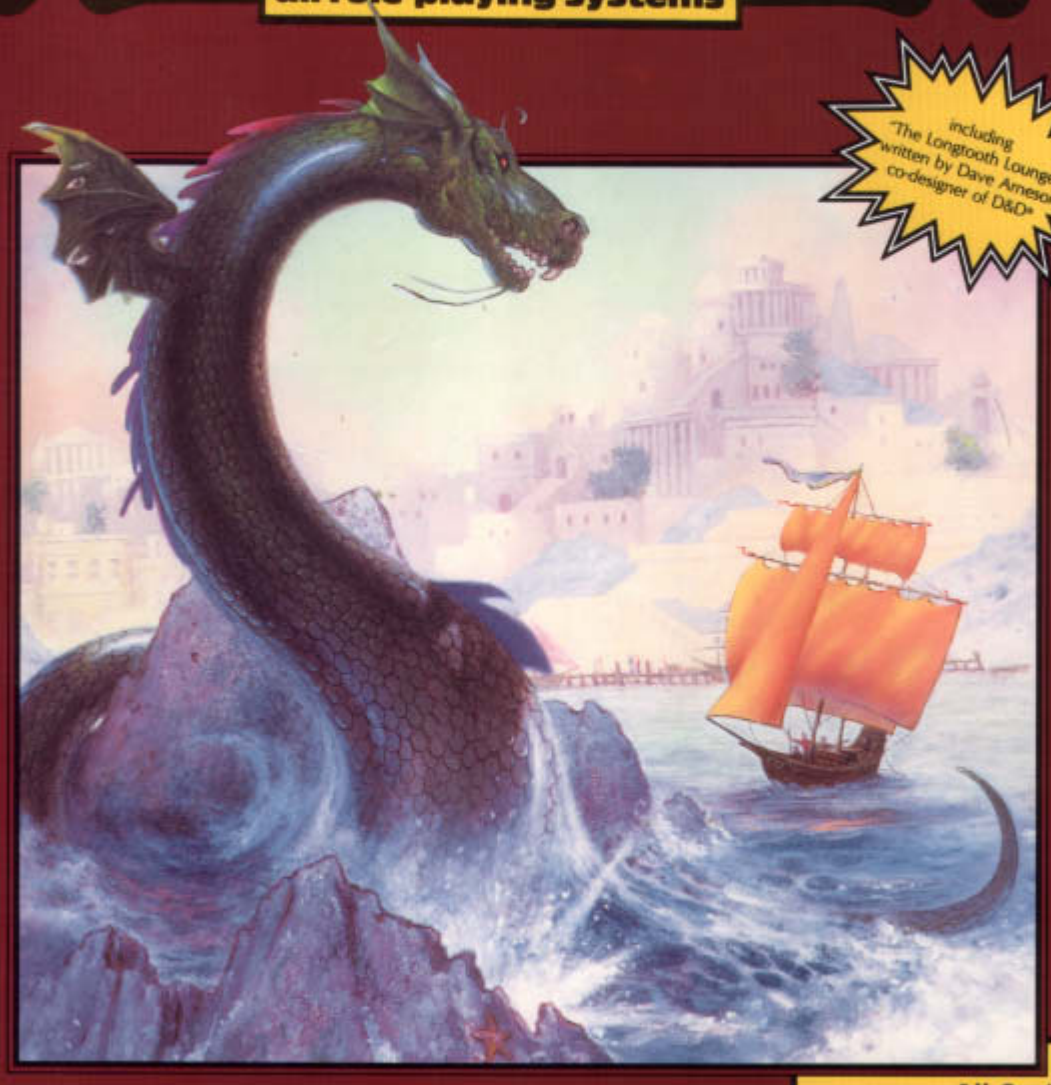
CITYBOOK™ II

Port o' Call

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



including "The Longtooth Lounge" written by Dave Arneson co-designer of D&D®

22 seaside businesses, over 70 fully developed non-player personalities, and more than 60 scenarios for use with any role-playing system

Produced by Flying Buffalo Inc.

All-System Catalyst Series™

8512

CITYBOOK™ II

Port o' Call

22
fully-developed seaside businesses
for use with any role-playing system
including over 70 completely developed
non-player personalities to interact with
player characters in over 60 suggested scenarios
for City adventures

edited by Liz Danforth and Michael Stackpole

front cover by Carl Lundgren

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Liz Danforth, Steven S. Crompton,
and Dave Helber

Produced by

TRADE™

a division of Flying Buffalo Inc.

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Second Printing June 1990

Printed in USA

ISBN 0-940244-71-3

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Introduction

Welcome back to the City! Finally, here is the new *Catalyst* tome, *CityBook 2: Port o' Call, a* collection of seaside establishments. How, you might ask, could a game company nestled in the heart of the great southwestern American desert do a collection of nautical businesses? It was easy. You have to remember that Phoenix was once on oceanside itself. Of course that was a long while back. . .before role playing, or games, or even people; and we were the *underside* of the ocean; but we decided not to let these problems daunt our effort. Besides, we recruited authors from all over the United States and Canada to submit establishments for this *CityBook,* in order to get a good overview of the situation.

So in your hands is the second *CityBook,* complete with new establishments and personalities to add color, depth and extra adventures to all your role playing games. *CityBook 1* was welcomed by players and Game Masters alike, and at Origins '83 it took home the H. G. Wells Award for Best Role Playing Supplement.

Thank you all very much. We certainly couldn't have done it without you.

With encouragement like that, a new *CityBook* couldn't be far behind. In these pages you'll find new businesses, complete establishments, and even a few ships. All have been fully described, have very detailed maps and are home to colorful NPC personalities your characters will enjoy interacting with. All the necessary information about how the business works and what services it performs is also listed. After each establishment are a number of scenarios centered around the business, from short adventures for a night's gaming to extensive missions that could form the centerpiece for an extended campaign.

As with all *Catalyst* books, everything is described in "generic" terms, that is without game system specific statistics. *CityBooks* are written to provide a variety of people, places and things for your games. It is up to you as the Game, Master to provide the numbers that will make those people, places and things fit into your particular world. The coding system is explained in the section entitled "GM Guidelines," yet you should feel free to modify or edit establishments as you see fit.

While the first *CityBook* tackled more everyday establishments an adventurer might visit, *CityBook 2* focuses on places an adventurer is likely to find in the worlds' crossroads: port cities. There's a shop specializing in maps and navigational charts, a gambling house where adventurers can try their luck at Octoshan, and the official Departments of Customs and Duties that might look poorly on the contents of an adventurer's luggage. There are ships aplenty: *The Golden Princess, a* lovely merchanter to haul cargo or passengers; *The Sweet Lady* built to hunt the infamous streakers; and the humble *Narwhal* suited to little jaunts up and down the coast. A water-claimed ruin in the harbor awaits investigation and a temple designed by committee is present for any adventurers who want to find religion, and are willing to pay for it.

In preparing this *CityBook* we discovered a number of colorful things about life in a port city, namely the unique language and culture that spring up there. Using the culture in gaming will help reinforce the difference between a port city or the wharf section of a city and the rest of the world. Having NPCs like Cap'n Bill use nautical jargon may force player characters to develop their social skills as well as they have developed their muscles. Not all these terms go back to medieval times, but many do - sailors are a conservative breed. Using these phrases and terms in games will give players a pretty good sense of the difference between seamen and landlubbers!

In a port city speed is spoken of in nautical miles per hour or *knots.* A nautical mile is 6080 feet in length, a *league* is three miles long and a *fathom* is six feet in depth. A person or ship moving swiftly is said to be *"carrying sail"* for some fairly obvious reasons.

Directions and common items have different names in a seaman's world. The front of a ship, the bow, is said to be in the direction *forward.* The *stern* of the ship is *aft* or to the rear of the ship. When facing forward, left becomes *port* and right becomes *starboard.* Port and starboard do not change with the facing of a person — the left of the bow is always port. An easy way to remember the difference between port and starboard is to remember "port" and "left" have the same number of letters in English. The area of a ship between the bow and the stern is *amidships.* On a ship the floors are *decks,* some walls are called *bulkheads,* round windows become *portholes* and doors become known as *hatches.* Ropes become *lines* and boats are carried on ships, not the other way around.

A *lubber* is a person who should stay on land. A *crimp* is someone who drugs and kidnaps lubbers to sell them to a captain who will attempt to turn them into sailors. A sailor who does his job well can look forward to a reward of grog, a 50-50 mixture of rum and water. A poor sailor may get watered grog, or *marooned* (left on an island outside normal shipping lanes), or *keelhauled.* Keelhauling is when a sailor is dragged under a ship from one side to the other. Spending that much time underwater has obvious dangers for an airbreather, and crusty critters like barnacles make the experience something to avoid at all costs.

Privateers are pirates who work for a government, preying upon the ships owned by that government's enemies. *Pirates* are true seawolves who stalk and take any prize on the high seas. A captured ship is stripped of valuable cargo, including ransomable passengers or crew, and then scuttled. Often the

crew accompanies the ship to the bottom of the ocean.

"Tell it to the marines" was an expression meaning "That's nonsense." It grew from the expression "That's fine for the marines, but the sailors will never believe it." Marines were the soldiers stationed on ships (or perhaps adventurers hired on??) and the sailors usually viewed them all as clumsy and stupid. *"Dead whale or stove boat"* is a colorful whaling expression meaning "do it or die." *"Don't amount to Hannah Cook"* is a reference to something inconsequential; it came from "a hand and a cook," a phrase referring to the crew of a very small ship. *Fiddler's Green* is sailor heaven, a place where women, liquor, and song are said to predominate. To make sure a sailor could pay the boatman to carry him from this world to the Green, many sailors wore an earring, the only piece of gold they could be certain would follow them into the next world if they got washed overboard and lost.

Ports and harbors have their own breed of "street traffic," and most of it is likely to be alien to the adventurers. In the City's harbors and drawn up on the beaches of the villages along the coast are numerous craft that comprise the fishing and harbor fleet. Fishing vessels range in size from one-man rowboats to coaster vessels like *The Narwhal.* Most are operated by their owners, though a few are leased or worked by hired crews. Smaller crews fish with hook and line while larger crews fish with nets. Fishing nets may be strung between two ships or between a ship and a buoy.

The harbor fleet is made up of a variety of vessels intended for differing purposes. The military and civil authorities own various small craft for patrols and transportation between the City and the fortresses that defend the harbor. The very wealthy own pleasure craft while some less fortunate folk live all their lives on the small boats that also serve as their work locations. City officials have their ceremonial barges. Small entrepreneurs own small boats used as "water taxis" for economical transport to and from ships in the harbor.

If the port is on a river's mouth, ocean-going vessels won't be the only traffic in the harbor. Barges, rafts, and skiffs come downriver carrying goods like timber, grain, and meat from inland towns and villages. Rafts are poled along by their crews, float downstream with the current, or are pulled by teams of men or animals walking along the shore. Long barges can be poled in a special way: one after another the boatmen carry their poles to the bow of the raft and push them into the river bottom. Leaning against the poles they "walk" to the stern, pushing the barge forward. Once they reach the stern they lift their poles out of the water and carry them to the bow to begin again. This action is usually accompanied by a lugubrious song to keep everyone working at the same pace.

Two last details need to be explained before you go on to the rest of the book. First, you will note two of the "establishments" are just people. Both are characters who are transient in nature, and therefore do not need buildings of their own. Both characters may be found in taverns frequented by adventurers and players should find them interesting.

Finally, we'd like to remind everyone about something mentioned in *CityBook 1* - something that evidently needs a second note. While the text accompanying a map might describe a "bed" as anything from a blanket thrown on rocky ground to a massive wood and brass affair, the symbol on the map will look pretty much like a simple modern bed. This convention is something the reader will find applies to other items in other establishments, too. The reason for this convention is that what is on the map is *a symbol,* and what has been chosen for the symbol is something that is easy to *recognize.* Symbols are modern because the Game Masters using the book are modern and therefore these symbols make recognition easier. One individual reviewing *CityBook 1* evidently didn't read our caution about the nature of symbols on the maps, so we'll say it twice here. The maps are for clarity and ease of reference for the modern Game Masters using this book. Symbols on the maps are chosen to enhance that ease of reference.

CityBook 2 is not set in a strictly medieval world, nor even an exclusively Western world for that matter. Each establishment and character has its own distinctive flavoring that the Game Master can use to spice up any game — with a little imagination, the establishments herein can be adapted to any game from the dawn of civilization to the last gasp of eternity. The writers of these establishments have done the bulk of the work, but it is up to the individual Game Masters — in other words, it is up to you — to modify what's written into the particular forms which suit your style of play.

We hope you will enjoy gaming with these establishments. If you have any questions, comments or suggestions for future *CityBook* work, please feel free to contact us. We cannot promise an answer for every letter, but your feedback will certainly make a difference in future projects. For quick replies to urgent problems a self-addressed, stamped envelope or postcard would be most likely to get an answer.

Enjoy your return to the City!

GM Guidelines

Since *CityBook* is a generic role-playing aid, no game-specific statistics for NPCs 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 adapt *CityBook* to your favorite game system. Keep in mind, however, that this is now *your* book; if you wish to change anything, go ahead and do so!

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 attributes, you should come out with approprite 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. Ular Scribesman is "average" with a sword but "fair" with everything else). In other cases, the fighting prowess is overall (e.g. Ferd the Bouncer is "very good" with any fighting style).

There are two ways to randomize for the fighting prowess of an NPC, if you should find it necessary. 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.** This is a run-of-the-mill type, but certainly no hero. *(41 - 59%)*

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

❑ **GOOD.** This person 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* 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 Cs 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.** Access to 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 Cs. Formidable. *(85 - 95%)*

❑ **EXCELLENT.** Not a person to cross. Can 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* has the "8Cs 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 everpresent 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; as a lock it is just adequate. *(41 - 59%)*

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

D 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

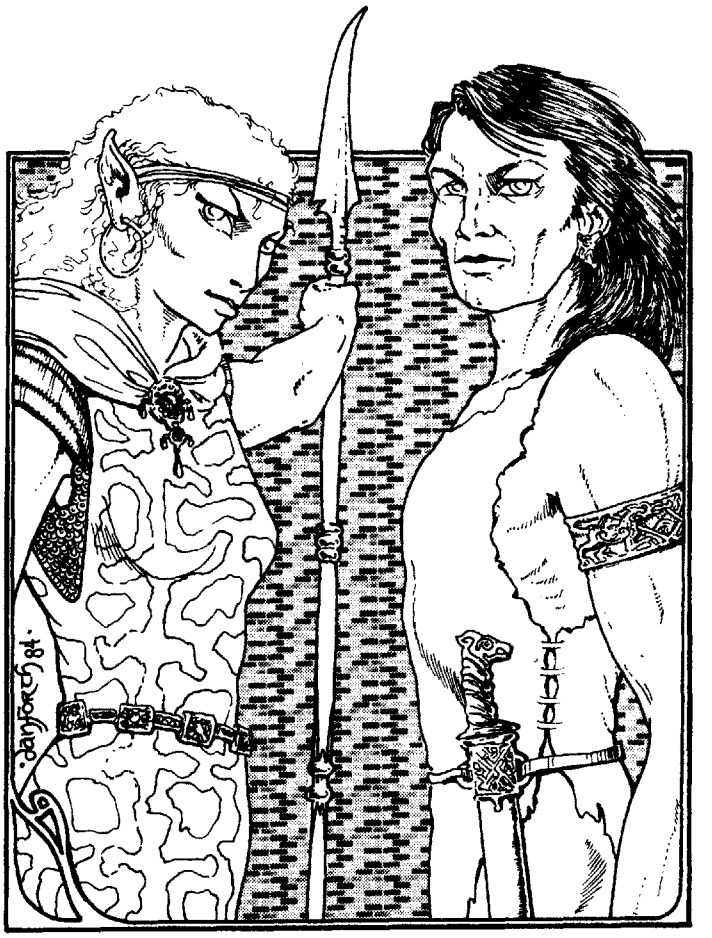
Prices in *CityBook* are usually given in overall terms (i.e., "low," "reasonable," and "expensive"). You should use common sense regarding these terms; a reasonable price for a broadsword would be outrageous when applied to a single arrow. Where prices are actually listed, *CityBook* assumes this standard: 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. Many references, however, are in general terms like "midday", "sunset", and so forth. If your world operates under a different system, you will need to make adjustments in the times given to fit it.

NON-HUMAN RACES

Because most fantasy game worlds have a segment of the population which is not at all human, we've reflected this diversity and included some non-humans and a few half-breeds. However, if it doesn't fit into your campaign to have dwarves in the workaday job of warehouse keepers, simply make them a family of short humans; if a seal-woman silkie selling fish bothers you, just make Patti an exceptionally stunning woman. As in all facets of the *CityBook,* adjust things to suit yourself! And enjoy!



Explanation of Maps

The multitude of symbols accompanying this explanation shouldn't panic you. You should find most of the symbols are self-explanatory when taken in conjunction with the text.

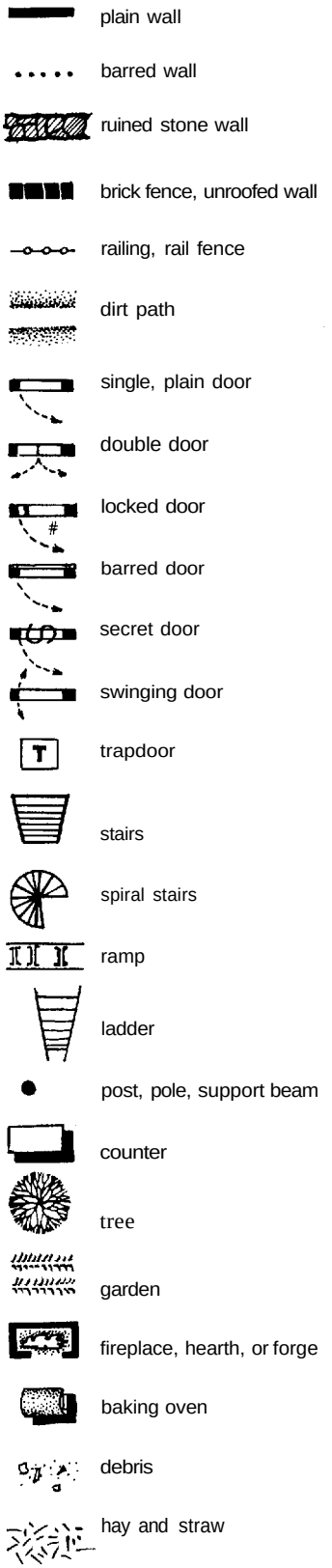
The maps of buildings are intended to do two things: to show approximately what the room looks like, and what the room contains. The views are taken as though you were looking down on the building with its roof removed; if there is more than one floor, each is provided on a separate map. The same ideas are behind the maps of the ships. What is on the deck is illustrated on the map, and there are separate map plans for each deck of a ship that has more than one level.

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 (when viewed from above). 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 that 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.

All building 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.

Basics



Key to All Maps

Other common Objects




table


chair


table and chair


sofa or divan


armchair


bench


stool


single bed


double bed



bunk bed


throw pillows


ordinary candle


freestanding candle


candle attached to wall


wood pile


bucket and mops


water pump


podium


statue


armor mannikin


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


rugs (designs vary)


privies



trough

Containers


crate


cask or barrel



chest


gunny sacks


cupboard, cabinet, or dresser table


display case


pigeonhole cabinet


bin


lockbox


water bucket or barrel


bathing tub

Wall Fixtures and Accessories

normal curtains (also tapestries)

ordinary window

barred window

shuttered window

barred AND shuttered window

wall peg

hook

weapons rack

Ship Accessories

decklight or cargo hatch

capstan

windlass

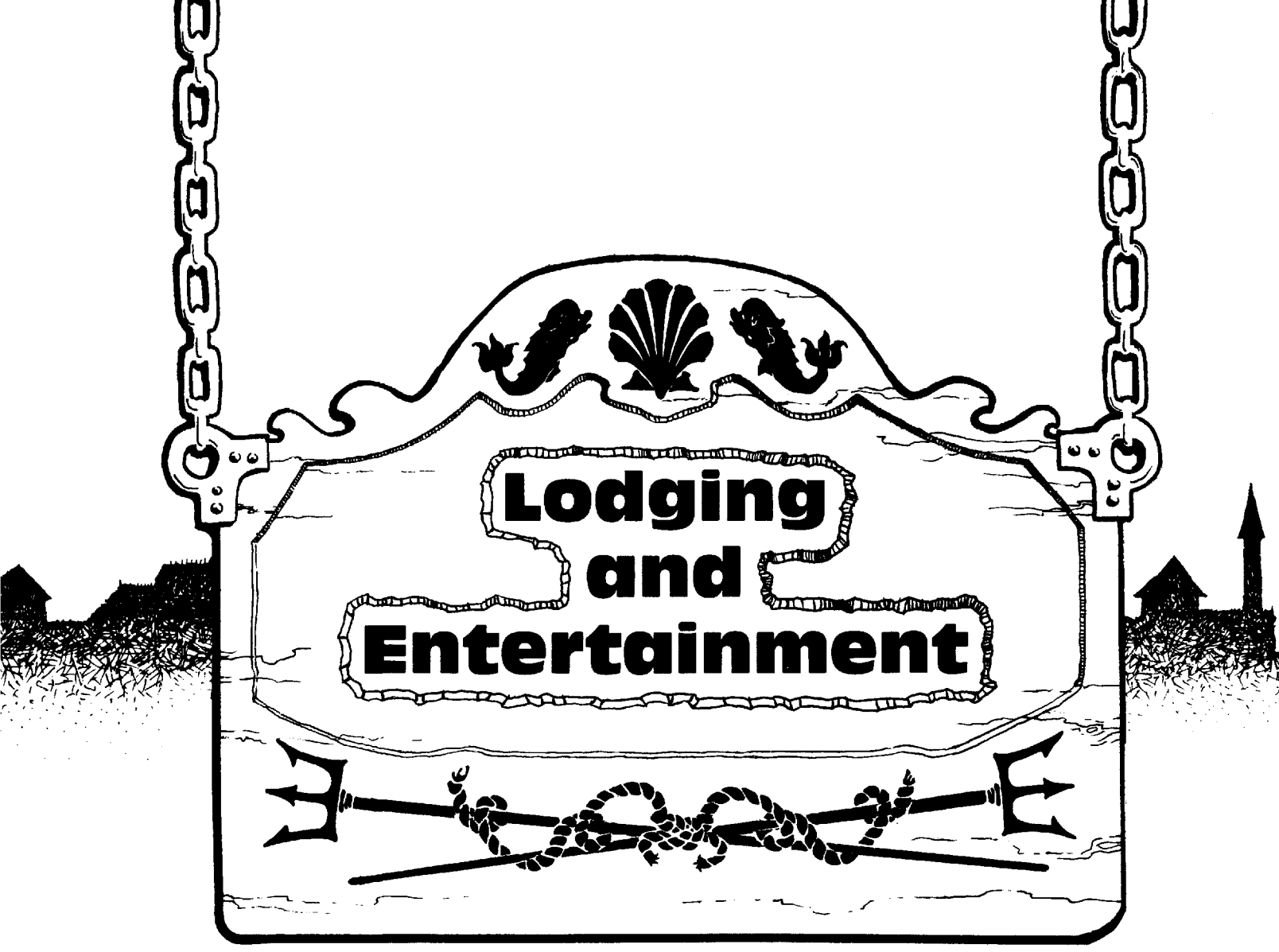
coils of rope

anchor

whipstaff

waterline

bilge pump



Pitching decks and creaking oaken hulls make poor living quarters. Everything is soaking wet or reeks of brine. The rations are dried, the rum is watered, and work continues day and night. If there is a chance to sleep, the adventurer can only curl up on a hard deck. Boredom sets in, for there is nothing to do. But in port a sailor's purse is heavy with gold. There is no boredom because there is so much to do - and doing most of it will lighten that purse.

For visitors to the City who want to convert gold to liquid, there is the Brass Orchid Tavern. The Brass Orchid is a huge drinking establishment where a prosperous captain might bring his family and, across the way, see his sailors drown themselves in something besides brine. Those who believe their weary bodies deserve something more genteel should find the Longtooth Lounge satisfies their desires admirably. In the Lounge none go unescorted, and a number of horizon-expanding experiences are available for a modest charge. For those who rely on their luck and brains there is Macauley's, a house of chance. Adventurers might double or triple their wages *by shrewd betting on Octoshan combats, or they might enrich the house playing at less sporting games.*

All work and no play makes an adventurer dull, but any character who does not find excitement in play is a sad creature indeed!

The Brass Orchid Tavern

For *a variety of liquid refreshment, served in a place of comfort and good cheer, adventurers find the Brass Orchid Tavern the only sensible choice.*

The Brass Orchid is located a few blocks from the ocean front, nestled between warehouses. An alley provides access to the back where deliveries are received. Its front windows are clean but smoked, allowing only vague glimpses of what is within.



The Brass Orchid specializes in alcoholic beverages of all sorts as no other tavern does, from "soft" drinks with less than 1% alcohol to 180 proof torch fuel. Lesir Delow, the proprietor, imports beverages from all over the known and unknown world. Many of his supplies are known to come from the black market, but Delow pays sufficient "taxes" to preclude any serious investigations.

The prime concern at the Brass Orchid is to serve a *lot* of drinks. While they have a grill for the preparation of light snacks, these same snacks are mostly to encourage the thirst of the customers. Less potent drinks are provided as mixers for the stronger drinks, or to satisfy customers of a more abstemious nature who might otherwise keep their friends from visiting.

While there are a few dartboards in the inner rooms, and a special "Back Room" for those who can afford it, the main business of the Brass Orchid is booze. The occasional hooker may pass through, and a gambler or sharp trader might set up business at one of the inner tables, but unless they consume their space's worth, they are encouraged to go elsewhere.

The Brass Orchid is prepared to cater to a wide range of clientele. The main bar is as any typical tavern bar, but there is also a space set aside for more familial groups, where even children are tolerated. In the back are two larger rooms where card parties or other groups can gather - provided they drink their quota. The rougher trade tends to gather in those two rooms.

As for the Back Room, whoever can pay the price to rent it can do what they will there. Delow provides the room, a guard for the door, and the booze (for a price), but nothing more. The rest is up to the characters who have paid.

The Brass Orchid opens its front door to customers about 10:00 a.m. and shooes out the last barfly around 2:00 a.m. Shemish cleans up the place until about 4:00 a.m., then leaves. Delow and Kali live on the premises.

LAYOUT

The building, though only one story tall, is rather large: 60' across the front and just over 70' from front to back. Inside, the ceiling 10' overhead is heavily timbered. Delow's apartment is at the front and has its own entrance. The family bar area is well lit, the main bar somewhat less so. The inner

rooms are kept lit as the customers desire. Except where candle holders are shown on the map, all lighting is by simple overhead chandeliers.

A. The Main Bar Area. *(17' x 60')* Running from the front door nearly the full length of the building is the main bar. Twenty-nine stools stand at the polished surface of the bar itself, while 12 booths (able to hold up to 6 people at a time) line the side wall. This section is unremarkable and the patrons who frequent this area are average folk.

The section of the bar itself (A') that serves the main room is kept uncluttered. Casks of beer, ale, and wine are kept under the bar, while shelves behind the bar are loaded with bottles and jugs of every description. Washing facilities are under the bar, as are small casks of water (well, rain, mineral water, and other varieties) for mixing.

B. The Quiet (Family) Bar. *(17' x 33')* Decorum is enforced in this section. Twelve stools stand to the bar and there are 6 booths. Patrons of discriminating tastes (meaning "wealthy") are often found here, and Delow considers their patronage desirable. Those who misbehave or become rowdy are moved to another part of the tavern - or they may be removed altogether. At the south end of the bar is a section that can be lifted to permit the staff to leave and enter; there is another movable section at the north end of the bar. The southern section faces into the hallway to the bathrooms and Delow's office. At 1 is the till, a built-in lockbox[3] that usually has a minimal amount of money at any given time (100-300 gold pieces at a time. Magda clears the tills when she comes on at 6:00 p.m. and as needed through the evening).

The section of the bar B' serves the family area. The beverages stored here are somewhat less varied, concentrating on beer, wine, a limited number of hard beverages. It should be understood that any customer can get any drink in any section, but each section of the bar keeps the stock most used by the customers who frequent that area.

C. First Inner Room. *(25' x 23')* This area, served by bar section C, has 4 tables and 3 booths. It tends to get noisy back here. This is permitted, so long as the ruckus does not inhibit anyone from drinking. This is where the occasional card game might be going on, or where the pearl dealer can be found trading his wares. There are two dartboards on the west wall, but unless the customers at the tables cooperate, it is difficult to play.

The C section includes the grill where the short order cook, Ugly Bud, prepares his salty snacks. At the middle of the south section of the bar is a flip-up walk-through, and near that (at 2) is the second till. Certain special mixed drinks, such as those requiring cooking, boiling, or heating with a hot poker, will be prepared here.

D. Second inner Room. *(29' x 23')* This is a rough place to be. With 6 booths and 11 stools at the bar, there is just enough room for the nastier crowd that usually takes the section. The large corner booth (between C and D) is always reserved for Delow, his guard, or for very special guests.

The bar section D' keeps the beverages which are more potent than average. In addition, knock-out drops and cudgels are kept for customers who get out of hand.

E. Men's Latrine. *(8' x 5')* This privy serves the main bar areas; the door can be latched[1]. If someone passes out in here, Delow, Lily, and Magda can easily unlatch it from the outside. The west wall has a door leading to a small closet where a few cleaning supplies are kept.

F. Women's Latrine. *(8'* x *5')* This also serves the main bar areas. There is a privacy screen and the door latches[1].

G. Back Hallway. *(14'* x *6')* Supplies are received in this area and carried down to the cellar below. The area is kept cleared so draymen can shift large burdens as necessary. All food and most of the liquor is delivered here. The outer door is kept locked[3] at all times, and the door into the tavern is kept latched[2]. Ugly Bud keeps an eye on this door in the evenings, and patrons do not poke their noses in twice.

H. Storeroom. *(5' x 10')* The mechanism to open the door into this room is known only to the staff and to Delow, and it is complex (treat as lock[5]). Special supplies are kept in this storeroom and the shelves at the back conceal the stairs (Z) from casual observers in the bar. This is the staff's main access to the cellar during working hours. Prize wines and liquors are stored here.

I. Women's Latrine. *(7' x 6')* This privy serves the Family Bar area. The door latches[1].

J. Men's Latrine. *(7' x 6')* This privy serves the Family Bar area and Delow. One door latches[1] while Delow's entry locks[4].

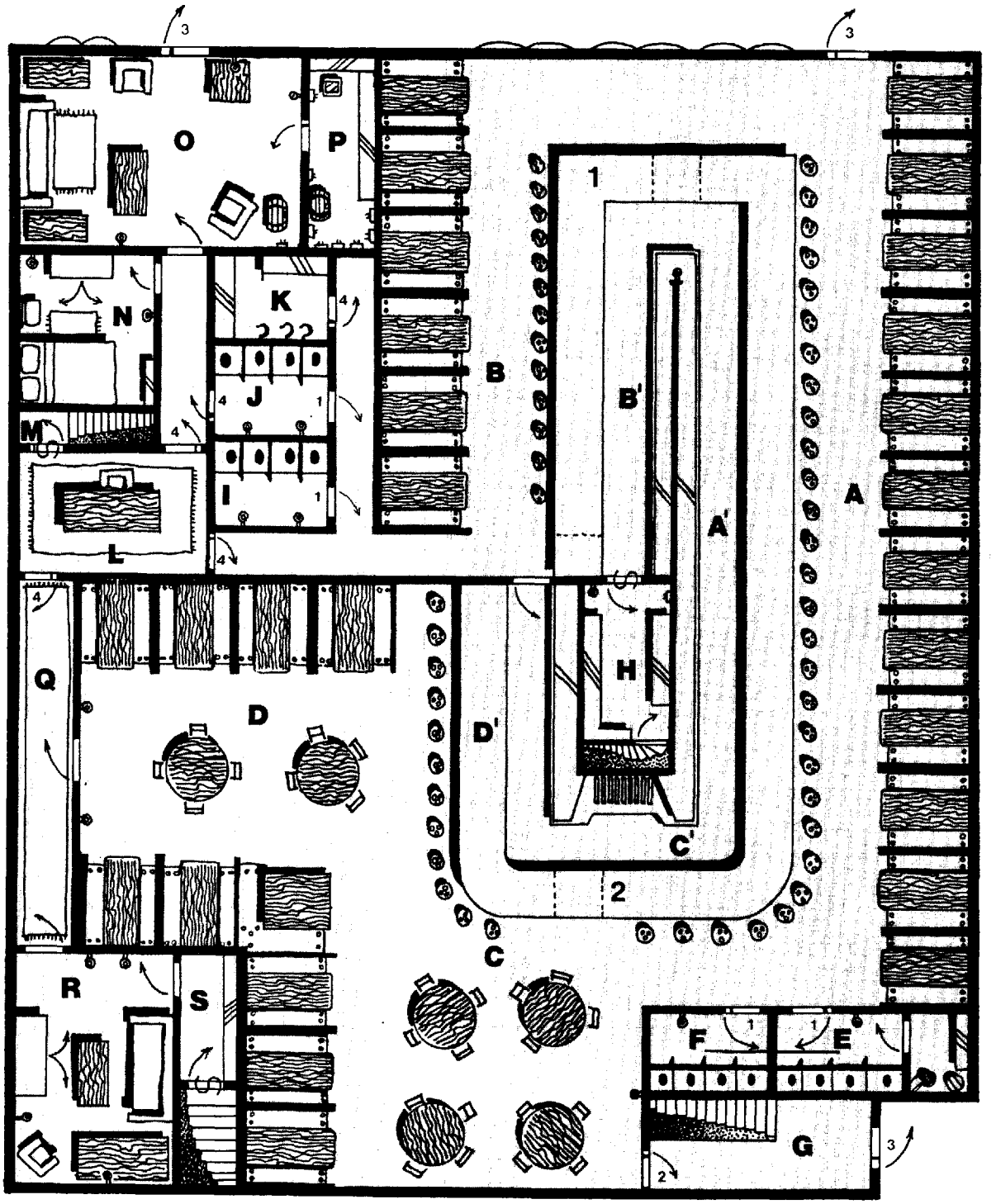
K. Closet. *(7' x 6')* This is a storage closet for the staff's personal possessions while on duty. It is also a place to store special supplies. The lock[4] is sturdy and each staff member has his or her own key.

L. Lesir Delow's Office. *(12' x 8')* The door that leads to the Family Bar is left open when Delow is in his office; it is locked[4] whenever he is out. The spacious desk is kept neat and clear. There are several drawers in the desk, all kept locked[2], and it is here Delow keeps his receipts and anything else of value. Some suppose there must be secret compartments in a desk of that size, but no one has done any tampering (or come back to say they did so. . .).

M. Secret Stairs. These lead down to the cellar below; the doors at both entrances are hidden. At the top of the stair in the east wall Delow has a cabinet of special drugs "for emergency use" — which usually means something to fall back on if the knockout drops occasionally dispensed in Room D don't work. On the other hand, given his connections, Delow could have anything here that the GM cares to imagine.

N. Delow's Bedroom. *(9' x 10')* Few see this room. It is sparsely furnished, but what is there looks expensive. Delow spends little time here unless he's actually sleeping. The connecting hall is empty.

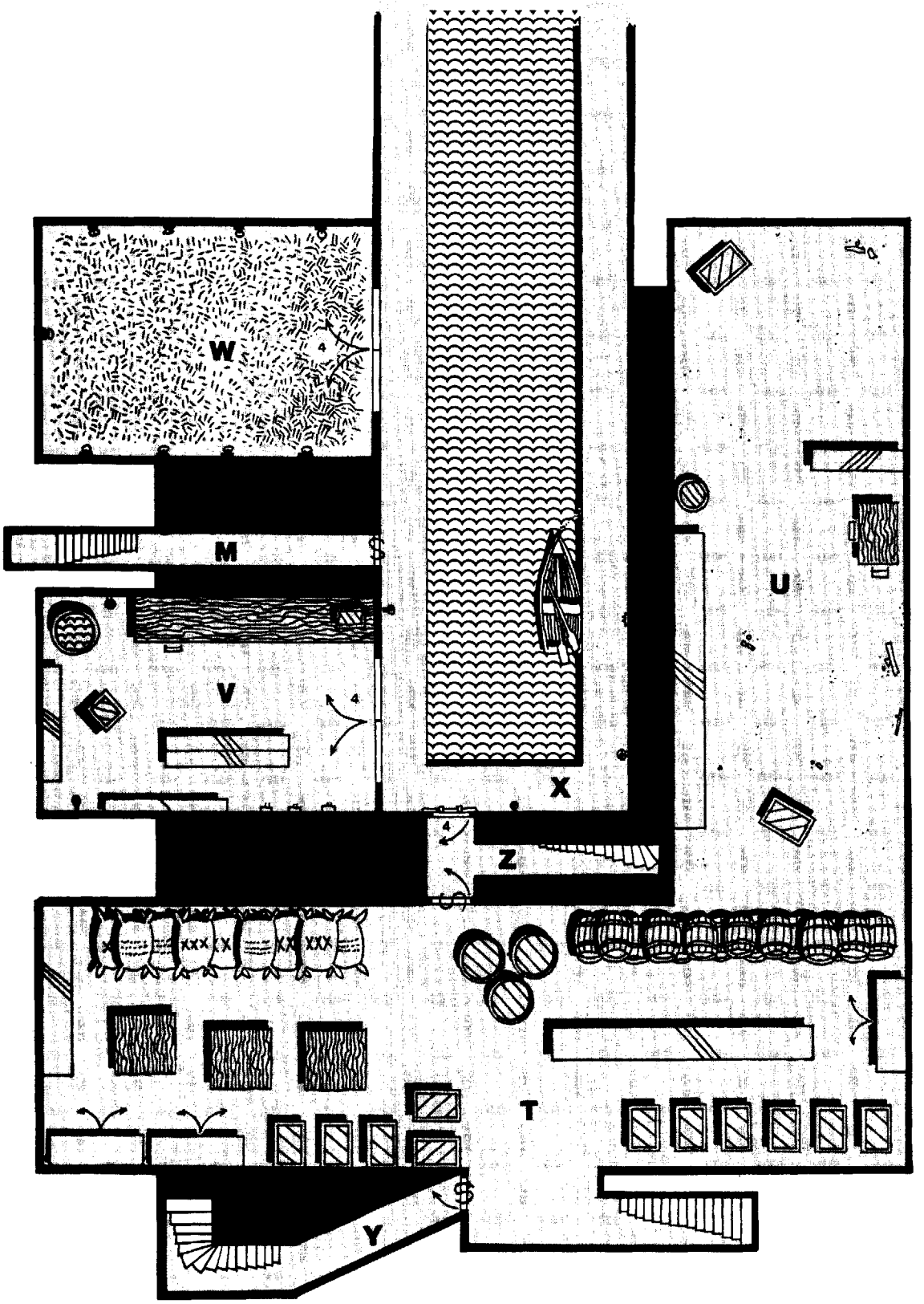
O. Delow's Parlor. *(18' x 12')* While he has many



GROUND FLOOR ▲

SCALE: one square = 1 foot

grill



CELLAR ▲

SCALE: one square = 1 foot

associates and acquaintances, Delow makes few close friends. He entertains what friends he has here, or certain special customers. When he is not in the tavern or on business elsewhere, Delow is probably relaxing here. The outer door is always locked[3], and Delow prefers to come and go through that door.

P. Closet. *(5' x 12')* This closet contains most of Delow's clothes but little else of value.

Q. Corridor. *(4' x 23')* This corridor connects Delow's office with the Back Room, and has the entrance from the bar as well (from section D). Delow has the only key for the door[4] to his office. The bar-side door is to be used only by customers who have made arrangements beforehand with Delow. (The barkeepers cannot make such arrangements.) The floor is thickly carpeted and even drunken footsteps make no sound.

R. The Back Room. *(10' x 15')* This room can be rented (in advance) for any purpose the customer desires. Though the door does not lock, when the room is in use a guard keeps watch in Room D, allowing no one to enter the connecting hall. (Delow does not have to pass the guard if for any reason he chooses to enter from his office.) The couch is spacious and comfortable, and with a little rearrangement of pillows and cushions, makes a very comfortable bed. The cabinet contains Delow's best special liquors and wines. Delow keeps track of how much is in each bottle, and bills the customer later for the amount used.

S. Closet. *(4' x 8')* This closet may be used by the customer to hold special "merchandise" or possessions. It also has Delow's collection of dirty books, playing cards, and dice. The secret door on the south wall is covered with shelves, and the stairs beyond lead to the cellar.

Cellar

T. Main Cellar. *(56' x 17')* The main access to the cellar is Room G, through the alleyway entrance. The cellar has all the wines, beers, mineral waters, and other spirits and alcohols used in the tavern. Three cabinets hold the more expensive beverages. Sacks containing peanuts, dried fish, and other comestibles are kept against the north wall. The shelves hold crockery, glassware, and other utensils. Bottles, jugs, and small casks are filled at the tables, prior to stocking them in their places upstairs.

U. Back Cellar. *(15' x 44')* This area, mostly concealed by stacked barrels, is not really secret, just out of the way. The stock here varies widely. One week the entire back cellar could be almost empty, and the next week it might be bulging with special wines "imported" for a wealthy customer. Anything less than perfectly legal is kept down here. Delow pays extra attention to what he calls his "taxes" and no one in authority has pressed him into an inspection.

V. Storeroom. *(22' x 14')* Any merchandise brought in from the sea up the passage (X) is stored in here. As in U, the stock varies, and is not always legal. The door is kept padlocked[4].

W. Storeroom. *(22' x 15')* The floor of this room is covered with old straw. On the walls are heavy rings set in the walls, as if for shackles and chains. This door has a sturdy padlock[4].

X. Sea Passage. *(16' wide)* This passage extends to a natural cavern, which in turn opens out to the sea through a cliff wall of a small sheltered cove. There are other shallow caves in the area but no beach for landing. The cavern roof is low in spots but the channel is deep. At high tide, the rowboat kept here might have difficulty passing through; at low tide, laden barges (as long as they're narrow) can navigate.

Y. Secret Stairway. This passageway, with concealed doors at either end, connects the Back Room and the cellar.

Z. Stairs. These stairs connect the bar area directly with the cellar. The upper doorway is concealed by the shelves in H, and the south door of *Z* itself is obscured by the stacked barrels. The door between Z and X can be bolted from inside and can be locked[4] as well. Staff assisting Delow to load or unload materials in Rooms V and W must pass through the area, whether they are coming down from the service stairs connecting T and G, or whether they're coming down from Room H above.

PERSONALITIES

Lesir Delow. *Human. Ht: 62". Wt: 170 lbs. Age: 49. Fighting prowess: good at hand-to-hand street fighting including dirty tactics; average otherwise.*

The tavern keeper is a wealthy man, quiet, ambitious and utterly ruthless, though he seldom has cause to demonstrate that quality. He is slender but still strong, although he is well into late middle age. His formerly dark hair is greying. He knows the basics of how to handle weapons, but is not expert in their use, preferring the dirty punch and the sneak attack — in other words, refined street fighting. The city guard know him (and appreciate the free drinks they get at the Brass Orchid), so if he gets into trouble, they'll take his side. Those who might rob him alone in a back alley would quickly discover the error of their ways.

He is friendly but taciturn, and makes only moderate small talk with his customers. His orders to the staff are polite but succinct. He appears to be from another country, but his past is unknown. He has never been known to cheat anyone, and will tolerate no indication that he might or has. Some women find him attractive, but if he has lovers, they are discreet.

His main concern is to keep the stock turning over. He may be in the tavern at any time of the day or night, keeping no set hours. He will work behind the bar or mingle with customers, as he wishes. He spends a number of hours each day in his office, but at no regular times. Between 4:00 p.m. and 2:00 a.m. he is somewhere on the premises, most likely in the bar itself or in his office. If he's in neither of those places, he's probably in his rooms from which he can be summoned only at need. He pays good attention to his business and guarantees the staffs loyalty by paying them well.

At other times of the day, Delow could be anywhere: in the tavern, sleeping, in town somewhere, or even out of town entirely. He keeps his habits irregular and his whereabouts are not a topic suitable for discussion by others.

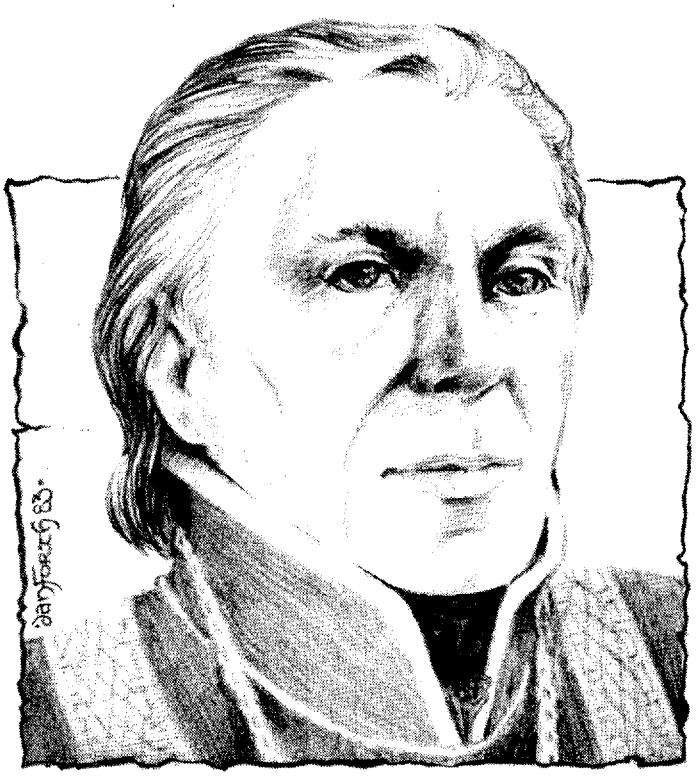
Kali. *Domestic cat.*

Kali is an all-black male cat, the only creature Delow has shown any public affection for. Kali has the run of the tavern and patrons soon learn that when the cat jumps on their table or walks down the bar, they should simply let him alone. The cat doesn't attack (unless attacked first) but avoids being petted. Kali is not always evident in the tavern, though he is rarely seen outside.

Kali does not beg; when he wants a morsel from a plate, he takes it. The cat weighs about 20 pounds, and has been known to kill dogs twice his size when such animals, following their masters into the bar, begin to misbehave. Delow does not encourage Kali's asocial behavior since it alienates customers, but he will not punish the cat. If Kali is truly interfering with the flow of spirits, Delow or Lily will coax him away.

Of course Kali keeps nothing like regular hours — what self-respecting cat would? However, the animal is always in the tavern proper by closing time, and acts as a watch-cat during the night. Kali's screech can be heard on the streets — and certainly in Delow's rooms. Would-be burglars have fled from the beast, and he will not take poisoned meat.

Tavern Workers. The employees working at the Brass Orchid are given minimal description, and GMs can fill out their stats and abilities if they become important in a scenario.



Lesir Delow

FLOY is a bouncer and guard. He works from 8:00 p.m. to 4:00 a.m. His primary job is to sit at the corner booth between sections C and D and keep the crowd from getting too rowdy. If the Back Room is in use, he sits in front of the door to Q to keep an eye on the tavern. If he must stop a fight, another large tavern worker will come take his place.

LILY works from 2:00 p.m. until 8:00 p.m. She is barely of age to be working in public, and very attractive. She is intensely loyal to Delow because he brought her out of the gutter. She is the only one besides Delow who can pet Kali.

UGLY BUD comes in at 4:30 p.m. to light the grill. He handles all non-liquid items and keeps track of the food stocked in the cellar. He takes food requests only from the barkeepers. He leaves promptly at half past midnight, no matter what.

MAGDA comes on duty at 6:00 p.m. and stays until 2:00 a.m., at which time she ushers out the last customers and locks the front door. She empties the tills and if Delow isn't around, she puts the proceeds on his desk (she has the only other key to his office).

Some five other men skilled in bartenders' conversation work here, with little knowledge of anything untoward that might be happening; the late shift are decent fighters.

SCENARIO SUGGESTIONS

Scenario 1. A stranger has managed to cow the entire staff. Delow suspects the man to be a magician or blackmailer (or both), and hires the adventurers to end the threat to his people. If he is worried enough, Delow may offer the characters some of his special wares and facilities to obtain their assistance.

Scenario 2. A rival tavern wants to hurt Delow's business. They hire the adventurers to water, foul and spike his stocks, and waylay his new shipments. The rival tavern might try to look like the injured party to convince the characters to take on this job. Alternatively, Delow might be having trouble from others and finds his own staff insufficient to handle it; he could hire the characters to protect him and his business.

Scenario 3. A daughter of a City noble is being courted by a wealthy man of bad reputation. The noble has learned that the suitor has rented the Back Room and intends to have a rendezvous there with the girl. The noble, suspecting the worst, hires the characters to rescue the girl. Consider the variations on this scenario: the girl could be the one who actually set up the assignation; the "suitor" is a kidnapper with no personal interest in the girl; the entire thing is untrue, only wishful thinking on the part of the suitor; or a blind so the girl's father will come looking at the Brass Orchid when they're actually elsewhere.

The Brass Orchid Tavern is like four taverns under one roof — a quiet place to bend an elbow or a raucous joint: an interesting variation to those looking for a new watering trough.

The Longtooth Lounge



Situated in one of the more respectable areas of town is the popular social club, The Longtooth Lounge.

The Longtooth Lounge is run by Madame Kel Nokie, providing liquid refreshment as well as female companionship for its gentlemen clientele. As a sideline, Madame runs a front operation for assassination and thievery. As a result the Lounge is quite profitable and able to pay adequate sums of money to the local government and the underworld to maintain the Lounge's safety and respectability. Madame is quite influential in the community due to the positions of authority held by many of her clients.

The thievery began as an offshoot of the assassination service. Fully investigating the "victims" in order to determine the proper moment to strike meant the Lounge found out much about their lives. Since the Lounge only takes on the most lucrative contracts, many of these victims are rich. The Lounge has discovered that victims are generally best struck down in their own homes, where they feel safe. To cover up the crime, the authorities are made to believe the death took place during the course of a robbery. The Lounge is discerning in what is taken, making the thefts an added bonus.

Assassination is the work of Sam (the Sackman) Mirdahl (see Personalities). His contracts lead him from acting as a substitute duelist to disposing of his targets in a clandestine fashion. His working association with Madame Nokie (and through her, with the Lounge), began because she was his long-time friend and confidant. Most of his time is spent in her quarters when he visits the Lounge. He comes almost every day (80% chance on any day) and he stays 6-8 hours.

The Lounge opens for business in midafternoon and stays open well into the wee hours; the last customers leave about 3:00 or 4:00 a.m. Since this is a classy place, a prospective customer needs a reference to gain entrance. "Joe sent me!" is a popular reference and Ferd (the doorman/bouncer) knows that "Joe" has referred many people here over the years. He is, however, confused by the fact that Joe never seems to show up himself.

LAYOUT

The Longtooth Lounge is a long building with a three-story tall tower to one side. The walls are stucco over stonework and a tall fence surrounds an elevated garden on the south side. The west side has a large pair of sunken double doors leading to a lower level; the main entrance is on the north side.

A. Foyer. *(10' x 5')* The influx of customers is controlled from here. After gaining entrance, the "gentlemen" will find

themselves in the foyer with Ferd. In the dim light, the toothsome, smiling, troll-like creature seems to attack them; actually, Ferd is only trying to take their coats, hats, and weapons to hang up. Those who have been through it before know that Ferd is harmless, and a few even seem to enjoy it! Once Ferd is finished, the customers pass into the bar.

B. The Bar. First the customer finds himself in the bar section of the house. This will afford him an opportunity to buy drinks, gain a distant view of the dance platform, and acquire an escort. The drinks served are 1) watered, 2) expensive, 3) required for him *and* his escort! Refusal to buy or commenting unfavorably on any of the above will result in the gentleman being referred to some other bar.

C. The Lounge. *(28' x 15')* The client's escort will lead him to this area, referred to by the regulars and the staff as the "holding tank" or "the bullpen." At this time, a customer must decide whether to 1) open negotiations with his current escort; 2) proceed to the dance platform; or 3) ask to see Madame with a request for a specific escort/activity. Drinks may also be had while in the lounge — in fact, a new drink for both client and escort will be put down at least every 15 minutes (and the client is expected to pay for it). The escorts' drinks are almost (if not entirely) water!

D. The Garden. *(approx. 20' radius semicircle).* For those romantics, Madame's garden provides an excellent area in which to observe nature's flora and fauna by starlight in the company of one of Madame's attractive young ladies. Such reverie can indeed lead to much inspiration on the part of some, and can turn a normal evening into a magical one.

While gazing at the wonders of the garden, one might feel the plants are watching back. This is because a fairly large number of the plants in the garden are Jeanie's handiwork. Unfortunately, the floral victims of Jeanie's magic are only too aware of what is going on — with a nearly human awareness. Should anyone use a spell of communication on these plants, he will get an earful about Madame's place and Jeanie in particular. Madame's plants are said to be able to react to the feelings of those around them. This gives this garden a "human" quality that would put other gardens to shame. The plants seem quite normal in appearance; however, they are somewhat warm to the touch (body temperature) and under their normal sweet fragrances lurks that of a locker room after the big game (very, very weak). Most are non-flowering plants, ones that reflect something of the person's character. Ferns (20%), creepers (30%), and vines (25%) are among the popular types. There is also a sprinkling of the exotic, such as domesticated trifids and Martian sand traps.

E. Dance Platform / Pit. *(12' x 10')* For the greater edification of gentlemen who enjoy such things, Madame has a dance area where the "ladies" perform various exotic ritual dances guaranteed to titillate the senses and otherwise cause the gentlemen observers great joy and excitement.

Most nights, the platform serves as a dance area for light entertainment while the gentlemen decide which ladies they desire for their stay at the Longtooth. On special occasions, the platform is removed and a deep pit is uncovered. It is filled with a wide variety of cushions in various shapes, sizes, and colors. These provide the setting for Madame's famous pillow fights, or (if you will) cushion bashes; they are quite extraordinary to observe. Audience participation is much encouraged, provided advance arrangements have been made with Madame. She *alone* can grant permission for the honor of participating.

F. The Office. *(14' x 15')* All the records for the Lounge are kept in the office. This includes the receipts for 1-6 nights (the average amounts will be 200-300 gold pieces) which are kept in a metal box with a large lock[5]. This box is disguised as part of a reclining couch and only a careful search will enable the would-be robber to determine how the box slides out.

G. Madame's Room. *(14' x 19')* This room has Madame's sleeping area, a small desk and chair, a few boxes of records, the usual writing implements, and some paper. The records contain nothing incriminating - just normal business and employee records for the Lounge. The room is tastefully decorated in red and white satin with heavy brocade upholstery on all flat surfaces (save the desk top).

Between the office and Madame's room is a small privy which can be accessed from either room. A small vent leads outside the building to prevent the room from becoming odoriferous.

H. Phal's Tower. *(12' diameter)* Most of the tower is taken up by a simple spiral staircase going along the outer wall, leaving an open shaft up the center. At the top of the tower is a wider balcony along the edge and an overhead skylight which is open in the summer months but covered with fine glass and shutters in inclement weather. A fully cushioned floor allows for large open air parties where the participants may enjoy privacy for their pursuits. The feeling of being in the open is enhanced by several windows with shutters placed closely around the top of the tower. Fitted with small narrow mirrors, these windows reflect the starlight and moonlight to virtually daylight proportions. The mirrors also allow the party-goers a fine reflection of the on-going activities. All in all, the views are considered breath-taking even on the darkest nights. In daylight, a broad vista of the City can be seen to advantage while the cunning construction of the windows does not allow observation from the ground or nearby buildings.

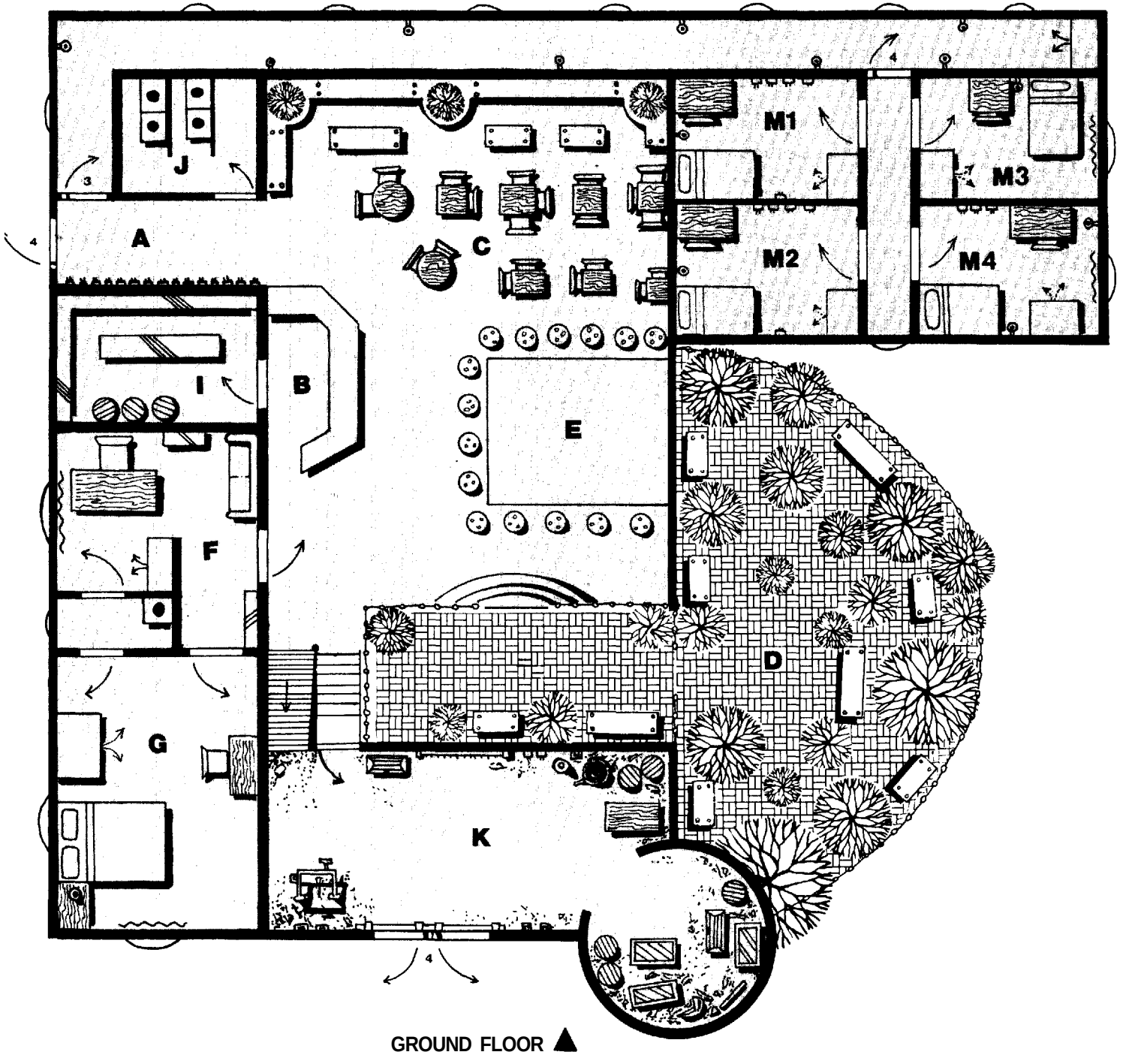
I. Liquor Storage. *(14' x 9')* This room has shelves filled with various liquors and kegs filled with water. The barkeeper can step back here to refill stock which is generally kept under the bar itself.

J. Guests' Privy. *(9' x 8')* Given the amount of liquid refreshment which customers are expected to consume, this room gets a lot of use. Furnishings are minimal but sufficient.

Special Services

K. The Sim Playroom. (27' *x 12')* The sim playroom is truly for the stout of heart. Herein virtually any pleasure can seem to be had, for a price. This is wholly Jeanie's world. All

THE LONGTOOTH LOUNGE



GROUND FLOOR ▲

SCALE: one square = 1 foot

here is illusion, and those who enter believe their fondest fantasy has been fulfilled. The room is "apparently" well stocked with a variety of useful or entertaining items, though when Jeanie is not present, the room's contents seem mere junk. Assorted instruments of pleasure, entertainment, and "exercise" are all present, but they are jumbled together in rotting and rusting piles. Indeed, their sole purpose is to reinforce everyone's ideas of "what surely must go on" here. Most of these "toys" are kept in the round storeroom (below Phal's Tower but connected only to the playroom).

Kept barely clean, the room contains a certain noisome odor that makes one's skin crawl. This is caused by Jeanie's repeated use of magic; additionally, Jeanie has cast a mild protection spell on the room which causes those who enter (when she isn't present) to want to leave quickly. It is believed their repulsion is caused by fear of discovering the source of the miasma.

The sim playroom is also used as a training room and gym by Madame's gang to stay in shape and train for special missions. In these cases Jeanie has seemingly "cleaned" the place. In general, the room is avoided by all in the house and would be found unguarded.

The large double doors on the west side of the building are usually kept bolted shut; Jeanie's magic insures that most of those who visit the room hardly notice them. All shipments required by the Lounge come in through this entrance, however. Through the playroom is the entrance to the small storeroom under the garden. Here are stored the supplies.

L1 -4. Private Rooms. *(vary)* Above the playroom are four small rooms which serve as living quarters for the ladies in residence, and also for the more personal entertainment of the customers. Furnishings are restful to the eyes and comfortable for weary bones.

M1-4. Dormitory Rooms. *(13'* x *9')* These rooms are strictly living quarters, mostly turned over to the trainees who share the rooms as needed.

PERSONALITIES

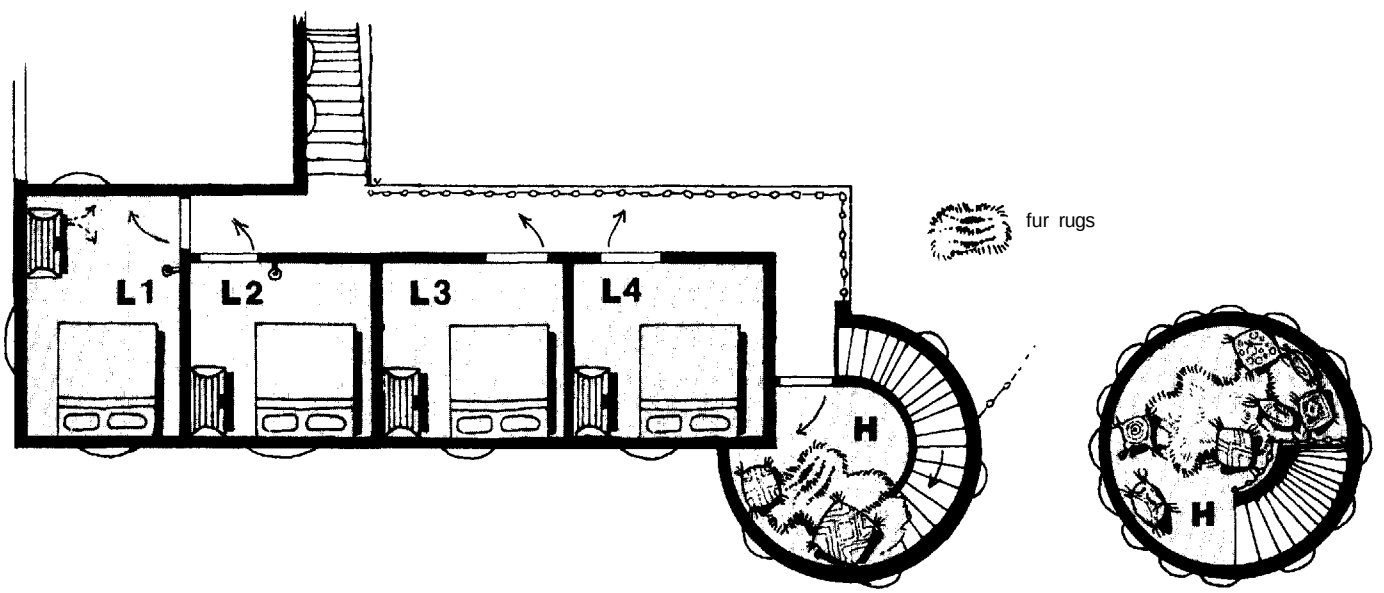
Ferd the Bouncer. *Human, actually. Ht: 72". Wt: 380 Ibs. Age: 33. Fighting prowess: very good.*

Of general humanoid appearance, this individual is neither the victim of an overactive glandular condition nor a troll after plastic surgery. He ("it" might be more accurate) is the victim of a cruel magical joke.

Ferd always wanted to be a big strong fellow just like the other kids. A lifetime spent getting sand kicked in his face (along with a few rocks) left him dejected. Finally, his little friends dumped him down a well. He thought all was lost but fortunately, after 30 years, luck (of a sort) came to Ferd. At the bottom of the long-forsaken well he found a locket controlling a genie named Jeanie, who granted him 3 wishes. After getting out of the well he said "Gee, I wish I could see my family." (The picture was nice.) "I wish all those other guys were down there." He didn't specify "other guys" and it suddenly got very crowded. And his final wish was "I wish I was strong like a Troll!" Therefore, he is now "like" a troll.

