

GANDAHAR: THE CITY OF ABUNDANCE



HOME BREW

A city built by r/DnDBehindTheScreen

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INTRODUCTION & OVERVIEW

If Gandahar is a city of anything, it is a city of Abundance. Put together by the community of /r/DnDBehindTheScreen, this metropolis is full of intrigue, crime, locations, magic, scholarship, shops, NPCs, plot hooks, and more. While there are some places that still have gaps, this publication should serve as a solid starting point for building up any city if you don't want to use it as-is. Some of these gaps are due to a submission being deleted by the user before they could be included, and other gaps are simply because nobody created something to fill it. Unfortunately, because this is a volunteer effort, these gaps will remain.

Also, during the compilation process, virtually all of the entries were edited in some way - from simple adjustments in grammar and syntax to cutting sections that weren't particularly relevant for the bigger picture. In each case, edits were made with the goal of staying true to the spirit of the original post. If you recognize your post and feel that it has changed enough to be untrue to your original vision, please message [/u/pfenixartwork](#) with your concerns.

Likewise, we attempted to be as thorough as possible and include all the posts that were made. If you don't see your post included, please also message [/u/pfenixartwork](#) to make sure it gets added!

CREDITS

Gandahar is a city built by the amazingly creative people at [/r/DnDBehindTheScreen](#) on reddit as a monthly community event in December 2018. When all was settled and organized, this group of DMs created a bustling metropolis including districts, factions, shops, entertainment, guilds, NPCs, and Events and Holidays. The full text and entirety of all the posts can be found on the [Official BehindTheScreen Wiki](#).

Additionally, a massive thanks needs to go out to the sub's creator, [/u/FamousHippopotamus](#) for hosting the event and to, [/u/ItKeepsOnBurning](#) for leading the organization of the information and the wiki.

Final Note: If there are typos or any uncredited art links, please yell at [/u/pfenixartwork](#) to fix it. I take crediting artists very seriously and if I forget to include a proper artist credit, I need to make sure it's fixed.

ART CREDITS

Cover Image: *Neverwinter Harbor* by Jedd Chevrier

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THE OUTER CITY

Making up the majority of the eastern area just outside the city wall proper and near the harbor, The Outer City is a dingy, dark, and often dangerous location. It is primarily populated by those of ill-repute or even some monstrous heritage, and most places in

The Outer City aren't even patrolled by the City Watch. As such, this district isn't a place to find a friendly face or a welcoming shelter; it's a cutthroat area that is run by the seedy underbelly of Gandahar.

LOCATIONS

A prevailing theme in The Outer City is that of run-down and ragged places and people. Very few of its inhabitants are here by choice, and there are no places that appear hopeful or optimistic. Those that have been here for any length of time have become harsh and rough as a means of survival, learning long ago to keep quiet and avoid making a fuss if you want to stick around. They are deeply suspicious of generosity and authority figures, but cold hard cash can sometimes turn up interesting leads - if it doesn't paint a target on your back.

THE BONEYARD

Legends say that long before the founding of Gandahar, many dragons found their way to this small hill outside of the city to die. But skeptics often argue the large bones that stick out of the ground are from far more mundane beasts like dire bears, large dinosaurs, or mammoths. Regardless, the community of vagrants that has set up here peddle bones and trinkets to naive passers-by to scrape out a living.

THE LAST DROP DISTILLERY

Built around the skeletal remains of an ancient dragon, The Last Drop Distillery makes a liquor so strong it'll make the dead walk. It is owned and operated by a pair of dwarven brothers **Apollyon**, who goes by the nickname "Polly," and his brother **Cleetus**. Polly has a bald head and thick black beard decorated with intricately carved pieces of bone. He speaks with a slight stutter, and has a very morbid sense of humor. Cleetus is lithe and sinewy, quiet, and always carries a pair of cleavers attached to his belt.

The main area includes a small open floor, but has no tables or chairs for patrons to sit on. Instead, a couple small lanterns that shed a pale blue light and shelves hold up cups or small knickknacks. The two brothers sell a variety of whiskeys, which are brewed in the distillery basement.

Cost	Product
1 cp	Gravedigger's Ale
2 cp	Raising Spirits
2 cp	Unguent for the Undead
3 cp	Skull Rattler
1 sp	Lockjaw Liquor

These liquors are displayed on a shelf behind the main counter, where the brothers serve customers. The two are friendly, but encourage patrons to be quick as they are very busy. A small door set into the wall opposite from the stairs connects the front room to the area behind the counter, and there is a hidden door behind one of the shelves that leads to the distillery floor.

The alcohol is distilled from a variety of local grains, fruits, and vegetables, but there is a secret ingredient: a fresh corpse. The brothers tell no one of this, but have contacts in The Dancing Snakes and The Brothers Sanguine, and aid in certain "disposals." They don't ask questions, they just want the money and to keep making their whiskey.

THE CONSTRUCTION SITE

Originally intended to be a new outpost for the City Watch, the construction at this location stalled out months ago and locals feel like it will never be completed. Ground was broken several years ago on the large tower, but since the contracted company started cutting budgets and corners early in the process, the project has been plagued with delays and structural instabilities which have in turn caused even more delays. At this point the site is generally unattended by any officials from the city or the contractor, and nobody knows if or when the construction will resume.

THE DARK ARCADE

A series of stilted, windowless buildings surround a large open-air market where *svirfneblin* come from the Underdark to sell their crafts and wares on the surface. This is one of the few locations that consistently tends to be safer due to its proximity to the outer walls, but locals still keep their guard up. Most of the residents in this area are deep gnomes or dwarves, but rumors occasionally speak of *duergar* or *drow* in the area because of the connection to underground caverns. Naturally these stories are widely regarded as false, especially by the official City Watch.

BALBLOAH'S ROCK SHOPPE

Where most Deep Gnomes saw useless ores to crush and dispose of, **Balbloah** saw gold in sifting through the refuse of Underdark construction night and night. Over the years, Balbloah amassed the largest, and possibly the only, stone collections for retail. Upon arriving at Balbloah's stall in the Dark Arcade, customers are immediately struck by the variety of rocks available. The stall is surrounded by a well used silk curtain to offer privacy to buyers.

DEATH ROW

Found right smack in the middle of the Outer City, this dark and shady residential area is home to the cheapest housing in all of Gandahar - and for good reason. The people that live in this area include some of the sketchiest criminals in town: murderers, thieves, smugglers, and worse. Every alley is dark and cluttered, and danger can be just around every corner. Here in Death Row, nobody so much as looks out the window when someone cries for help. As such, most of the crime that happens here goes unreported to the Watch.

THE PURPLE CLOUD

Along the outskirts of Death Row, stands a peculiar cobblestone shack. The stones seem crudely held together with a mixture of mud, weak cement, and planks of wood forming and propping up a few of the outer walls. A strange hazy cloud seeps through the small holes and cracks in the structure. The door simply leans across the crumbling door frame and above it loosely hangs a rotted board with the words "Purple Cloud" scrawled on it.

This is the hut for Death Row's most prominent drug dealer, **Neeban**. Neeban is a brilliant kobold alchemist when he's not hopped up on his own supply. Unfortunately, he's rarely sober. Nevertheless, his product is good and he produces enough to satiate the demand for whatever drug in the area, and in some instances, the city as a whole. Since The Purple Cloud is on the outskirts of Death Row many denizens of the city venture to this little shack to get their fix.

Neeban is eccentric and talks constantly, whether he has someone there to or not. He rarely ever finishes a thought and jumps from topic to topic like seconds ticking away on a clock. His prices are always negotiable, not because he's a shrewd businessman but because he often forgets what his products cost. But if he is taken advantage of, he will get his revenge, as he is a very well connected person within Death Row. Because of these connections, Neeban also knows a lot about the happenings within Death Row and if his memory is jogged (with coin to make him want to help and magic or elixirs that will sober him up), information can be found about almost anything about the people that live and operate here.

DOGSHIT

Located right next to the Outer Walls, in between two of the city gates, Dogshit is another residential area for low income people. It's few thousand residents live in cramped confines that stink of filth and stagnant air. During the day many second-floor windows are left open to try and air out the buildings, but at night everything is closed up tight as packs of feral dogs roam the streets hunting for scraps of meat.

THE HOLLY OAK

A small area on the outskirts of the Outer City, The Holly Oak was a mix of small residential buildings and larger locations that could be stores or businesses if they weren't quite so dilapidated. Now the only inhabitants are a coven of hags. Several months ago, the City ceded this location to them in exchange for their assistance in maintaining Gandahar's hex wards. No locals, even the toughest ones, step foot inside here because it gives them the creeps. Due to the low traffic and the influence of the hags' fey nature, the area is being reclaimed by various native flora.

SILK'S DEN

This hole-in-the-wall on the edge of The Holly Oak is home to a friendly drider named **Silk** who makes the best rope in the city. Her ropes are said to be as strong as metal and her prices tend to be low considering how valuable the material is. She makes ropes to custom lengths, and they are all very soft to the touch. Being made of spider silk, her rope is stronger and more flexible than steel cable. Silk doesn't generally advertise her presence, since driders are widely regarded as unholy monsters, but an adventurer in the know may hear a tale or two of where to find her unmarked abode.

As Silk usually only takes orders as they come, she doesn't have much stock to offer on hand, but is more than happy to process custom requests; the only condition on making an order is having payment ready and to her satisfaction.

MUDDY STEPS

The Muddy Steps are found just east of the Holly Oak, where the Ashbrune River meets River Wyr. This location teems with knife-shaped juvenile glassfish that feed on the toxic, silty soup of elemental and natural magic. Over the past few decades a tribe of bullywugs built a network of floating huts on the water, keeping them from floating off by tying them together with vines and raw luck. This tribe claims a spiritual connection to the fish here, but many suspect that they really prize having a monopoly on the lucrative glassfish market.

THE PITS

This wide swath of rubble and waste is dotted by charred trees and withered shrubbery and is perpetually covered in a thick blanket of smog. The area is riddled with deep craters that spew toxic smoke and ever-burning fires fueled by elemental magic infusing the area. A few years ago, there was a petition to beautify the area, but the only capable mages were too busy with their own projects or disinterested, and so the eyesore remains. Nowadays The Pits are used to train The Smokers, a faction of the City Watch that is used for crowd control or firefighting.

THE SMOLDERING

Not all land is fit for high buildings, but that did not stop the denizens of Gandahar's Outer City. After a few years, most buildings build here sunk deep into the ground, popping bubbles of sulfur and other gases. Rather than give up, most inhabitants decided to build a new layer on top of their current home. It is said some buildings go dozens of layers deep into the muck.

SOLEMN ISLE

A small spit of rock jutting out of the harbor has grown in function and importance over the years. It began when an eccentric monk retreated to this rock, and built a small lean to and sought enlightenment. Stories of the hermit monk spread and others began making the long swim to find inner peace. One shack turned into several and several became one large construct. As the location grew, the monks of the Solemn Brotherhood handled the influx by expanding the only way they could: up.

Now a wide and complex structure on the original rock, the building rises above the water to a tapering point. Different sections and levels display the styles of hundreds of different architects and builders, each one contributing their own small share to the whole. The Ramshackle Monastery often sways in the wind, and those who have walked its halls describe it like being aboard a ship at sea.

THE SOUTHEAST MOON GATE

Divided by a curving river as it flows toward the harbor, the Southeast Moon Gate is one of the few places in the Outer City to have any kind of City Watch presence. This area is home to discount shops and a few humble temples, but there is also a significant black market presence under the facade.

DUSKHOLLOW'S DELI

Duskhollow's is a humble and beloved deli in the Southeast Moon Gate district. Anybody in the neighborhood will tell you there's no better place for a meal than Duskhollow's. **Isak** is a halfling man that runs the deli with his sons, **Jasper** and **Corrin** who run the counter, and his wife, **Marigold**, who also runs the bakery next door. Isak and his family are humble and shrug off the local proclamations, as they simply love making food and supporting the family.

Isak is particularly famous for his mutton, said to be mouth-wateringly tender and delicious. Marigold makes heavenly sweets, and has a creative mind for baking. She has crafted many unique pastries that have been copied by other bakeries in the city. They could make a lot more money in another part of town, or even with a second location, but sentiment keeps them here. They make what money as they need, and they are content with what they have.

THE TRENCH

The Trench is an area just outside of the walls of the city where even the poor fear to go. A labyrinthine jumble of caves and catacombs promise a network of chaotic travel to anywhere in the city, but only the most cutthroat vagabonds can cut out a space for themselves here. The refugees and sick often stay here for long periods before being allowed into the gates of the city, and nefarious nameless factions rule it with impunity.

THE TUMBLEDOWN

The Tumbledown is another poor area of Gandahar. Beggars and ragpickers make homes here, and among social outcasts, vagrants, and drifters, this is a slum among slums. These poor folk exist along the walls of the city, with not but stone to make their beds, and the sun rarely reaches the cobbled streets, the cracks of which are now filled with moss and grime. A sprawling and intimidating slum, it includes a strange marketplace to those looking for goods not carried by well-respected merchants. As such, The Tumbledown is home to a shadowy criminal shadow of the markets in the Southeast Moon Gate. Instruments of thieves and poisoners can be found here for those that know where to look, and there are more than a couple pawn shops willing to fence stolen items. Even the City Watch is not immune to a strong word or a few coins attend to their business elsewhere.

KROM'S BIGWORDS

This establishment is a weaponry store that specializes in large, bladed weapons. Owned by a half-orc named **Krom**, it's located in the Tumbledown at the intersection of Knife St and Tourniquet Ln. Krom seems to be fascinated by the culture of a distant land he has only read of in stories, and this permeates his shop. Strange, impractical, and poorly made items festoon the wall, in addition to some well-made basic large swords and polearms. He wears a tabard with loud colors in a sunburst motif, although it is not a symbol characters would likely recognize without previous knowledge. All weapons here are mundane, but very large; the smallest weapon Krom sells is a bastard sword. He also collects clay or porcelain figurines of legendary heroes.

THE SHOP WOT TIME FORGOT

The Shop Wot Time Forgot is the name given by Half Orc Merchant **Klarg Bonbreaker** to his magic dusty overcoat. Klarg's wares include a variety of trinkets, ranging from lint of questionable quality, to a cat's eye, to nine sets of nine copper keys, to thirteen stale half-eaten bread rolls. Klarg is a man of opportunity, and there is little he won't pick up off the street, add a bit of elbow grease and spit-polish to, and attempt to sell for a small profit.

Klarg's overcoat is enchanted with pockets of holding that operate on odd time locks and are scattered across the inner and outer lining of the heavy black hide. Klarg works as a small-time fence, able to use his pockets of holding to store 'hot' items and small trinkets until they are 'forgot.' As a result, Klarg can pull items of some surprising value from his coat, and his wares are always worth a look by anyone exactly one month and one day after their goods have been stolen.

Local whispers circulate that Klarg the half-orc died more than a decade ago, but seem to fall on deaf ears. There are also rumours that people have never see him without his cloak, even on the hottest of days, but these are also dismissed. Nobody sees him sleep, and nobody sees him eat, but that's not so strange, it's a big city, after all.

INQUISITIVE CURIOSITIES

Wandering the streets and back alleys of Gandahar seemingly at random is an elderly dwarf name **Zhilwyn Lodestone**. Alongside him is an obviously undead skeleton pony, whose ribcage serves as the storage for Zhilwyn's goods. He is never without his three golem servitors (two clay, one stone), or a large group of guards to make sure he gets out of any situation. He rarely trades in coin (though he will if asked; prices are beyond extortion), preferring trading items for other items. He will identify items for a fee. Rumor has it that you don't find him, he finds you.

Currently Zhilwyn carries the following "Artifacts" in the pony's rib cage. He will trade for something he thinks is equal in value, or sell them for extortion (five digit) sale prices. As to what the items actually do, that's left up to the DM:

Item

A gold spyglass with a black quartz lens, looks like a snake with a head of smaller snakes. Its eyes are rubies.

A solid silver human skull.

A crystal prism, inside of which is an image of a phoenix.

A strange jar of thick, frosty-white jelly. Three applications.

A strange half-dollar-sized platinum token; one side is of crossed swords over a skull, the other is a roaring dragon.

A fist-sized carving of a dwarf picking his oversized nose.

Six polyhedral dice carved from leopard teeth. Each D&D die is represented and all six glow a faint pink.

A wand of Create Food and Water with 50 charges.

A flat silver box, locked with a lock in the shape of a key. The words "The key's inside the key, which is inside the lock." are inscribed on the bottom.

A large bone chalice carved from a giant's femur.

Items cont.

A pair of shin-high boots each carved from a single dragon tooth. The heels are each carved with the symbol of the rising sun.

Three small flasks of Black Dragon Urine, sold as a set.

A pair of fake breasts sculpted from preserved ochre jelly.

The deed to a tavern, which was owned by a family for nine generations until it was recently reclaimed by something called the Cult of the Jade Bladed Wyrms.

