aged. The carcasses are put in storage (B) at night.

F. Butchering Area. This is merely an open area where the Rumpchunk brothers slaughter and dress their stock. The area contains four butcherblocks, one for each brother.

PERSONALITIES

Cleavsom Rumpchunk. *Human. Ht: 6'2". Wt: 180 lbs. Age: 38. Fighting prowess: good w/cleaver or butcher knife; otherwise average.*

Cleavsom is a lean, happy man who is very content with his lot in life. He is tall, dark of hair and eye, and quite handsome. He has a keen wit, despite the fact that he is completely illiterate.

In all respects, Cleavsom is a self-made man. Because of his humble beginnings he is always very kind to the poor.

Cleavsom is a veritable whiz with cleaver and butcher knife. If angered, he could wield either as well as a warrior could wield a good broadsword. Fortunately, it is almost impossible to anger Cleavsom, for he loves jokes, his family, his business, and life in general (so why should he spoil it by getting angry?).

The only thing Cleavsom does hate is *fish*! His motto is "If it don't crawl, walk, or fly – don't eat it!"

Dian Rumpchunk. *Human. Ht: 5'3". Wt: 170 lbs. Age: 33. Fighting prowess: poor.*

Where Cleavsom is lean and tall, his wife Dian is short and immense. She has flaming red hair and green eyes. Though she is not quite the big-hearted type her husband is, she is jovial enough (although she does have a withering temper).

Dian and Cleavsom often go dancing at a local inn and they are a truly amazing sight on a dancing floor, something like Laurel dancing with Hardy. Dian's secret ambition is to have her husband someday become the exclusive butcher to a Noble house.

Ribeye Rumpchunk. *Human. Ht: 5'8". Wt: 125 lbs. Age: 16. Fighting prowess: poor.*

Ribeye has his father's eyes, his mother's hair, and a terminal case of freckles. Ribeye is the first Rumpchunk within recent memory to disdain the butcher's profession; he hates working in the shop (though he does it to please his father, whom he loves greatly). His abiding dream is to be a wine merchant and a vegetarian.

Slysum Rumpchunk. *Human. Ht: 6'0". Wt: 190 lbs. Age: 37. Fighting prowess: fair w/cleaver and butcher knife; otherwise poor.*

Slysum bears a great resemblance to his brother Cleavsom, though he is a bit shorter and heavier. He is a confirmed bachelor and a mean dice-roller,

spending most of his time off at a local gambling hall. He will bet on almost anything with anybody, but outside of dicing he is not very lucky. Like all the Rumpchunks, he will stick by his brothers through thick and thin.

Chopsum Rumpchunk. *Human. Ht: 6'1". Wt: 195 lbs. Age: 35. Fighting prowess: fair w/cleaver and butcher knife; otherwise average.*

Chopsum has the same dark eyes and hair as his brothers, but unlike them he is not at all jovial. In fact, he's rather unsociable. This may be attributable to his wife, Ardena, who henpecks him unmercifully. He constantly complains about her, but is afraid to do anything about her.

Dimsom Rumpchunk. Human. Ht: 5'6". Wt: 235 lbs. Age: 33. Fighting prowess: average w/cleaver and butcher knife; otherwise poor.

Dimsom is the "baby" of the Rumpchunk brothers and does not much resemble them, being short, fat, and sandy-haired.

Dimsom was kicked in the head by an ox when he was 10, and has never recovered from the blow. He is very slow in both mind and body, but compensates by being almost fantastically strong. The local children often tease him for his slowness, but he does not care. He will stick by his brothers in a fight, though he does not like fighting.

When incited, Dimsom has displayed incredible strength – enough, it is rumored, to lift a horse and rider from the ground. Characters would be wise to leave him alone.



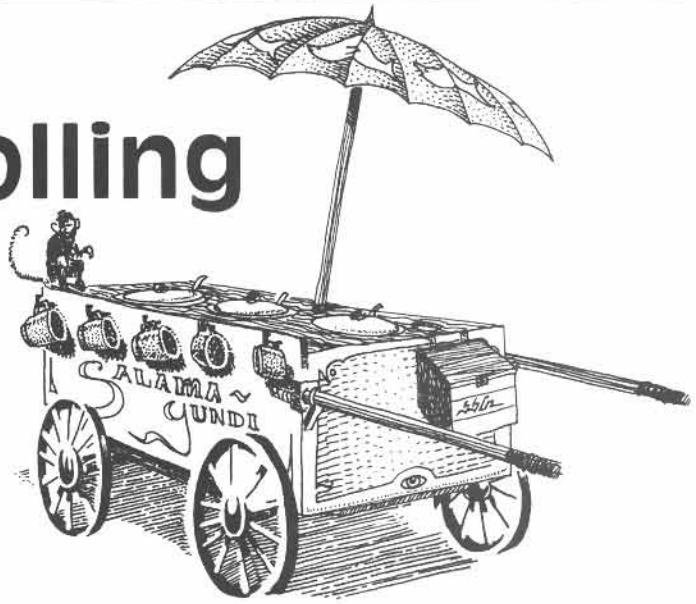
Cleavsom Rumpchunk

SCENARIO SUGGESTIONS

Scenario 1. The Rumpchunks are in a tizzy! A local Lord has put in a huge order for marinated snow-bear noses to be served at a posh banquet. This could easily make their business – but the Butchery is nearly out of the delicacy. They do have some time before the banquet takes place, however. Noticing a crew of adventurers sampling some of their meat, the Rumpchunks decide to make them an offer to hunt up a new supply. If the adventurers accept the deal, they'll be off to the frozen northlands to hunt the wily snow-bear and bring back as many noses as possible. (Note: you need not use snow-bear noses, if you would rather mount a hunting scenario in another clime. Dragon ribs would make for an interesting challenge!)

Scenario 2. Disaster! Someone has stolen the only written copy of Dian's marinade recipe. Rumor has it that it is to be sold to a low-life restaurant somewhere in the Thieves Quarter. The Rumpchunks hire the adventurers to stake out the Quarter and retrieve the recipe, promising them free meat for life if they are successful.

Slimon's Strolling Salmagundi Wagon



Adventurers in search of a quick snack while wandering the City can always find hearty sustenance at low prices by visiting the roving establishment of Slimon Rood.

Slimon's Strolling Salmagundi Wagon is a colorfully festooned cart (about 4' long and 2½' wide) topped by a large umbrella decorated with a pattern of fish and ships and sea monsters. Accompanied by Skeebo, his pet spider monkey, Slimon wheels the cart about the city, crying out in a loud gravelly voice, "Salmagundi! Fills yer innards, keeps yer warm!"

Salmagundi is a thick stew-like dish composed of chopped meats, fish, lots of onions, and a wide variety of spices. (Slimon's ingredients vary with his mood.) The wagon always contains three deep iron pots of salmagundi; these pots are set into the top of the wagon, and the salmagundi is kept hot and steaming by coals placed in built-in fireboxes at the bottom of each pot. Slimon's salmagundi comes in three varieties: Mild, Medium, and Sun's Sweat (i.e. *hot!*). For a silver piece, a customer gets a hefty portion of the salmagundi of his choice, served up on a thick chunk of crusty bread. The bread is kept in a wooden box hung on one side of the wagon, and is cut up as needed.

To wash down the savory salmagundi, Slimon offers three potables: ginger beer (3 copper pieces), red wine (1 silver piece), and his famous home-made grog (3 silver pieces). A mug of Slimon's grog is about as potent as a tankard of rum, and is very popular with the more besotted among his customers. Each potable is kept in a large jug located on a rack below the wagon; tin cups are hung on pegs attached to the wagon's rim. These cups must be returned to Slimon after they are used; they are then washed out in a pail of water also located on the rack.

Skeebo helps his master by performing antics for the crowd, taking money, and holding out cups for Slimon to fill from the large jugs. Both Slimon and Skeebo are very popular with the city residents, particularly with children who are almost constantly following the wagon, parroting Slimon's cry and laughing at Skeebo's capering. Slimon always has a pocket full of candy which he distributes to these children.

LAYOUT

Slimon's whole operation consists solely of the cart (which has already been described). Monies collected go into a large multi-pocketed money pouch around Slimon's waist, from which he also makes change. The cart is heavy and takes a bit of strength to wheel around.

PERSONALITIES

Slimon Rood. *Human. Ht: 6'4". Wt: 250 lbs. Age: 47. Fighting prowess: very good with cutlass, good with dagger (either throwing or wielding); otherwise average.*

Slimon Rood is a large, gravel-voiced man with an elaborate waxed mustachio and dark eyes. He dresses in eye-blinding motley, a wide-brimmed hat with multi-colored feathers, and knee-high boots. He always carries a cutlass and has two

throwing knives in the top of his boots.

Slimon is an ex-pirate, formerly a member of the crew of the Fanged Lady, a galley commanded by the infamous buccaneer Ozman Jacks. It was during his pirate days that he learned to cook salmagundi, a popular pirate vittle. Slimon retired from piracy some five years ago with a comfortable amount of booty. He acquired this "old-age pension" by convincing his shipmates to maroon Ozman Jacks and the few men loyal to him. Ozman's treasure was then split among the crew and Slimon left the Fanged Lady at his first opportunity, determined to put his pirating days behind him. He began his business simply for the fun of it, and has no wish to ever return to sea. (*Note to the GM:* Despite this, if your City is a port, Slimon would probably spend a good deal of time on the waterfront.)

One of Slimon's former shipmates is a high-ranking member of a local Thieves Guild, and the two meet often for some reminiscing and a cup of grog. For this reason Slimon knows a great deal about illegal activities in the City, but never takes part in any himself. He can be a good source of information, though the incentive to reveal anything would have to be a good one.

Slimon is very content with his life and avoids trouble. Nevertheless, he is a mean man in a fight, being very strong and familiar with combat to the death.



Slimon Rood

Skeebo. *Spider monkey.*

Skeebo is Slimon's pet and constant companion. He usually sits atop Slimon's shoulder. Any attack on Slimon would cause Skeebo to assault the attacker with all the strength in his tiny body, clawing and biting savagely. Likewise, anyone who harms Skeebo would quickly find himself transfixed by several inches of Slimon's steel.

SCENARIO SUGGESTIONS

Scenario 1. While peddling his wares about the City, Slimon catches sight of one of the men he caused to be marooned five years ago. Certain that this means that Ozman Jacks is also alive, Slimon fears for his life. He therefore hires the adventurers to act as bodyguards (perhaps inducing them by offering a pirate treasure map in his possession). This would bring them into contention with Ozman Jacks and perhaps a whole crew of pirates.

An elaboration of this scenario would have Slimon captured in spite of the adventurers and taken aboard a pirate ship moored in the harbor. Skeebo could then lead the adventurers to the ship to rescue Slimon – or the characters might even be forced to book a ship of their own to follow the pirates.

(Note: if Slimon has the map to a pirate treasure hoard, this could also be used as a quest in its own right.)

Scenario 2. A rival peddler or the owner of a city eatery hires the adventurers to put Slimon out of business. (This could be done by destroying the cart, poisoning some of Slimon's wares, revealing his former occupation to city officials, etc.).

Remember that Slimon is a tough customer, and keep in mind that Slimon has a friend in the Thieves Guild, who could be enlisted to make the lives of the offending adventurers miserable. (If he were killed, his friend might even seek vengeance.)

Scenario 3. Slimon gets wind of the fact that a high-ranking noble is secretly running a smuggling organization in the City. This noble has somehow offended Slimon, and the former pirate enlists the adventurers to join him to destroy the smugglers and ruin the noble's reputation.

Alternately, Slimon's money might have run out and he might decide to hit this organization simply for profit. For a bit of pathos, you could have the noble kill Skeebo, thus giving Slimon a strong motive for vengeance.

Since Slimon's wagon can be encountered anywhere in the City, the GM can easily employ it to engender any number of scenarios or simply to pass on information. Slimon should intrigue the players, being a very colorful character in an admittedly odd business.



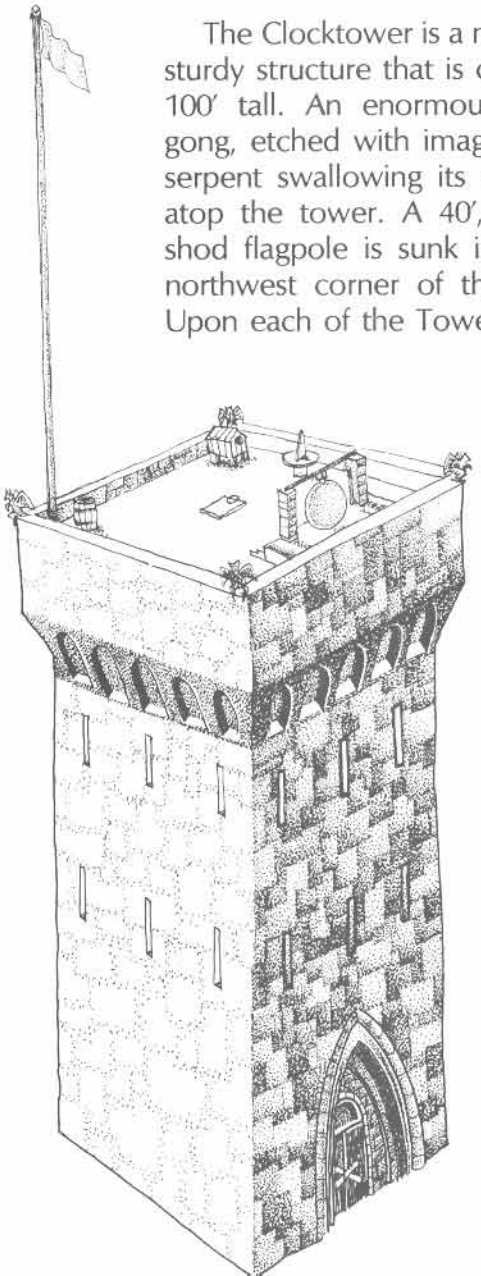
Alone in the dark, hands tightly clutching weapons, ears straining for any sound that might give a clue to the location of a foe, an adventurer can lose all track of time and all touch with reality. Hours become days that grow into weeks without a trace of news from the outside world – but that's how it is in cold, dead ruins.

The City is vital and alive, moving to the pulse of time as rung out by Crunge in his Clocktower. The citizens are ever hungry for news of current events, and this hunger is fed by the Bellmen's Guild. Both services help regulate the City; without them, it would die.

To be without news in the City – to lose awareness of time in the City – can be as deadly, if not more so, than any dungeon-spawn ever faced.

Grunge's Clocktower

Atop a patch of high ground near the center of the City stands the enigmatic Clocktower. This ancient structure of weather-worn stone is the pride of the City, for it and it alone marks the passage of that intangible, near-magic thing: Time!



The Clocktower is a massive, sturdy structure that is close to 100' tall. An enormous brass gong, etched with images of a serpent swallowing its tail, sits atop the tower. A 40', metal-shod flagpole is sunk into the northwest corner of the roof. Upon each of the Tower's four cornerposts crouches a stone gargoyle, grimly surveying the City below.

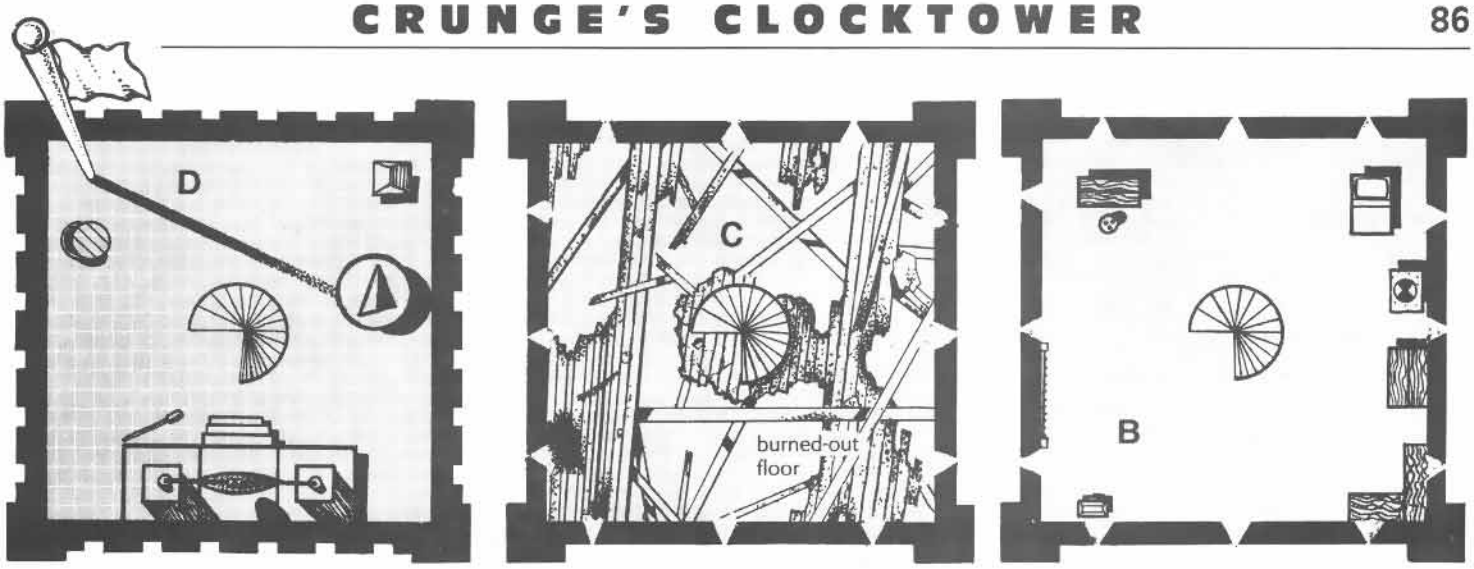
The brass gong is used to sound the hour: one bong for each hour of the day. It can also be used to sound an alarm, using a pre-determined pattern depending on the danger involved (one pattern for attack, one for fire, etc.). At the hour before nightfall, the gong is sounded three times to indicate that darkness is coming. The gong can be heard throughout the city.

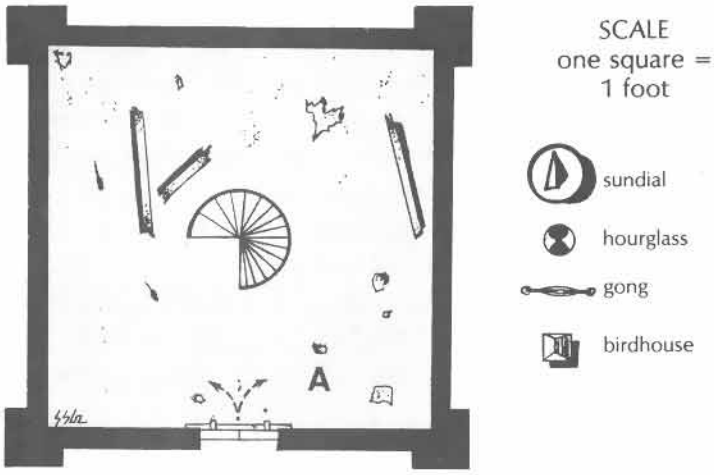
The flagpole is used to show exactly what hour of the day or night it is. Large colored flags with various symbols on them are raised, one for each hour when the gong sounds. By a quick glimpse at the flagpole (visible from most sectors of the city), citizens know exactly what hour is passing. In addition, there are special flags which denote important events happening at certain times. For example, a black flag raised along with a green "hour" pennant would mean an execution is taking place during that hour. The GM should create the flags according to his or her own time frame and imagination. At night, a lantern atop the flagpole is lit, thus illuminating the flag of the hour.