Fortunately for Ferd the chorus of screams and the mass disappearances of "other guys" attracted some attention and all were saved in the gathering darkness. Since it was dark, Ferd's change was not immediately apparent (his voice remained the same nasal wheezing whine it always had been). When the "new" Ferd was noticed the next day, a panic ensued. The meeting of the town council determined that Ferd should repay all the damages caused in the panic, and then leave town. Ferd was very upset. After they healed up, the next town council decided that he only need leave town. The second request was very politely phrased, too.

Ferd has all the attributes of a troll while retaining his superior (?) human intelligence and naturally low charisma (high for a troll). Ferd is in his prime and has a very peaceful nature. He is rarely aroused, but reacts to an attack that



▲ UPPER FLOOR LOUNGE AND MID-LEVEL TOWER ▲

TOP LEVEL TOWER ▲

inflicts more than about 10% damage to him. If such violence takes place, he will throw out (bodily) anyone causing the trouble. If one of the girls is hurt, he will gain triple strength for 2-12 turns, after which he will fall to half his normal strength until he has slept for 18 hours. After that time he returns to normal (for him).

Ferd has two artifacts. One is the medallion which acts like a key to unlock any magically locked door (considered necessary to protect the ladies). The other is his genie Jeanie, which he regards as a good luck charm. He has only allowed one other person — Madame Nokie — to use his precious Jeanie, and that inadvertently; the results are noted below.

Jeanie the Genie. *Genie (humanoid). Ht: 5'5". Wt: 115 lbs. Age: irrelevant. Magic ability: very good, C5, C6 (as applied to transformational magic); good, C1, C7, C8; fair otherwise.*

The most "special" of Madame Nokie's girls, Jeanie is literally magical. Somewhat hard of hearing and, like all genies, likely to take any request literally, her power is often wielded rashly, with dramatic results.

Technically the property of Ferd, Jeanie has come to serve the Lounge through the circumstantial machinations of Madame Nokie and the generosity of Ferd. Madame asked after the locket (Jeanie's "home") and Ferd showed it to her, but without explaining it. Still touching it, Madame Nokie said "I wish that the Lounge had someone to help the girls with the guests, along with you, Ferd." As a result, Jeanie "helps", working for Madame Nokie as long as Ferd remains at the Longtooth Lounge. Unaware of her true nature, Madame only cares that Jeanie is the most popular girl in her employ and that satisfied customers keep coming back for more of her "magic." (This is simply because Jeanie gives the customer exactly what he wants, magically — rarely deigning to do more than shake hands, herself.) Pleased with her illusions, Jeanie is very busy but can only handle 3 clients a day. This is satisfactory to Madame since Jeanie commands the highest prices and leaves even the most obnoxious customer satisfied.

Jeanie has a few problems Madame is unaware of — like the drug-crazed weirdo who attacked her one night. In self-defense, she turned him into a lovely potted fern next to the window. Jeanie, unaware of exactly what happened and how, thinks this was just an accident; she hastened to put the fern in the garden. She was surprised again some weeks later, and acted in self-defense to neutralize the attacker by turning him into a nice shrubbery. (Jeanie is surprised 5% of the time; there will be a 75% probability the assailant will be turned into something harmless and immobile — generally a plant.) The trouble with this automatic defense is that it seems to be permanent, and there is no way to restore any of the plants to their complete human form using normal magic. Due to the involuntary nature of the spell Jeanie casts, the plants retain many of their human mental faculties. If turned back into a human by the usual conversion spells, the transformed man will take on the mental awareness of a plant. It will take a specific spell by a powerful magic-user to release the plantlike brain and put it back on its human level. Alas, the fact that many of Jeanie's victims started out only slightly smarter than plants will further impede the attempted solutions.

Madame, quite unsuspecting, believes the louts sneaked away for their own reasons (like embarrassment; payment for services is made in advance). The local authorities have taken a minor interest in the disappearances and seem to believe the house is some kind of front for a slaving operation. Another oft-proposed rationale is that the disappearances are the result of "foul play" but raids have revealed nothing (since they have been secretly reported to Madame in advance by her friends in high places).

Madame Kel Nokie. *Human. Ht: 6'1". Wt: 145 lbs. Age: 38. Fighting prowess: average in hand-to-hand, poor otherwise.*

Madame Nokie is quite tall but slender, and still very agile and dexterous. She is unfamiliar with weapons but has an advantage in hand-to-hand combat from her intimate knowledge of nerve locations. She knows enough to disable an unprotected foe if she can gain a hold on him.

Kel Nokie feels close to the ladies of the Lounge, considering them all as "her" girls. She will therefore allow them to do silly things like get married and even give them a dowry — not to mention welcoming them back if the nuptials do not work out. She is also quite protective, and should one of the ladies get tricked or ripped off, she will make it her personal business to see they are avenged.

Her association with Sam came about due to one of these incidents - Sam was hired to dispose of the offending party. The two of them became quite a pair and Sam is still a regular visitor to the house.



Madame Kel Nokie

Madame Nokie desires to further her own position by the judicious use of the influence she has with several powerful clients. She also profits from favors owed the house by others within the power structure of the City. Her goal is to clean up all the "cheap" joints and see that those who work in these desperate hovels receive their proper compensation (since in many of these places the ladies are held virtually as slaves, providing high profits with low overhead). She considers the use of green *passion* to be despicable and intolerable. None of this has made her too popular. The mere fact that a woman (and one with her background) has already gained such a noticeable degree of influence is scandalous.

She is quite well read though of only slightly higher than normal intelligence. Having been around, she is very "street-wise." She has an artistic eye, presently shown by the tasteful satins and brocades decorating her quarters. Some regard the colors as garish but few who claim to have seen her living quarters have actually been there. She generally leaves the entertaining up to the staff unless intrigued by someone special (as was the case with Sam). There is only a 5% chance of her entertaining a guest with an above-average charisma; there is no chance at all if the client is below average!

Sam "The Sackman" Mirdahl. *Human. Ht: 62 Wt: 210 Ibs. Age: 47. Fighting prowess: excellent with swords, very good otherwise.*

Sam was a professional dueling instructor and his skill with his weapons is legendary. Since instruction did not provide a lot of income, Sam took up acting as a surrogate or second in duels. Here he was quite successful and earned a significant amount of extra money. Trouble began when several duels were arranged to allow wealthy patrons to eliminate unwelcome rivals, at the point of Sam's sword. Rather than be appalled at this, Sam charged a higher fee. Next, he was approached to set up the duels himself, for the elimination of specific individuals. Sam soon found, though, that his targets would avoid him and he would not get the opportunity to deliver the challenge. Others would drop out of sight and prove difficult to locate. Sam determined that, to stay in this lucrative line of business, he would have to find different avenues of approach. Thus, he arranged his contracts so that he would simply promise to eliminate an individual — means, unspecified. The hired assassin was created. Since most of the bodies are transported to the undertaker's in sacks, Sam earned the epithet "The Sackman."

Sam spent a few years earning his living in this dangerous profession, and many times barely escaped with his life. He encountered Madame Nokie in the pursuit of his profession, and this began a liaison which has lasted several years, proving profitable and enjoyable for both.

The investigation of the targets' habits has led Sam into some of the most successful missions of his career. It has also allowed Madame Nokie to increase her revenues through the theft of some of the victims' valuables which she can easily fence through her contacts.

Although getting older, and therefore not as fast as he once was, Sam is still well above averge in dexterity and endurance. His strength is also above average but he will not become involved in a brawl unless forced into it. For all his faults, Sam is an honorable person and would not bring embarrassment to Madame Nokie or the Lounge (say, by slaying a target on the premises). Furthermore, Sam is basically a decent man, and will only take contracts on healthy, mature males. He refuses to engage in the slaughter of women, children, the sick or the decrepit. This does not mean he is above stabbing an unwary target in the back, but he does in fact prefer a face-to-face duel. Still, circumstances and prudence often dictate the particulars.

The Ladies. There are generally 4-12 ladies employed at the Longtooth Lounge. At any given time, 3 or 4 of them will be in residence with the others working in the Lounge but living elsewhere (they'll be out of the building 25% of the time it's open for business). The ladies are all good-looking though those women with the very highest charismatic looks are not here, having become the pampered mistresses of powerful lords and officials (if they had an inclination for this business in the first place). Age of the ladies ranges from the mid-teens through mid-twenties. They are well paid and well taken care of, as Madame considers them all her own children. When one wishes to leave, they may do so with one month's notice or payment of one month's wages in advance (though only after the apprenticeship and 1 year of service are complete). In a good month, a lady can bring in 100-300 gold pieces (usually in direct ratio to her looks); 175 gold pieces per month is about average.

If one of the ladies wishes to get married, Madame throws a lavish wedding party and/or provides a dowry (value of each is 100-200 gold pieces). If one of the ladies is wronged (jilted or ripped off), Sam is sent to set things right and get back the gold.

The ladies are not "in the know" about the odd comings and goings in the Lounge; if asked, they are apt to chalk it up to "special" customers. There is only a 5% chance that one of the ladies would become curious enough to investigate or assist someone else in it. The employment is just too comfortable for any of them to rock the boat.

Turnover is fairly small, about 2 newcomers each year. Ladies are hired from other houses in towns nearby, based on their reputations and skills. Madame is very discerning. Novice trainees (discussed below) are brought in as hostesses, not escorts.

Trainees. Each year Madame Nokie takes on the care and training of 2 or 3 "fresh young faces." These are selected after careful screening to insure they won't have angry relatives or lovers hunting after them. To avoid these hassles, most are brought in from far outlying regions.

On duty, the trainees are dressed down, not up, with makeup that makes them seem diseased, deformed or simply ugly. In reality, they are far from that! Even so, this in itself occasionally attracts unwanted attention (it takes all kinds) but Madame or Ferd can usually handle the situation (with a knockout drop in a drink, if necessary). Trainees keep the tables cleared, carry drinks, and keep the place orderly, though they are not allowed in the main areas of the lounge

in the evenings lest the customers get the wrong ideas. During the day they help with errands.

Since the trainees are not well known to Madame, occasionally someone unwanted slips in (a spy for a rival establishment). But Madame is a smart cookie and trainees have been known to "suddenly" move out!

Special Item: The orb of Max

The Orb of Max is a crystal sphere with a bluish tinge. It came into Madame's possession after a trainee with Madame's crew swiped it from the house of a local mage who was being set up for a hit. The Orb is renowned among fighters for its ability to heal wounds when held over the spot hit. As a light source, its illumination increases as the darkness grows. In addition, gazing through it reveals any invisible writing of a magical nature (although the viewer must know that language to decipher the text). The Orb is hidden in Madame's quarters. Its nature, but not its value, is unknown.

The mage who had originally owned the Orb was distraught by the loss of his most valued possession, and transported himself to the object he held so dear. Unfortunately, his wording was less than lucid and he ended up *inside* the Orb, where he is now trapped. As a result, the mage is aware of all that is going on at the Lounge, but can only be released if the Orb (which he holds so dear) is broken. In his opinion, destruction of the Orb is worse than death itself. If released, the mage has a fair magical ability which will be used to destroy Madame's place, taking with him as many of the heathen so'n'so's as he can. After all, if the Orb is broken, his own life is worthless.

If the Orb is taken to a truly powerful wizard, the mage can be released safely. Either he will be so glad his captivity is over that he will depart the City with his precious Orb, never to return — or he will find himself enslaved by the rescuing wizard who will take the Orb and use it to blackmail the Mage of Max into doing his bidding.

SCENARIO SUGGESTIONS

Scenario 1. An outraged family is looking for a "fallen" relative. Since Madame Nokie employs only experienced ladies, there is no chance that the individual in question is actually here. However, the distraught relative will not believe this is the case. Madame Nokie could hire the player characters to "dissuade" the relative from further harrassment (Sam is too permanent a solution). On the other hand, the relative could hire the party to "rescue" the loved one. All this investigating could uncover the fact that the Lounge is a front for other activities, leading to further complications.

Scenario 2. The competition is jealous of Madame Nokie's success and join forces to give the Lounge a quick "remodeling." All her "heart of gold" nonsense is bothering them since it seems to be infecting their hired help, and besides, the good profitable clients seem to go to the Longtooth Lounge instead of visiting their own places. The opposing cartel have a gang make trouble by interfering with deliveries, preventing gentlemen from stopping at the Lounge, and otherwise being obnoxious. The players could be hired by Madame to stop this "restraint of trade" or they could be hired by the cartel to perpetrate the violence (in the name of "cleaning up the community," of course).

Scenario 3. Too many people have been disappearing lately, and the Longtooth Lounge is suspect. There do not seem to be any common factors except that all were last seen at Madame Nokie's house. The party can be hired by the government or local law, or by Madame herself (worried that all the disappearances will attract unwanted attention).

Of course a place like this is likely to be investigated by adventurers. And while odd adventures are possible, it is a *suitable place to relieve player characters of all that gold burning* a *hole in their pouches. . . and Madame Nokie's pleasure palace is the source of so many "interesting" stories!*



Macauley's Gambling House



Even *a timid adventurer will accept the risk of a friendly game of cards - and at Macauley's, intrigue and excitement are a sure bet.*

Located at a busy intersection in a busy quarter, Macauley's has provided entertainment for a generation. The original structure was part of a lumberyard, but was converted into a gambling house by Bristol Macauley, a retired shipbuilder. A fire gutted the building some years ago, destroying most of the original furnishings. Bristol perished in the catastrophe. His adopted daughter, Hata, firmly believes an angry privateer torched the business after a run of bad luck, and she hopes someday to exact justice on the criminal. Hata rebuilt Macauley's; local curiousity as to where the funds came from was forgotten after the casino opened with more entertainment than ever.

The new gambling house is a popular place, a regular stop for visitors and residents alike. However, there have been an increasing number of complaints about fixed games and mysterious events since Hata took charge of the place. Nevertheless, most folk remember Macauley's as Bristol's old place, and they are inclined to ignore rumors that might reflect badly on the good name of the popular old man.

Macauley's has two entrances for the public. A large stone archway over double wooden doors allows access to the main level; these are open 24 hours a day. To the east of the main entrance a door opens to a sloping walkway which leads to the building's lower level. The door is decorated with carvings of ships and sea creatures; it is open between the hours of 8:00 p.m. and midnight and locked[3] at all other times.

Games and Entertainment

STONESHIFT. This is the most popular "machine" game in the house. After wagering a slug obtained from the Cash Exchange, a player chooses a series of levers to pull. This causes a certain number of colored stones to fall into visual patterns. The object is to produce the paying patterns of wave, shell, sail, or serpent in a limited number of tries; most results are no pattern at all.

SQUALL. This card game earns its name from the storm cards in the deck and from the raucous vocalizations which inevitably accompany this irritating game. Squall may be played between a dealer and a customer, or between two customers who know the game and are willing to spend 5 coppers to rent the card deck! The deck has five suits (ship, storm, treasure, cargo, and slaves) with 12 cards of each suit, making a 60 card deck. Each player begins with 6 cards, and any pairs are discarded. For each pair put aside, the players may choose one card from the remaining deck to refill his hand. When neither gambler has any pairs left, the value of each hand is determined by a point system: ships are worth 10 points, treasure 7, cargo 5, slaves 3, and storms 1. The object of Squall is to bluff the opponent into folding, or "sinking" by convincing him you have many more points in your hand than he possibly could. Threats, boasts, and outrageous bets are the best ways to accomplish this, and they really are the heart of the game. If a player "sinks", he surrenders his bets but keeps his cards for the next round. If neither player folds, the hands are revealed and the points totaled. The loser has to surrender his money and his cards.

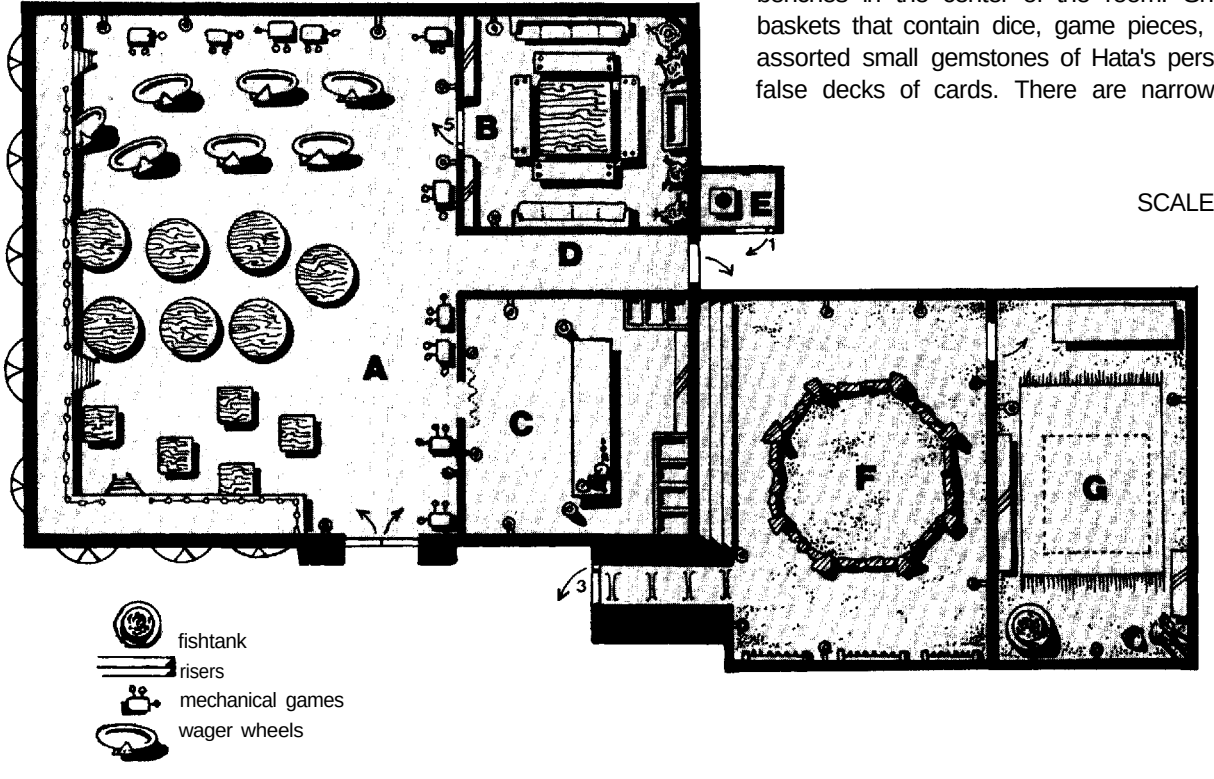
Subsequent rounds start with each player receiving 3 new cards, and play continues as before — theoretically, until the deck is exhausted. However, few have the patience to endure the insults and threats traded during a game of Squall, and the grand winners are more often decided by shouting matches and fist-fights than by a dearth of cards. These spontaneous eruptions are considered welcome additional entertainment, and wagering is often heavy on the outcome.

THE WAGER WHEELS. The Wager Wheels are a much more subdued diversion. These upright spinning circles are divided into 12 colored sections; they resemble rainbow pinwheels. Gamblers bet coins on what color they think will come to rest at the bottom of the wheel. Some of the devices are under an enchantment which mildly hypnotizes players who watch the spinning wheel too closely. Used as a guard on some of the wheels which Hata has indeed fixed, the spell compels suggestible gamblers to keep wagering until all their wealth has been transferred to the coffers of Macauley's.

OCTOSHAN. Played in the lower level of Macauley's, the game is a contest which pits sword against sword and spell against spell. Norgus Kybo (see *Personalities)* is an accomplished magician who will animate weapons to duel detached from their masters, or he can conjure creatures for magic-users to throw their spells against competitively. The Octoshan Arena is more popular for the theatrics of the game (which Kybo plays to the hilt) than for the odds of winning.

LAYOUT

Macauley's is a stucco'ed stone building with shuttered windows near the roof. A brightly painted sign near the arched entryway proclaims the name and nature of the business.



SCALE: 1 square = 1½ feet

Upper Level

A. Casino *(33' x 40')* The main gambling area is a crowded jumble of tables, chairs, and gaming devices. All furnishings are made from heavy, mast-quality wood and everything bears the carved messages and initials of many wagerers. Even the stone walls have not been entirely safe from this popular form of graffiti.

Set high in the west and south walls are shuttered windows which overlook the streets. These windows provide ventilation and allow some light to filter to the casino floor, although there are torches around the room to provide most of the illumination. One can gain access to the windows by a narrow catwalk close to the smoke-blackened ceiling. This platform can be reached by several hanging wood and rope ladders. For practical purposes, the catwalk allows the shutters to be opened and closed according to the weather, but more commonly the patrons take advantage of this area to call to or throw objects at passersby in the streets below.

The casino floor is divided into separate areas for each game. Just inside the main door are open tables for any type of gambling (dice games predominate). Nearby are two of the three rope ladders that give access to the windows. Past this section are the round Squall tables, always manned by a squad of dealers. Against the far wall are two rows of Wager Wheels as well as the third rope ladder. The open wall space near Hata's Game Room and the Cash Exchange have various simple mechanical games operated by slugs.

B. Hata's Came Room. *(18' x 17')* This special room is exclusively for games which Hata Macauley wishes to run personally. It doesn't take an invitation to get into one of her games, just being ready with money at the right moment. There is a large, ornately carved stone table with matching benches in the center of the room. Shelves support many baskets that contain dice, game pieces, gambling slugs, and assorted small gemstones of Hata's personal stock hidden in false decks of cards. There are narrow couches along the

north and south walls, and scattered through the room are pillows embroidered with exotic landscapes. Hata spends most of her time at Macauley's but lives elsewhere, so there are few personal things here. When Hata isn't running games, the door is locked[5]. There are rumors that Bristol's hidden wealth must be in here. It would take 4 strong men to lift the false surface of the stone table to find the compartment hiding the remainder of the pirated treasure Hata used to rebuild the gambling house. (She has Kybo levitate the table top for her.)

C. Cash Exchange. *(18' x 18')* This room provides gamblers with the slugs needed to play Stoneshift and the other mechanical games. Through a curtained doorway is a wooden counter supporting scales and weights for the valuation of gold, gemstones, and the like. Bins on the wall behind the counter hold slugs and currency. A skylight in the ceiling draws out the smoke from the massive candles which light this room. Under the counter is a small seachest which may contain from 50 to 500 gold pieces, depending on how busy the casino is; Kendol removes the excess to a money-lender/banking establishment as needed. Since it must be opened frequently to stash the donations of losers, it is not locked; it is, on the other hand, always guarded by the dealer working the counter.

D. Hallway. *(18' x 5')* This hallway runs between Hata's room and the Cash Exchange. At its east end is the back door which leads outside to a privy. The passage is dark and small robberies have occasionally occurred here.

E. Privy. *(6' x 5')* This attachment to the building serves its purpose and is unremarkable; the door latches[1].

F. The Octoshan Arena. *(21' x 28')* Both rooms on the lower level of Macauley's have a cave-like atmosphere. A dirt floor and stone walls enclose the open space in which Octoshan is played. Rows of stones define an eight-sided enclosure inside of which stands Norgus Kybo, the marshal of the game. Racks of weapons, armor, and other valuables are nearby. These are the "spoils" of the Octoshan game.

Fighters compete against one of Kybo's animated weapons, and to the owner of the victorious weapon goes the defeated one, restored to its original condition by Kybo despite any damage sustained. The mage whose spells defeat the monsters conjured up will receive any magic items used unsuccessfully by his opponent in the match, or a choice of a prize from the spoils racks. These prizes are replenished in the event of a match that ends in a draw, for then the materials wagered by both contestants pass into the ownership of the house. Prizes which aren't chosen can readily be sold by some of Hata's associates. The Octoshan arena is packed with every type of gambler on a good night.

G. The Dealers' Lounge. *(15' x 28')* A makeshift bar is the focus of this dismal room, which is cluttered with miscellaneous furniture and personal belongings of the dealers. Macauley's employees often loaf here and they don't appreciate nosy customers intruding. A motley assortment of small turgid water creatures subsist in a murky basin on a pedestal in one corner. The other corner has brooms, rags, mops, and other cleaning supplies, but these are rarely put to use.

An unpleasant surprise for anyone snooping in here is an 8' x 6' pit which the dealers have dug into the center of their hideaway. Concealed by a heavy carpet and lined with soft sand, the pit is more humiliating than dangerous. Unfortunates caught climbing out of the hole are usually forced to surrender their purses as the price for their exploration.

PERSONALITIES

Hata Macauley. *Half-elf. Ht:5'9". Wt:130 lbs. Age: 28. Fighting* prowess: *average. Magic ability: good, C5.*

Hata has lived her entire life within a short distance of the gambling house. She was born near the old lumberyard in one of the workmen's sheds. Her mother, an elven woman and dockside drifter, died shortly after Hata's birth. Bristol Macauley and his shipyard employees found and cared for the child who, as she grew, charmed her way into a permanent place in Bristol's household. Legally adopted by Bristol when she was 12, Hata was a good daughter although sometimes Bristol suspected she was not as obedient as she seemed. During her teenage years she developed her magical skills, though not on any formal basis. What began as child's play evolved into an incredible business sense which helped Bristol solidify his fortune in the shipbuilding trade. Inspired by Hata's ability to win (through psychic skills) in friendly card games, Bristol retired and built Macauley's.

Since his death, the dark-eyed girl has become the driving force behind the gambling house. More than one man visits the business just to admire her long blonde braided hair, and her favorite red clothing and jewelry. Attractive, talkative and definitely an expert gambler, Hata enjoys coaxing visitors to indulge in one of her "special" games, in which she uses her magical skills to the limit to relieve the gamblers of their excess cash. Her charm and confidence are often exercised to smooth over disagreements and to maintain goodwill toward the business, but her graciousness is a conveniently agreeable cover for her shady deals.

Her powers also keep her abreast of trouble from authorities, or from certain lowlife types who might threaten her business. She has some skill in hypnosis and suggestion which helps her allay conflict and keep important deals from being held up by legalities. Hata has been able to "befriend" many of the wealthiest captains and portside merchants. She receives generous gifts from them, each of whom is convinced that he alone gets her special attentions. Through such profitable relationships and her dishonest casino, Hata has amassed a fortune which entirely replaces what was spent when the casino had to be rebuilt. She believes in discreet exploitation, however, and has managed to sustain the myth that all her wealth was left to her by her father. She remains in business only for the chance of recognizing the arsonist who caused Bristol's death; she plans to punish the criminal in a very special way.

Kendol. *Human. Ht:5'11". Wt: 195 Ibs. Age: 43. Fighting prowess: fair.*

Kendol is the ex-foreman of Macauley's shipyard and the current boss of the casino help. He has never gotten friendly enough to reveal his first name to anyone. Fiercely private and strong-willed, this grey-haired, plainly-dressed man is even immune to Hata's prying mind.

The dealers of Macauley's obey him without question and without exception, believing his frequent threats to turn them over to the customs officers, or worse, their deserted shipmates from whom they've sought shoreside refuge. Kendol sometimes invites acquaintances from the dock authorities to the casino for a night of gambling, and delights in the resultant nervousness and caution this elicits in his charges. Kendol, however, is more concerned with the machinations of Hata than with the petty offenses of the dealers. He resents the way Hata manipulates the customers with her powers and wiles, which to him are an insult to Bristol's honesty and integrity. Kendol hopes to engineer her downfall, or at least to be around to enjoy it.

Norgus Kybo. *Human. Ht: 5'8". Wt: 150 Ibs. Age: 30. Fighting prowess: fair. Magic ability: very good, C4, C8.*

This gregarious man is a colorful figure, well known for his individualism and melodramatic behavior. His acting ability contributes crucially to the current popularity of Octoshan. Kybo wears outrageous clothing, a mixture of warrior, wizard, and sailor garb. His favorite accessory is a patched and weather-beaten fisherman's hat which tries, with minimal success, to control his curly brown hair. Upon his arrival in port, he was the joke of the town, but his powerful magic was happily and flagrantly displayed to persuade the locals to accept him. Bristol Macauley hired Kybo on the basis of Hata's positive feelings about the eccentric, and the magician invented the Octoshan game which has been so profitable. Gamblers who respect his talents will find the game fair, but skeptics will certainly lose as Kybo is more than capable of manipulating the contests to suit himself. Kybo is almost totally under Hata's mental control and he will do anything for her without question. He can defend himself competently in a fight, but he prefers to leave his opponents preoccupied with fireworks and conjured illusions while he slips off to *The Brass Orchid* to spin his tales of legerdemain.



Norgus Kybo

Dealers and Other Help. Most employees of Macauley's are failed sailors or petty thieves. Dishonesty is a practical advantage, for the casino pay is very low. Their personalities range from friendly to hostile, and their backgrounds are so nebulous that most could claim connection to whatever faction seems convenient or profitable at any moment.

The staff tends to travel in groups, as many jumped ship and must guard against being recaptured by their captains and crews. This habit could prove inconvenient to adventurers, especially any caught trespassing in the dealers' lounge.

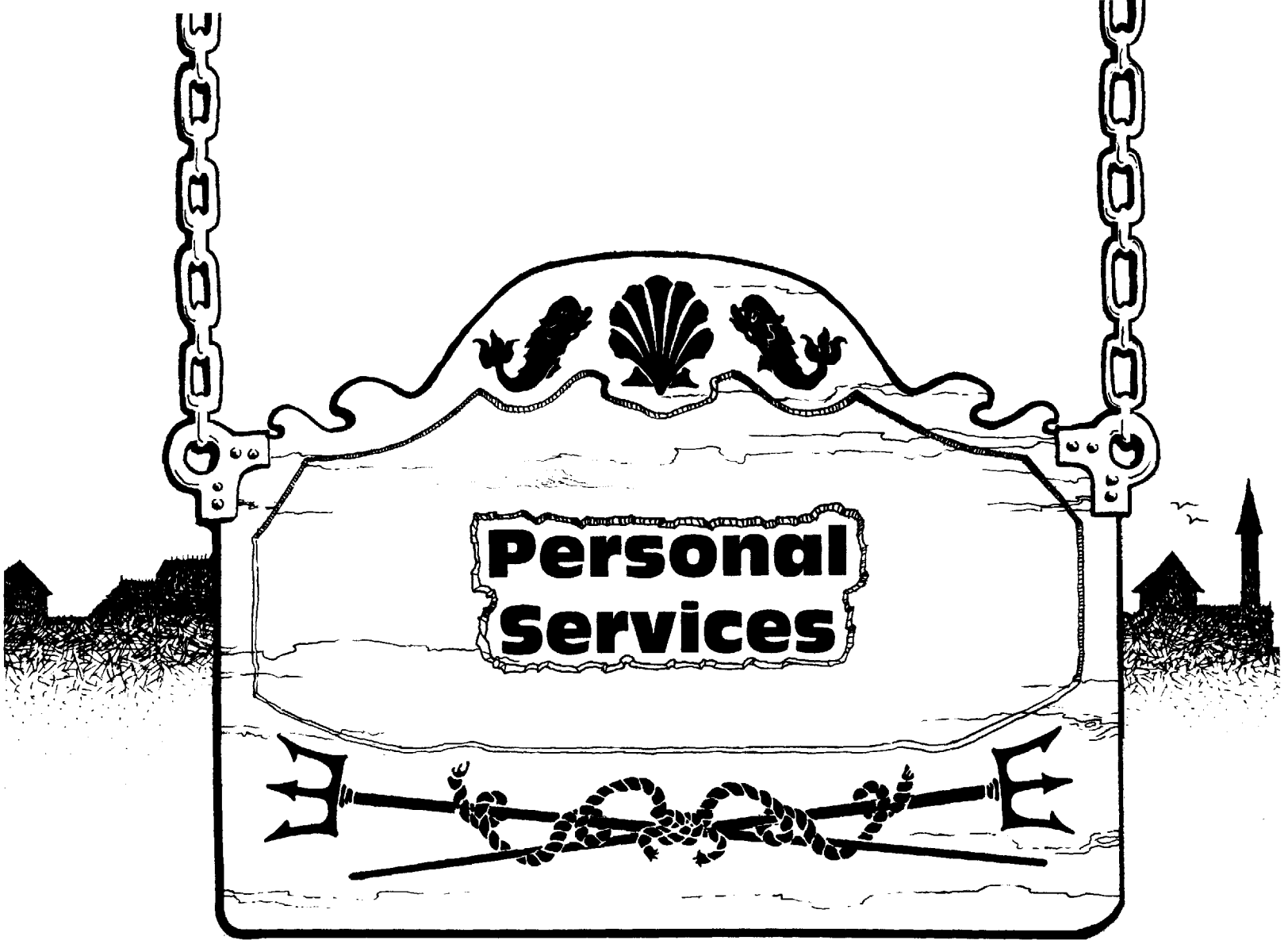
SCENARIO SUGGESTIONS

Scenario 1. Hata "recognizes" one of the party as the arsonist. Using all her charm and power, she tries to embroil the rest of the group in one of her special games while her dealer-henchmen kidnap the innocent victim. Gamblers in the Octoshan arena will then see an unusual bout: a single adventurer challenged by the most vicious attacks Norgus Kybo can conjure — and the worst odds in the history of Macauley's!

Scenario 2. Kendol suspects that Hata's hoard of graft from those under her influence is being kept somewhere in the gambling house. Hoping to expose her to both the customs officials and her multiple benefactors, he hires the adventurers to find and steal the treasure, promising each of them their pick of the goods in pay for their services.

Scenario 3. The weapons and magical devices which may be won in Octoshan are of wildly varied and sometimes exotic origin. The possibilities for enchantments, curses, and compulsions which a prize might carry are innumerable. As just one example, an adventurer might win a jeweled cutlass in a game of Octoshan. Although it is a beautiful and sturdy weapon, it is enchanted to strike with accuracy only when used aboard a ship at sea. It is also uniquely designed and decorated, and so easily recognized by its first owner - who might use very unsportsmanlike conduct to get it back!

Macauley's is the perfect place for an adventure to begin, occur, or end. Adventurers might be seeking information from patrons or dealers, refuge in the crowds at Octoshan, or simply a night of fun. A crafty GM will make Macauley's a fascinating, if costly, alternative to the usual taverns and bars.



The life of an adventurer is one of self-sufficiency. No sane delver will wait for an entourage of clerks, servants, and slaves to follow him around a cold cavern.

But in the City all manner of ministrations are offered to adventurers by servitors who recount business haggles with the fervor of a hero telling of the slaying a dragon. In The Gateway the business of completing a treasure map or buying a chart to a fabled land can be accomplished easily. Bulky treasures may be stored safely by the dwarves of Doc and Sardin's Warehouse. An adventurer's ship may be newly fitted with sails to speed any journey after the owner makes a short trip to The Sails of the Everpresent Journeywind. Ew's Wood and Bone Works has fine handcrafted carvings and amulets to amuse the adventurer or provide that perfect gift for one who awaits the heroes' return. Less extravagant are Cap'n Bill's scrimshaws and each piece comes with a seafarer's tale. The Pearl Trader and Jensen's Exchange give value for treasures discovered.

Very easily an adventurer will discover that civilization offers comforts that are unattainable in the wilderness. More surprising are the adventures that can be found where only comfort is to be expected!

The Gateway

for maps *of otherwhere and otherwhen, adventurers will find The Gateway is the most promising place to visit in the City.*

The Gateway, a small shop dealing in maps, gazetteers, and other aids to travel, gets its name and structural integrity from the remains of an ancient and mighty fortress which once stood on that site. The building proper is a wooden structure, nestled in an arched portal in the old wall. The shop was set up by a famous military commander who settled down after retirement to work with maps, which he had grown to love through his many years as chief royal tactician. The shop is now owned by Ular Scribesman, grandnephew of the founder and a cartographer extraordinaire himself.

Ular's business sells much besides maps. Ink and parchment are available, and the shop also provides local citizenry with a place to bring documents to be read and letters written. Sailors' tales often find their way into the shop, many of which are written down by Ular in hopes of gathering important information about exotic lands over the sea. Scrolls and books on various topics are also available, though Ular loathes to part with copies of rare books. Curious adventurers may have to settle for just a quick glimpse, or a reading by Ular of such material.

Maps and Charts

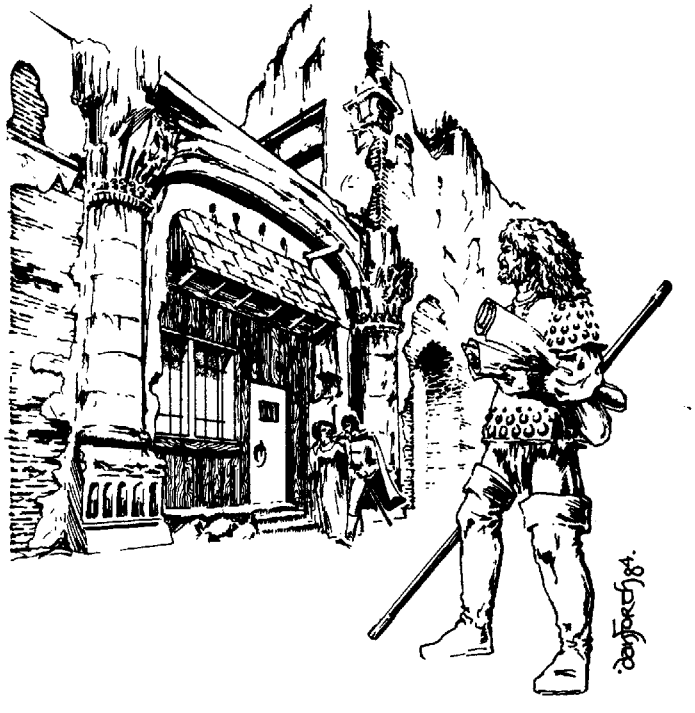
The primary purpose of a cartographer is to make and sell maps. Ular's maps come in three basic types:

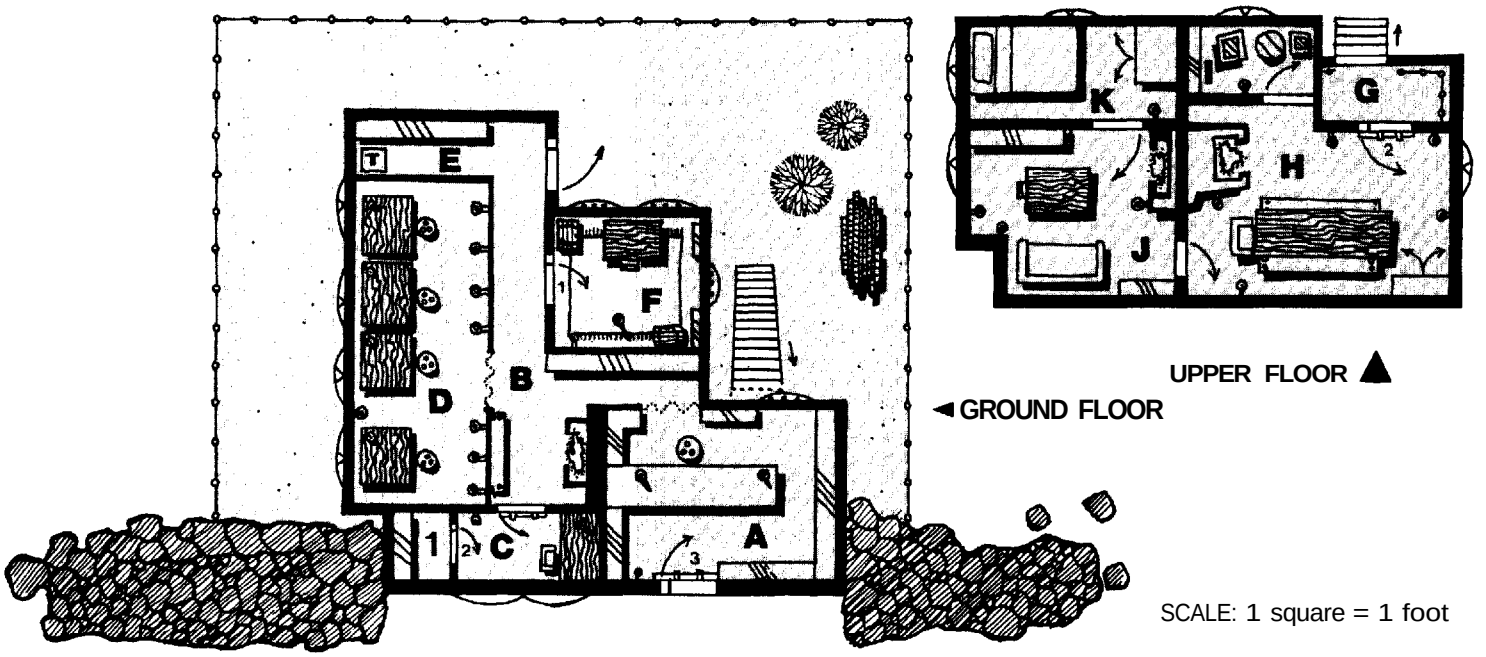
OFFICIAL MAPS. These are maps compiled by the Royal Cartographers themselves, and distributed in the hopes of increasing trade. The maps also permit easier collection of taxes. The Royal Cartographers are very suspicious of changes and updates, fearing that a town may attempt to avoid giving its rightful due by erasing itself from official existence. Over the years, this process has led to gross inaccuracies. The GM may use such errors to guide the player characters to adventure settings he or she has set up. The Official maps are fairly simple to copy, as they show only towns, roads and gross terrain features. These map are copied by hand and cost 10 to 50 gold pieces.

NAVIGATION MAPS. These maps are more properly charts. They are maps of the seas and rivers that can be reached from the port. Ships' captains and navigators constantly provide information to update these maps, a practice that leads both to great accuracy and wildly inaccurate guesses on the same map. Some of the mistakes are honest errors, while others are deliberate attempts to confuse those who might attempt to muscle in on a lucrative market. Ular carefully checks incoming information, but errors still creep through. Even the maps accepted as "official" by the seamen who buy from Ular may have missing islands, mislabeled and distorted entries, and hazards to navigation unmarked. Navigation Charts cost between 50 and 200 gold pieces. Accuracy of these maps deteriorates in a direct proportion to the distance between the Gateway and the area they describe.

ADVENTURE MAPS. These are maps that Ular has collected through the years. They range from crude charcoal sketches made by adventurers to stone tablets found by pearl divers offshore. Some of the maps are forgeries, some are drawn by incompetents, some are in ancient languages, but almost all refer to lost cities, buried treasures, and other stuff of legend. Ular's assistant, Kark, is attempting to piece these maps together to make a grand map of the world, but for the most part the adventure maps are kept in boxes and ignored. When adventurers wish to browse, Ular will try to find what they need, and can provide additional information from books and scrolls. The mapmaker will buy almost any map, and Kark will pay for those that his boss will not. A copy of an adventure map will cost between 10 and 1000 gold coins. Price is determined by Ular based on size, embellishments, and his arbitrary judgement of its real value and accuracy. Maps purchased will be bought for half to a third of what Ular thinks he will be able to get for them when they are resold; Kark's prices will be slightly lower than his boss's prices.

Ular also sells guides to foreign lands, gazetteers, folios and journals made by travellers. These books and scrolls tend to be quite expensive (50 to 500 gold pieces), and range from works similar to "Baron Munchausen's Journals" to invaluable





and insightful works on the mysterious lands beyond. These works can be used to inform, tease and mislead adventurers as needed.

LAYOUT

The Gateway map shop is located on the outskirts of town, an area of fancy villas and small shops. The old wall in which the building is set is about 50 feet long, 25 feet high and some 5 feet thick. It is moss-covered and crumbling in places. The shop itself is a two-story wood building, with a shingled roof sloping down from the front of the building. A small fenced-off yard surrounds the rear of the structure.

Ground Floor

A. Storefront. *(12' x 9')* The front door is solid oak and has a small barred window in it. It is always kept locked[3] and is barred at night. The storefront is lined with shelves and cubbyholes, all stacked with scrolls, folded and rolled maps, bound volumes of maps and text, small knick-knacks that are purported to be from the places the maps portray, and supplies of ink, parchments and pens. A counter, 4' high with a solid front, has storage space for miscellaneous items. Light for the room is provided by the two candelabras mounted on the counter. Often Ular will read a map or document for a customer who complains of lack of light, though he certainly would never suspect that customer of being illiterate. The room is stuffy and very dusty, giving an impression of ancient shabbiness to all who enter. Customers are not usually allowed to browse; someone will keep a watch at all times. A beaded curtain in the west wall opens into the Sitting Area.

B. Sitting Area. *(5' x 7')* This is a small area, bare of furnishings except for a bench and small hearth. Ular and his assistants rest here during the day, and sometimes take meals from a pot of stew or soup kept warm in the hearth. Shelves in the short corridor hold the personal belongings of Ular's help, as well as any loose junk that is there for want of a better location.

C. Ular's Office. *(11' x 4')* The door to this room does not lock, but has a bar inside that is used when Ular wants privacy. A large window provides illumination in the day; candles are used at night. Most of the office is taken up by a large, slanted drawing table and a high chair. Small drawers and shelves in this table contain papers, ink, and pens. One drawer is locked[4] and reinforced with metal. It contains a small bag of 300 gold coins, a small magical lens that allows the user to see in the dark (Ular's vision has lasted a great deal longer than the average medieval scribe's because of this gadget; he only uses it in private, fearing that one of his assistants will take it), and a small book containing a semi-complete index of his maps. Notations indicate those that Ular prizes most highly.

The closet (1 on the map) is locked[2] whenever Ular is not rummaging around in it. The shelves therein contain the more valuable inks, boxes of gold leaf, the master copies of the Official Maps and Ular's prizes: maps so valuable that he keeps them secret from all but his most trusted assistants. A strongbox is bolted to one of the walls. It is locked[4] and contains some 2,000 gold coins, a few gems and a bottle of magic ink (the properties of which the GM may determine).

D. Drawing Room. *(7' x 17')* This room is used solely for the main purpose of the Gateway: copying maps. Four large drafting tables take up the most room. Light is provided by a

line of candelabras, smaller candle holders on each desk, and by the large windows in the west wall. Some of the glass is missing from these windows and it has been replaced with sheets of oiled paper. In winter the room is chilly.

The desks have small drawers. Each drawer contains ink bottles, pen nibs, and other tools of the cartographer's trade. Each desk will have a map or scroll in the process of duplication on top of it.

E. Stores. *(10 x 3)* This narrow niche of a room has only a set of shelves cluttered with ink, raw materials for making parchment and inks, lots of candles, and a few tools for minor shop repairs. A hatch in the floor opens up onto a 3' x 4' x 6' deep hole. It is a root cellar with stocks of turnips and potatoes.

F. Kark's Workroom. (8' x 7') The door to this room is locked[1] and bears a sign, hung there by Ular. It reads, "Persons teasing the chief scribe will be sorry."

Ular's chief assistant, Kark the Terrible, has claimed this room as his own. It is well lit, has a carpet and a magnificent mahogany drawing desk that formerly belonged to Ular. The shelves on the east wall contain Kark's supply of inks and pens, as well as his works in progress. Chests and boxes contain other tools, a supply of clothing and more works in progress.

Upper Floor

The upper story is reached via a creaky outside stairway (or from the roof of the drawing room, which is only 5 to 6 feet from the ground). Under the stairway is *a* collection of junk and old yard tools.

G. Landing. *(3'* x *7')* This is a small wooden platform at the top of the stairs. Laundry, old pots and pans, and scraps of garbage litter the area.

H. Kitchen. *(14'* x *9')* This room is both a kitchen and dining area. Since the table is large enough to seat Ular, his assistants, and a friend, getting around the kitchen is difficult. There are several cupboards that contain grimy and battered eating utensils. The door to the landing is locked[2] and barred at night.

I. Storeroom. *(7'* x *4')* This small room contains dried and salted food, household implements, and linen. It is cluttered and poorly lit.

J. Study/Sitting Room. *(11' x 9')* This is a small but well appointed room, used for entertaining or as a place to spend a quiet evening reading the latest treasure purchased in the shop. A fireplace, window, and candles provide fair illumination and make the room comfortable. The shelves and table are usually littered with books, knick-knacks, and maps. The apprentice, Okar Eunuchsson, sleeps here at night. His personal possessions are kept in a box under the sofa.

K. Ular's Bedroom. *(11' x 5')* This tiny room is cluttered with clothing but is otherwise undecorated. Ular uses the room only for dressing and sleeping, and keeps nothing of value here. The dresser contains only clothing, but there is more clothing on the floor than there is in the dresser. The bed is soft and seldom made up.

PERSONALITIES

Ular Scribesman. *Human. Ht:5'9". Wt:.160 Ibs. Age: 54. Fighting prowess: average with* a *sword, otherwise fair.*

Ular is a dark-skinned man of middling height. He has wavy hair, once brown but it is now well on its way to becoming silver. Ular seems a bit absent minded, but he is in fact quite clever and perceptive. He wears well-made but battered clothing, and carries a long dagger at all times.

Ular started out as an adventurer, actually going out on one fairly successful raid on a cultists' temple. When an uncle offered him a job as a researcher at the Gateway, he jumped at the chance, thinking that the position would allow him to study the files for clues to vast treasures. All too soon, Ular found himself the owner of the Gateway. With this responsibility, Ular had to stop adventuring. He now lives out his youthful aspirations by helping others find adventure, and makes a pretty penny in the process. Ular is a talented artist and calligrapher in addition to being an excellent cartographer.

Kark the Terrible. *Human. Ht: 6'4". Wt: 230 Ibs. Age: 35. Fighting Ability: excellent with axes, quarterstaves; otherwise very good. Magical Ability: C3, extraordinary but uncontrolled and unconscious.*

Kark is a hulking, fair skinned man. He is scarred, well muscled, and apparently has long, dirty blonde hair. One would think Kark a fighting man, perhaps of barbarian origin. He wears suits of outdoors adventuring clothes, once gaudily decorated but now reduced to faded, threadbare rattiness. Though seen carrying a double-bitted battle axe on occasion, Kark is most often encountered with an ironshod quarterstaff.

Kark became Ular's chief assistant through a series of rather bizarre happenings. Kark was indeed a warrior, a renowned adventurer and mercenary famed for brains as well as fighting prowess. On one adventure he was charged with recovering a magical helmet for a powerful wizard. This helmet was an artifact of the lost Soorvil peoples, a magical repository of all the knowledge of that ancient race. The helmet was recovered, but in the drunken revel that followed, the besotted warrior donned the helmet. The information blasted Kark's mind. When he recovered, he was severely chastised by his employer. The wizard put Kark through an agonizing series of tests and mental probings, finally determining that Kark's mind contained the knowledge he sought. Not willing to kill the warrior, the mage geased Kark to become a mapmaker and artist. When the barbarian could piece together a map of the Soorvil realms, including the location of all treasure sites, he would be freed.

Though skilled in the mapmakers' art, Kark hates his work with a passion. Occasionally he has "remembering spells" during which he can recall parts of the Soorvil lore. If working on maps when these spells occur, the warrior will get "map" information; if eating he gets recipes and so on. Kark therefore tries to keep his mind clear of all thoughts but mapmaking when he's on the job. On more than one occasion he felt a



Ular Scribesman

remembering spell coming on, only to have it come out wrong because someone interrupted him with a trivial question or request. Kark gets his nickname from his terrible fits of rage and temper when someone intrudes on him at work.

Kark has one very peculiar anomaly. Kark is bald and across his bare scalp constantly play scenes of other places and other times. This is the result of one of the spells used by the wizard to determine if he had the knowledge of the Soorvil. The warrior has taken to wearing a wig and a wool cap at all times. It is rumored that a boy who worked at the inn where Kark lives saw him without headgear once, and was severely beaten as a result. No one knows for sure what Kark is hiding, but he has become the object of a number of rumors in the City.

Okar Eunuchsson. *Human. Ht: 53". Wt: 140 lbs. Age: 14. Fighting Prowess: good with a bow or dagger, otherwise poor.*

Okar is Ular's apprentice. He is a handsome boy with red hair and freckled skin. He wears cheap tunics and trousers, and seems on the surface to be a lazy good-for-nothing. When not learning how to copy maps, read or write, Okar haunts the waterfront and trades tall tales with the sailors. Ular is patient with him, thinking the lad has great potential.

As one might suppose, there is a story behind Okar's surname. Okar is the bastard son of a noble who lived beyond the sea. Though everyone could see the resemblance to his father, the man did not claim him but sentenced Okar's mother to death. The King's eunuch chamberlain rescued her by claiming he had married her in secret. Protecting the nobleman's wishes, the King ordered his court magicians to say the Chamberlain had indeed fathered the child, despite the technical difficulties involved. Until the age of 10, Okar lead a good life in the Palace.

A plague killed the King and Okar's noble blood father, and the boy became the center of a political conflict. One faction of nobles wanted Okar recognized and given his father's lands, while another faction, backing his legitimized half-brother, wanted him slain. The latter faction won, but Okar managed to escape. After a few years on the high seas, he came to the city and apprenticed himself to Ular. The knowledge the boy had gained of navigation and charts made him a perfect choice to learn the mapmaker's art.

Okar spends all his free time, such as it is, talking to sailors. He hopes to hear of a change in his homeland that will allow him to return.

SCENARIO SUGGESTIONS

Scenario 1. Okar's eunuch "father" has followed the boy. The Chamberlain wants Okar to supplant his half-brother for the good of the nation. Unfortunately, Okar thinks the old gelding is out to get him for his half-brother. To complicate matters, in the City there could be real agents of Okar's half brother who are to kill Okar. The adventurers could be hunting for Okar, or employed by the Chamberlain to find the youth, or caught up in things purely by accident. If Okar really gets scared he might ask the help of adventurers to aid and return him to his country.

Scenario 2. Kark can be the basis of many scenarios. The adventurers may meet him at the inn and engage him in conversation. If a "remembering spell" comes on during such an encounter, he might babble ancient Soorvilan knowledge. Alternatively, an evil wizard may learn of Kark's malady and kidnap the warrior. The adventurers could do the kidnapping, or they might be hired to prevent the same crime because of an important copying assignment interrupted by Kark's capture: if the barbarian does not come back, the treasure map he was working on might be lost forever.

Besides leading to adventure in the conventional sense, Ular's maps could be the target of an in-port intrigue. An assistant scribe might begin altering maps to confuse people, or to drive merchant ships onto a shoal where smugglers and pirates could capture them easily. The Gateway might become the starting point of a race for lost treasure, with the adventurers trying to beat a gang of bandits to a hoard located half a league or half a world away. Any way it's used, the Gateway should interest adventurers time and again.

Doc and Sardin's Warehouse

Adventurers collect a quantity of goods and excess loot in their travels - things they aren't able to carry with them, but things they can't bear to part with, either. For a reasonable fee, the dwarves of Doc & Sardin's will see it all safely stored in their warehouse.

Owned by the old and prestigious shipping firm of Doc *and Sardin's Transfers,* during business hours this large building bustles with activity. Close to the waterfront, the warehouse is the point of transfer for cargo being exported, cargo off-loaded from one ship waiting the departure of another, cargo awaiting pickup by a business in town, or exotic cargoes bound inland by caravan. On the upper floors there is space for items to be stored more or less permanently, although it is the bulk cargoes stored one, two or three months that make up the business which is the greatest part of the warehouse's success in the City.

The warehouse is one of many such owned by the dwarvish shipping company of Doc and Sardin's. Being run by dwarves, the accounts of the warehouse, the bills of lading and sale, and all the financial aspects of the business are watched studiously and maintained with unparalleled thoroughness. In addition, the dwarves (working for other dwarves) do twice the labor of most men, and the business is a profitable one. Gotha, son of Gimmel, son of Gundel, is in charge of operation of the warehouse and has been for a great many years.

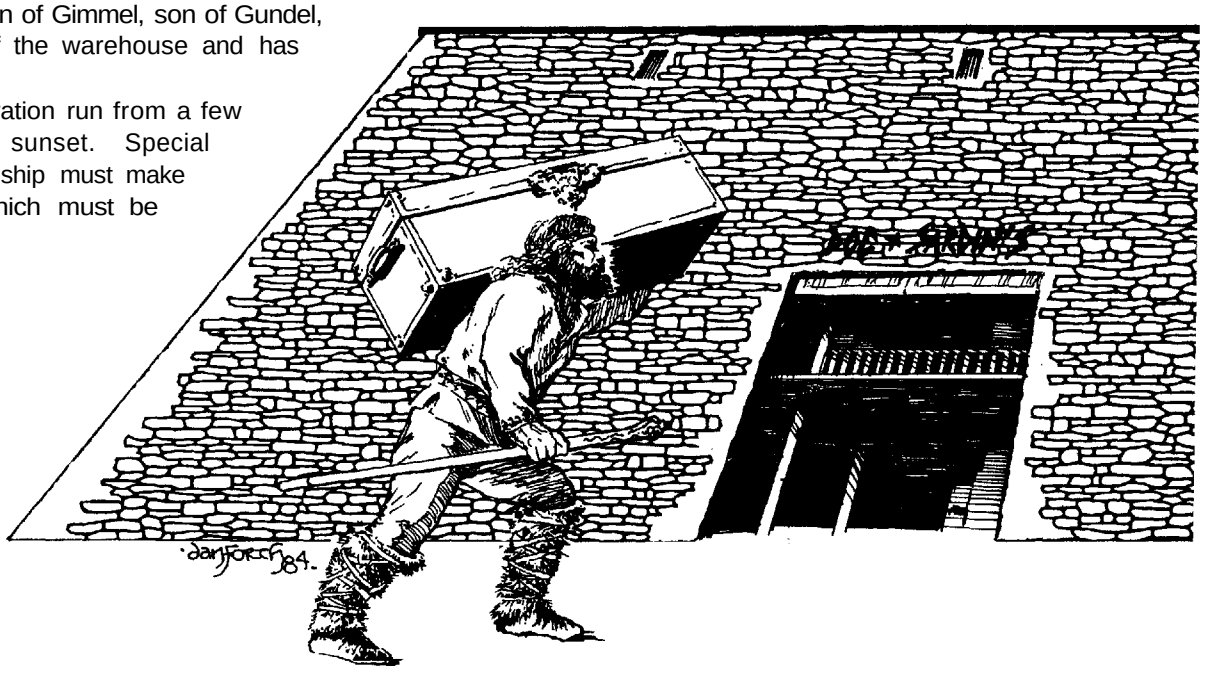
The normal hours of operation run from a few hours after sunrise 'til sunset. Special shifts are arranged when a ship must make a tide or for shipments which must be moved at night.

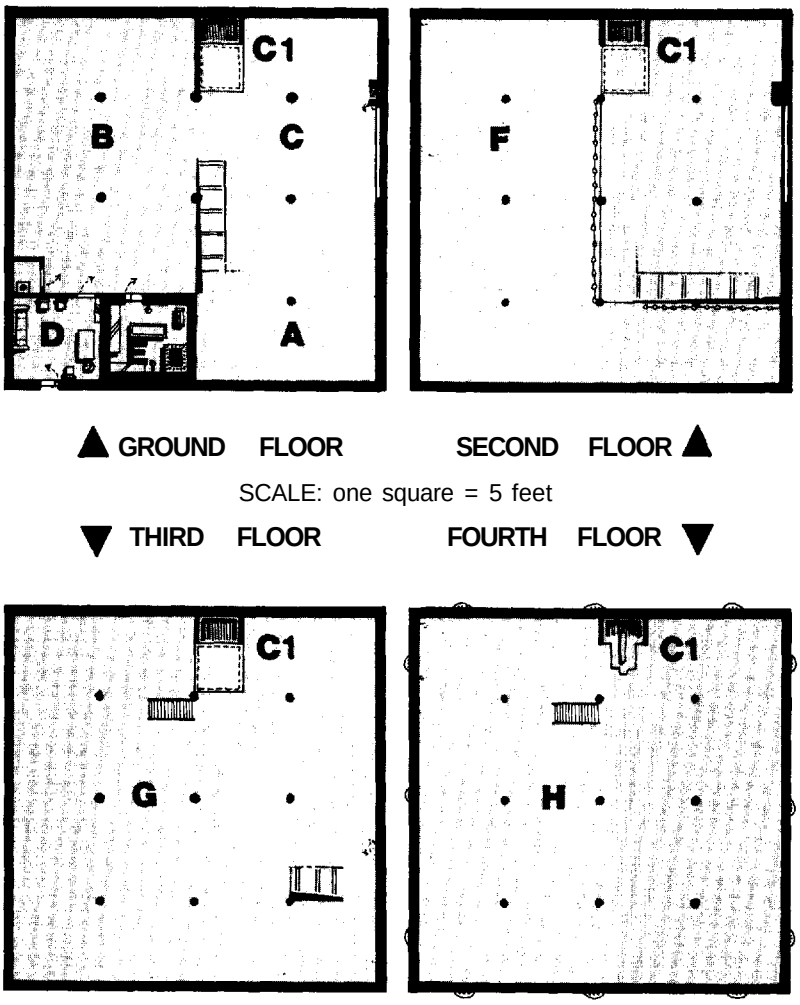
Business Operations

The warehouse was originally set up for shipments handled by Doc and Sardin's Transfers, and a portion of the business is with the parent firm. However, the warehouse handles cargo for many others as well.

Bulk cargoes comprise the majority of cargoes handled here. Bales of wool and cloth; furniture; kegs of wine, ale, and other drinkables; hides; pottery, fine and ordinary; flour and grain; lumber; roughly refined ore of tin and copper; and much, much more all may come inside the warehouse walls. Stored 30 days or less, the warehouse fee is 3/4% of the wholesale value of the cargo. Stored up to 60 days, the fee is 3/4% each month on the total wholesale value of the cargo stored. If the cargo is to be stored more than 60 days, the monthy fee is 1½% of the total wholesale value, payable every 30 days. If the fee goes unpaid for more than 30 days, the warehouse auctions off the goods in order to clear space. There are very stiff late penalties for not paying on time.

In addition, the warehouse will store individual items and personal effects. A noble moving his household might wish to store a particularly clumsy-looking cabinet, or a traveler might wish for a secure place to leave a chest of goods while she is





in town. Unless they are to be stored only a very short time, these things usually are kept on the top floor. When the items are not large, or they are valuable, they are usually destined for storage in the Strong Room.

The very precious, rare, and valuable items and *objets d'art* are invariably stored in the Strong Room, even if they are part of a bulk shipment. The rate for storage of these things is 1% of the item's value per year. For this, the client receives a guarantee against theft, entitling him or her to 50% of the real value of the item if it is stolen. This room is the repository for a number of the City's precious items and important documents, evidence of the trustworthiness of the firm.

All the prices are negotiable and can be debated with whoever writes up the contract with the customer. However, even with items and cargoes stored just a short time, the dwarves will bargain to make a fair profit for themselves.

LAYOUT

The warehouse is a large square building 80' on a side. The outer walls are 2' thick. Although it appears to be only a tall 3-story building, there are in fact four floors; the second, third and fourth floors have ceilings only 6' overhead. Since the place is run by dwarves, the additional headspace isn't needed and higher piles of goods would be difficult for them to handle. The ground floor has a 12' high ceiling. The only windows are for ventilation, small and recessed, and only on the uppermost floor.

Ground Floor

A and B. Storage. *(38'x19'and38'x58')* Goods go through these two areas quickly. The crew brings items in here before moving them higher up in the building for longer storage, and bring cargoes here just before they are passed out for shipment elsewhere.

C. The Loading Dock. *(38'* x *58')* Here the ceiling is 18' overhead, extending up through the second floor. The dock area contains the cargoes and goods in active movement - the job in progress. The massive door in the east wall is 4" thick, of resilient wood heavily reinforced with metal. It is raised into a slot in the wall overhead (a design courtesy of dwarven craftsmanship) and maneuvered by a counterweight and pulley system.

At C-1 is another example of dwarvish cleverness - an "elevator" which can reach all but the top floor. Immediately to the north of the movable platform is the housing for the mechanism which, with the addition of only moderate muscle-power, can move a ton of dead weight. For simpler loads, a 6' wide ramp leads up to the second floor.

D. The Office. *(18'* x *18')* The main entrance opens into this room, the only area regularly visited by customers, and the only door directly into the warehouse proper opens from it. Here most of the day-to-day business is taken care of. Contracts, billings, and other paperwork necessities are written and filed here in large ledgers. When there is a slump in the work (not often!), the room serves as the crew's lounge. In this business everyone works, so the room has a predominating smell of dwarvish sweat.

E. The Strong Room. *(16'* x *16')* This is literally a metal-lined box of a room. The walls, floor, and ceiling are 2' thick stone lined with the toughest metal the dwarvish smelters could make. The lock[5] is fine dwarvish design. In this room are kept the most valuable items stored in the warehouse, including such things as various *objets d'art,* bolts of rare cloth, and extraordinarily fine woods and ivory. A lockbox[6] contains small padded shelves of gems and jewelry. In the middle of the room is a display case with glass sides. In the display case, among other spectacular (and occasionally magic) gems is one large, particularly blue stone. During daylight hours this gemstone is as it seems - harmless. After the sun has set, though, it has the magical ability to paralyze anyone who looks upon it. The victim is unable to move until sunrise. Needless to say, the Strong Room is never opened at night by anyone who works in the warehouse.

Second Floor

F. Storage. *(76' x 76', less loading dock section C from ground floor).* This floor has a landing for the elevator platform, and a ramp leading to the third floor. The works for the mechanisms that raise and lower the loading dock door are situated at this level, but are largely inaccessible from this floor, being across the open area down to the ground floor loading dock.

Third Floor

G. Storage. *(76' x 76')* Goods stored here are those which the owners plan to have remain for 2-3 months, or longer. This is as high as the elevator platform will go, though a flight of stairs (not a ramp at this level) leads to the floor above. The mechanisms for the elevator are mostly at this level, immediately north of the platform.