An amulet of a pegasus with six emeralds on its flank.

A preserved fox paw, labeled "The Hand of Marriage."

The deed to a haunted house built in the middle of nowhere in the deepest desert wastes. It is labeled "Warning: Werewolf."

A Wand of Magic Missiles with 42 charges.

PLOT HOOKS

As a place full of danger and intrigue, the Outer City is full of potential adventure and threats. Some potential plot hooks are outlined below.

CRYSTAL ICE

Two mid-level mages are using a warehouse in a Death Row to develop and addictive quasi-magical drug for sale, called Icebridge. Sales are going fine and the authorities are being paid to look the other way. All is good until residue and water runoff from the creation of Icebridge reaches the cockroaches and rats in the sewers.

DEATH ON THE FARM

A series of murders have been happening in vineyards and farms outside of the city. Near the sites of murder, undead bones and emblems from House Iskander were found. Most of the victims are transient people, so they don't have relatives to notify, but the families that run the farms are very concerned about the crimes happening on their properties. House Iskander denies any involvement, and claims to be framed for the deaths.

A GAME OF TAG

The party hears several loud screams and turns the corner and sees group of children being chased by a bear. If they pause for even a small moment, they quickly realize the kids are laughing giddily and appear to be playing tag with the beast. Whenever the bear catches one of the children, they turn into a bear and whoever was the bear turns back into a child before running off to catch someone else.

HIRING EXTRA HANDS

A traveling theater troupe is looking for extra hands after some of their crew were imprisoned for smuggling. They welcome help from most types of people as long as they can keep a secret or look the other way.

A LITTLE PRIEST

Recently, someone reopened the Golden Chair Tavern, serving fine ales and delicious meat pies. On an weird and completely unrelated note, the city guard have noticed that the homeless population in the neighboring Tumbledown district has dwindled drastically, and a few people have reported neighbors and loved ones missing as well. The guard chalks it up to normal problems for transient populations, but some families are desperate for answers.

MISSING CHILDREN

In a city the size of Gandahar, kids go missing all the time, especially in the Outer City. But now, children have been disappearing all around the city for nearly a month, including the wealthier districts. Fingers are being pointed and accusations are plenty, but the city watch is stumped. That is, until one child is found outside the Holly Oak.

MONSTERS UNDER THE BED

A little orphan girl sits sobbing in an alley in one of the residential areas of the Outer City. She is scared of a monster beneath her bed that comes out at night. The monster under her bed is very real and already killed two of the orphanage's wards. The adults that operate the orphanage can confirm that some children have gone missing, but this is the Outer City and kids run off all the time. Without some sense of violence, they have no reason to investigate.

MOONLIT DRUGS

In the sewers is a gang of lycanthropes who have been sneaking lycanthropic bile into drugs with some horrifying results. However, since the bulk of their tests take place in the shadier sections of the Outer City, they've flown under the radar of the City Watch until recently.

MYSTERIOUS MANSIONS

A mysterious mansion popped up on the outskirts of town. Trying to enter seems to be a death trap as the array of dead bodies and skeletons on the outside show. It seems that someone needs to take care of the situation and prevent anything worse from happening, but certain people in higher up positions are very afraid of the thing living inside. It seems that those in power are the only ones with knowledge of this creature and even they aren't eager to say anything about it.

NEW TRAVELLERS

A mysterious group of travelers arrived in the city and set up a number of market stalls in Southeast Moon Gate a couple weeks ago. They seemed harmless at first and were left alone, but now people have started to go missing and the city's inhabitants are quick to blame the outsiders. These travelers claim to have no knowledge of the disappearances, but that hasn't seemed to help assuage the locals. Some of the citizens that live near here have started advocating for their expulsion from the city.

A PENNY FOR YOUR SOCK?

Little Timmy has lost one of his socks. His mum will give him a right good thrashing if he doesn't find it before supper! Will the brave heroes accept this quest? He has a single copper coin and an old lump of cheese if they can help him.

A RING OF BONE

A posting on a local job board details a request for adventurers regarding retrieval of an old ring from the Boneyard. The prize is excellent, but no one is accepting it even though it seems to be quite an easy task.

Talking to the nearby locals uncovers information about a man called Ibrahim Al-Nasur, who made the request, and that many people that go on his quests do not return.

ROUGH AND ROWDY

Recently, it seems that all the children you come across are aggressive or are getting into fights with one and another, and the guards are too occupied with breaking up fights and sending them home, on top of their normal guard duties, to investigate why they're so much bolder.

SILENCE AND DARKNESS

The Lamplighter tradition known as "The Week of Atonement" has just begun and on the first night an entire lamplighter patrol turns up dead with a message scrawled on a nearby wall *"Laws will be broken and darkness will take the light. SILENCE is the only way."* The Lamplighters are clearly concerned about who is behind this terrible crime, but the Watch claims to have found no evidence. Now, the Lamplighters are offering a generous reward and an official favor to whoever can bring justice to their fallen members.

A SLEEPING TITAN

The nearby Mount Dahar is actually an enormous Earth elemental titan. Recently, a tribe of goblins on the mountain has disturbed its slumber, and it has rolled over in its sleep and drastically altered the course of the city's only source of fresh water. The city officials are not sure of the best way to solve the issue, but want to avoid waking the titan lest is threaten the city and the people that live there.

TONE DEAF

Members of the **Shimmershine Family** are looking for some capable "problem-solvers" to get rid of a nuisance in Dogshit. Ironically, this crew for hire has been instructed by the noble family to "nobly" put a violent end to the infamous bard, **Ko Rainboom**. Ko is an orc that has been a thorn in their sides ever since his music started instigating violence throughout their beautiful city, and they especially don't appreciate the riots extending into their wealthy territories.

Ko frequents a few specific taverns, but his performances seem to have a strange influence. Rumors suggest that using mammoth earwax plugs will block the effect of his magic. However, he has a magical triangle whose high frequency tone cannot be blocked with earplugs.

THE FIRST RING

The First Ring is the outermost district of Gandahar that is protected by the city wall. This district is definitely not the ritziest place in town, but it is significantly safer than the slums in the Outer City. The locations here are generally respectable, and the population is often more relaxed due to the consistent presence of the City Watch's occasional patrols.

LOCATIONS

The First Ring is home to a diverse group of people and places. While most of the upper crust lives in the Second Ring districts, a few minor noble families live here among the blue-collar workers in this place. Crime still happens in the open on occasion, but very few people feel the need to constantly watch their backs as they experience the different sites and sounds here.

CART STREET

Located at the edge of the city, thousands of peddlers come here selling food and goods in their handcarts. What was once a simple street has turned into a winding maze of mud-thatch shanties and alleyways that branch in all directions. Local peasants sometimes walk up to three days to sell their goods here, as neither permits or fixed shops are required. Prices may be higher than buying straight from a farm, but still cheaper than almost everywhere else in the city.

Aside from common fare like melons, apples, bread, and carrots, there's no better place in Gandahar to find smoked rat skewers, fried pig hooves, pigeon soup, grilled mushroom skewers, or stir-fried gizzard and liver. Overall, the whole street carries the savory scent of food being fried or grilled.

However, new visitors should be warned that public washrooms here are few and far between, and the few that exist are filthy to boot. And avoid stepping into puddles; regardless of how they first formed, they quickly turn into impromptu public bathrooms. Additionally, it is best to avoid displaying too much wealth, to avoid being hounded by beggars, orphans, pickpockets and con-men. Putting on a poorer appearance can help if someone wants to try and haggle prices down.

A CART O' GRAPHS

An old scribe named **Tamler** is the owner and sole employee of his unconventional "business." On odd numbered days, he drives his cart through the outer ring of the city, offering his services as a scribe; he will write and read documents for illiterate citizens or those with impaired sight, etc. If a person needs a loan agreement written up, for example, Tamler will stop in the middle of the street, open up his cart, retrieve his supplies, write up the contract on the top of the cart to the agreement of any involved parties, and then witness them both signing it. His customers usually give him a few coppers for this service, but Tamler will do it for free if the client is truly destitute, as he considers this a kind of community service that satisfies his spiritual side.

On even numbered days, however, Tamler follows his passions: maps. From making them, reading them, selling them, and anything in between, his cart will be filled with loose sheets, scroll tubes, and more. He's willing to let adventurers examine his wares if he can look at any maps they have acquired. He may also trade maps, but those he carries might not prove useful to the party on a day-to-day basis. Some may be of the surrounding area, a cavern, some far off city, or routes to interesting location, caravan tracks, dungeons, etc.

Tamler sells his maps without fuss, but really enjoys bartering for peculiar maps the adventurers may have acquired, or ones that show something fantastic. If he meets another cartography enthusiast and trusts them enough, Tamler may invite the party to his home near the Barbican, where he keeps the really good stuff: interplanar maps. On map days, Tamler set up his cart with a stool under a tree along the road to the Imperial College.

DANA'S BARREL

Dana Fosfolick is a scrawny fifty-five-year-old halfling man with a patchwork beard and a ratty old military hat. He doesn't really have much going for him in his life right now, no family, no job, no home, barely a pot to piss in, but he's got one thing that nobody else does: every morning for the past five years when he wakes, shivering in the shit-caked alley behind the Giggling Gorgon Tavern in Cart Street, he's got clutched in his hands a brand-new sealed bottle of a Potion of Diminution. These potions don't work very well (they have a 30% chance of not working at all, and last for half the normal time when they do work), but Dana sells 'em dirt cheap from a rotten barrel on a busy intersection in to eke out a living.

There's an old rumor that some poor sod got turned into a toad after drinking one of Dana's potions, but nobody's been able to confirm this. That said, people still regard the wild-eyed halfling with more than a mote of distrust. Dana doesn't care though, he's just trying to sell these potions to buy himself a few pints of warm ale tonight.

Nobody knows where the potions actually come from. Once a friend of Dana's stood watch all night, but that morning there was no potion to be found and Dana's been reluctant to look a gift horse in the mouth since then.

COLLEGE OF PUBLIC WELFARE MAGICKS

A large university exists in the First Ring dedicated to training individuals in the casting of spells used for the construction and maintenance of public spaces and utilities: sewage disposal, fresh water sourcing, city lighting, garbage disposal, city security, general cleanliness, food processing and creation, and other useful applications. The majority of students are enlisted in one-year training programs for cantrips such as prestidigitation or other minor spells, with those showing the most arcane aptitude asked to continue their education into more difficult schools and levels of magic. Most students attend the college free-of-charge, but are required to serve the city or kingdom for 5-10 years before taking their knowledge and expertise elsewhere.

THE CROSSROADS INN

At every crossroad of Gandahar, there exists and yet does not a sometimes ramshackle, sometimes iron-plated, sometimes gilded double-doorway. Through the seam between the doors the faint sounds clinking of iron steins and roaring laughter, hissing crackles and melodic singing slip out. Those that have the bravery open this door will find themselves within an enormous, seven-leveled hall, filled with tables surrounded by a colorful horde of extraplanar beings: devas share drinks with red and green slaadi, an archfey might play cards with a vampire, a hive of illithid in a drunken spoon-bending contest, and dozens of other strange entities. Standing behind the bar, fire burning in his eyes and the fangs bared into an ever sardonic smirk is the proprietor of this inn, a pit fiend named **Zselbor**, who created this demiplane as both a neutral zone for extraplanar and interplanar beings alike, but also as a seat of business for his own soul-selling deals.

A strict non-aggression rule is enforced within the tavern hall- and anyone dumb enough to violate it will soon find themselves kicked out the door, cursed and dumped in the Quarantine, The Hop, Dogshit, or any other of the city's shadier districts.

THE FORGE

This industrial heart of the city is riddled with factories and houses made with cheap materials. With few security measures and a complete disregard for its workers, The Forge exports items and corpses alike. Days with fewer than twenty accidents are rare.

But The Forge's exports are more than just items and construction materials. Anybody that's searching for a forged document or where to acquire unlicensed items can often find them here for a price.

GENU INN'S INN OF THE TRUE SPIRIT

Both an Inn and a workshop, this establishment is stock full of incredibly cheap items. But any expert will tell you that those wares are very substandard. A sword will break when you need it most, and that "magic cloak" seems to be of dubious quality. But when adventurers simply can't afford the best equipment, they can risk a purchase from Genu Inn.

THE WAR FORGER

Located in the Forge's better parts, the War Forger is a property of House Temeryan. It is an extension of a grand forge, operated by a dozen skilled blacksmiths. The shop itself is under the good care of **Gerhard Reedster**, an old warforged soldier in service of the House.

The War Forger sells anything and everything made from metal, including bolts and arrows to plate armor and sailing anchors. It not only deals in ready goods, but also takes pre-paid commissions. Some requests might naturally take longer time to fulfill, depending on the object requested, but in the end the quality is almost always to the client's satisfaction. It is said that big, closed carriages can be seen moving from the War Forger to the House of Clockwork on some nights, closely guarded by a squad of warforged in the colors of House Temeryan.

THE GOLDEN SQUARE

The Golden Square is home to most of the houses of lower nobility or wealthier merchants. The square is filled with shops selling luxurious goods, grand villas of the rich, and in the center of it is the monument to the city's protector. The square is, however, also known as a place to find forbidden texts, cursed items, and rumors say the assassin guilds operate out of here.

The trading guilds here call The Ruby Palace their headquarters. This Palace is the biggest building in the area and serves all the licensed merchants and guilds as a central location for official business to be done. But underneath, slavers keep their illegal trade, selling slaves to the richest people in the city, or organizing gladiatorial fights in the underground pits for the amusement of the rich.

THE BRIGANDEER'S OUTFITTER

The most well-known center of trade for adventurer's of all kind in Gandahar, The Brigandeeer's Outfitter is a larger business run by the dwarven brothers **Tjorvest** and **Sempki Pikenbrandt** and specializes in the forging, identifying, enchantment and enhancing of blades, armor, and wondrous items of all kinds. With Tjorvest handling the metalworking and Sempki as the brains behind the enchanting process, the Brigandeeer's Outfitter serves the city of Gandahar from their shop in The Golden Square. The Pikenbrandt brothers are themselves outspoken against the slavery that takes place right under the nose of Golden Square's residents and they will often hire adventurers incognito to bust secret slave trades beneath the gilded homes of the square.

The Brigandeeer's Outfitter resembles square-shaped, single story building of brick and sloped red roof tiles, with its central courtyard being location to the huge Pikenbrandt forge. A small bell tower juts out of its south-eastern end, from which the end of any forging shift is announced by the sound of a deep gong.

THE CHEEK AND SUNDRY

This small shop and accompanying warehouse are located in the shopping district of The Golden Square. Proprietors **Isned** and **Izintned Nurdark** are Human brothers who moved to the city sell fun and funny novelty items, pranks, slight of hand magic books, gaffed mundane items, loaded dice, marked decks of cards, and the like.

There is also a nice little corner of the shop for the discerning explorer who enjoys a more ultra-light backpacking experience. Something both Nerdark cousins enjoy and love to argue about. Their favorite argument is what's ultra-light and what's stupid-light.

THE GILDED RING

The Gilded Ring sells low quality items for standard prices out of a small hole-in-the-wall on the northeastern border of The Golden Square. The owner is an old gnomish man named **Gilmen Gliterhoff**, but a human named **Samael Wurfan** and a tiefling named **Zayrios Minkoheman** run the shop, which sells low quality jewelry at normal quality prices.

But behind the facade of a badly-priced shop, The Gilded Ring does a massive amount of illegal business. Most people know that Samael has a weird knack for finding any requested items for the right price.

Zayrios also maintains a close connection with the Interworld Trade and Transport and many other criminal organizations: The Dancing Snakes for assassinations, or The Black Hand for theft or slavery. The Gilded Ring does not care what anyone wants or why they want it, because gold is the only language they speak.

Oxo Box

This place sits on the southwest corner of The Golden Square, where an elderly wood elf named **Adran Hanali** specializes in "unique and interesting containers." Magical chests, extradimensional bags, jewelry boxes that teleport goods into wall-safes, and all manner of interesting containers can be found here, but they are far from cheap.

SLAVER'S PEN

Underneath the Ruby Palace in the Golden Square, exists a large slave market. Slaves from all races and backgrounds can be found here. Once per week, a large auction is held within the Slaver's Pen. For anyone looking to buy slaves for a reasonable price, this is the place to go but, being an illicit marketplace, the Black Hand's best people guard the location during the big event.

SYLVANA

A married gnomish couple owns Sylvana, a small shop on the outskirts of the Golden Square. **Garland** and **Stump Skyward** mostly sell fruits of the forest and happily provide samples for patrons to taste, but also sell fruit tarts, nuts, and sugar candies here. Non-food items are available as well, including intricately sculpted and woven twigs form delightful brooches, rings, tiaras, leaves that smell spicy or sweet and never seem to die, walking staves, intricate wooden locks, and fantastic sculptures made of wood.