The Clocktower has become a most important part of the city. Businesses open and close according to the sounding of the gong; farmers haul their wares to the marketplace at certain hours; guard watches are changed at specific times; even courtly affairs pay heed to the relentless march of time as the Clocktower measures it. If the Tower were to suddenly cease its function, chaos would almost certainly be the result.

LAYOUT

The Clocktower has four separate levels. The walls, floors, and ceilings are 2' thick; a large, single-file spiral staircase of metal runs throughout the





center of the structure. The only entrance to the Clocktower is a pair of stout oaken doors on the street level. However, these doors are boarded over and nailed shut from the outside. A small flap at the bottom of the door is used to pass things in and out of the tower.

A. Ground Floor. *(40′ × 40′)* This floor of the tower is devoid of interest, save for the fact that the oaken doors in the south wall are barred from within, in addition to being nailed shut from the outside. Stains and food scraps mark the floor in the area around the door flap.

B. Second Floor. *(40′ × 40′)* This floor is where Crunge, the Clocktower's demented keeper, lives. In each wall are three archers' ports. In the northeast corner, crude straw bedding covers the floor. A small leather chest is in the southwest corner — it contains a melange of worthless possessions, bits of string, a ball of wax, a rusted hatpin, a broken mirror, and so forth. In the southeast corner are some jury-rigged shelves and cooking gear. The shelves are usually bare and the cooking gear is little more than a crude firepot and a battered pot. On the west wall is an upright flag rack. It holds the flags signifying the hour as well as the special-occasion flags. On the east wall, located to the north of the center archers' port, is a stone shelf on which sits a large, finely-crafted hourglass in a silvered frame. The glass is marked off in four-hour increments and is watched religiously by the timekeeper. The glass serves as a back-up system for the roof sundial on cloudy or rainy days.

C. Third Floor. *(40′ × 40′)* An accidental fire burned out the entire floor of this level, leaving only charred beams and blackened stone. The spiral staircase leading to the roof survived the fire, but is held in place by only a single large bolt at the roof end. The entire staircase will shake ominously when climbed, and is very likely to collapse totally if more than one person tries to climb it at the same time. (Note: This refers only to the section of the stairs between the third floor and the roof. The rest of the staircase is quite well-braced.) Crunge knows which beams are safe to walk on and where weak points are, and he can scuttle around this area rapidly, should it become necessary.

D. Roof. *(40′ × 40′)* This is the most important level of the tower. In the northwest corner is the flagpole; just beside it is a rain barrel which is usually about half-full. In the south section of the roof is the large bronze gong that sounds the time. A short flight of steps leads up to the gong; hung beside it is a *huge* drumstick, the gong bong! A large sundial is located on a pedestal near the east wall. In the northeast corner of the roof, Crunge has built a crude birdhouse. A mother bird and several hungry young live there. Crunge loves the birds deeply and cares for them, feeding them bits of his own food.

PERSONALITIES

Crunge. *Human. Ht: 5'3". Wt: 140 lbs. Age: Indeterminate. Fighting prowess: poor.*

The keeper of the Clocktower is Crunge, a slightly demented, one-eyed, clubfooted hunchback. Crunge dresses in rags and hasn't bathed in years. He is basically a shy and gentle soul, but he has a fanatical devotion to marking time and will violently protect the tower against those that would hinder this. Despite his handicaps, he can move nimbly and is very strong.

Crunge and the tower are maintained by the City and twice each day a meal is brought to the tower and slipped to him through the flap in the door. Crunge always waits eagerly for this meal and gets upset if it is not on time. He saves some of the food for future consumption and uses scraps to feed his birds. Crunge never leaves the tower and hides from the eyes of the city at all times. He can only be seen when he mounts the steps to sound the gong each hour and then only for a brief moment or two.

The City keeps Crunge informed of special events so that he can run up the appropriate special-occasion flags. Short cyphers are included on Crunge's food tray, and he looks forward to the slight variations in routine provided by these extra flag-raisings.

The children of the city fear Crunge, thinking him an ogre. No citizen can truly say how long he has lived alone in his tower. However, a rumor persists that Crunge is related to one of the high noble houses of the City and was shut away in his tower so as not to cause embarrassment to the city rulers.



Crunge

SCENARIO SUGGESTIONS

Scenario 1. Rumors reach the adventurers that Crunge has squirreled away a vast horde of treasure over the years. Perhaps he even possesses some great magical artifact or secret. This should be sufficently provocative for the characters to try and break into the tower.

Scenario 2. Crunge is unjustly accused of a murder. A mysterious nobleman hires the party to either clear Crunge of the crime, or bring him to justice. The nobleman might be guilty of the murder himself, or he might actually be the mysterious relation of Crunge's that rumor tells of. Crunge might in fact possess some secret about the aristocracy of the town that would incite them to try and see him dead, using the adventurers as pawns in the scheme.

Scenario 3. The Clocktower and Crunge are ensorcelled by some wizard from another dimension. The enchantment causes a shift in reality when each passing hour is sounded by the timekeeper. Guardsmen, soldiers, and even the Court Wizard seem powerless to stop it. The adventurers are hired to breach the tower (probably through some monstrous guardian) and prevent the ringing of *THE FINAL HOUR . . .*

Remember in playing out scenarios that Crunge is basically a gentle sort and that the only way into the Tower is the boarded-over, nailed, and barred doors on the first level. (Though brave sorts could climb the Tower and enter from the roof...) Also keep in mind that the Clocktower is the pride of the city. Assaults upon it – or upon the Time-Keeper – will not be appreciated.

The Bellmen's Guild

The City thrives on news, and it is the task of the Bellmen's Guild to deliver the news.

The sturdy red-brick building which houses the Guild is located on a main street of the City, not far from the Court of the City Overlord. Out of this building a troupe of young men pour forth each day to walk the city byways, ringing their bells and delivering news and items of interest to the city residents in loud, golden voices.

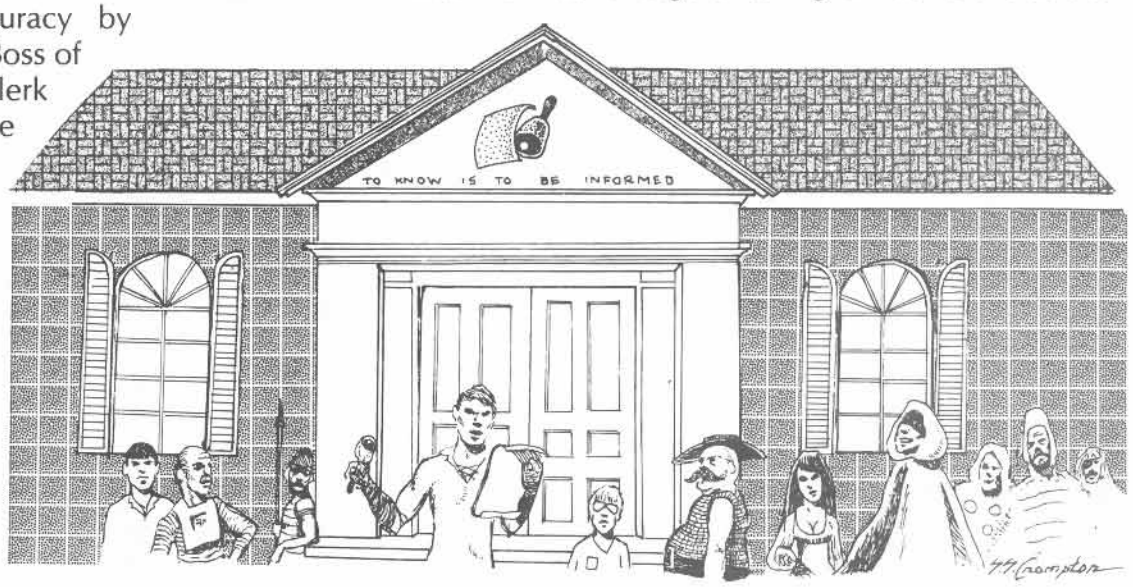
The Guild is supported by the City and one of its chief functions is to announce when taxes will be collected and how much they will be (a task the Bellmen are not fond of, since citizens sometimes react violently to such news). The Guild also passes on information about new laws that have been enacted, announces court happenings (balls, weddings, pregnancies, births, deaths, etc.), and generally keeps the public informed as to the "state of the City".

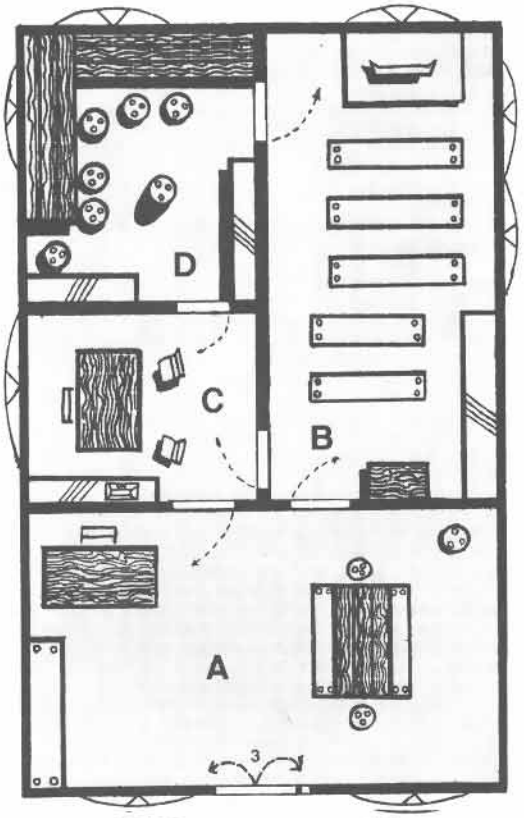
Besides such official news, the Guild actively solicits items from the populace and travellers, paying for these items depending on how newsworthy they seem. such unofficial items are carefully screened for accuracy by Baxtirving Waldorff, the Boss of the Guild, and his Chief Clerk "And" the Dwarf. The Bellmen also cry private announcements for a fee ranging anywhere from 1 to 10 gold pieces (depending on the length of the proclamation and how many times it is to be repeated). Such cryings can be City merchants offering special sales, wedding and birth notices, offers of work, obituaries, challenges, etc.

There are some 40 Bellmen in the Guild, almost all of whom are young men. They walk the streets from early morning to about dusk. In addition to the regular troop of Bellmen, the Guild has a special squad called the AP (Action Patrol) whose duty is to hit the streets and cry *urgent* announcements (e.g. an attack on the city, the sudden death of a high official, a major crime, etc.). As they return to the Guild building, members of the AP also pass on information to the Bellmen. The Guild is open throughout the day to receive news and announcements. At night, "And" or one of the AP is usually about for the same function.

LAYOUT

The Guild Building is 25′ × 40′. In the south wall are two large double doors that are usually open. There are many windows with shutters; these windows are open throughout the day to take the maximum advantage of sunlight. Above the doors





SCALE: one square = 1 foot

is a sign with a Bell and Scroll symbol and the motto "To be Informed is to Know".

A. The Front Office. *(25' × 15')* The receiving area for all incoming information, announcements, and payments. In the northwest section of the room is a large desk and chair, where "And" the Dwarf sits. Roughly in the center of the front office are benches and a large table; the "AP" sit here, playing cards, dicing, or just chatting while they await newsworthy developments. Against the east wall is a large bulletin board, open to anyone who wishes to use it for an announcement; it costs 1 silver piece per week to post a message here. Job offers, personal messages, advertisements, etc. make up the bulk of such announcements. There is also a space on the board where the top news story of the day is posted. Against the west wall is a bench for visitors.

B. The Briefing Room. *(12' × 25')* This is where the Bellmen gather each morning to collect their bells and the scrolls with the news and announcements of the day. On the east wall is a shelf divided into small cubbyholes in which the bells are kept. Five long benches face a podium at the north end of the room; from this podium, the Boss gives daily instructions to the Bellmen before they begin their work.

C. The Boss's Office. *(12' × 10')* This nicely-appointed office contains a large desk with a chair on either side. Atop the desk is always a litter of paper and quill pens. Four bookshelves on the south wall hold many tomes on all subjects. On the north wall is a gilt-framed portrait of the City lord with a small plaque attached to the frame; it reads "To Baxtirving Waldorff, Friend and Servant of the People". There is a locked[4] chest atop the bookshelves; inside are kept the Bellmen's payroll and all monies received.

D. The Scroll Room. *(123' × 12')* In this room, the scrolls which the Bellmen carry are scribed each day with the appropriate information. It is presided over by Master T.K. Botham, Dictator and Chief Scrivener.

Two tables are set against the north and west walls; high stools are set around these tables. In the center of the room is an even higher stool where Master T.K. Botham sits and dictates the day's news to the six Guild scribes, who then hurriedly set the information down on parchment. Against the east and south walls are a series of long shelves which hold paper, writing materials, and large record books in which old scrolls are kept.

In addition to preparing the news scrolls, the scribes also work on other projects which the Bellmen's Guild undertakes, such as invitations to court functions, special proclamations, letters, and so forth. The Guild charges for this service. Master T.K. Botham also has the ability to scribe scrolls for magicians (see *Personalities* for elaboration), a very special service which costs a great deal.

PERSONALITIES

Baxtirving Waldorff. *Human. Ht: 6'6". Wt: 240 lbs. Age: 48. Fighting prowess: very good with rapier/sword cane; otherwise good.*

Baxtirving has blonde hair and blue eyes, and is a large, handsome, golden-voiced man. He is always well-dressed and cuts an imposing figure. Given his size and ability with the sword cane he always carries, he can be a very tough person in a brawl (though he is not a violent man *per se*).

He particularly loves teaching the young men of the Guild the tricks of the trade, including voice projection, singing, resonance of tone, and bell-ringing. Classes take place in the briefing room (B) in the afternoons and early evenings. He is an avid

reader and very sociable; he is very popular with all his employees.

Baxtirving founded the Bellmen's Guild because he is a man passionately devoted to communication and information. Early each day he goes to the court to pick up the official news; if an important story is developing, he'll travel to the court several times the same day. He picks up Guild funds once a week (this is the "support" fee mentioned: 100 gold pieces a week).

Though his Guild is supported by the lord of the City, Baxtirving brooks no censorship of news, even if it involves some outrageous scandal at court. Sometimes his "crusading" nature brings him perilously close to the headsman's axe. It also tends to make enemies, and Baxtirving has more than his share.

Baxtirving handles all Guild business and has the final say on all news received. He will *never* deal in unconfirmed rumors.

"And" the Dwarf. *Dwarf. Ht: 3'10". Wt: 140 lbs. Age: 125. Fighting prowess: average, prefers bare hands.*

"And" is the Chief Clerk of the Guild. A happy fellow, "And" always greets everyone with a big, helpful smile – unless someone decides to make light of his height, in which case he will try to punch off the offender's knees. He carries no weapons.

"And" invariably wears a black shirt with the legend *"(?!",;.:')"* embroidered on it. This keeps him aware of punctuation marks, which for some strange reason he can never remember. "And" gets his odd name (a nickname, actually) from the fact that he always speaks in run-on sentences and is highly curious, invariably ending every exchange with *And?* as though he would like to know more.

"And" is in charge of the "AP" and the Front Office. His duties include taking all news and announcements, receiving payments, and keeping the bulletin board in order (he uses a tall stepladder to reach the top). "And" reviews all news items before Baxtirving does, passing on to the Boss what he considers the best (with the exception of the Court news, which the Boss himself handles).

Like the Boss, "And" is an avid reader. He loves his work and spends most of his time at the Guild. "And" is well-liked by the Boss and the other Bellmen. Those who are insensitive enough to tease him about his height will probably wind up facing not only "And" but a score of angry Bellmen as well.

Master T.K. Botham. *Human. Ht: 5'10". Wt: 130 lbs. Age: 75. Fighting prowess: poor.*

Master T.K. Botham is a white-haired old duffer who is Chief Scrivener and Dictator of the Guild. He is a scholar who is constantly coughing and attempting to tickle the posterior of every female within range. This has led to his being nicknamed "Master Ticklebottom." Despite his age, he has an amazing memory; after he receives the news from Baxtirving, he can literally recite it from memory to his team of scribes.

Although Master T. is no magician, he does possess a gnarled old oaken staff from which a magic-competent character could sense magic. This staff is a "Staff of Scribing". It will absorb a spell cast into it (no more than one at a time), and then allows its holder to write the spell down on a scroll which can then be used to cast the spell. Master T. keeps this function a strict secret, and only Baxtirving knows about it. The staff has been attuned to Master T., and no one else can use it. Baxtirving is not looking forward to the day of Master T.'s death, because he considers the scribing ability something special.



Baxtirving Waldorff

The staff will absorb almost any spell, but will not always give an accurate scribing (there is a 25% chance that the scroll will misfire the spell, with spectacular results). If a second spell is cast at the staff while one is already stored in it, both are dissipated with no effect. Scrolls produced by the staff take a full week per level of the spell to create, and Master T. charges at least 100 gold pieces per spell level for the service. Obviously, someone wanting a scroll of a spell will have to know how to cast the spell desired or get someone to do it for him. In addition, the scroll comes out in an arcane language which only the caster can read, unless some form of translation is used. Master T. usually commands the magician-customer to cast the spell at him, claiming that *he* has the power to absorb it and scribe it in this fashion. Naturally, he is always holding the staff when he says this.

Alex Brashman. *Human. Ht: 5'9". Wt: 150 lbs. Age: 19. Fighting prowess: average.*

Alex, the Chief Cryer among the Bellmen, is a smiling young man with brown hair and a reddish beard. He has been a Bellman for 3 years and aspires to someday be the Head of the Guild. His deep baritone voice makes him an excellent Bellman; however, Alex has a tendency to slip "joke" news or outrageous announcements (e.g. "The king is pregnant") into his cryings. He never does this maliciously, but has at times caused problems for the Guild. Baxtirving doesn't fire him, for despite his tendency toward humor Alex is an able worker. Also, Alex is the nephew of Master T.K. Botham. In addition, Alex knows the City exceptionally well and often picks up good news items in his wanderings.

Bellmen and **Action Patrol.** These may be personalized as the GM sees fit. Pay for a Bellman is about 5 – 10 gold pieces a week; the requirements are a good voice, stamina, and a fair knowledge of the City streets.