Fourth Floor

H. Storage. *(76' x 76")* This is the only floor with any windows; they are needed for ventilation of the building. This floor is used for storage of long-term items (especially very *long term* things), small shipments, and individual items like family trunks, single pieces of large furniture, and crates of personal belongings left by adventurers pending their return. The only access to this floor is by the stairs from below (or, for the crazy, though the hole in the floor that allows the elevator wheel space to turn).



Firestreek

PERSONALITIES

Gotha, son of Gimmel, son of Gundel. *Dwarf. Ht: 4'0". Wt: 250 lbs. Age: 165. Fighting prowess: very good with pickaxe, fighting hammers; otherwise fair. Magic ability: good, C1, C3, C4, C6, C7.*

Dark of hair, eyes, and beard, Gotha is one of the senior partners in Doc & Sardin's Transfer Company. If most dwarves are clannish and taciturn, Gotha is an exception to the rule. His white teeth are frequently seen as his ready smile splits the foliage of his beard. Gotha was sent to the City to set up this operation and raise a crew to run it. The fine reputation of the shipping company insured that, although the warehouse was run by a foreign company (and dwarvish, besides!), the necessary licenses and permits were made quickly available and there has been no trouble in that department since.

Gotha is a very successful businessman but he is seldom seen around the office. His preferred method of doing business is to adjourn to the Brass Orchid Tavern to conduct the transaction in what he calls "a more comfortable atmosphere." Gotha is shrewd and not above getting a client soused in order to have a particularly lucrative contract signed quickly. Still, he's basically fair and won't cheat a customer who does not invite it first.

Gotha chips in to help when necessary but is away from the warehouse most of the time. He is the only one with the key to the Strong Room.

Firestreek, son of Magma. *Dwarf. Ht: 4'6". Wt: 200 lbs. Age: 63. Fighting prowess: good with crossbow or heavy spear, fair otherwise. Magic ability: average, C1, C3, C4, C6, C7.*

Streek is one of the two brothers who actually run the operation (given that Gotha is virtually semi-retired). Streek does the lion's share of the work of running the warehouse. He keeps the records, maintains the ledgers and files, appraises goods (as only a trained dwarf can), writes contracts when Gotha does not, balances the finances (under Gotha's eagle eye), oversees the dock crew, and even pitches in on the loading dock when circumstances call for it. In short, Firestreek is a jack-of-all-trades.

Streek has thick red hair and a bushy beard, and looks on the world with hard dark eyes. He is grim, surly, and taciturn, answering questions in as few words as possible, or mere grunts if warranted. This gruffness prevents Gotha from going into full retirement, as the elder dwarf has yet to teach Streek the value of good relations with one's customers!

Redtop, son of Magma. *Dwarf. Ht: 42". Wt: 190 lbs. Age: 50. Fighting prowess: very good with crossbow, fair otherwise.*

Red is the ne'er-do-well brother of the hard-working Firestreek. He has the same coloring as his brother but little of his industrious nature. Red knows all the work of running the warehouse but is chronically lazy; as a result, he has the tediously tiresome — but easy — job of the night shift watchman. He spends most of the time in the office napping or just listening to the noises on the street outside. He can be

persuaded to open for business if the prospective client is persistent enough. He makes the rounds of the warehouse, all four floors, about once an hour, but not very punctually. If the dock crew is working early or late, he will pitch in to do a fair, if not exactly impressive, share of the work. Then he's more than likely to take the crew out to the nearest tavern for a round or two. He's well liked, if not well respected.

Brick. *Dwarf. Ht: 4'4". Wt: 210 Ibs. Age: 110. Fighting prowess: good with mace, fair otherwise. Magic ability: none of his own, but a magic amulet, described below.*

Brick is a common dwarf, as evidenced by his simple name; he is tough and friendly, but not too bright. He plays checkers and o-wa-ri with Red, but rarely wins. He shares the night shift with Redtop as the second watchman, a job which he takes very seriously. He makes his rounds every 15 minutes, timed by a small sandglass. However, if Redtop is enjoying the current game, he will "set back" the sandglass while Brick is concentrating on making a move; as a result, even Brick cannot be counted on for punctuality. Neither Brick nor Redtop wear any armor, but Brick has an iron cap he invariably puts on before making his rounds.

Brick's magic amulet was given to him by his mother. It has the ability to detect innate or cast magic, "twitching" at the end of the chain he wears around his neck. Owning it as long as he has, Brick has learned to discern something about the distance and direction of the magic detected by his amulet.

Dock Crew. The regular dock crew are all dwarves, ranging in height from 3'10" to 4'5", burly (even for dwarves), and generally pretty good in a brawl. Generally, there will be 4-6 working daily. At Gotha or Red's behest, they'd tangle it up with anyone; in the line of duty, they'd even pitch in for Streek. However, they'd probably run out in the face of heavily armed and armored opposition (on a par with the City Guard). These fellows can readily take on a gathering of sailors, thugs, and the occasional thieves.

SCENARIO SUGGESTIONS

Scenario 1. This is a basic scenario with lots of variations (meaning repeat playability) in the hands of a clever GM. An item of considerable value has been stored in the Strong Room. The item could be something a party member wants very badly — the adventurer and his friends could then conspire to steal it. Alternatively, the item could be something greatly desired by someone else and the party is hired to fetch it for them. If rumor of such a theft reaches Gotha and Streek, they could be hiring additional protection for the item. Finally, if the item has been stolen by others, the adventurers could be hired to retrieve it for a percentage of its value. All these variations offer opportunities for double-crosses and for individuals not being who or what they say they are — or perhaps the argued-over item isn't even what it is advertised to be!

Scenario 2. A huge cargo, many barrels of flour, is to be stored and Gotha suddenly needs a few extra hands to unload it. The adventurers, passing by, hire on for a half-hour's work. Then one member of the party notices something odd about one of the barrels, or one barrel gets dropped and partly cracks open to reveal something inside besides flour (packages of gold dust, gems, or some other contraband). The group should easily deduce that the cargo is being used as a cover for smuggling. The party might try to steal the cargo for themselves, rightly assuming that whoever is smuggling can't go to the authorities for restitution (although they're apt to be nasty customers who will come demanding their own kind of "restitution"!). If one of the dwarves working the establishment was on hand for the discovery, perhaps the warehousemen (with the party's aid) could set up an ambush to catch the smugglers. After all, their own legality is threatened by this cargo, and they've been duped. .. unless, of course, they're really in on the smuggling operation themselves, and are setting up the party for capture by the Customs officers!

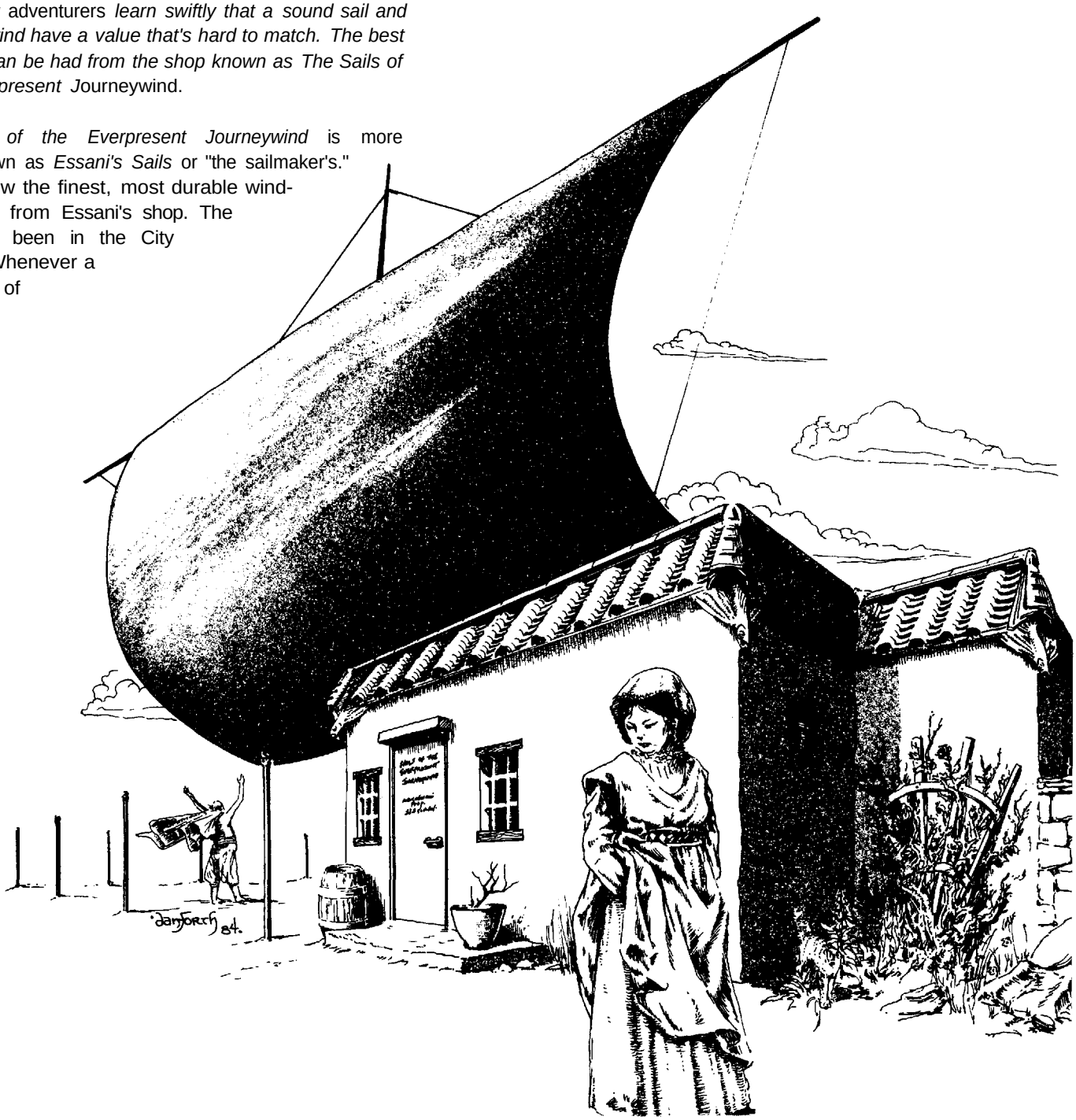
Scenario 3. The warehouse was broken into and a quantity of insured goods has been taken - so many things, in fact, that Gotha can't pay the insurance. Streek has been imprisoned by the authorities for misrepresentation and Gotha (who, of course, was away at the time) is in hiding. He surreptitiously seeks to hire a group to get the warehouse out of the bind, presumably by regaining all the lost items, or coming up with some other scheme to get him off the hook. In addition, the parent company of Doc & Sardin's might be very interested in having their good name cleared, even if it means practical — if unpleasant — ramifications for the party!

Doc *& Sardin's Warehouse can most simply be used by adventurers as a reasonably secure place to leave the extra personal belongings one gathers while adventuring. More convoluted scenarios are possible when the dwarves of the warehouse are at odds with the group, or when they look to hire the adventurers for one job or another.*

Sails of the Everpresent Journeywind

Seafaring adventurers *learn swiftly that a sound sail and a good wind have a value that's hard to match. The best of both can be had from the shop known as The Sails of the Everpresent* Journeywind.

The *Sails of the Everpresent Journeywind* is more commonly known as *Essani's Sails* or "the sailmaker's." Townsfolk know the finest, most durable wind-catchers come from Essani's shop. The sailmaker has been in the City for decades. Whenever a score or more of years has passed,



the sailmaker closes up shop and disappears for a few months. Later, a new member of the Essani family comes along to reopen the business.

There are rumors of occasional ghostly visitors, spirits whose death was caused by a failure of one of the sails produced by the shop, and that the Essani family therefore is cursed. Townsfolk assume this to be the cause of the regular leave-taking of one Essani from the business, only to be replaced by a new family member. The curse, if such it is, is evidently handed down from one generation to another.

The sailmaker's shop is open for business six days a week, from 10:00 in the morning until 8:00 at night. The sign on the front door reads:

Sails of the Everpresent Journeywind
Makea Essani, Prop.
No Sails Repaired

Stock in Trade

There are three grades of sails available. An ordinary sail without color or design will cost 35 gold pieces for a sailboat, 400 gold for a small merchant ship, 2100 for a large war galley, and 14,500 for the sails to a large three-master (roughly the equivalent of a Spanish galleon). Only the first two types are kept in stock (usually 3 sailboat sails and 1 merchant ship sail); the others must be custom made. The time required to make a galley sail is 1 month; it takes 5 months to make the galleon sails. If additional sailboat sails are needed, each one will take 3-4 days; if merchant ship sails are needed, each will require about 2 weeks to complete.

Colored sails can be had for a price increase of about 50%. Designs increase the price by 50% - 300%, depending on the complexity of the patterns. To make colored or embellished sails, there is a similar increase in the amount of time it takes to construct the different types of sails.

The final kind of sail to be had from the sailmaker's shop is the special *Sail of the Everpresent Journeywind.* Twelve winds are bound into the sail, each summoned and controlled by a song. Patel Chhaya (see *Personalities)* can teach any character the 12 necessary songs at the rate of one song per week. Singing such a song exhausts a character, but the wind summoned will obey the captain of the vessel carrying the windsinger for 6 hours. The wind will not affect anything not part of or not being carried aboard the vessel with the windsinger, except another wind (in other words, it will cancel a contrary wind). A twelve-hour rest is required after singing each song before the singer can perform any task requiring strenuous physical effort or mental concentration.

Each wind may be summoned only once every 7 days. There are 3 types of winds for each of the cardinal points on a compass: a gentle breeze (4 knots), a stiff wind (16 knots), and gale force wind (64 knots). A wind cannot change the basic direction in which it is blowing, but it can vary up to halfway toward an adjacent compass point.

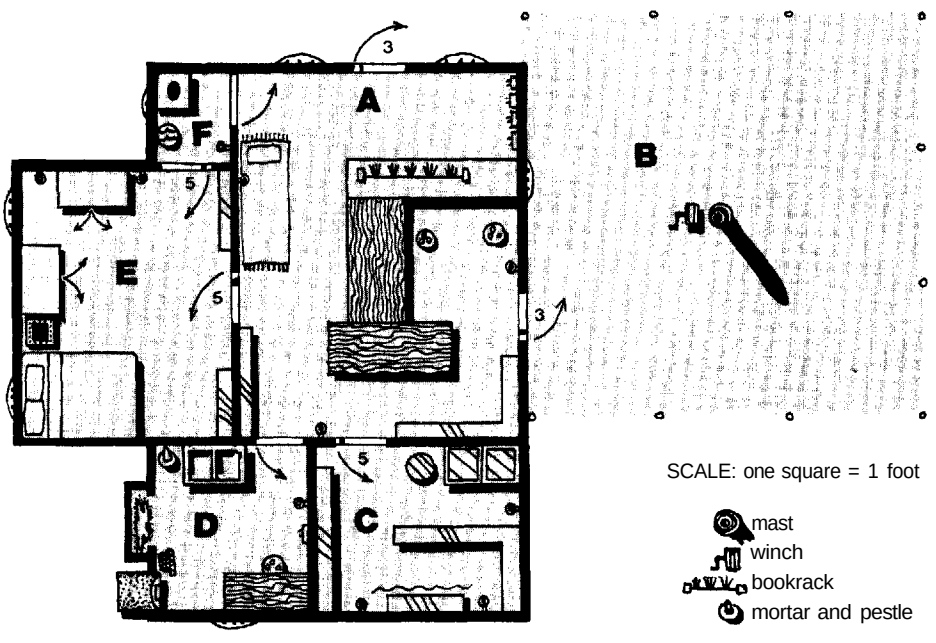
The Sails of the Everpresent Journeywind cost a flat 60,000 gold pieces *more than* the cost of the regular sail, whatever size. Preparation time is 1 year longer than for a regular sail. There is one Journeywind sail presently in stock, war galley size, whose owner died before she could claim it.

Makea Essani has promised to deliver one of the Journeywind sails each year, free of charge, to the Temple of Aroshnavaraparta. This promise is linked into the curse she labors under, as described in the Personalities section.

LAYOUT

Sails of the Everpresent Journeywind is located in one of the higher areas of the City not far from the seafront, where winds can reach easily, unobstructed by other buildings crowding around. The building is one story tall, about 26' square, plastered and whitewashed, with a canted roof of red ceramic tiles. On the west side of the building is a bare section of ground fenced with 7' tall etched brass rods; in the center of the area is what appears to be a mast about 8' tall.

A. Main Workroom. *(15'* x *19')* This room is entered through the front entrance, locked[3] when the shop is not open. Inside are the worktables and sailmakers' tools of the trade. There are shelves with the cloth, dyes, thread, needles, and stretching bars needed for the sail currently in production. The table closest to the door has a rack built in which carries binders of vellum sheets covered with examples of special designs that can be incorporated into a sail.



At night a sleeping mat is unrolled against the west wall, adjacent to a small canvas bag of personal belongings. These are the property of Shad Ravenswood (see *Personalities).*

The windows are translucent oil-soaked parchment instead of glass, with brass grillwork to hinder intruders.

B. Windchant Area. *(21' x 21')* Seven-foot brass rods are set 7' apart to form a "fence", the perimeter of the Windchant area. The rods are etched with finely wrought runes on the side of the rod which faces into the area. A character with a Very Good (85-95 percentile, or among the top 5-15% of all people) command of languages *in general* would recognize the runes as invocations to each of the four winds. A character with a Fair (60-74 percentile, or top 36-40% of all people) understanding of *magical writings* could gain the same information.

In the center of the area there is a mast which is made of concentric wooden tubes, allowing it to be raised to any height from 8' to nearly 50'. Raising and lowering this mast is done with a geared mechanism located nearby. One person can raise or lower the mast, but the gearing is such that it requires almost 15 minutes to extend the mast to its full height. The mast is fitted with brass rings to hold the woodrope (see C) which comprise the rest of the rigging needed to hang a sail.

This area is almost never in use unless a windchant is being performed. The door into the area can be locked[3] from the main work area.

C. Storage Room. *(11'* x *9')* This room holds what supplies are not regularly used in the main workroom. It also contains whatever sails Makea has in stock, as well as the magical implements used in creating the sails. The door can be locked[5] from the main work area.

There are several coils of a light yellow, cotton-textured cord lying on a shelf with a label affixed that reads "Woodrope." Nearby are several earthenware jars with the labeling "W. Stiffener." The clear acrid liquid in those jars, when applied to the woodrope, converts its pliable cords into a substance as hard as oak. The shape of the woodrope is not altered by its transformation (in other words, coiled around a broken spar, then stiffened, the woodrope would keep its coiling shape, supporting the spar; it would not straighten like the tail of a surprised cat).

The shelves in back are covered with a tarp. On those shelves are a number of books. These are the magical tomes and research notebooks of Patel Chhaya. Most are written in languages which only someone with an Excellent (96-100 percentile) knowledge of *ancient languages* will be able to decipher. These tomes cover the following "Cs" at the corresponding levels of magic ability:

C1. Combat Magic ..... *average*
C2. Curative Magic ..... .average
C3. Clairvoyant Magic ..... .poor
C4. Conveyance Magic ..... average
C5. Communication Magic ..... *fair*
C6. Construction Magic ..... *excellent*
C7. Concealment Magic ..... .average
C8. Conjuration Magic ..... *excellent*

A player who can decipher the tomes, and who has the ability to use magic, should be able to learn from these works. Exactly how much can be learned and made useful to the player should be carefully handled by the GM.

Also on these shelves, in bindings similar to the other books but obviously newer, are Shad Ravenswood's codebooks.

D. Kitchen. *(8' x 9')* There is a hearth with baking oven in this room, also a compartmentalized storage bin for non-perishable foodstuffs. Against the south wall is a table, above it a rack of brightly polished kitchen utensils, pots, and pans; in the northwest corner a large mortar and pestle, disused.

E. Bedroom. *(11' x 14')* The walls are lined with enameled brick of a deep blue shade. Bound into the walls is a warding spell which will be triggered *four* seconds *after* anyone other than Patel Chhaya or Makea Essani enters the room. The ward will charm (or otherwise convince) a character into believing there is nothing of value in the room, and that the investigating character is sure of this because he has performed a thorough search. In game use, should the spell take effect, the GM should allow the character to "search" the room by whatever methods the player says he is using. Of course, the room is not searched, the furniture is not torn apart, no revealing spells are cast — the player simply believes those actions have taken place. The Ward spell can affect up to 7 characters simultaneously.

In the room there is a large bed, an armoire (wardrobe for clothing), and a bureau. These contain nothing extraordinary, and are themselves rather ordinary. There is a bookshelf with 52 volumes, 26 red and 26 black. These are a catalog of Patel Chhaya's likes (black) and dislikes (red), which he has assiduously maintained through the decades.

There are four wooden shelves on which sit ten dozen sealed glass containers. These are substances which are needed for the sundry magical preparations which Patel and Makea manufacture for their own use. The total value of these substances, sold at best market value, is 65,000 gold pieces, ranging from a low of 75 gold pieces to a high of 4000 gold pieces for the contents of a single container.

A cash box of heavy wood and metal rests on the floor near the head of the bed. It contains the cash receipts for the operation of the shop, always more than 100 gold pieces and rarely more than 800. It is always kept locked[5].

The door to the privy may be locked[5] from the bedroom; the door to the main workroom can be secured[5] from either side.

F. Privy. *(4' x 5')* Unremarkable except for a minor spell which keeps odors to a minimum, the privy room has the obvious facilities and a basin to wash oneself.

Whereabouts of Personalities

This table is used with 1d100 (or 2d10) to determine with one roll the position of all three characters. For example, during business hours the GM rolls a 56: Makea and Patel are both in the storage area while Shad is minding the store.

When/Who — Where (area)

	A	B	C	D	E	F	OUT
Business Hours							
Makea Essani	01-45	46-49	50-70	71-74	75-80	81-82	83+
Patel Chhaya	04-38	39-46	47-75	76-85	86-97	98-00	01-03
Shad Ravenswood	35-95	Never	96-00	01-07	Never	08-10	11-34
Other Times of Day or Night							
Makea Essani	01-10	11-17	18-25	26-35	36-90	91	92+
Patel Chhaya	01-15	16-20	21-30	31-37	38-96	97	98+
Shad Ravenswood	31-88	Never	89-00	24-30	Never	01	02-23

Makea Essani and Patel Chhaya have keys to all doors that can be locked. Shad Ravenswood carries keys to the main entrance and to the storage area.

PERSONALITIES

Shad Ravenswood. *Human. Ht: 5'1". Wt: 175 lbs. Age: 22. Fighting prowess: fair.*

Shad Ravenswood is a lively straw-haired man with blue eyes. He is attractive, and he keeps himself well-groomed. Nimble fingers got him the job with Essani's sailmaking business, but those same nimble fingers kept him fed in less legal ways before he gained this employment. Even now he supplements his workman's wages (by a factor of about 20 times) with underhanded activities. He is a member of a spy ring which works for a league of assassins. He obtains information on security and layout of the physical locations of potential targets, and then encodes the information into his work. Each month a contact from the league makes a purchase of a boat's sail with the message encoded in the stitches of the sail.

Shad has little knowledge of magic beyond superstition, but he knows Essani and Chhaya are magic workers. He knows instinctively they are hiding some secret, and hopes that people who themselves have something to hide will not start looking into any odd behavior on the part of those around them.

His glib tongue makes him a popular companion in taverns and inns around the City. He also bargains well when he is sent out to buy supplies for the shop.

Makea Essani. *Human. Ht: 5'6". Wt: 120 lbs. Apparent age: 38. Fighting prowess: fair. Magic ability: good at C6, C8; average at C1; other C's poor.*

Makea (the name has three syllables) was once a merchant captain with a modest fleet of 3 ships. This was an unexpected occupation for a woman from the highlands of the interior, but one which suited her well after a few years of adventuring.

She was journeying over open ocean with two ships laden with precious silk while her flagship carried paying pilgrims to a distant temple of Aroshnavaraparta. A severe storm slashed unexpectedly from the north, threatening all the vessels. The pilgrims aboard her ship brought out a pearl-encrusted idol and began to pray with a degree of earnestness which was beyond just "devout." Still, sincere prayer went unheeded; the ships began to flounder, then break apart. With herself and her crew threatened, Makea took a desperate course of action. Grabbing the idol, she offered it in sacrifice to the gods of her homeland in the hope that they would deliver her, her crew, and her cargo. She neglected to mention the pilgrims, which was her second mistake.

Aroshnavaraparta cursed Makea and her crew, swearing they should serve him until the idol was delivered to the temple by hands other than their own. Makea was allowed to solicit aid, but she was forbidden to mention the purpose behind her requests. She was not allowed to aid or accompany the person or party that agreed to assist her.

Her crew were to serve the sea god in death, while Makea was to serve the god in life. Her duty was to see that all pilgrims arrived safely at the temple. Once the idol had been delivered safely, she would be "allowed" to join her crew in death. Until then, she would not age or change.



Shad Ravenswood

Makea does not desire to serve the sea god Aroshnavara-parta (and does not know his present status), but she fears serving the god in death more than in life — an understandable bias developed as a result of dealing with some of her crew, who periodically visit her.

Makea is an efficient businesswoman, courteous and sometimes kind, but never close to anyone but Patel. She is in love with the elderly wizard who has chosen to share his life with her, and is becoming increasingly distressed with his encroaching senility.

Makea Essani has dark brown hair and green-grey eyes the color of the northern sea. She is supple and quick, with a speed of hand equalling her wit. Occasionally grim, often taciturn in public, she still enjoys the tales of the sea, men, and ships which abound in the taverns of the City portside.

Patel Chhaya. *Human. Ht: 5'3". Wt: 120 lbs. Apparent age: 44. Fighting prowess: poor. Magic ability: excellent in C8, poor in C3, average in all other* C's.

Patel is a man who infinitely preferred books over crawling around damp musty dwellings of creatures of carnivorous habits while in search of treasure. He discovered Makea many years ago, and then rediscovered her a couple of decades later. She truly had not changed, which intrigued the wizard. Many years later he managed to piece together clues from Makea with fragments from legend, and thus gained knowledge of the curse. It was during his attempts to remove the curse that Patel came to love Makea.

Patel came up with the scheme for introducing the Essani "family" into the City, using his sorcerous mixtures to change Makea's appearance so she could appear a few years younger or older, and avoid the prying of the general populace. He also brewed potions to increase his lifespan so that he might stay with Makea. Unfortunately, his own body has begun to develop a resistance to the potion. Physically he ages slowly, but lately he has begun to age mentally at nearly a normal rate. His memory is becoming spotty and his arcane knowledge is slowly slipping away.

Patel has a quirk. He believes a man should live a very rational life and that consistency is a high virtue. To this end he has compiled a voluminous list of his likes and dislikes (the red and black books in the bedroom) which he will consult rather than risk making a decision that contradicts one made years before. Needless to say, this made the man rather inflexible. Makea has learned to "look up the entry and save him the bother" in order to make a decision on current evidence rather than facts decades old.

Patel developed the rituals for binding the winds to the sails, and thereupon taught them to Makea. They require 2 days for each wind to be bound, materials worth 3000 gold pieces, and the presence of the appropriate wind.

With thinning red hair, Patel is obviously starting to age; his weight is mostly around his middle. He loves to talk about trivial things, and will always delight in an obscure fact given to him by a character. He considers alcohol vile, but believes pastry to be humankind's greatest achievement (although he goes out rarely, it's usually to the bakeshop of the Widow Rohls). Although he can be quite thoughtful, that trait is becoming less frequent as his mind deteriorates. He is a gentle man, and fiercely devoted to Makea.

Note that no real ages are given for either Patel or Makea. Within the framework of their story, they could be only 30 to 40 years older than their appearances, or they could go back many centuries. If relevant to the campaign, the GM should take their past into account and determine their history.

SCENARIO SUGGESTIONS

Scenario 1. Due to a crush of orders, no one from the sailmaker's shop has the time to deliver this year's sail to the Temple of the Aroshnavaraparta; instead, Makea sends word that it's ready to be picked up. Nap from the Temple comes to fetch it, but has it stolen. This is a mixed blessing for the thief: the sail's magic has been botched. It gives Nap no difficulties, of course, but any other person has to deal with the mangled magic. Specifically, Chhaya flubbed binding the winds so that they are all permanently present. They cancel out nicely so there is only minor perturbation of the sail, yet when someone touches the sail, he or she is buffeted by all the winds simultaneously! Nap hires the adventurers to get the sail back to him — unless of course, the original thief is one of the player characters drawn to thievery by the rumor of a fantastically expensive magic sail in the hands of a doddering old man....

Scenario 2. Civil officials are interested in eliminating an alarming number of security leaks. One chap who was put to the rack was gracious enough to admit there existed a connection with the sailmaker's shop, but died before he could elaborate. The officials would be most grateful if the adventurers would investigate the connection, as official investigation is likely to drive things farther underground.

Scenario 3. Makea's crew begins to return in larger numbers and with increasing regularity. They are undead, ranging from zombies and skeletons to the more malevolent non-corporeal kinds of night creatures. They are bound to Makea's fate by the curse, and the usual methods of dispatching the undead are *only temporarily effective.* They may be permanently dispelled only when the curse is lifted.

The stronger undead beings would completely level a city if they were not held in check; the more powerful the undead being, the less effective any temporary banishing spell. Lesser beings like the zombies might be able to make their, reappearance nightly, while the more dangerous should require a week, or even a moon to be able to return. But the undead are very, very patient. . . .

The *sailmaker's shop has a number of hooks for an inventive Came Master to build a scenario out of. Adventurers can get involved by assisting Makea (perhaps unknowingly) to restore Patel's youth - and she'll obviously need some hardy souls to retrieve a certain pearl-encrusted idol from the mountain temple where it is kept!*

Ew's Wood and Bone Works

Tiny carvings and exquisite charms are the specialty of the master carver Velaran Ew, and there is none to match his artistry in all the City.

Ew's Wood and Bone Works is a calm spot in a turbulent section of the merchants' quarter, and it does a brisk trade for a specialty shop. The wealthy upper class folk visit regularly in the hope of acquiring an original Ew carving, while the middle class are willing to settle for work by the master's apprentice or his daughter — just so long as the shop's name is engraved on the bottom, the guarantee of an original. The shop has small items for sale on its shelves, items created by other artisans, but only the best are accepted, and those usually only on a commission basis.

A few visitors to Ew's Wood and Bone Shop are of the sort who hope to sell their own little charms or carvings, for the shop to resell. Sailors on shore-leave stop into the shop, although many have the look of small-time privateers. What *they* have to sell is simply "a special little something that I just picked up, mate — thought you'd like a look at it, maybe make me an offer, not that I'm exactly in the business of selling such items, if you know what I mean, but I'm a little short of cash...". If Velaran believes the article to have been stolen, he will not accept it, but from the legitimate artists he manages to keep his shelves stocked with scrimshaw pieces, exotic ivory figures, and more.

Visitors most welcome in Velaran Ew's shop (much to the chagrin of the more blue-blooded customers) are old comrades of Velaran's adventuring days; they always come by when in the City. They, too, bring the odd item, though most of these are given as gifts, and are not for sale. These carvings and small items find their way into Velaran's private museum, maintained as another might keep a chapel. Rarely do these leave the master's possession except as treasured gifts.

Finally, though they are very few, there is the occasional visitor whose express purpose in visiting Velaran is to seek out the odd charm or magical item, whether carved with the consummate skill of the master himself, or an item that passed through several hands until it reached the shop. Velaran Ew makes no effort to advertise this side of his business, and it is the trusted few who can obtain such wares from him.

During the day one of the three carvers — Velaran, his daughter Aniell, or his apprentice Kanidor — will be found before the workbench in the storefront. This workbench has large windows which face the busy street, allowing the curious to see works-in-progress taking shape under the carver's hands. Velaran has found this tactic good for business, as most of such pieces are sold before completion.

The shop rarely works on commission, as Velaran in particular is already busier than he'd like. Magical items are sold only by appointment; the most popular magic items created here are healing and love charms — each with an inlaid chip of unicorn's horn — and protective amulets carved whole from a dragon's tooth. None of them come cheap.

Ew's Wood and Bone Works opens for business early in the day, soon after Aniell (an early riser) finishes breakfast, and while the light is at its best in the storefront. The workers sitting at the storefront windows stop in the late afternoon when the daylight begins to fade, and the shop usually closes when the merchant-quarters crowds fade away for their evening meals. A rainy or snowy day with its poor light will keep a carver from working on a fine piece, or the finishing work of even an average piece, and with bad weather, few customers are on the streets in any case. Such days the shop may not open at all.



LAYOUT

The building which houses Ew's Wood and Bone Works has an upper living floor and a lower floor for the shop, kitchen, and living quarters for the apprentice and the housekeeper. A small walled garden brings a bit of the countryside to the house. The walls are stuccoed stone, with an inside facing of smooth wood. The overall building is approximately 25' square, with the garden adding another 16' to the lot. All windows on both floors are barred.

Ground Floor

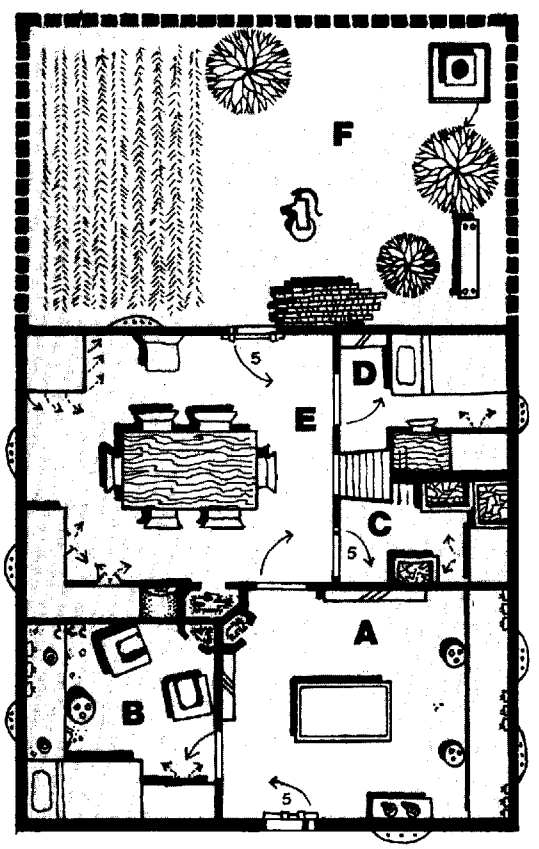
A. Storefront. *(15'* x *12')* This is the public shop, with one display window in the south wall near the main entrance. This window usually presents just one or two of the larger and more extraordinary items presently available in the shop — these could one time be graceful ivory statues and another time, intricately inlaid ebony bowls. Against the eastern wall are two windows that look from the cross-street onto the carvers' workbench. Against the sections of wall and within reach of the workers are hung the racks of small tools needed in their work; each of the carvers has his or her own set of tools stored here. Aniell is usually present to handle the money transactions, and when it is more than she is comfortable with, it is stored in an ornately carved box kept behind a trick/lock[5] shelf hidden under the central display shelf.

B. Kanidor Towrie's Room. *(10'* x *10')* Kanidor, better known as simply "Kan", is the master carver's apprentice, and the son of Ella, who keeps up the household. There is a cabinet at the foot of the low bed; a workbench fills the west wall. Kan often works here in the afternoons, instead of in the shop. There are candlesticks to provide light at night for the preliminary sketches which Velaran expects before the lad attempts some of the trickier projects. Under the workbench is stored some of the material Kan uses, as well as a scatter of parchments, chalks and charcoal. There are pegs over the workbench for his tools, and frequently half of them are here while the other half are at the store workbench. A hearth with two comfortable armchairs before it is in the northeast corner.

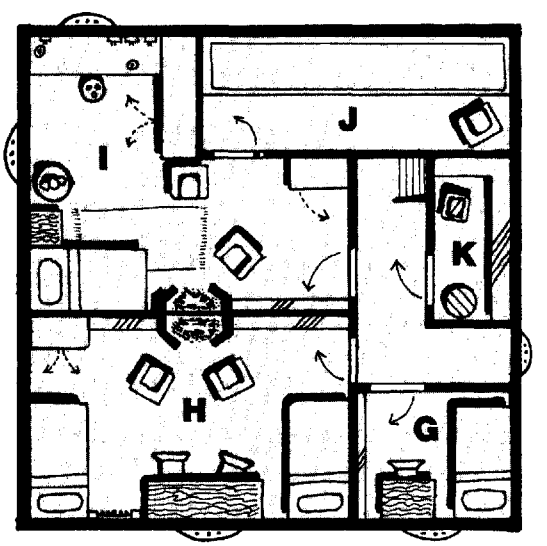
C. Storeroom. *(9'* x *5')* This storeroom has bins of "raw" carving wood kept along the north and south walls; wood is also stacked up under the stairway. The cabinet on the east wall is a heavy piece of furniture with locking[4] doors. In here are kept the ivories, precious inlay materials, the rarer woods and exotic materials that Velaran acquires from his various contacts - particularly those comrades from his adventuring days. The door into this room is always kept locked[5] and only Velaran Ew and Ella Towrie keep keys to it.

D. Ella Towrie's Room. *(9' x 7')* This room is kept scrupulously neat, even as she keeps the rest of the house in order. The furnishings are simple — a single bed with a dresser and desk nearby. A small shelf near the head of the bed keeps the remainder of her personal belongings. The room is rather bare of decoration; Ella spends her time working in the garden or around the house, and is usually in here only to sleep. She does keep household expense records at the desk. Her door has no lock.

E. Kitchen. *(16'* x *15')* The kitchen has a hearth, a small baking oven, and counters and cabinets along the south and west walls. Pots and other utensils are hung from pegs over the cabinets. A small coldbox is in the northwest corner of the room; perishable foods keep a few days in this.



▲ GROUND FLOOR



UPPER FLOOR ▲

SCALE: one square = 1 foot

There is a large table dominating the middle of the kitchen, and this is where the Ews and Towries spend a fair portion of their evenings. The chairs are comfortable and discussions of every imaginable subject keep various individuals up to late hours. In the east wall are the foot of the stairs that lead up to the upper floor.

F. Garden. *(25' x 16')* This is a "backyard" with an 8' wall of stone; a vegetable and herb garden takes up most of the west half of the area. There are a number of smallish trees to provide shade in the heat of summer, and a handpump for the household's water supply. The woodpile by the back door is for the fireplaces, not for serious carving. The back door locks[5] and is kept barred at night as well. In the southeast corner of the garden is an old stone bench; Ella and Aniell sit out here to talk and work on their embroidery when weather permits. In the northeast corner is an outhouse. The only entrance to the garden is through the building.

Upper Floor

G. Guest Room. *(8' x 7')* This is little more than a large closet with a single bed, a small table and chair, and a narrow shelf. Velaran keeps it prepared for use in case old friends come by for a visit and need a place to stay. Ew's other daughter Arienn, with an adventuring streak like her father's, sometimes has a friend or companion who could use a roof overhead; a friend of Arienn may occasionally stay in the room. This is a much more rare occurrence than the visit of a friend of Velaran's.

H. Aniell and Arienn's Room. *(17 x 10')* Velaran's two daughters are twins and they share this room, although Arienn is away from home about half the year. There is a long table under the window on the south wall and near Arienn's bed is a weapons rack to hold her equipment. A clothes cupboard is for the storage of the two women's clothes. A small hearth is flanked by shelves, and two comfortable chairs usually face the fireplace.

I. Velaran EW'S Room. *(17' x 8' and 9' x 7' - L-shaped)* Velaran's room is decorated with deep rich blues and dark forest greens; the effect, while peaceful, is rather a somber one. The length of the L-shape is used as his living area while the foot of the L (the north section) is his workplace where he does his serious carving. A full set of tools hangs on pegs above the workbench and candles provide extra light when he requires it. The cupboard next to the bench holds raw materials he is working with or projects not yet completed. The cupboard door can be locked[3].

Velaran has a shelf full of books against the south wall, and a hearth with chairs nearby. A wardrobe for his clothing stands against the north wall. A single bed is in the southwest corner with a small table beside it. Beside that is a 4' tall statue of Velaran's wife; the master himself carved it from a single great dragon's tooth; it is exquisite.

J. Private Museum. *(16' x 6')* Velaran keeps his personal collection of rare and personal carvings here, in a wall-to-wall glassed display case. The items, of course, are the very finest and range from a pendant carved from a genuine unicorn's horn (with appropriate healing properties) through intricate masterworks done by every major master carver. A few very special customers are allowed into this room, but even fewer carvings leave; none change hands for less than 15,000 gold pieces. At times Velaran sits in here looking at the pieces; most have emotional relationships for the man, and he sometimes spends hours in here alone.

K. Dry Goods Room. *(4' x 9')* This is a small, narrow room lined with shelves against two walls, and having some bins and barrels stacked up where possible. A small keg or two may hold some wine or local ale. The room is primarily used to store non-perishable dry goods such as flour, teas, sugar, salt and such; one shelf also holds spare sheets and blankets through the summertime. Some of Velaran's stock of carving wood is occasionally kept here.

PERSONALITIES

Velaran EW. *Half-elf. Ht: 5'11' Wt: 153 lbs. Age: 72. Fighting prowess: excellent with bow, knife, and sword; otherwise average. Magic ability: very good; C2, C3, C5, C7, C8 but only as applies to the creation of charms, amulets and such; otherwise average in C1-8.*

Velaran is wiry, with a dark complexion, pale gold hair, and silvery-grey eyes; he appears to be about one-third of his actual age. He often has a far-away look in his eyes, especially when carving at his private workbench. His typical attire is a shirt and trousers of pale green cotton, light slippers, and a soft leather jerkin. He is never without a knife of one sort or another.



Velaran Ew

A retired adventurer, Velaran rarely misses his earlier life. He still works out with weaponry in the garden with his adventuring daughter Arienn. He has a tendency to brood, a trait that began after the death of his elf-wife Alanna. He maintains close ties with his old comrades and is willing to help them on occasion with charms and amulets which he has made himself, or has acquired over the years. He rarely leaves his house and garden, however.

Arienn Ew. *Half-elf. Ht: 57". Wt: 122 lbs. Age: 30. Fighting prowess: excellent. Magic ability: average; C1, C8.*

Older than her twin sister by just 3 minutes, Arienn is slender with strong leg muscles and the thick wrists of a swordfighter. She has silvery-green eyes and keeps her corn-gold hair tied back with a leather thong. She is invariably dressed in knee-length trousers, knee-high boots, and a cotton shirt with a leather jerkin overtop.

Arienn has a quick temper and has inherited the adventurer's side of her father's nature. She has spent most of her 30 years training in one aspect or another of the warrior's way. She is a superb fighter, a capable strategist, and trained in reading maps and making them. Curiously enough, she also has a green thumb and takes a considerable delight in working in the back garden. She seldom goes about unarmed. She is only home about half the year, although her expeditions may last only a few days or several months.

Aniell Ew. *Half-elf. Ht: 57". Wt: 176 lbs. Age: 30. Fighting prowess: average with sword, dagger, and hand-to-hand; otherwise poor. Magic ability: very good; C2, C3; good in C4, C7. Largely related to charm creation.*

Aniell is the gentler of the twins and follows her father's other craft: she is a carver, and very skilled. She wears her bright hair loose or braided, and dresses in long earth-colored gowns that she embroiders extensively whenever she is not working on her carving. She has a sweet nature and is very popular with the male customers, though she seldom will do more than sit in the garden with those who would court her.

Because the City can be a rough place at the best of times, and because she is the main money-handler in the shop, she has learned the rudiments of bladework and hand-to-hand fighting from her sister. She maintains neither skill with great seriousness. She owes her safety on the streets in part to her resemblance to her twin and Arienn's well-known reputation as a skilled fighter; Arienn has delivered on others who have troubled Aniell so the gentler sister is reasonably safe.

Kanidor (Kan) Towrie. *Human. Ht:5'6". Wt:130 lbs. Age: 19. Fighting prowess: average with sword; otherwise unremittingly poor.*

Kan is a rather plain young man, apprenticed to Velaran and desperately in love with Arienn. Unfortunately for Kan, Arienn continues to treat him as a younger brother. He has short brown hair, pale blue eyes, and a gift for carving wood, although his bone and ivory carving leave something to be desired. His typical attire is a cotton shirt, tie-string trousers, and leather slippers.

On his days off, Kan drills with a friend in the City Guard, hoping he'll impress Arienn. He has, however, only rudimentary skill and potential as a fighter.

Ella Towrie. *Human. Ht: 5'5". Wt: 160 lbs. Age: 43. Fighting prowess: poor.*

Ella is a pleasantly plump woman with greying hair and soft brown eyes. She wears full skirts, embroidered blouses, and is never to be seen without her apron. She is Velaran's housekeeper, the widow of one of his old adventuring companions who was killed while on a quest. Ella shares running the household with Aniell.

Her greatest pride is that her son Kan is becoming a skilled carver and is apprenticed to so excellent a master carver as Velaran. Her greatest shame is that the boy tries to swagger and play the rogue whenever Arienn is about.

SCENARIO SUGGESTIONS

Scenario 1. A privateer, all unwitting (or not) sells Velaran a carving of a godling which, unfortunately, does serve as housing for the deity. The party can be visiting Velaran when the deity manifests itself to take revenge for blasphemous handling and lack of worship. A curse could be the least of the group's new problems! An addition or alternative is that the godling would center his/her wrath against the party member wearing a symbol of the godling's foremost enemy. This scenario can be played out simply on the premises of Ew's, or the entire situation can get out of hand and snowball to involve everyone in the City!

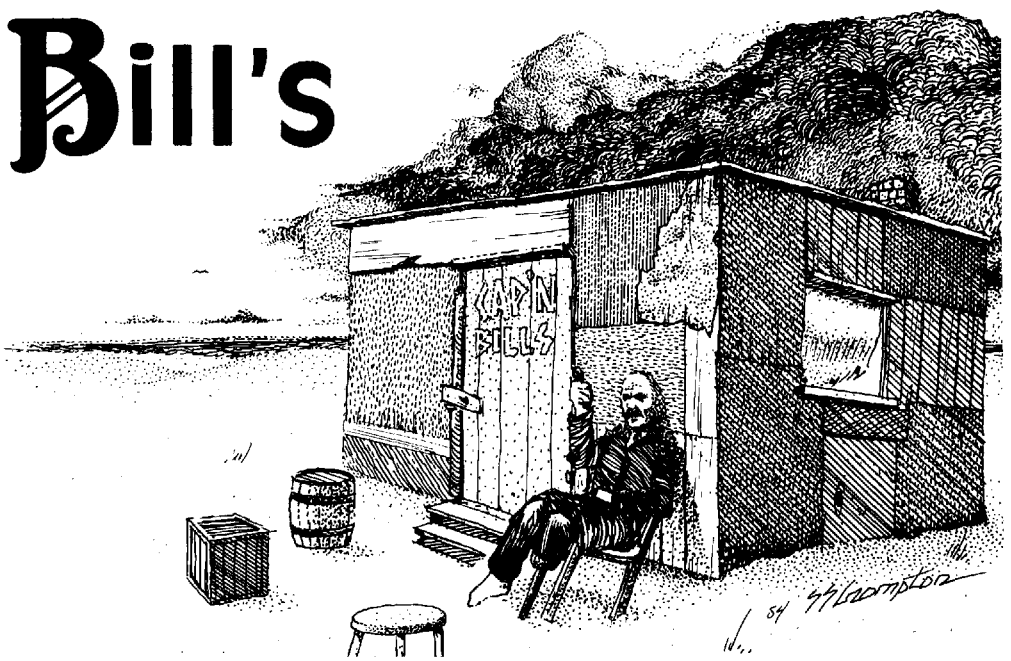
Scenario 2. A nobleman who has been allowed to view Velaran's private collection is irate at the master carver's refusal to permit the purchase of a favored piece. The noble hires one adventurer to steal it for him. When that character fails to return (incapacitated by Arienn and unceremoniously dumped in a back alley, or simply caught by the carver himself), the other adventurers will have to go looking for him. As a twist, if the item carries a curse and the character actually manages to steal it, character and party alike will have new problems.

If the adventurers are law-abiding citizens (!), Velaran could hire party members to retrieve a charm or amulet stolen by someone else. This item too could carry problematical magic. Velaran, understanding the adventurers' lifestyle, could offer a charm or charms in payment for this task.

Scenario 3. A member of the party finds Arienn attractive, and she returns the feeling. This so enrages Kan that he promptly challenges the man to a duel. If the adventurer is particularly rough in his winning, he will raise Arienn's ire (an ill thing itself!). Even Velaran might murmur a conciliatory "There, there, no harm done" — and gift the adventurer with a cursed amulet or charm to see him gone.

Besides shopping for fine small items, adventurers will find a somewhat understanding ear from the retired adventurer/carver; and Arienn makes an excellent connection between the adventuring world and everyday City life.

Cap'n Bill's Bait Shop



Bait is necessary to the catch; *for* the *low-budget adventurer, as ready for a bent ear as for a fishing trip, Bill's price is probably right.*

Not 100 yards from the shore sits a weathered grey shack with crude whitewash lettering over the door; the words are simply "Cap'n Bill's." As if shunned by more respectable buildings, its nearest neighboring structure is nearly a quarter-mile away. Still, the walk over sand and through some scrubby vegetation is worth the trouble to those who need a keg or two of fishbait, are out to spend an hour or two catching their supper, or finally, for all those who would care to hear some tales of the open sea.

A few years ago, the proprietor of the Scotch Woodcock Fishery, Greg McRoe, bought the little shack and hired a disabled seaman known as Cap'n Bill to run the place as a bait shop. (Being of a thrifty people, McRoe was sure there must be some way to turn a profit on all those fishguts he'd been throwing away.) Cap'n Bill sits in front of his shack every day from first light until sundown, filling the empty times telling old sea-stories to anyone who comes by to listen. He rarely wants for an audience, and has scavenged a couple of old stools and some empty crates for his listeners.

When customers do come, Bill takes a break from his tales and will recommend the right kind of bait for a customer's desired catch. He'll sell a bucket or two, or help a commercial customer load up kegs, then he'll return to his chair, fire up his pipe again and resume his current story (although sometimes one of his listeners has to remind him which story he was in the process of telling).

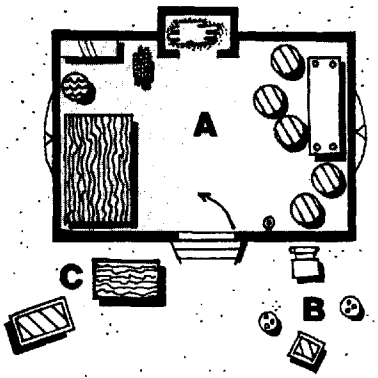
When there are no customers to sell bait to or listeners to entertain, Bill carves a little scrimshaw to pass the time and earn a little extra "beer and tobacco" money. Sailor friends occasionally drop by with pieces of bone, shell and ivory for "the Cap'n", who gladly accepts these osteoid gifts. He carves intricate designs (in spite of his handicap; see *Personalities)* and a few of his very best pieces have even found their way to Ew's Wood and Bone Works, though the Captain is not aware of this. Bill's artwork portrays things seen in his travels though, like his storytelling, it may not be totally accurate.

Every morning Guter Snype (see *Personalities* under The Scotch Woodcock Fishery) arrives from McRoe's fishery with a supply of fresh bait. This is mostly fish too small to pack for human consumption, roe, and the leftover parts the fishery can't sell commercially. Guter unloads the bait and cleans up the shack, then carries off the "remains" left from the previous day. Cap'n Bill busies himself with arranging the fresh bait while Guter scurries about cleaning and muttering a tune to himself. The two don't get along at all, and it's a strain for them to work together for just a few minutes every morning. They simply don't understand one another: Guter sees a crusty old naval officer, rigid in his ways, while the Captain sees a malingerer with a rotten attitude who wouldn't pull his own weight aboard ship. Both are wrong, but neither is able to take the first step that would mark the beginning of a firm friendship (there's an adventure scenario possible here, for a warm-hearted Game Master, if there is such a thing).

LAYOUT

The bait shop is a small (10' x 15') unpainted wooden shack; its weathered boards make this grey building blend into its surroundings like a bit of driftwood. It is nondescript, and anyone unfamiliar with the port wouldn't give the place a second thought. Only the whitewash lettering over the door lends any indication that it is not simply the shelter of one of the City's more vagrant residents.

A. The Shack. *(15'* x *10')* A rickety wooden door is the entrance; it doesn't have any sort of lock and most days it stands propped open. Scattered inside the shop are kegs filled with various types of bait. The table to the left of the door has a knife to cut bait to size and a wad of butcher's paper to wrap the guts for those customers who didn't bring



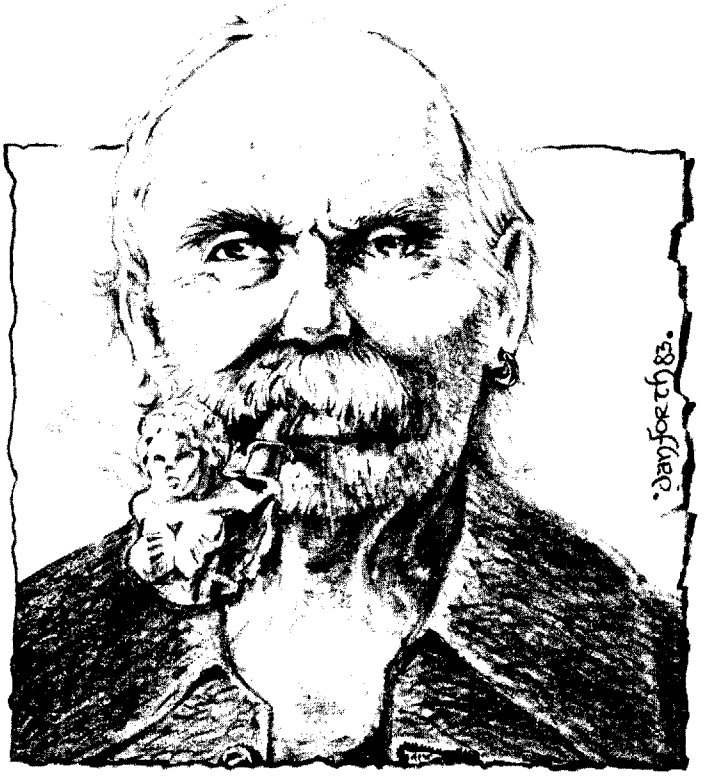
SCALE: one square = 1 foot

their own pails. An old, battered pewter mug sits on the table as well; it's usually about half full of assorted copper and silver coins. Some of the coins bear strange designs, an indication that they were payment left by foreign tourists, or by seamen off ships flying the flags of distant ports. Near the mug sits the stub of a candle, lit in the late afternoon if the Cap'n has a customer come in; his eyes aren't as good as they once were and he can use the extra light to see his work.

In the back wall is a tiny fireplace but it is seldom used. When the weather drives Bill inside, he will make a small fire and "wait out the storm."

B. Sitting Area. The Captain's straight-back chair is always left here, leaning against the building. The finish is nearly worn off and it has a comforting creak except in the wettest weather. The crates and stools scattered around have seen better days, too. Woodchips from the Captain's whittling and lesser scraps of his bone and shell carving litter the sand.

C. Scrimshaw Table. By the entrance to the shack a table holds any pieces the Captain has completed and is interested in selling. Ol' Bill has been around enough to know the pieces have some value, but he doesn't consider his work the best (and it isn't, by and large). He asks reasonable, even cheap prices, and some pieces sell for a bottle of rum.



Cap'n Bill

PERSONALITIES

"Cap'n" Bill O'Hab. *Human. Ht: 511". Wt: 195 lbs. Age: 53. Fighting prowess: poor.*

The weight listed for the Cap'n excludes his left hand and part of the left arm - amputated after a barroom brawl - and half his left leg - lost to a shark. It includes a peg for his leg, and a wooden clamp and brace on his left arm - gifts from some locals who watched him struggling with the whittling and carving, and decided a little help was needed.

Bill always has a half-inch or so of straggly beard, and his scraggly grey hair is nearly shoulder length and always greasy. He smokes an old, darkened meerschaum pipe carved in the shape of a woman - it only figures that the left breast is broken off. In cold weather Bill wears the coat from his old dress uniform. On hot days, a ragged work shirt and trousers are the uniform of the day. On any day, peeking from the rear pocket of his threadbare trousers, is the small flask of rum he uses to lubricate his throat when it gets dry from selling or from the rigors of a lengthy sea saga.

Bill's personality is well suited to the slow pace of his job. He loves to sit and whittle, and tell stories which really are very entertaining. He is an established fixture in the port. All the locals know where they can spend an hour for free entertainment, and there are some not-so-locals who make an effort to stop by for a tale when they're in town.

Once the bosun on the ill-fated whaling ship "Flying Norseman," Bill had several years experience before the mast as well as behind it. He claims to have known most of the area's naval officers and pirates personally, and ("No brag, just fact") also claims a more thorough knowledge of the coastal waters than any man alive.

"Guter" Snype. see Scotch Woodcock Fishery; G*uter is too repulsive to describe twice. . . .*

SCENARIO SUGGESTIONS

Scenario 1. Bill claims to have seen pirates burying booty that's never been found. He would have gone after it himself, but was disabled by a great shark in the vicinity before he could search for it. He says that even a stranger might identify the correct island, and he'll maybe tell what archipelago to seek. Bill is more explicit about the shark, which he allows has some magical value involving potions brewed from its fin, attempting to convince the adventurers to dispose of it to earn more information about the treasure.

Cap'n *Bill's Bait Shop is not the most likely place for characters to go - until after they've been there a time or two! Bill can give very knowledgable directions or hints, and might even (eager for one more adventure himself) insist on being taken along as a guide. His tales are a means of leading adventurers in many different directions, with as many false leads scattered among the real as the GM cares to impart.*

Jensen's Exchange

When *in need of money, or good second-hand items, one often thinks of visiting a pawnshop. Near the waterfront is Jensen's Exchange, just what one seeks.*



Jensen's Exchange is a small solid wooden structure a few blocks from the waterfront, set along a street that makes it easily accessible from the naval and tourist ports. Although he will accept and sell nearly anything, Jensen does have an unusually large selection of arms. This is not a matter of choice or preference, just the nature of the market.

Jensen will usually pay 80% of the real value of an item when he takes it for pawn or purchase. (To determine the real value of anything, multiply the new-item purchase price by the approximate percentage of useful life the item has remaining.) This price can be haggled up, but Jensen will never pay more than 95% of the real value. Regardless of the purchase price, he will resell it with a price tag 10% higher. If Jensen doesn't think he will be able to re-sell an item very readily (because it is too unusual, severely damaged, or whatever), he will pay much less than 80% of its value.

Jensen's Exchange is open from about 10:00 a.m. to about an hour after dusk. It is closed one day a week and on some festivals and holidays.

LAYOUT

The entire building measures 75' square. The only public entrance is the one in the west wall. That door has a small barred window in it, and a built-in lock[4]. Three large windows in the west wall are opened when the business is open; otherwise they are shuttered and closed with a bar on the inside (as doors are barred). Between the door and the first window is a shield-shaped wooden sign that reads:

Jensen's Exchange

Heironymous Jensen, prop.

Jensen has a private entrance leading directly into his kitchen; this also has a built-in lock[4]. There is a secret entrance into the house from the City sewer system; details are given at F.

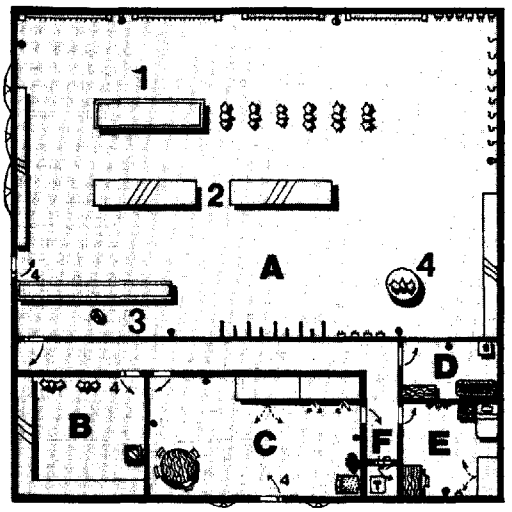
A. Storefront. *(75' x 50')* This is where the majority of the goods available at the shop are displayed, in a reasonably well-kept and ordered manner. Against the west wall are shelves full of musical instruments: lyres, mandolins, violins, bugles, saxophones — whatever you have available in your mythos. The larger instruments are arranged on the floor in front of the shelves.

The north wall has four large weapons racks. The first (at the west end) has all manner of swords; the second rack has axes; the third holds hammers, maces, flails and the like; the last rack has a variety of polearms. At the east end of the wall is a row of pegs from which hang a half-dozen quivers, each holding 12-20 arrows (in reasonably usable condition).

The east wall near the quivers has a number of hooks that hold bows — mostly longbows and other self-bows, compound bows, and such, although there is an occasional crossbow. The shelves on the east wall hold books. Most of these are fiction and textbooks on various subjects (from history and government to business and music), although other books (drama, encyclopediae, games, etc.) may also be present.

The south wall has the wooden supports for the display of saddles - mostly for horses, but now and again something unusual shows up. Pegs hold bridles and other riding tack. A long display case (at 3) near the entrance serves as Jensen's work counter and also to show off his stock of jewelry and other personal accessories: handkerchiefs, silken scarves, rings, necklaces, earrings, and pins; also scabbard fittings, cosmetics vials, small toys, sailors' scrimshaw pieces, and purses. A small shelf is below the case (opening only towards the wall side); here Jensen keeps a sheaf of receipts and a number of signs that read *"Out To Lunch - back in 45 minutes", "just Stepped Out - be right back", "Closed for the Holiday" and* other such typical messages. When the shop is open for business, Heironymous Jensen is usually seated on the stool behind the counter.

In the middle of the room are additional materials put out on display. The display counter at 1 holds small weaponry, such as daggers, slings, caltrops and the like. There are six



SCALE:
one square
= 3 feet

long wall pegs

mannequins lined up beside the case; these are used to display armor (rarely in full sets). The two shelves (at 2) hold a virtual potpourri of every-day and not-so-every-day items: gardening tools, woodworking equipment, writing equipment, boots, belts, abaci, hats (lots of hats), cloaks and other clothing, puzzles, cooking utensils, pots, pans, playing cards, mirrors, candlesticks - in short, whatever might be available, at the GM's whim. In the southeast corner of the room, near 4, are piled the remaining assorted oddments one might find in a pawnshop, especially the larger items that won't hang from a peg or fit on a shelf. The GM should determine exactly what is over here, but among the items included should be a finely-crafted, mint-condition statue of a young boy in a robe holding a book under his left arm, with his face in his right hand as if he were crying (see Scenario 1). The statue sells for 1200 gold pieces.

B. Special Storage. *(20' x 20')* The shelves against the west and south walls are waist-high and about 3' deep. Two armor dummies totter near the door and may have armor or clothing on them. Large stuff is simply placed out of the way on the floor. The only door is kept locked[4] at all times.

Anything Jensen has that isn't on display is kept in this room, including anything that has recently come in via Jensen's fencing operation. These latter type of items are left here, sometimes for a year or more, until the "heat" is off. Then the things are put up front with the rest of the merchandise. Any magic items that Jensen comes across (legally or otherwise) are kept here, usually on the top shelf against the west wall. The exact contents of this room must be determined by the GM if the players gain access to it. Normally Jensen himself is the only person to enter here, but he may lead a customer in here if he or she shows an interest in magical items (assuming he has any to sell the customer), or if the customer engages in the secret exchange of words that indicates an interest in some of the fenced items. (Learning such an exchange would require having contacts high up in the local Thieves' Guild).

C. Kitchen / Dining Area. *(34' x 20')* This is where Jensen cooks and eats his meals. It is not a fancy room, but it is a comfortable sort of place. The table at the west end of the room seats four; the chair kept against the south wall tends to wobble but otherwise the set is in good repair. The two windows in the south wall are 6' wide and 3' high; both can be shuttered and barred. The door between the windows is carefully kept locked[4] by Jensen. In the southeast corner of the room is a small oven flanked by a wooden box that holds a fair supply of firewood. Along the north wall is a counter with two cupboards filled with cooking utensils which are a mismatched assortment - when Jensen sees something come in as pawn which he fancies, he tends to appropriate it for his own use. Beside the counter is a large cupboard which serves as a pantry; what dried food, spices, and other non-perishables Jensen needs are kept here, although one shelf is reserved for the fresh foods he gets at the open market which he visits every few days. Jensen isn't partial to fancy food, so this cabinet has pretty average fare.

D. Privy. *(15' x 9')* This is a relatively simple facility, but does contain the one *real* luxury Jensen gives himself: an iron bathing tub which can be filled with warm water (the pump taps down to a warm spring).

E. Jensen's Bedroom. *(15' x 15')* This is the only room with a carpet over the floor; the carpet is getting threadbare and is a rusty orange color. In the southwest corner of the room is a desk with four lockable[3] drawers; a matching chair is kept neatly pushed under it. The upper right desk drawer holds the records of Jensen's legitimate business; the lower right drawer has the records of his fencing operation. The upper left drawer of the desk contains writing materials and the lower left drawer is a catch-all, with thread, cord, a penknife, an old letter, and other miscellaneous junk.

In the southeast corner of the room is the wardrobe containing every bit of clothing Jensen owns. In the northwest corner of the room is a simple down-feather bed that is old but well-kept. Next to the bed is a nightstand with a candlestick on top and a single drawer in the front. It contains a pair of magnifying "reading" glasses, a comb, a razor, a pair of scissors, and an assortment of personal belongings.