The shop is supplied by **Tivi**, a young gnomish woman. She knows many haunts for rare creatures and plants, and often brings ghost stories that she happily shares with customers whenever she's returned with a pack of forest pickings.

THE GREAT OAK

The Great Oak sits in the middle of a small plot on the western end of the city. The "island" is a haven for druids of Gandahar and teems with flora that surround the titular giant oak tree. The Great Oak is also home to an ancient dryad named **Quercinius**. She hasn't spoken to the humans of the city for decades, and not even the druids that watch this small grove are sure as to why. They can still sense her presence here, but for some reason, none of them are able to contact her and get a response.

THE GREAT RESERVOIR

A classic piece of great Shimmershinean architecture, The Great Reservoir acts as Gandahar's main freshwater supply. Once Gandahar began growing beyond the capacities of its rivers and wells, the Shimmershines built a sophisticated aqueduct connecting the city to water in nearby mountains.

The main supply hub at the city's fringe near the Great Oak is connected to a network of aqueducts and pipes that provide water to wells and cisterns throughout Gandahar's other districts.

THE HOP

Many years ago, a section of the city was accidentally pulled into a pocket dimension. The arcane energy that caused the schism was strong enough to stabilize, but not strong enough to fully break the earthly bonds within the soil. Portals to this dimension will occasionally rip open around the city before abruptly closing. But rumors circulate of more permanent access points: a wall, the center of a street, just under that manhole cover, or a washroom towel closet. Any of them might contain a sudden entryway to a strange part of town. But entering The Hop should be done with care. There's no telling when someone might find their way out again, or where in the city they might land.

PLANAR EXPRESS

Always located somewhere in the city, Planar Express is wherever commerce needs it to be. This mysterious branch office of the Interworld Trade and Transport Federation can only be found when someone truly needs them.

Customers are greeted by **Greithrot**, a jolly looking, dark-skinned human man that is probably busy packaging items for delivery on the shelf behind the counter. Greithrot sometimes introduces himself as **Torhierng** and wears a *hat of disguise*, but jovially converses with customers and clients.

Letters, messages, parcels, magic items, spell components, sentient swords, regular arms, human arms, gnomish arms, mermaid tears, monkey paws, wishes, dreams, jokes, salt, sugar, books, people, slaves, true names, rumors, and moneygrams are for sale, all delivered to anyone, anywhere guaranteed! Greithrot is even willing to move more illegal wares if he is paid a little bit extra.

While there are those in the city who consider IT&T to be criminals, the company does honest trade, taking fair payment for jobs, handing out receipts, and even delivering taxes promptly to City Hall. This has earned Planar Express some support with more open-minded factions in Gandahar.

ICHEPS' GRASP

Towers of crumbling iron and stone anchored to the corners of ancient fortifications and forgotten rooftops and rise at chaotic angles into the choking smog are locally known as Icheeps' Grasp. Originally constructed to anchor an armada of airships, as a defense against incursions from the Plane of Air, they now house an immigrant community of Aarakocra, who build airy constructions of net and silk, suspended from the fraying lengths of rope and wire that connect the towers.

THE JADE PATHWAY

A small district squeezed between the middle class and seedier parts of the city, The Jade Pathway is a series of two cracked cobblestone streets lined with jade statues of intricately carved animals. Small offerings are often left at statues' feet in hopes of good favor or a twist of luck. Small shops are clustered together along the street creating a menagerie of tea shops, fortune tellers, herbalists, produce vendors, and fabric shops. The cramped alleyways in between are rumored to provide cover for ne'er-do-wells to conduct some small business.

Fragrant smells of spices fill the air as mobile food carts are pulled by vendors loudly hawking exotic delicacies claimed to be handed down family recipes. At night, the district is dimly lit by hanging paper lanterns attached to thick metal cables strung between the buildings and sparse trees, which are used to deliver covert messages to those that know the signs.

During the evening the Jade Pathway comes alive, with hidden opium dens and gambling houses constructed underneath the quaint apartments above. With the right connections, other services may be performed at exclusive brothels unknown to most. The district is controlled by The Silk Layers.

THE CLEARBROOK CLINIC

Wedged deep into the smashed together buildings of the Jade District the bubbling sounds of a magical spring can be heard coming from a small courtyard nestled between small, tightly packed buildings belonging to the Collective.

The Clinic is humble and mishmashed, but has organized entryways in all of the surrounding buildings to maximize accessibility. For the right price, access to most types of medicines can be purchased from **Irene Armstrong** and **The Brook Serpent**. Irene is an older human woman with silvery hair, and the Serpent is a living snake with blood that can heal most ailments.

Beyond The Serpent's blood, the Clinic only offers mundane healing and access to non-magical doctors and nurses to the injured. But Irene Armstrong also has connections to the seedier underbelly of Gandahar, and often provides healthcare to criminal organizations in exchange for favors - an offer that makes the Clinic very popular among the various groups of organized crime in Gandahar.

THE IMPERIAL LEAF

Nestled between buildings in The Jade Pathway is a small tea shop, owned by a family of halflings. **Bandobress Weatherby** is the father and owner of the establishment, and inherited the small shop from his father.

After a brief stint abroad where he met his wife **Naveen**, and returned to Gandahar, with contacts for exotic ingredients. Their children, **Alvienda** and **Barnaby** work as servers and cleaners.

THE PIPE DREAM

Incense, tobacco, hookah, and other fumes erupt from the doors of The Pipe Dream, often sending patrons into fits of coughing. As the illustrious sign out front claims, this is "Gandahar's Finest Tobacconist Shop!" and is filled with rare and exotic blends of tobacco and herbs and a variety of exotic pipes, mostly glass and wood, to smoke them in. The owner, a tall and graceful efreeti named **Arrushi** claims his products are completely legal, but he's been accused of dealings with the Brothers Sanguine or the Quorth Syndicate, and moving hallucinogens and interplanar poisons for Interworld Trade & Transport. The City Watch keeps a close eye, but without much drug regulations, they usually just pull him in on suspicion of charges, and try to make something stick.

Arrushi himself was a minor noble in the City of Brass, on the Plane of Fire. He came to Gandahar on a bender, and found himself stuck and unable to return. He dresses ostentatiously, and tries to give off an air of sophistication, but generally comes off as gaudy. He wears lots of jewelry, including gold and platinum chains, and multiple rings on each finger. He also has several piercings on his face and ears that glitter in the fire light.

IMPERIAL LEAF TEAS

Tea	Description
Gandahar's Respite	A standard black tea with a stiff shot of hard spirits. The most popular choice for this is Old Gravedigger's whiskey. Served in a stone cup.
Not'solong	A delicate aromatic tea, which must be drunk in short order before it solidifies, due to the added scrapings of a gelatinous cube. Served in a porcelain square mug.
Earl Fey	A light yellow tea that provides a feeling of good luck. Contains a dash of ultra-fine pixie dust. Creatures with fey ancestry don't seem to like this one much
The Imperial	A strong, bold flavor surrenders to none, this dark tea has the acrid taste of conquest. The tea is brewed with the addition of a powdered gold coin and a sprinkling of rust.
Orange Chrysanthemum	A flowery, zesty tea with a small note of iron-like sourness. Small pieces of blood orange are brewed with the tea. Otherwise it has no "strange" ingredients.
Dragon's Fire	Spicy, bright red tea with a strong cinnamon flavor. A drop of red dragon's blood is added to the brew. Served with a bowl of ice due to avoid injury. Perfect for cold nights.
High Chai	A delicious aromatic tea, mild in flavor, with a funky aftertaste. Imbued with myconid spores. Provides a euphoric feeling for a brief time.

TARGET

A combination bowyer and fletcher's shop. Run by a pair of hunting enthusiast humans. Their family have been merchants for generations, and their two loves of mercantilism and hunting combined when they founded Target. They also dabble in the sale of other adventuring supplies, backpacks, bedrolls, rope, dried rations, lanterns, lantern oil, canvas, tents, and more.

THE JUMBLE

In ages past, the city went through a civil war, and terrible machines of Gnomish clockwork were deployed and detonated. As a result, parts of the city became fractured and twisted in space and time. They say no one enters The Jumble and emerges unchanged.

THE MAZELANDS

Prices on housing have always been an issue for a city of Gandahar's stature and the ever-growing greed of its nobles. An attempt at solving the issue resulted in a series of affordable land offers and pliable construction laws. An excellent resolution on paper, it quickly turned into a sick mockery of itself. Now, a claustrophobic mishmash of towering buildings, constructed in the cheapest possible way, stack on top of each other like bricks, slowly chokes out their residents with chaotically formed narrow twisting streets and alleyways. The sun never shines down to the streets of The Mazelands, and a considerable portion of its population prefers it that way.

The peculiar nature of this district results in strong and considerably loud wind currents, unique to the Mazelands. They increase in intensity the higher you climb up its streets, often carrying away a stray plank or two the winds ripped from one of the buildings. Its rather unfortunate adjacency to the Forge has made things even worse for the residents on its border; however, but the wind takes care of most of the smog.

THE GUIDING THREAD

A relatively sturdy building with walls of oak logs and cobblestone foundation, The Guiding Thread stands near the very entrance to the district. The proprietor is a grizzled one-horned minotaur named **Fobbos**, who, for a modest fee, sells a service of the district's "mazerats" to guide visitors. Each mazerat is a young humanoid with extensive knowledge on the district's layout. Their prices vary based on experience, but typical prices are 1-3 gp per hour.

In many cases Fobbos acts as a father figure for the orphaned kids and young adults under his employment, so he keeps close eye on their location at all times through a number of blood-containing vials inserted into a large stone tablet. This tablet hangs to the side of the shop's counter and serves as a "map", which only a handful of people can read. While The Mazelands are a treacherous place, and young mazerats would normally be an easy target for unsavory denizens. But Fobbos has worked hard to make sure everybody knows that harming one of his workers means a personal visit from him and his trusty greataxe named Bessy.

Nowadays, hiring a mazerat is generally enough to guarantee safe passage into or through the Mazelands. But sometimes criminals will specifically target groups and just subdue their guide until the ambush is over.

THE NEW DOCKS

A century ago, a coven of powerful arcanists wielding *move earth* were led by a powerful elven woman named **Mialee Verevan** to purchase barren patch of muddy shoreline next to the existing docks. With magic, they built a bigger, better, more efficient set of docks. Merchants flocked to the New Docks because it was cheaper, faster, easier, and safer to do business there. The arcanists and their ancestors now rule over this district as powerful and wealthy maritime leaders.

They do not fear **Duke Brackron**, the owner of the aging and rotting docks that used to serve Gandahar. The Harbor Witches have powerful allies among the merchant class now. Surely the displaced aristocracy wouldn't do anything rash to upset the new order?

BRIGANDY SOLUTIONS

Brigandry Solutions was founded by a City Watch patroller named **Reg** who saw an opportunity make some business. As a Watchman, Reg saw firsthand the prolific amount of crime Gandahar is known for. Thinking that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure, he decided to start a business selling home security for the population of Gandahar. He sells everything from window bars and guard dogs, to *alarm* spells and magical locks that only open when in close proximity to a paired amulet. Some of these items are geared more to a high-class clientele than others, but Reg is an egalitarian sort and believes that everyone has a right to security in their own home. For the right price, he can even provide private security for an estate or event, largely staffed with retired or moonlighting City Watch members. His shop sits along the wall between The Artisan's District and The New Docks, and a sign outside features a wooden sign above the door with a winking guard dog.

MORD'S HOARD

Mord's Hoard is a shop that sells one-of-a-kind treasures and artifacts owned by **Mord Glimbane**, a retired adventurer with a long and storied career. The store's sterling reputation among the New Docks for high quality products and services is at odds with its shabby interior. The man himself, Mord, is a fat old gnome that relies heavily on bejeweled cane. As a successful, retired adventurer he lives a life of ease by slowly selling off the treasures he acquired over his long career. He set up here in the New Docks as a way to attract adventurers and drifters, as port areas are more likely to bring in other adventuring types. He still has a razor-sharp memory though, and enjoys regaling potential customers with the stories behind each item in the shop. He is also a masterful liar, and sometimes fabricates tales to accompany treasures that were not originally acquired by his own hands. In his free time, Mord also works as a Mason in the New Docks district, maintaining the Watcher statue right outside his shop.

THE QUARANTINE

Around 200 years ago a strange pestilence spread in this district. It grew quickly out of hand and bodies piled on the streets. The regent of that time saw no other means than to seal the district's gates shut and enforced a brutal quarantine which is upheld present day. Nobody knows what has grown in there over time, but the neighboring residents report of strange howling at night.

AVIOT PERCH

Located in front of the former gate to The Quarantine is a mishmash of an old watchtower and a multi-storied shop. Cantilevered beams protrude out at different levels from the tower and support crudely built shack-like structures from which the screeches, hoots, and caws of birds can be heard.

Entering the double doors at ground level reveals a surprisingly organized display floor. On the left wall are shelves loaded with bird cages, falconry gloves, hoods, and any other accessories needed to train and care for avian companions. Behind the main counter is a huge sign with the names of nearby towns and cities, along with some more distant locations. The top of the sign reads "Pigeon Deliveries" and next to each city name are two hooks from which hang two numbers; one that lists a price, and another that lists how many homing pigeons are available for that particular city.

On the main desk is a book titled, "Fester's Guide to All Things Feathered" and on the right wall hang several metal pots filled with a diverse display of colorful feathers. Several nearby display cases contain sturdier flight feathers crafted into beautiful quills and a chest filled with straw holds a variety of strange eggs ranging in size from 1/4 in to 12 in diameters.

At the back of the shop is a locked door leading into the base of the old tower to which the shop is now adjoined. Behind the counter is **Matilda Conrador**, a thin and wiry human woman. Her long bony legs, tall skinny neck, and oversized nose give her the appearance of a malnourished bird. The upper floors of the shop house the multitudes of birds for sale and the homing pigeons for hire. A hidden room on the 5th floor contains the rarest magical birds along with some magic feathers and quills. **Greer** the Falconer resides on the top floor.

The Aviot Perch does a lot of business selling quills to The Inkpot, and Tamler of Carto o'Graphs. Sometimes it even sells rare eggs and birds to The Sizzler.

STRANGWAYS

Strangeways is a collision of alleyways and dead end streets. The district started outside of the city proper, established by a group of refugees from other kingdoms and folk who weren't necessarily welcome amongst polite company in Gandahar proper. As such, they were forced to settle outside Gandahar, until the city came to them, and eventually overtook them. A number of taverns and inns cluster near the edges of the district, and citizenry from the rest of the city often come here to relax among friends and delight in observing the "exotic" clientele.

A bit of a slum, and sometimes dangerous to those who don't fit in, Strangeways got its name from its rag-tag construction. An alleyway can go a hundred feet or more without any turn off and end in a solid wall, and larger streets can twist back and forth. Most of the Lizardfolk of Gandahar make their homes here and a majority of them like to keep to themselves. Prominent industries here cater to exotic items, strange potions, magical baubles, and other occult objects.

The denizens of Strangeways sometimes feel ignored by the law enforcement of the city, and keep things in order by themselves. It isn't a lawless area, but the community has made their own way in the world and take pride in the space they have made, and protect it as they see fit against those who would otherwise impose their will on the locals.

BORLEY'S BUNDLED BAGGAGES

Deep inside the twisting paths and unknown alleys of the Strangeways, a satyr makes his home. Most often disguised as an elderly halving man, **Borley** the satyr owns and operates a small, difficult-to-locate store. Everyone knows about it but only a few claim to have visited it because once found, it is not easily found again. Whether by enchantment or aid of a magical item, the doorway to Borley's moves around. Some say the harder you look for it, the less likely you are to find the small circular door made of dark wood and peeling green paint. Pushing through the door reveals a large circular room, lined with shelves overflowing with junk.

Borley gathers things lost in the Strangeways and resells them here, for a modest price; he often trades things for money, for songs, and for favors. He also sells information because he always "knows a guy." He treats the Strangeways as his garden, the city as his forest. Hidden among the rubbish and mundane items are weakly enchanted magical items, but Borley places no higher value on them than the other goods he sells.

GINTAXAXL'S PLACE

Buried deep in the twists and dead ends of Strangeways, among the ornamentation of lizardfolk and the smell of rich and foreign spices, is a shop that does not have a sign. It doesn't advertise itself, and entry requires a password. It's owned by a Lizardfolk named **Gintaxaxl**, and his wares are truly strange. The shop is stocked with mummified hands hang from a rope like heads of garlic, ropes of garlick, strange creatures and bits of creatures float in jars of colored liquids on a long wooden shelf. Cloying incenses perfume the air, and the light takes on a strange two-dimensional quality.