SCENARIO SUGGESTIONS

Scenario 1. Baxtirving wishes to hire some able fighters to protect his Bellmen and the Guild. There could be several reasons for this. For instance, it might be tax time again – and very high taxes are provoking the disgruntled citizens to react violently to the bearers of the bad tidings. Or perhaps one of Baxtirving's enemies is out to get the Guild in response to some story the Bellmen announced; such an enemy might use magic, or hire thugs to jump Bellmen, break up the Guild offices, etc.

Scenario 2. Someone hires the adventurers to find out why Master T.K. Botham has the ability to create spell-scrolls. Also, the adventurers could simply be hired to steal the Staff of Scribing, if someone should learn that it is the source of Master T.'s skill. The GM might want to get Alex into this scenario, giving the young man some fighting ability so he could protect his uncle. Keep in mind that the Guild is supported by the City's lord; an attack on Master T. might cause Baxtirving to seek government aid in punishing the attackers.

The Bellmen's Guild is quite useful to the GM. Announcements on the bulletin board can lead adventurers into various quests, jobs, or missions; conversely, the adventurers can make themselves available by paying to have their desires announced throughout the city. Through the Guild, the GM can give players information on what is happening in the City as a whole. The Guild also can provide players with "incentives" to visit certain places in the City which the GM has plans for. A "sale" on armor would certainly intrigue fighters enough to get them to visit an armory, and an auction of magical artifacts would likewise appeal to mages. A proclamation that all thieves will henceforth have their hands removed might waylay the larcenous plans of the more roguish. Think of the Guild as a daily newspaper, and you should be able to use it for all manner of adventures.

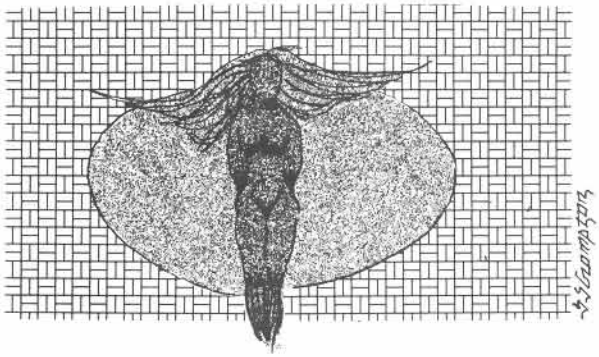


There are times during an adventurer's life when the horrors that must be braved become overwhelming. Some survive by brainwork or brawn; others call upon gods they have ignored until they are needed. Many die, and their loss is keenly felt by those they leave behind. Adventurers have more than physical needs, and the spiritual needs are often those neglected until it is too late.

Those who seek guidance from divine sources while believing in self-reliance will find the Temple of Putrexia a spiritual sanctuary. Adventurers who will never more utter a war-cry will find a resting place in McKinley Cemetery, while the comrades of the deceased will, without a doubt, wish to have the Palace of Peaceful Repose handle the funeral arrangements.

However, for some of the adventurers who seek a haven, the horror is about to begin . . .

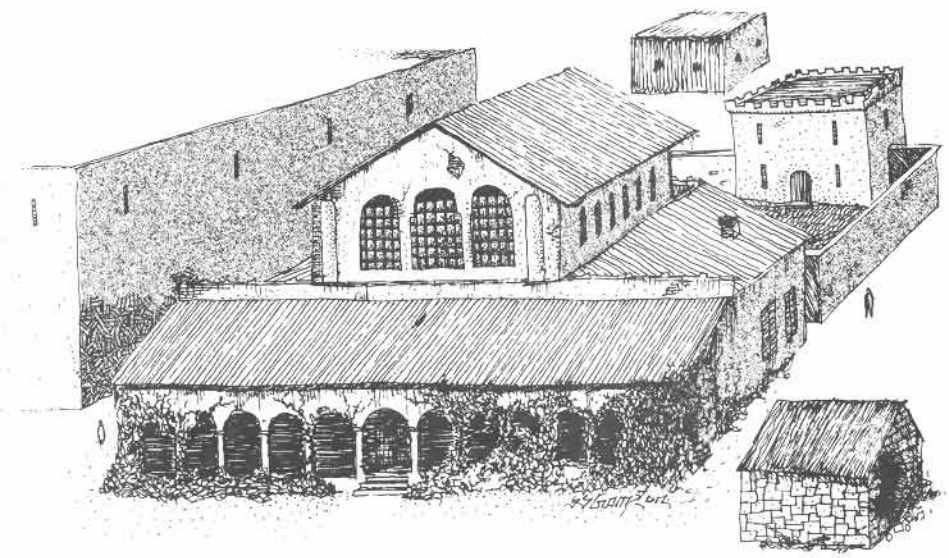
The Temple of Putrexia



For those adventurers who seek the favor of deities as they wend their perilous course, the City offers many temples. One such temple is dedicated to the Goddess Putrexia.

The Temple of Putrexia is open for worship most of the time. Donations are gratefully – and almost desperately – accepted; the name of the Goddess will definitely be invoked on behalf of anyone making an offering (though the benefits of such blessings are dubious at best).

As a whole, the Temple is rather run down. Carpets are worn, curtains frayed, walls in need of fresh paint, and the ceiling leaks whenever it rains. The priests wear threadbare robes that have seen better days. The entire contingent of the Temple consists of Cerrasan, two lesser priests, and Cerrasan's two bodyguards. The rundown condition is only partly a result of the lack of worshippers; the main reason is Cerrasan's desire to put up a safe front for his other activities. (See *Personalities* for elaboration.)



The Religion

Putrexia is known alternately as "The Unseen Goddess", "The Faceless Lady", and "The Subtle One". The main tenet of the Putrexian faith is self-reliance, epitomized in such slogans as "Pray to Putrexia, but watch your horse."

As deities go, Putrexia is a very minor goddess. Legends of her state that in the great battles between the deities she preferred to remain silent until an outcome was decided, whereupon she would swiftly throw her support behind the victor (hence her title "The Subtle One"). There is no known instance of her manifestation on the material plane of existence (detractors claim this is because she lacks the power to do so); hence, representations of her vary widely. The most common image of her is as a graceful young woman without a face, her hands held behind her back. Her sacred symbols are also a matter of the craftsman's preference, but most have a stylized "P" in them.

Putrexia's followers are few and seldom exhibit the fanaticism of the very religious. (It is difficult to get worked up over a deity whose main message is "Do It Yourself".) Her priests, in true Putrexian tradition, have learned to depend heavily on their own resources to get by in the world. Indicative of this is Cerrasan Cerisian, the High Priest of this particular temple. The Putrexian religion does not hold with blood sacrifices of any type and is somewhat neutral as regards the balance between good and evil.

LAYOUT

The Temple building is constructed of cheap sandstone and wood; the single entrance from the street consists of a rotting oak door with a symbol of the Goddess carved into it. The few windows have wood shutters that can be latched from inside, and these are usually kept closed.

A. Altar Room. *(50′ × 60′)* The main worship area of the Temple. It consists of a raised altar area, bounded by a brass railing and a series of wooden pews for the faithful to attend services and meditate quietly on the values of self-reliance. On the altar area is a large statue of Putrexia before which the faithful can kneel and pray, and two wooden lecturns from which the priests give sermons and conduct services.

The statue shows the common representation of the Goddess, and is crudely carved from cheap stone. Each pew will hold about 15 worshippers; most are in hideous disrepair. Light is provided by candles located in tarnished brass candle-holders set on the walls. The entire north wall is covered by a large, somewhat gaudy tapestry (again, worthless) which conceals the two archways through which the priests enter the room. The tapestry shows Putrexia looking on as a horde of worshippers sweat and strain to build a huge Temple in her honor.

Services are held once each week, and currently some twenty to thirty people attend.

B. Storeroom. *(40′ × 20′)* This large storage area holds candles, wine, priestly vestments, parchment, bottles of ink, incense, temple bells, and so forth. This material is used in the various ceremonies and functionings of the Temple. There is little of value here, and the room itself is almost half-empty. The door is usually locked[2].

C, D, E. Conference Rooms. This is where the Priests of Putrexia consult with followers on personal problems or matters of religion. Classes concerning the worship of Putrexia are also held here. The walls are bare and light comes from a single hanging oil lantern suspended in the center of the ceiling. Two circular tables with several chairs dominate the room. Cerrasan also uses these conference rooms for meetings with local thieves. These meetings are held under the guise of religion classes.

F. Living Quarters. *(20′ × 24′)* This is the residence area of Shandar Pottop and Maxie Luds, the two lesser priests of Putrexia. It is a simple room with two beds, a dresser on which sits a wash basin, a small hearth for warmth, and a low stone cabinet. A small woodpile is next to the hearth.

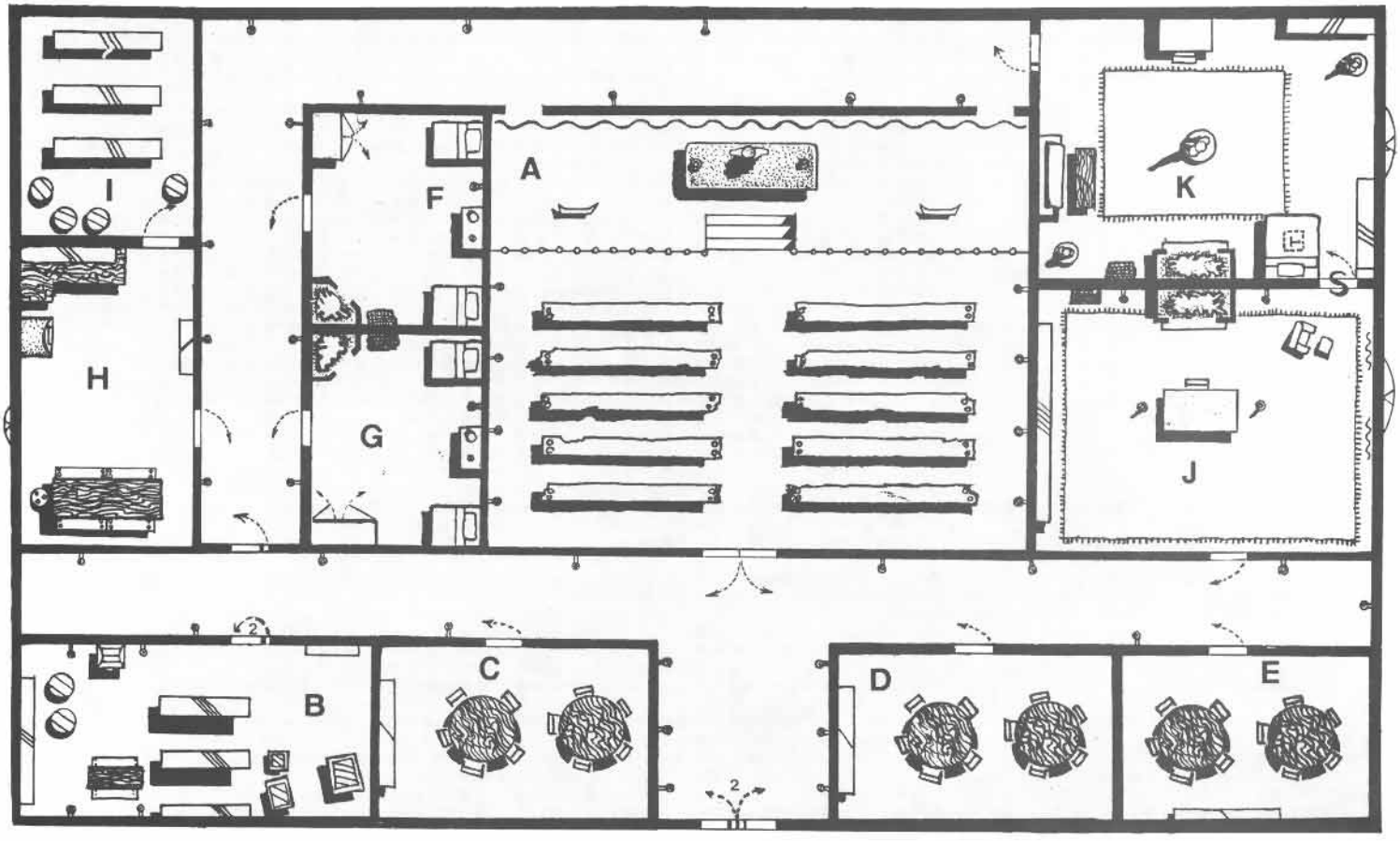
G. Living Quarters. *(20′ × 24′).* This is where Hooknose Barson and Ferraz Bazzle live; they are Cerrasan's bodyguards. The room is laid out the same as Room F; however, Ferraz has fitted the top drawer of the dresser here with a built-in lock[4]. In this drawer, he keeps a supply of highly lethal blade venom (usually about 2 to 12 applications worth). Ferraz has the key to the drawer on his person at all times.

H. Kitchen / Dining Room. *(20′ × 34′)* The kitchen contains a small oven/stove combination set against the west wall, and a largish wooden dining table in the south end. North of the stove is a large table and shelf arrangement for food preparation. Plates, mugs, eating and cooking utensils are all in this area. The shelf on the east wall holds stone jugs filled with wine or water. All the residents of the Temple eat here. There are no regular mealtimes; all residents are responsible for the preparation of their own food.

I. Storeroom. *(20′ × 36′)* Foodstuffs and beverages are stored here for use in the kitchen. Though there are many standing shelves here, most are empty. The only entrance is through the kitchen. There is no means of lighting this room, so a candle or lantern must be used when looking for something.

J. Cerrasan's Study. *(38′ × 30′)* This is a private study for the High Priest of Putrexia. There is a worn, dull gold rug on the floor, and on the east wall are several cheap wall hangings showing the Goddess Putrexia blessing her followers. In the center of the room is a large desk with several drawers; Temple records are kept in here. In one of these drawers is a small iron cashbox with a lock[4] that holds the few donations received. Flanking the desk are two standing candle holders.

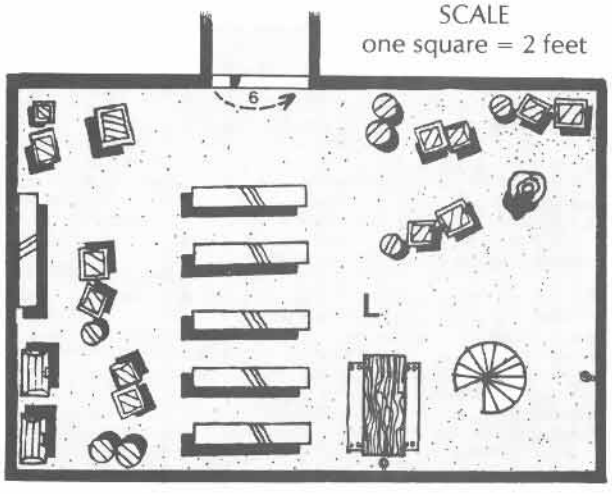
Against the west wall are bookshelves that hold various tomes concerning Putrexia and other deities and religions. There is a fireplace on the north wall. A large armchair and footstool sits in the northeastern part of the room.



Also in the northeast corner is a secret door leading into Cerrasan's bedroom (K). This door is about 3' wide and 5' high, and is opened by pressing its center twice, whereupon it will slide silently to the west and remain open for about 30 seconds before reclosing.

K. Cerrasan's Bedroom. *(38' × 30')* In contrast to the rest of the Temple, the High Priest's bedroom is in excellent condition. There is an expensive rug on the floor and a golden statue of the Goddess rests in the center of the room on this rug. Against the west wall is a plush sofa; before this sofa is a low ebony table. Against the north wall is a dresser with four lockable[4] drawers in which Cerrasan keeps the private records of his fencing operation. Against the south wall is a fireplace, and on the east and north walls are shelves.

Cerrasan's bed is next to the fireplace on the south wall. Beneath his bed is a trapdoor leading to a spiral staircase which descends to a hidden storeroom (L). The trapdoor can be locked from above with a padlock[4]. All around the room are expensive paintings, urns, statuary, tapestries, etc. These are



part of Cerrasan's private collection. No one but Cerrasan is allowed in this room, and he has the only key to the trapdoor on his person.

L. Special Storeroom. *(60' × 40')* This hidden storeroom holds a multitude of items which Cerrasan fences for local thieves. (The GM should determine what sort of treasure is located here at any given time.)

The room is lit by hanging oil lamps suspended from the ceiling. A spiral staircase from Cerrasan's

bedroom leads into this storeroom; near the bottom of this staircase, worked into its railings, are several concealed truncheons which can be quickly grabbed and wielded. Every other step of the spiral staircase is weak and has a 75% chance of collapsing if stepped on. Cerrasan and his cohorts take the stairs two at a time to avoid this.

The door in the north wall of the storeroom is iron-bound and leads to a secret entrance from the City sewer system (located about 1200 feet from the door). This door is kept locked[6], and Cerrasan has the only key. Some of the items to be fenced are loose; others are kept in crates, boxes, chests, and so forth.

PERSONALITIES

Cerrasan Cerisian. *Human. Ht: 5'5". Wt: 165 lbs. Fighting prowess: poor. Magic ability: average; C2, C8.*

Cerrasan is a short, portly, balding man of indeterminate age. He is very intelligent, shrewd, and charismatic. He has some slight magical power (an indication that perhaps Putrexia does indeed exist) but depends on his cunning.

Realizing that his religion is too obscure to support even this small temple, Cerrasan agreed to act as a fence for stolen goods for local thieves. As a result, Cerrasan has connections throughout the city. The local thieves hold him in high regard for his shrewdness and fairness as a fence, while many of the nobles of the city enjoy his company, for he is an amusing fellow (a fact that greatly aids his business dealings).



Cerrasan Cerisian

Despite his dubious method of supporting the Temple, Cerrasan is a faithful believer in the Goddess he serves and hopes someday to see the worship of Putrexia grow.

Shandar Pottop. *Human. Ht: 5'9". Wt: 160 lbs. Age: 24. Fighting prowess: poor. Magic ability: poor; C2, C6.*

Shandar, a fair-haired young priest, is very devoted to his religion. He can rationalize every shortcoming of the faith. Shandar spends most of his time keeping up the temple and doing various menial tasks. He is unaware of Cerrasan's fencing operation, and would probably be shocked to learn of it.

Maxie Luds. *Human. Ht: 6'2". Wt: 175 lbs. Age: 26. Fighting prowess: average.*

Maxie is Cerrasan's protege. He is a tall, thin, somewhat sour-faced man with a mop of black hair. Maxie is the least religious of the priests; his real goal is to take over Cerrasan's fencing operation. Cerrasan is well aware of this, but feels that if something should happen to him it is better to have a resourceful fellow like Maxie to keep the temple in business, rather than a cockeyed idealist like Shandar.

Maxie spends most of his money in the local tavern and/or bawdy-house. On occasion he has committed some rather scandalous acts which Cerrasan has had to have covered up.