F. Secret Entrance *(5' x 5')* This tiny room is the entrance into the house which serves as a way for the members of the Thieves' Guild to fence their loot. The trapdoor can be locked[5] and bolted; it sits over a metal ladder that leads down into the City sewer system. The secret door that gives access to the rest of the house can also be locked[5] and always is. The courier-thief will make prior arrangements with Jensen. Only a few members of the Thieves' Guild know of this entrance; they are discreet and careful about whom they send to exchange goods with the old man. The relationship between Jensen and the Thieves Guild is a good one, and neither side wants to damage that state of affairs.

PERSONALITIES

Heironymous Jensen. *Human. Ht: 5'8". Wt: 155 lbs. Age : 73. Fighting prowess: fair with bashing weapons, else poor.*

Heironymous Jensen (pronounced with a silent H, and a J that sounds like a Y) is a crusty old widower who has owned this business since his grandfather left it to him. When he dies, Jensen will leave it to his grandson, who is currently working at another local establishment in order to get some different perspectives on running a business. (The GM can have the young man working at any of the shops in this or the previous CityBook. . .). Before he had the shop, Jensen was himself an adventurer, but eventually preferred the safer prospect of running an "honest" business. Still, his liason with the Thieves' Guild shows that he still needs an element of risk, thrill, and adventure in his life. He has an understanding with the Guild that if his grandson does not wish to continue the fencing side of the business he will not have to, nor face any consequences because of that decision. The Guild "elders" sincerely intend to live up to that understanding, though they will be quite anxious to have the boy remain in his forebear's ways.

Jensen is a slight man but strong for his build and his years. He has blue eyes and curly blond hair that he wears cut short and flat. His sideburns connect to his mustache; the mustache is kept well trimmed and in combination with his long straight sideburn hairs, he has something of the aspect of a charming walrus. He typically dresses in conservative colors, brown and grey, but has brighter clothes for special occasions. He seems to suffer from a chronic nervous condition, blinking, twitching, and fidgeting with his fingers, but these habits are actually less irritating than charming in the old man.



Heironymous Jensen

Jensen's career as an adventurer lasted only a few years, during which he learned the use of a mace and a lockpick. When his grandfather died and he inherited the pawnshop, he left adventuring. His old buddies went on to fame and glory — and were taken out by a demon that was rampaging around the countryside. Jensen has counted himself lucky ever since, and will advise anyone who brings it up that they would be better off to stay out of the adventuring business.

Jensen lives alone and frugally, though he isn't miserly. He is simply comfortable, with an income well beyond his expenses; only his bankers (not Jensen himself) are aware of just how big a "fortune" he has accumulated over the past 50 years.

Though he deals with them on a weekly basis, Jensen doesn't trust thieves; but then, he tries not to trust anyone whom he has not known for years! However, he's a kind and trusting person deep in his heart, and he might be suckered by a well-executed scam.

SCENARIO SUGGESTIONS

Scenario 1. The statue mentioned in Room A is magical: originally a living boy cursed with eyes that exuded coldness. As he grew up, the cold became more intense, until he killed his own parents by frostbite. In his grief, he took his magic-using father's spellbook and cast a spell, turning himself to marble. (Note that the statue need not be life-sized!)

The adventurers learn some portion of this story (if not all), and perhaps of the statue. If they can depetrify the boy, they may acquire the spellbook. The boy, however, will still be cursed, and unless the party can provide the means for him to control the cold, he will not appreciate being brought back to life. If the party can cure him (not an easy task, or his father could have done it), they will have his gratitude — and his knowledge of a place in the City sewers where his father hid treasure.

Scenario 2. An item of great value is stolen by thieves operating within the city without the prior knowledge of the Thieves' Guild. In the hasty escape, the item is dropped and recovered by a beggar who has no idea of its value. He takes it to Jensen's Exchange and Jensen likes the item, a small bronze statuette of a dancing girl in ceremonial garb. The statuette is made to look exactly like the mistress of a high City official, and was used as a magical "wiretap" by a foreign government to obtain information about the City's affairs.

The adventurers are hired to get it from Jensen without revealing its great value. They could be hired by a number of parties, and would be opposed by those not retaining them. The matter sets each against all as the characters try to come up With the "well-executed" con game capable of taking Jensen.

A pawned book might have a due to the adventurers' next big quest, or a party member might buy a fenced item and be implicated in its theft. Worse, *something stolen from a player appears here for sale, and as the victim backtracks to the original culprits, he could find himself facing the Thieves' Guild's power in a big way! The multitude of* things *in the pawnshop is matched by the abundance of adventurous possibilities.*

The Pearl Trader



When one *deals in exotic items, the demand isn't great enough to justify setting up shop permanently. Ricardo Slue, traveling trader, has exotics enough for anyone.*

Ricardo Slue comes into port about twice a year, once after the beginning of the oyster season and again just after the season ends. When he hits town, he usually sleeps until noon, then walks the wharf area, letting people know he's in town. When evening comes, he goes to The Brass Orchid Tavern, usually staying in the family area drinking until someone with pearls to trade finds him. To make a deal, he retires to one of the inner rooms since Lesir Delow won't allow marketplace haggling in the family area.

Ricardo will pay cash for pearls, but he'd rather trade the exotic trinkets he obtains when he travels through other cities. These things are always small, and he carries them in a large leather pack along with his other belongings. Under his extra clothing are sometimes minor treasures, though of course the items vary. Semi-precious jewels or just oddly configured stones, unusual items crafted of gold, silver, and pewter, rare woods suitable for carving, spices, oils, and perfumes have all come out of the pack at one time or other. Sometimes the things are little more than an articulated child's toy or the impression of a fish in a piece of rock. He does travel widely, and occasionally he even has amulets and spells for sale to the right buyer. He has poor magic talents, and rarely uses these things himself unless they'll help him evade enemies or enhance his business interests.

Ricardo is very much the showman, and brings out the items just one at a time to heighten the suspense and expectations of his prospective buyers or traders. To maintain his cash-on-hand for those boorish folk who want money, not trade goods, for their pearls, he's quite willing to sell some of these things outright, and he has a fair talent for choosing the right item to show a particular person - either that, or he's so persuasive that whatever it is he brings out, the person ends up wanting to buy!

After buying all the pearls he can afford, Ricardo disappears inland. Although a few greedy sorts have tried to find out where he sells his stock of pearls, he's always managed to elude followers. In actual fact, he has no single market that buys all the pearls he can bring, but he does know a number of places on his route where pearls are appreciated, and where he can bargain to his own advantage. Although he's afflicted with a better-than-average sense of greed, what he really loves is the thrill of haggling over a flashy piece of merchandise - and he's very good at it. Locals know he'll try to bargain them out of the shirt on their backs, and they are careful when dealing with him. Still, Ricardo has a sound eye for value and won't take junk in trade for his goods. Consequently, whatever he has to offer is probably of some value; but what he tries to get for it may be outrageous.

His extensive travels make Ricardo a good source of information, although his speed of travel may make some things terrifically out of date. He considers information to be just another of his items for sale, and any information he passes on will cost. Still, characters can count on getting the truth out of him unless he sees some profit in providing false information. In other words, as long as he is a disinterested observer, he can be relied upon. But one should watch out for a glint in his eye when conducting negotiations!



Ricardo Slue

PERSONALITIES

Ricardo Slue. *Human, with a trace of elf back there somewhere. Ht: 5'9". Wt: 150 lbs. Age: 48. Fighting prowess: fair with daggers, knives and clubs; otherwise poor. Magic ability: poor, C3, C4, C7.*

Ricardo has the body of a street hustler, though it has gotten slightly battered over the years. His upper body and arms carry quite a number of scars, mostly from encounters with suspicious or dissatisfied customers who "come to" and realize they didn't really want the fancy whatchamacallit after all. The rest of the scars, including the one on his face, are the result of thieves and brigands who figure that one man, usually alone, must be an easy mark. Though he's not a brilliant fighter, he can hold his own, and he's always armed. He also wears mail with some regularity, and a thick leather coat if not the mail.

The pearl trader has long salt-and-pepper hair which he wears tied back in a ponytail. He is crafty and cautious — and he's always sure where the exits are as soon as he comes into a room. Since he's been coming to the City for a number of years, he's developed a reputation as something of a "character" and even those people who've never met him have probably heard of him. Delow, owner of the Brass Orchid, lets him do business on the premises since he brings in customers who might not otherwise come.

Ricardo's greatest weakness is gambling, which he considers just another kind of trading. He usually gambles with the same flair and ability with which he conducts his trading, and he used to enjoy an evening in Macauley's Gambling House. Now he feels that his luck goes a little too sour when he gambles there, and he prefers to spend his free time in other gambling establishments.

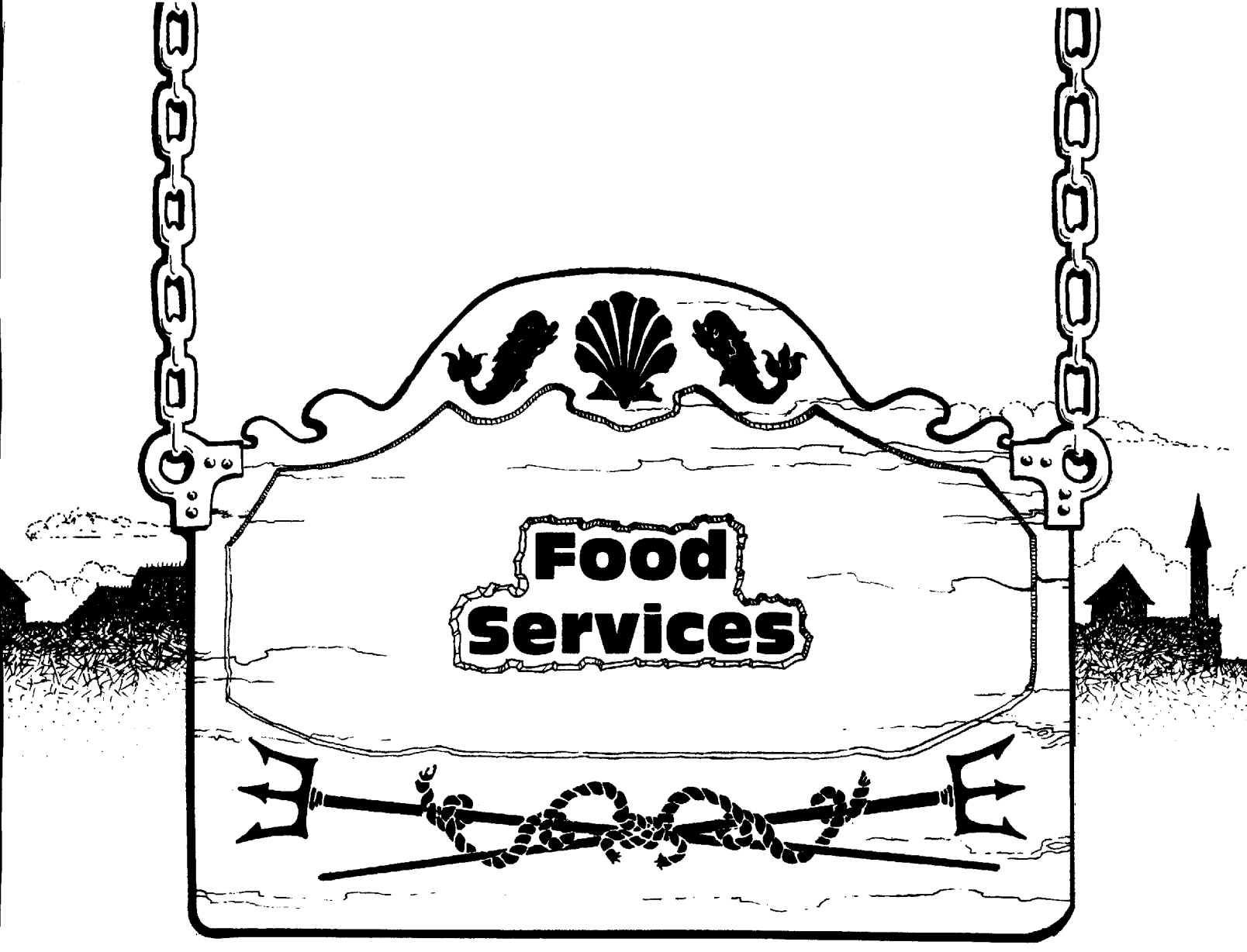
SCENARIO SUGGESTIONS

Scenario 1. The adventurers have heard rumors of a treasure to be found somewhere inland. Asking around, the pearl trader says he's familiar with the area and offers to draw a map to get them safely into the area (assuming the party isn't so foolish as to tell Ricardo everything they know about the treasure's location!). They buy the map for an honest price, but when they get close, the party will find it is incomplete. At this point the pearl trader will appear unexpectedly. He seems surprised to see them, and explains his presence in the fact that he is merely passing through on his normal traveling route (he did say he knew the area, after all). If pressed, he'll insist that the omissions from the map were purely accidental and if the group will just provide a *little bit* more information about the treasure, he can complete the map to everyone's satisfaction. The fact is, he's trying to find a convenient way to get the treasure himself, and he will use all his wiles to get the party to handle any guardian beasties while he scoots off with the important stuff.

Scenario 2. In pursuit of some other quest, the adventurers have acquired one or two parts of a strange metal plate that appears to be a map, or magical instructions, or whatever is appropriate to the GM's plans. If the party falls in with the pearl trader upon an evening's relaxation, they discover that he has another piece of the medallion. Their task will become the tricky one of getting it from Ricardo without arousing his cautious instincts that tell him how much a buyer is willing to pay for an item, or the price will skyrocket. After some deal is made, Ricardo can let it slip (or even sell it as an important bit of information) that he knows where to find the last piece! He might be able to demand a portion of the treasure or reward due at the end of the quest, or he might simply trade for some fantastically valuable item belonging to one of the characters — whatever would keep the GM's plans moving.

Scenario 3. The pearl trader has a magical potion the adventurers need, but once he determines that they want it badly, he offers to trade them the potion only for a certain chest. This chest, it seems, he threw over a cliff into the ocean while being chased by robbers. He can't get it himself, and if the adventurers can recover it for him, he will give them the potion. Ricardo can tell the group exactly where the chest must lie, but they must be able to recover it without attracting the attention of certain unsavory types who would not hesitate to kill for the chest and its contents. The GM will have to determine exactly what is within the chest, and why Ricardo wants it so badly - and whether the characters might want it more! It would be ironic if one of the things in the chest will do pretty much what the potion does, but less obviously - and the characters trade the chest (with some other things of value in it) back to the pearl trader for the potion! Another whole scenario can be built up if the characters abscond with the chest and its contents - and Ricardo comes after them.

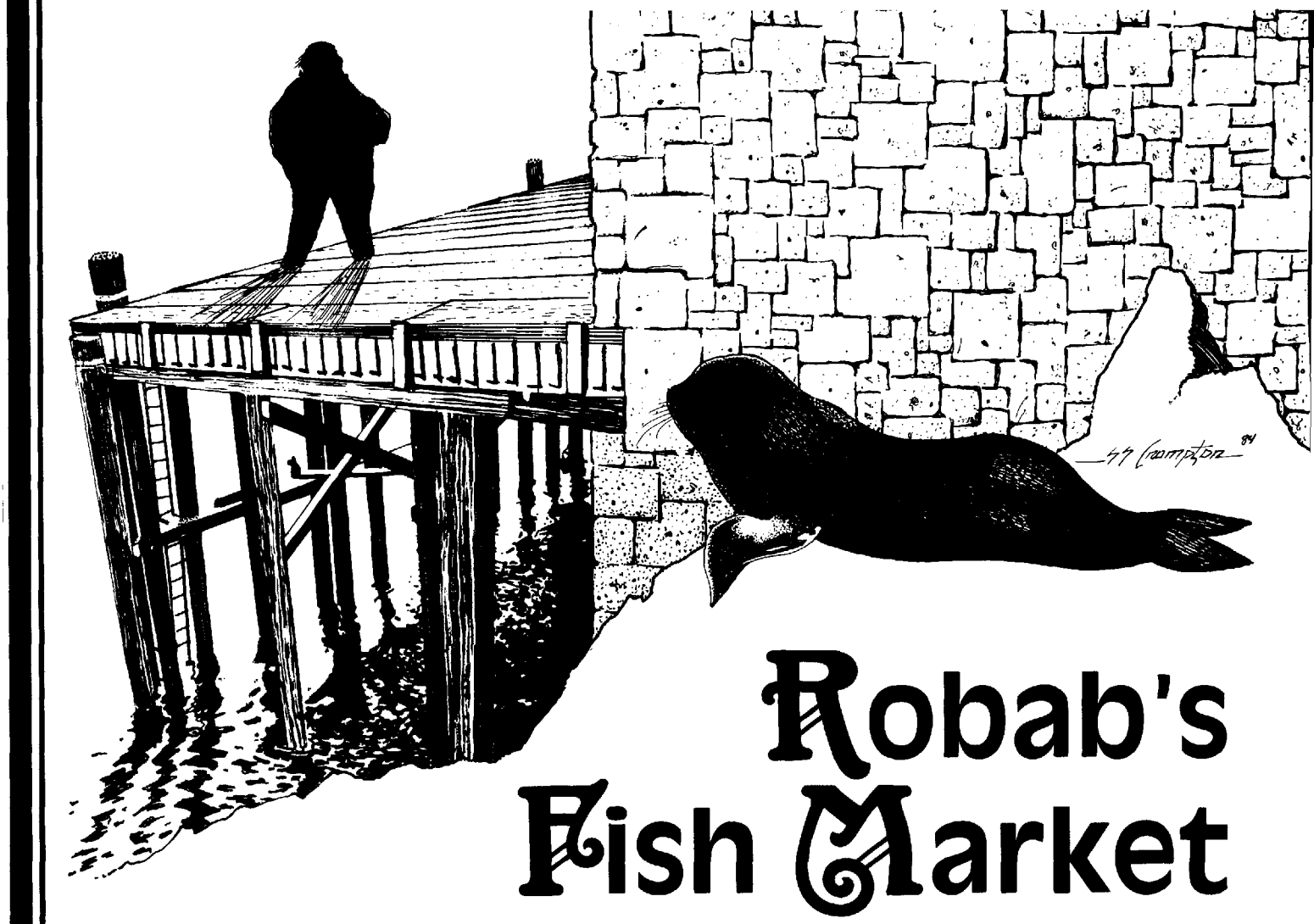
Ricardo Slue is a fine non-player character who can drift in and out of a campaign as needed. He's a suitable mine of information - with its price - and he is just likely to have this or that odd thingamajig - available nowhere else - that makes adventurers' mouths water. Price for value is the pearl trader's apparent motto, so if the characters value something, he'll sell it — for the right price. A colorful personality, adventurers will learn to smile and groan simultaneously when he appears.



Months at sea or *weeks deep in a dungeon have one thing in common: the rations are hardly palatable. On board ship the fresh foods are quickly consumed and salt is the pervading preservative. The jerky carried by the adventurer is no better, and stale canteen water cannot pass for claret.*

In the City, however, one's tastebuds need not be so sorely abused. Travelers can indulge themselves with the fragrant fare from Robab's Fish Market and take home a serving or two to savor later. For adventurers celebrating victory and sudden wealth, the Scotch Woodcock Fishery has the many varieties of seafood in quantities to glut the hungriest characters and all their friends!

Dining in the City is an adventure unto itself, but these establishments are only an appetizer to greater adventures yet to come. . . .



Robab's Fish Market

For *the best seafood in the City, many folk come to Robab's Fish Market.*

There's nothing like a fresh seafood dinner to celebrate the successful conclusion to an adventure — or even to kick one off! Robab's Fish Market is famous for the quality and variety of its fresh seafood, and the toothsomeness of the fried, steamed, and boiled offerings. Robab provides everything a seafood aficionado could ask for. Robab also gives refuge to a rogue silkie (knowingly) and an outlaw wizard (unknowingly).

The Fish Market looks like a simple but well-kept warehouse from the outside. There are a number of benches and a few tables around the front entrance where customers can sit to eat Tilly's excellent fare served on thin "eating shingles." The customers out front make good advertising for the business as well.

Inside, the building is roomy and open. The walls carry large hand-painted posters advertising coming specials and listing the current prices of the available fish. There is plenty of space for customers to mill around and look at the goods in the display counter and in the tanks. Quite a few of the male customers also come pine over the pretty sales clerk, Patti. Old Ed, the incognito wizard, wanders around with a broom, keeping the place surprisingly clean. He also hauls in fresh ice when necessary. Tilly is usually in the kitchen. Robab himself bustles here and there, supervising deliveries, handling business contacts in his office, and lending a hand with other jobs. His son Roscoe spends most of the day cleaning fish in the troughs behind the counter.

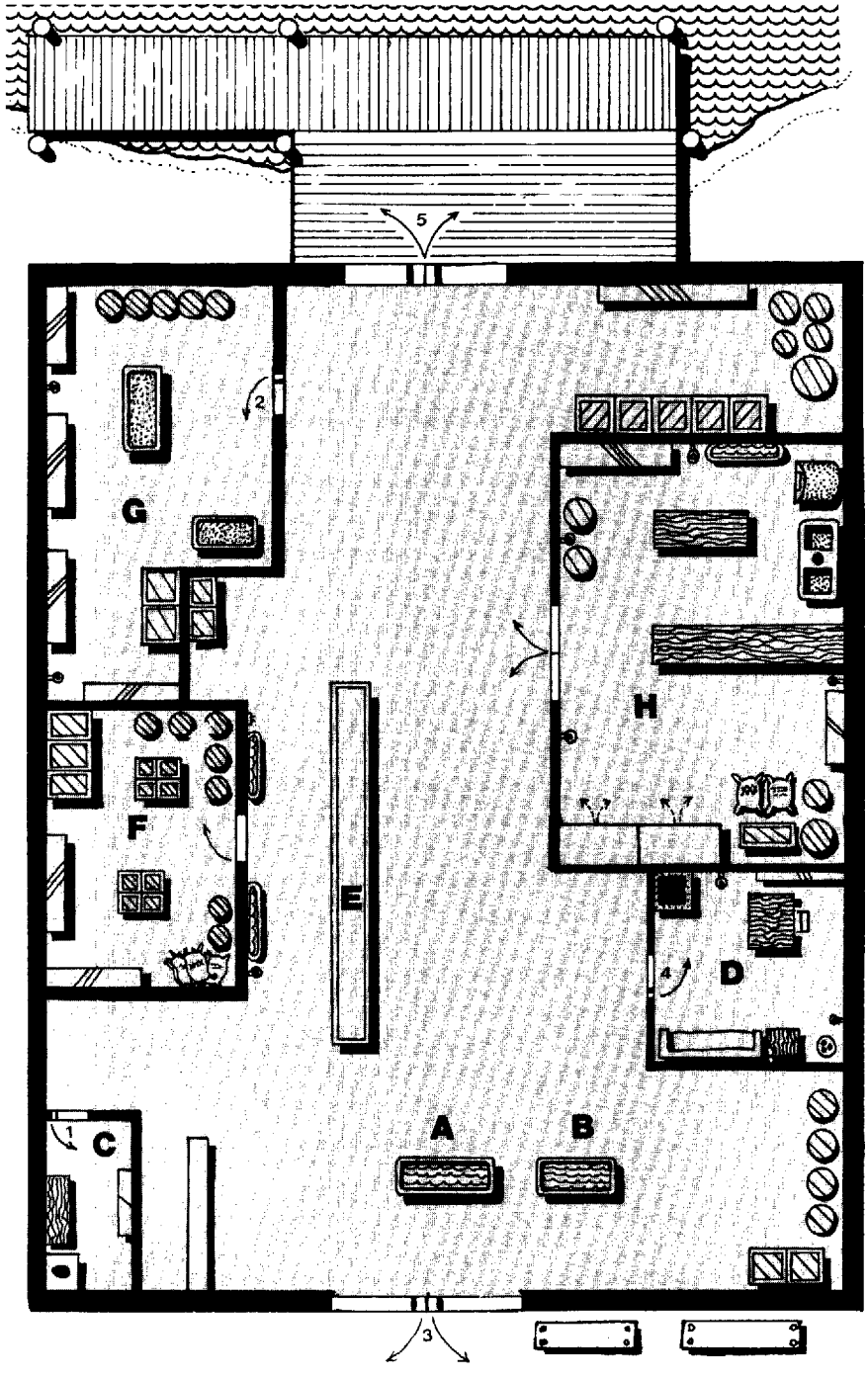
Robab and his wife and son are all intensely proud of their business, and one must be careful not to slight it. (Needless to say, the Rumpchunk family and the Robabs are not on speaking terms.) It's worth the risk for a seafood lover, however, because Robab really has the best there is.

The building is backed by a navigable tidal estuary known as Crosswick's Creek; a small dock in back is where the local fishermen deliver their fresh goods each day.

The Market is busy throughout the early morning receiving and preparing the morning's catch of fish. Roscoe spends part of each morning cutting down a log into the distinctive "serving shingles." Around midmorning the front entrance is opened for business, although fresh fish is brought in throughout the day until dusk. The Market remains open through early evening, closing about 8:00 p.m. Even during a slow period, there will always be customers around.

LAYOUT

Robab's Fish Market is built of brick with an exterior facing of split oak logs. It is a one-story building 45' x 55', with a gently peaked tin roof. Except for the walls of G, the cold storage room, the interior partitions are sturdy oak. When the two large doors (at the north and south ends of the building) are open, the cross-ventilation keeps the fishy smell to a minimum, though tantalizing aromas waft from the kitchen. In winter, the north doors are kept closed and lighting is provided by lanterns hung from the walls.



SCALE: one square = 1 foot

frying vats

A. Lobster Tank. *(5' x 2')* Live lobsters are kept in this huge tank. When a customer spots one that looks like dinner, Patti or Robab haul it out. There are carrying buckets for customers buying live lobsters and crabs, and Robab refunds 5 silvers for customers who bring their own. The water in the tank is changed by Roscoe or Ed several times a day, and crushed ice is added at intervals to keep the critters lively.

B. Crab Tank. *(4' x 2')* Live crabs are kept in this tank, and they receive the same treatment as the lobsters in the neighboring tank.

C. Employees' Washroom. *(5' x 9')* simple furnishings, just a privy and a wash basin. The door can be latched[1].

D. Office. *(10' x 10')* This room is furnished only to be functional. Robab keeps his business records in his desk here and uses the room for private discussions, such as negotiations with suppliers and the City tax officials. He stores his daily receipts of cash in his safebox, which has a very good lock[5]. He does not let the money accumulate, and Tilly and Roscoe deposit with the local bank whenever there are more than 100 gold pieces. The room also has a comfortable couch which serves as a bed at night for Ed. The door locks[4].

E. Display Counter. *(2' x 19')* Cleaned raw fish rest on crushed ice behind glass. Cooked items are set out for pickup along the countertop. The raw material is usually posted with a price per pound, and whoever is serving the customers (usually Patti) reaches through wooden cabinet-like doors to get to the goods. At the north end of the counter are a balance scale and the till, a small wooden box bolted to the countertop.

F. Dry Storage Room. *(10' x 15')* In this room are kept all the non-food items: plain wrapping paper, the seasoned logs for the serving shingles, sawdust, sealed containers of breading, salt, pepper, and other dry condiments and spices, cleaning supplies, out-of-date business records, maintenance hardware (nails, screws, wood slats, etc.), rough sacks, spare carrying buckets, and other necessary items of small value.

G. Cold Storage Room. *(12' x 22')* This room is for perishable food items and for making and keeping ice. Years ago, Robab paid dearly for a wizard to come cast a permanent, renewing cold-creation spell in the room, and the temperature is maintained just below freezing. The lock[2] on the door can only be opened from the outside and the walls are heavily insulated and faced with steel (getting caught within for any period of time is an undesirable fate). Ed is

responsible for keeping the vat filled with fresh water and for crushing enough ice to keep the display case cool.

H. Kitchen. *(15' x 22')* This is where Tilly cooks up her delicious edibles: crabcakes, fishcakes, scallops, lobsters, steamed crabs, and broiled and fried seafood platters. There is a large oven, an oil-burning deep fat fryer, and other necessities. Tilly keeps her fresh food-fixings here. She goes out each morning to pick up whatever she'll need for that day. Tilly is a tyrant in her kitchen: any customer who knowingly intrudes stands a good chance of getting his ears pinned back by a thrown knife. The smells emanating from this room are almost irresistible to a true seafood lover.

PERSONALITIES

Robab Wilson. *Human. Ht: 5'5". Wt: 200 lbs. Age: 60. Fighting prowess: good with any knife, average in unarmed combat, otherwise poor.*

Robab opened his first fish market in a simple canvas tent about 40 years ago, and ever since he has devoted himself to the expansion and improvement of his business. Usually genial, he has a tendency to fly off the handle if he perceives a slight to his market, his wares, or his family. Robab never takes a vacation. Scrupulously honest, he enjoys the patronage of many regular customers because he tends to round fractions of a pound in the favor of the buyer: if you ask for a pound of haddock from Robab, you're just as likely to receive a pound and a half. A squat, broad, muscular fellow, Robab has snow-white hair, a deeply-lined red face, ice blue eyes and exceedingly large strong-looking hands. He is somewhat paranoid about thieves, though he has never been robbed. He is seldom seen not wearing a white body-apron stained with fish blood, and the smell of fish clings to him all the time.

Tilly Wilson. *Human. Ht:* 52". *Wt: 180 lbs. Age: 60. Fighting prowess: excellent throwing a knife or wielding a skillet, otherwise poor.*

Tilly has been with her husband since he set up his first vending table on the street, and through long back-breaking years of work, has come to look and smell the same as he does. There is still some black in her hair, however, and she wears glasses with thick magnifying lenses (inherited from a scholarly great-uncle), because her bright green eyes are not as strong as they look. She tends to be taciturn but can get a salty tongue if she's offended by customers asking snide or foolish questions. Gloriously homely, she can stare down a basilisk and make a pirate captain shuffle his feet and mumble like a schoolboy.

Roscoe Wilson. *Human. Ht: 6'2". Wt. 320 lbs. Age: 38. Fighting prowess: excellent in unarmed combat, good with a knife, club, or broken bottle; otherwise poor.*

This giant bully, with an ill temper, flaming red hair, and piggish little brown eyes, bears scant resemblance to his parents Robab and Tilly. He is arrogant and surly, but a hard worker. He is contemptuous of all authority but that of his parents: he obeys them both without a murmur or a question. He drinks enormous quantities of cheap beer, wine, and redeye whiskey. He looks slow but can move with surprising quickness; anyone watching him clean and fillet fish will realize he is very deft. He is also one of the few human males virtually immune to silkie-madness (see the description of Patti, below). However, he likes Patti and will protect her with his life. He has a voracious romantic appetite, no permanent attachments, and is under the illusion that female adventurers in particular find him irresistible (regardless of what they say).

Patti the Silkie. *Seal-woman/shape-shifter. Human height: 5'6". Human weight: 120 lbs. Age: 195. Fighting prowess: silkies don't have to fight. Magic ability: innate; can detect and largely resist human magic; casts no spells actively. Form change is under her control — she takes seal-form when entering salt water and human form when on dry land.*

Like all her enchanted race, Patti is beautiful: large deep brown eyes, flawless skin, long golden brown hair. (She is equally handsome as a seal, from a bull seal's point of view.) She is good for business: young men coming into the market fall in love with her and return again and again, just to get a glimpse of her. Only the Wilsons and Bragi know she is not a mortal. To put off suitors, she tells people that her husband is a ferocious mercenary general serving overseas, to whom she is faithful. The last time she took a lover (so the rumors go), hubbie had the fellow's heart for breakfast - literally.

How Patti came to work at the Fish Market is a story not spoken aloud. Briefly, Patti was netted years ago by some fishermen. Her shapeshifting confused them - they had a catch they felt they ought to be able to sell, but the "catch" looked distressingly human (part of the time). They decided Robab might have a better idea of what to do with her, and took her to his market. Robab took pity on her and bought



Patti

her with the intention of releasing her when the fishermen left. She thanked him profusely but explained that having allowed herself to be caught violated the sea god's laws and she could never return to the open sea again. Robab gave her sanctuary and she swims in the harbor by night, friends with seals, porpoises and merfolk.

Human males, especially youthful ones, have a tendency to fall in love with Patti at first sight. GMs should have some fun with this and work out a system to determine just how stricken a character will be. Each character should respond a little differently: some will merely pine for her while others will stop at almost nothing to possess her. This is "silkie-madness" and few are immune to its effects, though time and distance lessen the effects. Intelligence and emotional makeup have little to do with how smitten the victim is.

Patti thinks of the Wilsons as friends though she has never told them that "Ed" is the wizard Bragi (she considers it not her business, nor does she wish to meddle in the affairs of a wizard, though he cannot harm her). Patti is all too aware of Bragi's lascivious eyes on her, but she is confident of her ability to resist his spells. She can induce a hypnotic trance in humans by singing to them, but she is rarely moved to do so.

Ed, a.k.a. **Bragi the Abhorred.** *Human. Ht: 6'1". Wt: 155. Age: 70. Fighting prowess: fair with a longstaff, otherwise poor. Magic ability: good, C1-8 with special preference for spells relating to water and things associated with it.*

Ed, or rather Bragi, is an outlawed wizard, banned by the Wizards' Guild for defrauding the town of Bismuth Falls. He promised the resort valley a supply of balmy breezes - at great cost — and produced instead such an overabundance of moisture with no breeze that the place became a muggy, humid swamp. Bragi took the money and ran. Those who keep an eye on the proper behavior of wizards (the Guild, specifically) would like to catch Bragi, but hunting him down is hardly a top priority. For the time being, the old man is safe in his disguise as old Ed, the feeble-minded drudge who does menial labor at the fish market. He is often the butt of jokes, especially at the hands of Roscoe, but his temper is thoroughly under control. Neither the Wilsons nor the average locals suspect he is a wizard, though he has connections to the local Thieves' Guild. Robab permits him to sleep in the office at night; his few personal belongings are kept on a shelf in back.

Bragi defies the Wizards' Guild by practicing wizardry on the side. He pays protection money to the local Thieves' Guild and they screen potential clients for him. Typically he enchants the seafood as a means of getting the magic to the client. He could care less whether the magic is put to good use or ill. The relationship between Bragi and the Thieves' Guild is one of delicately balanced mutual distrust.

Even without a client to serve, Bragi occasionally enchants some of the seafood on the spur of the moment - not all of it, of course, and not even much of it. Some of his best tricks include an ensorcellment of bluefish (eating it induces profound melancholy), blowfish (causes chronic and painful abdominal edema), weakfish (causes a 50% reduction in strength) and flounder (causes a 50% reduction in dexterity and is at the root of a few shocking upsets in City archery tournaments). He has also magicked mussels (doubling strength), flukes (double luck but erratically), and smoked eel (double dexterity). The spells do not affect the fish's taste or texture. Bragi is always on the lookout for potential enemies and is inclined to act first and ask questions later (if ever).

Bragi's age is definitely showing. His hair is completely white and ill-kempt, as is a ragged, dirty grey beard. He has rheumy grey eyes and bad teeth. He walks with a stoop to disguise his true height. Old Ed/Bragi is hopelessly in lust with Patti, but so far is unable to persuade her by spells or speeches to give him so much as the time of day.

SCENARIO SUGGESTIONS

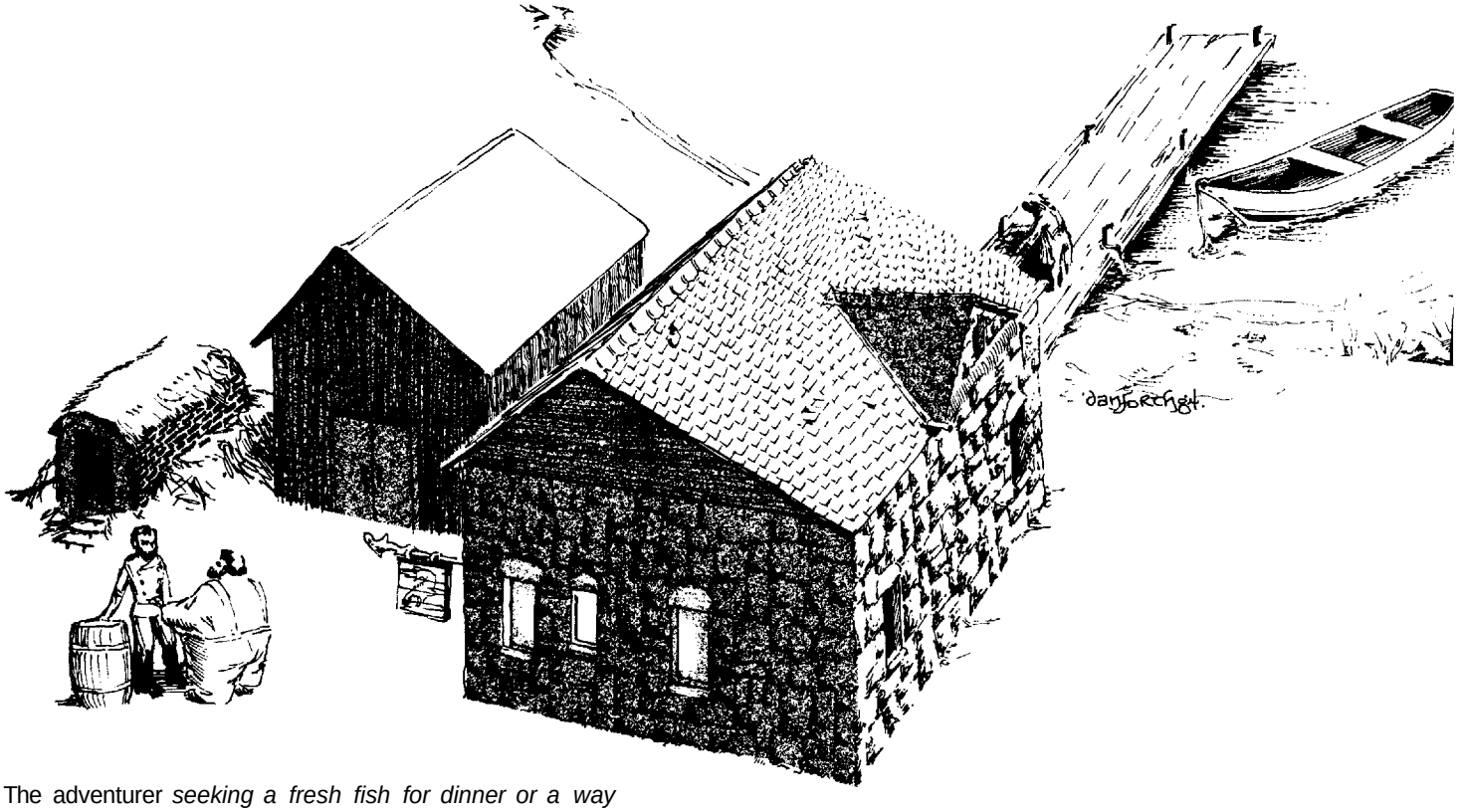
Scenario 1. A wizard in the City hires the adventurers to break into Robab's safe where, he believes, is kept a sealskin. As far as the heroes know, it's just an ordinary sealskin. The wizard has detected Patti's nature and believes she must don a magic sealskin to assume her pinnepedal form. Unfortunately, that's only true if there's any human lurking in a silkie's family tree, and Patti is pure silkie (something so rare the wizard never considered the possibility). Thus, there is no sealskin for the adventurers to steal; the wizard has only postulated that it exists, and that Robab holds Patti by keeping her skin in his safe. The wizard is desperately in love with Patti and believes he can control her by possessing her seal-skin.

Scenario 2. One of the delvers falls thoroughly in love with Patti, not knowing she's a silkie. As old Ed, Bragi offers to help the character woo and win her, even abduct her. Bragi's intentions are to let someone else take the fall for her disappearance while he runs off with her. If more than one delver falls for Patti (rather likely), the dynamics of rivalry can be played for all they are worth, with minimal encouragement from the GM.

Scenario 3. A wizardly NPC may suspect old Ed's real identity, which Bragi will consider a definite threat. Adventurers can be hired to protect the wizard as he tries to get a message to the Wizards' Guild. If the wizard is an unscrupulous type, he might keep the players in the dark as to the details of what he's afraid of. If Bragi is trying to destroy the wizard, he's likely to enchant his food — one of the adventurers might be employed as a food taster! The wizard might be trying simply to get all the goods on Bragi with the intent of blackmailing him. Of course, the GM could arrange the situation such that the wizard who learns Bragi's identity is a player wizard, leaving the permutations up to the player.

Robab's Fish Market has the potential to generate many adventures. An ingenious GM will have fun with Patti's allure, and an inveterate punster will find more spells for Bragi. The Wilsons' prickly nature can involve the players in skirmishes that amusingly fill the gaps between major undertakings.

The Scotch Woodcock Fishery



The adventurer *seeking a fresh fish for dinner or a way out of town without anyone's notice can find both — for a price - at the Scotch Woodcock Fishery.*

Far off to one side of the harbor is the pier where a 20' long flat fishing boat is tied up; nearby is the main building and the two small outbuildings of The Scotch Woodcock Fishery. Although it is somewhat out of the way there are still those who come regularly to shop for fresh fish for supper, and since it is not far from one of the main roads out of town, the fishery is ideally situated to ship its products inland.

Most of the fishery's business is wholesale. Among the local buyers are Robab's Fish Market, which buys quantities of the McRoe's best catches, and The Brass Orchid Tavern, which buys plenty of salt fish to enhance the thirst of the customers. The main building has a display from which wholesale customers can sample a few morsels. Upon deciding what they want, they are escorted into the back room or out to the shed to inspect the barrels of fish there.

Greg McRoe is the owner of the fishery, and does most of the fishing himself from the boat which he runs up and down the coast. However, he also buys shellfish from other small fisheries, and deep water species from fishing ships that bring their catches into port. He cures the fish in his smokehouse, or salts the fish for transport in barrels shipped inland.

McRoe is out fishing all morning, and afternoons are spent preparing fish for smoking or salting. Some business is conducted with clients like the Brass Orchid during the afternoons, but most customers come by an hour or so before sundown. McRoe sometimes has other business to conduct later; if not, he goes home to a quiet night at the hearthside.

The fishery's location is far enough from the busier docks that McRoe has become involved in the profitable sideline of helping out those people who want to avoid the inconvenience of going through the Customs House or of being noticed by the Harbormaster or any other port officials. If a trip is made at night, well, it's to avoid the sun's glare, of course. Sometimes this sideline involves "government" work — diplomats, couriers, and probably not a few spies who want transport in or out of the City without being noticed. Greg McRoe is glad to help them all; in addition to seeing that he makes a good profit, he feels he is furthering international relations.

The cost of these services varies according to the size and importance of the "cargo", how rich or desperate the customer is, and how much risk McRoe himself might face. The price of a one-way trip (the usual request) ranges from a few pieces of silver to several hundred pieces of gold.

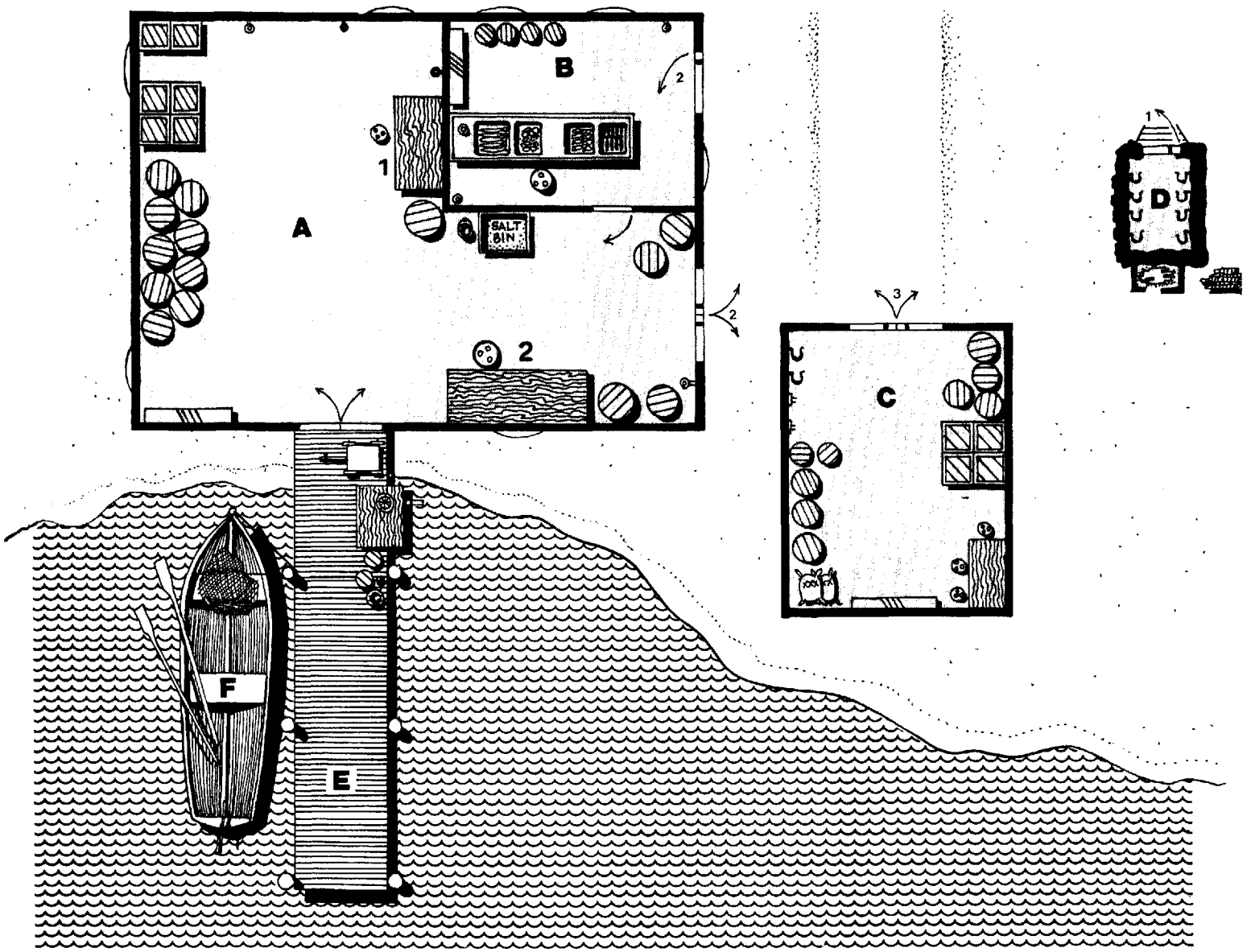
LAYOUT

The main structure is made of local stone, a composite of minerals and tiny sea shells. The outside is rough, but inside the walls are plastered over and painted coral pink. The storage shed is unfinished boards, whitewashed every so often, and the smokehouse is built of dirt fill, fire bricks, and stone imported from inland.

The Main Building

A. The Packing Room. *(36'* x 26', *irregular)* This is the room where the fish are salted and packed. Empty barrels are lined up against one wall. From there they can easily be moved to the salting table (1) or the work table (2) where the smoked fish are trimmed and packed in a whirl of activity. Usually Guter (see *Personalities)* takes care of moving the barrels since Trina is too small to handle them. (On the other hand, if Guter isn't around, she's quite able to put a little magic into the effort.)

When a barrel is full, it is capped and placed by the east door. If a buyer is at hand, the barrel will be loaded directly on to his wagon; otherwise, it will be stored with the others in the shed (C).



cart

SCALE: one square = 1 foot

B. The Front Room. *(16' x 12')* The merchandise is arranged in a glass-sided display case, for visual inspection by prospective buyers. There is usually a fair variety of fresh fish from the morning's catch, as well as fresh shellfish and a tray or two of smoked and salted fish. A few kegs of packed fish are kept here for any retail customers who buy in quantity.

Outbuildings

C. The Storage Shed. *(14' x 18')* Filled barrels are held here pending shipment. Drivers can back their wagons almost directly up to the doors, where it is convenient to load either from the packing room or from the shed. This also makes the loading process very conspicuous to anyone approaching and impresses potential customers with the obvious prosperity of the business. (Greg's mother didn't raise a fool.)

D. The Smokehouse. *(4' x 6')* This small building is where the fish are smoke-cured. The firepit is small and the fire fed from outside the building; a series of vents and baffles insures that the smoke gets to every part of the area. The actual smoking room is built on a 3' high foundation of stone, which means the smoke enters the room at floor level for more complete circulation. Hooks on the walls and ceiling provide the means to hang plenty of fish, large and small. When the smoking process is finished, the cart from the pier (E) is used to bring the fish back into the packing room. McRoe makes a little spare change by allowing locals to use the smokehouse for preserving their own fish and meat.

E. The Pier. *(6' x 30')* This is an ordinary pier with a cleaning table where Guter cuts up the fish as they come off the boat. He lays the good portions on a cart for Trina to wheel inside to the salting table. Usable "spare parts" are placed in kegs to be hauled to Cap'n Bill's Bait Shop. The remaining waste is washed off the table back into the sea.

F. The Flatboat. *(20' long)* Each morning Guter and McRoe put out for some fishing in this boat; some evenings McRoe heads out for less legal pursuits. The rest of the time the craft is tied up at the pier unused. When out fishing, Guter mans the oars and McRoe handles the rudder and the nets. When they get back, McRoe unloads and leaves Guter to clean the catch.

PERSONALITIES

Guter Snype. *Almost human. Ht: 5'0". Wt: 288 lbs. Age: indeterminate; even Guter doesn't know how old he is. Fighting prowess: excellent with his "friends", otherwise poor.*

Guter isn't stupid, because if crossword puzzles were available, he'd enjoy doing them - he'd color in the little blocks. Guter is repulsive in thought, word, and deed, but in spite of that (or rather, because of it) he's a useful member of the community because he does the dirty jobs no one else will do. His main job is working at the fishery, gutting and cleaning fish. He also cleans up the place after working hours and takes care of any other work that needs doing. Guter's daily wages are a few pieces of silver and all the fish guts he can eat (don't ask). In his spare time, he hires out to anyone who has an unpleasant job to be done. He's not choosy, he's not proud, and he has a strong stomach.

Guter does his fish cleaning with a set of 3 knives, of mixed sizes and shapes, that he calls "his friends." They *are* his only friends, and he takes very good care of them, honing them, polishing them, oiling them, talking to them at length. Insulting Guter himself draws no response (he's used to it), but anyone foolish enough to denigrate his "friends" or his skill using them had better run to a chirurgeon — fast. Guter's ability is *excellent,* and can do amazing, extraordinary feats with them. Once he loses his temper, he strikes with a speed and skill that's truly extraordinary.

Guter is all right if he's left alone - which he prefers. He's glad to work long hours for low wages — which is good since he'd have a hard time getting other kinds of work. If adventurers need to find him, they can look in the alleys beside local taverns. There he spends his evenings "bar shopping" (rummaging through the trash) and drinking; barkeepers give him drinks to keep him from coming inside.

Trina La Belle. *Mostly human (about 1/8 fey). Ht: 4'10". Wt: 92 lbs. Age: 17. Fighting prowess: poor. Magic ability: good; C2, C3, C5, C7, C8.*

Trina is McRoe's assistant and salesperson. Her duties consist primarily of salting fish and working the front room. The boss has provided stools at both of her work stations for her comfort and because of her stature — on a tall stool, she's literally taller sitting than standing.

Trina's great-grandmother was one of the magical Faery-folk, and a bit of magical skill has come down through Trina's maternal ancestors. She is handy with relatively "harmless" magic, spells that don't really hurt anyone. She uses her natural power to help out friends or occasionally to develop a practical joke, but she doesn't care to publicize her heritage or abilities.

She has a pleasing personality and is well liked by all who come in contact with her. The glint in her eye indicates she's always willing to have a little fun and the corners of her mouth turn up in such a way that she appears happy even when she isn't smiling. She's a good and persuasive sales-person, and if she greets you in the front room, you'd better be prepared to buy some fish, even if you didn't want any when you went in!

Gregor McRoe. *Human. Ht: 5'11". Wt: 320 lbs. Age: 32. Fighting prowess: average.*

Greg is a business man, which is fortunate because he likes money so much that he wouldn't be happy in any other line of work. He is also a *thrifty* man. To him, the "right price" depends largely on whether he's buying or selling, and he has a lot more experience selling. When the bar bill arrives, he isn't one to say "This round's on me." He wears his purse around his neck to keep it away from pickpockets, but contrary to popular opinion, he doesn't have the first copper piece he ever earned — he invested it long ago and it's now worth many pieces of gold.



Greg McRoe

McRoe is basically honest (though to his mind that isn't the same thing as law-abiding). For example, if you ask for money he owes you, he'll pay — but he won't remind you of it or offer to pay interest. He won't cheat those he deals with, but the wisest customers have learned it is their own responsibility to get what they want out of a bargain. If they don't ask for a better deal, McRoe just assumes they are satisfied with what he's offering. All his deals are handled this way, and he's made a comfortable living from the results, since he won't let himself be cheated either.

McRoe is *a quiet* man. It isn't that he has nothing to say, it's just that he doesn't see any purpose to giving away free information. By and large he minds his own business and thinks others - especially official sorts - should mind theirs.

McRoe is round and hairy all over his body (it's thinnest on top of his head). He's not a very excitable sort, but his brown eyes can calculate a character's value in a moment. Pretty he's not, but compared to Guter, he's an Adonis.

SCENARIO SUGGESTIONS

Scenario 1. Trina decides she wants to return to her own people (though not entirely sure they want someone with so much human blood). She knows the way to Faery but needs help getting past the Sucking Swamp, the two-headed girl-eating lizard, and the troll who guards the bridge leading to Faery. Once she gets there, there could be more problems! She needs some soft-hearted adventurers as protectors.

Scenario 2. A richly dressed, noble-looking character comes into the City and loudly proclaims that his search is at an end. In Guter Snype he has found the reborn spirit of the Emperor of a land far across the sea. He dresses Guter up and demands that people pay proper respect to *Guter the First.* Guter is quite swept up in the whole thing and the rich folks in the town, who have treated Guter as something less than human, begin to shower gifts upon him, which his benefactor, Lord Arsin, organizes and cares for.

Greg McRoe, afraid Guter will be hurt by the let-down this obvious scam is going to produce, hires the characters to search out information about the Empire and Lord Arsin, to determine if all this is true. And if not, he wants them to find a way to force Arsin to let Guter down easily.

Scenario 3. Greg McRoe, in the dead of the night, transports a nervous individual from a ship into the City. The next morning Greg notices the person carved a sigil into the seat he had used, and Greg recognizes it as the sign of an Assassin Cult out to slay the leader of the City. To avoid being implicated and possibly destroyed, Greg hires the characters to undertake a covert search and destroy mission against the Assassin before he can strike.

Adventurers may not be looking for a fresh fish dinner when they encounter Greg McRoe, but the Fishery is still likely to be a useful place to know about. Whether the party needs to hire a boat for a little off-shore exploration or whether they hire Guter Snype to fetch a magical trinket lost in the City's sewer system, McRoe's is the place to look into for the services.



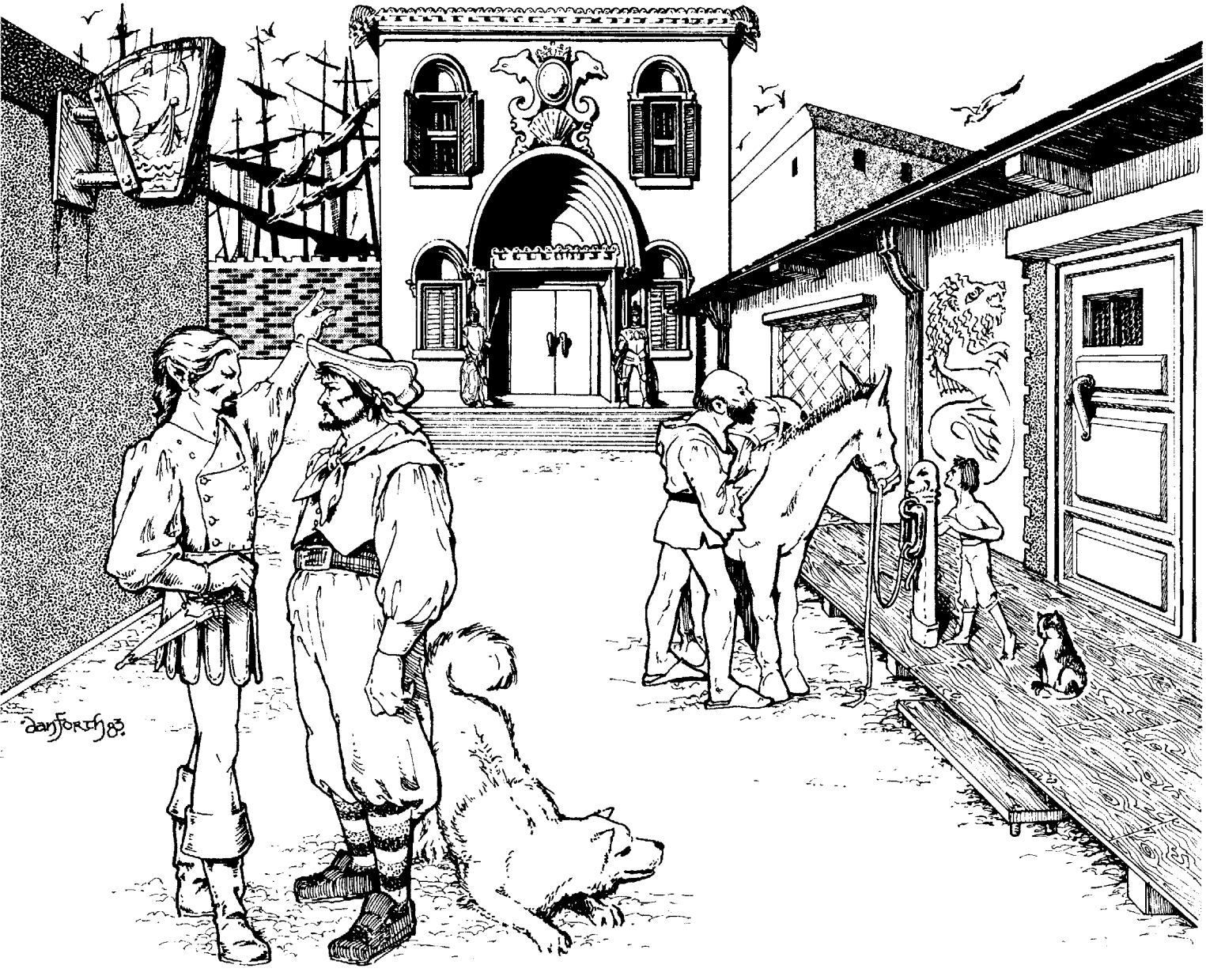
The City has been accurately compared to a party of adventurers: different characters have different jobs but everyone must contribute to the safety of the group and the overall success of the mission at hand.

Like guards set to watch for unwelcome visitors approaching a campsite, the Customs House watches over the commerce passing through the harbor, ever on guard for illegal contraband and restricted goods. Like a scout sent ahead to learn of danger waiting, Van Iversen's Lite gives warning of the treacherous shoals lurking under the waves; the *Lite points the way to safety. The Mariners Fellowship House, like a medic, succors those who are hurt and offers some hope to those waiting, even in the worst of times. Finally, like the faithful spear-carriers in the party, the Temple of Aroshnavaraparta provides willing backs and spiritual aid to anyone who requires assistance.*

And just like a party of explorers, those who serve the City find adventure waiting for them as well.

The Customs House

A port city requires someone to control the flow of traffic and goods through the harbor, and to insure that the local government gets the appropriate duties from those who make their living trading through the port.



Officially called The Department *of Customs and Duties,* the building commonly called The Customs House stands just behind a row of giant wharfside warehouses and across the square from the ill-reputed Sea Lion Inn. The Customs House is a large two-story brick and plaster building that houses the Director of Customs and Duties, his administrative assistants, their clerks, and all the Department's records.

This office oversees the inspection and taxation of all cargo consigned for legal import to, or export from, the City. All those who would engage in such traffic must come here to obtain the requisite licenses and permissions; here they must pay the taxes, duties, and tariffs which their activities incur.

The Department of Customs and Duties is also charged with the responsibility to detect violations of customs laws, as well as the right to seize and destroy all prohibited goods. To fulfill these duties, the Customs House has the right to inspect all warehouses, all ships docked in the harbor, and all personal possessions of those who enter or leave the City by sea. The House can call upon the City Guard or even the army if necessary to enforce the authority of its office.

As a port, the City must wring all the taxes it can from the flow of ships and cargo through its harbor. These taxes, in turn, make smuggling very profitable — and therefore prevalent. It is one of the principal tasks of the Customs House to stamp out this practice wherever it is found.

The officials of the Customs House keep relatively easy working hours — business can usually be conducted from about 8 a.m. until late afternoon. Of course, there are shifts of customs inspectors at the docks and harbor at all hours.

Every sort of person passes through the House on any given day. Foreign merchants seek permission to import their goods, ships' captains declare their cargo manifests; local business agents come to argue over assessments of shipped value, or to rectify a mistake in their billing. Salvage operators come for appraisal records, and following them all are the lawyers and others who make their living picking the bones of technicalities for their clients in the seafaring trade.

LAYOUT

The two-story building is constructed of brick and plaster; a basement walled with granite blocks is below. There are narrow-barred windows with wooden shutters set high on both floors. A trapdoor gives access to the flat roof from an interior stairwell. The single entrance has armed guards on either side throughout the working hours. In the evening, a contingent of a dozen trusted men from the City Guard transports the day's tax receipts to the City treasury.

Ground Floor

A. Outer Business Office. *(60' x 26')* This is a large room where routine business with the general public is conducted. Behind the room-long wooden counter work 4 clerks. The wall behind the clerks is covered with a vast storage cabinet of hundreds of small pigeonholes.

B1-4. Ground Floor Offices. A corridor bisects the rear of the building and allows entrance into the offices of the three Deputy Directors and the interrogation room. Each office is the work area of one Deputy and his private secretary. The secretary sits on a tall stool behind a high desk. An oil lamp near the desk provides illumination for the clerk who, armed with quill pen and ink well, is prepared to perform such tasks as his superior instructs.

The Deputies are in charge of handling the clerks who handle the public directly. If a person has some further claim to press, the Deputies see him or her personally. On the desk each Deputy has writing utensils, his seal of office, a container of sealing wax kept warm over a flame, and such personal effects as they see fit to have about them. A small cabinet of pigeonholes, usually crammed with the records of the day's transactions, stands to one side.

B1. Interrogation Room. *(26' x 16')* This room is often used by the inspectors or the clerks as a private meeting area when talking to clients or informants. Whenever there is a big raid being planned the windows are shut off with heavy drapes and work may be carried on here far into the night.

B2. Inspections — Gargarn Busbo. (*26' x 16')* A reformed smuggler, Busbo knows the ins and outs of the business and runs an efficient system with inspectors, undercover agents, and informers.

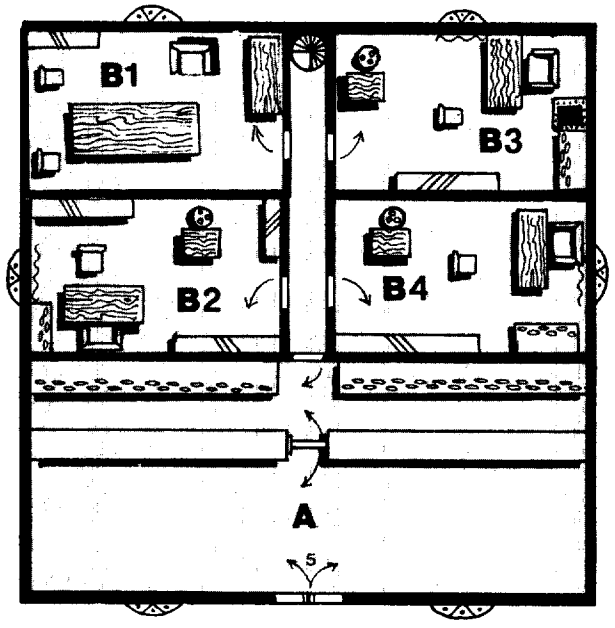
B3. Accounts — Bungrup Hop. *(26' x 16')* This mathematical genius handles the customs records with brilliant dexterity. He only siphons off a *small* fortune for his own use. His office has an ironbound strongbox[5] sunk into the floor; he maintains the receipts brought in through the day.

B4. Magical Inspections — Mylandor Plor. *(26 x 16')* Plor is the niece of a powerful sorcerer. She has inherited some magical ability and her job is to coordinate with Gargarn Busbo on inspections, using her ability to sense magic to detect spells or concealed items he is unable to uncover.

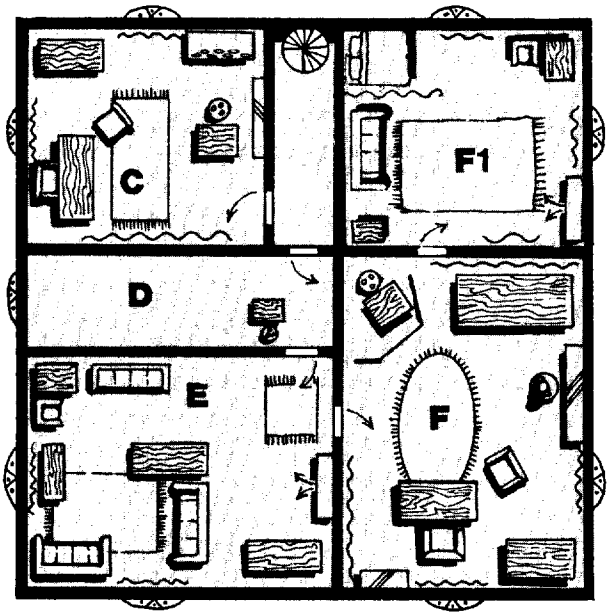
Upper Floor

The entry room off the stairwell has a clerk stationed in it to announce a visitor to the Vice Director or to pass the person in to the clerk in the anteroom of the Director's office.