Gintaxaxl stands poised to chase out anyone who barges in without a welcome. He takes joy in the discomfort that his visage imparts to his clientele. His prices are actually pretty fair, although he usually caters to the needs of other Lizardfolk and their religious rituals. He speaks common well enough, although with a heavy accent, and is happy to deal to with members of any race. Those that have visited enough may be invited downstairs. In the basement, Gintaxaxl sells zombies. Their teeth and hands have been removed, so that they are unlikely to hurt anyone, but they are quite expensive. He explains that the undead, once rendered harmless, are the perfect tool for an explorer of ancient crypts or shunned places. Set one loose down a hallway, and it can trigger any number of clever traps by means of unaware flailing. And if it survives, so much the better! Reattach the chain to the collar and move along with your purchase still intact! If a party decides to purchase one or more zombies, Gintaxaxl arranges for them to be delivered outside of the city walls.

SOMETHING POSING AS MAGIC

Those that get sufficiently lost in the Strangeways, might just happen upon an odd-looking door. Inside, a variety of magic items of dubious usefulness, are available for relatively reasonable prices. Nobody ever seems to tend the shop, but locals that are familiar whisper warnings that it's bad luck to steal from it. And in fact, if a character attempts to steal an item, they find later that they are missing gold equal to the cost of any stolen items, plus an additional 50 gp for each item. If the character doesn't have adequate gold, they find the item missing along with a handful of gold.

THE SWAMP FARM

Over the decades, Gandahar has grown and consumed the land around it, but one patch of land that has avoided being swallowed by the city is a square of swamp now known as The Swamp Farm. The swamp was bought by a dwarf named **Perrin Ungart** who hated mining. Initially the farm was on the outskirts of the town and he saw profit in the rare mushroom growths that produced a natural flammable gas.

Perrin farmed the gas for many years and watched the city grow around it. Many people offered to buy the land off him could not match the profits Perrin earned from the naturally occurring gas. He passed the farm down to his son, **Brenton**, who now runs it and employs a small workforce of harvesters and alchemists to gather and bottle the super flammable product.

RENTON'S EXPLOSIVE BAZAAR

Renton is a cousin of **Brenton**, so he has first pick of the explosive gas that is harvested from the Swamp Farm. He spent his youth blowing things up, and has now built a shop to sell his best creations: fireworks. Renton sells a variety of fun and fancy fireworks.

To someone in the know, entering the shop on particular morning and asking to see a Dragon Rocket will result in an invitation to the back room, where the expensive fireworks and explosives are kept.

VAULTSIDE

Unearthed by a hyper-localized elemental cyclone, this slab of smooth granite known as The Vault offered something rare to the architects and developers of Gandahar - a blank canvas.

In the following decades, a mad-rush of decadent opulence, slapdash construction and creative success and failures have made Vaultside one of the most desirable neighborhoods in the city. Never mind the whispers in the night, the lack of sewers, and the slight tilt of the great slab. It's the price you pay for luxury.

PLOT HOOKS

To add intrigue and mystery for players exploring this district, any of the following plot hooks should fit into the First Ring.

DAMPENED SPIRITS

After several random encounters and plot hooks, it's become noticeable that men and woman throughout the city, whom have been known to be energetic and outgoing individuals; have been devolving into muted, unmoving, and oddly violent introverts.

DOCTOR'S NOTE

A roguish type 'accidentally' runs into one of the PCs, who then notices their coin pouch is missing. The thief runs into an alley, but drops the pouch on the ground with a note slipped inside. The note is a coupon for one free appointment at a hospital in town and stamped with a royal seal. The court physician has a mission for the party, and can't speak openly.

EYES IN THE DARK

The statues of the Jade Pathway have intrigued many, but lately people claim they've seen the eyes of the statues glow at night. Not all of them, though. Apparently there have been some new additions to the Pathway.

FIGHTING PITS

There is an underground pit fighters arena not far from the city jail where guards pit prisoners against anyone who wants to fight. If a prisoner wins they get their freedom. If they lose, they die.

THE FOREVER SHOP

A gang of hungry teenagers from the poorer section of town tries to rob the party, and one of them has a magical dagger that is clearly far above what he should be able to afford. When grilled about where he acquired the weapon, the youth describes an old pawn shop that's always been in his neighborhood. He said it just appeared last week. As soon as your party hears about the shop they "remember" it always been there. The shop moves from time to time, but as soon as it appears everybody just knows that it's always been there.

THE FUNGAL MAZE

The Mazelands have been under a strange moon for the past few days. Some madmen claim to hear an occasional guttural laughter coming from the winding alleyways. Scattered reports of goblinoids have been reported, and air on the lower levels is stale with iron and sulfur. Mangled houses are painted in viscous crimson and an unnatural red moss seems to grow on a few corpses lying unattended on the odd streets.

GOLDEN MYSTERY

Weird sounds are coming out of the Gilded Ring. The Watch thinks something highly illegal is hiding there, but haven't been able to find anything to justify a raid.

HAUNTING SHADOWS

A strange, mangled creature lurks in the shadows behind a little girl, almost as if watching over her. But on a second glance, it disappears. Weird things have been going on around the town such as people randomly going missing, and things misplaced that ought not to be, and more.

HELP FROM THE DARKNESS

Sometimes, people wake up in the middle of the night and see two pairs of yellow eyes staring at them from outside their window. Those that respond aggressively to chase off this perceived threat find no trace of any creatures when they get outside. But one person reported that, after trying to converse with this entity, that it left a magical item that was stolen from someone else in the city.

THE HOUSE OF BLOOD

Recently there has been an increase in passive aggressive moves towards House Iskander: moves which are growing more and more hostile. At first it was a clove of garlic on the doorstep, then graffiti on the Pale Tina Inn's storefront that read "*DRINK BLOOD WITH BLOOD DRINKERS*," and finally a silver dagger hanging from outside one of their bedroom windows with a mysterious note attached. The watch won't take the events seriously, and House Iskander hires the party to investigate.

THE LIBRARY

An unassuming library has appeared in part of the city. Inside is a well-sealed book covered with arcane scrawling that speaks of the wonders within if the correct steps are taken to unlock it. It also has thieves cant scrawled across it, which references incredible secrets that could be learned within.

The Fold of the Seven believes it may have a spell they have long searched for within its pages. The Black Hand is worried it may be *that* book, which would be bad.

MAGICAL ILLNESS

A citizen approaches the PCs for help. Someone has fallen sick, shortly after joining a small religious movement. It's not quite heretical or cultish, just an offshoot of the local religion and a little weird. If the PCs investigate, they'll easily find out that the symptoms of this illness include: inability to sleep, burning in the lungs, exhaustion, itchiness in the throat and chest, difficulty eating.

The local medical professionals have discovered this disease is transmitted through the air, but it has resisted all of their mundane and magical attempts to cure it. Questioning patients is risky, but it's the only way to find patient zero. Clues point toward an empty house in a wealthy district, but the neighbors aren't thrilled with the unofficial investigators.

MAP OF HIDDEN PLACES

A cartographer is selling a map of the city with streets and buildings that don't exist in real life. But he swears that building was there the other day. If the PCs purchase the map, they do a double take when all the sudden, they walk by a building that definitely wasn't there before but is clearly marked on the map.

MURDER, MURDER

Three murders with no apparent connection have occurred over the past three days. A wealthy merchant, convinced he has figured out the whole thing and expects to be the next target, hires the group to protect him.

MISSING PERSONS

The Slaver's Pen was infiltrated and several slaves were stolen. Strangely, only slaves with exotic, monstrous ancestry were taken. The fey ringleader has heard that the party is capable, and will pay handsomely for what he only describes as "stolen inventory." If pressed, he will describe the slaves as "exotic sculptures" or "works of art" in an attempt to convince the party to accept his Fey Bargain before they can uncover what his "missing inventory" actually is.

NO ROOMS AT THE INN

When the party searches for an inn to purchase housing, they run into a problem. There is a reclusive visitor at this location who has not paid for their room today, hasn't eaten, and come out since that night. A strange woman paid for his board initially and hasn't been back since. When they arrived, she the man seemed drunk and had trouble making his way up the stairs, stumbling like he didn't know how to work his feet. Nothing too strange late at night for an inn, but he did really stomp like mad. She paid for two nights but it's been three and the innkeeper is looking to kick him out.

POP UP MAGIC SHOP

A mysterious shop filled with magical oddities appeared in a back alley over night.

POCKET PROTECTION

The Pocket Protectors are at war with an infestation of fey. All across the city pocket planes are being occupied, which prevents them from being closed off by the group.

RAT'S BOUNTY

A group of young street urchins known as the Rat's Bounty have a new leader by the name of **Kitty Clayborn**. The group of orphaned ruffians are starting to take on more daring and dangerous heists under her leadership. They now have a bounty on their heads from the Gandahar City Watch, funded by the affected local businesses.

THE RINGLEADERS

A fight at the bloodhound tavern got out of hand a few nights ago, leading to a bloody riot. The powers that be in House Delvier have shut the tavern down and are offering rewards for the capture of the ringleaders.

A SACRIFICE IS NEEDED

A desperate mage aspires to lichdom, but cannot find a way to properly offer a sacrifice to his phylactery. In a desperate attempt to make his phylactery work, he tried to summon a meteor to strike the town and cause a mass offering.

TENDING BARS

The Crossroad Inn is looking for new personnel! Hiring notices have been spread across the city, each one several pages long, filled with infernal jargon and the promises of a "culturally and alignment-inclusive and diverse workspace, unique experiences and double pay on night shifts." But also lists requirements such as: "proficiency in at least two extraplanar languages, knowledge of spells of 3rd level minimum, and open-mindedness in working with infernal or abyssal customers."

TIME FOR SABOTAGE

The last carriage from the War Forger did not reach its destination in the House of Clockwork. A bit more tipsy than usual, **Sir Girbery Temeryan** has put his honor on the line to find the perpetrator, and he needs help.

THE ULTIMATE PUB CRAWL

Greithrot is preparing a pamphlet for his side-business. He needs a group of brave individuals to run through every tavern they can find in one night and report back while preferably still inebriated.

UNDER THE LAKE

A recent drought has caused the Great Reservoir to reach an all time low. The Dewdrops have reported what appears to be an old crypt on the lake bottom and The Relic Seekers are looking for adventurers to help with exploration.

VANISHING STATUES

One of the statues has gone missing around town. Some claim it was activated but none of the magical shops or academic institutions seem to know what's going on.

WANDERING MONSTERS

A section of the city has been closed off to stop the spread of a mysterious life form.

THE SECOND RING

Home to the wealthier nobility and very well-to-do, white-collar working class, The Second Ring is a district full of decadence and elegance. The best and most reputable merchants live and work here, and anyone who's anyone will come here to rub shoulders with the elite.

LOCATIONS

Filled with artisan crafts and the best foods available in Gandahar, this ring is filled with all manner of shops and stores. Yet in some places, the gilded veneer is thin, and the seedy underbelly of Gandahar can be found here for anyone that risks peeking behind the facade.

THE ARTISAN'S DISTRICT

A swath of stylish buildings collide in a hodgepodge of twisting streets curving staircases around this central market. Smells emanate from several stalls and booths that fill the open squares in the Artisan's Distric. Some older and more storied buildings house artisan's guilds that have been around for almost as long as the city of Gandahar itself.

In the center of the district is a merchants guild where the din of coins and fat purses can be heard along with bellows of negotiation adrift on the winds.

The faint clash of hammers and churning of millstones ring and rumble in the distance if you listen carefully, and shadowy figures move through the older parks and alleyways. The guard largely looks the other way as long as illegal activity is subtle, and are widely susceptible to bribery.

COSMO'S CURIOUS CONFECTIONS

Cosmo, a bubbly half elven woman in her mid thirties with bright reddish hair, runs this shop found under a massive lollipop-shaped sign. The rich smell of sugar and oak barrels fills the interior where the garish display of sugared sweets are wrapped in colored paper on glass shelves. Children of all races spend far more time here than their parents probably allow, spending whatever pocket allowance they have on mundane sweets.

But behind the counter, Cosmo keeps a selection of confections that provide magical effects that function as potions. She always keeps an eye out for rare ingredients, and has heard rumors of a basilisk infestation in a cavern in the nearby hinterlands. She'll pay well to a party that can provide some basilisk blood so she can restock her Ultra-Strength Jaw Breakers.

COSMO'S MAGICAL CANDIES

Candy Type	Effect
Salt Water Taffy	Water Breathing
Honey-Nut Bar	Animal Friendship
Cinnamon Drops	Fire Breathing
Cotton Candy	Gaseous Form
Chocolate Mints	Resist Fire

THE DWARVEN HAMMER

The Dwarven Hammer is the oldest smithy in Gandahar, founded centuries ago by the Trueanvil family. **Trondar Trueanvil** runs it now, forging and smithing the finest metal weapons in town. Trondar, retired from adventuring to run the family business of weapon smithing after a severe leg injury nearly cost his life.

Nowadays, he lives well and boasts about the quality of his work. His shop is usually well stocked any metallic weapons, and will purchase used gear for re-smelting as long as the metal is not rusted. Sometimes he will also have a magical item in stock that he purchased from another adventurer some time back.

He also has an issue dealing well with orcish people sometimes. Usually it's not a problem, but a few times he has been taken aback by a customer that looks just a bit like the orc that dealt the injuring blow to his leg. He's slowly been working on dealing with the lingering trauma though, and nowadays does pretty well around most any clients.

THE GOAT'S BOUNTY

This quaint cheese shop has been run by the **Goathorns**, a family of halflings, for almost 190 years. The shop is not exceptionally well built, and there is little space in the store proper as most of the building houses the Goathorn family, but it fits just fine for halflings and other small races. Customers frequent the store not only for its delicious, artisan cheese, but also for the cheery service and hospitality that halflings are so well-known for. There are several family portraits on the walls going back generations, and the proprietor, **Gerald Goathorn**, always has time for to chat with the customers.

GUIDO'S GLAMOURS

Nestled right against the walls of the Inner Ring hangs a gaudy sign that reads "Guido's Glamours, Glorious Gems and Jewellery." **Guido** is a wizened Halfling Illusionist with flashy clothes and a majestic beard. Any characters without fine clothing or a noble background are not allowed past the first lobby area where the servants of Guido's other customers wait for their betters.

Patrons that meet the standards are allowed entry, where Guido displays his most spectacular (and expensive) works of jewelry. The finest pieces are kept under glass cases, but Guido is happy to let potential customers try items on. For the wealthiest of clients, he offers his magical skills to create illusory copies of the them so they can get an external view of what these fine pieces look like when worn.

If a character comments on the glamor spells or any of the subtle magical tricks, Guido will ask, "Are you here for the Glamours then?" If the character simply nods, and says nothing, Guido guides them to the back room. A simulacrum of Guido exits a small office and heads out to the main room while the real Guido continues into a small closet at the very back. A spiral staircase descends here to the basement where books covering illusion, enchantment, and transmutation line the shelves. Wizards with deep pockets can help themselves to several spellbooks.

The entire basement is protected with an antimagic field, and canny PCs might recognize several magical items that look cursed. But the most noticeable thing is Guido's true form. In reality, Guido is a shifty Goblin with a scraggly beard and a mad-eye. His demeanor changes from charming and friendly to secretive and conspiratorial. He whispers when he speaks and looks very intently at the client.

INKARNATIONS

Located in a hidden basement below The Inkpot, nobody becomes a patron of Inkarnations except through invitation. Those that gain access can purchase services from the **Inkmistress**, a woman of great mystery and significant talent, able to inscribe tattoos imbued with strange powers.

The Inkmistress maintains her secretive business model by magically erasing the memory of anyone that visits her. She employs a few trusted individuals to screen and select potential clients for her unique and expensive services.

THE INK POT

The largest store in the city specializing in anything written or mapped, The Inkpot is the place to go for anything relating to written word or cartography. The ground floor deals with book bindings and the creation of scrolls, and also carries mundane paper and ink for general use. The second floor contains finished products such as maps or scrolls, and the third holds any magical ink and paper.

KETTERMAN BARLEY'S STATUARY

Adjacent to the central plaza of the Artisan District sits a small but intricately designed storefront made entirely of marble. **Ketterman**, the owner, is a middle-aged gnomish stone carver of some renown who always seems to know about what's going on with the upper nobility, and does all kinds of stonework here. He's expanded his business recently by offering smaller, personal busts for clients, which fits well with his upper class clientele (although he has no qualms about who he works for, so long as they can pay).

But what nobody has realized yet is that Ketterman is actually an accomplished diviner as well and he magically imbues all of his work with a subtle divination spell. Once a sculpture is complete, Ketterman can see through a sculptures' eyes and hear through its ears, and when he uncovers particularly noteworthy information, he sells it or uses it as blackmail under the alias "*The Emerald Pool*"

Ketterman has operated in Gandahar for almost a century now, and his work has been erected not only throughout the city but beyond its borders as well. Through his alias he has garnered clients from the most notable people in Gandahar, including The Lilac Order, The White Dagger, Interworld Trade & Transport, The Department of Salt, The Black Hand, and even House Shimmershine. With his vast catalogs of blackmail he's managed to play everyone against each other in order to remain alive and untargeted. This is aided largely in part by his *hat of disguise* and many other tricks to mask his true identity.