Hooknose Barson. *Human. Ht: 6'4". Wt: 220 lbs. Age: 24. Fighting prowess: fair.*

Hooknose is a tall, over-muscled, brown-haired barbarian warrior. Cerrasan saved his life a few years ago, and Hooknose pledged himself to the service of the priest and Putrexia because of it.

Hooknose is not very bright and will rarely do anything he is not told to do. However, he is a capable fighter with a variety of weapons. He usually carries a battle-axe. and is attired in leather armor.

Hooknose's loyalty to Cerrasan is one of the reasons Maxie Luds treads softly in trying to take over Cerrasan's operation. Hooknose would definitely try to exact revenge upon anyone who defiles the temple or attempts to harm Cerrasan.

Ferraz Bazzle. *Human. Ht: 5'10". Wt: 150 lbs. Age: 26. Fighting prowess: fair.*

Ferraz is a slender, red-haired fighting man who hired on as Cerrasan's bodyguard after he found adventuring too dangerous for his tastes. He is not particularly strong, but makes up for this by using poisoned weapons. His favorite arms are rapier and dagger used in Florentine style, and he wears mail. He possesses very few (if any) scruples but is fairly loyal to Cerrasan – mainly because his position is both easy and well-paid.

Ferraz is a compulsive gambler and spends most of his salary in the local tavern playing cards or dice. He has no particular belief in Putrexia, but keeps his lack of faith to himself.

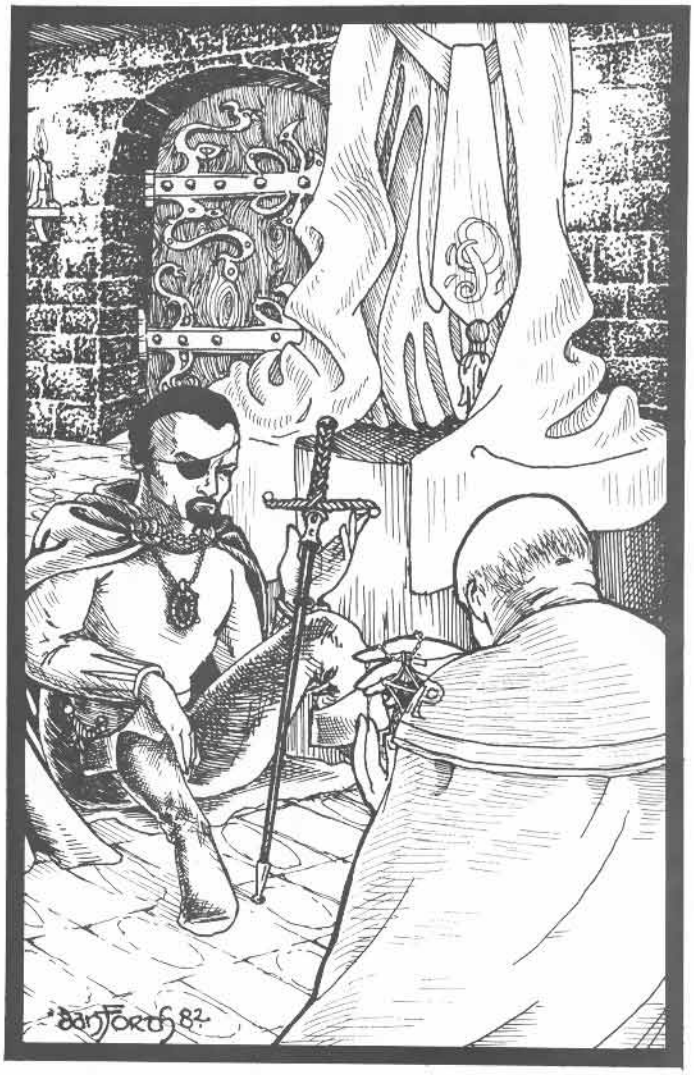
SCENARIO SUGGESTIONS

Scenario 1. Ferraz is caught cheating in a card game, and in the ensuing fight, kills the son of a local noble. Cerrasan uses his influence with the various nobles to hush up the incident and avoid an unpleasant scandal for the Temple. However, the boy's father finds out that his son's killer is hiding out in the Temple and hires the adventurers to go in, bring him out, and serve him up for execution. Naturally, Cerrasan will try to prevent this.

Scenario 2. A local magistrate has been trying to get evidence concerning Cerrasan's fencing operation, but he's being hampered by political red-tape (the result of Cerrasan's inside contacts with city nobles). The magistrate hires the adventurers to get hard evidence that the priest is indeed a fence. He may also want evidence on the allied nobles, which may bring in more opposition than the adventurers bargained for.

Scenario 3. Shandar Pottop has been praying avidly to Putrexia for vindication of his faith. To his utter joy, he gets it – the young priest finds himself blessed with the power to heal! He promptly spreads the news that Putrexia has so honored him all over the City. This brings new life to the Temple as various people take up the faith or merely come to be healed. Naturally, with all these people running all over the place, Cerrasan's fencing activities are severely disrupted. The leader of the local thieves warns the High Priest that the young Shandar must be dealt with or all deals are off. Cerrasan hires the adventurers to come up with a plan to discredit Shandar, or failing that, to discretely get rid of him. What Cerrasan doesn't know is that Shandar has been genuinely visited by the Goddess and that she will aid him (in very subtle ways, e.g. affecting Cerrasan's bodyguards so they will "happen" to protect Shandar, making the young priest invulnerable to weapons by circumstance and peculiar improbabilities, etc.).

The Temple of Putrexia is designed to fit comfortably in your game without disturbing any pantheon of deities already in existence. However, if you wish to use Putrexia more actively or replace her with a deity of your choice, feel free to do so. Also keep in mind that the Temple can function simply as a place where adventurers can be healed, seek auguries, etc. Thieves can also avail themselves of the services of Cerrasan to sell their loot.



The Palace of Peaceful Repose



In a quiet sector of the City stands a rather small building, somber in coloration and design. A sign hanging from the front of the establishment reads "Palace of Peaceful Repose, Alhandra: Proprietor". Alhandra provides the service most adventures hope they'll never need.

The cost of a funeral service at The Palace of Peaceful Repose is determined by the type of casket desired. Suggested prices are:

Canvas shroud: 10 g.p.	service: 15 g.p.
Pine box: 20 g.p.	service: 30 g.p.
Hardwood box: 40 g.p.	service: 60 g.p.
Ornate hardwood box: 100 g.p.	service: 150 g.p.
Silver box: 10 (gold) × corpse's weight	service: 150% of casket price
Gold box: 100 (gold) × corpse's weight	service: 175% of casket price

It is possible to simply purchase a casket, without a service at the prices listed. Cremation is also available at a cost of 20 gold pieces plus the price of the casket desired. An urn for the ashes is provided at no additional charge.

Visitors' hours for those who wish to pay their respects are in the evening. They begin one hour before dusk, and end some four hours later.

LAYOUT

A. Front Yard. A 3' high, wrought-iron fence encloses a small yard in which various flowers grow. A gravelled path leads from the gate in the fence to the front door of the mortuary. Two thick frosted-glass windows are set into the north wall of the building. They are very difficult to break and do not open in any manner. To the west of the building, a narrow cobbled driveway runs back to a courtyard which adjoins the "garage" (area G).

B. Vestibule. A 6' × 6' area, walled with more frosted glass. The door on the south wall of the vestibule is never locked. On this door is a sheet of parchment giving the identity of the deceased currently "on display".

C, D. Wake Rooms. The wake and service are held here. The floor is carpeted; lighting is subdued and indirect (the result of magic, which can be detected). The dearly departed is laid out in his or her casket as indicated. Chairs and kneelers are provided for visitors; a guest book and charity box are set up near the entrance to the room (so guests who are literate can sign in and/or make a contribution to a charity favored by the deceased). Small envelopes are provided by Alhandra for charitable contributions in the dead person's name.

E. Business Office. *(8' × 16').* A small, somber room in which arrangements for services are made and money is paid. Payment is in advance and Alhandra places the proceeds in a box in his desk, in a drawer that is lockable[4]. Once or twice a week he deposits these proceeds with a local money-lender. A curtain in the east wall of the office leads to the workroom.

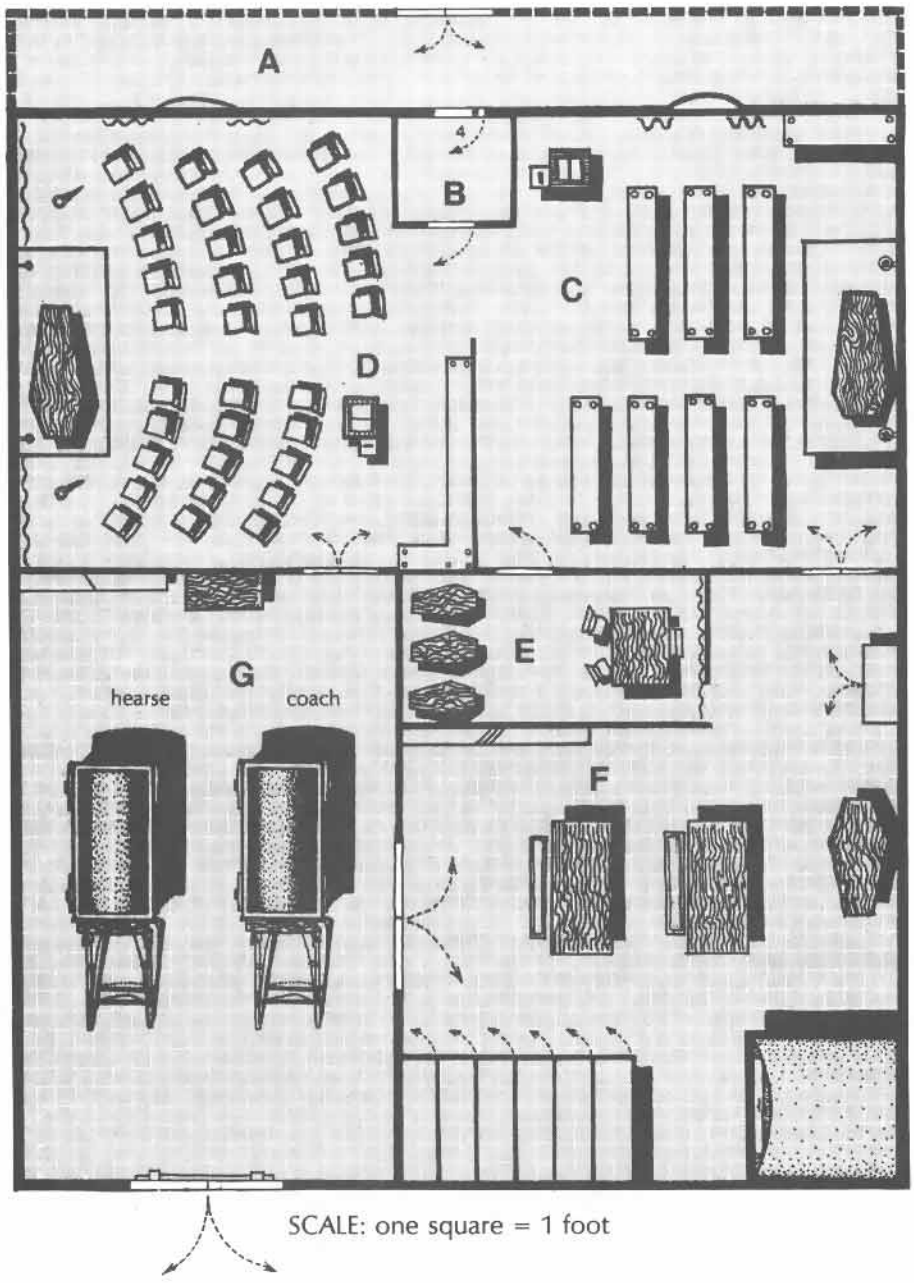
F. Workroom. *(32' × 26')* A body storage cabinet

against the south wall has the capacity to hold 6 human-sized corpses. Two workbenches with blood troughs are in the center of the room.

Against the east wall is a cabinet containing jars of embalming fluid and various cosmetics and wax for making the deceased look better than he or she did while alive. Alhanda only embalms the corpses of individuals killed by disease; otherwise, he merely drains the blood from the body.

In the southeast corner of the workroom is the cremation oven. It is capable of holding two caskets simultaneously, and the flame is provided by a fiery demon bound into the oven.

The large double doors on the west wall lead to the "garage" (area G).



G. Garage. *(32' × 24')* This is where Alhandra's hearse and a coach for the family or friends of the deceased are kept. The hearse is 8' long (not counting tongue and traces), painted with black lacquer and containing frosted glass panels in its sides, through which the casket can be seen. Alhandra himself drives the hearse; it is usually drawn by six coal-black geldings stabled elsewhere in the city.

The mourner's coach is very nicely-appointed with black exterior and red-velvet interior. Red velvet curtains provide privacy for the family in their hour of grief. It is designed to be very comfortable. Transportation to and from the funeral services is included in the cost of the service. The mourner's coach is driven by one of a number of hirelings.

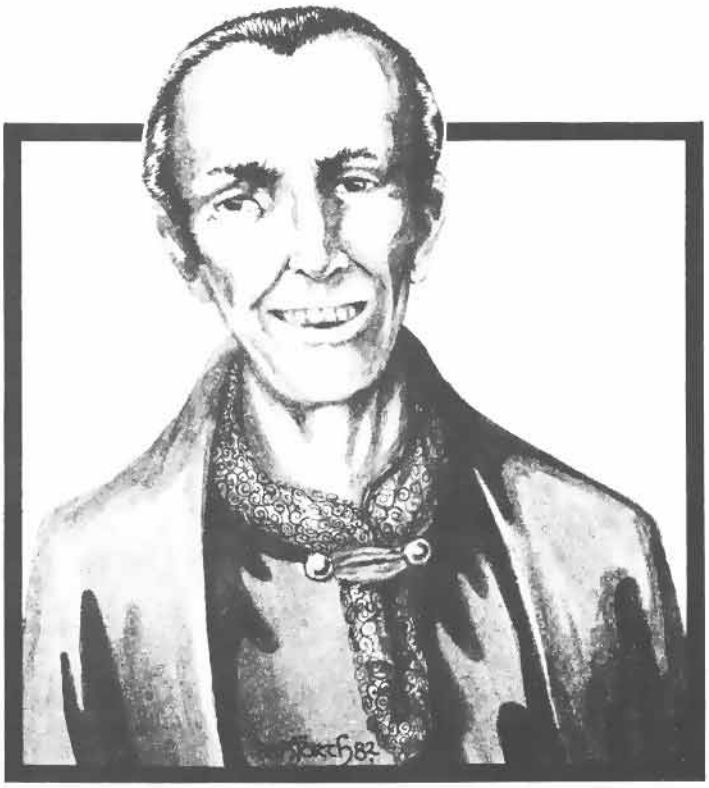
The doors on the south wall lead to the courtyard out back and are barred from the inside.

PERSONALITIES

Alhandra. *Ht: 6'2". Wt: 185 lbs. Age: 38. Fighting Prowess: very good with sword; otherwise average.*

Alhandra is a tall, dark, lithe fellow with a slight pallor to his features. He moves about freely during the day, so all suspicions about his being a vampire have been allayed. He is *not*, in fact, a vampire. However, he *is* a sneaky cheat, necrophile, and resurrectionist. His hand, when shaken, will feel cold and clammy; his voice is always even and full of sympathy. His attire is always black, his short hair is greased back so it shines, his teeth are perfectly even and white, and his smile is sincere. His black eyes never look into those of a customer.

Alhandra is not above looting valuables from the dead (this usually happens as the casket is wheeled from the workroom to



Alhandra

the garage). If a cremation is desired, he may very well substitute a canvas sack for the good hardwood coffin that was paid for; if a body is in good shape, he might save it to sell to local necromancers.

Alhandra is very good at cosmetic work on his "clients". Graverobbers detest him because of the competition to sell bodies to those with a use for them, but his skill with a sword discourages any attack on him from such disgruntled ghouls.

The Cremating Demon. This inhuman creature of living flame works for Alhandra for its room and board. It is apt to view intruders in Alhandra's workroom as a warm snack!

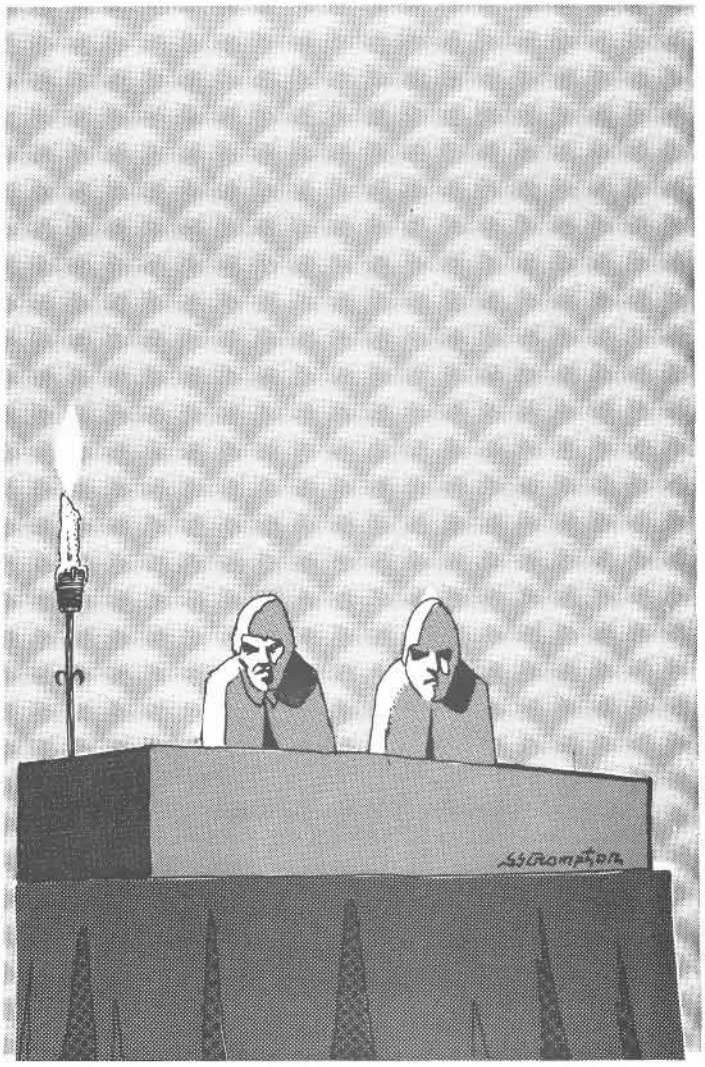
SCENARIO SUGGESTIONS

Scenario 1. A piece of jewelry which was supposedly buried with a corpse turns up in a local shop. There is no indication that the grave has been robbed, so characters are hired by someone to determine if the mortician is stealing from the dead.