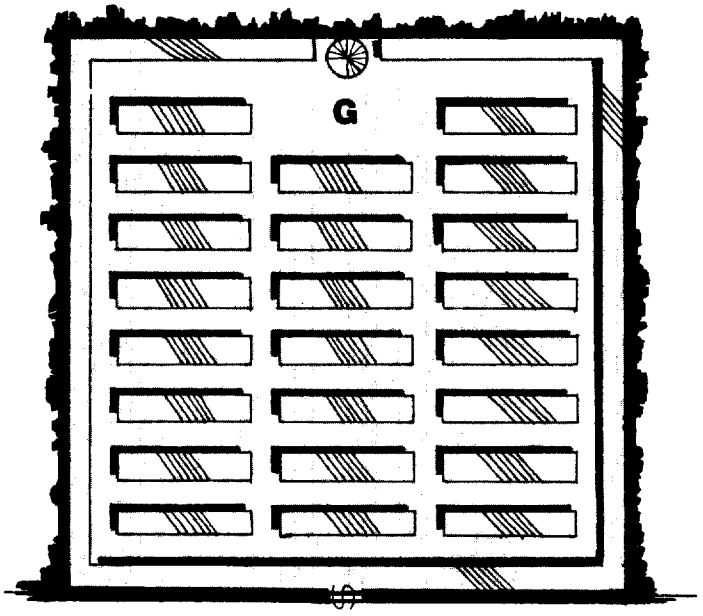
C. Administrative Affairs — Jem Bandor. *(25' x 23')* Bandor is the Director's right-hand man. He is young and extraordinarily brilliant and capable of handling the awesome amount of responsibility foisted off on him. He is in charge of all the clerks downstairs as well as responsible for Licenses and Permits given out by the House. His position, though demanding, has its rewards - importers and captains are quite used to repaying Bandor's good service with gifts brought from abroad. At times large amounts of money change hands, but Bandor is very discreet and tracing such bribes would be very difficult. In fact only those doing the bribing would be able to implicate him, and that puts them in the untenable position of having offered a bribe in the first place. For the most part this method of doing business is considered standard operating procedure for the Customs House.



GROUND FLOOR ▲



UPPER FLOOR ▲



BASEMENT ▲

SCALE: one square = 2 feet

D. The Anteroom of the Office of the Director. *(32' x 10')* Directly opposite the stairwell is a door which opens on a reception room presided over by an exquisitely snobbish clerk (chosen for that very attribute). He is obsequious with his social superiors and icily haughty with those he considers of little import. The latter are deliberately left standing in the anteroom so that those of no consequence might fully appreciate their true situation in the halls of the mighty. Visitors of more exalted status (or of a most generous nature) are escorted through a side door into the waiting room (E).

E. Waiting Room. *(32' x 24')* This room is liberally supplied with both couches and refreshments. There is a door connecting directly to the Director's office, allowing him to slip in and out for more confidential conversations.

F. Office Of the Director. *(26' x 34')* The Director, Ras Thevis, works in a large wide room, brightly lit, and exquisitely decorated. The Director's secretary sits behind a folding screen in the northeast corner of the room; from here he can carry out his duties without interfering with the aesthetics of the room. The walls are hung with exotic tapestries and the tables are laden with displayed souvenirs from many lands — tokens of appreciation from foreign merchants whose firms met the requirements for a license to trade. His desk is an ornate carved masterwork from the farthest East; it has many drawers and compartments both visible and hidden. His pigeonhole cabinet is of exquisite manufacture and the scrolls and papers it contains are protected by decorative glass.

F1. Conference Room. (25' x *23')* This room is appointed more like a brothel than an office. It is used by Ras Thevis when he needs to engage in "intimate discourse" with a client or that client's "agent" about a serious matter. While using the conference room Ras Thevis is not to be disturbed unless, perhaps, the building is burning or the world is ending.

Basement

G. Basement. *(58' x 57')* This is one large room filled with floor-to-ceiling shelves. These shelves are the repository of the wit and wisdom of the Customs House officials — the records of who gained permission to import this product from the Outer Islands, what shipping company could carry that prohibited item to the barbarians, and so forth. The organization of the records leaves something to be desired, but the more recent the transaction, the more easily it can be found. Nothing, not even the earliest clay tablets, have been thrown away; records judged out of date are just tied with a red ribbon and tossed in a back corner.

In the south wall is a secret door, recently connected to an underground tunnel. Ras Thevis believes it is known only to himself and a very few associates. One end of the tunnel leads to the Sea Lion Inn (an establishment owned by Thevis but controlled through a series of stooges) where meetings requiring absolute secrecy can be arranged. The other end of the tunnel ends in a panel which gives way to a storeroom in the basement of the Customs "shed" (H).

H. The Customs Shed, *(not mapped)* The name is a great misnomer, for this freestanding building is the equal of any of the other warehouses which crowd the dock area. This building is where the Customs House stores impounded goods — illicit cargo seized from smugglers, unclaimed freight, items brought in by foreigners unaware of their prohibited status — a vast mound of considerable value. Such value demands protection — there are 3 guards posted outside, night and day. Several warehousemen work under a supervisor from dawn to dusk. The warehousemen tend to be burly and interested in keeping their jobs, and while they don't work loaded with arms and armor, they would not sit idle with intruders breaking in.

PERSONALITIES

Ras Thevis. *Human. Ht: 5'11'. Wt: 170 lbs. Age: 43. Fighting prowess: poor. Magic ability: poor, C1-8; augmented widely by magical devices.*

Ras Thevis is a small, dark, very intense man of middle years. He has piercing, calculating dark eyes and a very deliberate way of speaking that never leaves any word for argument, as if his possession of *all* the facts in the matter was beyond question. Related to the leading families of the City, his position is secure for life, no matter how the power might shift among them. Physically and mentally Thevis is in excellent condition.



Ras Thevis

Unlike many City officials, Ras Thevis possesses sufficient wisdom that he has never accepted a bribe or violated a single law while holding this office. On another hand, he is not such a fool as to refuse an honorarium from a grateful applicant whose fortune has been made by a legitimately bestowed license. By a shrewd balancing act Ras Thevis has amassed great power and wealth so unostentatiously that no one suspects its true extent.

His expenditures are exceedingly modest — and carefully calculated - to convince the populace that he is a man of only moderate means. If fact, his only public extravagances are those bestowed on his new young wife, toward whom he cannot help but feel indulgent, and on his teenaged son, over whose neglect Thevis feels vaguely guilty. Even these two, however, have no real idea of the extent of his wealth; their demands (while outrageous for his supposed position) are no real strain on the Director.

Thevis possesses an extraordinarily keen mind and there are few more widely read than Ras Thevis. His collection of rare and exotic scrolls and books comes from all portions of the known world. His position affords him the opportunity to meet with representatives of most of the world's lands and he never fails to pick their brains in lengthy conversations, for he believes that knowledge is the most efficacious weapon one can hone against future difficulties.

Among his interests is magic and all things connected with the sorcerous arts; the most illustrious works on this subject have a way, when confiscated by his department, of appearing on his shelves. Although he has no bodyguard, and neither his office nor domicile are protected by physical traps of any sort, all are safeguarded in devious ways with magical devices which Ras Thevis has obtained in the same way he obtains his books.

Jem Bandor. Human. *Ht: 6'1". Wt: 175 lbs. Age: 24. Fighting prowess: very good with swords, average otherwise.*

Bandor is an intellectual and a snob, and worships his employer as one of the few really first-rate minds in the City. Tall and thin, Bandor is agile and dexterous, taking a certain amount of pleasure in maintaining a fine and healthy body. His hair is blonde and cut short. Even without his official position, he would have little difficulty obtaining the interest of the opposite sex. He maintains a lifestyle which would, be beyond an older man, and he indulges himself with high-born women, heavy gambling, and a wardrobe equal to that of any high-born young man with an eye for fashion.

Of humble birth, he can never hope to further improve his position by rising to the Director's post. Since a new Director is likely to turn him out, he is thoroughly loyal to his superior, who lifted him this far. Ras Thevis, in turn, has been wise enough to bind the man to him as a permanent ally and friend by reciprocating this fortuitous fidelity.

Gargarn Busbo. *Human. Ht: 57". Wt: 150 Ibs. Age: 48. Fighting prowess: very good with any weapon that can be used one-handed.*

Busbo is a "reformed" smuggler and runs the Inspections section with complete efficiency based on an insider's knowledge of the business. He lost his right arm as punishment for his former crimes, and since then honed himself into being the single most deadly one-handed fighter in the City. Gruff and gravel-voiced, Busbo has long greying hair which is kept tied back. His face is weathered and he definitely has the look of one whom it is better not to cross. He typically goes armed and wears light leather armor whenever he goes on the streets.

Busbo, of course, has not forgotten that it was the efficiency of Ras Thevis that cost him his arm. He has worked his way up in the Customs House organization to a position of trust, crushing smugglers ruthlessly, but leaving his old crowd, the Blue Light Gang, alone. Busbo, once he can come up with a foolproof plan, wants to use the Blue Light Gang to crack open the Customs warehouse and embarrass Ras Thevis so he will be dismissed from his exalted position.

Bungrup Hop. *Human and others. Ht: 4'11'. Wt: 125. Ibs. Age: 39. Fighting prowess: poor, rising to fair (if uncontrolled) when enraged.*

Scurrilous rumor indicates his blood runs with a combination of dwarf, elf, gremlin, orc, troll and goblin. Whatever the truth is, there were no giants in Hop's back-ground, and references to his small stature invariably send Bungrup Hop into apoplectic fits of rage.

Hop's lower jaw protrudes a good inch past his upper jaw, giving him a pugnacious and troublesome look. His bristle of wiry beard extends the appearance further although, except for the sore spot about his height, he is generally a reasonable person. All the money he siphons out of the Customs House accounts goes into this or that quack method to increase his height; he's constantly broke as a result. While Hop is a mathematical genius, he is easily taken in by those who would con him, as his mental agility on day-to-day matters is less than spectacular.

Mylandor Plor. *Human. Ht:5'5". Wt:109 Ibs. Age: 27. Fighting prowess: fair; very good with daggers. Magic ability: poor, C1, C3, C5.*

Plor's uncle is one of the most renowned sorcerers in the City and taught her some basics of the magical arts. She uses them sparingly, but it is for this magical sensitivity that she was appointed to her post. She is terribly serious, and that combined with the reputation of her uncle have kept away many young men who otherwise would pay her court. To some degree she finds this suitable as she has inherited a considerable fortune from her deceased father and only the daring or greedy will approach her. She turns them all down, however, and has her heart set on a foreign mercenary who sailed into the harbor several years ago, then left soon after; he has not yet returned. She spends her afternoons and holidays on the docks, watching the ships come in and talking to travelers in the hopes of receiving word from him.

Other Employees of the customs House. There are secretaries, clerks, guards, warehousemen, inspectors, and informants, to say nothing of the husbands, wives, sweethearts, and relatives of all the above. As needed, there are many characters which the Game Master may need personalized for particular scenarios, and he or she is encouraged to do so.

SCENARIO SUGGESTIONS

Scenario 1. To complete his plot to crack the warehouse open, Gargarn Busbo wants to get a magical teleportation plate into the warehouse. He knows Plor will be able to detect it, and she would also be able to determine what it is meant to do unless blackmailed into neglecting investigation. He hires the characters to locate and kidnap her mercenary. Of course she will not stand for this, and woe betide any characters caught with her man, especially if she asks her uncle for help.

Scenario 2. In an idle moment at work, Bungrup Hop calculates what Ras Thevis might be taking home if he were taking just a fraction of what Bungrup is skimming from the Customs House. One evening, deep in his cups, he mentions the fact that Ras Thevis has the means to make a great deal of money if he had ever considered skimming. This comment is made in front of the adventurers. Hop follows it up by remembering he'll have to buy a present for Thevis' son who is having a birthday soon. Thoughts of kidnap and ransom should not be far from the characters' minds, and then they'll find out how wealthy and powerful Ras Thevis can be. The characters might also hit upon a plan to con Hop out of skimmed money if they can figure a way to make him think they have the solution to his height problem.

Most *of the people of the Customs House are thinkers, not fighters, and if the players come to cross purposes with Thevis or the rest, they are likely to oppose the group through craft and influence. The value of the characters described, and others easily imagined, lies in their personality quirks - one, for example, is enough of a double-dealer that he might first accept a bribe then turn the group over to "justice" anyway; many are a ripe prospects for blackmail or a con game. If the adventurers cross Thevis, however, they're in for a high stakes game where the House holds nearly all the cards!*

The Temple of Aroshnavaraparta

Wherever *people count on the sea for their livelihood, a love/hate relationship with the sea develops. The Temple of Aroshnavaraparta is just the place to curry the favor of the sea, or make account for past transgressions, by believers and non-believers alike.*

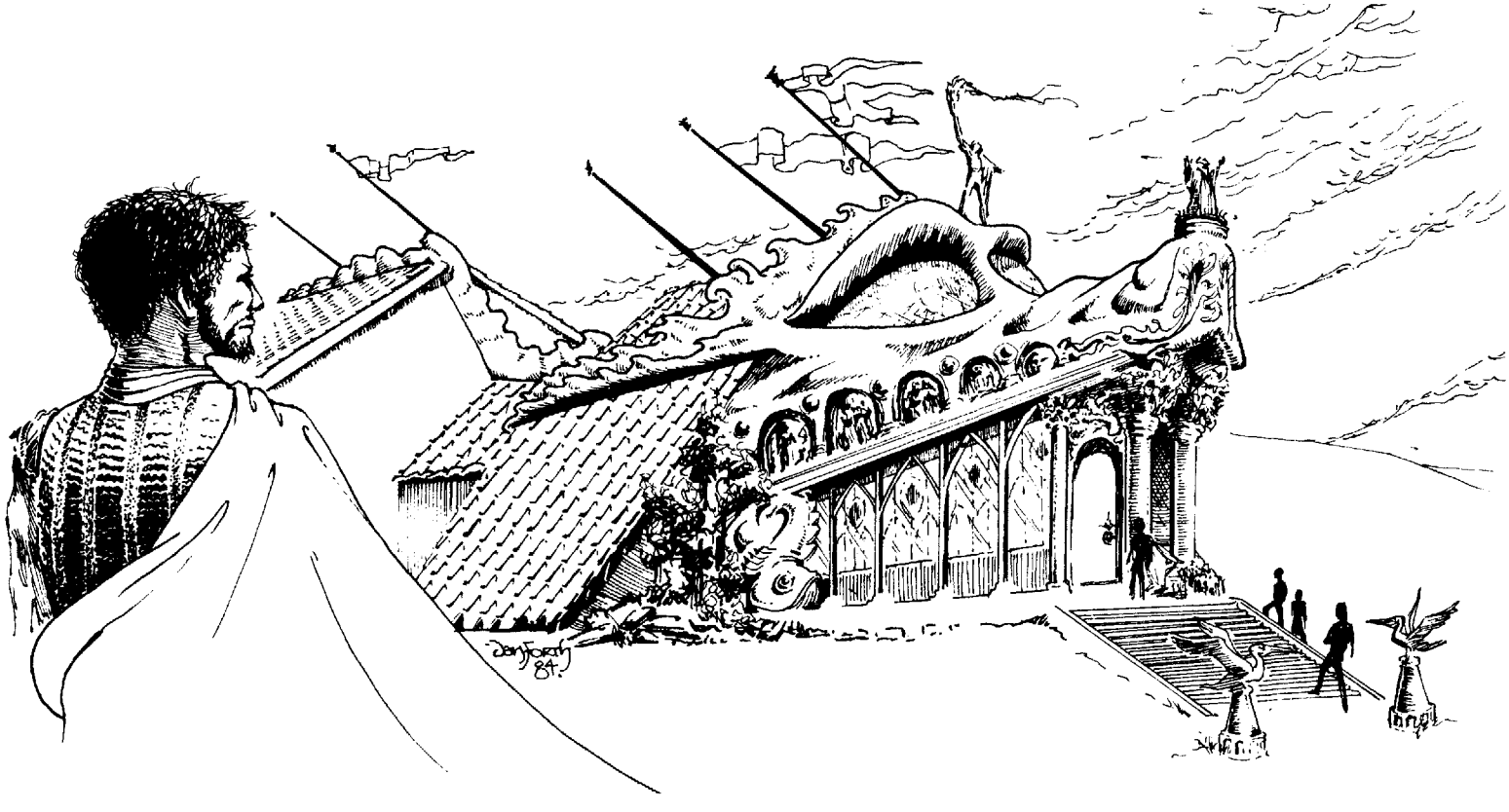
The Temple of the Great Serpent Aroshnavaraparta (Arosh), located on a high cliff jutting into the sea, was founded centuries ago by Genex, a wizard who settled there originally for the view - and because he had nowhere else to go. After a very nasty storm ruined the waterfront, Genex claimed he had actually met the Serpent. Arosh had decided upon Genex as his personal representative, the wizard said, and from now on would dwell within him.

The wizard was known around the City as a liar and a lush, so few believed him. Then the Great Serpent himself was seen swimming offshore and in the harbor - with no Genex in sight — and people began to believe his claim that he could assume the shape of Arosh at will. As the people slowly rebuilt the waterfront district, they also expended a great deal of money, time and effort to construct the Temple.

Of course Genex was a fake. During the storm the old wizard fled to the safety of a crack in the earth and discovered a subterranean cavern that housed the carcass of a great sea serpent. Genex recalled the name of a sea serpent sea god mentioned in a sailor's curse, and believed that if such a god had ever existed it had surely perished for lack of worshippers long since. The cavern had a large pool in it, and Genex correctly assumed an underwater tunnel led to the sea. The wizard magicked the sea serpent carcass to swim around (suitably repaired) and thus scare the foolish populace into giving him money to keep the serpent away.

The Temple was constructed to conceal the entrance to the cavern. The secret of the cavern was only passed on to the High Priest-elect whenever the current High Priest felt his death was near. This successful tradition was faithfully observed until the death of a High Priest who died during a raging storm when he tripped on the cavern stairs, splitting his head open. The secret of the cavern died with him.

Valnaparta (see *Personalities)* was brought to the Temple that same night by his halfwit guardian, Nap. Nap told the priests gathered there that he had plucked the child from the waves and then felt drawn to the Temple. With the disappearance of the High Priest, it was eventually decided that Val was destined to be the new High Priest - and he was raised accordingly.



Val holds a short service once a week for those few worshippers who still attend. Special rituals, such as baptismals and such, are made by arrangement with Val. There is a cycle of holy days that generally falls near the solstices and equinoxes, and an important festival marking the beginning of the fishing season. None of these are terribly extravagant nor particularly well-attended, but the earnestness of the current High Priest has impressed even non-believers. The Temple doors are opened at dawn, and closed an hour or two before midnight. For those in distress, a bellpull will summon Val and Nap during those hours the doors are closed and locked[3].

LAYOUT

The Temple is a huge building constructed in the shape of a giant *lizard.* This "confusion" about the actual shape of Aroshnavaraparta came about because a committee was formed to decide just what Arosh looked like in order to build a temple that suitably reflected the sea god's form and glory. Of course, each member of the committee had a personal "revelation" about what Arosh was like, and the most common features of their descriptions were worked into the design. The result, of course, wasn't much like a serpent, but a lizard instead.

The Temple is approximately 200' long and almost 120' wide at the forelegs. The head and back rise 25' in the air, though the flagpoles (used to fly banners and other trim) are about 50' above the ground. The construction is of marble.

The Head

The section of the Temple that looks like a head is the only area that truly has an upper floor. The gaping mouth has clear windows that let in a great deal of sunlight during the day. There are two glass-inlaid brass doors right beneath the tip of "Arosh's" nose; this is the main entrance used by worshippers coming into the Temple.

A. The Lobby. *(36' x 14')* Once the lobby was lavishly decorated to impress the visitors and worshippers who passed through it. Now the paint is peeling and the nicer furnishings have been sold to better places. On the western wall is a flight of stairs to the upper floor of the head section.

B. Offices. *(14' x 22')* In its heyday, the Temple had many people coming through, both to offer funds and to beseech the priests for assistance. These offices took care of those services. The northernmost office (B1) was where the Youth Services (known as the Newts) were administered. The central office (B2) was where the proceeds to the Sailors' Relief Fund were counted and stored. The last office (B3) was used by the clerk who kept the financial records of the Temple.

The offices are now rarely used, since the lack of the god's manifestations (very good fund-raisers) has put the religion as a whole into a decline. The services provided by the Temple are necessarily curtailed by the lack of funds. The central office contains the public records about the Temple, including contribution reports, bills, services performed (including boat consecrations and such), and a full list of the present membership of the Temple.

The northernmost office still has records kept by the Newts; there might be mildly embarrassing information contained there (although the embarrassment is likely to be that felt when someone brings out 15-year-old photographs to show to friends you didn't have when the photos were taken!).

The southernmost office is presently used as a broom and storage closet. Beneath the buckets, mops, and other cleaning items is the clerk's desk, still bolted to the wall. While the desk is full of clutter and papers, the only thing of value in it is a very old deed to a prime tract of land in the middle of the City. The Temple's ownership of the land has been forgotten, and if it were discovered, it could provide a great deal of money in back rent for the Temple. Conversely, it could provide considerable wealth to the person who obtained the deed and sold it.

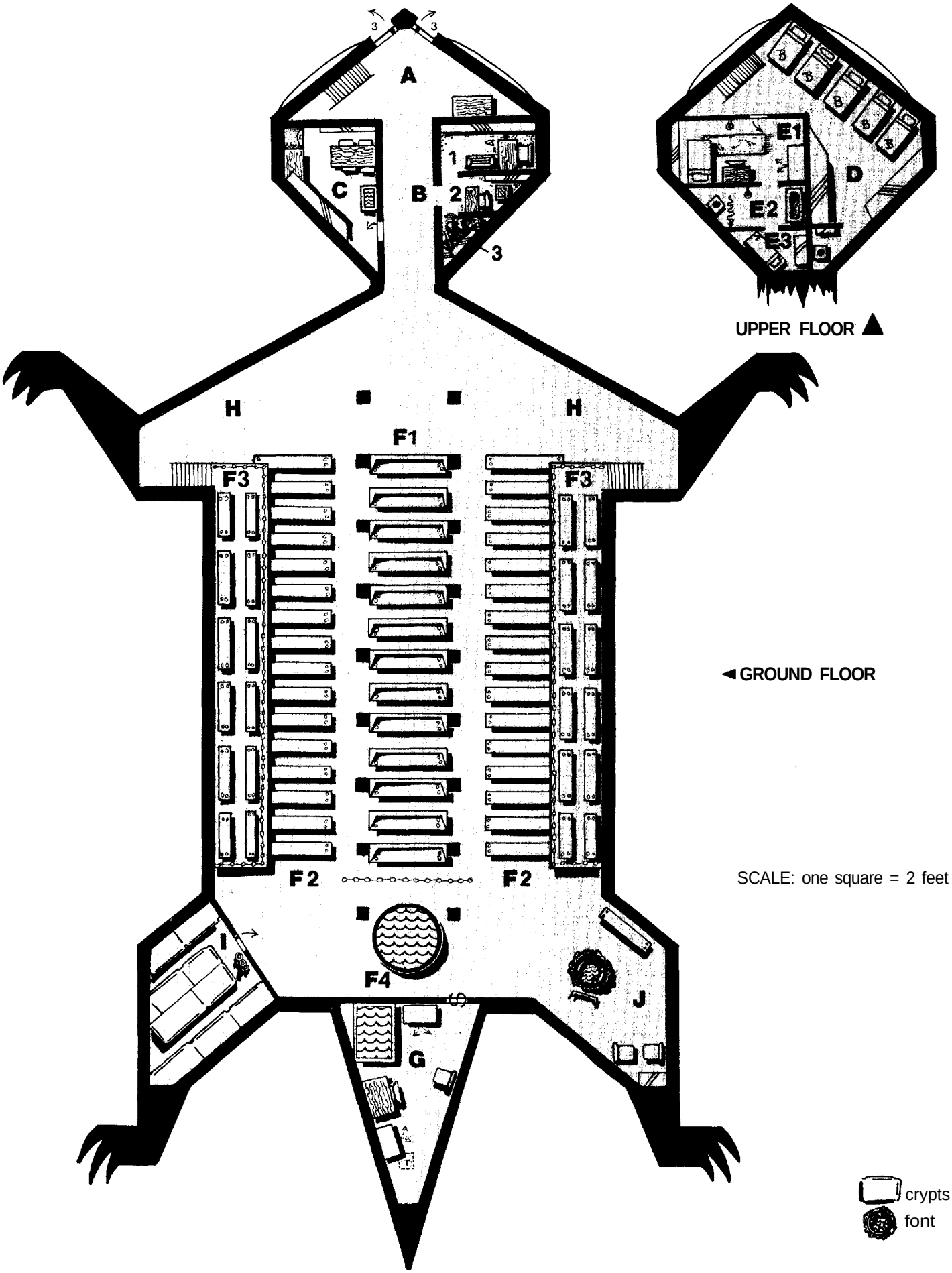
C. The Kitchen. *(14' x 22')* When the Temple was doing well, this kitchen turned out the food for the many priests in residence. Now the kitchen is rarely used, as Nap prepares very simple meals for Val and himself. The most remarkable thing about the kitchen is that it has running water, a gift, claimed Genex, from the Sea Serpent. As always, Genex was lying. The apparatus is part of the water system Genex magicked together for his own use and to awe his associates. The water is brought up from the ocean at the base of the cliff, desalinated, and cleaned for use in the kitchen.

D. Dormitory. *(18' x 36')* This room is well-lit by the sunlight which enters through the huge glass "eyes" of the serpent's head. At one time, the Temple was so well staffed that rooms had to be rented in town to house all the priests. Now the dormitory is without occupants. Val and Nap carry on the services to the faithful alone. The dormitory room is used to store the sails that arrive yearly as a gift from Makea the sailmaker (whose shop is the *Sails of the Everpresent Journeywind).* No one but Nap knows why she gives them to the Temple, and he hasn't told Val. The small room at the southern end of the dormitory hall was the privy; presently, it is empty — its furnishings have been sold.

E. High Priest's Chambers. (22' x *24')* Once finely appointed, the furnishings now show signs of wear and fading. Everything is kept neat and clean by Nap, who sleeps in the small room (E3) at the southern end of the suite. Val occupies the main room (E1) and the middle room (E2) is used as a bathing and dressing area by both of them. The pipe carrying running water to the kitchen has an extension that brings running water into the sunken marble bathtub — Genex loved hot baths and added a length of pipe which could magically heat the water.

The Body

F. Worshipping Hall. *(60' x 110')* This area is where the faithful come to worship. The main area is broken into 3 seating areas (F1, F2) by the columns which hold up the roof.


A
B
C
1
2
3
3
3
E1
E2
E3
D
UPPER FLOOR
H
H
F1
F3
F3
F2
F2
F4
G
I
J
GROUND FLOOR
SCALE: one square = 2 feet
crypts
font

Narrow balconies (F3) line the east and west sides at the level of an "upper floor;" stairs go up to the balconies from the joining of the "arms" and the "body." At the base of the "spine" is a fountain (F4) which serves as an altar.

The pews in the central row (F1) are handcrafted works of art, purchased by wealthy believers back when the Temple was newly built. Each section of seating was originally owned by individual families or businesses, but is seldom used now that the Temple is nearly empty during services.

The pews near the side walls (F2) are made of oak planks that have withstood the test of time. Most are in good repair, but these, too, seldom see use. Only a few faithful fisher families come to the weekly services, and their numbers dwindle with every year that passes without a new manifestation of Arosh.

Above the pews on the side of the Temple are two balconies (F3). They were constructed to hold the overflow of worshippers who came when the Temple's power was at its peak. Like the central pews, the balcony seats were purchased by the affluent. The price per pew was even higher than that for the spine seats; the High Priests charged dearly for those who wanted the privilege of "looking down" on the other faithful. The stairs to the balconies are located at the joint of the "forelegs" with the "body" of the Sea Serpent.

The priests conducted services from behind the fountain (F4). The wall behind the priests is decorated with a huge fresco of ocean life and people enjoying the fruits of the sea. The mural has faded but the likenesses of some of the earliest members of the Temple can be seen (they paid Genex very well for the privilege of being included in the painting).

The fountain is the most subtle trick Genex created for the Temple. Not only does the fountain's edge hide a switch which a priest can press to boost the height of spray (the extra water comes from a water-storage tank hidden in the tail section, the whole fed from Genex's pump apparatus), but the fountain's waters reflect a viewer's hopes and desires due to some magical manipulation designed by Genex. In effect, the faithful could watch the fulfillment of their wishes as they made an offering into the pool.

The fountain's effects are varied, but usually work in the following fashion. If a money-hungry merchant threw a silver coin into the fountain, the coin would change to a gold one. A gold coin thrown by that same merchant would look like several coins or a gem. A disfigured warrior throwing in a gold coin might see himself made handsome again, and a broken arm would look healed and whole. Whatever the person who made the offering was most interested in seeing come to pass would become visible in the fountain's waters (those with ill-wishing on their minds quickly learned to concentrate on something else, since anyone looking into the waters could see the unkind vision). All thrown offerings became the property of the Temple, of course, and the faithful were told that if they continued to believe — and contribute — what was seen would come to pass if Arosh could only be convinced of their sincerity.

The Tail

G. The Sacristy. (32' *x 22')* Access to this room is through a secret door in the painted wall. The switch that opens the door is operated by jamming two fingers into the eyes of a sour-faced man painted near the floor (the person was a petty lord who insisted on being included in the mural, but who had lengthy arguments with Genex and only gave the Temple very limited financial support).

The most noticeable thing in the tail-room is the water-tank that holds spare saltwater for the fountain out front; otherwise, the room is very sparsely furnished. Two standing closets hold the vestments needed by the priests who would perform services. A table and some chairs complete the furnishings, as the room is used only once a week, and briefly.

In the tail-room also is hidden the secret entrance to the cavern beneath the Temple. The entrance is very cunningly hidden, as evidenced by the fact that although in its heyday many priests spent time in here, no one found it, then or since. Each High Priest-elect was shown the entrance only by his predecessor. Valnaparta doesn't know anything about it since his predecessor died the night he was brought to the Temple as an infant.

The Limbs

H. The Arms of the Serpent. *(12' x 12')* The contradiction of "arms" for a serpent always amused Genex. The areas are presently empty; previously, this was where the worshippers gathered to talk after a service. The stairs to the balcony seats are located here.

I. The Western Leg. *(18' x 24')* This "room" holds the crypts of the previous High Priests (all except the last one). The actual monuments of the High Priests become smaller and less ornate as they were made closer to the present time. The tomb of Genex, however, is uncharacteristically plain and has nothing more than an ornate epitaph. The epitaph is written in a Saurian dialect readable only by Nap and a few lizard-like folk; it reads "Let them pray for salvation but make them pay for earthly peace of mind." Genex had it inscribed from a written copy, but did not reveal its meaning, though those who followed him were chosen for their general belief in that sentiment. The room has nothing but the tombs of the High Priests and a rack of candles dedicated to Arosh. There is room for 7 more bodies, and an old legend holds that when the catacombs are full, Arosh will come into the Temple and take it back into the sea by collapsing the cliff.

J. The Eastern Leg. *(18' x 24')* This area is not cut off from the Worshipping Hall. It is used as a confessional and baptismal area when those services are required. Confessions are allowed, with offerings into the fountain made in atonement (a precedent begun long ago, in agreement with the sentiment expressed on Genex's tomb). Absolution is simple and Valnaparta has taken to granting it without any more offering than a prayer or two to Aroshnavaraparta.

The greatest piece of artwork in the entire Temple is the baptismal font. Carved by a very devout worshipper in the

Temple's heyday, it is a mighty sea serpent's head carved from a single block of fine marble. The mouth is wide open, pointed up as if it were to swallow the moon and stars. The saltwater inside the mouth is used to baptise worshippers — most were dipped into the mouth as infants. At such a time the ritual calls for the priest to ask Arosh to "snap up the child now, or safeguard him (or her) until called for later." It is perhaps the most effective ceremony the Temple can perform, and many have been moved to renew their own commitment to Arosh because they have watched the faith of the parents whose child is placed within the stone jaws.

The cavern

The entrance through the trapdoor in the tail opens into a narrow (3' wide) crack in the interior of the cliff. After slipping down a 15' long vertical tunnel, the visitor comes to a small worn stairway that slopes down another 120', to below sea level. A sharp incline brings one back to the pool and the main area of the cavern.

The cavern is small, no more than 60' in diameter. The pool is deep and surprisingly clear, going down as far as the eye can see. The water level slowly rises and falls with the tides. Against the eastern side of the cavern is the well-preserved hide of the sea monster Genex found here and magicked to perform as Arosh. The subsequent High Priests could activate Genex's spell and hide in the cavern while the fake Great Serpent cruised outside the harbor. The bones of the last High Priest who knew the secret have long since been swept out to sea from tidal overflows getting into the lower areas. No one, not even Nap, knows of the cavern.

PERSONALITIES

Valnaparta. *Human. Ht: 5'10" Wt: 140 lbs. Age: 20.Fighting prowess: none. Magic ability: none.*

Valnaparta was found floating in a wicker basket by Nap, who became his guardian. Nap, although apparently a half-wit, managed to rescue the boy from the stormy sea and brought the child to the Temple of Aroshnavaraparta. The old High Priest died that same night, though no one knew it at the time. When he didn't return, the two priests in residence at the Temple decided it was an omen that the child had been cast up from the sea, and they named the boy the new High Priest.

Raised to his job, Val has taken on his occupation with real zeal. Although there has been no manifestation of Arosh over the last two decades and belief in the Great Sea Serpent has waned, those who have stayed to see Val grow up have actually deepened their faith because of the young man's own evident earnestness. Val has lived up to his role, and visits the sick and helps where he can. His credo is "Prayer can get help, but hard work can't hurt." Genex, of course, rolls in his tomb.

Val is rather handsome. He has bright brown eyes and black hair worn at a moderate length. He is normally clad in a nondescript linen robe, but he often strips down to a loincloth when he's helping fishermen scrape hulls or repair nets. He has remained celibate not because he believes it is



Valnaparta

required, but because he feels he cannot devote enough time to family and parishioners, both.

Val is worried about one thing: he has not yet discovered how to turn himself into Arosh, an ability he genuinely believes is within the scope of the High Priest of the Great Sea Serpent. He wants to be able to do this in order to revitalize the church, but no matter how hard he prays or tries, he cannot make the change. Still, he does the best he can helping his people, and until some change takes place, he is content to fulfill that role.

Nap. *To appearances, human. Ht: 5'9". Wt: 210 lbs. Age: 50. Fighting prowess: none. Magic ability: as Nap, none; as Arosh, excellent, C1-C8.*

Nap looks like a gentle, kindly old man who is — and always has been - something of a simpleton. He is balding, with a fringe of white hair that circles the back of his head like a mane. His eyes are a surprising shade of dark sea-green.

The kindly old idiot dotes on Valnaparta, but he is not exactly what he seems to be. He is, in fact, Aroshnavaraparta in human guise. The Great Serpent was attracted to this distant temple about 20 years previously (no time at all, in the lifespan of a god) because he noticed that the Temple had sprung up and gone through the revivals he associated with his true appearances at other temples — yet he had never come within 1000 leagues of this temple. With this unusual effect, he decided to find out more about it by visiting this newest and most erratic of temples.

Nearing the Temple, Arosh happened upon a child cast into the sea. He rescued the infant and changed into manform

to go investigate the Temple, taking Val with him. After the old High Priest's disappearance, Nap decided to raise his own High Priest in the child he saved. He played the half-wit so no one would notice or mind his comings and goings.

During the 20 years he spent in the City raising Val, however, something happened to his original temples: another sea god, a white sea serpent, supplanted Arosh and led her followers to the destruction of Arosh's temples and the conversion of his faithful. Without Arosh himself to back them up the temples all fell, and now the only temple to Arosh is the one Genex created to perpetuate a fraud.

Too late Arosh realized his power was waning from lack of worshippers. He had not needed much to be in human form, and in fact had only drawn his magical/godly sustenance from the small circle of followers led by Valnaparta. In his other form and on his worst day, Arosh could take on the White Serpent; now, he hasn't the power to transform back to his natural sea serpent shape. As Nap, he has examined the facts of his existence and now he believes that if he could be hit with powerful spells from several capable wizards at the same time, he could absorb enough magical energy to make the transformation to sea serpent form (as a god, he need not fear the magic of wizards trying only to destroy a half-wit human). Getting that caliber of magic in quantity has been virtually impossible for him.

SCENARIO SUGGESTIONS

Scenario 1. Nap is discovered standing over the body of the City's High Wizard with a bloody knife in his hands and tears rolling down his face. Nap is arrested and quickly convicted of murder. Execution is to take place in "The Cauldron", a special room built in the basement of the Sorcerer's Guild to contain and withstand the greatest spell-casting (experimental or otherwise). All the guild wizards are to use their most horrible spells on the murderer (the Guild officials use this execution technique as a catharsis for the destructive tendencies of its members). Nap hasn't told Val he's innocent (he found the old man's body and willingly took the blame when he realized the probable consequences). He doesn't want to let the young man know the religion, as set up, is a lie, so he can't explain that he *wants* to be magically "executed" to change into a god and defend his status.

Characters become involved in this scenario when hired by Val to rescue his old guardian. The scenario is best set up if the GM has the murder and trial exist as background rumors until the characters are brought in to take part. To accomplish their mission, the characters will be faced with trying to break into the Sorcerers' Guild and bring out someone who doesn't want to go. Finally, don't forget there's someone running around the City who is capable and powerful enough to take out the City's High Wizard and apparently get away with it.

Scenario 2. Valnaparta was thrown into the sea because he was twin to the heir of a nation not too far south of the City. His brother, the elder by a minute, expects a smooth succession to the throne. However, a cousin wants to interrupt that succession and take the throne himself. The cousin is a sorcerer who consulted a demon to make sure that he (the cousin) was the next in bloodline after the prince. The demon told him there was — and was not — another who was closer to the throne. The cousin inquired further and discovered that the prince had a twin, and he determined the twin had to die.

The first part of this scenario to come to the characters' attentions would be their hiring, through an intermediary, to find Val and then spy on him. If the GM plays Val well, the characters will realize Val is probably no threat to the cousin's plans and that he doesn't even know about the politics of his birthplace or that he has royal blood.

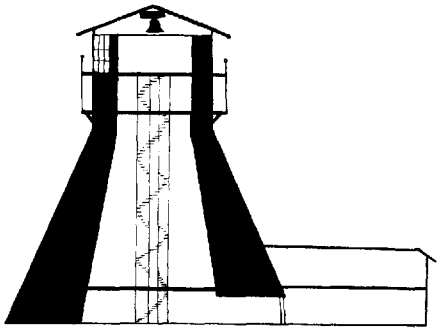
The cousin is too paranoid to believe this kind of report, and will dismiss the characters. Then he would hire two ruffians to kill Val; the ruffians would be recognizable to the characters. This gives the characters three difficult choices: a) do they stand by and let Val be killed? b) do they have the right to tell Val who he is — which could put him in more danger and might tear him away from the people who need him? c) should they undertake killing the cousin to keep Val from being harassed for the rest of his life?

Scenario 3. The White Serpent, sensing that Arosh has one temple remaining, comes to the City to destroy his last stronghold. She turns herself into a stunningly beautiful white-haired woman, taciturn and reeking of great power. She calls herself Asp and asks around the City about the Temple. After hearing the legend about Arosh living in the High Priest, she will hire the characters to put the snatch on Valnaparta. If they decline, she will simply hire someone else.

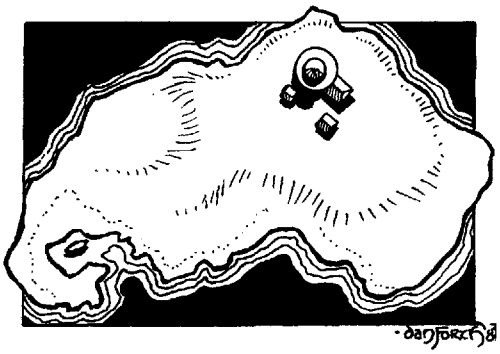
With Val taken, Nap will approach the characters and give full explanation about Val, Arosh, and Asp. With Nap's aid, or with Arosh's aid (if the characters can muster the magical energy to transform him), Val's rescue can be attempted. If it is successful, Arosh can begin fighting Asp. This fight will be important, and a wise GM will make the characters' choices tip the balance one way or the other. The entire City could be endangered if a fleet of Asp's faithful are on their way to sack the City and put an end to Arosh.

If the rescue of Val is a failure, and if the characters cannot prevent the conquest and destruction of the Temple of Aroshnavaraparta, the god may die. This scenario would be doubly effective combined with the first or second scenario — Nap's reappearance after being "executed" could be played for a spooky effect, and if two different groups were trying to snatch or kill Val, the mayhem should be interesting enough to maintain a lengthy game.

This preposterous building, built to a forgotten god by a drunkard wizard playing a joke on the City that laughed at him, is much more than its humble origins seemed to permit. The doors are always open to those who visit, and the current High Priest is willing to help any way he can. Here characters can find a place to rest and reflect on things they've done - and to get far closer to a god than they ever thought possible!



Van Iversen's Lite



Treacherous reefs, unexpected fog, and tempests too stormy to steer in - all these are hazards of a sailor's life. Approaching the City, though, the hazards are lessened by the warning light and bell of Van Iversen's Lite.

Some distance from the mainland, on an island about a half mile in circumference, lies a small cluster of buildings: a few outbuildings and a great conical stone tower. A marvel of modern architecture, the tower rises 60' into the air and is topped by a light and a massive bronze bell. The tower serves to warn sailors of the treacherous reefs which rise near the island, as well as to mark the final course change needed to enter the City's harbor.

The Tamerlane Guild, formed only 40 years ago, constructed the Lite as part of its program to "succor mariners beset upon the coasts, to build and light proper beacons for guidance, and to further the science and art of mariners." The Lite and its inhabitants are supported partly by Guild funds, partly by a special tax on each ship entering the City's harbor, and partly by the inventiveness of the Lite's keeper. The Guild regularly collects its tax receipts from the harbormaster and delivers the funds when a Guild inspector comes to the Lite (which happens twice yearly) to ensure its general upkeep and repair. Aside from that, the keeper Izari and the rest of the Todai family are pretty much on their own, and their lifestyle is a solitary one. The keeper sails into town once a week for household supplies and a fresh stock of whale oil for the lamp.

The rocky island is relatively isolated from the mainland (2 miles by water) and from the City itself (5 miles by water, 20 miles overland). The island is mostly barren but for the area around the outbuildings and the Lite itself; here there is some greenery coaxed from the earth by Sayuri, the keeper's wife.

LAYOUT

The Lite is constructed of finely-shaped mortared stone. The foundations sink deep into the rock of the island. At its base, the circular tower is 60' in diameter and the walls are 15' thick; it tapers gradually towards the top. About 40' up, the walls become less than 4' thick and the tower a mere 25' in diameter. Attached directly to the Lite is the main house, the living quarters of the keeper and his family. In addition, there is a small storage shed and a barn on the island, as well as Sayuri's vegetable garden and a fresh-water well.

The Lite

A. First Floor Room. *(30' diameter)* This large circular room serves as a haven in bad weather, and as alternative living quarters for the keepers (all the outbuildings, including the attached main house, are regularly threatened with destruction by storms). It is floored with stone and is kept relatively empty because the keepers must, from time to time, move most or all of their belongings into here. The ceiling is about 7' overhead. The center of the room is dominated by the spiral staircase that ascends through the ceiling toward the lamp.

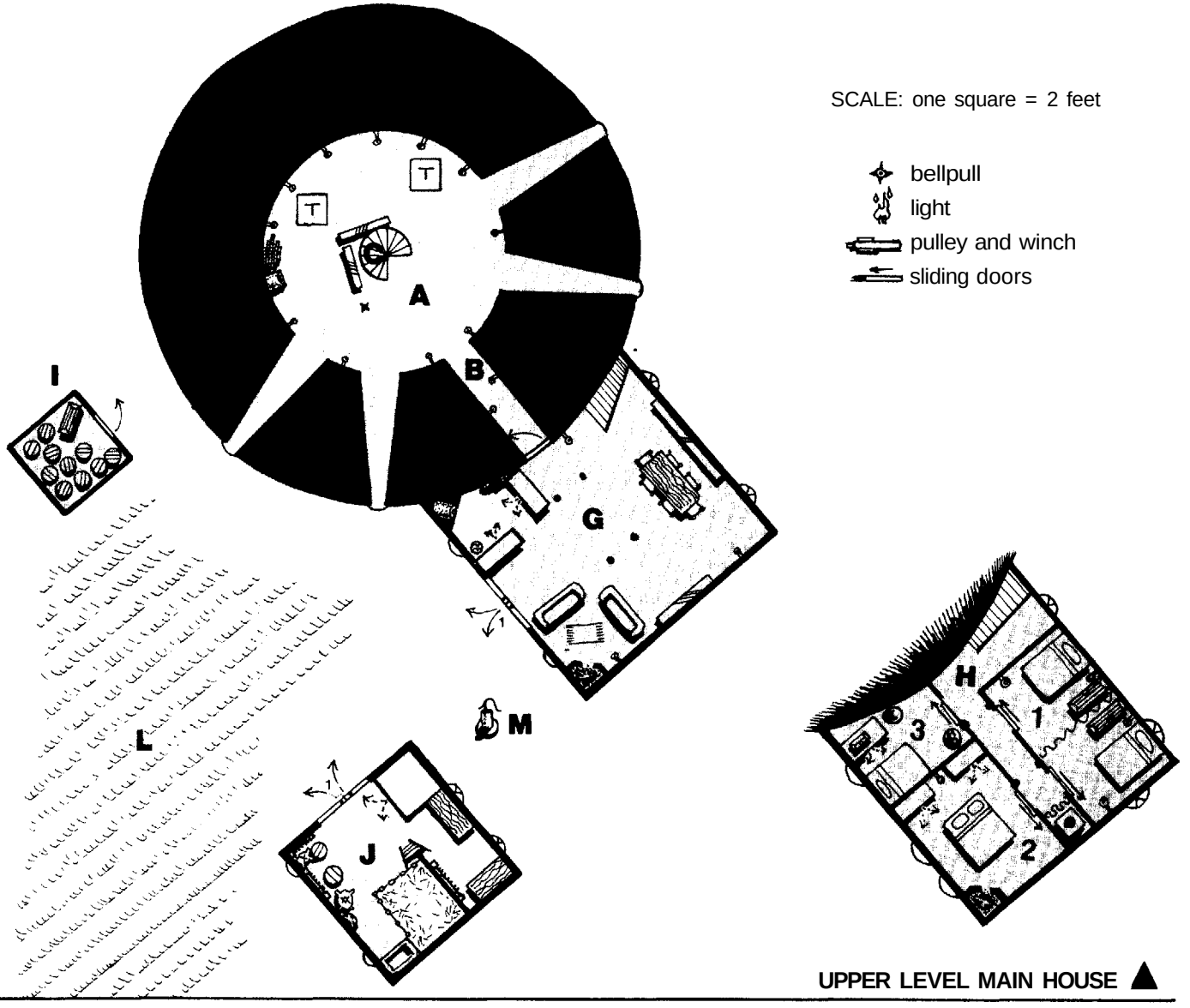
Set in the eastern and southern faces of the Lite's walls are 4 windows, each about 2' square at the outside of the wall, spreading to almost 5' wide at the inside. They can be covered with thick waterproofed *tatami* (woven rush mats).

Clustered near the staircase are a number of shelves filled with bric-a-brac collected by the keepers after storms. The shelves also hold a number of small tools and other hardware needed to maintain the building. A small cookstove is used to prepare food when necessary but mostly to heat the room. The two trapdoors open to small storage cellars cut from the rock. One contains preserved foodstuffs and casks of fresh water; the other has a stock of emergency whale oil in casks, as well as spare wicks and other necessary lamp parts.

B. Corridor. *(4' x 15')* This passageway connects the main house and the Lite. The ceiling is 6' high.

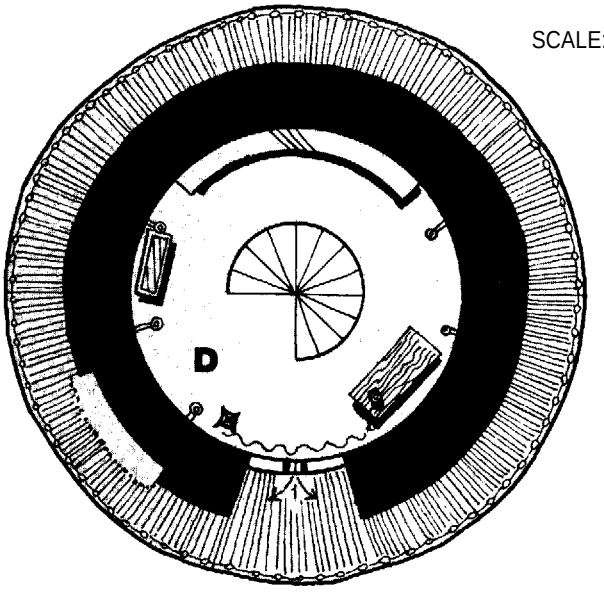
C. The Staircase. *(7' diameter)* The staircase connects all sections of the Lite. It is made of wood and has a sturdy railing; it is lit with candles placed in holders every 6' or so. Inside the spiral is a 2' wide open shaft. Beside the staircase hangs a rope to the bronze warning bell up in the tower.

D. Records Room. *(17' diameter)* This small room is just below the lamp of Van Iversen's Lite. Half its width is taken up by the staircase, and the rest of the room is jammed full of books and records, as well as various other arcana. On the southern section of wall hangs a tapestry curtain, behind which is a pair of double wooden doors.[1] These lead out to the 3' wide wooden walkway which is set into the tower and circles the entire Lite. From this perch, the keepers can watch for ships, and at night Sayuri and her daughter Tsuyu observe the stars. Against one section of wall is a cage 2' wide. Four pigeons trained to home to the Guild headquarters in the City are kept in the cage; the birds can be used to carry an emergency message to the Guildmasters, if necessary. In impending bad weather the birds are moved into the Records Room temporarily.

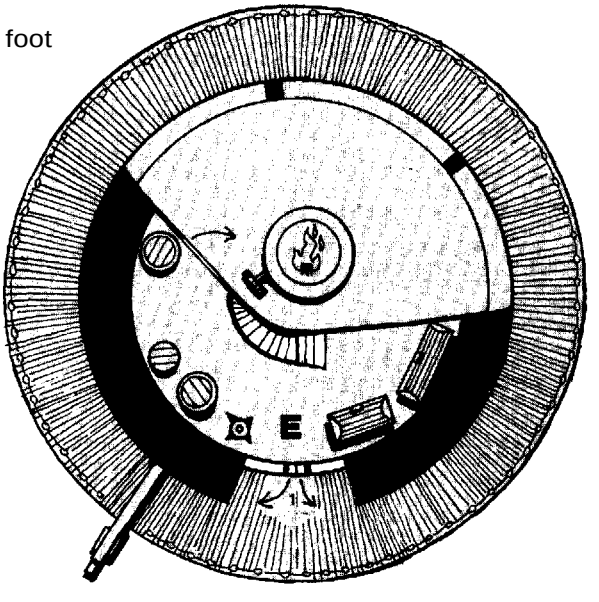


UPPER LEVEL MAIN HOUSE ▲

SCALE: one square = 1 foot



RECORDS ROOM, LITE ▲



LAMP ROOM, LITE ▲

Inside the room is a large shelf built into the northern wall. This holds the books and records of the Lite, the keeper's daily log, and other such notations and records as the Guild expects. Charts of the reefs and nearby coastlines are kept on a lower shelf, and have markings and notes to serve as corrections and updates. A telescope and sextant are on a higher shelf, along with sky charts that are extensively marked and noted; they see a lot of use. A low worktable stands near the curtains. Candle sconces are attached around the walls, holding the candles that provide the light for this room. Under the stairs are kept 2 rolled-up *futons* (sleeping mats), as Izari and/or Sayuri may sleep up here after a long night's work (watching the stars or minding the light).

E. The Lamp Room. *(17' diameter)* The northern half of this room is dominated by the lamp itself — an oversized storm lamp — and the seaward wall is constructed of many small panes of thick glass set in metal frames, supported by stone posts which continue from the body of the tower. Behind the lamp, the walls and ceiling are mirror-polished brass, angled to achieve maximum reflection of the light toward the glassed wall and outward.

The spiral stairs approach from under the lamp. In the room there is usually a small cask, a pair of chests, and 2 large casks of whale oil for the lamp. One chest contains wicking and other parts for the lamp and its mechanisms, and the second contains carefully packed panes of glass and several tins of glazing compound. The smaller cask is filled with cleaning and polishing fluid for the brasswork.

The lamp room is surrounded by a wooden walkway and railing. On the southern side of the "lamp walk" is a block-and-tackle, used to bring up the casks of whale oil from the shed below. From the vantage point of this precarious balcony Izari has seen, on the very stormiest nights in his memory, the glowing apparition of "Van Iversen's Ghost." Sayuri and Tsuyu also come up here on occasion, to get a better look at the stars.

MECHANICS OF THE LAMP. The outstanding feature of the lamp is its automatic lighting capability. Set within the lamp's mechanism is a small magical fire-opal which makes a candlelight-size flame upon the spoken command *"stack."* The gem continues to flame until the word *"nitsau"* is spoken. On a full load of oil (about 30 gallons), the lamp burns for 10 hours on a high (very bright) setting; only in the worst storms is it set at the brightest setting.

A knobbed wheel is attached to a gear mechanism in the wick of the lamp; this allows the keepers to adjust the length of the wick and, thus, the brightness of the lamp. If the wick is withdrawn into the mechanism entirely, the lamp is shut off.

F. The Bell. Above the lamp is a cone-shaped roof from which depends a huge bronze bell. The stock rests on stone supports and the bellpull is attached so that it runs from one side, and the bell can be rung by a person anywhere along the length of the rope. During storms or foggy weather, when the lamp may not be sufficient warning, the bell is rung every few minutes to alert approaching ships.

The Main House

G. Ground Floor. *(32' x 30')* This is the main living area for the keepers, one large room divided by use and not by partitions. The walls are foot-thick stone, built to withstand all but the very worst storms. The two windows which face into the storms (which tend to come from the northeast) can be securely shuttered; the other two windows are left plain, although thick waterproofed *tatami* can be pulled over them. The large double doors have a simple lock[1]. Stairs to the upper floor curve along the Lite wall in the northernmost section of the room. The ceiling is 8' overhead.

The westernmost corner is the kitchen section. Two cabinets flank the area and hold utensils as well as foodstuffs. The countertops make a convenient place to prepare food; nearby is kept a bucket of fresh water. Pots and pans hang on the two adjacent walls, and in the corner is a small woodstove for cooking. The necessary stock of firewood is kept between the counter and the curved Lite wall.

In the southermost corner, a small "living room" has been created around the fireplace. Two *futon* couches form an "L" in front of the family hearth, and a rug is the final addition.

Against the southeast wall, close to the couches, is a *chigaidana,* a set of interconnected shelves at different levels, spread over a small section of wall. The *chigaidana* holds a few figurines and an arrangement of dried flowers in an antique vase. To the immediate right of the shelves (when facing them) is a scroll-painting of a scene of birds in bamboo. These are the treasures of the Todai family.

The northeast half of the room is the eating area. A low table (just 2' high) is off-center of the area, and six cushions for seating surround the table. Against the wall behind the table are shelves; the lower shelves hold the eating plates and bowls, and the upper shelves display an array of flotsam deposited on the shores of the island.

H. Loft. *(32'* x *30')* The upper story of the main house is divided into 3 sleeping areas. The "walls" are of light *tatami,* supported by wooden braces; the doors are sliding panels. The ceiling is relatively low, only 6' high.

THE CHILDREN'S ROOM (H1) is split into two areas by a heavy curtain which can be pushed back along its supporting pole. Each section has a futon for the bed, two candles to provide light, and a small chest. The chest holds their clothing and other personal belongings, and in the bottom is a small "drawer" which can hold small personal objects and toys.

THE PARENTS' ROOM (H2) is a cozy place as it has the only fireplace. Their futon is in the center of the room. Each spouse has a dresser table for clothing and belongings. Sayuri keeps some of the books (records and receipts) on top of her dresser, and in one drawer is the household money, kept in a plain unlocked box. Izari, her husband, keeps scribbled bits of poetry and other notes on his dressertop.

GUEST ROOM (H3) is the most luxuriously adorned (relative to the other rooms). It has a futon bed and a cabinet, as well as two paintings, a small statuette, and a large 2' tall vase which displays some exquisite dried flowers. All these treasures are

"mementoes" which have been given to the Lite keepers by happy and living sailors. The visting inspector from the Guild uses this room, as do VIPs trapped during storms.

Outbuildings

I. Shack. *(10'* x *10')* This low wooden shed holds the supply of whale oil needed for the lamp. The casks are refilled on the mainland when Izari makes his weekly trip, so there is always at least a week's supply (some extra is kept in case of bad weather preventing the trip). The shed also holds another chest of spare lamp parts.

J. Barn. *(20'* x *20')* This building is well made and sturdy, and the walls are stone. The small windows are shuttered on the sea- and storm-ward side. The large double doors[1] swing outward to reveal a well-kept interior, with animal pens, storage cabinets, racks of tools, and a woodworking area. Half the upper area is taken up by a hayloft, dividing the barn into two "floors", each about 6' high; a ladder connects them.

Just inside the doors, to the right, are gardening supplies and racks of tools. Hoes, rakes, planting sticks, weeders, and bags of seed are stored here. To the left of the entrance is a large cabinet well-stocked with dried and preserved food-stuffs, water jugs, and various equipment necessary for "putting food by".

The animal pens are in the southernmost corner. The large pen (1) holds 3 goats — a nanny, a billy, and a kid. The nanny supplies milk and cream for cheese and yoghurt. The smaller pen (2) presently has a pair of hens and a rooster.

The eastern corner has a small woodworking area, mostly used to put together things like tool handles and shelves, but also for smaller and more decorative things. Sayuri is the only one who uses this section, and she does so rarely; Izari is a poor artisan. A few woodworking tools are kept on the wall.

K. Barn Loft. *(20'* x *10'; not mapped)* The loft is where the hay, grass, and straw for the animals is stored; there usually isn't a great deal of it. A ladder reaches it from J.

L Garden, (appx. *30'* x *50')* The small garden grows vegetables for the keepers, to reduce the amount of food they must bring in from the mainland. The soil is rocky and poor, so the garden is not very productive.

M. Well. *(2' diameter, appx. 30' deep)* This is the only source of fresh water on the island. The well is rather susceptible to contamination by salt water, so it has been sealed against the elements. The keepers mind it carefully, knowing how much they depend on it. Still, they keep jugs and casks of fresh water in the Lite and in the main house as a temporary hedge against bad weather or contaminated water.

PERSONALITIES

Sayuri noh todai. *Human. Ht: 5'5". Wt: 106 Ibs. Age: 22. Fighting prowess: good with* wok, *poor otherwise.*

Sayuri is the loving and devoted wife of Izari and mother of twins. She arrived on the island in a small boat that miraculously sailed through a storm-wracked sea. Izari took her in and fell in love with her immediately. He nursed her through a week's worth of fever and asked her to share his life on the island. She agreed and since that day has shared his home and bed as his wife. Soon thereafter it was made official as the captain of a ship married them on the high sea.

She takes care of the household finances, budgeting expenses from the stipend the Guild allows, and ensuring that the stocks of oil and other supplies are maintained as necessary for the operation and upkeep of the Lite. Her jobs include tending the garden plot and the grounds in general, as well as assistance in keeping the Lite. She is essentially a manager, and although she does only moderate physical labor, she is busy nonetheless, maintaining the records for the Guild and tending the household. It is she who has made her husband's (anonymous) poetry locally famous by selling it to publishers in the City through the inspectors who visit twice yearly.

Sayuri was raised as a Lady-in-Waiting to one of the City's noble ladies. She fled when the son of her employer forced himself upon her. When she discovered she was pregnant, a month after her arrival on the island, she hoped the twins were Izari's children. She consulted a wizard on a rare trip into the City without Izari and was told the children did have blood of the noble house in their veins. She has not had the heart to tell Izari and consequently she has not learned that his family is related to her former employer. Izari *had* recognized her and knows, oddly via the same wizard, that the children are truly his.



Izari noh todai

Izari noh todai. *Human. Ht: 5'10". Wt: 148 lbs. Age: 25. Fighting prowess: poor with weapons; very good hand-to-hand.*

Izari's name means "crippled son." He was the first-born of a very militaristic clan/family who live to the north of the City. His right hand was crippled during his birth, but it wasn't discovered until his first birthday (birthdays are still a painful experience for him, although he can't recall why). Unable to fulfill his birthright as a warrior, he was passed from one relative to another (each of lesser and lesser social status) until his 18th birthday when his twice-removed uncle's sister's 3rd cousin sold his labor into Guild service. The old keeper brought him to the island as an assistant. He came to enjoy his life at the Lite tremendously, mostly because of his love for Sayuri. After the constant shame of "pass the buck" treatment from his clan, he has found something he likes and does well.

Despite his crippling, he received a fair amount of formal martial training. But he prefers to avoid using weapons and relies on his considerable hand-to-hand martial arts abilities.

An average day for Izari is very busy. It begins with a martial arts workout in the early morning, usually shared with his son and daughter. The barn chores are taken care of, then breakfast. The morning is spent cleaning and polishing all the lamp's brasswork, glass, and mirrors. After lunch, more work at the Lite dusting the apparatus, trimming and replacing wick or broken glass panes. The lamp is kept filled with oil, and he tests its operation daily. The bell and its rope are checked frequently. Even when the work around the lamp is done, there may be a weak step to repair on the spiral staircase, charts to update, or keeping his small boat seaworthy.

Once a week Izari sails into town to collect his ration of whale oil for the lamp and supplies for the Lite and his household. Operating expenses and his own stipend come from the Guild's share of taxes collected from vessels using the harbor. He collects the money when he reports to the Guild each week, and uses most of the cash on the needed supplies. He normally sets sail early in the day and remains overnight, preferring to make the return trip in daylight. Once a year, Izari and his family go into the City for about two weeks as a vacation; part of the time is spent meeting with other Guild members. Temporary keepers are sent to the Lite to tend it while the Todai family is away.

Poetry and beachcombing are Izari's hobbies. His poetry is very good indeed but he doesn't realize it. Beachcombing helps supplement his Guild pay and expense account.

Kigori and Tsuyu. *Human, twins (brother and sister). Ht: 3V". Wt: 50 lbs. Age: 5. Fighting prowess: formerly good with rattle but lately out of practice. Have begun martial training with father, but presently they are very poor overall.*

Active, cheerful children, their days are spent roaming the island, playing in the rocks and exploring their home. They have, as yet, only a little work and few chores (replacing the candles is a recent addition) around the Lite and barn.

The Ghost of Van Iversen's Lite. *Formerly human.*

The Lite got its name from the wreck of a large merchant ship, the Van *Iversen,* which went down about 45 years previously. The ship was fully laden when she sank on the reefs near the island. This expensive loss provided the impetus for the formation of the Tamerlane Guild and the building of the lighthouse; the shipwreck also created what has been called "Van Iversen's Ghost."

The ghost is actually the spiritual remains of the pilot of the ill-fated *Van Iversen.* During storms of exceptionally severe nature (about 3% of all already-bad storms), a forbidding spectre appears standing on the reefs near the Lite. As tall as the Lite itself, human-shaped, the ghost glows with an unearthly color, and the eyes gleam red. Even through the fury of the storm, the ghost can be heard moaning and muttering. The ghost is dressed in plain, loose-fitting clothes, and on his forehead he wears a silver star bound by a silver chain.

Unbeknownst to anyone, even the keepers, this apparition is the guardian of the Lite. As pilot on the *Van Iversen,* he drunkenly allowed his ship to founder on the reefs. Doomed to pay for his crime until absolved, he appears during the very worst storms to signal ships away. Izari has seen the ghost twice in 5 years. If the keeper were in dire straits, the ghost would aid him.

SCENARIO SUGGESTIONS

Scenario 1. Izari's father, growing old, has no heirs to carry on the warrior tradition. He learns about the boy Kigori; but so does the noble family which used to employ Sayuri, who determine to raise him as a proper heir because, even if illegitimate, Kigori has the blood. Izari's father and the noble family could hire characters to kidnap the child, or the characters — owing their lives to Izari for a daring rescue from their foundering ship — could decide to prevent the kidnapping. Or Izari himself could hire characters to recover the child from his own father.

Scenario 2. Blackmailers kidnap the twins to make Izari leave the Lite unlit, so they may set a bonfire on shore to lure the ships in where they can be looted. This is only possible on stormy nights requiring the Lite.

The characters become involved when a stranger speaking dated slang asks their aid to avert a tragedy. He brings them to the Lite; the characters then must overpower the smugglers, douse the fire and liberate the Lite.

The stranger, of course, is *Van Iversen's* ghost. In extreme cases he may take corporeal form. Any smuggler he kills will die with no struggle or wounds. Two possibilities: a) if the Lite can't be lighted in time, the ghost appears and gives his protection; b) if the Lite is lighted in time to rescue the ship, Izari asks how and why the characters arrived. As they explain, describing the stranger, Izari smiles and mentions the ghost.