MERLIN'S MAGICAL MERCANTILE

Run by the extravagant and "mad" rock gnome wizard known as **Merlin Glasseye**, this magical shop of wares, weapons, armors, and other "doo-dads" never stays in the same place for long. The store resides in a pocket dimension that moves around, but it favors The Artisan's District over other districts within the ring.

Entering the store requires finding the magical door knocker shaped like a nose and a doorknob made of diamonds. The interior space is largely a mystery though, as very few people ever make their way inside.

TUALLA'S TANNING AND TATTOO

An elderly woman name Tualla runs this tanning shop and tattoo parlor. Her hunched frame moves very slowly and her voice wobbles almost as much as she does. She sometimes has apprentices assist with tanning leathers and hides, but none of them are permitted to help with the tattooing business; Tualla is the only one that creates tattoos.

The shop provides anything related to hide, including leather-bound books to light armor. The few apprentices work in a small space behind the store where they tan, dry, and dye leather for whatever a client requests. Indoors, Tualla operates the tattoo equipment. Her shaking hands might be off-putting for anyone getting a tattoo, but Tualla's tremors vanish once she begins her work.

URSULA'S URSINE UNGUENTS

Nestled in a dim alley deep within The Artisan's District, the shop hasn't been owned by anyone named Ursula in at least a century, and hasn't sold anything resembling unguent in nearly as long. The long shelves in the front of the shop are dusty and thinly stocked, and the bored-looking half-elf behind the register barely looks at the patrons who scurry through the shop with eyes averted.

But down a narrow hallway and through a heavy, locked door (the password is gall), the light is warmer, the small wildberry cakes on the table are only a few days old, and the glass cases and shelves are full. Here, Gandahar's small population of Werebears shop and linger, purchasing bundles of holly to ward their doorways and fresh salmon to devour whole.

YOUR FAMILIAR STORE

Leonard is a kindly old human wizard with a heart of gold. The shop itself blends in with the surrounding structures, marked only with a marine-blue sign that reads "*Your Familiar Store*" in curly golden letters above a rat wearing a pointed hat. He's owned this shop for some two-dozen years and sells various magical creatures such as tressyms, pseudodragons, blink dogs and more.

He cares much more about making people happy than turning a large profit, so he charges just enough to live his life and get more creatures to sell. Sometimes he might sell a creature companion at a loss, if he realizes that a customer can't afford one they really love. He also invites children to play with the creatures, so that way they are properly socialized and given time to stretch and play. Leonard also sells scrolls of *find familiar* and incense at a fair price.

THE BRUGG

Sir Lester Gilleus von Brugg founded this district nearly 300 years ago, with the intent of building a center of wealth and prosperity for Gandahar. Unfortunately, Lester caught a bad case of Bloodthroat, and passed away mere weeks after the opening of "Bank von Brugg." But development of the district continued, under the supervision of his son, **Madeus Feldo von Brugg II**.

Unlike his father, Madeus was wrathful and petty. He was cruel to the laborers and it didn't take long before the workers went on strike. The district was never finished, and today only contains a bank, exchange, and small marketplace. Outside of these, criminals and vagrants lurk in the dingy alleyways and many City Watch members focus energy around here to meet their unofficial quotas.

Although most agree that the von Brugg line ended with Madeus, some say the ghost of Lester von Brugg wanders the streets, frustrated with his vision being incomplete.

CICLE OF SALT STONES

Dredged from the coast during the building of the City Docks, laborers dragged these seventy-seven heavy white monoliths and erected them in a rough standing circle. Eventually they built a low wall between them to segregate this district more completely. The Stones range in size from a dog up to a fire giant, and stand sentinel over the wealthy that reside here.

Beggars or anyone deemed unworthy to enter the Circle is forcibly removed, often violently, by guards desperate to maintain their comfortable posts. Any bad smell which makes its way into the Circle is quickly found and abruptly ended with a cruel blade and a dusting of sage or potpourri. It is said that the guards at the gates can tell your net worth from a glance and a good sniff, and only the cleanest and wealthiest of visitors are permitted into the stone sanctuary. Black market perfumers offer alchemical scents which they claim can fool the guards, with limited success.

EZZENLOK'S ARCANATORIUM

A hard working dwarven man named **Ignatius Ezzenlok III** owns and operates this Arcanatorium. Ezzenlok is a hustler through-and-through, and has a shrewd mind for business. But he has one weakness: artifacts. Ezzenlok is an obsessive collector and hoarder of artifacts.

The Arcanatorium's sales floor overflows common or uncommon magic items such as candles of the deep and self-sweeping brooms. But Ezzenlok has something for everyone, and the glass display cases near the back counter hold items of greater power.

However, Ezzenlok sits on even greater power hidden just beneath the spotless cobblestone streets of the Circle of Salt Stones. A trip to the locked basement reveals a sprawling extradimensional space: a warehouse full of wall-to-ceiling shelves, each loaded with extremely dangerous and powerful magical artifacts. This archive is only open to Ezzenlok and his closest associates, and if the City Watch in Salt Stones knew about it, they'd close it down and put him in chains.

THE DOCKS

A potent odor of fish, salt, shit, and vomit fill the air around the docks: Gandahar's center for maritime industry and trade. Sea-bound traders come and go every day and smaller fishing craft crowd the waters in the mornings and evenings as they leave to and return from their daily task.

On the streets surrounding the harbor, fishmongers loudly and aggressively peddle their products. Sailors from the merchant vessels roam in packs, searching for a good time in the local taverns, inns, and brothels. Local urchins look on with keen eyes, waiting for a chance to pick a pocket or two and longshoremen move quickly about, keeping the flow of goods between the ships and the warehouses going.

SALADOR'S FINE PROVISIONS

Salador's Fine Provisions sells high quality food and drink of the sort that the officers and captains of the various ships would like to eat while out on voyages. **Salador Farwind**, a friendly human man, has supplied the more well-heeled captains for over 30 years, and plans on passing on the business to his daughter when he retires.

Salador's Provisions carries fine wines, delicious meats, and high quality seasonings, for those wishing to have something other than salted meats on their voyages.

THE DROMA

The Droma is one of the greatest arenas in the known world. An ambitious project even in its infancy, more and more talented minds helped it grow in size and complexity.

Originally a generous track for chariot racing, The Droma grew into an epic dome for all kinds of contests. Events are hosted here thousands, and both blood and gold flow through it like a river. Eventually, The Droma became so big and so renowned that the entire district was named after it for the sake of simplicity. Events include racing, jousting, archery, wrestling, beast fights, bloodsport, and contests of skill. The arena contains enough space to host pitched battles between two small armies of up to 500 people each, labyrinth challenges and can even be flooded to stage sea battles.

Additionally, there are four established Teams within the Droma, and they constantly compete among themselves for dominance in every contest. The people of Gandahar have latched on to this, bringing the rivalry and drama of the Droma into their everyday lives. This has led to countless tavern brawls throughout the city, and on rare occasions city-wide riots when a particularly thrilling contest occurs between two rival Teams.

ARMSTRONG'S APOTHECARY

A successful apothecary has become famous in The Droma for being the supposed 'secret to success' for many of the district's gladiators and bloodsport athletes. The proprietor, **Arth Armstrong**, is a retired gladiator, and carries all sorts of combat potions, including healing and giant strength. They also carry herbs, supplements, bottles, and other supplies.

Arth is still extremely passionate about increasing strength and improving performance; the shop doubles as a gym, where gladiators and athletes can train and improve their abilities. Despite his outward appearance as a towering meathead, Arth is actually quite passionate about alchemy and herbalism, and is skilled at creating potions.

BLOODBATH & BEYOND

The Droma runs through arena equipment incredibly quickly and relies heavily on a nearby smithy called Bloodbath & Beyond. **Hendroth Gresh**, half-orc blacksmith extraordinaire, sells so many weapons he struggles to keep up with demand. He's expanded recently, building another location across the street to help keep up, and has hired several talented smiths from across the city.

The interior of the shop is opulently, with gorgeous hand-crafted weapons adorning the walls, as well as the many awards Hendroth and his smiths won over their many years of business. Bloodbath & Beyond has an exclusive deal with the Droma, providing many fine swords and axes that the gladiators use in bloodsport, and in return the gladiators advertise for them.

Hendroth's second location has grown just as profitable as the first, and he plans to turn Bloodbath & Beyond into a chain, hopefully spreading all over the city. He's quite ambitious, having already identified locations in The Artisan's District and Thrifle to set up branches. He also plans to set up a grand factory in The Forge, where he can cheaply make thousands of swords and quickly move them to all his shops.

THE BRONZED CRUCIBLE

An aged gnome named **Barnsworth Cadecus** runs this alchemy shop near the Droma Arena. He's been nicknamed "Barnsly" by the locals and keeps a fine stock of fresh herbs, exotic materials on hand, and any other materials needed for beginners or seasoned alchemists. Within the shop, alchemy devices bubble away behind counters, and bins of fresh herbs line a wall across from creature specimens in jars and the air carries a mix of scents including sulfur, sage, and tree sap.

Barnsly always keeps an eye out for adventurers that could retrieve new ingredients or restock existing ones, and is more than happy to reward such quests with potions or alchemical reagents. He can also fulfill custom potion requests and rumors have circled around him providing performance enhancing potions to Arena competitors.

THE SIZZLER

Located near the gate to the Droma in the Artisan's District, a jovial and very fat half-ogre named **Thog** runs this exotic restaurant. The meals are renowned for being tasty and filling, and the exotic ingredients have been known to sometimes provide temporary buffs to all that partake. The most popular dishes immediately follow particularly exciting beast fights in the Droma when the leftovers get sent to their kitchens. Thog's cooking is so popular that nobility throughout the city have tried recruiting him as their personal chef. But he always refuses, insisting that his food is meant for all to enjoy. The Sizzler specializes in rare meats of all kinds and pays well for rare meat, as long as it's fresh.

SLVRFSSH

Plish, the Bullywug proprietor of SLVRFSSH, pulls his vermin-laden cart from the Muddy Steps to a coveted spot near the gates of The Droma nearly every day, followed by a cloud of street urchins intent on either stealing one of the glittering insects, extorting a copper to help protect Plish from agents of the Blue Fish Gang, or both.

While a few spectators purchase the still-wriggling silverfish to eat, most pay Plish to run the bug through a specialized grinder that strips the scintillating scales, which they then wear in their hair or on their clothes, usually in support of Captain Vindicar's White Team.

SWAN RONSON'S WOODEN WONDERLAND

Despite the cutesy-sounding marketing, this store's utilitarian interior sits mostly empty except for a few shelves displaying Ronson's works. He is a "take-no-shit" kind of person, and any attempt to haggle – even upward – will be met with a silent glare. Luckily, his prices are mostly fair. He set up shop in Gandahar because he heard rumors the town had a very laissez-faire economic policy, aligning with his political views. Sadly, his research was wrong, and he lives constantly under the oppression of The Man. He's considering a job in public service, and politics is the only thing he will talk at length about other than woodworking.

Swan tends to dislike social contact, unless speaking about a topic he likes. He regards marketing and sales as "a bunch of namby-pamby bullshit" and only advertises through word of mouth and the sign outside his door. The sign was put up by his brother Fred without his knowledge. Swan lives above his store and uses a back entrance when he needs to leave the building. He doesn't know the sign exists and flies into a rage if it's pointed out, before pulling the sign down and retreating to his woodworking room in the back.

THE GILDED AVENUE

A street reserved for the ultra-rich and ultra-influential, houses on the Gilded Avenue are made of valuable stone, wood, and metal, and often feature stained glass, beautiful wrought iron, and elegant sculptures. The residents indulge in excess, and parties with the finest foods and drinks Gandahar can offer occur every night. Commoners regularly try to gain entry to eat the wasted food but are always held back by the hired muscle that the residents employ.

Due to the prestige here, many shady political deals take place inside the cold stone and metal houses in rooms with no windows. This avenue effectively runs the whole city and doesn't give any thought to the welfare of the normal citizens.

THE GODS-DAM

A series of alleys and tightly packed streets that separate The Mass Morass from The Highbrow. Without the Gods-dam it is widely believed that the preachers from the Mass Morass would overflow into the rest of the city drowning everyone in educational pamphlets about the gods.

THE SLATED SLAAD

Located in The Gods-Dam, The Sated Slaad is a shop owned and run by **Oddseneds**, a green Slaad whose appearance changes each day he opens the shop. The only thing that remains the same day-in and day-out is the physical location of the storefront; it's doorway is built into a fully functional portal to Limbo. This has attracted the attention of the Pocket Protectors who keep a watchful eye for any violations of portal legislation.

Due to the nature of the raw chaos of Limbo, the shop and it's goods change to meet the expectations of each customer. This means that the Sated Slaad sells whatever a customer expects the store to sell as they first walk in. Savvy customers are able to manipulate this to a degree, but as is always the way of chaos, one can never be sure what they'll find inside.

Oddseneds is currently seeking away to evolve into a grey Slaad and they believe that the mutable nature of humans and other mortal races may hold the secret. By interacting with mortals on a daily basis, they hope to find some insight that will help them to make the shift and transform into higher being. They charge exactly 42 for any item in the store. 42 of what is completely up to the customer.

GOYLE SPIRES

Ostensibly a district of worship, dozens of temple steeples and bell towers pierce into this skyline. Nearly every deity has a representative temple here, and ground traffic is so heavy that the major cross-streets block passage for horses, carts, carriages, wagons, or any other large creatures or vehicles.

Gargoyles perch on nearly every available surface among the towers, and change their location nightly. There has yet to be a credible witness confirm the mechanism for the movement.

THE HIGH BROW

Less a packed, official district of Gandahar, and more row of streets, student homes and colleges that form a ring around the center of the city, the High Brow is home to scholars, intellectuals, arcanists, alchemists, and students who cannot afford the nobler homes in the wealthier city districts. The High Brow is always bustling with students of the various colleges, as well as many cheap food stands, carriage stops and cheap, but comfortable taverns.

PIPPIN'S PARCHMENTS

Located in the High Brow neighborhood this shop specializes in spellbook binding and arcane scrollery. Owned by **Pippin Gaston**, a tall and lanky tabaxi with thick gray fur, he has a small, surprisingly smart, black and white dog named Clark, who functions as his clerk.

The shop's exterior is nondescript except for a creaking sign hanging above the door featuring a faded drawing of a scroll. Inside, the shop is tall and narrow with shelves containing stacks and stacks of musty scrolls and books. A number of globes of light float up and down throughout the interior and almost seem to follow the gaze of those who come to peruse the shop.

Pippin's Parchments sells basic materials needed in expanding and creating spellbooks and spell scrolls. It also carries most low-level spell scrolls through a partnership with the imperial college; magic students struggling to pay for tuition or board or other needs work with Pippin to imbue and create these scrolls with different kinds of magic.

SOUL SEARCHERS

Soul Searchers is first of its kind in Gandahar, and provides a sorely-needed service: finding love. This dating service is owned and operated by a beautiful elven woman named **Aralei Barera**, who personally meets each of her clients to ensure a perfect match for them. She's a bit of a busybody and a gossip, and maintains relationships with her clients to follow up and make sure things go well.

Though most of her clients are students living in The High Brow, her list of former clients is extensive, and she has intimate information on many famous citizens in Gandahar. Because of this, Aralei is an extremely useful informant, with knowledge of high ranking politicians as even some crime lords and she has found a lucrative side-business working with the Quorth Syndicate as an informant.

Aralei, like most of her clientele, is single. She doesn't date much though, and prefers spending all of her energy into her businesses. She has several very good friends in the city that she calls on when she wants some late night company, but she doesn't like to form connections outside of that.

THRUGUD'S

Near the edge of the district, taking up the first two floors of an apartment, building lies Thrugud's. **Udd Thrugud**, a full-blooded orc sells papers, parchments, and ink, as well more mystical pieces like hands that will do the writing for.

Udd graduated from the mage's university some years ago. He wears a wide-brimmed wizard hat and has little patience for most people. He often leaves a skeleton tending the shop.

THE WITCH'S NEEDLE

The Witch's Needle is a tattoo shop, owned and operated by a bona-fide witch, commonly called **Nan Halloran**. She's a tough old sea hag who left her coven years ago, seeking a more peaceful. She loves to help people, often dispensing her unique and brutally honest brand of advice on anything and everything. She's also a masterful tattoo artist, highly recommended across the city. She mostly serves the sailors in the district she lives in, but rebellious teenagers also make up a large portion of her customer base. She is an influential voice among her community, who see her as something of a guiding presence in the district. New captains looking to build a crew will often send their proposed rosters to her, as she knows just about every sailor that comes through.

Recently, she's experimented with integrating her magic abilities into her tattooing, creating magical, ability-enhancing tattoos. There have been mixed results, but she's always looking for new test subjects as she obsessively tries to perfect this new art.