Scenario 2. Alhandra's latest client is an unknown body discovered in a barn or cellar; there is hardly a trace of decay on it. (The adventurers may even discover this corpse themselves.) The body is actually that of a vampire which awakens while the characters are in the mortuary.

Scenario 3. The party discovers that Alhandra is supplying bodies to a nobleman (for either diabolic experiments or strange carnal encounters). The party might attempt to blackmail the mortician or the noble. *Or,* fearing that this might happen, the noble or Alhandra could hire assassins to dispose of the party.

Alhandra's various vile habits can also engender any number of scenarios. The mortuary might even provide a place where dead adventurers can go out with a modicum of dignity (or maybe a wild wake!).



McKinley Cemetery



Cemeteries can be the place of a peaceful sleep after a long life – or the last rest of the overly adventurous. But on the grounds of McKinley Cemetery there is life–and unlife–remaining!

McKinley Cemetery is located in the older part of the City. It was once located on the outskirts of the City, but as buildings grew up around it, they still maintained a respectful distance. Although still in use, the cemetery is quite old and has fallen into disrepair. Trees are dying and rank weeds grow among the ancient tombstones.

A large graveyard surrounds several mouldering crypts and buildings; all are, in turn, surrounded by an 8′ high grey stone wall with a single entrance. Beside these two rusty iron gates hangs a sign which reads "McKinley Cemetery – We Have The Best Rates In Town." The cemetery gate is unlocked early every morning for those wishing to pay their respects to the dead, and for those inquiring about the cemetery's services.

Considering the condition of the cemetery, prices at McKinley's are quite reasonable (100 gold pieces for a single plot; 300 for a private crypt). Headstones and memorial statues are available for an extra fee. These are well made, and the statues are reasonably lifelike.

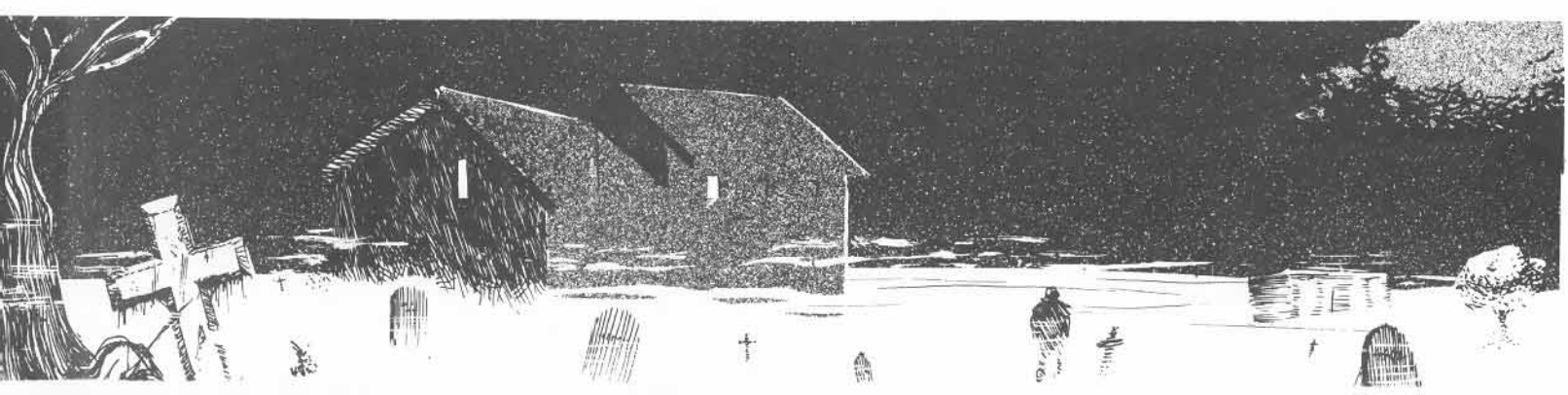
LAYOUT

A. Office / Workshop. *(10′ × 10′)* This is where Stumpy (see *Personalities*) makes arrangements for burials, and carves headstones. In the front of the office is a paper-cluttered counter and chairs; signs with prices and guarantees, and a map of the cemetery hang on the walls. All money received is kept under the counter in a small locked[4] chest.

Behind the counter is a small work area with tables, stools, stone-cutting tools, and statues in various stages of completion. Small pieces of stone litter the floor, and a thick film of grit and dust covers everything.

B. Stumpy's Quarters. *(10′ × 12′)* The spartan atmosphere of this kitchen/bedroom is somewhat relieved by the many statuettes scattered about on tables around the room. Stumpy carved them in his spare time, and they are worth about 10 gold pieces each. In the southeast corner of the room, under his bed, Stumpy has stored his life savings (about 300 gold pieces).

C. Dr. Cosum's Crypt. *(10′ × 8′)* Within this stone crypt, Dr. Cosum (see *Personalities*) tries to manipulate cosmic forces. To this end, Cosum has converted the crypt into an arcane magical "power plant."



In the center of the crypt stands a large crystal pyramid on a round dais. Positioned around the pyramid are polished silver mirrors. The mirrors reflect and channel elemental forces towards a mirror in the center of the west wall. Other arcane and magical devices are scattered throughout the crypt. The room glows with a strange orange hue; a dull, throbbing noise emanates from the walls.

Dr. Cosum is building this "Cosmic Emanation Converter" to open a gate and free a servant of "The Dark Ones". By controlling the servant, Cosum plans to gain great powers and favor in the eyes of the Dark Ones.

A trapdoor in the northwest corner of the crypt opens to a tunnel which leads to the study of McKinley Manor.

D, F, G. Crypts. These are other crypts currently erected in the cemetery; only G is unoccupied. McKinley, the dwarf who was the previous owner of the cemetery, is entombed in Crypt D with several of his relatives. Stumpy remembers McKinley with great fondness, and can relate that the dwarf died suddenly from a strange sickness about two years ago.

E. Knell Crypt. *(8′ × 12′)* Jessica Knell, a vampire, was entombed here. With the help of Dr. Cosum she has transformed the crypt into a luxurious apartment. Draperies, fine furnishings, and statuary decorate the crypt, but do nothing to dispell the macabre atmosphere of the room. In the southeast corner is Jessica's coffin. In the northwest corner, a trapdoor opens on a tunnel which leads to Dr. Cosum's study; the trapdoor can only be locked[5] from inside the tunnel.

McKinley Manor *(70′ × 40′)*

The Manor is an ancient two-story stone house that was built when the cemetery was opened. It faces out towards Cosum's crypt.

The path that winds through the cemetery passes by the manor. A smaller path leads to the main entrance: two large oaken doors covered with deep carvings of bizarre and grotesque monsters. A brass doorknocker in the shape of a gargoyle is attached to the lefthand door. The doors open into the entry room (H).

Dr. Cosum spends his time here studying and trying to contact the Dark Ones. Rumors abound concerning the house and its inhabitants.

Ground Floor.

H. Entry Room. *(23′ × 18′)* Once used as a parlor for visitors and guests, the entry room has gone unused since Cosum's arrival. Few guests visit Dr. Cosum, and even fewer depart. The furniture in this room was of the best craftmanship, but is now worm-eaten and decayed. An old dust-covered harpsichord and bench sit in the northeast corner. Mouldering tables, draperies, and a couch fill the rest of the room. Stairs lead to the second story.

I. Ballroom. *(26′ × 18′)* Unlike the entry room, the ballroom is frequently used by Dr. Cosum and Jessica (she enjoys a late night dance). The wooden floor is scarred and not particularly dirty, although the furniture and drapes are little more than rotten lengths of cloth. Cosum can call forth music from thin air, and sometimes the room seems filled with dancers.

The ballroom is two stories tall; a balcony marks the second floor hallway.

J. Main Dining Room. *(26′ × 13′)* A long table with high-backed chairs fills the room. Here, Cosum and his household eat their meals and discuss the day's events. Scraps of food and bones litter the floor. Candles on the table and cobweb-covered hanging lamps give off a little light.

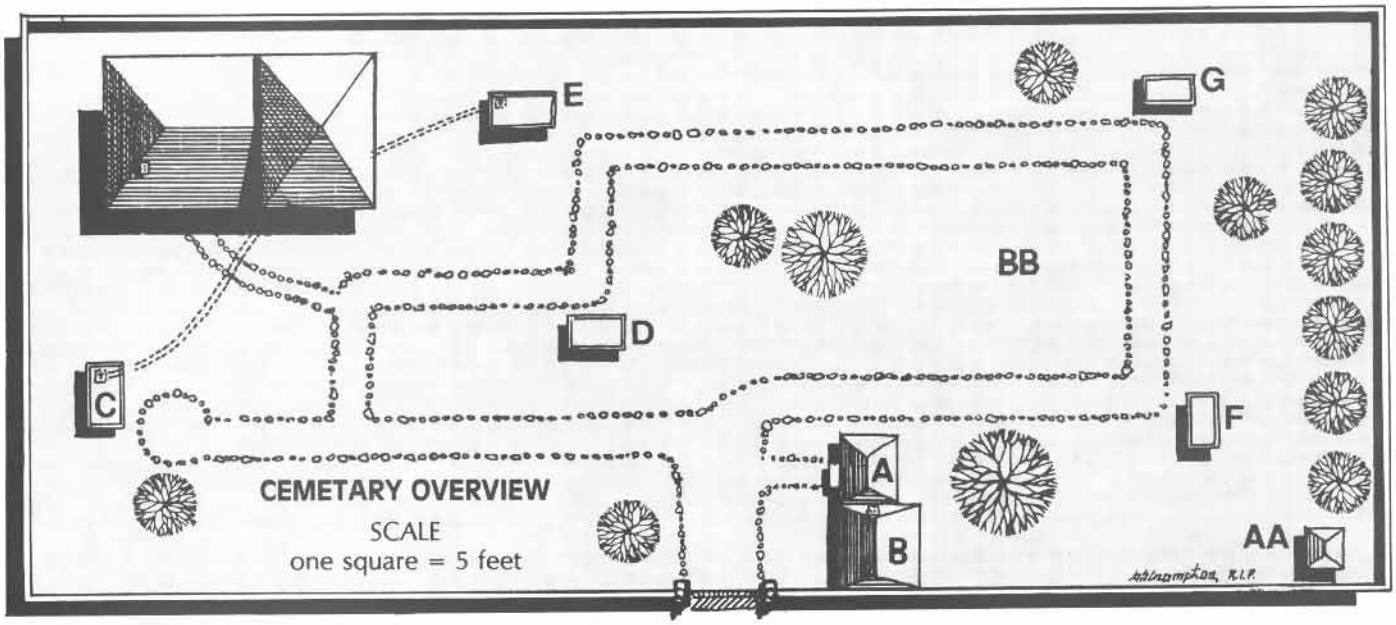
K. Privy. *(4′ × 6′)* A tiny room with suitable facilities. The door can be latched[1].

L. Kitchen. *(12′ × 26′)* Farfir cooks meals for the household in here. An oven, tables, cupboards with various utensils, and even an icebox are found here. (Cosum magically provides the ice.)

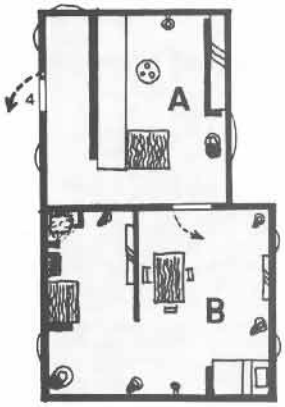
M. Storage Room. *(8′ × 10′)* A small room stocked with foodstuffs and wines for the kitchen.

N. Guest Room. *(18′ × 8′)* After one attempt on his life by mages concerned with the "balance" of the world, Dr. Cosum realized he should have guards around the house. When two burly mule-drivers drivers died and were scheduled to be buried in the cemetery, Cosum chose instead to resurrect the bodies.

The undead guards wander the house, able to recognize only the residents. They are likely to attack on sight any strangers in the house, unless Dr. Cosum has "introduced" them first. This room is where the guards "rest" when they aren't on patrol. They never leave McKinley Manor.



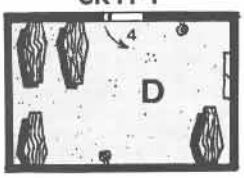
OFFICE / WORKSHOP



CRYPT



CRYPT



CRYPT



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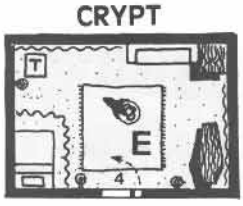
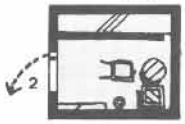


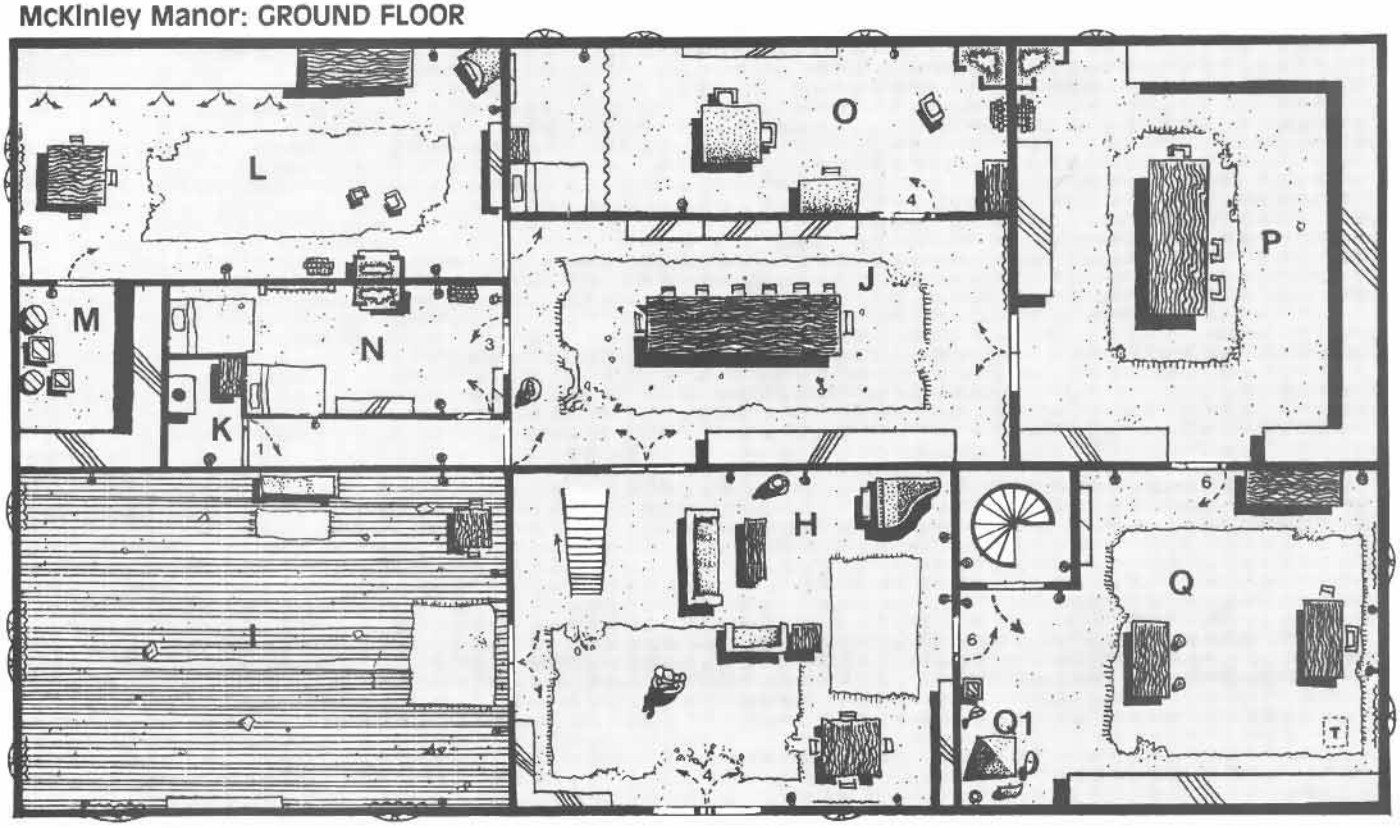
SCALE
one square = 1 foot

balcony rail
wheelbarrow
pyramid with mirrors
harpsichord

TOOLSHED
AA



McKinley Manor: GROUND FLOOR



O. Farfir's Quarters. *(26′ × 9′)* A dark, incense-filled room that seems somehow different from the rest of the house. The furniture is carved from a soft buttery stone that glows dimly. Strewn about the tables are tools and instruments for complex astrological calculations. On the walls are charts and maps written in an ancient language. The contents of the room were transferred here from the caverns that Farfir lived in many years ago.

P. Library. *(19′ × 22′)* The library has a musty, stifled feel to it. This is where Dr. Cosum and Farfir study ancient tomes and grimoires that may further their work. Sagging bookcases cover the walls; dusty chairs and moth-eaten rugs fill the room.

Q. Dr. Cosum's Study. *(18′ × 22′)* Cosum allows no one else in this room but Jessica, who usually comes up through the trapdoor after dusk. The desk and shelves are cluttered with sketches, books, and notes dealing with the gates which may free the Dark Ones. The doors here are always locked[6].

In the southwest corner (at Q1) is a smaller version of the device in Cosum's crypt. This prototype does not work and is only used for spare parts. In the northwest corner is a concealed spiral staircase that leads to the second floor. A trapdoor in the southeast corner opens to the two tunnels that lead to Crypts B and D.

Second Floor

R. Main Corridor. *(6′ × 40′)* The stairs from the entry room (H) lead here. This is merely a hallway that stretches from the front to the back of the building. The floor is wooden; there are windows at each end of the corridor. Old paintings of the McKinley family – all dwarves – line the walls.

To the southwest, the corridor forms a balcony over the north and east of the Ballroom (I).