GMs *should note the built-in assumption that the lighthouse withstands storms which typically come from the north and east, from the sea. If the GM needs to position the Lite so that seaside and storm-side are in other places, it will be important to change the entire layout appropriately.*

The Mariners Fellowship House

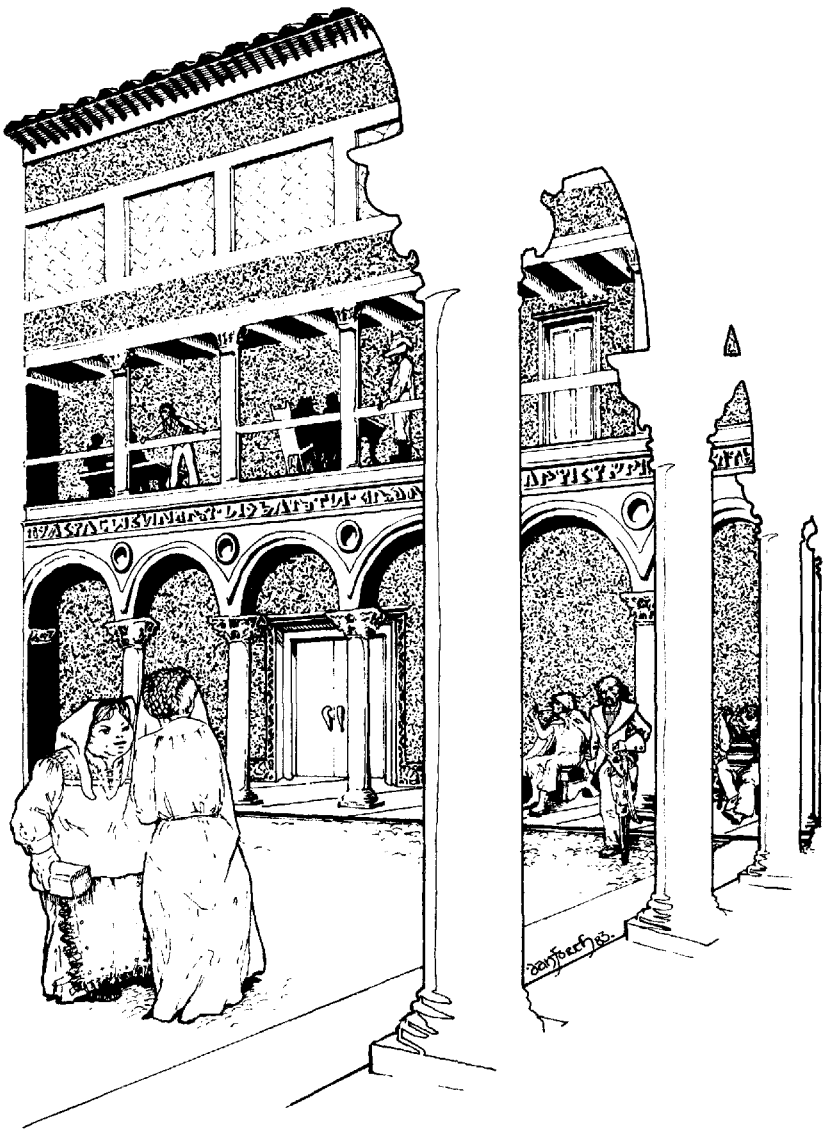
Adventurers desiring contacts among the ordinary folk of the seaport may find this service establishment the ideal starting point.

In the busy wharf district is a tall building much frequented by seamen and mariners — the Mariners Fellowship House. There is no sign out front because it is so easy to get directions. Set a little back from the street, the front stoop invariably has a half-dozen old sailors lounging on the benches and chairs, watching everyone who comes and goes. Inside, the efficient clerks manage to help everyone, explaining the services of the House to those who inquire. Since the House has been in this location for the last two decades, the sailors who call the City their home port are well familiar with the services available, and grateful for them.

The Fellowship House was started by Daena Rainbridge to provide a place for sailors and seamen to come when they required aid and assistance, a roof over their heads, and a warm meal. Captains and shipping company representatives come here to trade information and announce when they are hiring new crews. There is a small space set aside for aid to the sick and injured, and a money-handler who will set up funds to care for a seaman's family when he is away at sea. But it is the message service that Rainbridge feels is most important. At the simplest level, the House arranges for sailors to send and receive news of home and loved ones. This is possible because sailors from every port pass through the House, and most willingly carry messages headed the same direction they are. Rainbridge's establishment acts as a clearing house to get messages headed in the right directions.

The most elaborate version of this service is "Rainbridge's Splice", more usually referred to as just *splicing.* This creates a magical link between an individual and a small item which belongs to him; the item is left behind and keeps those who are concerned informed about the sailor's health and well-being. Rainbridge can instantly discover the health of a mariner by examining the *spliced* item. While this is very reassuring to those who find their loved ones well, occasionally there are terrible scenes when Rainbridge's report is tragic.

The doors of the Mariners Fellowship House are always open to seafarers at any hour of the day or night, and there are usually two clerks on duty at all times. A place to lie down, a bite to eat and the simple message service are available at all times. The currency, medical, and *splicing* services are available only at "normal" times, which is to say most of the daylight hours.



LAYOUT

The Mariners Fellowship House is three floors high, about 40' wide, and hemmed in on either side by buildings. It was built 20 years ago and, aside from being relatively new, is unremarkable. The walls and foundations are stone; there is a facade of wood and brick. The Fellowship House is only accessible through the ground floor double doors or a small kitchen door that opens onto an alley behind the building.

Ground Floor

A. Stoop. *(42' x 11')* Because the building is set a little back from the street, there is a wooden platform where the old sailors gather during the day. They can be found here in all but the worst weather, swapping stories, smoking their pipes, and watching the passing crowds.

B. Waiting Hall. *(20' x 10')* Mariners of all sorts come to check out the services offered by the Fellowship House. The room is crowded at times, but the clerks take it as smoothly as they can — clerks don't stay long if they're not well organized and good-natured. Many of the clients come to check whether there are messages for them, pass messages in to be "mailed," or ask if they can carry anything to their next port o' call. The rest look into the other services, and are directed to the correct locations. Regulars are just given the nod to go ahead, and they'll often help a confused newcomer.

C. Clerks' Office. *(16' x 10')* The clerks' station is separated from the Waiting Hall (B) by two counters, one lower than the other, to accomodate the shorter kindreds.

The shelves on the west wall hold messages and small materials for those using the House as a "post office" while they're in port. Materials left too long are indexed in fat ledgers kept under the counters, and then the originals are moved to cabinets and shelves on the third floor (Q).

D. Rainbridge'S Office. *(16' x 10')* This small room holds the private records and materials needed by Rainbridge to perform a *splicing.* Occasionally she also holds a few not-too-sensitive personal belongings of others that have been left in the House for safekeeping.

This is where Rainbridge meets with a sailor who wishes to leave an item *spliced.* The magic takes a little time to perform, and the seafarer cannot remember what took place when he or she leaves. Rainbridge is incapable of creating a *splice* when there is anyone else looking on. She locks[4] the door when she goes out.

E. Strongroom. *(19' x 14')* Rainbridge puts every *spliced* item here. As the spellcaster, she is the only person sensitive to the items. Passing her hands near each of the items on the numerous shelves, she can sense illness, even impending death. Actually handling the item, she can describe the manner of death and often the person's last thoughts. Although she makes every effort to minimize the pain of a bereaved one, she will not falsify the report of what she has seen. Her psychometric readings are somewhat blurred and foggy even at the best of times, not at all like a full color and sound movie, though the accuracy of what she sees has been proven time and again. Rainbridge is supposed to check everything in the room daily, but in fact it is an emotional strain, so she checks it only about three times a week. The very worst thing that can happen to her is to touch an object just as its owner is dying.

Every year the walls, ceiling, and floor are painted with a potion developed by Rainbridge herself. It dampens out the effect of magic cast from one side of the wall and directed at the other; this "fuzzes" communication, spying, teleportation spells, and the like. The entrance is locked[3] at night.

F. Mess Hall. *(20' x 35')* Wooden tables and benches are the seating for the mariners who are allotted full support in the House. Virtually anyone who appears to be a sailor can get one or two free meals, but to get free food over an extended period of time, the person must meet with Resha Pantalog, who has a good eye for the mooch and the malingerer. Unless the person can pass Pantalog's scrutiny, he or she will be turned away from the mess hall door.

The food served here is not very good, primarily to discourage freeloaders. There's enough to satisfy a person who can stand the same kind of thing day after day. For economic reasons, no alcohol is served; this also keeps the freeloaders from getting too comfortable.

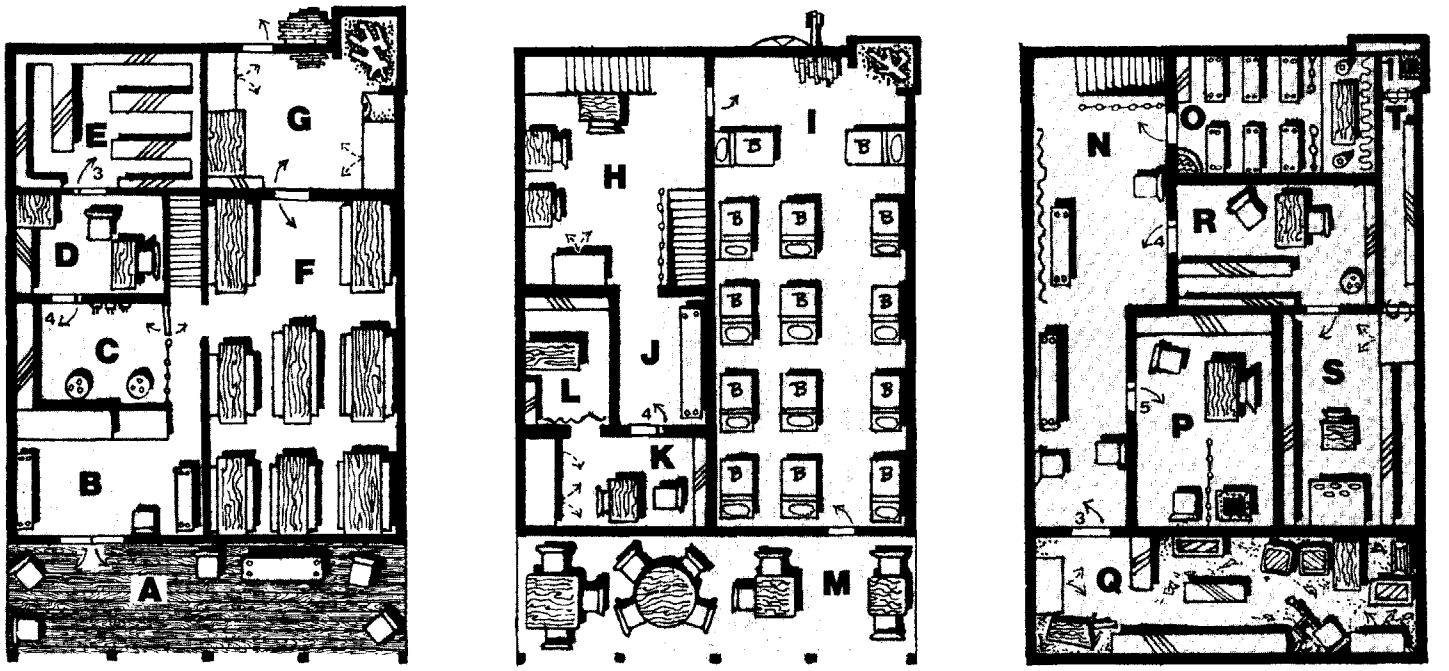
G. Kitchen. *(20' x 14')* The kitchen is managed by Orna, a whip-thin matron who takes no guff from anyone. The food served in the mess hall is prepared twice daily, morning and evening. A kettle of bland porridge is kept near the fire to offer the very-hungry just come into port. Orna has long ago given up being inventive, realizing that the purpose of her culinary arts is just to fill the bellies of a hungry crowd.

Second Floor

H. Second Floor Landing. *(19' x 24')* There are 3 small tables with chairs; the cabinet on the south wall has an assortment of relatively cheap writing equipment. Those who are literate come to this area to write their own letters to friends, companions, family, or whomever. Panalog occasionally wanders through, glad to help a semi-literate who doesn't want to dictate a letter. If the letter is to be written in something besides the human norm, the people usually turn to Panalog who reads and writes a number of the stranger tongues.

I. Sleeping Hall. *(20' x 49')* Rows of bunks fill the room and a fireplace in the northeast corner keeps the room warm in cold winter. A small, shuttered window has a block-and-tackle to lift firewood to the upper floor. Beds are strictly on a first-come, first-served basis. In pleasant weather, when the hall is full, the overflow sleeps on the porch (M) or anywhere else available.

J. Corridor. *(9' x 13')* Those waiting to see Lerrin Chad the Chirurgeon wait here - unless they hear things from inside that frighten them away! Chad only sees individuals, not groups, in part because his rooms are small.



▲ GROUND FLOOR ▲ SECOND FLOOR ▲ TOP FLOOR

SCALE: one square = 2 feet

K. Medical Office. *(19' x 9')* Lerrin Chad is a well-meaning man somewhat hampered by the mixture of fact and invention current in his profession. In this office he meets with a patient to find out what's generally wrong with the person; if possible, he treats him here. The shelves on the east wall have a few reference books and some simple implements (none that look too threatening). The cabinets behind him hold a greater array of implements and his collection of herbs, minerals, medical powders, and so forth. The cabinet is locked[4] when he's out of the office, though its contents are actually rather innocuous. The main door is also locked[4] when he's away.

Chad can handle everyday illnesses with relative ease. He knows herbal medicine and massage techniques, and his mentor taught him the simplest medical magic, though he is not very good at it. He's soft-hearted and easily cowed, but given a go-ahead, he can peg a leg as quick as any quack in town.

L. Infirmary. *(9' x 13')* If a patient needs extensive examination, surgery, or one of the massage treatments, he or she is brought in here. The table provides a place for a patient to lie down; the shelves have a few implements but mostly are stocked with oils, infusions, and medicines. The floor is tiled to make clean-up easier.

M. Porch. *(42' x 12')* This is a favorite place for relaxing, or for just waiting until something more interesting takes place. Tables and chairs are provided, and it's easy to get into a conversation or a dice or card game.

Top Floor

N. Third Floor Landing. *(14' x 26')* On the north wall is a tapestry with a seafaring scene, a gift from a grateful mariner who made it big when he turned to piracy. The chairs and benches are used by those waiting to see Panalog or Foxworth.

O. Shrine. *(21' x 12')* Although tiny, this room is a place of meditation and devotion for those who can't visit the temple of their choice. The decor loosely suggests affiliation with local sea-gods, and a basin of salt water (prominent in a number of sea-related rituals) is in one corner. The shelves hold small items suitable for use by a cleric or educated layman. A small table serves as an altar and a blue-grey tapestry covers the back wall to suggest the sea and sky.

P. Banker's Office. *(14' x 22')* Maroc Foxworth performs the services of banker and money-lender. He handles the money entrusted to him by sailors who turn it over to ensure a steady, reliable income to their families, since a sailor's pay is somewhat erratic. If a sailor dies at sea, the money constitutes life insurance paid to his survivors. Some seamen also know their prediliction to waste their wages on drink, gambling, and other social pleasures; these sailors will leave some of their money with Foxworth until a specified time, usually just before their next ship leaves. Foxworth is the recipient of all donations, loan payments and corporate contributions earmarked to keep Panalog happy. He is accompanied at all times by his gargantuan bodyguard known only as Brunn the Ape.

Foxworth keeps the funds needed for each day in the iron strongbox bolted to the floor in his office. Foxworth keeps the only key on a chain around his neck; the box is kept locked[5] at all times. Brunn sits in the chair near the box, and anyone making an aggressive move towards the box or Foxworth will have a very impressive opponent in Brunn the Ape. The shelves beside Foxworth's desk hold his ledgers and records of the financial transactions. The door is kept latched[1] when he is seeing someone, and it is locked[5] when he goes out.

Q. Storeroom. *(40' x 12')* Originally, this area was an open balcony where sailors could sit in the sun on warm days. But when the clerks started drowning in the goods and messages left for others, Rainbridge had this room wailed up and used to store things left more than 6 months. (Items left for more than 2 years are auctioned to help support the House.) The place resembles the attic of a very old family with packrat-like tendencies. One cabinet by the door holds cleaning equipment and hardware needed to keep the House in repair. In another corner are heaped chairs with broken legs and backs, a cattawampus table, a cabinet with one door pulled off and shelves missing, crates of personal belongings not yet reclaimed, and other junk and debris. The door is usually locked[3] if the last person out remembers to do so.

R. Panalog's Office. *(21' x 13')* The studious hobbit handles three basic related services: 1) He takes statements and keeps records from common seamen, captains, and company officials; 2) he feeds back this information, collated into a useful form; 3) as part of his information gathering, he maintains a library of ships' logs, or copies when he cannot keep the original (shipping companies, for example, allow him to copy a log that has been censored to remove their trade secrets). He also has a small collection of maps and charts. These he is unwilling to pass around; he directs interested parties to Scribesman's Gateway.

Panalog meets with single individuals only, whether a company official or a simple sailor. A sailor may want to learn if a captain makes too much use of the cat-o'-nine-tails, or whether a shipping company scrimps on shipping a reasonable supply of food and fresh water on board. Captains come to check out their hiring lists, hoping to weed out those who are especially troublesome or mutinuous. Panalog knows the financial status of the Fellowship House, and when giving out information of this sort he is more helpful if the recipient makes a donation to the House. Panalog doesn't expect much from those who don't have a lot, but wealthy captains and company officials are expected to be generous.

Since Panalog takes statements from everyone and annotates them with his own impressions, it is indeed a strange ship or a new sailor who is completely unknown in Panalog's books. Panalog is a good judge of character and he does his best to be fair and impartial; however, if someone feels he has been given short shrift, there is no recourse to change Panalog's judgement (though he will note that a complaint was lodged).

The shelves in the office hold the many small books Panalog has accumulated over the years; he uses the stool to reach the higher shelves. When he is talking with someone, his door is latched[1] and when he is out of the room entirely, it is carefully locked[4].

S. Log and Chart Room. *(14' x 22')* This is Panalog's extra "library" where he keeps private records, logs being copied, and what few charts and maps he has. The cabinet and shelf on the east wall are set to hide the real width of the room. The cabinet has a great many curios and folios, completely obscuring the back of the cabinet. The bottom half of the cabinet pulls out to give access to the secret door behind it; the opening is small and even Panalog must stoop to enter. Except for the small door close to the floor, the wall is the same stone as the rest of the building. The room has a small secretary's desk where Panalog works.

T. Secret Storeroom. *(4' x 22')* Panalog and Rainbridge both know of this room which was built into the new building at Rainbridge's orders. In the old housing, Rainbridge realized there were things coming through which she believed should not circulate in the outside world — dangerous magical items, some ordinary items with spectacular connections, and most often books and logs which describe people, places, or things which, for their own good, the curious shouldn't investigate. She realized the information was too precious and potentially vital to destroy. Rainbridge is uncomfortably aware that this is a form of censorship, but she believes she's trying to do the right thing. The storeroom holds these things. The space needed comes from rooms O and R, which both have back walls that obscure their real depth.

As a final protection, those few terrifically dangerous items are kept in what would have been the fireplace, if there had been a fireplace on this floor. The section T1 is behind yet another secret door. This miniscule room has an iron lockbox[6] bolted to the floor and walls, and the room is painted with the same magic-dampening potion as is used in the Strongroom.

PERSONALITIES

Daena Rainbridge. *Human. Ht: 57". Wt: 140 lbs. Age: 45. Fighting prowess: poor. Magic ability: good, C3, C7.*

Daena Rainbridge fell in love with a sea captain when she was very young; the liason was discouraged by her wealthy family. She acted the dutiful daughter but continued to see the man when she could. Then came the voyage from which he never returned. She received no word, though she asked hundreds of seafarers and inquired at temples to various sea gods. After consulting sorcerers (who were themselves puzzled at their inability to get an answer), she took up studies in magic herself. When her parents died (ironically enough, on a sea voyage), she received her inheritance and decided to set up the Fellowship House for the aid and assistance of all seafarers and their families.

Daena is a quiet, rather cheerless person who habitually dresses in grey and sea-green. Her clothes are not fancy or provocative, yet she manages to avoid a matronly air. She wears her light brown hair cut short and she remains a handsome woman. She no longer expects to hear of her lost love, but she cannot bring herself to take another into her heart. She enjoys the company of sailors and seamen, and spends some free evenings in the nicer taverns on the waterfront.

The psychometric magic she performs is the outgrowth of magical studies she conducted using gifts from her captain-love. She found she could not locate someone from their unmagicked belongings, but she developed the *splicing* magic

to create the link between owner and item. Her old building was ransacked by some adventurer-wizards who believed any *spliced* item had to be valuable; after that, she developed the "whitewash" that helps shield the Strongroom and the twice-hidden secret storeroom from magical tinkering. Unfortunately, the "whitewash" also dampens the efficiency of magic performed within the room, and Daena's recognition of impending doom on an individual is slackening. Still, the empty feel of an item tells her accurately of a seaman's death.

Resha Panalog. *Hobbit. Ht:3'1". Wt:78 lbs. Age: 61. Fighting prowess: poor. Magic ability: poor, C5, C7.*

Resha has found the ideal position for a studious hobbit in a largely human world — he is an archivist, librarian, and linguist for the Fellowship House. He has a perverse love of the ocean (though he wants *nothing* to do with actually getting on shipboard), and he loves to talk with anyone who can tell him of the sea and sailing. He has more theoretical knowledge of the sea than many working sailors. He keeps his own daily "log," a journal of those he has talked with and what they've told him. He keeps the log with him and writes in it regularly. The books he's filled previously are kept in the desk in room S, a room virtually no one else enters.

Panalog is well-read and has an excellent memory. He is a good judge of people and avoids those who would cause him grief. He depends on his size and speed to escape those who might threaten his life; his enemies are those his work has created. There are many of the good folk who will step in for him if they see him threatened, since they believe he's doing a good and reasonably fair job. Panalog occasionally wears a light shirt of mail as a final protection.



Resha Panalog

Resha is a pleasant sort and very hard to anger. He enjoys an occasional pipe, and he sometimes joins Rainbridge at the local taverns where he likes to drink quantities of ale. He has thick brown curls and light grey-green eyes. He wears a short beard and most townsfolk can recognize him even at a distance because of the checkered waistcoats he favors.

Other Attendants, Clerks, Assistants, etc. Lemn Chad, Maroc Foxworth and Brunn the Ape are obvious characters for the GM to flesh out. However, they are likely to most often be walk-on/walk-off encounters for the adventurers, if they meet at all. In addition, there are the other front desk clerks and assistants who could be personalized to enhance a scenario. Remember that anyone who has worked for long in the Fellowship House will probably be seriously interested in the work done. Certainly Chad and Foxworth would have been carefully investigated before being given a permanent post.

SCENARIO SUGGESTIONS

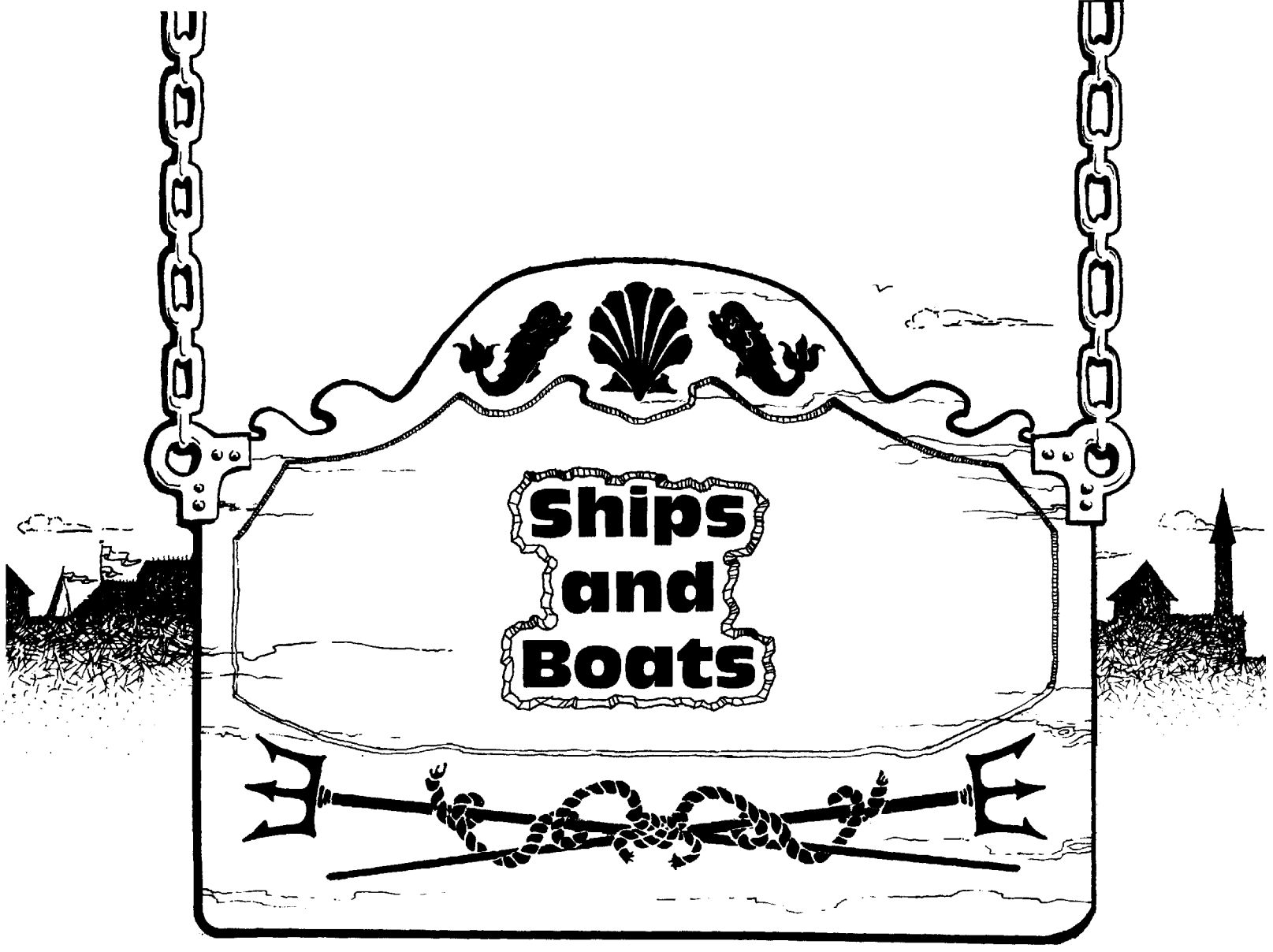
Scenario 1. A sea captain who has decided to turn pirate wishes to fake his own death to keep the authorities and his shipping company from looking too closely for him. Some years ago he put a small plain ring into the Strongroom as his *spliced* item and now he must get it back secretly, so as not to raise suspicion. If it were left there, his company could inquire and find out the truth about his apparent death. With a suitable story, he hires the adventurers to fetch the ring for him, perhaps even suggesting that they can steal some of the other items (there must be some valuable ones) in the room to cover up the significance of what was taken.

Scenario 2. Rainbridge's long-lost sea captain sails into port after many years of absence. He tells a story of a vicious sea battle that resulted in his capture and subsequent servitude in a distant nation, which is why he couldn't contact her.

Rainbridge is happy to see the captain; Panalog is not. The hobbit has long since discovered, through his informants, that the man is the basic "girl in every port" sort, interested solely in Rainbridge's supposed fortune. He said nothing to Rainbridge because he had no wish to disillusion her.

Now that the sailor is back, the hobbit must do something to get rid of him without hurting Rainbridge. He hires a few adventurers to "persuade" the captain to sail away again. But the captain is no fool; such obvious manipulation could merely whet his interest and increase his greed. Panalog must keep himself and Rainbridge out of this gambit altogether.

The *Manners Fellowship House is an unusual place for adventurers to visit, but GMs can call in the party to investigate or rescue an important individual whose* spliced *item is starting to give off danger signals, if they can find nothing else to draw adventurers within its walls.*



Without ships to travel over the ocean waves, a port city would hardly exist. Trade from distant, exotic lands would be difficult in the extreme; most likely it would be completely impossible. Importing goods from far across the sea makes for high-priced, highly valued luxury items. Cargo ships are the lifeblood of high society, the workhorses on the bounding main.

The Golden Princess is a grand merchant ship, built to transport huge cargoes or well-heeled passengers. The Sweet Lady is small and lean, well suited to her captain's business of hunting rare scarlet streakers or, just occasionally, freighting some questionable cargo. The Narwhal is a small fishing boat, able to handle comfortable jaunts up and down the coast; her crew are stout and stalwart men able to keep a secret, good to have at your back when the chips are down.

Of course passengers, cargo, and crew are not the only things a character will find aboard these vessels. Excitement and adventure come at no extra charge!

The Golden Princess

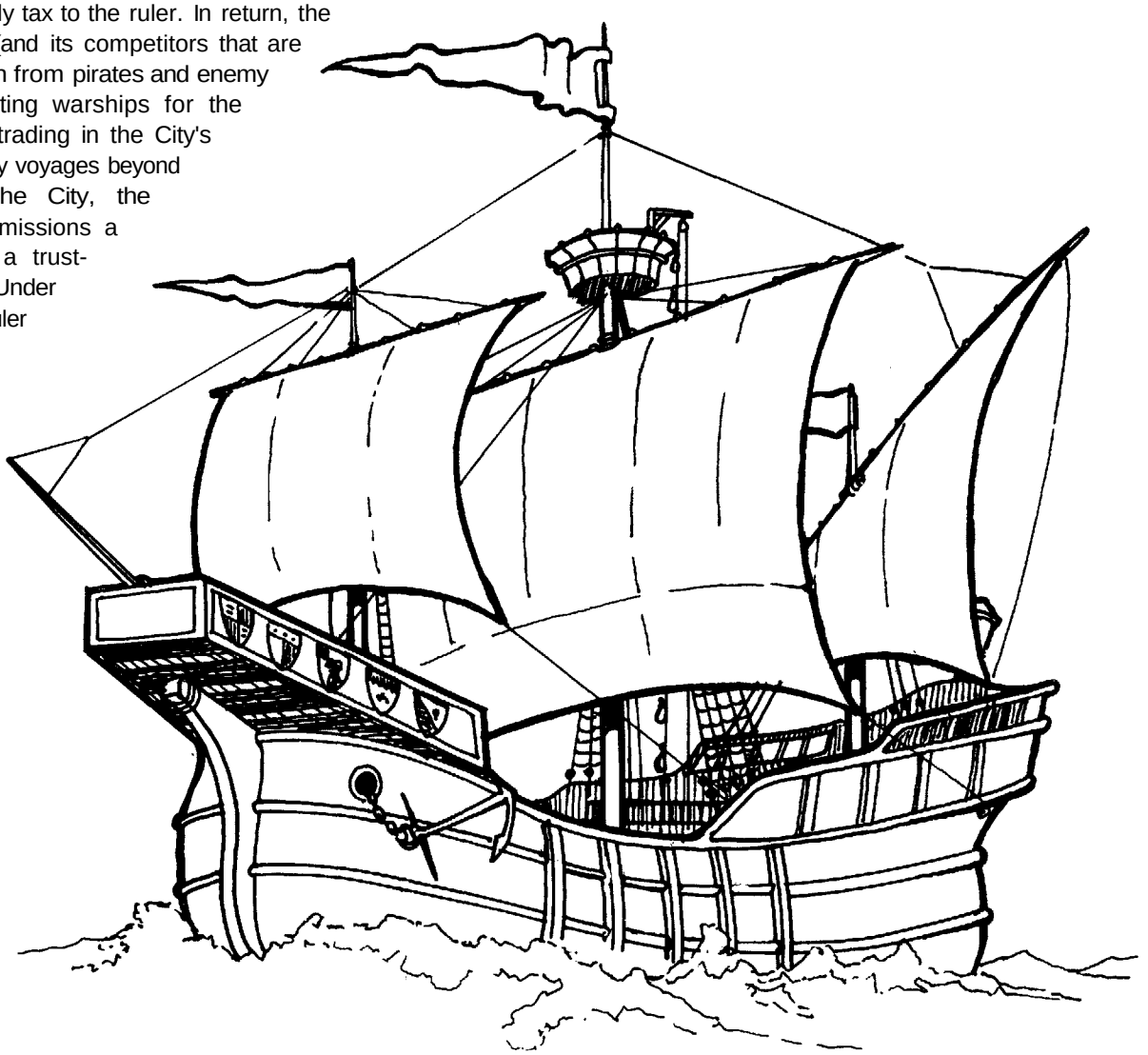
All the exotic goods adventurers love must be carried by merchant ships. Many proud vessels are in port, and among the finest is The Golden Princess.

The Golden Princess is one of 5 merchant vessels in the service of the Glorious Golden Guilder Company. The Company is jointly owned and operated by a group of 3 wealthy entrepreneurs: the shrewd Thumaz of Gwerthe, the doddering Glazoth the Elder, and the careless Glazoth the Younger. Seldom seen by their employees, their hands are keenly felt as they guide the Company to unparalleled prosperity.

The Company is governed by the maritime conventions of the City, and it pays a yearly tax to the ruler. In return, the ruler gives the Company (and its competitors that are based in the City) protection from pirates and enemy fleets by providing escorting warships for the larger merchant convoys trading in the City's sphere of influence. For risky voyages beyond the political reach of the City, the Company sometimes commissions a fighting-ship escort from a trustworthy mercenary fleet. Under special circumstances, the ruler may assign a contingent of troops to do temporary service aboard a merchant ship. Most often, the Company guards valuable cargo with its own force of marines.

The Golden Princess is a trim, well built ship. She is newly rigged and close-hatched to withstand the foulest weather. The *Princess* is sluggish when fully loaded and would be outpaced by the sleek vessels favored by pirates. However, with an extra sail, an empty hold, and favorable wind, she is capable of respectable speed - though she's no racing yacht.

In addition to any marines aboard, the *Princess* normally boasts a crew of 12, plus a captain and a navigator. The captain is the absolute dictator of the ship and acts as judge and jury in the event of misbehavior at sea. Responsibility for the success of the voyage rests entirely on the shoulders of



the captain, and it is he or she who is accountable for faulty judgment, loss of cargo, poor leadership, or mutiny.

The navigator holds the rank of lieutenant and, according to company policy, is second-in-command. The navigator may wrest control of the vessel from the captain if the captain's leadership is running counter to Company policy or endangers the voyage. The first mate (usually the most experienced of the common seamen aboard) is required to take command if both the captain and the lieutenant are lost, but he may not displace them for incompetence (although mutiny is anyone's option). There may be other officers, depending on what cargo, passengers, or personnel are aboard. The other officers may be: a second mate, a supercargo, (responsible for loading and maintaining the ship's cargo), the top officer of the marines when they are aboard, or a gunner/catapultier when troubles are expected. Obviously, the 4-bunk officers' area (C) means there isn't place for every officer noted above on every voyage.

Sailors' wages aren't high, about 100 gold pieces a month. Pay is delivered at the end of the voyage to cut down on the number of men who jump ship in the middle of a trip. Hazard pay, for rough seas or sailing through pirate territory, may increase the pay for a voyage. Company-hired marines are paid 300 gold pieces or they may divide up 5% of the profits of that voyage (the decision must be made when they sign on). The captain and navigator each get 10% of the profits, plus a stipend of 1500 and 1000 gold pieces respectively. The Company follows the old sea-custom of captain's cargo, which allows the captain to purchase a certain amount of cargo as his own property, and keep any profits made on the selling of it. The captain's cargo is stored separately to avoid confusion with the Company's goods.

Weaponry Aboard

Graceful lady though she is, *The Golden Princess* is not defenseless. If the weapons described below do not fit into the technology level of your particular campaign, they can be modified to suit your world.

Twin bombards (dragonets) stand forward of the poop deck. They are mounted on swivels that let them survey the whole of the ship and the sea. Each dragonet is loaded with one iron ball that has a maximum range of 300 yards. The potential damage decreases sharply as the projectile approaches the limit of its range, but up to 200 yards they should be able to punch a hole in any small ship or boat. Closer range means greater accuracy and more damage.

If the gunner has cause to shoot at the crew or boarders instead of a ship at sea, the dragonet may be loaded with a number of small lead balls, scraps of metal, broken glass, crockery, or anything else at hand. When loaded with such junk, the dragonet will have a maximum range of 100 yards, and the projectiles will spread out in a 10° cone from the mouth of the dragonet. At pointblank range the damage should be nothing short of hellish, literally blowing any living man-sized creature into a haze. Damage will drop off *very* quickly as range increases. An large unarmored man at 50 yards has about a 20% chance of collecting a piece of deadly shrapnel; at maximum range, the chance is about 5%. The most effective use is crowd control.

Aside from defense, the most common use of the dragonets is to signal other ships. By adding metallic powders to the gunpowder, different colored flashes will be created: iron dust makes an orange flash (usual meaning is *stay away, danger here),* copper produces a green flash *(come this way for talk or trade)* and magnesium in the gunpowder makes a brilliant flare of white *(urgent, mayday).*

Game Masters with an aversion to gunpowder may explain the dragonets with magic (some costly arrangement whose source the Company jealously guards), or simply replace the dragonets with swivel-mounted ballistae. Such ballistae are, in effect, large bolt-throwing crossbows which will have the same effect as lead ball from a dragonet when used against small ships. The effect of a ballista against personnel will not be as dramatic as with a dragonet, but the projectile will still kill at close range.

Whether the weapons are dragonets or ballistae, the crew will be trained in their operation. Each weapon will take time to reload and a hastily- or over-loaded dragonet is likely to explode. Dragonets may be loaded with a smaller charge to conserve powder, and the effects of the weapon should be reduced proportionately in both range and damage.

The real power of the *Princess* rides up front on the foredeck: a mangonel (catapult). The mangonel is mounted to a reinforced foredeck by vertical and horizontal pivots in front, and restrained by ropes at the rear. The horizontal pivot allows the engine to swing around in a limited arc. It is usually pegged in place in its central position. In use, the rear jumps up when the arm hits the crossbar (necessitating the vertical pivot). When the catapult falls back down it hits the deck soundly and, after very few shots, the decking must be checked for structural damage and repaired. It is difficult to aim since the fluid surface of the sea means the range is constantly changing. The catapult will require the strength of two healthy men to recock; it requires about twice as long as one of the dragonets to make ready.

What makes the catapult so fearsome is its charge: something the crew calls "dragon phlegm." The missiles come as tightly sealed cylinders of wax containing a volatile concoction of asphaltum, sulphur, and oil of unthoxe. The missiles must be ignited before they are launched. When a flaming missile hits a target, the cylinder will break open and spread fire over on area up to 100 feet square. Even if the shot is a near-miss, the "phlegm" floats, spreading fire across the sea itself. The fire itself is very fierce and difficult to extinguish. Water does not quench it (in fact it makes it spread faster), but sand will smother it. Sand is stored in the forecastle on the main deck, and kept in buckets near the mangonel. The cylinders of "phlegm" are also stored in the forecastle, in a portside locker[4]. They can be brought up through a decklight when trouble threatens.

In the event of a sea battle when weapons are needed all around, the armory (H) can be opened by an officer. There is a mixed assortment of simple weapons in here, primarily short swords, cutlasses, axes, and pikes. In a fight, marines or sailors with projectile weapons climb a rope ladder to the main top, a large and solid-walled platform above the mainsail. It has an ammunition lift (sacks tied to a rope on pulleys) which allows arrows, javelins, rocks, crossbow bolts, or whatever to be raised efficiently.

LAYOUT

The *Golden Princess* is a three-masted carrack. The sections of the ship are explained primarily in terms of function, and these functions may overlap depending on cargo, passengers, etc. Comparing text and deck plans should clarify any problems.

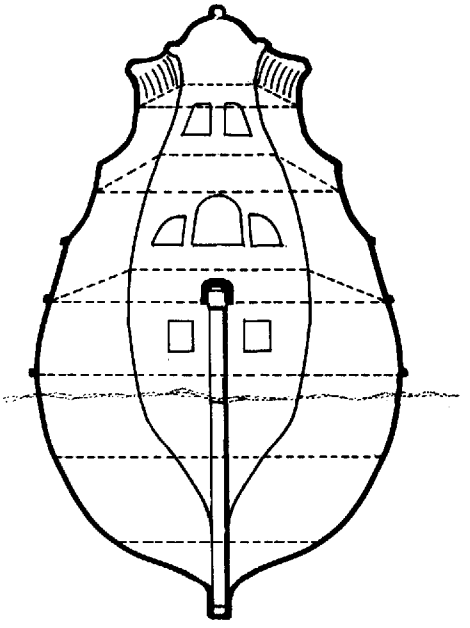
A. Stores and Cargo. The ship carries 2 months' provisions. Long voyages necessitate restocking along the route, at ports o' call or at an island where food can be captured or harvested, and fresh water taken aboard.

The usual fare consists of beans, hardtack, salt pork, hard cheese, and apples or some other fruit. Live pigs and chickens are brought aboard to provide fresh meat, as packed stores deteriorate during the voyage. Passengers share the crew's meals, served on deck.

The cargo will vary from one voyage to the next. A common cargo manifest would include items like crockery, choice woods, wines of various qualities and vintages, furniture, clocks, weapons, mirrors, ivory, cloth, spices, sulphur, cinnabar, hides and perhaps even black powder. On the average, a cargo like this would be worth 50,000 gold pieces and will be insured for that amount.

Occasionally the *Princess* will carry something truly exotic. One particular shipment of rare birds was insured for 800,000 gold pieces. Other high value items are rarely carried, but magical items, jewels, art treasures, and rare aromatic essences have been aboard in the past. The poorest cargo ever carried was a shipment of sheep, coal, and nose flutes, the total valued at 10,000 gold pieces. As a last sample of the *Princess'* working value, an adventurer hired her for a quest that took the better part of a year. He hired his own marines, used the Company's crew and officers, and sailed to the edges of the world and back.

B. Passengers' Quarters. The *Princess* is one of the few ships on the coast which is able to handle passengers in relative luxury. On most similar ships, the passengers simply bed down amid the cargo, and most passengers on The *Golden Princess* do this as well. But because she is used by the owners of the line (albeit rarely), on the passenger deck she has a large luxurious passenger cabin aft and three smaller cabins amidships. If these cabins cannot be rented to wealthy travelers for the voyage, they will be filled with high-priced cargo and kept locked[4].



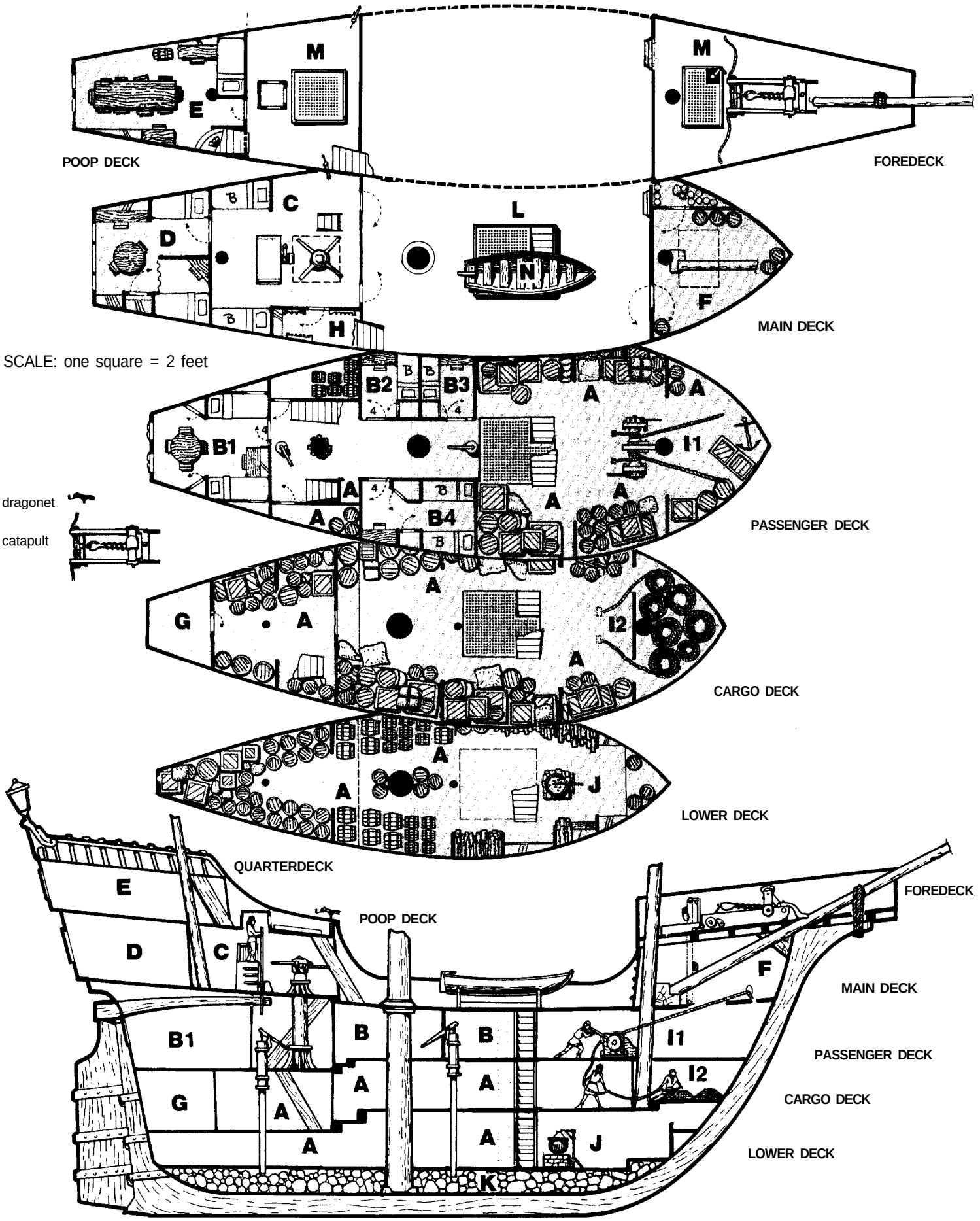
THE FIRST CLASS CABIN (B1). This best cabin has four bunks (stacked two and two), each with a small storage space behind it as well as two small closets. All the furnishings are built in and bolted down to prevent them from flying free in rough seas. The two windows can be closed by shutters which have a tarred rope gasket to keep out high waves; there is no glass. Accommodations here begin at 1500 gold pieces per person and go up from there, depending on the length of the voyage and any special considerations which must be given to the passenger(s).

SECOND CLASS CABINS (B2, B3, B4). The lower class cabins are small and not so nicely appointed. The starboard cabin has four bunks and two closets; the two aft cabins have two bunks in each room and a closet for each. There are no windows from these rooms. Rates for these cabins begin at 500 gold pieces and, as above, go up quickly from there.

Those who cannot afford a cabin of any sort take their rest belowdecks where they will be out of the crew's way. They must be careful not to challenge the sailors for any choice spots since the phrase "the customer is always right" is centuries in the future! Even the captain is likely to consider passengers something of an impediment to an orderly cargo business. "Steerage" passengers like this must pay 50 gold pieces as a starting rate.

Game Masters may have the sailors taking up a new custom, recently borrowed from the natives of some newly discovered isles, of stringing hammocks over the cargo or open deck areas; perhaps a sailor could be persuaded to let a passenger use his hammock when the sailor is on duty, instead of folding it up as usual.

C. Helm. The helmsman stands on an elevated platform so he can see the deck and hear the officers' commands. He holds the whipstaff, which is pivoted at deck level, and which has a forked lower end to hold the tiller that controls the


M
E
M
POOP DECK
FOREDECK
C
L
D
N
F
H
MAIN DECK
SCALE: one square = 2 feet
B2
B3
A
A
B1
I1
A
A
A
B4
dragonet
catapult
PASSENGER DECK
A
G
A
I2
A
CARGO DECK
A
A
J
LOWER DECK
QUARTERDECK
E
FOREDECK
POOP DECK
D
C
F
MAIN DECK
B1
B
B
I1
PASSENGER DECK
A
A
I2
G
A
CARGO DECK
A
A
J
LOWER DECK
K

ship's rudder. During storms it may take two men to hold a steady course. Ahead of the steersman's platform is the capstan. The capstan is used to haul up the main yardarm (the wood that spreads the huge mainsail), or it can be used for cargo loading and similar jobs. Rope lines extend forward onto the main deck from the capstan.

Four bunks (two each, port and starboard), located just forward of the captain's cabin, serve the officers.

D. Captain Htruherz's Cabin. *(20 x 20)* The captain's cabin is unusual in decoration: one half of it is incredibly spartan, clean and polished. Everything — clothing, armor, books, pens — has its own special place. A map of the world on the port wall gives silent witness to the captain's knowledge and experience. The other half of the cabin has been given over to the captain's daughter Isdi, and it shows the evidence of being lived in by someone who finds every stop a place to collect mementoes. The books she uses in her studies with Bralius are pushed into a corner so she may display a collection of sea shells or some strange plant picked up at the last stopover. The wall across from her father's map is covered with a brilliant silken tapestry of exotic design.

E. The Great Cabin. *(28' x 18')* The Great Cabin is dominated by a long table for consultation between the officers. If there are noble passengers, the captain might invite them to dine at this table along with Isdi and the officers.

To the left of the door is a small shrine to the sea god Aroshnavaraparta. Before a painted wooden icon is an incense burner flanked by two carved whalebone candle-holders. Against the same wall is a small table and shelving that holds charts and reference logs for the use of the captain and navigator.

Bralius, the navigator, has his quarters in this room as well. He has a small table bolted to the deck and a bookshelf above it. A seaman's chest contains everything Bralius might need on the voyage. It holds clothing, incense, a pouch of gold dust worth about 30 gold pieces and a waxy aromatic lump (ambergris) worth about 800 gold pieces. There is a packet of manuscripts at the bottom of the chest; this includes maps, personal letters, and a diary. There is also an illegible fragment of an archaic manuscript housed in a bronze-wrapped trollbone cylinder, the purpose of which is known only to Bralius. The chest is kept locked[3].

Bralius' bookshelf contains light reading and the following volumes of interest: The *Universal Lore of Sea Creatures, Vols. I-XV, The Mind of the Pirate, The Great Starry Ephemeris for Navigators and Astrologers,* and a tattered copy of *Ordinary Guise,* which is a rulebook to a game set in an imaginary world where Bralius' favorite alter-ego is a 15th level cloned TV repairman - whatever that is.

F. Forecastle. *(20'* x *24')* The forecastle has mostly canvas. Wear and tear on the sails is constant, so several sailors are constantly sewing and patching here by the light coming through the decklight grating above. The locker to port is where the catapult ammunition and equipment are stored. A few barrels of tar (to plug minor leaks), sand, spare parts, rope, and other oft-needed items stand against the hull. Because the piles of canvas are soft, this is a favorite place for the sailors to sleep; steerage passengers can try to oust weary sailors strictly at their own risk!

G. Brig and Storage. When confinement of personnel is necessary, this room is put to its secondary use as a brig (jail). Otherwise, it is used as general hold.

H. Armory. This hold is lined with shelves and weapon racks; the racks are kept well stocked with appropriate implements. The door locks[3] and the captain and navigator hold the only two keys. Weapons are not handed out except when a sea battle is imminent.

I. Anchor Equipment. At I-1 is the anchor windlass, by which one or both anchors can be raised or lowered. The anchor hawsers feed through holes in the floor and sailors carefully coil them in the rope locker at I-2.

J. Galley. One seaman is designated the cook and he is responsible for this area. The galley has a stone fireplace for cooking; the fireplace can be dismantled and stored when the weather turns bad. A kettle hangs from an iron hook that can be swung over the fire. There is a counter and some shelves nearby and storage for the galley foodstuffs in the bow. Nearby bulkheads contain a supply of firewood. If the trip is entirely along the coast, the bulkheads might contain cargo and sailors would be sent ashore in the ship's boat every few days to cut firewood.

K. The Bilge. The bilge is the lowest part of the ship. It is filled with rocks for ballast and with particularly nauseating water flavored with dead rats and other unsavory items. Water which spills into the ship makes its way to the bilge and is pumped out when it reaches too high a level. Floorboards can be removed for access to the bilge.

L. Main Hatch. *(13'* x *12')* This hatch is covered with a wooden grating which may be removed to load cargo. When the grating is in place, it can be walked across like any other section of deck. The hatch is built about a foot above deck level to prevent water from pouring down the hatch, although in bad weather the hatch is tightly covered. In good weather, the grating allows light and air to reach the lower decks. There are stairs between all the decks near the main hatch. (Dashed lines on the map indicate the space directly under the hatch openings.)

M. Decklights. These are two smaller hatches with removable gratings similar to the grating on the main hatch. Their main purpose is to provide light and air for the forecastle and windlass. Like the main hatch, they are covered in rough weather. (Spaces directly beneath the decklights are marked with dashed lines on the map.)

N. Ship's Boat. *(21' x 7')* The ship's boat can carry about 20 people safely and perhaps as many as 60 though it would be dangerously overloaded. Six seamen are needed to man-handle it over the rail although it can be launched in a more orderly fashion with lines from the masts, when time permits. It is generally covered with a tarpaulin.

PERSONALITIES

Captain Grolomon Htruherz. *Human. Ht: 62 Wt: 200 Ibs. Age: 50. Fighting prowess: excellent with edged weapons, good otherwise.*

Puritanical, but not unkind, is an apt description of Captain Grolomon Htruherz. Captain Htruherz is a formidable figure, all the more impressive when wearing his blue-chased morion with its tall crest of white heron plumes. His battle armor is emblazoned with the Company sigil and his newly-bestowed family coat of arms. His usual dress is severe and unadorned save for his captain's medallion. His greying black hair and beard are cut short.

The captain's knowledge of the sea is immense. He knows every detail of the ship he sails, every aspect of life at sea, and has a sound knowledge of navigation and geography, though he bows to the superior knowledge of Bralius in this regard. He is gruff and firm with his crew but unerringly fair. He is generally liked and trusted.

The captain is devoted to his young daughter and has arranged for her to sail with him. This infuriated the highborn lady who married him after he distinguished himself in service to the City. Having given birth to Isdi, she swore not to undergo the ordeal of bearing another child. The captain decided that if she would bear no more, she would raise none either. Since the age of 6 Isdi has shipped with her father.

Bralius Thermador. *Human. Ht: 5'10". Wt: 145 Ibs. Age: 37. Fighting prowess: poor. Magic ability: very good; C2, C3, C4, C6.*

Bralius Thermador is the ship's magus and navigator. His knowledge of the heavens is excellent and he can plot a course with great accuracy. While relatively young for his positions as navigator and ship's wizard, he is quite good at what he does.

Bralius finds himself lacking fighting acumen, and he has come to rely on two magical items which he carries on his person at all times. The first such item is his dagger *Quost!* which he refers to as his pet. Not only can the purple-tinged blade pierce even the finest steel armor as though it were paper, but it also buzzes when the gods are angry in a fashion which might affect Bralius. The dagger inches its way to Bralius if they get separated from each other.

In a sharkskin pouch on his belt Bralius keeps a weapon he is embarrassed to use. This is just as well, as the item is devastatingly powerful. It is a dried mackerel named Scomber that has the nasty habit of dehydrating those it touches. Bralius has seen it work only once, on a pickpocket, and the results were horrible. Only sharkskin seems to block its effects and Bralius has figured he would use the pouch like a glove if he were ever so hard-pressed that he had to use it. Once Scomber absorbs the fluid from 10 individuals, it will revert to its natural form and decay (it has dehydrated one person to date). Bralius bought the fish as a magical curiosity from a half-mad witch doctor in a distant port. He knows little about its origin other than a few disturbing rumors regarding a demon-haunted fishmarket adrift between the universes... .

Aside from plotting the course for the ship, Bralius tutors Isdi. He likes the girl and has promised her father to watch over her upbringing if the captain is ever slain.

Isdi Htruherz. *Human. Ht: 5'0". Wt: 95 Ibs. Age: 13. Fighting prowess: very good with thrown poniard, poor otherwise. Magic ability: fair; C2, C5.*

Isdi is a big-eyed girl who greets every day as if it is a new draught to be savored to the last drop. The captain took her from her mother seven years ago and she loves the shipboard life she's lived since. She studies history, literature and the lore of nature under the tutorship of Bralius. The well-meaning sailors of the *Princess* have taught her to throw a dagger with accuracy while the sea sprites have begun her studies of magic. Isdi is unusually perceptive for a person of her years and has many talents. She is an excellent calligrapher and shows signs of becoming adept in the arts of forgery and manuscript illumination.



Isdi Htruherz

While in the company of the sea sprites, Isdi developed a telepathic link with a dolphin who often paces the *Princess.* She calls the dolphin Arrowswift and composes poems about him. She keeps the poems in a book beneath her mattress, sharing them only with Arrowswift and Admiral Growbow.

Narga. *Feline. Ht: 18" at shoulder. Wt: 32 Ibs. Age: 5. Fighting prowess: excellent with claws and teeth.*

Narga is the ship's cat. She is a large notch-eared hybrid of arctic lynx and *Felis domestica* (domestic house cat). After

inviting herself on board in a northern port, Narga has become the beloved mascot of the sailors, who look upon her as the embodiment of the ship's luck. (Any thorough explanation would entail a long discussion of the occult anatomy of the universe, but for the sake of brevity, assume Narga's presence is a blessing the ship can ill afford to be without.)

Admiral Growbow. *Canine. Ht: 24" at shoulder. Wt: 40 lbs. Age: 9. Fighting prowess: once excellent, now only fair because of age.*

Admiral Growbow is the ship's dog. The elderly Admiral is a bit shaky but still able to weather a gale. The dog is on friendly terms with Narga and enjoys the respect of the sailors, who kindly indulge his taste for ale and rum. The Admiral is also highly regarded by Isdi as a poetry critic.

The Admiral has a peg-leg of lathe-turned ivory in place of his right foreleg, a memento of a battle with the Zygodactylic pirates. He is the only dog to ever have been decorated for valor in a naval engagement, and he is still tough on flying fish that have the audacity to attack his ship.

Kyztprr. *Thing. Ht: variable. Wt: 20 lbs. Age: adult. Fighting prowess: fair with what he uses in place of teeth.*

Unknown to virtually everyone aboard the *Princess* is Kyztprr. During a violent storm off the accursed Isle of F'Tudd, Kyztprr was wave-tossed onto the ship and washed through a hatchway torn open by the typhoon. Kyztprr made his way to the bilge where he hid safely, somewhat resembling a ballast stone. For the most part, he is content to stay there, eating bilge worms and rats. The diet is affecting his mind, driving him mad. On nights when evil stars rise, he has crawled forth in search of something besides rats to sate his hunger. . . .

SCENARIO SUGGESTIONS

The majority of scenarios in which adventurers are likely to be involved with The *Golden Princess* necessitate their presence on the *Princess.* A clever GM can get them aboard in many other ways, but the obvious methods include having them hired as marines by the Company, having been hired onto the City Guard troop newly assigned to the Company's ships, or as members of a Company-hired mercenary unit.

Scenario 1. The *Golden Princess* is 2 weeks at sea and during the night a *Cryptorhynchimorph* flopped on board - and abruptly expired, after gluing itself to the deck with powerful adhesive secretions. Since the *Cryptorhynchimorph* is one of the rarest creatures known (and rumors tell of fabulous elixers that can be alchemically reduced from the body of such a creature) the crew wants to turn back to try to sell the carcass before it decomposes. Bralius informs the captain that the creature is likely to contaminate the ship's valuable cargo of Broboid tendrils (the segmented kind). The crew is surly and the captain knows his primary duty is the mission with which the Company has entrusted him — perhaps a secret duty of even greater import than the others on shipboard even realize.

Attempts to remove the creature from the deck are futile, but no one has noticed the small metallic object clutched in its dead fingers. Then the night watch sees a multitude of large, luminous patches rising from the depths below. . . .

Scenario 2. In an effort to open new avenues of trade, The *Golden Princess* is sent to the island-nation of Grong. Traditionally, Grong's rulers have been hostile to outside contacts, but rumors of governmental upheavals have inspired the Company's directors to try to get a jump on their competitors. The present Tyrant of Grong sees the visitors as a most unwelcome alien influence. When the captain, a few marines, and gift-bearing sailors come before the Tyrant, he has them imprisoned in his fortress. Bralius, Isdi, and the remaining crew manage to get out to sea before the Tyrant's troops can nab them, too, but they can hardly leave the captain and the others to an unknown fate. Obviously, if some of the adventurers went with the captain and some remained on shipboard, they will have the necessary incentive to rejoin their forces. Those that remain free may attempt a rescue on their own, or they might choose from among a number of rebel factions: local fishermen turned freedom-fighters, a cult worshiping the sacred volcano (which recently erupted, a sure sign of governmental change), Grongan merchants eager for trade with other nations, or a clique of young army officers who want their own Tyrant in power. Political intrigue has the makings of fine extended campaign play. .. .

Scenario 3. Arrowswift is captured by a pirate-wizard who uses a network of ensorcelled dolphins to keep track of the routes of merchant ships and man o' wars that might protect them. The ensorcellment dulls the telepathic link with Isdi, but the girl still gets a sense of distress from her friend. She cannot get the *Princess* to go chasing a pirate ship on the questionable explanation about a kidnapped enchanted dolphin, but a party of adventurers could be convinced that the pirates' treasure would be reward enough to free Arrowswift and his companions.

Scenario 4. The manuscript fragment in Bralius' trollbone cylinder is one of ten pieces needed by an evil sorcerer to take control of the world (or something equally heinous). Bronze-wrapped trollbone dampens the magical search for it, so the party is put onto the quest. Alternatively, Bralius could know of the evil sorcerer's search and could seek the adventurers' help in a race to collect the pieces — once gathered together, the whole manuscript can be destroyed as the parts cannot be. GMs should realize this is only one of a many interesting scenarios possible to develop from the item.

The *Golden Princess is a fine lovely ship, with many hooks from which to hang a scenario. Adventurers should have many reasons to walk her decks.*

The Sweet Lady



In the City's harbor are fishing vessels - and fishing vessels! The Sweet Lady *leads a fishing fleet, but her Captain is not averse to a little smuggling on the side.*

The Sweet Lady is the largest vessel in Ziarr Kajirin's fishing fleet, and she is his pride. From her decks he leads his score of small boats out each day to drop their nets among the schools of fish abounding in the local waters.

Occasionally Ziarr Kajirin sails *The Sweet Lady* up the coast in pursuit of the "scarlet streakers," a small cousin of the giant sea serpents. Quick and fierce, the streakers are hard creatures to take; they must be lured to the nets with their favorite food (turtles) then speared from small boats by the crew before they rip loose. The streakers are prized for the rumored aphrodisiac qualities of their oil, and for their skin which is fashioned into amulets and charms. Their ivory tusks are also a valued commodity.

Kajirin's streaker hunts give him ample reason to sail north. This provides a cover for his smuggling activities which often include the expensive, illicit occult drugs considered too powerful and too dangerous for common use (wizardly use or otherwise). Kajirin has contacts among the nomad tribes to the north who will supply him with much of what he trades.

Kajirin will take legal cargo at a fair price when he makes his northward journeys. His reputation as a captain is nothing special, but the general public have little to say against him, though anyone will repeat the tale of "The Hungry Gremlin" if someone asks about Kajirin or *The* Sweet *Lady.*

"The Hungry Gremlin" is the populace's nickname for Kajirin's beloved ship. A young gremlin, one of those feisty, occasionally scatter-brained and often single-minded race, was fleeing the well-deserved wrath of a gang of locals when he fled onto *The* Sweet *Lady* unobserved. There he hid in,the hold and, when Kajirin put to sea, found himself trapped. In frustration he ate up the stores, became intoxicated on streaker oil (whereupon he fell in and rendered it unsaleable), cut a streaker skin into small squares to make a quiet game for himself, and tossed the tusks overboard because their rattling kept him awake. When the crew finally found him, virtually everything had been destroyed.

The disaster came close to ruining Kajirin. He paid a wizard to place a geas on the gremlin, forcing the hapless fellow to

serve him — as ship's crew, messenger, or however Kajirin dictates — until full monetary reparation should be made.

Kajirin will take on passengers to any port he is going to or passing near. The basic fare buys only transportation. The passenger eats the sailors' food and sleeps in the main cabin, in the hold, on deck or wherever else he happens to find space. For a considerable increase in fare he can have the extra bunk in the first mate's cabin, which provides a bit of privacy, but no further amenities.

LAYOUT

The Sweet *Lady* is a three masted caravel 80' long with a 22' beam. She has good speed and her lateen rig allows her to sail very close to the wind while following a winding coastline. With a little time in port she could be re-rigged with square sails for a long ocean crossing, but she is not well suited for that. For shoals and coastal waters, however, she is ideal, as her shallow draft will carry her safely over reefs that would ground a heavier ship. A figurehead of a dark-haired woman in a flowing gown adorns the bow.

Main Deck

The main deck is open and has two hatches with removable gratings. Cargo is lowered into and brought up out of the hold by these hatches. Only the aft hatch (A-1) has stairs. In rough water the hatches are sealed to prevent water from entering the hold. The gratings may be walked on as if they were solid deck. The pump is worked by four men (two on each handle) to pump excess water out of the bilge and hold. Because the cargo hold is small, there is often cargo stored on deck when Kajirin is on a trading voyage. This cargo can seriously hamper the crew in the event of attack. Above the main deck is a woven basket secured to the mainmast. It is just large enough to hold one man. A lookout is posted here day and night.