The Witch's Needle has three separate parlors available, and Nan often employs local runaways and students in her shop, allowing them to stay in her basement apartments in exchange for working in her shop (and some say their souls). Despite these rumors, the sailing community has adopted Nan as a community "mom" as often the young men who choose this lifestyle have no families left to speak of. The shop also has an upstairs room, where she hosts the Golden Sail once a week for their meetings. She often attends these meetings and is seen as a trusted adviser, despite never working as a sailor. She has even been allowed to fly a gold flag above her door, the universal sign of protection by the Golden Sail.

THE IMPERIAL COLLEGE

The Crown of Gandahar endowed the Imperial College, and made it famous as a locus of merit and nobility. The collection of older stone buildings surrounds a lawn known as The Great Quadrangle. Students must reside inside campus walls, either renting a small private cell in a dormitory or, for well-connected students, a bed in one of the hereditary manor-houses. Courses are taught in the *Lingua Arcana*, the runic language of gnomes and students may be assigned custodial chores as punishment if caught speaking the common tongue on campus. On campus, students are required to wear academic dress denoting their level of academic levels and hats denoting their social station.

THE MASS MORASS

The Mass Morass is the colloquial term for the district that houses most of Gandahar's temples. Most masses or religious services are held at the same time leading to heavy foot traffic each evening. Priests, proselytizers, and preachers each stand out front of their respective houses of worship competing to see who can draw in more converts, causing an intense cacophony in the Morass during peak worship hours.

The Mass Morass lives up to its name during each solstice when extravagant festivals are celebrated by each priesthood or sect as they vie to make the most grandiose demonstration to their patron deity.

THE CREEPER'S KEEPER

Seemingly out of place in Mourner's Circle is the workshop of Klavcog Mechanics, The Creeper's Keepers. The two-story building is constructed of smooth stacked stone walls sandwiched between large vertical beams of timber. A series of wooden chutes zig-zag down the shops sloped roof where they eventually direct water to a wheel whose shaft penetrates into the front wall of the building. A quick look inside the shop's large storefront windows reveals a state-of-the-art workshop for all things mechanical. Leather belts direct power from the water wheel to mills, lathes, saws, grinders, and other machinery.

The shop is owned by an abnormally tall gnome named **Tepper Klavcog** and his dwarven wife **Senna**. While sometimes contracted to design and build unique pieces of machinery for various industries located in The Forge district, the Klavcogs main business involves maintaining The Crypt Creeper and all of its auxiliary systems.

Senna generally serves as The Crypt Creeper's primary operator. She uses a magic key to unlock the elevator's gearbox, and controls the descent from the control panel. A ride ticket can be purchased at the workshop if someone desires to visit the burial sight of a loved one.

THE CRYPT KEEPER

Utilizing an intricate system of pulleys and gears, an elevator named The Crypt Creeper was constructed to ease access into the city's primary crypt. At different levels, horizontal tunnels have been constructed to serve as the catacombs of Gandahar. By law, the city requires that the only entrance to the tunnels be through the shaft in an effort to keep the impoverished residents of the city from finding refuge within the passageways.

Different depths correspond to different wealth and status. It can take hours for the elevator to reach the lowest passages which can be thousands of feet down. The origins of the shaft are shrouded in mystery, some say it is the remains of an ancient dwarven mine, some a freak act of nature, and others even claim it to be a direct portal to hell.

At precisely 7:06 each morning and evening a massive cloud of steam blasts out of the shaft, severely scalding any creature caught in the way. In order to avoid damage, The Crypt Creeper was designed to be swung out of the way prior to these powerful events.

THE HOLY BOAST

At the very edge of the Mass Morass sits a humble shop, rather ironically named The Holy Boast. Inside, every manner of holy symbol and religious iconography is available for purchase. Run by a tall, pale human man by the name of **Rednaksi**, The Boast is the only shop in the city that sells holy water blessed by a High Priest of Elohim, The current First Son of Jhamas, a Paladin of Asmodeus, and a man so holy he never ate, cut his hair, or took a bath for 40 years.

Rednaksi dutifully keeps his eyes glued to his customers, reaching for holy symbols or vials of holy water for his patrons without looking. Wearing thick leather gloves, long sleeves, full pants, and large, well polished boots he navigates his store with an almost preternatural sense of awareness.

The shop is open from dusk until dawn and warm, and bright light is cast from various magical flames stationed around the room so customers can see. While Gold, Platinum, and Copper are all accepted, buyers paying in Electrum and Silver are asked to exchange their money before completing a transaction.

MOURNER'S CIRCLE

Located at the southern portion of The Mass Morass District is Mourner's Circle. It consists of a small collection of temples and shops dedicated to sending family and friends to the afterlife, and officially serves as the only access point to the city's catacombs through the Crypt Creeper.

NERO'S PLACE

Tucked away in the Mass Morass is a small curiosity shop run by an aging, paranoid, neurotic elf named **Nero**, who is convinced there's a demon after him. Nero sells a wide assortment of scrying crystals, mirrors, looking glasses, and patented listening tools that he uses on a daily basis. Some of his inventions are actually helpful, like his 'Peek-Around' that angles two mirrors inside a square tube to look around corners. Others are less helpful, like his 'Hearing Helm' that is basically two gramophone bells welded onto a bucket. He also sells protective charms and wards to help keep... well anything off your back, really. For the paranoid inside us all, Nero's Place is the Place for you!

THE SHAFT OF SOULS

Due to its large population and lengthy history, cemetery plots surrounding Gandahar quickly became overpopulated. In addition to this, the ever-expanding city and high cost of land created a demand for a new place to bury the dead.

With rising demand for a new burial ground, planning began for the construction of a system of catacombs. Fortunate for the city planners, early in this process, a sink hole emerged engulfing an old temple in the southern region of the Mass Morass District. The sink hole spanned 53 ft across and was perfectly circular in cross section. Shortly after the cave in, many adventurers and explorers risked their lives in an attempt to find the bottom of the shaft, but to this day no one has succeeded and the depth remains unknown.

SALSBOROUGH

Older residents of Gandahar still call this Salsborough, but everyone else has been calling this part of town the Commune for the last few years since its residents began revolting and barricaded themselves in. The city's informal administrative structure, ruled by random cabals of wizards, nobles, and vampires is paralyzed by indecision, and this is reflected in the way it treats the Commune. Some days residents can come and go while on other days the City Watch prevent travel and embargo goods.

This has led to artists like the Conservatory of the Ruins and the People's Park Party, and regrettably to vices like the Conclave de Coquelicots and the Silk Layers.

SHIMMERSHINE BARBICAN

House Shimmershine built the wall around the old city of Gandahar, and they never want anyone to forget it. Walking through this towering gate onto the city's cobblestones, the family's name is inscribed in Gnostic runes above.

The first thing of note when entering the gate is a small cemetery with a few dozen graves, mostly of smallfolk, who died defending the city under siege, centuries ago, before it joined the Empire of the Southern Throne.

THE THRIFLE

A group of tiered courtyards that whirl around with several sets of steps, The Thrifle is a unique marketplace by virtually every measure. Each of the courtyards houses certain markets. It seems pure chaos, however some rules are present. Higher tiered squares tend to the more high-end products whereas the lower ones tend to be farmer markets, complete with livestock.

AMNIMALS

On the fifth tier of Thrifle, near the horse markets and livestock corrals, is a neat shop with little bird feeders hanging from the eaves. Above the door, painted in bold letters and cheap paint, reads "Amnimals". The interior smells pungent, but not entirely unpleasant, and birds chirp cheerfully in wicker cages next to a row of kennels. Most of the animals look like everyday creatures, but a couple cages hold rarer critters.

A young human woman named **Sofie** runs the shop, and comes across as simple at times. She can explain a lack of cats here (they cause problems with the pocket dimension problems going on), before apologizing, because she generally likes cats. Those who think they can easily grift her, though, are soon alerted to a hulking figure, who stands by the entry. Her brother, heavily muscled and with a face like a thundercloud, makes disapproving grunts and glares at those who get too friendly or too mean with his little sister.

One cage sits open, but does not seem to be empty. A thin curl of smoke rises from the corner. If Sofie notices a character examine the kennel, she explains that Drougal is a bronze pseudodragon, and that he isn't for sale unless he decides to be for sale. Drougal values forthrightness and honesty, and if a character impresses him enough, he will pull out a diamond from the back of his kennel to pay his own adoption fee and offer to forge a magical bond to become that character's familiar (treat Drougal as a celestial familiar).

BARDS AND NOBLES

A friendly and welcoming high elf named **Dreali Aloro** runs this store as the purveyor of fine musical instruments. Some instruments are magical, but most are only mundane and well-crafted. They do have an in-house luthier for repairs to more common sorts of instruments. Lessons are available as well, and they are known to sponsor several musicians who play local taverns in return for the musician wearing a tabard advertising the shop while they perform.

FRACTURE

Home to **Candevish Defhrum**, a friendly svirfneblin fellow, Fracture used to sell common and mundane glassworks. Now, Cavendish sells only the finest and most exotic windows, window frames, and glass decor. Recently, he began crafting glass furniture and has plans for magical glassworks utilizing arcane powders and sands.

He works primarily on commission, as he has become wealthy on the back of his work this far, but he often has need of exotic materials to complete a step towards some masterwork or another.

ILLUSTRATED INSCRIPTIONS

Walking through an ornately-carved wooden door with scenes of peaceful meadows reveals the interior of the shop known as Illustrated Inscription. The distinct smells of wood shavings and oils waft through the air, and floating magical orbs shed light over the dark walnut interior. Behind the counter is an elderly dragonborn named **Zadaar** deftly moving a chisel over an unstrung long bow. He's not likely to introduce himself until someone asks for assistance, but will generally keep an eye on any customers inside the shop.

Zadaar offers everything from simple insignias or initials to full scroll work on anything wood or metal. A couple of apprentices help out with simple requests, while the proprietor takes care of the large and intricate jobs.

PLOT HOOKS

Despite the affluent veneer the Second Ring tries to maintain, there are many mysteries in this district – and generally, nobility pay very well for adventurers to keep their requests discreet. Below are several quest hooks that should fit into this district:

ADOPTION BLUES

Word around town says that one of the noble houses has adopted an unusually high number of children from an orphanage. The overall number is different depending who you ask. Was it just 5, or 12, or even 30?

The orphanage has been in financial trouble since an anonymous donor ceased their charity, and many workers were cut. Former and current employees are reluctant to discuss the matter, but if pressed can reveal that all the adopted children are different ages and all had been dropped off with no note in the middle of the day. However, there is one trait that they all shared: their eye color was a brown so dark their pupils could not be made out.

If the players investigate the orphanage, the second floor reveals unusually thick doors and sturdy locks on all the rooms. Some rooms even have multiple locks and barred windows. And even though this is the most secure floor, no new children have been moved there – they seem afraid of being placed there. And strangest of all, there is evidence around the doors and windows of someone trying to break in, and in some rooms, trying to break out.

ARTIFACT ACQUISITION

Rumor has it that an important artifact has fallen under the purview of the Gandaharian Exploratory Gentleman's Society. Some are saying that this artifact doesn't belong to them, some are saying it's a world ender, some are simply saying it's too beautiful for any mortal being to view and live to tell the tale.

But few are willing to talk about the Society, and even fewer say they know where this mystery artifact is kept.

THE BARMAN'S BROTHER

A party's favorite bartender at the local tavern has been crying. Their brother was recently arrested for the theft of a relic from the local church. He's a good kid with a steady job, so the theft is a total surprise. The law threatens to cut off his hand for the theft unless he returns the relic, but he refuses to talk.

Normal and magical means of locating the relic have proven fruitless. The one man who might know what's going on isn't talking. And to top it all off, the law will not accept any testimony of outsiders.

A CHILD IN NEED

A child approaches the party and asks them for help: the patron of their orphanage is under assault by sinister elements, either through blackmail, kidnapping, or some other attack. They can't offer any reward, but the Second Ring is where heroes are, so surely they'll help. Right?

CLASS WARFARE

A network of wealthy merchants in the city has been repeatedly robbed by a notorious thieves guild and is requesting aid in shutting them down. At the same time, the thieves guild is recruiting to "right a grievous wrong." The party must learn both sides of the story and choose who to aid and what to ultimately do about the situation.

DARK MAGIC

Mysterious signs have been found carved into walls around the campus of Imperial College Gandahar. The magehunter **Ir-Kaid Mahet** suspects the Whispers of Zeremar are behind them, however townsfolk speak in hushed tones about The Brothers Sanguine and their recent expansions into yet darker trades.

DUDE WHERE'S MY CART?

Chessie and **Jester** went out partying last night at The Bad Place. Things took a weird turn when they took shots with **Greithrot** and **Oddsenends** and now they can't remember where they parked their cart or what was in it in the first place. Help them find it for a cut of whatever wasn't stolen by the time they get it back.

ELECTION COMPLICATIONS

A legal loophole in election law has been found, allowing nominated members of the city's eighteen guilds to not only vote for a new House to lead but also put themselves in the running as well. Before a emergency session of the City Council can be convened, three members of the Council have been found dead by the City Watch. The remaining council members dare not show up in the courts or offices for fear for their lives, prohibiting a quorum.

The Guilds are now in full contempt and conflict with the City Watch and noble Houses that once ruled over the city. Faction war erupts on the streets as citizens hide indoors and hope for a swift end to the violence and intrigue. Mercenaries, private guards, and adventurers have been offered lucrative prizes by each faction to either help restore the peace by arresting faction leaders or install new governments led by the noble Houses or Guilds.

THAT EXTRA EDGE

At the cities most popular tavern, the head chef and his employees have been using illicit potions to help deal with the long nights and immense workloads. Unfortunately, the potions dangerous side effects are starting to stack up, and as tensions rise with a group of adventurers at the tavern, things are about to go off in a really bad way.

FISHERS OF MEN

When it rains on a moonless night, humanoid creatures with harpoons appear in the city, howling with the wind. They harpoon the first person they meet and drag them away, never to be seen again.

GARDEN BEASTS

The competition for best garden in Gandahar is fierce this year, and one of the competitors is looking for a team of adventurers to capture some herbivorous beasts of some kind to sabotage another competitor's garden with.

Alternatively, one of the competitors' gardens were apparently sabotaged and the adventurers need to go and find out who it was that orchestrated that sabotage.

INFINITE QUIET

The Church of Silence has an annual Day of Remembrance. During this celebration the clerics with the capability stand in sanctioned thoroughfares, dressed all in black, and cast *silence*. Those who wish to remember lost loved ones or non-cleric followers and worshippers leave memorials in the hallowed circles.

This year the circles are not the usually 20 ft radius. Entire bazaars are without sound and many street merchants are struggling to do their business. The disruption has lasted longer than the usual one day as well. The Church of Silence has claimed they are not responsible, but are clearly the top suspects. The loss of business is effecting the cities economy as a whole and a reward has been issued for whoever can find those responsible.

MAGE'S MANSION

Mortimus Entei, renowned magician, is ready to perform his next amazing feat. He will encase himself in ice for the month as a centerpiece in his mansion and open for all to see the wonders behind his doors. Of course for security purposes, Mortimus is hiring private security to give him peace of mind, and he needs personnel who are accustomed to the fantastical world of magic.

MAGICAL MYSTERIES

An eccentric but wealthy and influential noble recently had an arcane machine stolen from him, but that's all he wants to say about that. He hires the party to find this arcane machine, and points them to the Fold of the Seven, who might be suspiciously unhelpful.

NEW HOMES FOR SALE

A wizard is selling "luxury homes" which are cropping up all across town. Nobody who lives in them ever seems to go outside, though.

THE RAINING DEAD

In the past week or so, rotting corpses and body parts have started falling from the sky. It only happens at 7 in the morning and 7 in the evening, and only within the Mass Morass and surrounding districts. The frightening thing about these mysterious falling remains is their ability to get up and reassemble themselves after crashing to the ground. The number of bodies falling from the sky appears to be increasing with each event.

The Church of Silence hires the party to investigate and informs them that the corpses seem to be escaping from the Well of Souls; the semi-daily steam blasts are launching undead bodies up into the city. The Church thinks one of the catacomb tunnels must be the source, but don't know which one. Church members are too busy fighting the zombies in the sewer, and don't have time to locate source of nuisance. The party is told to locate the source of the undead and report their findings.

RESTFUL DEAD

Old Ted is running through the streets saying his mother is wandering the graveyards. She died 20 years ago, so either he's drunk again or something is going on.

SILENCE REIGNS

There are rumors that the Church of Silence has been misplacing bodies of the recently deceased. Some say The Black Hand has infiltrated the ranks of the Church. Others swear The Brothers Sanguine must be involved.

SIX FEET UNDER

A new sewer entrance has appeared near one of the churches. Strangely, none of the city officials, or the church elders, know where it came from or what it connects to.