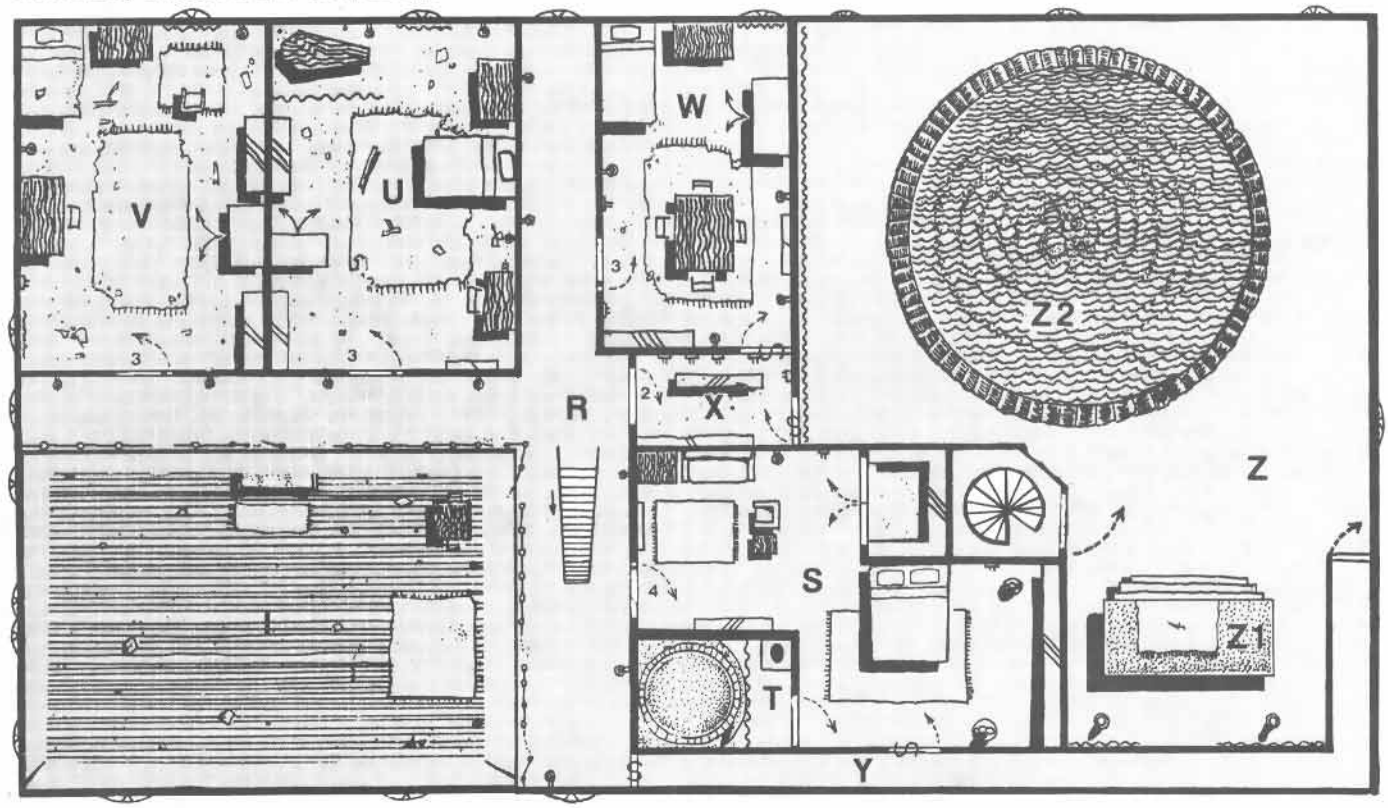
S. Master Bedroom. *(16′ × 22′)* Dr. Cosum sleeps in this room, which is nicely appointed with a large double bed, rich tapestries, plush rugs, and several soft chairs. Statues of grotesque creatures "decorate" the room. The furnishings here are newer than those through the rest of the Manor, and the room has a more opulent, less decayed feel.

In the northeast corner of this room is a large walk-in closet.

T. Master Bathroom. *(8′ × 6′)* A large bath made of marble is this room's most striking feature. A chamberpot, cupboard, and some small paintings are also in here.

U, V, W. Guest Rooms. None of these rooms has a regular occupant. The rooms tend to be dusty and filled with cobwebs; the furniture is worm-eaten.

McKinley Manor: UPPER FLOOR



Room W is in slightly better repair, for when one of Dr. Cosum's acquaintances or colleagues shows up, this is the room he or she will be given.

Room U was chosen by Jessica as a place to keep her spare coffin. She does not use it with any regularity, as she usually stays in her crypt.

X. Linen Closet. *(5′ × 8′)* Unlit and mostly unused, this closet is thick with dust. The secret doors permit Dr. Cosum to "look in on" guests in room W. The hall door is usually locked[2].

Y. Secret Corridor. Known only to Cosum, Farfir, and Jessica, this passage leads to the Altar Room (Z). Secret doors are hidden in the north and west walls.

Z. Altar Room. *(30′ × 38′)* This is a large, sepulchral room. Here, Cosum and Farfir perform their greatest magics and make sacrifices to induce the Dark Ones to return to this universe and claim dominion over all. A foul, dank odor permeates the air; adventurers who enter this room will feel oppressed by the timeless evil abiding here. Carved in and painted on the walls are ghastly runes in an unearthly language.

Three steps lead to a large marble slab *(9′ × 4′, marked Z1 on the map)* on which is laid a red velvet cloth and a curved silver dagger. On the floor beside the altar stand tall candleholders. Filling the rest of the room is a round pool *(18′ in diameter, Z2 on the map)* brimming with a strange multi-colored liquid. Its depth appears unfathomable.

If a Dark One (or one of their servants) is summoned, the pool will glow and bubble. When the invocation is completed, a monstrous creature will leap from the pool. Anyone standing on the steps of the altar will be safe – but the creature will grab all others and disappear back into the pool. Only those on the altar steps can communicate with the creature.

Cosum and Farfir use this room when the planets and stars are in the correct alignment. Though Jessica knows of the room, she rarely comes here.

The Graveyard

AA. Toolshed. *(5′ × 6′)* Contains spades and other tools for digging graves and caring for the grounds. It is not much used except by Tym, who is trying to improve the appearance of the cemetery.

BB. Graveyard. *(350′ × 150′)* The grounds are littered with gravestones too small to be represented on the map. The grounds are poorly kept and have seen far better days. Evidence of care comes mostly from gravesites visited by the kin of the deceased, and in those areas which Tym has tended.

PERSONALITIES

Stumpy Hatfield. *Human. Ht: 5′5″. Wt: 180 lbs. Age: 56. Fighting Prowess: good with hammers, daggers, or spears; otherwise fair.*

Stumpy, the main caretaker and headstone carver for the cemetery, is a grizzled and jolly old coot. He's been working at McKinley Cemetery for the last 20 years, and enjoys it.

Stumpy worked for the cemetery when Campbell McKinley owned the place, and remembers, "He just up and died one day. As soon as we buried him, Dr. Cosum bought the place." Stumpy knows very little about Cosum, except that he's doing some strange research.

Stumpy spends most of his time in the office/workshop carving stone statuettes; he is very proud of his work. He will sell his stone carvings to adventurers, haggling over price in a good-natured way. He'll also haggle over the price of a headstone (prices being based on size and type of stone desired).

Tym Orstum. *Human. Ht: 6′4″. Wt: 190 lbs. Age: 20. Fighting Prowess: good with pickaxe; otherwise average.*

Tym is the gravedigger at the cemetery, and what care the grounds get is done by him. He is a hard worker, but there is a lot to be done.

Tym is from the northern lands and doesn't speak the local language very well, but he loves to hear stories and will buy drinks for adventurers in return for tales told. For his own part, he can tell parties about the strange things he's seen and heard – noises from the crypts, strange mists, and another gravedigger who disappeared suddenly.

Tym is extremely polite, friendly, and loyal to Stumpy. He often hangs around Stumpy's office, practicing the language and beginning to learn stone-carving.

Dr. Cosum. *Human. Ht: 5'11". Wt: 165 lbs. Apparent Age: about 29. Fighting prowess: very good with throwing daggers; otherwise average. Magic Ability: excellent; C1 – C7.*

Dr. Cosum is a tall, thin man who owns McKinley Cemetery. He does not concern himself with running the cemetery as a business, and lets Stumpy take care of things.

Cosum keeps to himself and his research, and is rarely seen at the cemetery. He wears one-piece red or white suits and black capes with high collars. He also wears a brass ring in the shape of a snake around the middle finger of his right hand. This ring protects him from any magic – however, it works only when he's on the cemetery grounds. For this reason, he never leaves the cemetery. He is very secretive, and with some justification believes other mages are trying to destroy him. His voice is a nasal monotone that drips contempt when speaking to all but his close friends (of which there are few).

Cosum bought the cemetery two years ago, after McKinley's mysterious death. His only interest in the place is the fact that it is a natural focal point for the cosmic emanations of this world. Cosum plans to control these forces and become the most powerful being on the planet, cleansing the world of all human life in preparation for the return of the Dark Ones.

Dr. Cosum's lover is a vampire. He spends most of his free time with her and enjoys her company. So far he has avoided becoming a vampire himself, though he sometimes considers the possibility. If he must choose between her or his dream of power, he'll always choose power.

Jessica Knell. *Human vampire. Ht: 5'2". Wt: 100 lbs. Age: died at 23; has existed 400 years since then. Fighting Prowess: very good.*

Jessica is Dr. Cosum's lover. She has deep blue eyes and curly strawberry-blonde hair; her beauty and wide-eyed innocence belie the fact that she is a vampire. She must avoid sunlight and has an aversion to holy objects. She casts no reflection. She is very loyal to Cosum and will fight to the death for him.

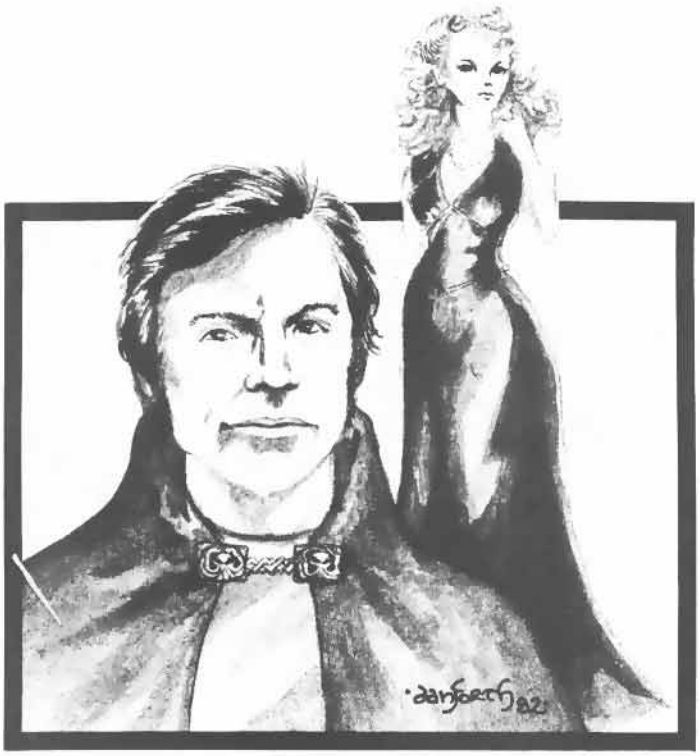
Through a complicated deception, Jessica managed to have herself exhumed and moved here after the town where she had been buried was destroyed by a plague. She lives in Crypt D and travels through the secret tunnel to McKinley Manor. She always wears slinky lowcut dresses, which Cosum prefers.

Farfir. *Human. Ht: 5'7". Wt: 160 lbs. Age: 63. Fighting prowess: average.*

Farfir is a morose, white-haired old man who walks with a perpetual stoop. His hands shake uncontrollably when he talks.

Once a great wizard, Farfir lost his powers in a mages' battle many years ago. Cosum was his assistant then, and saved his life; in return, Farfir passed on his knowledge in the wizardly arts to Cosum and became his devoted friend.

Farfir assists Cosum in his quest for the return of the Dark Ones, and sees it as the completion of his own life's dream. He is more readily accessible than Cosum, as he buys all the supplies for Cosum's household.



Cosum and Jessica

SCENARIO SUGGESTIONS

Scenario 1. Stumpy is concerned about a mysterious death. There appears to be an active vampire roaming his graveyard (surprise! it's Jessica). He hires the party members to investigate. They could be hired as night watchmen (guarding against grave robbers); if there is an unusual

amount of work to be done, they could be hired as night shift gravediggers. They, too, could encounter Jessica, and a party member might be vampirized. Stumpy can come up with keys to each crypt except for Cosum's; if Jessica is discovered in her coffin, she can flee down the trapdoor into the Manor. If followed, there is Cosum and the undead guards to confront.

Scenario 2. A Benevolent Power from an alternate universe has sensed Dr. Cosum at work. The Power wishes to thwart the Doctor's plans but cannot take a direct hand, and so inspires or instructs the adventurers to interfere with Cosum.

An additional twist could include Tym as the spy of a great mage equally concerned with Cosum's plans (or equally inspired by the Power). Tym and the party could combine forces, or confused communications could set them against each other.

On the other hand, the mage might wish to acquire Cosum's powers, and Tym could be working to secure the magics for his employer. If so, Tym would not welcome interference from the party.

Scenario 3. A magician was recently buried in McKinley's Cemetery with some pomp and a fair amount of commotion: the gravesite was protected by a curse, and the coffin was enclosed in an iron box rigged with unknown traps. Guards were also hired to watch for graverobbers, for the mage feared these above all else.

Dr. Cosum paid no attention to this until he discovered he required the Amulet of Wer-Teer to further his work. After much research, he learned that the Amulet was owned by a certain mage – and that mage had just died, and was in fact buried in McKinley Cemetery! Dr. Cosum believes the Amulet was buried with the mage, and, while buying off the guards is no trick, Cosum himself will not brave the trapped and cursed grave. He hires the adventurers for this task.

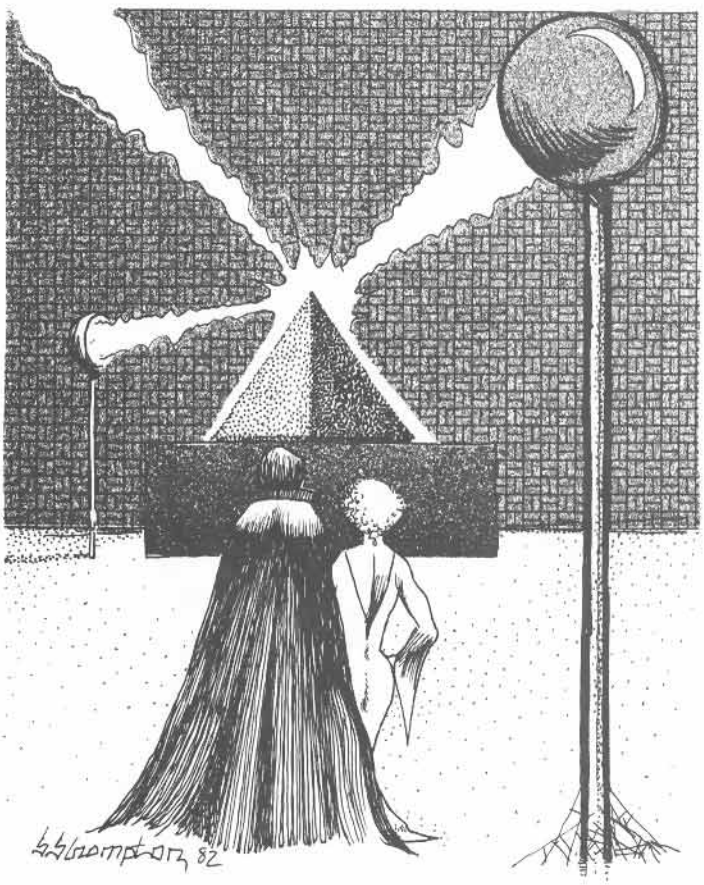
The curse is engraved on the mage's tombstone; truly terrible verse, it reads:

Dig for me and beware
Flanknor's curse will take care
Of those who will tempt my wrath
They'll drown in a bloody bath.

Cosum doesn't know precisely what it means, but offers each adventurer an enchantment: a spell that will protect a character from each of the elements (earth, air, fire, and water). The spell lasts only one night, and Cosum can cast only one spell for each element, and only one to a person.

There is no real "curse" on the mage's grave. The final trap is what the tombstone inscription refers to: a firetrap. When the coffin lid is opened, a striker will spark and ignite a cache of flammable liquid, igniting the coffin and its contents – and presumably the graverobber(s) ... especially if the inscription has led them to protect themselves from a water trap.

McKinley's Cemetery is nearly a complete scenario adventure all by itself, as opposed to the "stage-settings" more commonly found in this CityBook. A little variety for the GM, the Cemetery should provide thrills and chills for any adventurers able to tackle the sinister Dr. Cosum. Many more scenarios can be devised, and even if the Manor was "closed down" by one group, the dimensional gate could still be a crack in the universes, permitting a servant of the Dark Ones to slip through – terrorizing the City and demanding the services of some very capable adventurers to turn back! A cemetery may seem a dull place, but the adventurers may be surprised by the lively – and deadly! – situations they could find themselves in.



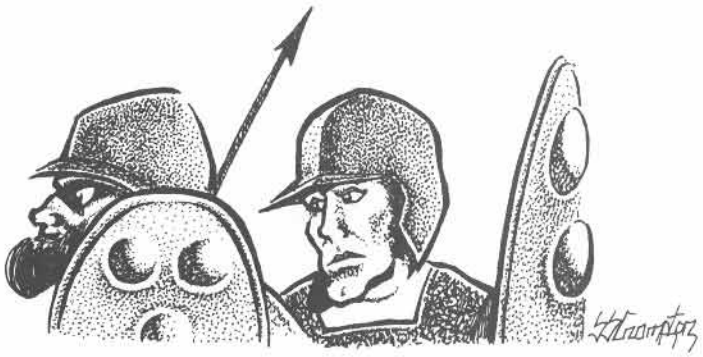


An adventurer's life is a harsh one that demands quick and decisive action. A veiled threat may hint of trouble to come, and is best dealt with immediately – violence is a solution that comes easily to mind and often permanently solves a problem. Survival is the only law of the adventurer, but at times survival by violence is in direct conflict to the laws of mankind.

Skilfin Barracks serves as the base for the soldiers who keep peace in the City. Their adventures take place in streets and alleys that seem, to them, no less dangerous than the trap-laden corridors of ancient temples. Bummingham Jail is the place where adventurers can be held until they can readjust to life among their own kind. Transgressions against the law cannot be tolerated, and time in the jail serves as a splendid reminder of this fact.

An adventurer's life may be full of danger, but his methods of dealing with it are not restrained artificially. A city, with its rules, regulations and means of enforcement, may prove more taxing to a character than any quest.

Skilfin Barracks



When trouble strikes the streets of the City, the men of Skilfin Barracks respond to the challenge.

Skilfin Barracks houses a contingent of about 100 City Guardsmen who maintain order in the City. They patrol the City streets in groups of 2 to 6, investigating any suspicious activity and quelling violence. How quickly the Guard responds and how they deal with malefactors depends both on the circumstances involved and how you, the GM, wish to play them.

Guardsmen patrol on foot. However, if a large-scale disturbance should break out (e.g. a riot), horses would be available for them. Guardsmen are fairly competent fighters, and are both well-armed and recognizable. They wear mail; guardsmen not equipped with pole arms would probably carry shields.