A. Windlass. The windlass is used to haul up the anchor(s) and lift the large sails and yardarms. Two or more sailors work the winch with removable handles while another coils the rope in the depressed anchor-line well in the bow. The coils of anchor line are favorite napping spots for Carabela and Redunda, the ship's rodent control officers, and anyone carelessly putting his hand into a coil of rope (to hide or recover something, for instance) will likely receive as rude a surprise as a cornered feline can inflict upon his naked hand.

B. The Ship's Boats. The boats are manhandled over the rail for launching. The fishing nets are spread between *The* Sweet *Lady* and one of the boats while the other rows along the net-line to harpoon any streakers who become entangled. Since a large streaker can damage or even smash a boat, The Sweet *Lady* usually tows one or two extra boats (protected by canvas covers) behind her on streaker hunts. After a streaker is killed, the boat tows it to the ship where it is hauled onto the deck and cut up.

C. The Main Cabin, *(approximately 15' x 20')* The cabin has a sloping front wall with steps running to the poop deck and is divided into two levels. The upper level has 6 very tightly-stacked bunks (two stacks of three). Two bunks belong to the second mate and the master harpooneer. The others may be used by any sailor who can find them unoccupied. Between them is the platform on which the steersman stands and controls the whipstaff. The steersman's head projects into the small deckhouse above. On the lower level of the main cabin, sailcloth is stored and repaired in the cramped space under the slant of the forward wall. This is also a favorite place for sailors to sleep when the bunks are full. Light comes in through two small decklight gratings above; these gratings are covered in rough weather.

ARMS LOCKER. At C-1 is the arms locker. The cabinet has a fair lock[3] and is opened whenever arms are needed. It contains cutlasses and boarding pikes and an item puchased by Kajirin on his only trading voyage to the far eastern empires. This is a *chu-ko-nu,* a repeating crossbow, and it was sold to him by a renegade guardsman who stole it from the castle of his lord. The *chu-ko-nu* is about 2' long and has a magazine box on top which is filled with bolts. By working the long lever, the bow is cocked and two bolts are dropped from the magazine; pressing the trigger fires both bolts simultaneously. When trouble threatens, Kajirin brings the device to the forward poop deck rail and places it in one of several mounting holes there. Fired from the mount, it rivals a shortbow in rate of fire and fires two bolts for each shortbow arrow. Feeding jams are frequent, but a good slam on the box with a fist usually clears the mechanism. Since the bolts lack fletching, their long-range accuracy is poor, but at shipboard distances the *chu-ko-nu* is a formidable weapon for repelling boarders. It is far too heavy and clumsy to recock when off the mountings, so it cannot be used as a hand-weapon.

TOOL LOCKER. Tools for carpentry and general shipboard repairs are stored here at C-2. There are also net floats and anything else that might come in handy now and again. The cabinet is never locked.

D. The Captain's Cabin. *(11' x 9')* Kajirin's cabin occupies the starboard area aft of the main cabin. The captain's door locks[3]. The cabin is simply furnished to assuage Kajirin's basically frugal soul — his purchase of The Sweet *Lady* was essentially an act of conspicuous self-indulgence and he soothes his conscience by avoiding ornate outfittings for himself. While not always the best design for a fishing vessel, the *Lady* can be a fast ship, which suits Kajirin — she's fast to hunt scarlet streakers and she's fast to avoid troublesome Customs ships....

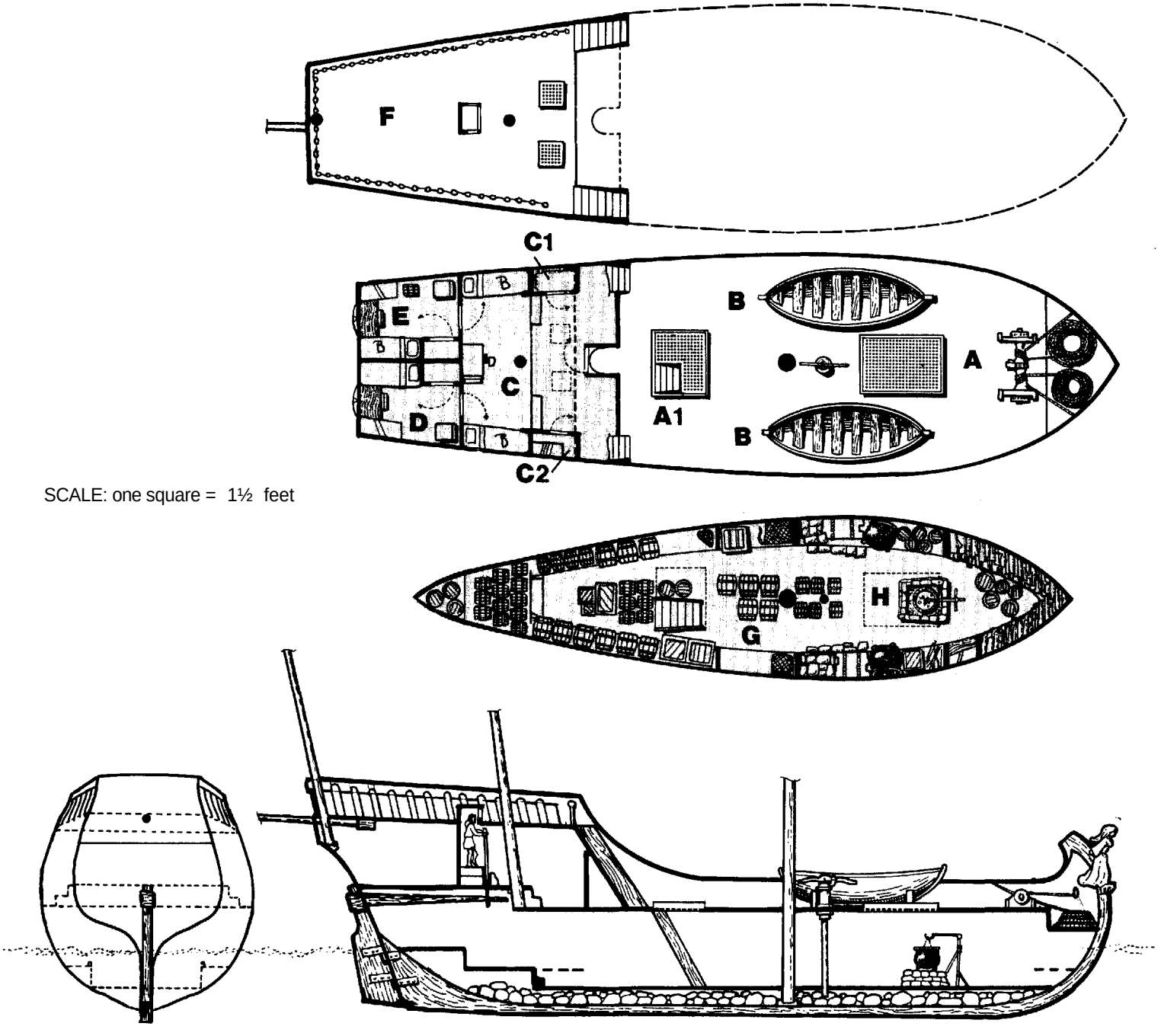
A desk fills the aft end of the cabin and anyone seated at the desk can look out a low shuttered window facing aft. A bookshelf is to the left of the desk and contains a few books, souvenirs, and navigational instruments. Above the desk is a secret panel[4] that opens into a narrow hideyhole (approximately 6" deep x 8" square). The opening is fleece-lined to muffle the hollow sound that would be produced by someone — say a Customs Officer - who might be tapping around

looking for just such a place.

Completely removing one of the drawers, it is possible to locate on the underside of the bunk an oilskin-wrapped packet containing Kajirin's maps of streaker feeding grounds and his notes on the migrations and movements of the beast. It has taken years for him to learn these things - they are the valuable secrets of Kajirin's trade and he does not wish to provide competitors with this hard-won knowledge. It is for this reason he keeps the notes hidden and claims to have it all in his head.

E. Mate's Cabin. *(11' x 9')* The first mate's cabin is a mirror-image of Kajirin's, except there are two bunks instead of just one. As with all sailors' beds, the mattress is below the frame to keep the sleeper from rolling out of bed in heavy seas. Below the bunks are two drawers which latch[2] to prevent chance openings during storms.

On a long voyage or one into strange waters, Kajirin will hire on a pilot who will bunk down in here. This is rare and most of the time the spare bunk is unoccupied. The mate, Toma Sidayo, does not like to share his room, so his simple personal belongings are hidden away in drawers or in his sea chest. He has little of note: some clothing, a few books, a quill pen and bottle of ink, and a journal which serves as his personal log and diary.



SCALE: one square = 1½ feet

Other Sections of the Ship

F. Poop Deck. *(27' x 16')* The poop deck has open railing on three sides and a solid gunwale on the stern. Two masts, the mizzen and the bonaventure, as well as a stern sprit project from the poop deck, so it is a busy place during sailing maneuvers. The captain gives his orders from the poop, generally standing just behind the low steersman's deckhouse, so as to watch the sails and be heard by the steersman.

G. The Hold. Because it is at the bottom of the ship, the hold is narrow and small, but there is a ledge about 2½' wide all around the edge to take advantage of the outward curve of the hull. This ledge and the similar platforms in the stern are stacked with stores and cargo. Barrels are stored in removable racks running up to the deck above, in order to maximize space and prevent cargo shifting. On streaker hunts practically the entire hold is filled with barrels for the oil and meat of the beasts. On a trading voyage there would be more crates and secured stacks of various items. Extra spars, oars, and long items are stored behind the barrel racks in the continuing curve of the hull, or tied to the ceiling beams. The hold also contains the water and food for the crew as well as extra fishing nets, sails, rope, tar, and tools.

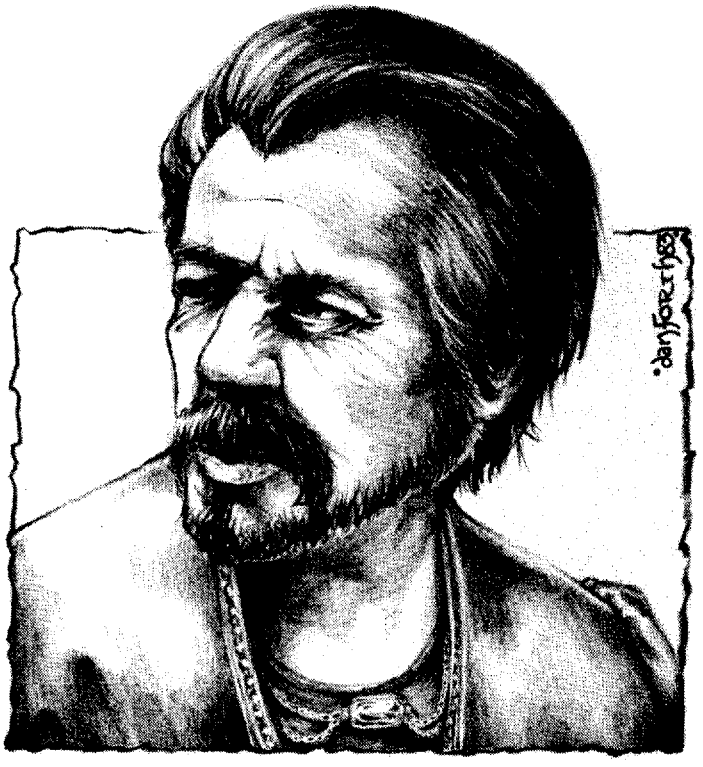
Against the hull next to the fore hatch are stored the disassembled try-works, which consist of two large kettles, some derrick beams, and many stones. While the ship's boats are setting the streaker nets, the try-works are brought up from the hold and set up on deck where the boats are normally stored. The stones are laid on deck and fires built on them to heat the kettles. When the streakers are cut up on deck, the fatty parts are put into the kettles and boiled down for oil. The bins forward contain firewood stocked for this operation.

H. The Galley. *The Sweet Lady* is a coast-running ship and so fresh food is not usually too hard to obtain. Small and shallow of draft, the *Lady* rolls a lot in rough seas, and is often heeled well over in a stiff breeze. At these times no cooking can be done in the small galley in the front of the hold. Streaker meat and freshly-caught fish are often eaten raw with hot mustard — adventurers without cast iron stomachs may not find comfortable passage aboard! When the sea is calm and the wind light, a fire is lit in the stone fireplace and stew or slumgullion is brewed in the iron kettle. On the starboard side is a small counter and shelves with a few spices, jars of the mustard, and an assortment of kitchen utensils. The fireplace can be easily disassembled and stored elsewhere when necessary.

PERSONALITIES

Ziarr Kajirin. *Human. Ht: 5'5". Wt: 120 lbs. Age: 42. Fighting prowess: very good with knife, fishing spear, and in hand-to-hand combat; otherwise average.*

Ziarr Kajirin is a wiry little man with a heavy black mustache and a close-trimmed beard. His quick wits make him more dangerous than his fighting skills alone would



Ziarr Kajirin

merit. He has a small build and this tends to make would-be opponents believe he'll be easy to taunt and and easier to beat. They're inevitably wrong, and the little captain has been known to knock out his opponent with a single punch. He carries a stiletto with him at all times.

A cautious man unless provoked, normally frugal but not miserly, Kajirin does not freely spend his moderate wealth. He does maintain a modest home in the middle-income district of his home port. He has a good-hearted wife, Breela, who still meets him on the dock at each homecoming, and a teen-aged rapscallion of a daughter, Taleela.

Kajirin has complete trust in his taciturn mate, Toma Sidayo, and the pair together handle the illegal transactions. Whistle Willy, Kajirin's bondsgremlin, is also occasionally along on these sidetrips, but Kajirin is very discreet with other contacts.

Kajirin's principal adversary is Ras Thevis, the local director of Customs, who employs a small army of inspectors. Thevis is aware of the little captain's activities but he has never had sufficient proof to bring them to trial. Moreover, in so large a port, Kajirin is relatively small game.

Toma Sidayo. *Human. Ht: 63". Wt: 255 lbs. Age: 30. Fighting prowess: very good at hand-to-hand brawling, otherwise poor.*

Sidayo is a swarthy, powerfully-built man with oddly blue almond-shaped eyes that betray a mixed parentage. A long

white scar on his left forearm bisects a lewd tatoo. A somber, taciturn man, Toma trusts women only a little more than he does men (whom he trusts not at all). His only real friend is Ziarr Karjirin to whom he is thoroughly loyal. The background of that loyalty has never been determined by the public.

As a rule Toma doesn't frequent taverns; however, he is very fond of spending hours relaxing at the baths where lovely women attend to the customers' every need. He hides a sensitive nature beneath the layers of silence, and a little wine and the right setting has been known to bring forth astonishingly good poetry from his lips.

Sidayo does not care for weapons; his own method of fighting is simple and direct — he pulls arms and legs off. He is as slow to calm down as he is to become angry. He holds a grudge forever, but rarely will he get involved in the quarrels of others.

Whistle Willy. *Gremlin, Ht: 4'8". Wt: 88 Ibs. Age: 23. Fighting prowess: excellent with a sling, otherwise average. Magic ability: innate, unconscious (see below).*

Whistle Willy is pale of complexion and freckled from head to toe. His small pointed ears are half-concealed by a thick thatch of bright orange hair. At first glance, Willy looks rather like a mischievous, snub-nosed human boy of about 10 years of age. He is obnoxiously hyperactive, like all his folk, and is continuously asking questions; his hands are everywhere but in his pockets — until someone yells at him, that is! The gremlin-kind have a kind of unconscious negative psychic ability that is usually summed up as "where gremlins go, trouble follows." When frightened, Willy will tend to cause a variety of poltergeist-like phenomena, such as doors coming unhinged and secured cargo sliding away unsecured. None of it is deliberate or malicious, and fortunately for the Sweet *Lady,* Willy is reasonably happy with his present lifestyle (the wizard who laid Kajirin's geas on him at least gave him that comfort). However, the reputation of gremlins is not a good one, and Kajirin sometimes uses the threat of a "friendly" visit from Willy to coerce a "colleague" into seeing things from Kajirin's point of view. This doesn't usually reach the point of outright blackmail, though the dividing line between that and what he does do is a fine one.

Willy's main addiction is food; apples in particular, and apple pie most especially! This often gets him (and thus Kajirin, eventually) into trouble, because once Willy sets his mind on something he stops at nothing to get it; he does not think, plan, or consider the consequences. Sometimes sheer audacity carries him through, but more often he is thrown about, kicking and screaming. If his negative psychic ability crops up at such a time (and it frequently does), the results range from the ludicrous to the disastrous.

Whistle Willy adores Kajirin's daughter Taleela; the dark-haired girl enjoys his sense of humor. The little gremlin's liking for Kajirin fluctuates in reaction to the captain's moods — Willy can't stand to be yelled at. Still, the little gremlin is basically well-meaning and does try to obey Kajirin's orders. It's just that he's easily side-tracked, especially when he's in a pout.

SCENARIO SUGGESTIONS

Scenario 1. Toma begins acting strangely and is rude when Kajirin asks what the problem might be. He is extra-suspicious of Kajirin so the little captain is unable to discover what is going on. His only clue is that Toma constantly rubs the scarred tattoo on his arm. Kajirin asks the adventurers to see what they can find out.

Toma thinks he's being haunted by the ghost of his old captain who's demanding he crash the fully-loaded *Sweet Lady.* The tattoo was the mark of the shipmates of *The Bellicose Behemoth.* The crew mutinied but Toma sided with the captain. Maline, the mutineers' leader, slashed the tattoo and marooned both men. The captain died before Toma was saved by Kajirin.

Maline and his old shipmates turned pirate. Passing through port in disguise, Maline discovered Toma was alive and involved in some underworld activities. With judicious inquiries, he also learned *The Behemoth's* captain had not been as lucky as Toma. He conceived of a con-game to destroy Toma and collect one of *The* Sweet *Lady's* cargoes.

Masquerading as the captain's ghost, Maline is "haunting" Toma, telling him he will never leave until a ship is crashed near the island where they were both marooned. Maline and his crew plan to get there in time to retrieve the cargo off The *Lady* after she crashes. Toma is superstitious and hasn't been able to shake the "ghost."

Adventurers must start to disentangle this web by learning what the tattoo means. They must learn Toma's history, which will be difficult; if they delve too far, Maline may get nervous and set some of his crew on the party.

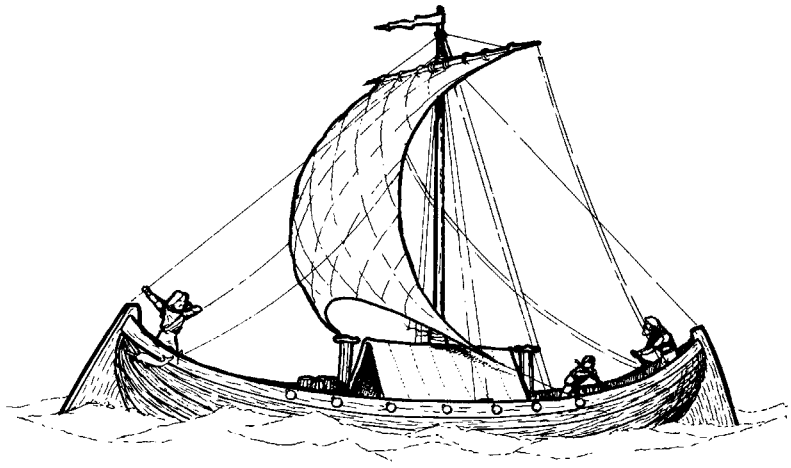
Scenario 2. Whistle Willy takes a sudden liking to one of the party - if well-treated, he'll tag along a while then disappear when his "shore leave" is over. If chased off or yelled at (and his exuberant nature is likely to cause problems with the most patient individuals!), his continuing presence may inadvertently bring all sorts of trouble, from unmotivated fights to freak accidents. This makes for an interesting interlude between larger scenarios.

Scenario 3. The scarlet streakers that Kajirin has been hunting turn out to be, not the " small cousins," but the brood of a gigantic crimson sea serpent! Whether the serpent is intelligent is debatable, but it has come down from its northern home waters to seek the young it is missing. It eventually invades the port, disrupting all traffic through the harbor and creating nightmares for all the citizens who depend on the sea. The party, by some fluke or circumstance, are identified as "just the ones" who can do away with the creature, killing it or sending it back where it came from.

The Sweet *Lady can be coastal transportation or the setting for an exciting streaker hunt, but whatever adventure the characters find on board, one can be sure it will be exciting!*

The Narwhal

There are *many coasters who call the City's harbor their home port while handling a hefty share of the trading up and down the coast, and most will carry passengers to supplement their profits.*



The Narwhal is one of a number of coasters — small single-masted vessels 25' to 50' in length - that carry on a lot of the coastal trade from their frail hulls. *The Narwhal* is typical in that its captain is also its owner, and the crew is usually small. The ship takes on any compact cargo the captain thinks he can resell elsewhere at a profit, and he is always happy to have paying passengers. The *Narwhal* may be hired by parties of adventurers bound up or down the coast, or out to nearby islands. Open-ocean sailing is possible if the gods of wind and weather smile, but a sea voyage of any length is uncomfortable and risky — and the captain would have to be extremely well paid and reassured before he would risk his boat and his life on such a venture.

The *Narwhal* is unusual in that she was built in the far north, with a hull of overlapping boards, a leather-reinforced square sail, projecting cutwaters at bow and stern, and a steerboard instead of a rudder. On her bow is painted an image of her namesake, a fishlike creature with a single tusk projecting forward like the horn of a unicorn. In other respects she is a coaster typical of the region. She measures 45' in length with a 12' beam (width). If the sea is not too rough, rudimentary cooking can be done on a flat stone on deck. Her single mast can be taken down and stored on mast-trees that rise from her keel. Like all coasters she is an open boat, though in bad weather a canvas tent can be hung from a line strung between the mast-trees to offer some shelter. Nevertheless, in less than ideal weather, passage on a coaster can be an uncomfortable experience.

The *Narwhal's* good lines and shallow draft make her an extremely fast ship. Because of her square sail she cannot sail as close to the wind as her lateen-rigged southern sisters but, with a fair wind behind her, there is not a ship in the harbor that can keep her in sight. When trouble threatens, she usually outruns an adversary or, if the wind is against her, she makes for shallow waters where a larger enemy cannot follow.

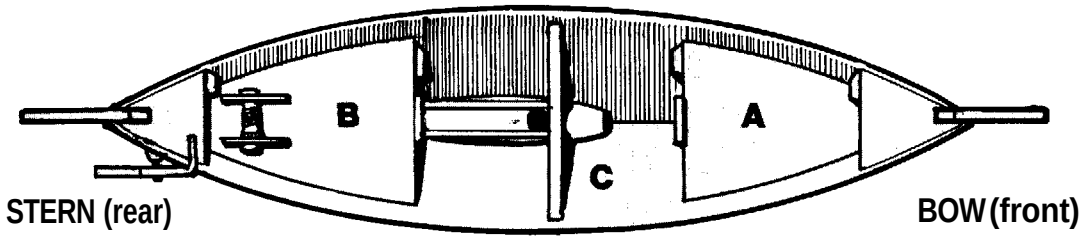
The captain of *The Narwhal* is Torvald Einarson, a shrewd trader and canny sailor. His usual crew is only two men, Baldar and Nils, which is enough, with his own work, to man the ship for constant sailing over an extended distance. On an 8-hour watch, one steers, one tends sail, and one sleeps. When the captain is sleeping, Baldar is in command. In special circumstances, extra hands are hired on at the nearest port.

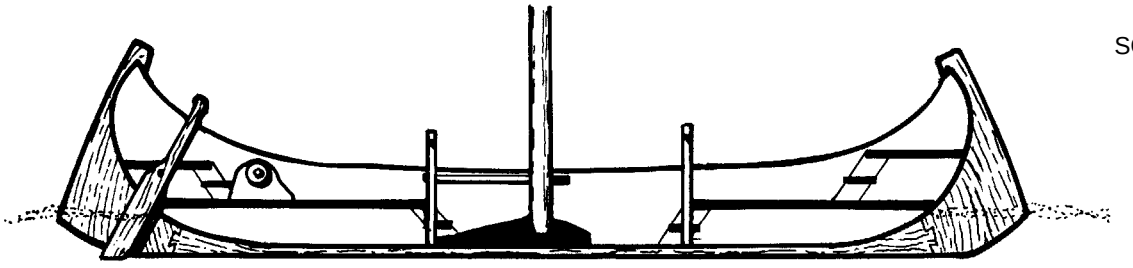
Torvald is always looking for passengers. The *Narwhal* can safely carry 20 or more, though that kind of crowding would mean considerable discomfort for all. Working passage is usually available at a reduced rate, the reduction varying with the passenger's sailing experience. In effect, the working passenger becomes a crewman on a 16-hour shift, tending sail and rowing when necessary. Even non-working passengers are expected to help in emergencies. When trying to outrun hostile vessels or beat a storm front to safe harbor, everyone is expected to man an oar. Anyone who refuses, with the possible exception of a high-born lady, is likely to be cast overboard to lighten the ship. At sea, any refusal to obey the captain is mutiny. In heavy seas passengers will also be expected to bail water. Of course, Torvald doesn't expect too much of landlubbers; usually they are too seasick to provide any assistance.

Occasionally passengers volunteer to lend a hand with the sailing chores simply to relieve the boredom of travel. Torvald and Nils are generally glad to show such volunteers what is needed (and this is a good way for a party member to pick up rudimentary sailing skills that could come in useful later). Baldar, however, thinks teaching beginners is more trouble than it's worth, and that the art of seamanship is best kept the secret of professional seamen.

LAYOUT

A. The Foredeck. This deck extends from the fore mast-tree to the bow (the front one-third of the boat). The planks are easily removed and cargo, in waterproofed containers, is stored underneath, in the hull. At the very bow, a small deck is elevated so a seaman can jump off when the ship is beached. A small anchor and line are stored under this deck.





SCALE: one square = 1 foot

sideboard

B. The Afterdeck. This deck is similar to the foredeck in construction and use. It contains a winch used to raise and lower the mainsail. The helmsman stands on the small elevated area in the very stern (back end of the ship) and handles the steerboard, which is attached by a metal pivot to the ship's hull. Cargo or the crew's sea chests are stored under the afterdeck.

C. Amidships. This area is not decked over. In bad weather it is covered with a canvas tent. Cargo is stored here when necessary, even as it is stored on and under the fore- and afterdecks, suitably fastened down. If the ship takes water, it is bailed out from here.

PERSONALITIES

Torvald Einarson. *Human. Ht: 6'0". Wt: 180 lbs. Age: 46. Fighting prowess: very good with hurled axe; good otherwise.*

The Narwhal's captain is a grizzled old Northman, friendly and not unkind, but he is quite accustomed to being obeyed. He was a sea raider in his youth and participated in the infamous siege and sacking of the harbor city of Belois. He eventually found he preferred trade to fighting and, though no slouch at the latter, he is seldom bested at the former. He considers it a good joke on himself on the rare occasions when he is talked into overpaying or selling cheap, but he will not tolerate being cheated outright. If the goods or payment are not "as promised," Torvald will set out for revenge, no matter how powerful the adversary, nor what it will cost him in time or money. His crew will accompany him — Nils willingly, Baldar reluctantly.

Torvald has a wife and family somewhere in the far north, and every other year he sails up to visit them. There he spends the winter scraping the hull of the *Narwhal,* and recaulking or repairing where necessary. Though he is very disappointed that his three sons have no interest in following him to sea ("They've all gotten civilized," he harrumphs), he has high hopes for his five-year-old grandson who loves ships and his grandfather equally. Torvald talks freely of these things — and many others — while manning the helm in a calm sea with a steady breeze. In the time-honored tradition of



Torvald Einarson

seafaring men everywhere, the tales of his experiences and adventures are liberally expanded upon.

Baldar. *Human. Ht: 6'4". Wt: 215 lbs. Age: 32. Fighting prowess: excellent with bare hands, good with hand-held weapons, poor with any missile weapons.*

Baldar is a huge, strong Northman with braided red hair, a walrus mustache, and a diagonally-tied cloth eyepatch. Torvald once pulled a wounded Baldar from beneath the hooves of a cavalier's horse, and Baldar has been a loyal follower of Torvald ever since. Still, he is an intelligent fellow who does not always agree with Torvald's management of The *Narwhal.* He feels free to discuss his differences with Torvald, but he always abides by his captain's decisions. He especially dislikes Torvald's insistence on revenge for unfair dealings. Baldar was once the winner of a fight in which he saved his own honor at the cost of his eye. On reflection, he decided it was a poor bargain and now takes matters of honor rather lightly. He believes revenge pays no bills; it is better to get on with business than waste more time and money satisfying honor. With this practical philosophy he generally tries to avoid trouble - not too difficult, considering his size. He tends to be polite but remote in his dealings with strangers. Baldar and Nils are steadfast friends. Ashore, the two are always seen together, usually drinking boisterously in dockside inns. Baldar likes the fact that Nils' freewheeling attitude leads him into a lot of exciting situations that his own conservative temperament would cause him to miss. Though he is hard to provoke directly, Baldar will not hesitate to backup Nils when the smaller man's sharp tongue gets him into a tight spot. Anyone who fights Nils must also fight Baldar, and vice versa.

Nils. *Human. Ht: 5'8". Wt: 130 lbs. Age: 28. Fighting prowess: average.*

Baldar's inseparable companion is a wiry blond Northman with a fondness for rowdy taverns and waterfront ladies. Nils takes great enjoyment in bouts of clever wordplay with groups of strangers in drinking establishments, usually managing to work in complex insults and jokes at the strangers' expense — and his own. Though there is an edge of hostility in all this, Nils' style is so engaging and cheerful that his targets are generally too amused to take serious offense, or else they don't want to appear unable to take some friendly joking. Occasionally someone gets fed up and a fight ensues. At these times Baldar is Nils' invaluable friend. Nils' and Baldar's mismatched sizes and boisterous escapades make them stand out in a crowd and they quickly become well-known in any port they visit. If they are nearby, they are likely to be pointed out to anyone who's inquiring about buying passage up or down the coast.

SCENARIO SUGGESTIONS

Scenario 1. Several casks alleged to contain silk are found, upon arrival on *The Narwhal,* to contain low-quality linen. The cargo was delivered from the warehouses of the disreputable merchant, Francois la Genouille. When Torvald shows up at Grenouille's house to get even, half the City Guard is waiting, and the captain and Nils are captured. After a corrupt magistrate rules in Grenouille's favor, Torvald is jailed and Grenouille siezes *The Narwhal* and her cargo. At this point, Baldar goes looking for someone — the adventurers, doubtlessly — to rescue his friends and set things to rights.

If the party is successful in this, Grenouille will hurriedly book passage on The *Golden Princess* or one of the other large ships; he takes The *Narwhal's* cargo and any other valuables he can get aboard. By taking to sea, Grenouille hopes to avoid the Northman's revenge.

Now the group must steal back the ship (under guard at the City's dock) and pursue the slower *Princess.* Considering the armament and probable crew on the *Princess,* Torvald will recommend overtaking her and climbing aboard under cover of darkness. Alternatively, the group could sail ahead to the *Princess'* first port of call and book passage when she arrives. If the adventurers are successful at hijacking the *Princess,* they can rendezvous with The *Narwhal* at sea and transfer Torvald's legitimate cargo, Grenouille, and whatever else seems appropriate onto the coaster.

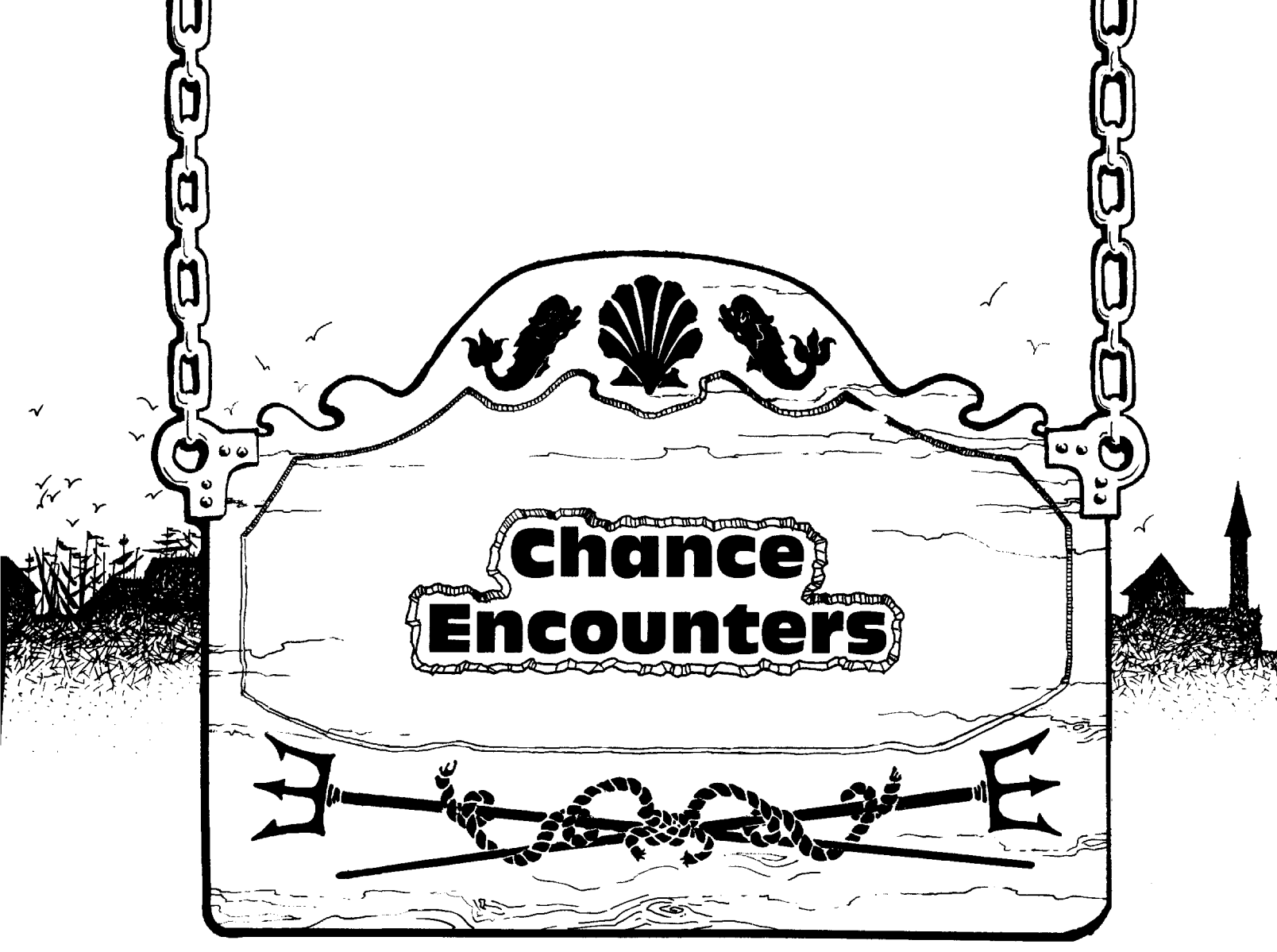
GMs should prepare for this scenario well in advance by letting the party interact with the crew of The *Narwhal* in a more general fashion. In this way, they can develop a friendship with the old Northman, even a debt of honor, and thus they would be unable to refuse to come to his aid in this scenario.

Scenario 2. Nils and Baldar go out to spend an evening at their favorite pastimes — Nils engages thin-skinned patrons in subtle wordgames and Baldar drinks. Nils makes a bad mistake when he plays with a man obviously going incognito. Finally a fight breaks out and blood is spilled. Someone has slain the stranger and it appears Nils did the deed.

The situation worsens when the stranger is found to be an ambassador from a nearby realm visiting the City on business. Now the man is dead and Nils is arrested and jailed for a murder he didn't commit. Baldar is devastated. He can see no way to discover the truth by himself so he hires outsiders (the adventurers) to find what is behind the whole thing. Baldar is too worried about Nils and too prejudiced, so he must leave it all up to his hired detectives.

Investigation into the ambassador's death and questions of Nils' guilt should lead the adventurers into many difficulties. The GM can set up any one situation as the truth, using the other possibilities as red herrings. The ambassador could be slain by a double-agent serving the neighboring realm, or he could have been slain because he made local enemies (high or low) with his unpopular politics, or he could have been slain by someone who just wanted to get back at Nils for some of his unappreciated wordgames.

The Narwhal is easily suited to be simple transportation for the characters, and perhaps that uncomplicated function is how players will most often encounter these three men. But don't miss the many possibilities of a rollicking good adventure to be had just by being at the right place at the right time!



Every *adventurer knows an ambush waits. The path seems safe until a pit opens beneath the feet of the point man. Arrows whistle unexpectedly from the trees. Swords slash from shadows and warriors appear where all was secure. Chance encounters are part of the adventurer's life.*

But the City is a much more civilized place. Nothing happens by chance — or does it? Surely Garsen's Tower is harmless, a romantic paradise where loving couples wander under strange trees. But what secret does the island hide? The Blue Light Gang is invisible until it comes to life on moonless nights. At the proper signal the beach swarms with men who strip a ship of her contraband, then disappear leaving only footprints to be washed from the sand by the tide. Then there is Lucky Artemus, fortunate survivor of a sea voyage or two, who will spin a tale to entrance and amaze even the stout of heart.

No adventurer worth his salt travels in the wilderness without expecting danger and adventure to be just one step ahead, and there's no reason the City should be any different.

The Blue Light Gang

An adventurer with a taste for luxury goods, whether he knows it or not, is probably sampling the wares of the notorious Blue Light Gang.

Any port city thrives on commerce and certainly the City has high duties on some imported goods. That import duty causes the local selling price to be wildly inflated. Smugglers bypass the duties and supply merchandise to local merchants at a far lower cost. The merchants must deal with the smugglers or be priced out of the market.

Everyone knows about the existence of the notorious gang of smugglers. An adventurer who inquires discreetly can learn that the gang favors certain hang-outs in the City; the Diamond Spider Tavern owned by Spider Braz is one. Most of the liquor Braz sells was originally smuggled in. The Storm Petrel Inn, on the outskirts of town, is another favorite place for the smugglers to congregate. There are large rewards offered by the Customs House for information on the gang's operations, but those who get too curious have a way of being found floating in the harbor.

There is one boss and a dozen lieutenants who are the core of the gang; most of the underworld and many folk normally more honest will do occasional work for the Blue Lighters as "tubmen" (those who unload ships and carry goods) or as "batmen" (strong-arm protectors and guards). The gang can draw upon more manpower than almost any other business in the City; its friends and ears are everywhere. The boss — rumored to be the rich squire Amery Hartland — enforces strict rules against random violence, but these rules do not extend to any informers who squeal on the Blue Lighters. The gang's mysterious paymasters reach high and low, and even those in authority have been widely bribed.



Methods of operation

The smugglers of the Blue Light Gang are not thieves; the master legitimately owns the goods they handle. The illegal side of the transaction is that the taxman doesn't collect his share of the value of the goods. Most often it is an independent captain who carries in the contraband to sell to the gang, though there are several "purchasing agents" who work abroad, buying goods for shipment back to port.

The independent captains must be good pilots and navigators who can sail on dark, moonless nights or in fog. Their risks are considerable, for there are armed customs ships patrolling the coast. If a ship carrying goods that might be considered contraband is found off the coast, the captain can be hanged for a smuggler, and the crew imprisoned. Most independent captains will run from a patrol, though there are few crews that cannot fight if necessary.

The rendezvous point is often up or down the coast, away from the normal shipping lanes. When the captain reaches his rendezvous point, he signals the shore with a flashing blue light. Then the rowboats come out to meet it. The contraband is loaded into the rowboats or it is roped together and tossed overboard to be towed. Once the merchandise is unloaded, the ship sails for open sea immediately; payment to the captain will have been arranged beforehand.

On shore, enough men will have gathered beforehand for the job; they remain out of sight until the watchman spies the blue signal. The contraband is taken off the beach quickly, by men or horses, while the "batmen" stand by with clubs or swords ready in case of attack or discovery.

The storage place for the contraband is varied to befuddle searchers. An abandoned well, the secret cave under the Storm Petrel Inn, or the hidden storeroom in the Temple of Putrexia may be used, although rarely is it in town. The cargo is broken up so one man or horse has only a single load and all the cargo goes a different route to its storage place. The contraband stays in its hiding place for a few days and then is taken out for retail distribution.

Types of contraband

Anything which is heavily taxed upon reaching the harbor is likely to show up as contraband, especially if it has good value in small packages. The type of things that could be smuggled might include tea, alcoholic beverages, oils, glassware, china, smoking weed, silk, spices, etc.

Much more sinister are the illegal drugs which the Blue Lighters put into circulation. Opium is sought by numerous individuals in the City, for their own use or for sale, while others demand the gorgeous dreams that extract of the black lotus can bring.

While the Blue Lighters deal in several habit-forming drugs,

their most lucrative commodity is the aphrodisiac *jallium curtia,* also known as "maiden's ruin", "courtesan's mint", or "green passion." Grown in the far tropics, in its natural form it resembles a laurel bush. The leaves can be boiled to make tea, but before importing, the *jallium curtia* is usually reduced to a soluble white powder. The ingestion of a gram of this will cause the victim to experience a flood of desire which must be gratified immediately. It has a tart minty flavor which means it can be detected by all but the most innocent — unless its taste is masked by heavily spiced food or flavorful drink.

"Green passion" is a boon to callous seducers and brothel-keepers. The latter sometimes deliberately hook their girls on it so they must depend on the keeper for a steady supply. An addict may, with help, break the habit, but will suffer side effects including severe headaches, easy enervation, depression and irritability.

The Storm Petrel Inn

Well outside the City, along the old coast road, a stand of beech trees screens the Storm Petrel Inn from the sight of the casual traveler. A creaking wooden sign painted with the silhouette of a petrel and the name of the late owner, Fudd O'Sheah, gives a stranger directions to the inn.

On a slow night there will be 2-12 rough-looking countrymen and seafarers around the tables and in front of the hearth. The main attraction is the varied selection of imported liquors available at reasonable prices. It is a young girl who usually serves the mugs, and a one-armed man with a black beard (Flokedale, see Personalities) tends the bar. The pretty, tough-minded proprietress Queeny O'Sheah, usually serves up the trays of the standard fare: bowls of meat-and-vegetable stew. Bread and thinner soup are also available, but for more elegant cuisine, one must go elsewhere.

Strangers are viewed with suspicion here, and word has it that it is easy to get mixed up in a brawl here. Queeny does her best to keep order, and her tankard-throwing tantrums make many reconsider and take their fight to be finished outdoors. The bartender, Flokedale, acts as the bouncer for the inn. Even though he has only one arm, he looks like a tough man to tangle with.

Although there are a number of rooms available upstairs, Queeny is reluctant to rent to a stranger — usually for his or her own good. She will suggest more genteel accommodations in the City to be found no more than a half-hour's walk down the road. If the stranger is persistent, she'll reluctantly rent the room.

LAYOUT

The inn itself is a sturdy construction of wood with few embellishments. The upper floor has small balconies that overlook the entrance, while the rear rooms overlook the roof of the lower floor. There is a lean-to stable about 70' away from the main building; it is little more than a place to keep animals out of the rain. A privy is nearby.

Ground Floor

A. Queeny's Room. *(14' x 12')* Queeny's room is adorned with numerous small statues and curios of moderate value. Most of them are gifts from admiring smugglers, although some were purchased from them at a fraction of their market value. Paintings hang from the walls and small carvings fill the shelves and dressing tabletop. The carpet and other furnishings are of high quality but the jewelry, kept in a box in the dresser, is not exceptional.

One closet in the southeast corner contains her workaday clothes: coarse skirts, peasant blouses, and such. Well hidden in the rear is a secret door, opened by turning one of the clothes hooks. The opening is only 1' deep, and is lined with shelves. Queeny keeps her private treasures and secrets here. There are a number of pieces of jewelry, ranging from moderate to quite expensive in value. Also kept here is the cash that has not yet been deposited with the City's money-handlers. The closet in the southwest corner has the fine clothes and gowns which she seldom wears.

B. Lars Flokedale's Room. *(12' x 10')* A small closet and even smaller chest hold most of the barkeeper's personal possessions. His savings, just a handful of mixed coins, are stuffed in a bag inside his mattress. His sword leans next to his bed and he keeps the blade in good condition.

C. Barmaid's Room. *(12' x 10')* The room has the same basic furnishings as Lars' room does, but lacks a personal touch because there is a frequent turn-over of hired help.

D. Kitchen. *(16' x 14')* The kitchen has an oven, a large work table in the middle of the room and many shelves and cabinets. In the northwest corner is a trapdoor which leads down to the storage cellar (I).

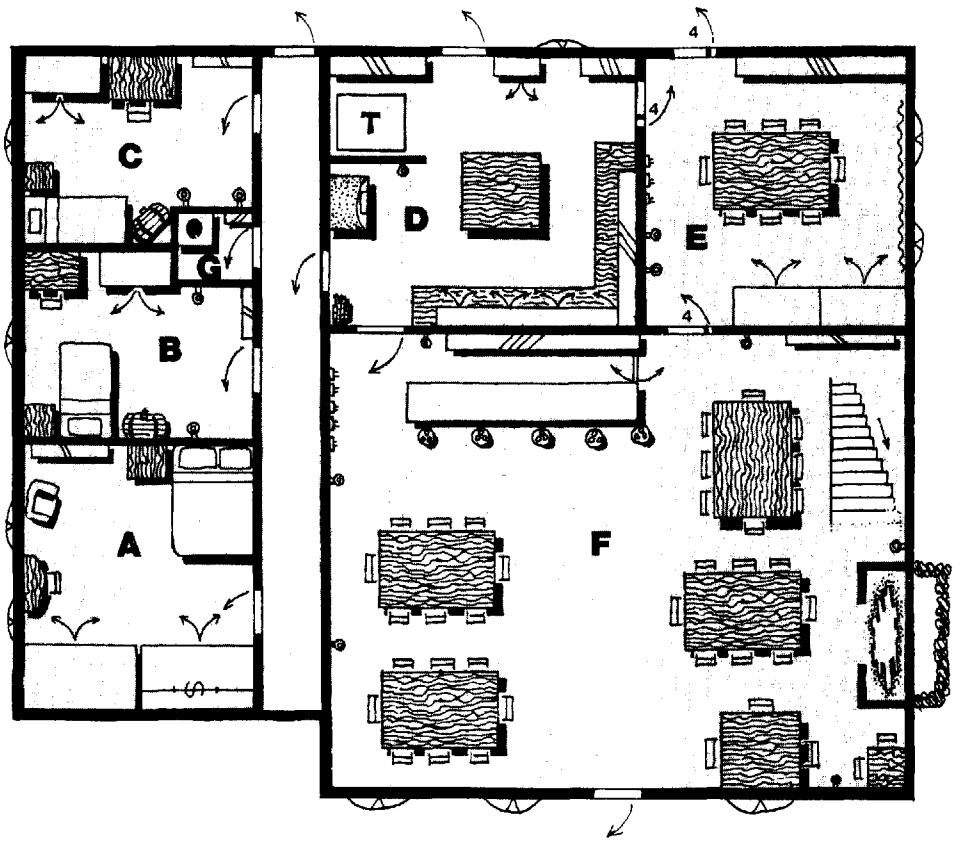
E. Back Room. *(14' x 14')* The back room is reserved for serious gambling and for private meetings by the Blue Lighters. One night a week Amery Hartland and Sol Finnglass run a very private high-stakes game. A variety of odds and ends are kept on the shelves and in the cabinets, but there is little of monetary value here. All the doors into this room can be locked[4] and they are usually kept that way, except when food is brought in. All 3 employees have keys.

F. Barroom. *(30' x 24')* Patrons are served by Lars at the bar or by the barmaid at the tables. Liquor is stored under the bar; tankards and glasses are stacked on the shelves behind it. There is a cashbox kept under the middle of the bar; it is emptied after business hours. An excellent night might see a few hundred gold pieces earned. The bar has not been robbed since it became a smugglers' hangout. The food available is prepared and served by Queeny, and standard fare is a thick stew. In addition, there is fresh-baked bread and soup.

G. Employees' Privy. *(4' x 4')* The facilities are minimal; there is a small vent in the roof.

Upper Floor

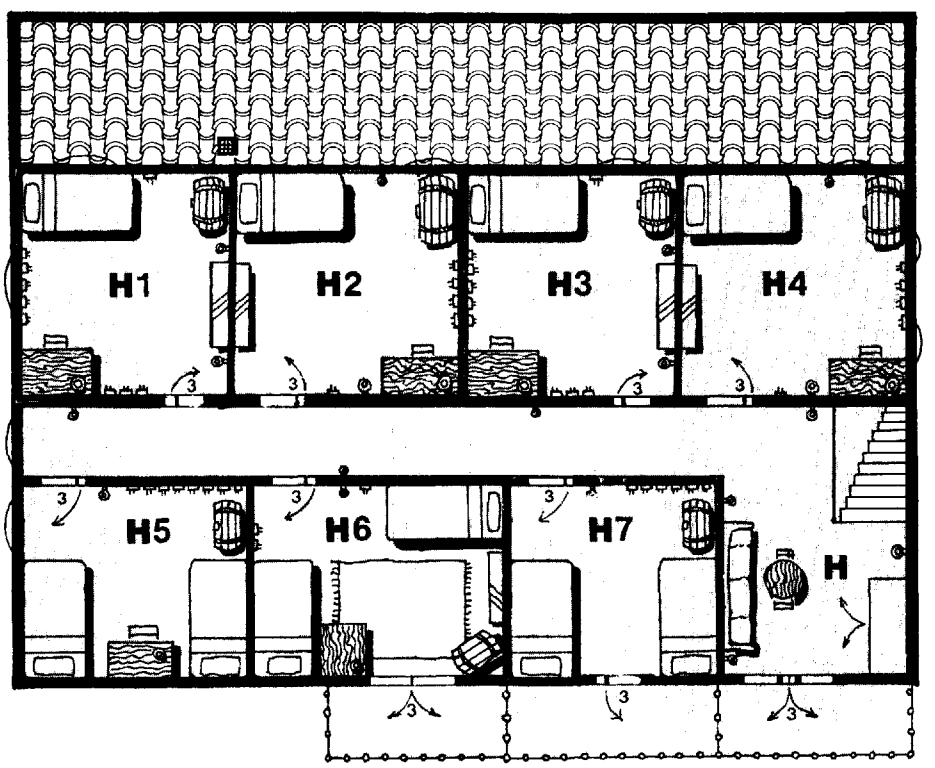
H. Upstairs Lounge. *(10' x 10')* This area at the top of the stairs is a place where the lodgers can relax, talk, and play



▲GROUND FLOOR

SCALE: one square = 1 foot

UPPER FLOOR ▼



cards. Double doors[3] open to a small balcony and on nice days the doors are often left open.

Rooms H1 to H4. *(11' x 12' each)* These are single rooms, simply furnished. The doors all lock[3]. Rent is low.

Rooms H5 to H7. *(appx. 12' x 10')* Each of these rooms have 2 beds; sharing a room knocks 25% off the cost of a single. The furnishings of the double rooms are similar to those in the single rooms. Rooms H6 and H7 have doors that open on small balconies. All the doors have locks[3].

Basement Level

I. Storage cellar. *(18' x 20')* Foodstuffs and liquor are stored here. Wine bottles fill the shelves and there are many small kegs of different spirits. One vat holds salted meat. The area labeled "1" has piles of potatoes, cabbages, turnips, etc., used to make the stew. At *"2"* is a cabinet that mostly has empty bottles; the cabinet obscures the secret door behind it. The release for the door is the torch-holder immediately to the right of the stairs; twisting it clockwise causes the entire cabinet to swing slightly open. It latches again when pushed closed. A latch release opens this from the cave side.

J. The Cave. (appx. *34' x 28'*) The chamber is partly natural and partly excavated. The sandy floor is much walked on. From time to time the cave has quantities of contraband in it. The passage to the north is blocked by a heavy oak and iron-bound door kept locked[2] when not in use. Queeny has one key; Finnglass has the other. The tunnel, which twists and branches, exits on a limestone bank; the opening is well hidden with brush and overgrowth. Someone hiding inside the tunnel can see without being seen.

PERSONALITIES

Amery Hartland. *Human. Ht: 5'6". Wt: 175 lbs. Age: 40. Fighting prowess: poor.*

Amery Hartland, Esquire, is a portly, mild-mannered landholder of a fair swath of countryside outside the City. Soft-spoken in public, dignified, respected, few would believe Hartland is the master of the powerful Blue Light Gang.

Hartland grew up a restless ambitious man. After receiving his inheritance from his late mother, he took up the career of dissipated noble. He prospered; his friends soon included the worst sort of noblemen and the best sort of criminals. Unfortunately his luck turned sour. Hartland was soon in debt to impatient opponents and, when he could not pay, these people smashed his hands in retribution. With his manual dexterity impaired, Hartland could no longer manipulate his luck with the cards, so he sought another means to make the money to maintain his extravagant lifestyle.

His underworld contacts set him up as a "freighter" for a smuggling outfit and Hartland found the work agreeable and absurdly easy. He also saw many opportunities his employers overlooked. He began to protect his identity and hide his involvement, then proceeded to carve a niche for himself in the City's smuggling racket. After some assassinations, arson, terrorism, and bribery, the Blue Light Gang expanded to its present form.

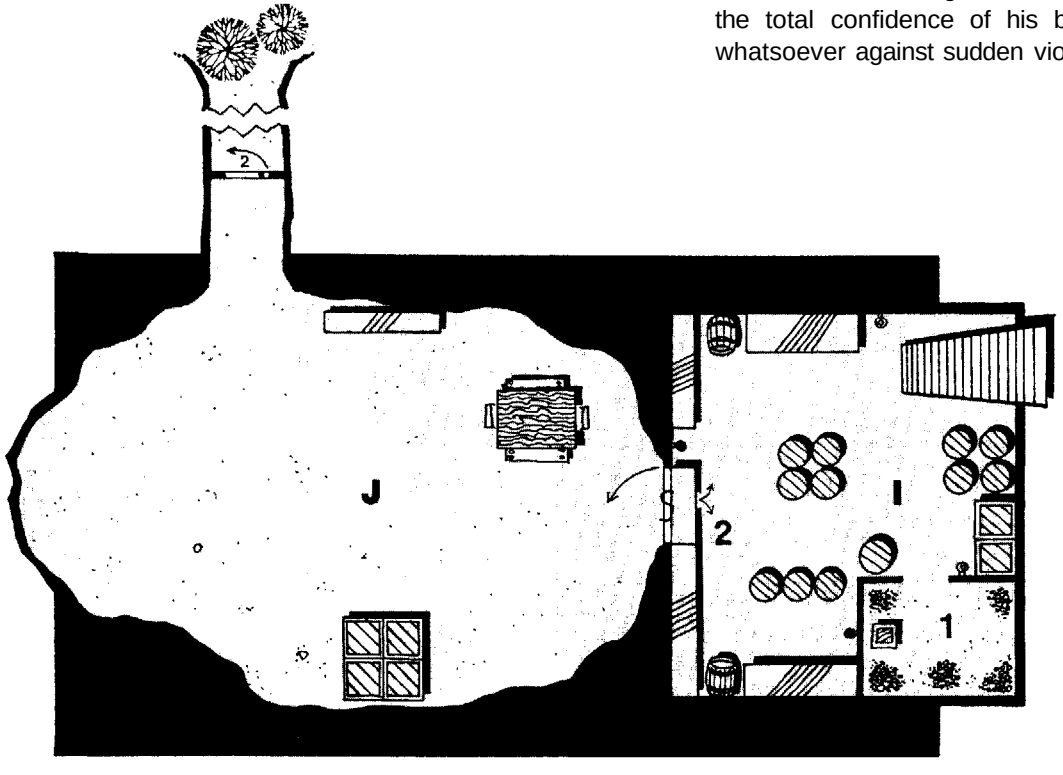
When his father died, Hartland took up the family title and lands. He secured an advantageous marriage to a mousy, private woman and became known as a well-to-do, well-settled nobleman with philanthropic tendencies. He remains secretive about the source of his fortune, hinting at lucrative foreign investments. His dissemblings are so skillful that many of his high-born acquaintances who have heard rumors of his illegal doings discount them as mere scandal-mongering.

Hartland is a cold, calculating businessman who has the contacts to purchase the contraband. His partner is Sol Finnglass who acts as the boss of the Blue Lighters. Because Hartland cannot afford to have his real business and its profits traced to him, the pair concocted an elaborate financial dispersal system. Finnglass purposefully encourages the belief that he is a terrible gambler; during every week's poker game in the back room, Sol loses all his money to Hartland. In this way the profits from the smuggler operation are passed to Hartland with no one the wiser. Hartland invests the money in contraband, and the cycle starts again.

Hartland maintains his country manor as well as a townhouse in the City. He drinks moderately and enjoys (honest) gambling in good clubs and casinos. He is proud of his family and actually fond of his quiet wife, and will view very badly any "slanderous lies" against his good name.

Sol Finnglass. *Human. Ht: 62". Wt: 200 lbs. Age: 37. Fighting prowess: very good with cutlass, good with dubs, daggers, and in unarmed fighting; average otherwise.*

Sol is hawk-nosed, rough-complexioned, swarthy, and dangerous. He is the feared chief lieutenant of Amery Hartland, and even the other lieutenants fear the murderous Sol. It is Sol who handles the most important contraband landings, is the liason to the rest of the underworld, and serves as the Blue Lighters' executioner when needed. Sol has the total confidence of his boss, and has no inhibitions whatsoever against sudden violence.



◄ **BASEMENT**

SCALE: one square = 1 foot

Finnglass is a heavy drinker, frequently seen at the Storm Petrel and at the low dives and brothels throughout the City. Such a violent, feared man obviously has many enemies, but he has the strength, wit, and ability to take care of himself.

Queeny O'Sheah. *Human. Ht: 5'4". Wt: 120 lbs. Age: 25. Fighting prowess: good with dagger, poor otherwise.*

Queeny is red-haired, green-eyed, and fair-skinned. She is beautiful, proud, and strong-willed, and hates the life she lives now; she is eager to save enough to retire to a better one. She has no high opinion of smugglers but depends on them for her income. She is attracted to gentlemen of rank but realizes she has not the grace, learning, nor dowry to win one.



Queeny O'Sheah

Queeny is straightforward and respects the same in others. She is not interested in betraying the Blue Lighters because they are her livelihood. Still, she won't be used and obvious manipulation sits poorly with her. She'll help someone who's down and out, but detests whiners.

Lars Flokedale. *Human. Ht: 6'6". Wt: 220 lbs. Age: 41. Fighting prowess: good with sword, very good with unexpected use of feet, fair otherwise.*

Four years ago Lars lost his right arm in a skirmish. Wounded and starving, he was taken in by Queeny and nursed back to health. When he was well, she asked him to stay as bartender; he learned to be a good bouncer as well. His loyalty is to Queeny whom he loves; he has little respect for the gang but keeps their secrets since it would be unhealthy for him to do otherwise.

Lars is tall, broad, and bull-necked. He has a wry sense of humor but is a genial, brave, generally decent man. His bushy black beard is peppered with grey. His hair is thinning but the forelock tends to fall down into his dark eyes.

SCENARIO SUGGESTIONS

Scenario 1. Suddenly, widespread death stalks the City. Prostitutes and their clients are dying of a strange malady. Eventually the problem is traced to *jallium curtia* — somehow the "green passion" has been tampered with. As the most affected, the brothel-keepers band together to put a stop to the problem. Their solution is to hire the adventurers to track down the source and distribution point, and to take the necessary measures to put an end to the problem.

Scenario 2. Lars is deeply in love with Queeny and knows she has her sights set on a man of rank and wealth. He has a secret: he lost his arm in a battle conducted in the defense of a kingdom — and the kingdom was his. For Lars, nothing would be better than to make Queeny a true Queen. With something worth fighting for, Lars decides to try to win back his kingdom. He hires adventurers to go into his lost kingdom and do advance reconnaissance in preparation for his return. What the characters find should lead to further adventures.

Scenario 3. During one of the weekly poker games Hartland and Finnglass find themselves outfoxed. A stranger is brought into a game (something done occasionally to keep it looking "legitimate") but this time their plans are upset when the stranger is a better gambler (or a better cheat) and wins the entire pot. The profits from the latest smuggling venture must be retrieved.

Finnglass and Hartland decide not to involve anyone connected to the Blue Lighters so that no whisper of the truth can surface. The adventurers are hired to get back the gold from the stranger who "cheated" so well. If they succeed, they will be slated for assassination by the Blue Lighters.

The Blue Light Gang can create a lot of trouble for the adventurers, whether they are hired on as tubmen or whether they are out to tear down the Gang and its leaders. The lure of sudden wealth and great risk should be as familiar to adventurers as to smugglers, and the two types probably have more in common than either would suspect!

Garsen's Tower



Adventurers are jaded by ruined towers and haunted keeps. In the City harbor stands the ruins of Garsen's Tower near the island that seems to be nothing more than a moon-shadowed lovers' lane.

In a section of the harbor not far from the docks lies an island at the mercy of the moon. At low tide the island and a connecting causeway rise well out of the water; at high tide all the causeway and much of the island are submerged. At such times it can only be reached by boat. This island and its strip of connecting land form a narrow breakwater near the entrance to the harbor.

Hundreds of years ago the island was the home of one of the City's most prominent wizards, a human named Garsen. People came from every continent to seek his assistance and advice in matters thaumaturgical, and they rarely went away disappointed. In recognition of his renown and the reflected glory it gave to the City, the ruler of the time granted Garsen ownership of the island. After completing a grand edifice where he could study magic and meet with visitors, Garsen lived peacably on the island for nearly 200 years until the fateful day he saw Orsinia.

He first set eyes on the love of his life when she was only 11; he watched her grow up and, at the appropriate time, swept her off her feet and married her. They lived happily together for 67 years before she died of old age. The great wizard could extend his own life span, but not hers.

Her death left Garsen heartbroken and he cut himself off from the outside world. He refused all meetings, fired his servants, and cast dangerously unpredictable spells at anyone who approached the island. All the while he delved deeper into the mysteries of the soul, trying to find some way to restore his lost love. He found no direct answer but did find the cryptic claim repeated: souls in love could never be permanently separated. Garsen took this to mean Orsinia would be reincarnated and somehow find her way to him — all he had to do was wait.

The wizard was willing, even eager, to wait for his love to return, but he had no wish to be idle nor to continue in his depression. He resolved to enter a state of suspended animation so the time would pass painlessly.

The spells involved in this were complicated and took nearly two years of preparation to cast. He had to suspend his own life and also defend his island so that no one, accidentally or deliberately, would interfere. Still, the defenses could not be made so powerful and automatic that they would ward off, or kill again, the returning Orsinia. In fact, they had to assist her return. When all the spells were done, Garsen's image appeared above the harbor and spoke: "The island I leave well protected. Let no one set foot upon it without good cause."

Hundreds of years have passed since then and Garsen has been mostly forgotten. The island has become a trysting place for young lovers seeking to escape parental chaperones. Legends abound and the island is said to be haunted, but most everything said merely adds a filip to the secrecy of trysting. Still, *no one* goes near the tower.

LAYOUT

The island

Much of the island is covered with a variety of strange and bizarre plant growth such as Rigle tickweed, Xustin molds, and even a rare Vedrosian Polyp plant. At the summit of the island stands a twisted Vorpid oak, remarkable for the number of Yellowheaded gulls that nest in its branches. Once every five years the island is covered by a riot of flowering Yellow Dreedils. The fruit of the Dreedil is said to be distasteful and mildly poisonous — in fact, it is a fist-sized morsel of wondrous utility. The fruit cures disease and grants immunity to further infection for a full month. The quint-annual fruit supply is meager, scarcely six dozen fruits, but properly harvested and preserved (an arduous task), the harvest represents conisderable wealth. As chance would have it, the presence and potency of the Yellow Dreedils has been long since forgotten, so now the fruit merely insures a healthy brood of gulls.

A. Ruined Wall and Gate. The wall, constructed of white marble, once stood 15' high. Time's ravages have reduced most of it to rubble although a few sections remain intact.

When the wall stood, the gate (on the south side of the island) was the only entrance. It was sturdily built and even now stands shut and barred. The magical defenses continue to function, keeping it locked[6]. It will open only to the proper spell, a secret known only to Garsen. Tampering with the gate generates a blast of deadly energy; the victim will suffer greatly, and perhaps even die. Of course, there is no reason whatsoever to trouble with the gate when the ruined wall provides countless easier, safer entrances to the grounds!

B. Garsen's Tower. Rising from the waves off the southern face of the island is Garsen's Tower. Because Garsen's magic weakened the underlying earth, the land sank over the years until the first two floors of the Tower submerged. The 4-story building, apparently made of the same marble as the surrounding wall, is mysteriously and completely intact although the centuries should have wrought some damage.