Two guards were sent into the sewer to figure out what's going on, but quickly returned after running into a sealed section of tunnel. But they did say that it seemed to be heading in the direction of the church's graveyard.

There isn't enough interest from the City Council to explore further with their own manpower, but they'd be willing to pay a few adventurers to see if they can get to the bottom of the things.

SKULKERS IN THE DARK

Whispered among the nobles is a rumor of a race of creatures hiding in the city - some say they are Doppelgangers, some say Skulks, and others claim they know that Constructs are hiding among the population. No one can say what is true and what is only fear.

A STRANGE STRAIN

Strange reports of disease have begun popping up in the Shimmershine Barbican district. Whispers and rumors around are that someone or something might have gotten out of The Quarantine.

TERROR ATTACK

A large cell of The Whistlers In The Dark have finally become well-armed enough to launch an assault on a district and make an impression on the imperial reign. With the aid of a fugitive alchemist, they've brewed a noxious poisonous gas in several locations in Salsborough and outfitted themselves with masks designed by the alchemist to filter air. After releasing the gas through Salsborough's streets, citizens and guardsmen that don't succumb to the deadly gas are slain by Whistlers armed with arrows and steel. Salsborough is covered in thick clouds of poison fog with a visibility of 15 feet. the guard cannot enter the district without immediately being overwhelmed by gas and terrorists.

The party is involved when the captain of the guard spots from a watch tower a small pocket in the fog devoid of gas. That pocket is also on top of a sewer maintenance pipe. The party is to be inserted into the sewers from an adjacent district, navigate to Salsborough underground, and once topside, find and defeat a group of terrorists for their masks. Once masked up, the party needs to find and destroy the cauldrons brewing the poison gas in the hot zone and eliminate any Whistlers In The Dark they encounter. The Whistlers are armed and dangerous, will attack on sight, and are in large numbers. Watch your back, adventurers.

TOO MUCH GARLIC

The baker is sure that one of his fellow vendors is a vampire. At first nobody took him seriously, but a body just showed up laid across his stall with puncture marks on the neck.

TERRIBLE ORPHANAGE

A man begs for assistance, as his younger brother lives in Suntrod Orphanage and has been secretly sending letters out inferring that the headmistress, Miss Vantasheep, may not be as kind as they say.

WHAT LIES BENEATH

Within the past couple of months, there have been an unusual number of sinkholes under Gandahar. The citizens are accustomed to the occasional breakage within the city's vast sewage system, and there is even a dedicated team of "Cleaners" that handle the restoration and upkeep of the stone tunnels. However, the frequency of failures and breakages have been increasing exponentially much to the chagrin of the populace. No part of the city is excluded from these collapses, including the Gilded Avenue, where the nobility of Gandahar lives in extravagant houses. After an especially damaging crack opened up and swallowed two great mansions belonging to the wealthiest noble family in the Gold Heart District, the head of that family, Lady Glinda Rainfort, suspects foul play is involved. She has set out to hire a team of private investigators, which she plans to pay handsomely.

THE INNER CITY



he governmental seat of power resides here in the Inner City. Most people come here for official business for the crown, as emissaries or diplomats from their own nations, or to visit the most skilled artisans in the region.

LOCATIONS

The primary locations within the Inner City are described in more detail below:

THE FUNGAL GLOAM

In the deepest parts of the sewers, seeping layers of rust-red fungus clog every surface, and clouds of bioluminescent spores fill the air. Even the Rust Eaters are careful not to linger here for too long.

MICALA'S HAPPY GOODS

Micala's a svirfneblin and is widely known for her finest Happy Mushrooms and Sporadic Spores of self-amusement! She's the most reliable Drug Queen in town, for those under the effects of Withdruggal Syndrome, she's got the good stuff!

GANDAHAR PROPER

Often referred to as The Crescent due to its shape, Gandahar Proper is the governmental seat of the city. It contains the seats of many of the most influential institutions in the city, which includes The Watch, The Lilac Order, and even the Fold of the Seven.

The Proper is characterized by its fine craftsmanship and awe inspiring scale. No expense is spared in its construction or expansion, but often no heed is paid to utility. Due to its strict permits and rules, street vendors are nonexistent and the few shops within its walls are of the highest quality.

A combination of incompetency, corruption, and disagreement keep the Proper from addressing any of the city's problems effectively. The clamor and stench of the surrounding districts are not smelled nor heard within the Gandaharian Proper. Instead, the faint smell of incense and sound of hymns of the Fold of the Seven fill the streets.

THE BRAZEN SHIELD

A luxurious three-storied building in the Gandahar Proper, The Brazen Shield is under direct ownership of the House Delvier and is located on the road that leads to their Quarter. The Brazen Shield is a shop that sells the latest marvels of arcane technology, including a brand new autonomous clockwork construct, used as means of personal protection by many of Gandahar's moneybags and politicians. These automatons are nearly impossible to replicate thanks to their origin, which owes its existence to the Baron Delvier's fey patron **Bozzominoc**.

Inside the shop there is an atmosphere of clairvoyant serenity, instilled by carefully polished walls of black and snow-white marble columns. Brass chandeliers provide the main room with a soft, even light, which is reflected from the armor of perfectly still automatons, stationed in the alcoves.

HILLSIDE

Hillside is a walled district within Gandahar proper, built upon a hill which is rumored to be an ancient barrow mound. The roads are smoothly cobbled and well-maintained, but the houses and shops here are closely set, leaving little distance between an one person and their neighbors. The inhabitants of the district are largely merchants and aspiring politicians. As such, it appears clean and well organized, the streets are clean and the constabulary is present. But, behind closed doors, the area is a hive of corruption. Smoky back rooms and shady deals are commonplace here, and those who can't afford pay-to-play are encouraged to seek their comfort elsewhere. The homes in Hillside are generally well-appointed and clean, as observed by the general populace, but to those in the know, every family here has a secret or two. Secrets they intend to keep hidden.

EVERYBODY LOVES RAIMENT

This clothier and tailor is located approximately halfway up the slopes of Hillside, on Widdershins Lane. The proprietor is an aged gnome named **Thaddeus Gromsler**, and he attends the shop along with two of his sons, **Charles** and **Barnaby**. The shop specializes in expensive and well-made clothing, but if they are amenable to a customer, perhaps one who has come to frequent the shop, they also carry some items in the back storage of a more magical nature.

For these frequent patrons, the Gromslers sell enchanted cloaks, among other magical clothing, as long as the item is made of fabric. They are always interested in procuring any rare or particularly high quality fabrics, and have been known to buy such items from adventurers in the past. The only human-sized door in the building leads from the street into the parlor. All doors to workspaces or storage are gnome sized.

IMPERIAL PALACE

The Imperial palace borders Gandahar proper and is used by the Emperor's as their housing when they visit. When the emperor is not visiting, the King or Queen of the region sits on Gandahar's throne to rule over the kingdom.

Additionally, The Imperial Palace contains the Imperial Botanical Gardens and, while the original Imperial Collage was part of Imperial Palace, it has grown too large and now is its own district along its north eastern border.

PLOT HOOKS

Like all other districts, even the Inner City has a bit of its own intrigue. Below are more plot hooks that should fit nicely within this area.

AN ARMY MARCHES

An army approaches! The King's Guard will do what they can to keep the Gnolls and Hobgoblins at bay, but many beast will break through. The Crown needs brave adventurers to protect a strategic location, and the army will be too slow. The King is offering a handsome reward for the party to travel quickly to the site and defend it until the army's reinforcements can arrive.

THE BLACK HAND

A masked vigilante is killing members of the city council, shop keepers, and other high ranking individuals. The party is hired by the city watch to find and capture the vigilante, but when they confront the masked vigilante the party discovers the victims were all members of criminal organizations such as The Nest, The Black Hand or The Quorth Syndicate.

FACTION WARS

The city has become the battleground for turf wars as old grudges boil over, new players enter the field, and official organizations fight back in a complicated web of alliances.

The Silent Knights Thieves Guild has recently appeared and is trying to muscle in on the territories of The Brothers Sanguine – a deadly decision for both groups. Bodies have been appearing in the streets overnight from both groups and sometimes fights break out in broad daylight.

Agents from The Nest are also showing up dead and there are stories of people being abducted and rescued by roguish people in white, featureless masks. This has led to rumors that the Silent Knights are also warring with The Nest for control over human trafficking in the city.

The City Watch is having trouble keeping up with all of this, which has led to an increase in sightings of Agents of the White Dagger. Though, since public opinion on the Silent Knights seems to be mixed, the White Daggers are mostly focusing on older, entrenched criminal organizations. However, there's also rumors that the White Dagger's secret leader is actually the leader of the Silent Knights Thieves Guild. In an official statement, the White Daggers declared these rumors "dangerous slander punishable by fine and imprisonment."

Rumor also has it that The Order of the Dispelling Fist is not only interrupting the business of the Interworld Trade and Transport, but they're also quarreling with the Silent Knights as well, due to the Knights use of magical rings.

The City Watch recently shut down many fighting pits in the city in a surprisingly effective sting operation. Unfortunately, this has led to many members of The Mad Blooded to take to the streets, causing much havoc.

The Rust Eaters seem to be reveling in the chaos, as the number of high value thefts has gone up in recent months.

Meanwhile, The Quorth Syndicate seem to have set their sights on The Golden Sail Organization. Ships have disappeared in port, cargo thrown overboard, and even a few captains have been killed or threaten by the Quorth in an attempt to extort the group.

A LOSING BATTLE

The royal family is about to hold their yearly tournament, where mercenaries and travelers with next to nothing to lose are brought to compete against the royals.

The party is dragged up by the city guard who figured no one would be missing a bunch of adventurers, and everyone is forced to participate at the closing show, where they're put up against the royal family.

Before the games, the party has an occasion to speak to other fighters in the arena and they learn that the tournaments have always been framed, and you're supposed to lose intentionally, as to not ridicule the royal family.

So you're up next. Don't forget to lose.

REVOLUTION!

The guild master of the thief's guild was taught every 30 years or so the rulers become corrupt and the options for leadership stagnate. Living by the mantra of "If you shake everything up, then the good stuff rises to the top," an agent of chaos worms himself in the merchant's guild and slowly seizes the influence of its guild members.

Strikes and revolts are happening, shops are being destroyed, and the economy has been frozen with none going in or out of the city. The nobles are looking into the reasons why while some are trying to seize the opportunity to overthrow the current ruler while low-class merchants also seek this position of power. Everything is up for grabs as the city starts the beginning of a revolution.

ROYAL RANSOM

A king's ransom is being offered by an unknown individual, to anyone who can purloin a specific artifact. Many talk about trying their hand at the heist, but few dare invade the Gentleman's Society. Those who insist on trying their hand don't know where to begin! What is the artifact? Where did it come from? Who is the mysterious figure trying to retrieve it? Why is it so important? Only one way to find out.

SALTY SALTS

There's never enough salt to go around. The DoS is famous for being a bureaucratic nightmare where the precious mineral is concerned.

Rumor has that a semi-stable portal to the demi-plane of salt is accessible to the bravest (or dumbest) of smugglers somewhere in the Fungal Gloam, but something terrible guards it jealously.

UTOPIA

After one of the council's oldest members dies, a new to politics young man is voted in, a local leader in a new group known as Unity. He is charismatic, charming and has lots of ideas on creating a better way of living.

He begins work on developing a section of the city to create a place that is rid of crime and corruption, poverty and inequality. With the help of Unity he creates a utopia in one of the districts of all races, no crime, no hunger, all working together.

But something is not as it seems. Disappearances are happening around the city, key leaders personalities have changed and Unity is growing. Is this truly the beginning of Utopia or simply the pacification of citizens to become the cattle to something truly terrifying beneath the surface?

ADDITIONAL PLOT HOOKS

In addition to the plot hooks listed in each city district above, there are some that can be easily plugged in anywhere, or that specifically span over multiple districts.

ATTACK OF THE BIRDS

The birds within Gandahar have been acting strangely recently. People are giving reports of thefts and assaults, all from the birds! There's a gold reward for anyone who can figure out what's going on, and the main culprit is currently the local Thieves' Guild, as the birds seem to avoid the area.

BODYGUARDS NEEDED

An assassin from is recruiting spies to pose as bodyguards for a public official who has a price on his head.

CONSPIRACY

"The Lizardfolk control all us, man! Anyone and everyone in power in Gandahar is secretly a lizard person from underground and their gonna eat us all!"

Someone has to stop these nefarious reptiles (or get this guy a coffee and somewhere to sleep it off).

DIMENSIONAL DOORS

Sometimes, when people exit or enter a building, they find themselves in the wrong place. They walked in a blacksmith door and ended up in a fish shop, they left the herbalist's shop in the central square and found they were in a shady back-alley.

Nobody knows exactly why it happens, sometimes doorways just... don't work right, but it's getting more common every month.

DOORS TO DOORS

A portal to Sigil, the City of Doors has been found in a residential area and is getting a lot of new traffic. The city isn't happy with all these new people, demons, aberrations, and other creatures coming into the city illegally.

GUARDIANS OF THE UNDERCITY

A variety of Golems are used to keep the sewers clean of rats and other minor vermin so more complicated tasks can be left to adventurers. However, the Golems are going missing and nobody knows why. Thankfully the vermin don't appear to be getting any worse.

JEN & ERIC KWESST

A woman runs up to you. She seems frantic. She tells you her husband Eric was kidnapped by kobolds. To get him back, you must kill the kobolds and escort Eric back to the city. His move speed is slower than a sprint, faster than a walk and he refuses to change pace.

LOST CHILDREN

Every year, on the first day of winter, ten kids disappear. They always reappear ten days later, with a pouch full of coins, a brass gear and no memory of the last ten days.

LOST FLIGHT

Bromar claims he knows where the key to his skyship is located. Claiming it is in the possession of a faction that is hiding out on the sewers. He's worried that he may be too late and offers the party free travel if successful. An agent from the museum will find them and ask they be brought the key instead and they will be paid handsomely.

MISSING TRINKETS

Someone stole Hoss's lucky necklace. Rumor has it one of the many criminal elements in the city managed to sneak it off of him. He'll reward anyone who can return his dull green-steel pendant with a magic weapon or focus.

TRAFFICKING STOP

The city guards seem to be getting more forceful and aggressive recently. For a while there were complaints coming from gnomes that they were being harassed. Now tieflings are saying the same, but only those with purple skin. Striking up conversation with the right person, they say it seems an awful lot like something that happened in their home city, where a local thieving guilds starting getting bored and began running bounty competitions on kidnapping specific people. At least no one here has been kidnapped yet.

THE TURF WAR

There is a gang war ravaging the city. It seems the Thunder Knuckles and the Black Bull Syndicate had a falling out. Rumors are spreading that one group betrayed the other, but the traitorous faction changes depending on who you ask. Even members of the faction say something about the opposing gang starting the fighting with some kind of betrayal and their coffers being stolen.

Neither of the leaders are in the city and it seems the gate guard saw them leaving pretty quickly the day before the fighting started in a well-laden cart – together.

VIGILANTES

A masked vigilante has been showing up the guards at night in rather cruel and often ironic ways. Criminals will find a fate similar to the crimes they perpetrated. Now both the guards and crime bosses want the vigilante's head.

WANTED!

Wanted posters have appeared all over town with the face of one of the PCs. The crime of which they are accused is the murder of one of the other PCs, who is very much alive.

WELL OF COINS

In the city there is a well, sometimes coins fly out of it followed by the voice of someone wishing for something. Some tried exploring the well, but never came back.

WE NEED MEAD

The local taverns are in dire need of the legendary Stella Artois Mead for the upcoming Midwinter Festival. However the expected shipment mysteriously never arrived from the nearby brewery in the woods. Up to a party of mighty heroes to save the festival.

FACTIONS

Gandahar is home to a diverse and intricately intertwined group of factions. These various organizations are recognized by the crown, although criminal groups are not officially approved. However, all the factions serve an important role in Gandaharian politics, and provide important services to the citizenry.

ACADEMIC FACTIONS

Primarily comprised of arcane groups, the academic factions of Gandahar run the gambit of magial applications. Some aid in the mastery of magic, and others are closely tied to the city's military factions to control magic.

FOLD OF THE SEVEN

The Fold of the Seven occupy the Septum, a tall, imposing and bleak featured spire in the center of the city. At its peak is the Crown, seven spindly points stretching out in a circle, representing the Seven Disciplines. They have a buildings in seven different locations across the city, with the Septum as the geographic center of perfect heptagon.

Underneath their headquarters holds the biggest library of the arcane manuscripts in the kingdom and the only way to access is through a written letter from a ranking member or from the throne. Archmages **Balthazar Byzantus** and **Lilian Ves'a**, who currently serve as advisors to the ruler of the City, can designate non members that are allowed entry whenever the library is open.

The Seven have a budding business relationship with Interworld Trade and Transport. They use IT&T to procure items and magical technology from sellers and scholars across the planes.