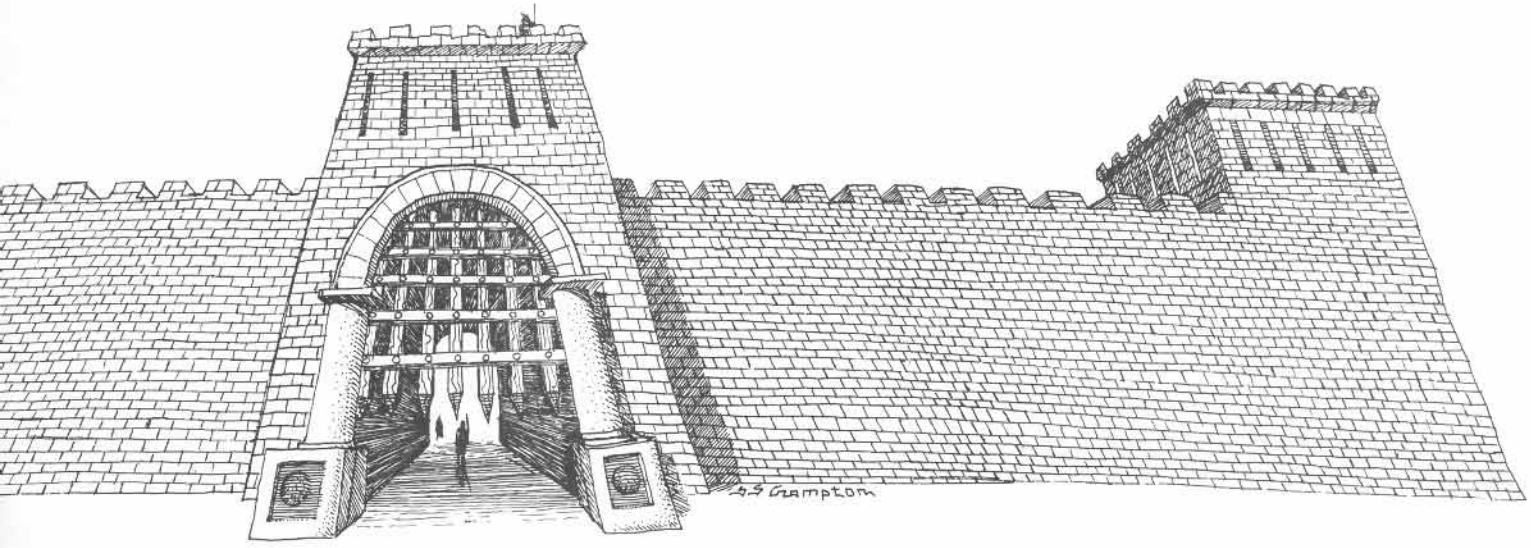
Skilfin Barracks is *not* a jail, though there is probably one located nearby. Several such barracks would be scattered throughout a good-sized city.

LAYOUT

Skilfin Barracks is a well-fortified building of thick stone, 125′ across and 90′ long. The walls are 12′ high; a 10′ wide rampart runs around the building. At each corner of the building is a tower which rises an additional 10′ above the walls. The roof of each tower is an observation post, and at least one guardsman is on duty there at all times. A large tower, 12′ high, 20′ × 14′, sits atop the arched entryway into the barracks.

A. Entryway. *(14′ × 20′)* An arched "tunnel" leads into Skilfin Barracks. At each end of this tunnel is a heavy portcullis which can be raised or lowered from the Main Tower (A1). In the east wall of the tunnel is a door that leads to the Main Office of the Barracks (B).

A1. Main Tower. *(14′ × 20′)* Above the entryway is a 12′ high tower. It is reached by a flight of stone stairs located in the courtyard of the barracks. These stairs run up to a door in the west wall of the tower. Doors in the east and west walls of the tower lead out to the ramparts of the barracks



building. There are 5 arrow slits in each wall of the main tower; between the slits are racks for arrows, bows, pikes, etc. The roof of the tower is reached by a spiral stone staircase in the center. This staircase ends in a heavy wooden trapdoor which can be closed and barred from inside the tower.

In the northeast and southeast corners of the tower are the winches which control the portcullises that block the entryway. The north portcullis is lowered after midnight, but the south portcullis is open at all times (except during an attack). Two men are needed to raise a portcullis (using a winch), but only one to lower it (simply throwing a catch on the winch).

The roof of the Main Tower is always manned by two guardsmen. On the roof is a movable scorpion (one-man catapult) and a pile of rocks for ammunition. The Roof also has a large bell for giving alarm or calling out the Guard.

B. Main Office. *(20′ × 20′)* This is where Guardsmen check in and out, and make any necessary reports. It is also where citizens come to report disturbances or request aid. Master Sergeant Vage usually mans the office during the day; any one of a number of corporals takes over at night.

The room contains a large desk and chair, and several benches. There are "wanted" posters on all the walls. A large stone cabinet in the southeast corner holds the Barracks records and Guardsmen's reports. The window in the north wall is about 5′ from the floor, and barred from inside.

C. Captain Zegro's Office. *(20′ × 18′)* A large, nicely-furnished office where the Captain of the Guard handles administrative matters, requests for protection, and so forth. The window in the wall is barred. Shelves in the Captain's office hold additional records and reports, etc.

D, F, K, M. Corner Towers. *(20′ × 20′)* The ground-floor door leads to the nearest barracks room; it cannot be locked. Around the walls are racks of weapons, and in fact these lower rooms serve as the guards' basic armory. In the center of the room is a spiral staircase of stone which leads up to the rampart level of the tower.

The rampart level of the tower (located directly above the room designated on the map) has two doors leading to the ramparts; these doors can be barred shut in an emergency. There are 5 arrow slits in each wall, and more armament is stored at this level. The spiral staircase continues up to the roof of the tower. This staircase exits through a trapdoor in the roof which can be shut and barred from inside. On the roof of the tower is a large alarm bell, and a small ballista.

E, L. Barracks. *(18′ × 60′)* These two areas are the Guardsmen's quarters; each room contains 22 bunk beds. Barred windows (6′ from the ground) provide ventilation. There are also a few small tables where off-duty Guardsmen can chat, dice, drink, and so forth. Between the bunks are wall racks for weapons.

G. Privies. *(35′ × 10′)* These facilities are merely a row of stalls. Three tiny barred windows in the north wall (7′ from the ground) provide ventilation. The privy area is kept clean by selected Guardsmen.

H. Mess Hall. *(40′ × 32′)* Guardsmen eat and pass the time in here. There are set mealtimes for the different Guard shifts. The quality of food is about what one would expect from a military organization (i.e. one step below palatable, but nourishing).

I. Kitchen. *(16′ × 22′)* This is where food is prepared for the Guard. Hearths and ovens are located in the northeast and northwest corners; worktables, chopping blocks, spice racks, and so forth are scattered throughout the room.

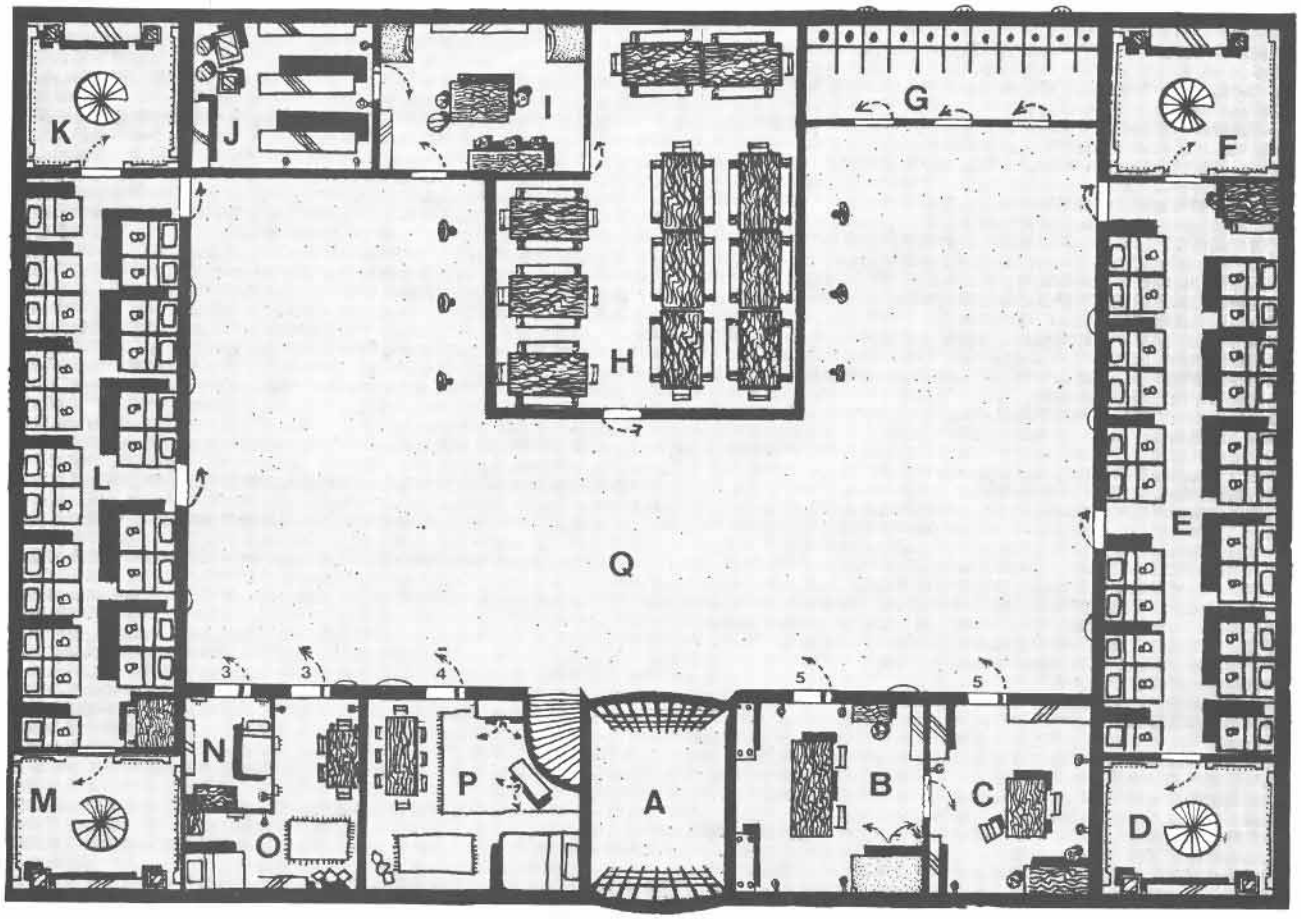
J. Kitchen Storage. *(16′ × 20′)* Food and water for the guard is stored here, along with odd bits of other equipment. The door is usually locked[1].

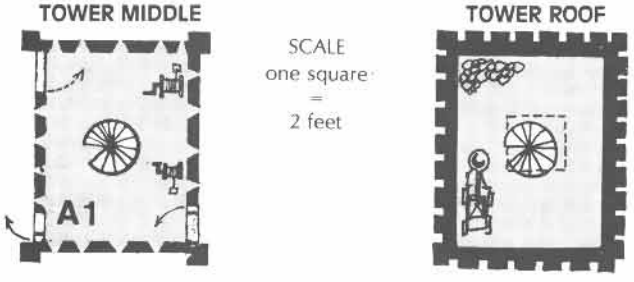
N. Sgt. Tharn's Quarters. *(10′ × 12′)* This small room is the quarters of Jevro Tharn, the Sergeant-at-Arms. It is a spartan room, with a single bed, a small table and chair, and wall pegs for clothes.

O. Master-Sgt. Vage's Quarters. *(20′ × 20′)* This is a nicely-appointed room where Master-Sergeant Grom Vage resides. In the southwest nook is a four-poster bed; the room also contains a table with four chairs, and a well-stocked liquor cabinet. Wall pegs hold Vage's clothes and armor. Hung on the east wall is an ornate tower shield with two broadswords crossed behind it.

P. Captain Zegro's Quarters. *(20′ × 22′)* This is a large, sumptuously-furnished room, with carpeting, a long dining table, several cabinets, and a large armoire. A huge bed sits against the east wall.

Q. Courtyard. *(60′ × 94′)* The interior courtyard of the Barracks is where the Guardsmen drill,





practice fighting techniques, and lounge around on sunny days. The yard is packed dirt; there are "practice dummies", hacking posts, etc. scattered about. Against the south wall of the Courtyard area is a stone stairway which leads leads over room P, up to the Main Tower.

PERSONALITIES

Captain Orlando Zegro. *Human. Ht: 6'1". Wt: 190 lbs. Age: 41. Fighting prowess: good.*

A tall, wiry man, Captain Zegro has brown eyes, dark hair, and a heavily-waxed moustache. He is less concerned with administration of the Barracks than he is with his numerous *affaires d'amour.* Zegro is a rake and a libertine of the first order. He believes his position is beneath him, but it does provide him with a good income and plenty of opportunities for his romantic escapades.

Zegro will only be present in the Barracks 40% of the time. He is almost certain to flirt with any attractive female. Zegro is also a lover of art, and has several nice paintings and statues in his quarters.

Master-Sergeant Grom Vage. *Human. Ht: 5'10". Wt: 200 lbs. Age: 48. Fighting prowess: very good.*

Vage is a chunky fellow with blue eyes. His hair and beard are sandy-brown with touches of grey; his manner is that of an old veteran who knows his stuff. Vage came up through the ranks to become Master Sergeant, and cherishes his position.

Vage thinks Captain Zegro is an idiot. He runs the Barracks himself, making it a point to know the name and face of every Guardsman in the Barracks. Vage has a wide-ranging network of informants throughout the City. He is the bane of the underworld; time and again, the criminal elements of the City have made attempts on his life. He is

definitely a law-and-order type and none too fond of adventurers.

Vage enjoys a good card game, and hosts at least two a week in his quarters. He also enjoys liquor, though he does not overindulge. He and Sergeant Tharn are good friends.

Sergeant Jevro Tharn. *Human. Ht: 6'0". Wt: 175 lbs. Age: 36. Fighting prowess: excellent.*

Jevro Tharn is a tall, lean man with a dour look. He is clean-shaven, with short-cropped black hair, and grey eyes. As Sergeant-at-Arms, he is in charge of training the Guardsmen. He is an expert with a wide variety of weapons, and is also a superb tactician.

Unknown to his friend Sergeant Vage, Tharn also has a nice little graft scheme going on the side. Various thieves and criminal organizations in the City pay Tharn for both information and limited protection (sending patrols to the wrong end of town, etc.). Tharn's spartan manner of living gives no clue to this extra income, but he has a nice pile salted away for retirement. Despite this corruption, Tharn is a conscientious peace officer and is well-liked in the City.



Jevro Tharn

Guardsmen. As GM, you should personalize any Guardsmen (or Barracks workers) as you see fit. Their fighting prowess should never be less than average; most Guards should be in the fair-to-good category. Pay for an average Guardsman is 15 gold pieces a week.

SCERNARIO SUGGESTIONS

Scenario 1. The party discovers that one of Captain Zegro's paintings holds a clue to a rich treasure trove. They must somehow gain possession of the painting (or at least get a good look at it), which means getting into the Captain's quarters. Seduction by a female party member would, of course, be the easiest method. The GM must determine the nature of the clue offered by the painting (it could be a landscape, with a recognizable landmark such as a mountain or tower; a cryptic rune worked into the picture; or even a dimensional doorway which opens when the proper incantation is spoken).

Scenario 2. The adventurers inadvertently stumble onto the fact that Sgt. Tharn is dealing with thieves. To protect himself, Tharn frames one or more of the party for some crime. Adventurers must now extricate themselves from the frame and get hard evidence on Tharn as well.

Adventurers can also take jobs as City Guardsmen, if the GM chooses to make such available. In city-running, however, Guardsmen are most useful to to keep rambunctious parties in check. The City Guard is, in essence, the GM's "troops" in a city adventure. They can be both "cavalry" (saving a party or character from thieves, assassins, villains), and "foil" (tossing the characters in jail when they get drunk and rowdy). Guardsmen can also be useful sources of information, since they have an intimate knowledge of the city and its villains. As the front line in keeping order in the city, Guardsmen should be used imaginatively to heighten and augment the "real" feeling of your city.

Bummingham Jail

If delvers have been blowing off a bit too much steam in the city, or perhaps dabbling in petty larceny, a short visit to Bummingham Jail goes a long way towards restoring order.



Bummingham is a small jailhouse for holding minor offenders (vandals, petty thieves, those who ride warhorses into taverns, and so forth). A city would likely contain several such "holding tanks", with a large dungeon – the real thing! – for the truly nasty criminals.

Bummingham's capacity is no more than 100 prisoners. The longest sentence a prisoner could serve here would be 60 days. However, people are also held pending trial; depending on the speed of the judicial systems in your city, some characters might be incarcerated for a longer time. Bummingham is not a "hell-hole" – it is comparatively clean (swamped down twice a week) and kept in good repair. There are instances of rats and small bugs, but these are usually dealt with swiftly.

Basic Operations

ARREST. Anyone arrested is stripped of *all* personal possessions, except basic clothing. Weapons are generally confiscated at the time of the arrest. Confiscation and disposition of possessions take place at Sgt. Scudge's desk. Large weapons are put in one of a series of racks on the east, west, and north walls. Small weapons (such as daggers) are thrown in a common box beneath Scudge's desk. Armor is stacked below the weapon racks. All other articles (rings, books, etc.) are put in burlap sacks and go to the Sheriff.

All possessions are inventoried and tagged with the name of the owner. If a character does not wish to give up an item (e.g. a mage with a grimoire), the character might try to bribe someone to overlook it. Success depends on who the bribe is offered to, and how much is offered (see Personalities). Under no circumstances will anyone be allowed to keep weapons, armor, or obviously magical devices. To smuggle something into the jail, a character must have an exceedingly clever or magical hiding place.

If the character arrested has never been in Bummingham before, he will be taken into the Sheriff's office for a brief interview before being locked up. If by chance the Sheriff is out, the prisoner will be locked up and will go through this interview when the Sheriff returns.

Several guards always watch prisoners under arrest. Violent prisoners will be knocked half-silly by guards and clapped in irons (and they'll have yet another charge filed against them). Once a prisoner passes the initial confiscation/interview procedure, he will be led off to an appropriate cell.

VISITING PRISONERS. Visitors must receive permission from the Sheriff and stand for a search. Weapons will be confiscated until the visit is over. Smuggling a weapon into the jail cells is an offense; any such attempt which fails will cause the visitor to be arrested. Suspicious items will also be confiscated (glowing rings, wands, etc.). Visiting hours are from noon until dusk.

MEALS. Prisoners are served two meals a day: one at sunrise, and one at sunset. The sunrise meal is hauled over by two youngsters from a nearby inn on an oxcart. The sunset meal comes in the same manner but the innkeeper's daughter brings it. Meals are served in wooden bowls by the turnkeys (see *Personalities*) and are handed through slots in the cell doors. The food is of very low quality; ptomaine poisoning and terminal indigestion are both possible. Water is available from the turnkeys as well.

KEYS. The turnkey on duty has a set of keys to all the cells and to the northmost door of Area E. One identical set of these keys is kept in the safe in the Sheriff's office.