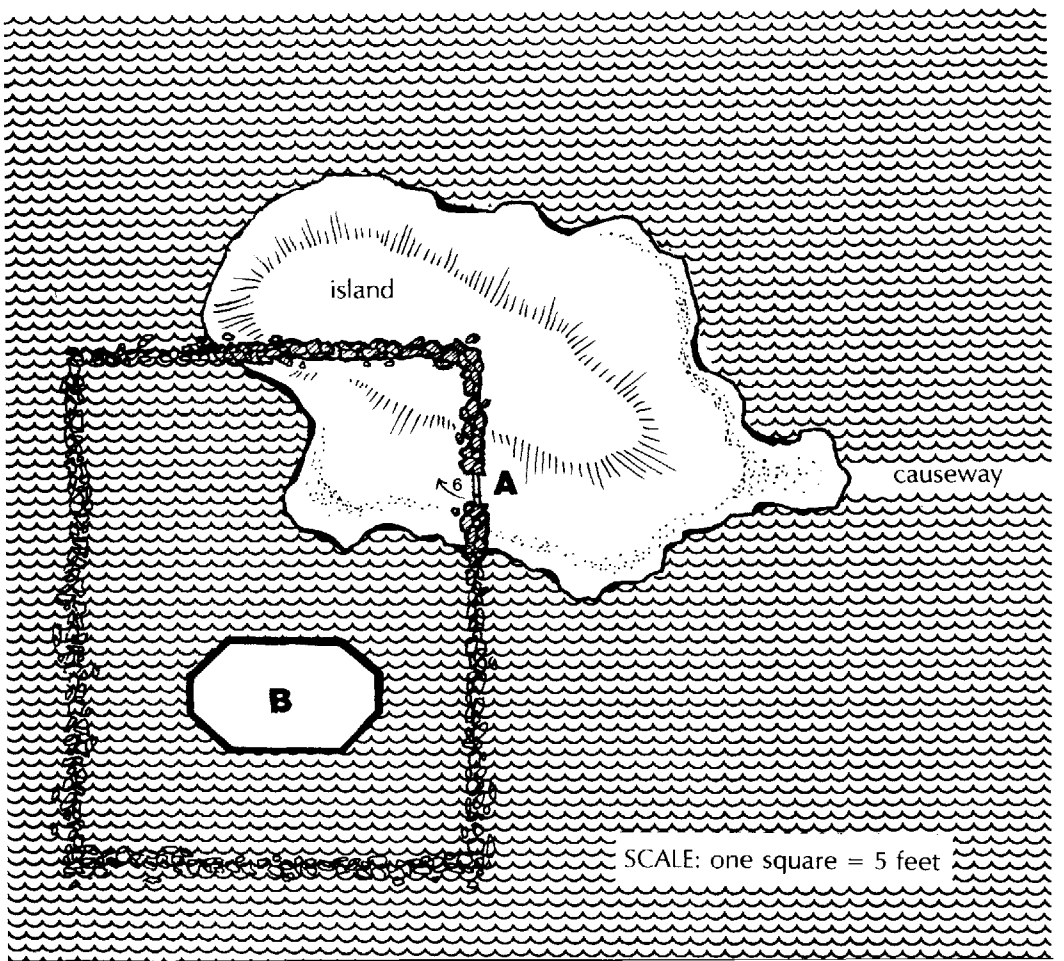
The Tower

Note that the spiral staircases which connect the floors of the Tower do not spiral throughout the building. Each staircase connects only two floors. Examination of the floorplans should make the connections obvious.

Ground Floor (underwater)

C. Entry/Meeting Hall. *(30' x 28')* Once decorated with an amusing mixture of brown furs, yellow fabrics, scarlet feathers, and orange tapestries, the influx of seawater has left this room a decayed, murky mess. Fish swim through the room as the north door lies open and undefended. The south door is shut and barred with defenses effectively identical to those of the gate on the island.

D. Storage Room. *(8' x 26')* Once a storehouse of valuable items, this chamber now holds a tumble of 8 wooden crates. Four of the crates are labeled "fish heads" but all are empty.

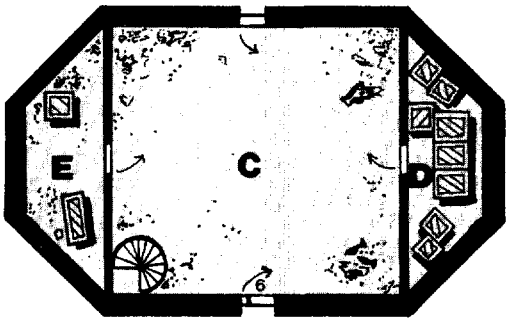


E. storage Room. *(8' x 26')* Another chamber, nearly empty, accommodating only the fish and a single box of rust-free workman's tools. The tools are protected from rust by a minor enchantment, and select items have additional magic (for instance, the hammer does its ordinary job on building materials but stops before striking flesh, such as a thumb in the way). There is nothing really extraordinary in the toolchest.

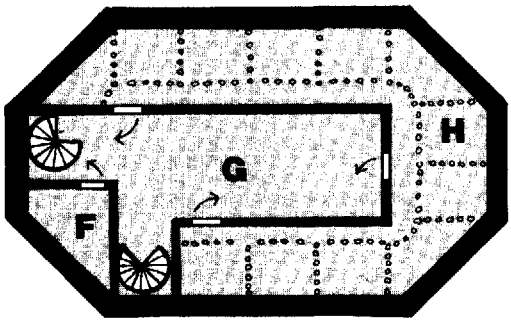
Second Floor (underwater)

F. Storage Room. *(8' x 10')* Formerly the room was used to store animal feed for the creatures kept on this level. The room is empty but the water still retains a faintly sweet taste.

G. Animal Exercise Room. *(32' x 12')* The animals kept in the kennels were released into this

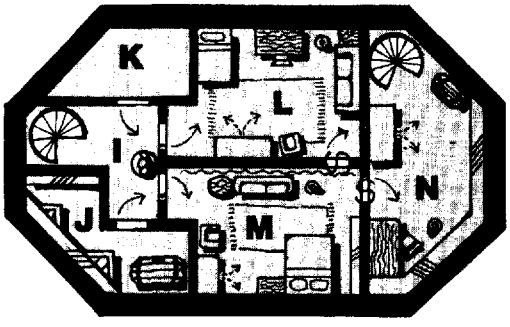


▲GROUND FLOOR

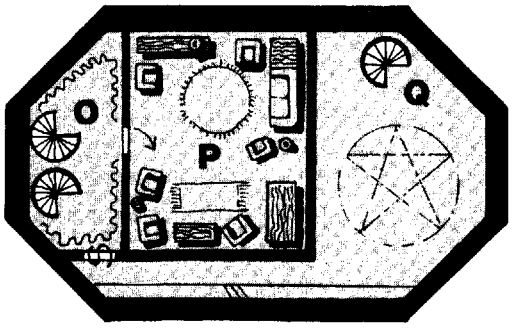


▲SECOND FLOOR

SCALE: one square = 2 feet



▲THIRD FLOOR



▲FOURTH FLOOR

room to stretch their legs (tentacles, pseudopods, or whatevers). Some were fed here, explaining the parallel gouges in the floor. The shell of a giant turtle drifts about the room awaiting its owner's return (unlikely). The walls are covered with a fresco depicting a dozen exotic creatures in their natural environment and one, the Dron Husker, in a distinctly unnatural one, for Dron Huskers were never known to fly.

H. Kennels *(varied).* These chambers held the exotic pets and experimental animals of the wizard. Most of these creatures were used in magical research although some met less pleasant fates. The cages are still magically active, and the "bars" look like nothing so much as a captured streak of lightning. Intruders can pass into the cages but nothing living is allowed to pass out of them. Careless characters may find themselves trapped, unable to escape without the assistance of an awakened Garsen.

Before putting himself into suspended animation, Garsen freed or disposed of his menagerie except for a trio of hardy beasts. These monsters could endure indefinitely without food, so Garsen left them until he returned. The coming of the water drowned the Forging Menace (cage 6) and the Still Creeper (cage 10) but the Raging Slime (cage 2) still endures. All the cells hold some living creatures, for numerous fish and other small creatures have drifted in and become trapped. Very recently a shark became trapped in cage 12. At the moment he threatens other occupants of his cage, but will die of starvation or suffocation in a matter of days. The Raging Slime is a more serious menace; that it can go long periods without eating does not mean it doesn't get hungry - it will promptly engulf and devour anyone who enters its cell.

Third Floor

The floors of this entire level are at least damp — at high tide, the water covers the floors with 3" of water. The periodic dampening encourages the kind of rot and decay seen on the ground floor of the building.

I. Third Floor Landing. *(14' x 12')* The air here exudes an unpleasant damp stench largely due to the rot helped along by puddles of water on the floor. The center of the eastern wall is occupied by a shimmering green effigy of a 9' tall, four-armed man. The statue remains unmoving unless a male character attempts to enter Orsinia's bedroom (L). Under such a circumstance, the statue will attack the offending character(s), striking with its hands as if with heavy maces. The fighting prowess of the statue is very good, its endurance is that of two good fighting men, and its composition is such

that it wards off damage as if it wore good plate armor.

J. Storage Room. *(16' x 8')* Unlike the other storage rooms, this one is filled. Garsen put clothing and other necessities in here, things he felt Orsinia and he would need after he had awakened. The dampness has spoiled his plans to some extent and much has been destroyed by rot.

K. Storage Room. *(16' x 8')* Empty, empty, empty.

L. Orsinia's Bedroom. *(22' x 14')* This is a luxuriously furnished room which has remained untouched since its owner's death. Garsen kept the room just the way it was to surprise her for her homecoming. The unexpected influx of water has damaged the room's furnishings. Nevertheless, a knowledgeable looter could find much of value here; certainly the jewelry retains its value.

The secret door between this room and Garsen's bedroom (M) is of special importance. Knowing that the existence of the door was known only to Orisinia and himself, Garsen ensorcelled the door as the signal for his awakening. When the door is opened, Garsen will wake.

M. Garsen's Bedroom. *(22' x 14')* This is another luxuriously furnished room. However, because this room contains Garsen's sleeping form, it is the focus of the magic - the furnishings are wet but there is remarkably little damage.

Garsen lies on his bed, apparently asleep. He can only be awakened by opening the secret door into his wife's bedroom. If anyone attempts to move or damage any of the contents of this room (including Garsen himself), that character will receive a zapping shock like a heavy static electric charge. The first shock will do only minimal damage to the person, but each time thereafter the damage will double (if the same person is affected).

N. Garsen's Study. *(12' x 28')* In this room Garsen has his books of spells, magical tools, and other valuables. There is very little on the floor, so the room and its contents are virtually undamaged by the seawater. The many shelves hold hundreds of ancient books, most now quite valuable, especially those which are ancient magic texts. The wizards of the world would pay sums of gold to possess the books, but there is no way to procure them without breaking Garsen's sleep — the books and goods in this room are protected with a spell like that which protects Garsen himself.

Fourth Floor

O. Fourth Floor Landing. *(10' x 23')* The first and most obvious thing to notice here is that the floor is dry and has evidently been so all along. While one set of spiral stairs connect this floor to the one below, the other stairs go up to the flat roof, notable mostly for the depth of seagull nests which cover it. The walls of the landing are covered by well-preserved tapestries depicting animals and plants both frolicking together in an unfamiliar forest setting.

P. Lounge. *(20' x 23')* This is the best preserved room in the Tower. It has six heavy lounge chairs, several low tables, and a dozen fine paintings, including two by the ancient master Ardurian DeBree. On one table sits a small brass jug with a cork stopper. Anyone unfortunate enough to remove the stopper will find himself instantly imprisoned in the jug (even magicians of considerable power will be incapable of getting back out — think about the magical power of *djinn* who spend a lot of their time jugged!). Already seven victims await Garsen's judgement, but there is room for 137 more. . .

Q. Pentacle Room. *(main room 18' x 26')* Here Garsen performed his mighty rituals, summoning demons and djinn, trolls and fairies, and other creatures less pleasant and familiar. His magic-working left the characteristic stink which still hangs in the air. The pentacle, engraved directly into the floor, is inlaid with a strange metallic alloy and is all but indestructible. Other wizards could use this room but they would find their magic strangely diminished, as if something or someone were sapping the power.

PERSONALITIES

Garsen. *Human. Ht: 62". Wt: 195 lbs. Age: 318 at his last count. Fighting prowess: average. Magic ability: excellent; C2, C3, C7, C8. Very good; C1, C4, C5.*

Garsen has long bright white hair and steely grey eyes. Despite his age, his face is smooth and unwrinkled. He has no beard, having once cast a spell to permanently save himself the daily nuisance of shaving. He is in good physical condition, though hardly muscular.



Garsen

Garsen always wears a blue-green shirt and trousers under a bright green robe. He goes without shoes or armor but carries a dagger. The dagger is magical, able to parry any single blow without breaking. It is also a focus for powerful magics.

If Garsen is awakened he will be dull-witted and slow at first but regain his full capacities within the hour. He will assume he has been roused because Orsinia has returned; he will be very angry if this is not so.

If he *should* find Orsinia, he will be overjoyed. His enthusiasm would be heart-warming except the current incarnation of Orsinia would most likely have no memory of Garsen and nor immediate love for him. Garsen will not accept "no" and will hold her by force, killing anyone who intervenes. He believes Orsinia loves him (in whatever form she now wears), and everything will be fine if no one keeps them apart.

Although Garsen is as skilled as any other magician in casting spur-of-the-moment spells, his true specialty is ritual magic. Such spells take time to prepare but two rituals were prepared before he went to sleep. In the pentacle room he can cast either of them with just a few gestures.

The first spell is a general "clean-up" spell. Garsen did not take into account the possibility that his home might sink. When the spell is cast all the water in the lower floors will be violently expelled (without damaging the walls of the building). This is likely to cause unexpected, unpredictable waves which could swamp small ships, damage piers, and flood or destroy shoreside buildings.

The second spell is one for emergency defense. It summons 12 Guard Demons which Garsen controls. His orders will be to search the entire tower and island for intruders, subdue them, and bring them before Garsen.

Guard Demon. *Demon. Ht:4'6". Wt: 240 lbs. Fighting prowess: good. Magic ability: good; C1.*

Guard Demons' main ability is to take and hold prisoners. They never fight to kill but only subdue - in fact, if their summoner commands them to kill, the demons will turn and take him to their home dimension as prisoner.

Guard Demons have other traits. Unless utterly destroyed, they regenerate damage done, even during combat. They are extremely sticky; anything that touches them, including weapons, adheres and can only be removed by the application of great strength (that of a healthy giant), a powerful solvent, or the appropriate magic. The demons can release things voluntarily but do so only on command of their summoner. They can teleport at will, carrying with them whatever is stuck to them. Their usual technique is to close with an enemy and pounce upon him. The enemy is stuck and the demon teleports where his binder wishes.

The Guard Demons are scrupulously protective of women because Garsen wanted to be certain Orsinia could return without difficulty. In the intervening years the island has become a haven for lovers, so now the demons are very busy watching over female visitors. Should any woman seem threatened by her escort, the Guard Demons teleport the perpetrator to the City side of the causeway. This has occasionally caused difficulties for quarreling lovers.

Although called "demons", they are unusual trans-dimensional beings. Use of religious artifacts may not have the expected results on them. The spells for summoning Guard Demons are unknown to most modern mages, as are the spells for dismissing them.

SCENARIO SUGGESTIONS

Scenario 1. One of the female characters actually is the reincarnation of Orsinia. When Garsen wakes, he immediately recognizes her as his long-lost wife. The character is faced with the quandary of remaining or trying to escape, perhaps bringing doom on her comrades. Even if she does escape, Garsen will ever after seek her out.

Scenario 2. The relative peace on the island is broken when a series of odd murders takes place. A "Jack the Ripper" is killing all the women. Rumors abound but apprehension of the culprit has been impossible.

In fact, "Jack" is "Jacqueline." Because the Guard Demons' duties are specifically to protect women from men, Jacqueline does not qualify as an enemy. Further, she is herself protected simply because she is a woman.

Characters will find themselves caught up in this mayhem trying to track down the killer. A mixed group will have specific difficulties: women are protected by the demons but Jacqueline is after them; men are safe from Jacqueline but not from the demons.

Scenario 3. A woman hires the party to escort her to the island, but she won't say why and in fact doesn't know. She is the reincarnated Orsinia and is being drawn back to her home. If the journey is long and adventure-filled, and the characters guard her well, Garsen will richly reward them. If the woman is harmed, the group will be in big trouble.

This scenario becomes much more interesting if the party has direct opposition to getting the reborn Orsinia to the island. This could come in the form of a father or lover of the current incarnation who does not want her to go, or even a meddlesome competing wizard, an old foe of Garsen's, who knows a prophecy that foretells his downfall when Garsen and Orsinia are reunited (perhaps the actions of the mage are why Orsinia has not returned before now).

Characters often shy away from romantic adventures but Garsen's Tower provides a unique setting for scenarios out of the ordinary. If Garsen is awakened, much will change. But until then the moon-shadowed island will continue to draw the dreamers and lovers of the City.

Artemus the Lucky Sea Captain

Port cities are often littered with the cast-up baggage of the sea, and often that baggage is human. Artemus' tale is a sad but familiar one - but one to interest many an adventurous delver!

Artemus wanders from tavern to tavern, wherever he is not unwelcome, wherever he thinks he can cadge a drink or two. He always seems half-drunk and mutters incessantly about disasters, sea monsters, and vast wealth. If someone will buy him a drink, he'll tell everything he knows.

Artemus tells a story about the days he used to be captain of his own ship. But disaster fell and all the crew were destroyed by a huge sea monster. Just how long ago this was he doesn't make clear; neither can he tell where it took place. He goes on at great length about how lucky he was to escape with his life, and how sad it was that he was the only survivor and all his fine ship's crew went down that day. He'll show his twisted leg, the result, he says, of a break that happened that awful day and never properly healed. Artemus claims to know where the monster's lair is, and that the creature just happened to have chosen its cave where a huge pirate treasure was stashed. He hints around that, for a share of the treasure, he'll lead a group to the place.

Stories like this are commonplace around a wharf. If characters take the time to ask around, they'll find plenty of people who have an opinion of Artemus, or "Lucky" as they refer to him (usually with a sneer). The general opinion is that the old man has had too many drinks to know the truth any more. Indeed, he was the captain of a ship which was destroyed with all hands; that fact is generally known. Less generally known is that "Lucky" has been the *sole survivor* of an ocean disaster more *than once.*



Lucky Artemus

PERSONALITIES

"Lucky" Artemus. *Human. Ht:* 53". *Wt: 128 lbs. Age: 58. Fighting prowess: average.*

Artemus is best described as looking like a derelict who hasn't quite hit bottom yet. He has white hair and a tangle of beard that obscures the fact he's missing most of his teeth. His hands are rough and calloused; his skin has the dark, leathery look of one who has spent long years on shipboard. His twisted leg gives him a decided limp and his hands are gnarled with arthritis, a condition which he tries to ignore with copious medicinal draughts of alcohol in whatever form he can acquire it.

SCENARIO SUGGESTIONS

Scenario 1. Artemus is actually the leader of a gang of cutthroats and thieves. He will provide just enough information to convince the party he's telling the truth, and lead them to an apparently deserted island where they can be ambushed by the gang. His favorite tactic is to lead the party

to a cave on the shore of the island. He knows the cave floods completely at high tide, and he times the group's arrival at low tide. He says the monster stays in the cave at high tide but that it is safe to enter at low tide, and the party can set up an ambush for the creature, laying in wait on a high area in the back that doesn't flood. He tries to get the entire party into the cave without entering himself. Since his gang of ne'er-do-wells actually stashes their booty in the cave, the party will have something appropriate to "discover." However, the gang members will be hiding in the rocks outside the cave entrance, and trap the party there. Of course, there's no other exit from the cave. If the party leaves just one person outside with Artemus, the old salt will try to hit him over the head with a rock, or simply stab him in the back. If there are several party members outside the cave, Artemus will suddenly "see" the monster coming back — in hopes of either forcing the group into the cave, or at least distracting them long enough for the gang to get in the first shot at the group.

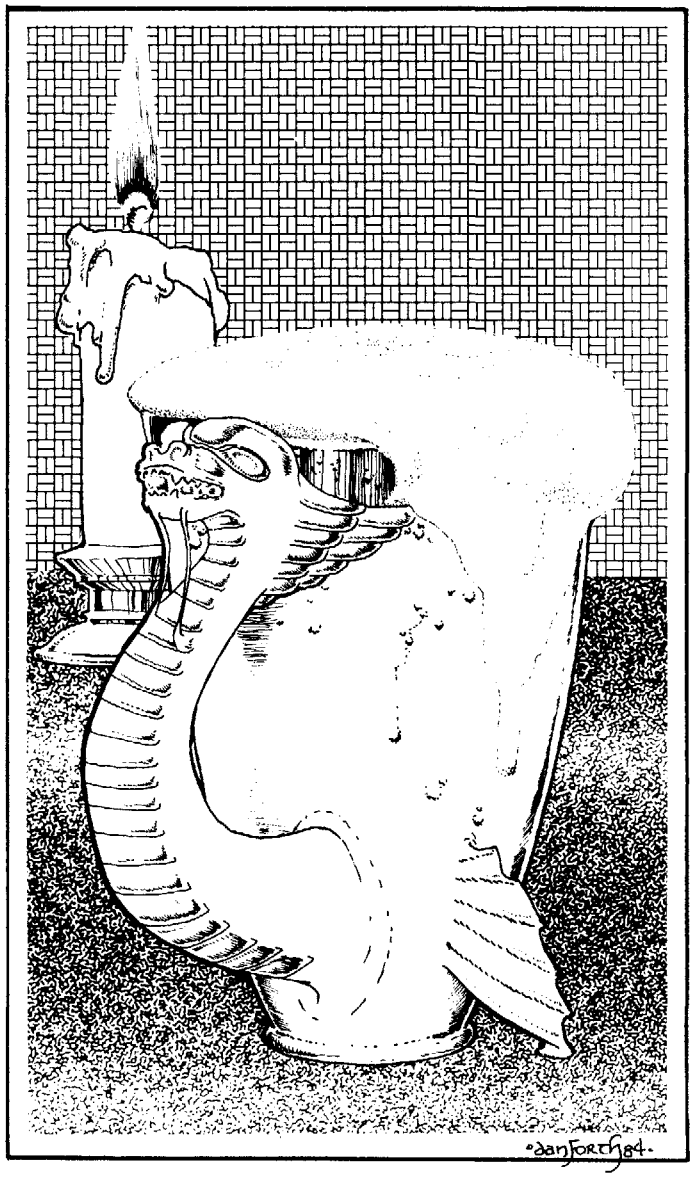
Scenario 2. This scenario assumes Artemus is basically telling the truth. The reason his crew was killed though he survived is that he is the "carrier" of bad luck. Bad things happen all around him, but seldom do bad things happen to him. The sailors call him "Lucky" the way you call a bald man "Curly." They've learned to avoid him but think it is amusing when he gets chummy with newcomers. Chairs collapse under his drinking companions, the serving girl spills a pitcher of beer on someone nearby, innocents are accused of pilfering someone else's pack, and if a fight breaks out, it will be a real comedy of errors. Even magic spells cast in Artemus' vicinity will tend to go awry — if there's the slightest chance that a spell will misfire, it probably will. Bowstrings break a lot, too. In short, Artemus is carrying a hard-to-detect, high-powered curse and if the group joins him on a sea monster hunt, everything will go wrong.

Scenario 3. Artemus is actually a "stalking goat" for the sea monster, which is an intelligent (if malevolent) creature. When Artemus' ship was destroyed, the monster spared the life of the captain on the condition that he go out and bring back more "victims" for the monster. Artemus wears a magical charm which keeps him under the monster's control; if someone notices that it is magic, Artemus explains it is his "lucky charm." He can't remove it voluntarily, though it can be taken from him. If someone else puts it on, he or she will fall under the sea monster's power and Artemus will be freed. (If this should happen, Artemus will attempt to leave as swiftly as he can for a high inland mountain as far away from the sea as he can get!) If he should manage to talk the group into going monster-hunting with him, he will try to put the group at a disadvantage as soon as the monster is ready for them. If, one way or another, the monster learns that a party member is so overpoweringly charismatic that he or she could do a better job than Artemus at bringing in new victims, the creature will instruct Artemus to make the attempt to get that person to accept the magical charm (Artemus could remove it if someone else sincerely agrees to accept it).

Unfortunately, if it is defeated, it will be found that the sea monster had no treasure (what would a sea monster do with gold, anyway?). However, the magical charm could be quite useful. If the monster is dead, the charm can be used by someone else to establish mental control over another. If Artemus is wearing the charm, the results could be interesting! If no one is wearing it, then the next person to handle it will gain control of its powers, and so on.

To make things even more tricky, a GM can add to the powers of the charm. For example, it should be difficult to kill someone wearing the charm — it could increase health, constitution, vitality, or whatever is appropriate; it might make it harder to get a good hit against the wearer, or it could swiftly cure light wounds. If magic is used to learn of the charm's powers, the magician might find out this good side of the magic without discovering that it puts one under mental domination of the owner!

Artemus is a man of many facets, and his story *is one that could intrigue many a money-hungry delver, whatever the truth behind his tale!*



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 long "connected" scenario we came up with.

Scenario: A smuggler comes into the City with a length of bone he knows is magical: it is very "interesting" to anything living, but its greatest attractive effect is on sealife. It looks like a complete thigh bone, but its pink crystaline sheen (like rose quartz) makes it obvious that it isn't human. The magic is subtle and deeply interwoven in the item, but it *apparently* makes the bone satiny smooth and fascinating to touch. Once an individual has held it for any length of time, he finds his mind returns to the quiet, relaxed satisfaction gained from handling it, like the quietude to be had from modern worry beads or stones.

The smuggler is a bad gambler and loses the bone at Macauley's when he uses it for a last-ditch stake on a sure-win hand of cards. The bone is taken to Jensen's by the winner in an attempt to get value for it; he hasn't handled it enough to learn its magic.

Being bone, albeit strange, it is sold to Velaran Ew. Transporting it back, Ew and his daughter Arienn (the adventuress) are attacked by the smuggler who wants it back. He's no match for the pair and gets thrown in Bummingham Jail *(CityBook 1).* While he's there, the following things happen.

At Ew's Wood and Bone Shop the bone is broken down into smaller pieces because its value (as several ornaments) can only be increased. The carvers fashion it into rings, earrings, annulets, bracelets, and other sorts of jewelery. The knobby ends are deemed too gnarly to work and these are discarded. In the trashpile the knobs are discovered by Guter Snype who turns them over to Cap'n Bill. Bill is no great artist but he manages to carve one into the headpiece for a wizard's staff (which he promptly sells).

In a relatively brief time the bone is parcelled out all over the City. The ornaments gain the reputation (spurious) of being an aid to love and many individuals visiting Garsen's Tower exchange rings made of the crystaline bone. Even Izari *noh todai* buys one for his wife.

Slowly the fisherfolk begin to experience extraordinary luck at their work. There are fish all over the harbor, even some which haven't been seen before. This is a cause for considerable rejoicing until the big brother of the scarlet streakers cruises into the harbor and will not leave.

Panic ensues. Lovers are trapped on the island with Garsen's Tower since the serpent will snatch them off the causeway. If the "Jaqueline the Ripper" scenario is played at the same time, she'll have lots of victims! Van Iversen's Lite is menaced, and both fishing and smuggling become impossible because the serpent can destroy even so large a ship as *The Golden Princess.* The City is in dire trouble.

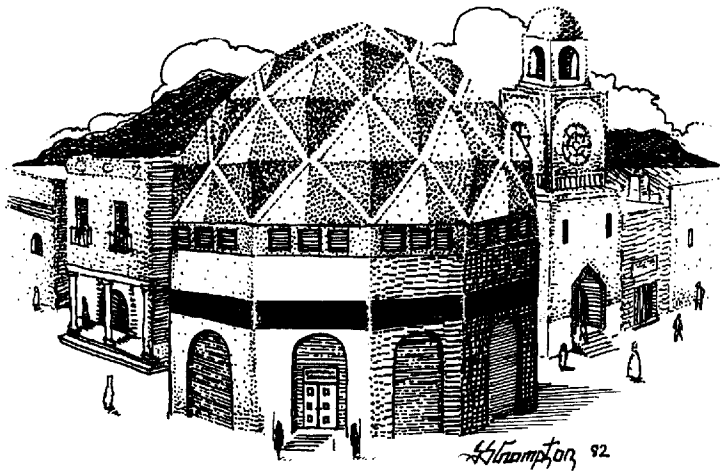
About this time the original smuggler who brought the bone to town is let out of jail. He says nothing to the authorities for fear of being blamed, though no one may have figured out that the bone is responsible for attracting all the sealife. When the smuggler discovers the bone has been split into many pieces he is outraged and frustrated — he knows he must re-unite all the pieces and take the bone out of the City to somewhere he can control its use.

The adventurers should become involved in many of these pieces of the scenario, and the GM should parcel out roles as easily as the bone is parcelled out. Characters could try to catch or kill the sea monster. Even if the monster is slain, the harbor will begin to choke with all the sealife trying to crowd into the area. The party could work on tracking down the bone, if and when they find the bone is the attractant. (The GM can add to the confusion by keeping the smuggler's information unclear.) The GM will be busy handling the different directions the players will want to go; by playing heavily off the cuff, everyone should have an exciting adventure!

More: A Game Master should be able to spot the scenario hooks woven into the text of these establishments. The "suggestions" below are just to get you started thinking since there's not enough room for us to go into detail!

What if Bristol Macauley *didn't* die in the fire, and he comes back to clear his name as a Phantom of Macauley's? Several establishments are paying bribes to keep the authorities from looking into their underground activities — what if the politics changed such that these were no longer suitable? What if Guter Snype found a pack of *jallium curtia* while cleaning a fish — and taking it had the reverse effect of making him seem like an irresistably attractive Don Juan? What happened to the war-galley owner who ordered a Journeywind sail but never came to collect it — could she be the captain of the mercenary that Mylandor Plor (Customs House) is waiting for, or did she sail into another dimension along with the sailor Daena Rainbridge (Fellowship House) is waiting for? Where do the Pearl Trader's inland trips actually take him - and who would want the trips ended for good? What's the old letter in Jensen's sidetable? What would happen if the Rumpchunks *(CityBook 1)* and the Robabs started a small civil war and involved almost the whole City? What if someone started a rumor that the ancient defenders of the fortress that The Gateway was built into actually hid all their wealth there — and what if some of that treasure was Soorvil? What if Kytzprr got loose in the City? What in the world is the Orb of Max *really* doing in the Longtooth Lounge? What if Redtop and Brick (Doc and Sardin's) were the victims of an elaborate con-game to empty the warehouse? What if Cap'n Bill was overcome with religious fervor for Aroshnavaraparta? What if a political informant with very important information "surprised" Jeanie in the Longtooth Lounge. . .and what happens when the plants are pruned?

The Emerald Dome



—Paul O'Connor

A Game Master Adventure for *ANY* Role-Playing System

The Emerald Dome was originally published in Sorcerer's Apprentice #14 *as a "sneak preview" of what we intended to put in the Citybooks. It never actually appeared before in a Citybook. As a bonus, we have included it in this reprint of CitybookII.* [Actually, the new printer we are using told us we needed to fill up ten more pages, and we thought ten pages of advertising would be a little excessive. So for no extra charge, we are giving you this bonus establishment. Enjoy!]

The Emerald Dome is an establishment run by an enigmatic businessman named Willard Charles, who buys and sells gems and jewelry. Thus, the Dome is a place where adventurers would come to exchange for cash their ill-gotten gains from tomb-robbing. The Emerald Dome is fully detailed as a setting - and provides a ready catalyst for further adventure.

The Emerald Dome is similar to the other establishments in CITYBOOK. However, for simplicity's sake, none of the characters in the Dome have been given specific magic powers. CITYBOOK contains a very simple coding system that can be adapted to any FRP magic system. On the Emerald Dome map, the locks on doors and chests are coded in a similar, simple fashion which you can easily adapt to your game system.

Deep in the heart of the City's richest quarter lies the Emerald Dome, the home and business of that mysterious gem merchant, Willard Charles. The Emerald Dome is patronized by those who would acquire rare gems or fine jewelry, as well as those who would trade the same for a measure of the more mundane coin of the realm. The splendid opulence of the Emerald Dome has also attracted the attention of more than one aspiring thief, but nothing more is known about the fate of those few who dared assault the place.

So long as they have legitimate business to transact, the public is always welcome at the Emerald Dome. Vagrants and other "knights of the road" will be swiftly escorted from the Dome area by its staff of guards.

LAYOUT

The Emerald Dome itself is a two-story octagonal structure, roughly 44' on a side. The first floor of the building is secure mortared stone; the second story is a perfect geodesic dome of beautiful emerald-colored glass (from which the building earns its name). The glass of the dome is very thick, and has been sorcerously treated (a process performed by one of Charles' magical associates as payment for a debt) and will not shatter or crack under any influence. The dome is opaque; those outside cannot see what goes on within.

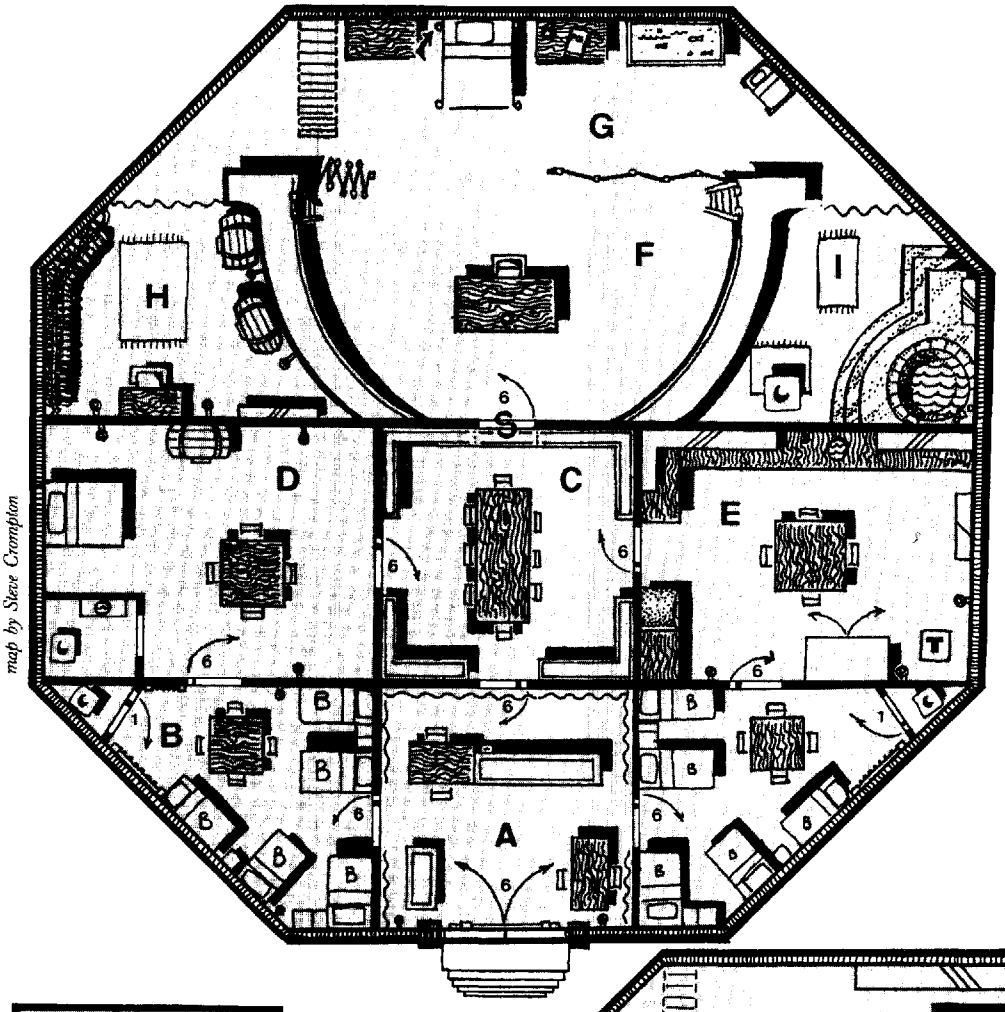
The Emerald Dome has no windows. Ventilation is provided by a series of cunning shafts, undetectable from without and too small to admit even the most famished of midget thieves. The only gates to the Emerald Dome are great 15 ' affairs of bronzed iron. The gates stand open to the street during regular business hours, but are closed and securely bolted from within at dusk and remain so until dawn of the next day.

GROUND FLOOR

The ground floor of the Emerald Dome is used as living quarters, and as the "storefront" for Willard Charles' business. All doors on this floor (with the exception of the entrance gates described above) are of stout oak and are locked unless otherwise noted. Willard Charles and Manfred Winklecock have keys to all the doors on this floor. All rooms on this floor are lit by candles.

A. Public Room.

It is here that the Emerald Dome transacts its business with the rank and file of its clientele. The walls of this room are hung with fine green tapestries. These tapestries hide the door in the north wall, but are tied back to reveal the doors in the east and west walls, one of which will be open (see the description of Room B for details). The room is neatly set with comfortable chairs, varnished tables, and several locked display cabinets containing gems and jewelry of moderate worth. A locked iron cashbox is secured to one of the display cabinets. The cashbox is emptied daily, so the amount of gold it contains at any given time depends on



map by Steve Crompton

KEY

Scale: *one square = 2'*

outer wall
inner wall
lockable door
secret door
double door
concealed stairs
ladder
table & chair
display rack
cupboard
bed
bunk bed
rug
shelf
weapon rack
foldable screen
curtains
water
easy chair
toilet
chest
candle holder
tree
oven/stove
barrel
dirt path
barrable lock
wall hook

CODES FOR LOCKS

1. ***Poor.*** *An orphan with a hatpin could open this lock. (01 - 40%)*
2. ***Average.*** *A little tougher to jimmy, but hardly adequate (41 - 50%)*
3. ***Fair.*** *Will take time and effort to open (60 - 70%)*
4. ***Good.*** *Particularly tough, will probably require special tools (75 -84 %)*
5. ***Very Good.*** *Will take anyone but a master-thief a long time to open (85 -95%)*
6. ***Excellent.*** *Could require magic or a howitzer to open (96 - 100%)*

Lock Codes are used on the map.

NOTE: *Many of the symbols used in this map were chosen because they are immediately recognizable to a modem-day GM. They are not historically accurate, and should not be taken "literally".*

how well business has been going recently.

Unlike the rest of the Dome, the floor here is of wood and is covered with delicately woven brown rugs. The wooden floor of this room is of the "nightingale" variety. The floorboards have been carefully warped to squeak and creak when stepped on. While this noise is merely an annoyance when encountered during a busy day, it serves as a highly effective burglar alarm in the dead of the night. Squeaks coming from this room after the Emerald Dome is closed for the day alerts the guards.

During business hours, a number of armed guards inobtrusively lounge in around this room. The full details of how the guards operate is explained under Room B.

Characters who enter this room during business hours will be greeted by Willard Charles' trusted retainer, Manfred Winklecock. Manfred will trade for gems and jewelry the characters have to offer by paying gold equal to approximately 90% of the object's worth. Manfred will also sell the gems and jeweled objects on display in this room's cabinets to the characters for whatever the market will bear (but never for less than 95% of the piece's actual worth). Items commonly for sale in this room include stones of garnet, topaz, and turquoise; relatively modest jewelry; jewelled daggers and hat pins; and similar items of moderate worth.

The purchase of highly valuable goods and transactions involving large sums of gold must be negotiated directly with Willard Charles. Manfred will gladly arrange an appointment with Charles for any characters wishing to engage in such business. Appointments are always arranged for an hour following the public closure of the Emerald Dome.

B. Guard Rooms.

Each of these rooms houses ten guards. The rooms are simply furnished with plain bunk beds, footlockers containing valueless personal gear, and weapon racks. Each room has its own privy.

Guards do split-week shifts at the Emerald Dome. Thus, only one of these guard rooms will be occupied at any one time. Once each week, at dawn, the guard is changed. Each shift uses a different guard room.

When guards are on duty, the door from their room to the public room (A) is unlocked and open. All other doors from the guard rooms remain locked.

During the day, six of the ten guards present will be on active duty in and around the front of the Dome, the public room, and the guard room itself. The four other guards form the night shift, which is posted exclusively within the guardroom and the public room.

Areas of the Emerald Dome other than their guard room and the public room are off-limits to the guards. Occasionally, Willard Charles will request that one or two of the guards be present when he deals with characters in the transaction lounge (C), but this is rare. Under no conditions are the guards ever allowed to enter the kitchen, Manfred's quarters, Willard Charles' area, or the second floor of the building.

Willard Charles pays his guards the best wages in the City to insure their loyalty. Still, the gates to the public room are key-locked from within at night, to help the guards resist temptation. The unused guard room is also locked to safeguard whatever goods the off-duty guard shift may have left behind.

Willard's guards are all very good or excellent fighters. When on duty they carry broadswords and wear leather armor or light mail. They are reasonably loyal to Willard Charles and Manfred Winklecock (from whom they receive most of their orders) — at least as loyal as a hired guard ever is.

C. Transaction Lounge.

This opulent room boasts rich red carpeting, fine display cabinets on all the walls, and a beautiful varnished dining table with several chairs. At the north end of the table is a padded, red-cushioned chair with inlaid gold designs. Three silver candlesticks stand on the table. The locked display cabinets contain diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and exquisitely fine jewelry and jewelled items of great worth.

It is in this room that Willard Charles wines, dines, and otherwise entertains important clients. Charles always sits in the fancy red chair. He will sometimes request that one or two guards accompany him here when he is making business deals, but this is rare. If the characters have made an appointment with Willard Charles, then it is here that they will meet him.

Willard Charles comes and goes from this room by means of the secret door expertly hidden in the cabinets on the north wall of this room. Only Charles and Winklecock know of this door.

D. Servant's Quarters.

These are the spartan quarters of Manfred Winklecock, the trusted retainer and manservant of Willard Charles. The room is very simply furnished with a bed, a table, a trunk for storing clothes, and a privy with a wash basin. The great size of this room, coupled with the lack of furnishings or carpets, makes the place seem very lonely. What little there is in this room is spotless and neatly arranged.

E. Kitchen.

This is about as modern a kitchen as one is likely to find in a medieval setting. It is here that Manfred Winklecock prepares meals for the guards and his master, Willard Charles.

The kitchen contains a spotless woodburning stove; considerable counter space; rows of neat pots, pans, and other cooking utensils; a wash basin; and numerous cupboards. The room is kept impeccably immaculate.

A trapdoor in the southeast corner of the room opens upon a spiral staircase down to the cellar (J). The trapdoor is in plain sight, and is stoutly bolted shut from the kitchen side.

F. Library Area.

This is the library area of Willard Charles' quarters. A folding screen separates this area from the rest of Willard's room.

The flanking bookshelves of this area are stocked primarily with books concerning gems and jewelry, but there are also several volumes on art in general as well as a few works on architecture. An oak table and chair stand in the center of the library area, illuminated by an elaborate gold candleholder. This library area shows signs of frequent use.

G. Sleeping Area.

This is Willard Charles' bedroom area. The bed is an elaborate four-posted affair with expensive silk sheets. Turning the top of the northwest post on the bed causes the stairs to the second story to drop to the floor on counterbalanced ropes. Turning the post again returns the stairs to their original position, and the bottom of the stairs blends perfectly with the ceiling.

The bed is flanked by two low tables, one of which has a candle and a book of poetry upon it. Nearby is a gilded cat bed, and an aquarium full of bloated goldfish.

H. Closet.

This area is a walk-in closet for storing Willard Charles' clothes and other personal items. The entire west wall is taken up by a clothes rack that is hung with twenty-nine identical, high-necked plain gray garments. The numerous trunks in this closet contain a somewhat better variety of clothing.

I. Bath.

This is a disgustingly luxurious bath of marble and gold, featuring running water and a sanitary toilet. On the east wall of this room is a tall rack of rare, expensive bath oils and soaps. The tub here is quite large, and could easily hold more than one person at a time.

J. Cellar.

This is a storage area for kitchen foodstuffs. Crates of grain and such are piled to the ceiling; several wine barrels are stacked against the south wall. There is also a separate cold storage area for meats. Quite a few rare and expensive foods and spices are stored here.

Hidden under a crate of blowfish meat in the northwest corner of the room is an iron hatchway which leads out into the City sewer system. The hatch is securely bolted shut from the cellar side. Willard Charles' more notorious underworld clients come and go from the Emerald Dome by this hatch to avoid being seen.

A spiral staircase in the southwest corner of this room leads up to the kitchen. The trapdoor at the top of the stairs is always bolted shut from the kitchen side when the cellar is not in use.

SECOND FLOOR

The walls and ceiling of the second floor are formed by the perfect geodesic dome. The color of the dome casts an eerie green glow over everything on this floor. The dome is opaque, so the outside world cannot be seen beyond it.

K. Work Area.

This area of the Emerald Dome is used exclusively by Willard Charles. Here he cuts gems and does light jewelry repair work. Occasionally he also crafts original pieces of jewelry.

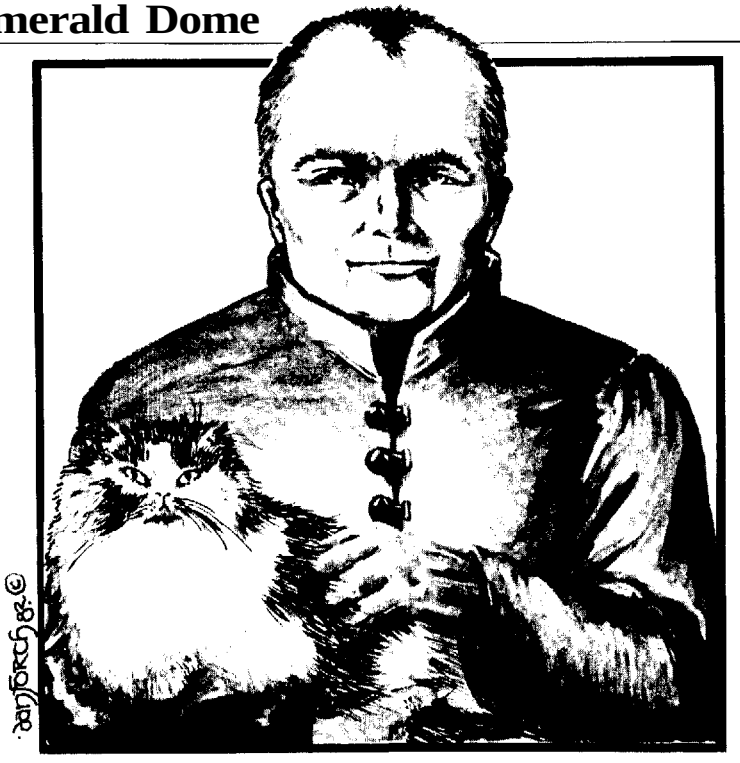
This room has a work table, two cabinets, a grindstone, a chair, and a few barrels. The cabinet is full of uncut gems and broken jewelry. The table is cluttered with gemworking tools.

L. Terrarium.

This is a raised wooden platform that contains a magical terrarium of living emerald which glows with an eldritch light. The terrarium has a hinged section upon its face, allowing access to its hollow interior.

Inside the terrarium are three small trees. The branches of each tree are laden with two to twelve tiny, near-perfect gems. One tree grows emeralds, another diamonds, and the third buds with rubies. A tree produces about twenty gems in a year's time.

Removing the trees from the magical terrarium will destroy them. The trees



are magical specimens from a far-off land that Willard Charles paid handsomely to acquire. The trees are very sensitive and require constant care. This is provided by Sellers, the gardener.

M. Gardening Tools.

This is where Sellers stores his gardening tools: rakes, wheelbarrow, shovels, hand trowels, watering cans, etc. There is a basin with running water here so Sellers can water the garden and the terrarium.

N. Gardener's Quarters.

These are the simple living quarters of Sellers, the gardener of the Emerald Dome. The area is separated from the rest of the dome by a folding screen. Within the gardener's quarters is a simple bed, a chair, and a cabinet of picture books on all subjects.

O. Garden.

This is a garden of beautiful flowers and ferns, kept alive by Sellers' green thumb. The place is quite restful, and Willard Charles often comes here to relax.

PERSONALITIES

Willard Charles.

Human. Height: 5'8". Weight: 145 Ibs. Age: 64. Fighting prowess: none. Magical ability: none.

Willard Charles is the owner of the Emerald Dome. He has plain, wooden features, close-cropped silvery hair, and a high brow. He always wears a simple one-piece high-necked gray garment that buttons up the front. He suffers from a back problem, which accounts for his stiff upright carriage. At all times he carries a set of keys for every door in the Emerald Dome.

Willard Charles' ever-present companion is Peter, a spoiled, beautiful, long-haired white cat. Peter wears a collar studded with Willard's finest diamonds. Willard carries him everywhere, and has a nervous habit of stroking him. Peter is fed an exclusive diet of live fish from the aquarium in Room G. Willard Charles has the disconcerting habit of feeding his cat in front of company.

Willard Charles is a very private man. He is rarely seen outside of the Emerald Dome. He can almost always be found somewhere in Rooms F — O. He will deal with characters directly only as a result of the most important business. He has no true friends, though he gets along well with Manfred Winklecock and is very kind to Sellers.

Manfred Winklecock.

Human. Height: 6'1". Weight: 180 lbs. Age: 37. Fighting prowess: none. Magical ability: none.

Manfred Winklecock is Willard Charles' trusted servant. It is Manfred who runs most of the business, cooks the meals, locks up at night, and keeps the Emerald Dome gleaming and spotless. Manfred has no vices, and leaves the Emerald Dome only when he needs to purchase supplies or food.

Manfred is a sepulchral man with high arching brows and a curiously springy walk. He wears his short black

hair greased back tightly over his skull. He is always very polite, but when talking to Manfred one can't help but feel that he's being just a bit insincere.

Most characters who visit the Emerald Dome will transact their business with Manfred Winklecock. Manfred is a shrewd businessman who knows his trade well. He can accurately judge the value of almost any gem or piece of jewelry merely by looking at it.

Manfred has access to all areas of the Emerald Dome, although he'll only enter the second floor for cleaning when his master isn't using it. He will most commonly be encountered in Rooms A through E.

Sellers.

Human. Height: 4'9". Weight: 120 lbs. Age: unknown. Fighting prowess: none. Magic ability: ?

Sellers is the gardener at the Emerald Dome. He is a hunchbacked man of indeterminate age, although he looks to be closer to the end of his life than to the beginning of it. He wears drab work clothes and usually has dirt under his fingernails.

Sellers is a simpleton. He has no memories of who he was or where he came from before he began work in the Emerald Dome. To his simple mind, all the world is encompassed by the Dome, Willard Charles, Manfred Winklecock, and his plants (though not necessarily in that order of importance).

Sellers has a green thumb. He could probably make an oak grow from a rock. Plants respond very well to his care, as is shown by the beautiful garden that is his pride and joy (O) and the thriving trees in the terrarium (L).

Sellers' only other entertainment is his picture books, which he carefully keeps in his quarters. When Sellers isn't tending the gardens, he'll be in his quarters, looking at his books with wonder. Sellers is always very excited when Willard Charles brings him a new book from his library (F).

Sellers is a harmless individual who doesn't know how to hurt anyone. If someone were to start tearing up his garden, he could only cry.

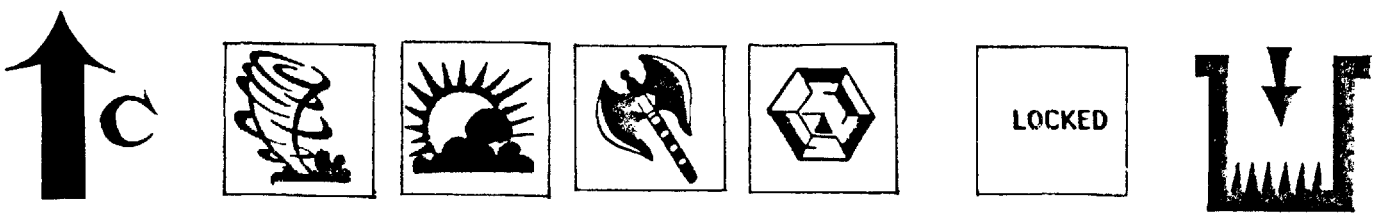
SCENARIO SUGGESTIONS

SCENARIO 1. The characters might decide to rob the Emerald Dome, either by storming the place or by using the secret hatchway in the cellar (J). For an interesting twist, Willard Charles might have had a falling-out with the Thieves' Guild of the City, who might then organize a raid to clean out the place. Much can also be done by spreading a rumor or legend about the gem trees in the terrarium (L).

SCENARIO 2. Sellers could turn out to be the long-lost, magic-befuddled father of one of the richest lords of the City. Willard Charles would be unwilling to release Sellers, for fear that his gem trees would die. The lord could hire the characters to break into the Emerald Dome and rescue his father.

SCENARIO 3. A rival gem merchant could hire a character to cause the downfall of Willard Charles. One way this might be done is to have the character work his way into the Dome by joining the guard. Another might be to arrange a private meeting with Willard, and then take the opportunity to kidnap or kill him.

The Emerald Dome provides the perfect opportunity for characters to exchange their ill-gotten gems and jewelry for ready cash. If the players are more interested in acquiring yet more booty, they might try to infiltrate the Guard and pull off an "inside job" on the Emerald Dome! ■



SPECIALTY DICE

Flying Buffalo Inc makes several kinds of novelty role-playing dice that retail for $1 each: Door Dice, Treasure Dice, Weather Dice, Corridor Dice, and Trap Dice. One of the things that makes them so popular is their simplicity. On each face of each die, is a word or simple picture that makes it fairly obvious what it is supposed to be. However a few things have raised occasional questions at game conventions & I thought I would use this space to make a few comments. If you are the gamemaster, of course, you can do whatever you want with the dice. This is just in case you want the "official" interpretation.

On the "Treasure Dice", the item with a "G" is supposed to be a gold coin, and the item with an "S" is supposed to be a silver coin (although it could easily be a shield also). The dagger with an "M" is supposed to represent a magic weapon, and the axe represents merely an ordinary weapon. The six-sided figure is supposed to be a gem.

On the "Weather Dice" I have had a few comments about a "one in six chance of a tornado" or "snow in the middle of summer". The tornado, of course merely means "windy". That was the most graphic thing we could think of to represent wind. And the snowflake naturally merely means "unseasonably cool". If it's the middle of summer in the Gobi Desert, then this means that it's only 105 degrees today!

The "Corridor Dice" has a one in six chance of showing a straight corridor. When it comes up, you just roll an ordinary six-sided die to see how many 10-foot sections there are in a row. i.e. if you roll a 5, then you have found a fifty foot length of straight corridor. And the one picture that a lot of people seem to have trouble figuring out is a door.

You can buy all five at better game stores, or direct from FBI for $6 for the set (including $1 postage & handling)

CITYBOOK™ NOTES



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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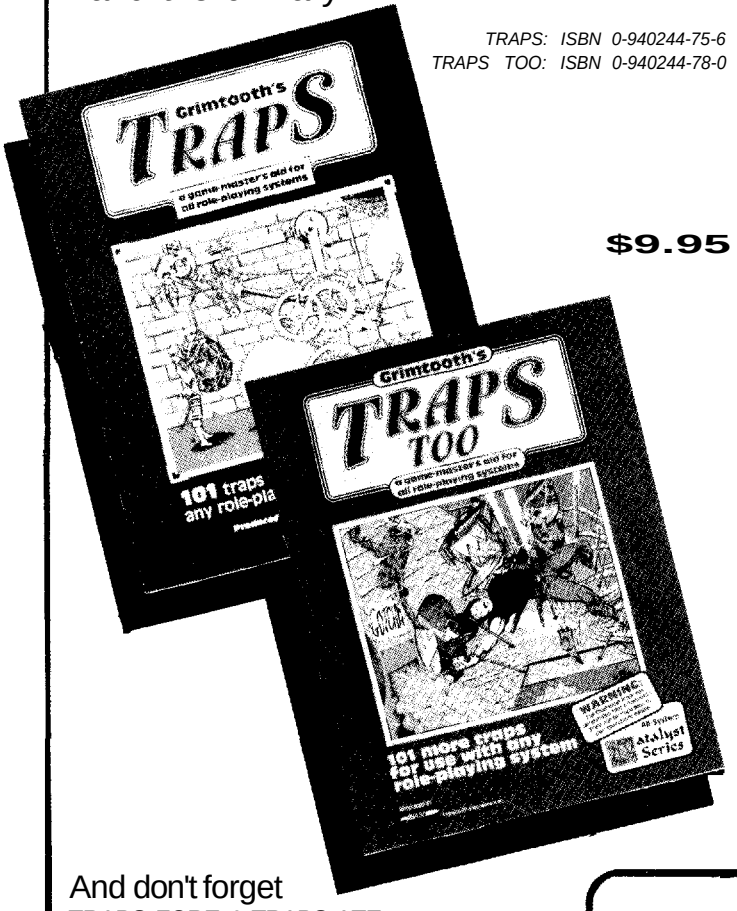
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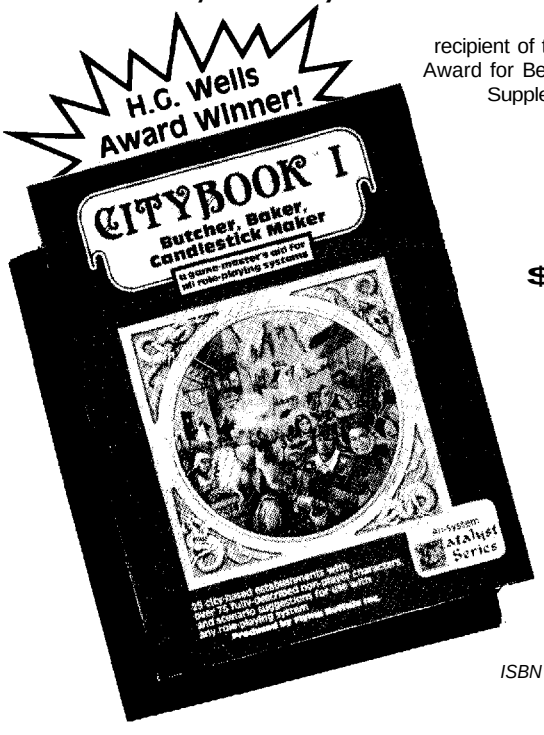


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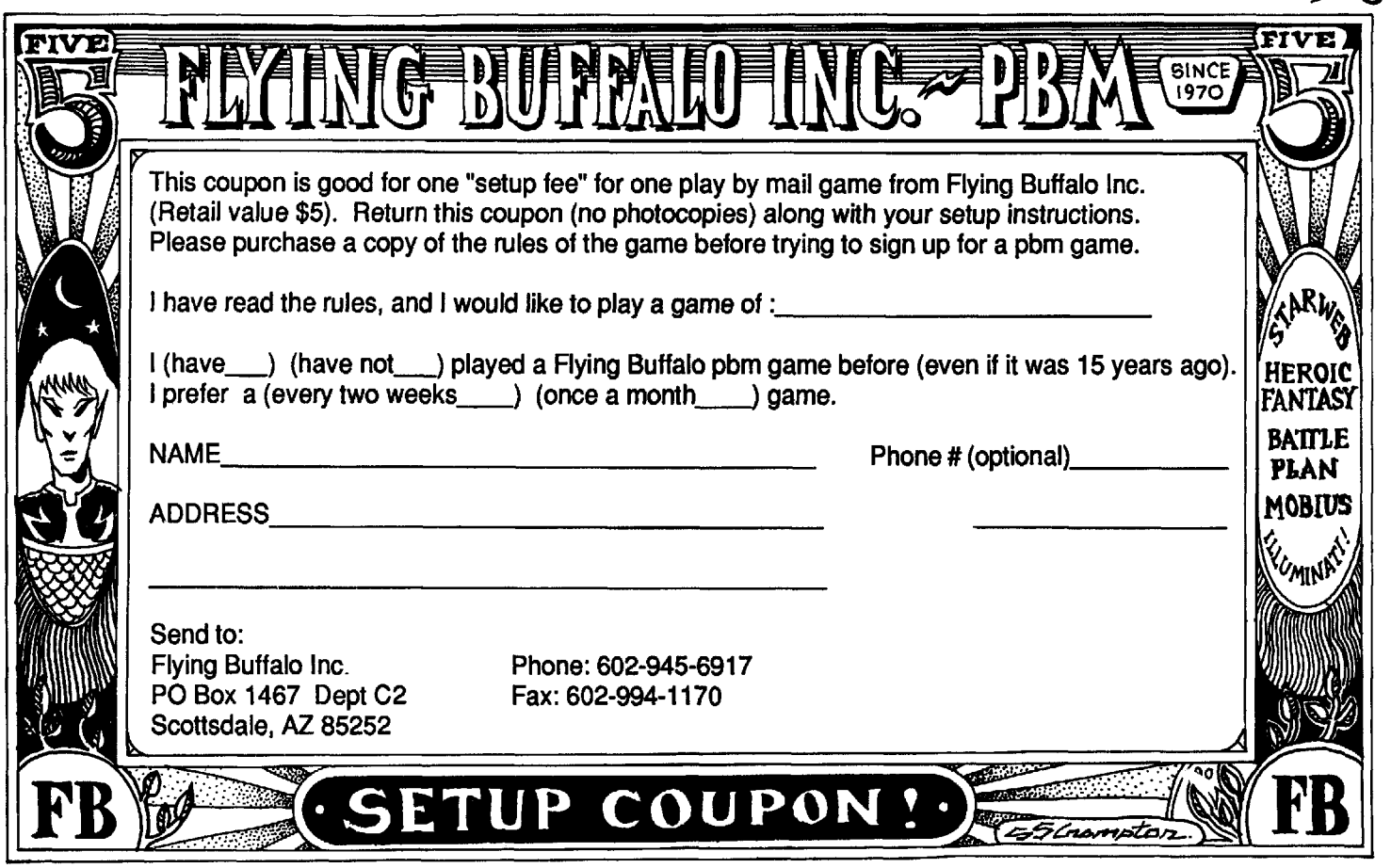
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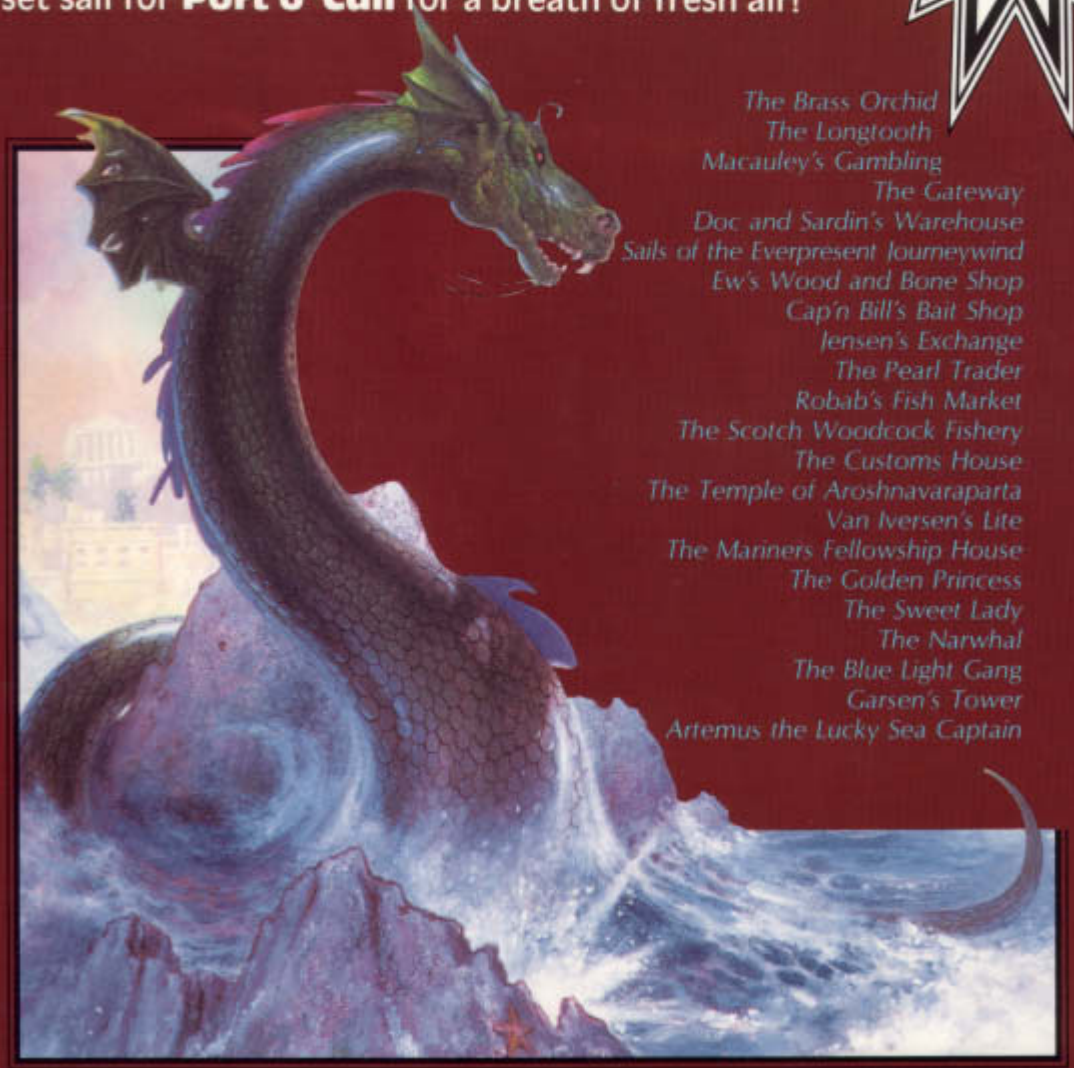
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