Sgt. Scudge has a key to the southmost door of Area E and the Main Door of the Jail. These are on a peg on the wall behind his desk. Again, the Sheriff has the only identical set, which is kept on one of the shelves in his office.

Only the Sheriff has a key to his own office and to the safe there; he carries these with him always. If he is out, he gives the office key to Sgt. Scudge.

LOCKS. All cells have either stout oak doors, banded with iron, or bars of strong iron. Each cell has a very good lock[5]. The safe in the Sheriff's office has an excellent lock[6]. The doors on either side of Area E, the main doors, and the door to the Sheriff's office are also oak with banded iron and have very good locks[5].

ATTACKS AND / OR JAILBREAKS. In the event of an attack, the main doors and the doors of Area E are all locked and barred. These doors have iron brackets and are barred with 3' thick stout oak timbers. The Area E doors are barred so prisoners cannot escape from the cellblock; the main doors are barred so that attackers cannot get in from outside the jail. (GM: this is Standard Operating Procedure, *if* possible.) The windows of the Sheriff's bedroom and the Guardroom have iron shutters which can be closed and barred. These shutters and the main doors have arrow ports to permit crossbow fire. All the windows have bars. Bummingham's guards can move very quickly when attacks or breaks occur.

PRISONERS. To the Sheriff, a crook is a crook and female prisoners are treated *exactly* the same as male prisoners. Female prisoners are never placed in cells with men. The large cell in the southwest corner is used as a holding cell for women, whenever a group needs to be housed.

HOURS OF OPERATION. Bummingham's doors are locked from midnight to sunrise, or from about 3 a.m. to sunrise on festival days and weekends. The only way to enter the jail when it is closed is to be arrested.

LAYOUT

A. "Reception" Area. *(30' × 30')* Lit by hanging lantern on a chain. Benches are placed along the walls for visitors or people on business with the Sheriff. On a busy Saturday night in the city, the Reception Area is loaded with drunks. Numerous "wanted" posters dot the walls.

In the northwest corner is Sgt. Scudge's desk, where prisoners are processed and their possessions confiscated. There are at least two guards with loaded crossbows standing nearby whenever a prisoner is "processed." Another loaded crossbow is out of sight, but within Scudge's reach.

The north door leads to Area E and is always locked[5]. A small, barred peephole in this door permits Area E to be viewed from the reception area. On the west wall is a curtained archway leading to the Guardroom (Area D).

B. Sheriff Oxnard's Office. *(16' × 20')* Lit by a candle chandelier hanging in the center of the room. A 2'×3'×4' iron box with a large padlock[6] sits near an ornate wooden desk against the north wall. This is a "safe" where valuable items belonging to the prisoners or others are kept. A large chair is behind the desk.

On the wall behind the chair is hung a tower shield, with two greatswords crossed behind it. Though apparently ornamental, both the shield and swords can be pulled down and used very quickly.

On the west and south walls are shelves which hold numerous scrolls and record books, along with the jailhouse files and some odds and ends. In the center of the east wall hangs a large oil painting of a young man in golden plate armor who bears a greatsword. This was the Sheriff in his younger days. Numerous "wanted" posters are scattered throughout the office.

C. Sheriff Oxnard's Quarters. *(10' × 15')* A large four-poster bed fills the eastern half of the

room, and there is a small wooden table and ornately-carved chair in the western half. In the northwest corner is an armor mannequin on which the Sheriff hangs his plate. Shelves containing personal belongings are on the south wall. There is a barred window in the south wall.

D. Guard Room. *(16′ × 30′)* There are 5 bunk beds in the guardroom. A large round wood table surrounded by several chairs fills the center of the room. There are weapons racks on all the walls, filled with a variety of crossbows, pikes, halberds, swords, etc. There is a barred window in the south wall.

The usual duty shift is 10 guards. Four to six of these guards will usually be dicing or playing cards; the rest will be sleeping in bunks, swapping stories, having a drink or two, and so forth. They will hear and respond to any commotion in Area A through the curtained arch in the east wall.

E. Passageway to Cellblock. *(10′ × 10′)* This small passage is lit by a hanging lantern. It is simply a short corridor through which prisoners are taken to their cells, but it also provides a stopping point for the jailers to look over anyone trying to leave the cellblock. The door in the north wall contains a small peephole with a sliding panel over it. Entering area E, guards open this panel when they have a new prisoner and yell for the turnkey to open the door.

F. Cellblock. There are 18 cells in Bummingham, divided into different types according to function. Cell ceilings are all approximately 10′ high and (except for the interior cells) have small barred windows 8′ up from the floor. The windows measure 2′×2′; the bars are 6″ apart, and are set a good 2″ into the stonework at top and bottom. The cells have no lighting, but prisoners can usually latch onto a candlestub or something for this purpose. The corridors of the cellblock are torchlit and are usually somewhat dim and smoky.

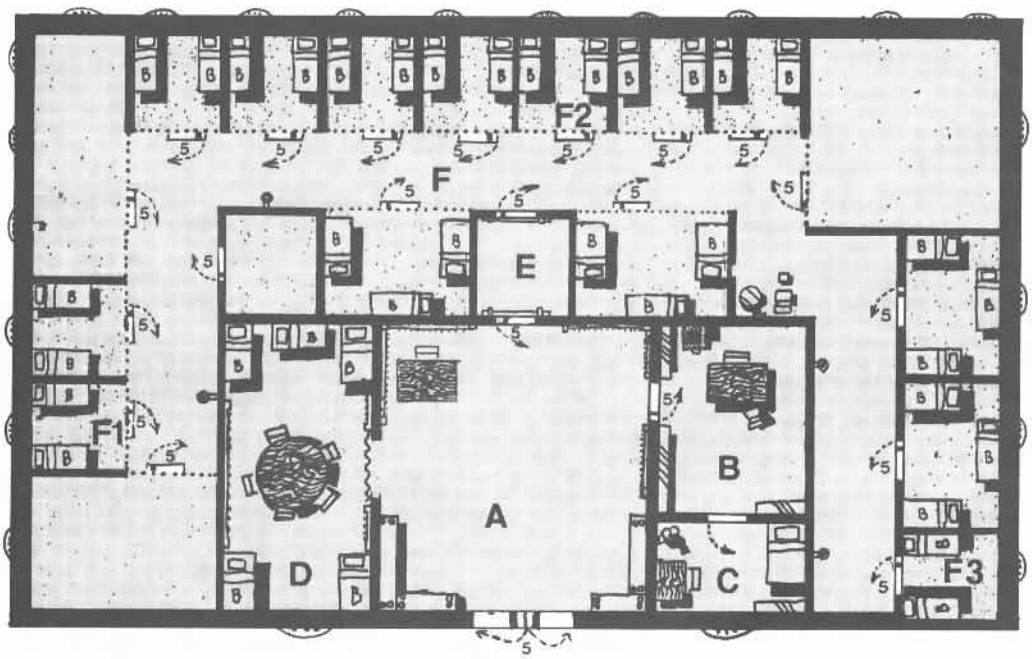
The turnkey is lord and master of the cellblock. When he is on shift, he and he alone is constantly there. The turnkey sits in the area just north of room B. In this area is a chair with a foot-stool, a large waterbarrel with tin cups, a niche in the west wall for personal possessions (wine jugs, lunch, books, etc.), a peg on the south wall on which the cellblock keys are hung, and a common oil lantern for light.

The three large corner cells are common cells. Anywhere from five to twenty prisoners may be kept in a common cell – and maybe more on a really wild weekend night. These cells are merely large bare rooms with bars. There are small heaps of straw and rags here from which prisoners can create makeshift beds. The sanitary facilities consist of four large oak buckets. Only short-term prisoners would be put into a common cell (drunks and other troublemakers, mostly).

The smallest cells are 10′ × 10′ and house up to 4 prisoners. Each has two bunk beds and a single oak bucket for facilities. Like the common cells, these have iron-barred doors. Long-term prisoners are kept in these cells.

The larger 10′ × 15′ cells were designed to hold up to 6 prisoners each. They have three bunk beds and two oaken buckets. Unlike the other cells, the two on either side of room E have stout wooden doors and thus are "private". These cells are mainly used for gentry or nobles who are arrested while "slumming". These cells come equipped with a few candles. They are also kept cleaner than most other parts of the jail.

"The Box" is a 10′ × 10′ cell with a stout wooden



SCALE: one square = 2 feet

door and is used for violent prisoners or those who need a "lesson" in manners. Any prisoner in the Box is either chained to the wall or hung by the wrists from the ceilings. There are no facilities, no meals, and no visitors for prisoners in the Box. Anyone, male or female, who violently resists arrest or insults the Sheriff or Sgt. Scudge will usually wind up in the Box for at least a day.

Special Circumstances in the Cellblock

F1. There are two very loose bars in the window of this cell. They could be pulled out by a sufficiently strong character.

F2. This cell contains a tunnel which was started some years ago by a prisoner. The prisoner died in a fight with a new cellmate and the tunnel was never finished or discovered. It is located under the bunk next to the east wall, beneath a loose flagstone. It goes down about 4' and then heads north about 3'. Two more feet of digging would bring a prisoner outside the walls, but of course the prisoner would still have to dig upwards about 4' to escape.

F3. This cell has a large crack in the corner of the southeast wall. With the proper equipment this could be battered through in about 3 minutes, although the noise would almost certainly be heard, and acted upon by the jailers in less time.

THE TURNKEY makes irregular rounds of the Cellblock about once every hour. However, he is sometimes late or early; his presence (or lack of it) cannot be counted on by prisoners planning a break.

PERSONALITIES

Sheriff Oxnard. *Human. Ht: 6'2". Wt: 250 lbs. Age: 53. Fighting prowess: excellent with greatsword; otherwise very good.*

The Sheriff has sandy brown hair and a beard, but no moustache. His eyes are a slaty grey; his nose has obviously been broken several times and he has minor scars on his face and hands. He is gruff, with a commanding manner of speech. He is very strong, scrupulously honest, and very good at his job.

Sheriff Oxnard always wears a much-battered suit of plate armor that has a dull-gold hue. In times of trouble, he will grab one of the two greatswords from the wall in his office.



Sheriff Oxnard

Oxnard was something of a hero in his youth, but his fortunes waned after he married a lady of the city who shortly thereafter ran off with a dashing thief. He detests thieves for this reason and will deal very harshly with any thief that mouths off at him.

The Sheriff keeps a very careful eye on all wanted posters and has an 85% chance of recognizing a wanted man. He interrogates all new prisoners briefly for this express purpose.

Anyone who attempts to bribe the Sheriff will wind up in a cell immediately, as will anyone caught trying to bribe any other guard. Oxnard is a fair man and will brook no ill treatment of prisoners – unless they deserve it.

Despite his size, the Sheriff can move very quickly. He eats his meals three times a day at any one of three local inns. He takes an hour's constitutional every night at dusk, and he visits a certain broad-beamed courtesan twice a week.

Oxnard will be in the jail 95% of the time.

Sgt. Scudge. *Human. Ht: 5'8". Wt: 165 lbs. Age: 42. Fighting prowess: very good with crossbow; otherwise average.*

Scudge has long, dirty brown hair, beard, and moustache. His eyes are vicious, and he has a jagged scar behind his left ear. Scudge is cynical, cunning, and utterly corrupt. He can be bought 75% of the time, if the bribe is at least 500 gold pieces. He is chief deputy of Bummingham and handles all processing of prisoners. He always reeks, being totally unconcerned about hygiene. He drinks cheap brandy almost constantly but almost never appears to be drunk.

Scudge wears mail and a steel cap; he carries two daggers, a short sword, and a lead-weighted baton. He will steal from prisoners if he is sure the Sheriff won't catch wind of it. Since he has slyly cultivated the Sheriff, any prisoner accusing Scudge of theft should have hard evidence to back it up. He is also capable of making a prisoner "disappear" if he can profit from their disappearance. He likes to boss the guards, and few of them like him. He is in the jail 75% of the time. If he is out, one of the guards will handle the processing of prisoners.

Kovar the Rat. *Human (barely). Ht: 5'3". Wt: 140 lbs. Age: 38. Fighting prowess: poor.*

Kovar the Rat is the night turnkey, working from nightfall to sunrise. He is a short, scabrous wretch with beady black eyes and snaggly teeth. He has thin white hair and is usually half-shaven. He has a hideous, squeaky laugh and wears filthy rags and a leather cap. Beneath the rags he wears leather armor which is in awful shape (half normal protection).

Kovar has a pet rat, a large, ugly grey creature which he calls Sweet Irene. He constantly speaks to this rat in an insane babble that can be quite unnerving. The rat rides on his shoulder when he is in the cellblock, but he shoves it inside his clothes when he leaves (the guards would kill it if they saw it). The rat will attack anyone who tries to harm its master.

Kovar is mean-spirited and likes to withhold water from prisoners. If a prisoner taunts him overmuch, or tries to harm him or Sweet Irene, he is not above slipping poison into the prisoner's food or water. Kovar owns a dagger, but does not carry it in the cellblock.

Hegum Mord. *Human. Ht: 5'9". Wt: 115 lbs. Age: 68. Fighting prowess: poor.*

Hegum is the day turnkey, working from sunrise to nightfall. He has thinning salt-and-pepper hair, a long, thin beard, and bright blue eyes. Hegum is a kindly, gentle old man who never withholds water from prisoners and sometimes even brings extra rations to them from home. He is an excellent source of local legend, city rumors, and tall tales from the good old days because he loves conversation. He carries no weapons and wears no armor.

Guards. All guards are average to good warriors; personalize them as you see fit. Most guards have a 25% chance of being bribed with 100 or more gold pieces, depending on what the briber desires. There are three different shifts of guards a day.

Prisoners. Again, this is left to the GM. Prisoners can be any type of person, but most will be petty criminals or drunks.

SCENARIO SUGGESTIONS

Scenario 1. Someone serving time in Bummingham has information the party needs. They must get to this person and negotiate for the information. This may mean a jailbreak, a bribe to Scudge, etc.

Scenario 2. Several adventurers wind up in Bummingham and find themselves embroiled in a mass break engineered by a vengeful Thieves' Guild or a local bandit chief seeking to free his men. The party could throw in with either side (depending on the GM's presentation), with appropriate consequences.

Scenario 3. A party member winds up in a cell with a very mysterious prisoner (insane mage, disguised assassin, famous outlaw, etc.). This person befriends the character and involves the party in some dangerous mission when both are released.

Bummingham Jail can provide any number of scenarios, as well as just being a convenient device for curbing those characters who like to run hog-wild in any situation. You might want to develop other people and places to go along with the jail (i.e. the inn where the meals come from, Sgt. Scudge's home, etc.). You could also enclose the jail with a wall to make it harder to enter, or set up adjoining buildings for a rooftop raid. Use your imagination and you could turn those rowdy rogues into a very law-abiding group indeed!

Scenario Connections

If you have several of the establishments from this CityBook in one city, you could use them in unusual combinations. To get you started, we've given you a few "connected" scenarios we came up with.

Scenario 1. Someone falls in love with Sweet Nell and buys a Love Candle from Gillian for her. Something is wrong with the candle – it is quite strong, and when Sweet Nell burns it in the shop, its power is infused into the bread and rolls made that day. This should yield a temporary "love" between people who share a meal with this food, or patrons of Slimon and the salmagundi magnate. (Imagine a half dozen characters, male and female, vying for his favors ...) This Cupidian comedy could take place between people wherever food is served and consumed.

Scenario 2. The Steel Gazelle dies, probably at the hands of an angry lover. Her body is turned over to Alhandra, who substitutes another body for hers in the coffin. The coffin is buried in McKinley's Cemetery while Alhandra keeps her body for sinister purposes. Professor Fyber can hire the delvers to steal her body for his banquet (without revealing his purpose), and Vishina's father can show up to punish the killer and recover the body for burial elsewhere. Imagine everyone's surprise when she isn't there...

Scenario 3. The Warlord who has wronged the Smith at Findar's takes the royal suite in the Grey Minstrel Inn. He plans to hold a feast to celebrate his recent conquests, and demands that the Inn prepare a meal of Kogenese White Fox stuffed with spiced Phoenix. Boomer and Torm turn to the Rumpchunks and ask the butchers to obtain both the fox and the phoenix meat.

The Rumpchunks hire Toots O'Neill to go on the phoenix hunt; a GM may wish to game out the hunt as another adventure. Once Toots kills a phoenix, she must carve meat from it and place the meat into a magic box from Kolat's that will prevent the meat from combusting. Once she can get the meat back to the Inn, it will be used to stuff the foxes so they cook from the inside out, leaving the fur undamaged and flavoring the meat with phoenix (and Dian Rumpchunk's sauce).

As can be imagined, the success of such a banquet will reflect very well on the butchers, leading the Warlord to perhaps hire them as his personal butchers. It will also reflect well upon the Inn and Toots' skill as a hunter. A great deal is riding on the success of the mission.

Toots arrives back in town with the meat in the box. Because the box is magical, it is the target of a theft. The adventurers could have been hired to guard the box (and hence are on the scene of the theft), or they are hired to find the magic box before someone opens it to see what is inside and allows the meat to combust. If such a thing were done in a wooden shack like the Sleaz Brothers', that whole section of the city might become an inferno. (Did Wilbur steal the box?)

Many of the *CityBook* NPCs can be worked into this plot. Dimsom Rumpchunk could mince some phoenix to put into "hot" sausage for Slimon's Salmagundi Wagon. Crunge could have seen the theft and have a clue to where the box is. (The smart GM would have a witness remember the crime taking place as the tower struck 3:00...) Kolat could want his box back, and the thief (or thieves) could take it to Cerrasan Cerisian. "Crazy" Ool could be used to transport the box before the theft (or after its recovery). Idaya Trueshaft might want some phoenix feathers for the fletching of magical "fire arrows".

Of course, the characters could steal the magical box. And don't forget what might happen if the Smith decides to crash the banquet . . .

Scenario 4. Alex Brashman (from the Bellmen's Guild) is bathing at the House of Lavation. He sees a guard from the Barracks there, and notices the guard has a tattoo in the shape of a skull with a dagger driven through it. Unbeknownst to Alex, the tattoo is one given to pirates who crewed with Slimon Rood. Alex begins to add the description of the tattoo to his "news broadcasts" as a joke; Slimon hears the news, and panics.

Slimon hires the adventurers to find and capture the tattooed guardsman – as a joke on an old friend, he tells them. The other guards are not likely to be amused by these antics.

The guards could get even with the Bellmen's Guild by refusing them protection at tax-time. Adventurers might be hired to either protect or harass the Bellmen's Guild as a result.

CityBook Master Index

The following folk appear in one or more of the CityBooks (I-IV). This is not an exhaustive index, so only the primary appearance of a character is given. The Roman Numeral in the reference relates to the specific CityBook.

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This Index was compiled by Paul Jaquays for CityBook IV: On the Road.



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