GANDAHARIAN EXPLORATORY SOCIETY

What is life if for those that have everything they need? Boring! But who would dare to risk their own life and well-being sulking in dark, forbidden, and rather dirty places of the world if they could avoid it? The Gandaharian Exploratory Society pays adventures, explorers, and funds to do just that! What for? Well for bragging rights of course.

Given the Society's propensity for hiring freelance adventurers, Interworld Trade and Transport has made inroads with the group. As a source of interplanar transit, the places adventures can explore on behalf of their patrons has become much more expansive – and much more deadly.

THE ORDER OF NOVIS

A group of arcane casters seek to perpetuate longevity by completing as many daily activities as possible backwards. They are easily spotted, wearing lush purple robes trimmed in gold, walking backwards down busy streets with the aid of a series of large mirrors strapped to their body. Often thought mad by townsfolk, they have developed their own language by talking in reverse in order to communicate with one another. They are often consulted by the city on projects requiring careful deconstruction although meeting with them is a great achievement due to the intricacies of their sect.

While some think them mad, there are rumors among the small folk that the Order has seen some terrible future for the city and are trying desperately to reverse its course.

THE POCKET PROTECTORS

With so many powerful – and volatile – factions residing in Gandahar, many have created pocket planes to save space. However, it became clear that the density of unregulated extraplanar magic was having adverse effects on city's infrastructure, as well as causing too many cats to get lost or trapped in cubical pocket planes.

A group of studious and talented wizards, known as the Pocket Protectors, took it upon themselves to secure and maintain the extraplanar integrity of the city by regulating the use, possession, and expansion of pocket planes by residents of the city. They're respected and feared by any group reliant on extradimensional space, for their patented plane piercing pens are known for their ability to dispel even the sturdiest illegal extraplanar spaces. Everyone knows when a bust is made, because the rat population drops dramatically afterwards due to the release of the trapped felines.

The Pocket Protectors have levied several complaints against Interworld Trade and Transport due to the constant shifting portals the company uses in it's day-to-day business. IT&T's response was the opening of a small portal to the para-elemental plane of Magma just inside the threshold of the drop box at city hall.

THE RELIC SEEKERS

These devout scholars dedicate themselves to exploring ancient ruins in search of ancient cultural items, including art and weapons, to sell to museums or wealthy collectors. Sometimes their exploits are funded by the bored nobles of the Gandaharian Exploratory Society, although many Relic Seekers consider them amateur. While many members grown upon the practice of leaving the found artifacts with these boasting beginners, only few Seekers deny the vast funding.

Sometimes, the Relic Seekers team up with other guilds for riskier dungeon delves, in exchange for letting the guild have some of the treasure, and recently the IT&T hired the Relic Seekers were hired to explore a magical, endless staircase.

THE TRUTH SEERS

Essentially a cult that happened upon what they think is a hidden earthmote deep in the bowels of the city the Truth Seers lay claim to a cavernous room in the center with a massive dais and a scintillating blue and purple crystal that faintly glows when cantrips are cast on it.

The cult believes that, given the right concentration or school of magic, the earthmote will restore their 'grounded' city to it's rightful place as the forefront of trade between the elemental plane of air and the material plane. They have no problem hiring anyone or anything to seek magical knowledge on the subject and they approach their activities with a fervor bordering on obsession.

THE VIAL

A cabal of wizards, alchemists, and apothecary seek immortality through a variety of means, from philosopher's stones to lichdom. Their leader is an ancient silver dragon named **Skolthir**, who frequently polymorphs into a human. He founded The Vial a couple hundred years ago, and while his intentions are for the best, most members do not share his virtuous intentions.

While the Vial has a network of physicians and apothecaries who help the sick as a front, they hide their shady dealings. Higher ups in the Vial have met with members of the Brothers Sanguine, eager to learn more about vampirism and how to harness the magic associated with it. The Church of Silence has heard rumors of this and looks down upon the Vial for their profane and unholy goals.

WHISPERS OF ZEREMAR

A covenant of necromancers practices their macabre craft in the safety of Gandahar's labyrinthian sewers thanks to the blatant incompetence of DIG's superintendent. Most of the covenant indulges in necromancy for the sake of scientific curiosity rather than evil schemes. An idea reinforced by their namesake, as their founding member was the renowned scientist and alchemical genius, **Zeremar De Moria IX**.

Whisper members are especially distrustful to any potential initiates, as the Church of Silence has made the process of remaining undiscovered rather troublesome.

Zeremar De Moria IX has recently been returned to the group when the body of a descendant was... Recovered by the group. The ancestral repatriation experiment proved to be a resounding success, but now there is an awkward political tension as the group's current leadership has to contend with the founder's return and increasingly esoteric demands.

The Shimmershine Family has used the Whispers in the past to raise skeletons to be used for cheap labor for their mining operations, which may explain why the mine has shut down, leaving the lower class citizens without work, all the while gold keeps coming in.

CIVILIAN FACTIONS

Many civilians that live in Gandahar have also formed their own factions. While there are hundreds of smaller clubs and groups, the organizations below are officially recognized as Factions by the throne.

THE BAKERS DOZEN

Thirteen bakers, chocolatiers, and chefs gather weekly to discuss their craft and business. Once a season they set up a large market to sell specialty food and treats. The seasonal market has become so popular that there has been a lottery set up for admittance - half the lot is sold ahead of time, and the other half is sold on the day of. Deciding who gets a ticket ahead of time is a nobles' game of economics and who's-who. Those who are admitted day-of are given a once-in-a-lifetime experience, which The Dozen supply at a reasonable price despite the high cost of reserved tickets.

Whenever a member of the guild retires, a kingdom wide bake-off is held to decide who fills the vacant seat. Since most of the experts would be involved in the contest, local nobility usually play the role of impartial judges.

The idea is to share their craft, and perhaps inspire the next batch of Bakers. The Dozen have a heavily-guarded secret cake recipe called "The 13 Layers of Gandahar," and the members are each responsible for one layer. Rumors are that The Dozen are planning to do a new one for a big celebration in the coming months.

CLEARBOOK COLLECTIVE

A collective of back alley doctors, surgeons, medicine makers, and a gnarly old midwife or two will tend to anyone's needs and ailments for the right amount of coin no matter the customer. Secretly, they earn a great deal from shadier clients from the criminal underworks, but they spend most of their time working in poorer areas of the city free of charge.

Their central residency is the humble Clearbrook Clinic and its temple, built beside a cold, rocky spring reputed to have healing qualities. If untreated, the water induces a dazed condition, but few people complain when they have nowhere else to go.

THE GANDAHARI GOATS

The Goats are an ulama team known more for the fervor of their fans than for skill on the ball court. Supporters wear blue-and-gold hip belts based on the crest of the team's sponsors, House Delvier. Whenever passing by a tavern after a game, it's unwise to make snide remarks about the Goats. These fans passionately defend the team's honor.

THE GOLDEN LADLE

The Golden Ladle is a soup kitchen and homeless shelter run by a group of clerics and monks to help those in the city who are less fortunate. They also provide connections for jobs or apprenticeships to those able to work. A handful of wealthier merchants and artisans donate to the Golden Ladle during festivals and celebrations. One pre-event ticket from the renowned Baker's Dozen seasonal market is always given to the Golden Ladle, where it is always auctioned to the highest bidder in a fundraiser.

Members of the Clearbrook Collective come by once a week to give free examinations and treatments at the shelter.

THE NIGHT PARADE

This group of disenfranchised citizens came together to fight what they view as unfair laws involving taxes and working conditions. After peaceful protests were met with violence, a disguised oni named **Comona Tong** rose to prominence fronting the group and leading guerrilla attacks on tax offices, factory smithies, and mines. Their symbol is the head of an Oni drawn over the rune for the number 100. It is used to mark meeting places and safe-houses used by Night Parade.

THE NIGHT WATCHERS

Crannick "Redsword" Roland gave up his life of adventuring for a quiet life. He took a job as a baker in a little shop in Gandahar and spent hours on the roof watching the stars go by. He would then talk about it with his drinking buddies at the nearby tavern. After inviting a few back with him one night, the Night Watchers were born. The Night Watchers are also a supreme source of gossip and intel, due to its members from all corners of Gandahar.

Though mostly a self-contained group of friends and acquaintances, their monthly meetings are open to anyone who wishes to have some company in a lone night. Any lost or lone soul can be guaranteed to be met with open arms, receive a blanket to cuddle up in and drink a refreshing ale with the Night Watchers: a safe haven of comfort in an otherwise often dangerous city.

THE SILK LAYERS

A network of brothels made to appeal to the carnal desires of the citizens, the Silk Layers have existed in some form for longer than Gandahar has existed. They currently host a troupe from the Clan of a Thousand Shapes - shapeshifters from far away lands, trained to take any form desired.

In an agreement almost older than the city itself, the Silk Layers is permitted to skip tax obligations, and instead donates a staggering amount to a network of orphan's homes, reform schools, and polishing academies. More than one consort to various heads of state have matriculated from these schools, and the information they feed back to the Madams and Masters of the Silk Layers ensures a plush layer of blackmail against any upstart politician or rival faction looking to make trouble.

THE STRAIGHT EDGE

A group of commoners within Gandahar that have taken to cleaning up the streets. Their disdain for drugs, drug users and those who smuggle and sell such products is immense. Small gangs move about the day, forcefully confiscating any drugs they find on people. They've been known to use violence on users and dealers. The most dedicated dedicated carry a unique rectangular sword with straight edges on the sides and tip to give smugglers and dealers 'the straight edge.' Certain local authorities throw a blind eye to The Straight Edge activities in belief that their sometimes extreme acts are making a positive difference throughout the city.

THE TEA LEAFS

A caravan of halfling refugees that have settled in the city outskirts with their makeshift home on wheels, the Tealeafs are seen as pests and vermin by the upper class. Yet they've more than made their pay working the unseen jobs and know more than most do in the city.

One particular halfling, however, does not share in the overall joyous mood of the caravan. **Fixxan Broomsweep** always had more of an opportunistic approach to life and, made business out of sharing the accumulated information on the streets for quick coin rather than a cup of tea. From a small hearsay to a valuable secret, if it was ever said - he's the man to repeat it.

Anyone and everyone is welcome to visit the caravan, as long as they don't start or bring violence. A cup of tea, and a warm conversation are offered by **Mama Bellsing** and her granddaughter, **Torla**. They listen and give advice, usually in the vein of "be kind, and try to solve the problem by talking to them frankly."

People in the city have a two-fold opinion of the Tealeafs - they're pleasant and do honest work, but a particularly obnoxious Noble is certain they are child-thieves and goblins in disguise. Talk is talk, though. The Tealeafs always have the goods if you're needing a smoke to unwind at the end of a day after hustling on the streets of Gandahar. The prices may be steep, but it's worth every copper.

CLERICAL FACTIONS

Gandahar is no stranger to organized religious groups. Within the faith districts, it's not hard to find a temple or shrine to any approved gods. But within these circles, there are some higher official organizations.

THE CHURCH OF SILENCE

Gandahar's gravewatchers, this religious chapter of the clergy dedicates themselves to making sure that the city's dead stay dead. They wear pale greys and dull greens, but the head cleric has a powerful amulet of emerald and silver and grants them resistances to undead and necromancy spells. This uniform has become increasingly appropriate of late, as it helps conceal their forms against the filthy mortar of Gandahar's sewage system - a locale the gravewatchers have rallied to in recent years in response to an alarming undead emerging from the fetid bowels of the city.

All members take a vow of silence during their work duties, communicating solely in writing or a sign language known only to members. However when not on duty they are allowed to speak and even mingle with the rest of the city so long as they can make it to their watch on time.

Of course, the easiest way to make sure that the dead stay dead is to burn them. However, their advocacy for cremation has not been met well by the people's more traditional ideas of burial. There are legends of ancestors coming back to haunt those who desecrate their bodies after death and that's enough for most people to want to bury their relatives. So for now, the Gravewatchers sit and meditate, silently staring into the flame, working to prevent the "inevitable."

THE DEWDROPS

The Dewdrops are an order of clerics that have dedicated themselves to purifying the city's water supply. They maintain shrines throughout the city, and recruit local children as apprentices - to learn purification magic, and proselytize in the name of their god. The Dewdrops can trace their name back to **Finnbolg Dewdrop**, a Halfling healer that managed to track back various cholera outbreaks to a tainted water supply in the city.

Dewdrop himself lost all his children to the epidemic and vowed to dedicate his life to the defeat of this disease. After he learned the truth, he took up the local orphans as his apprentices. Sadly he did not live to see his dreams come true, and died several years ago. Members earn a water droplet pin for each year of service, clerics from across faiths can often be seen sporting a set of pins as a mark of pride during sermons. The founder of the Clearbrook collective is a former priestess of the Dewdrops, but the relations between her and the current head priest of the Dewdrops is rocky.

Many parents don't trust the Dewdrops though, as rumors say they defile their apprentices in unspeakable ways. In reality, this is a false rumor spread by the pub owners and barkeeps of the city, who are afraid of losing business if people realize that the water supply is safe from disease.

THE LAMPLIGHTERS

Worshippers of Saint Aedmarck voluntarily patrol the streets of Gandahar. They make their rounds in groups of at least a dozen, accompanied by a Lantern Priest that carries a tall staff topped with a bullseye lantern.

Lamplighter patrols prevent some petty crime, deterring burglars and muggers by their presence alone, but they are notorious for their treatment of Gandahar's lawfully resident lycanthropes and undead. They show no mercy to those who twist the Law to their own advantage, to those who trade the mind of a humanoid for that of a Beast!

The most devout always carry around a silvered weapon that glints with the light of the lamp. House Delvier often makes charitable donations towards the just cause of Lamplighters' peacekeepers: a deliberate move to bolster the House reputation among the common folk and set its zealots on the tail of Delvier's rival House.

SONS OF PELOR

The Sons are a fraternal religious order of worshipers of Pelor that devote themselves to healing the wounded. While relatively few of them possess actual magical power, they are well trained in first aid and the use of conventional medicine. They are primarily a non-military order and provide healing, medicine, wound care, and hospice services, easing the passing of the dying when they can.

Within the ranks, there are further divisions based on specialty, and there is at least one Abbot in each monastery (an Abbot is always a Son of proper seniority with access to divine spellcasting). These monasteries can range wildly in size; in a small town, there may or may not be an installation of The Sons, while in large cities, there may be a hundred Sons or more. In small venues, 3 or 4 Sons may inhabit a regular home together, and tend to mundane concerns, such as wounds derived from agricultural accidents or fisticuffs. There are also orders of The Sons who have no specific home locations and accompany military units to war. Among humanoid cultures The Sons are generally regarded as noncombatants in a fight and will not be targets.

They are on rocky terms with and potential rivals of the Clearbrook Collective who share the same goal of treating the wounded but come off as more underhanded in their way of doing so. The Collective has a respect for the Sons work but they generally think they are a bit too slow and passive to help when it really matters if a crisis ever occurs.

TYR'S FORSAKEN

In theory, the god of justice smiles on the innocent. In theory, the guilty are found. In theory, they are persecuted, and punished swiftly and fairly. Then again, in theory, once justice is served, the hearts of victims and their families are satiated. Yet, the world does not work thusly; it is not strictly fair.

Where, then, do those denied by the god justice find their peace? Tyr's Forsaken is the vigilante presence in the underbelly of Gandahar, making their own justice and keeping their own peace. It's members are called Hammers, men and women who act where the law will or has not, and the people that support their cause. A blacksmith of Tyr's Forsaken may repair armors and weapons at cost, charging nothing for their service. An innkeeper may hide away Hammers sought by the guard to quell vigilante uprisings. Rogue clerics and paladins of Tyr himself may secretly provide healing and support for Hammers, finding the law supports injustice in a number of cases.

CRIMINAL FACTIONS

While the crown of Gandahar recognizes several criminal factions, it doesn't approve of them. They are only recognized so that the throne can justify certain uses of force to help stop their illegal and rogue activities.

THE BLACK HAND

The Black Hand's graffiti can be found in the darker corners of the city, and rumors circulate that their leader is not a humanoid. The city guard has an ongoing investigation into several members of their organization, but all have either eluded capture or remained hidden. Some citizens even accuse certain nobles of having membership in the Black Hand. It probably doesn't help that the Commander of the city guard has a sordid history including alleged ties to the Black Hand, prior to his appointment.

The Black Hand specializes in trafficking. They prefer to take those who wouldn't be noticed: orphans, non-humanoids, although they also target those with innate magical abilities (sorcerer bloodlines). They also traffic in drugs, stolen goods, & extortion.

They say that if you burn a raccoon's paw 3 hours past moonrise, a satyr named **Ducca** will appear to begin the Rite of Initiation. There are only two ways for anyone to leave Ducca's presence: through blood or through secret. And he won't leave without one or the other.

THE BLACK CLAW

A coalition of gangs that fight for control in the city called the Black Claw are led by seven wizards; one for each school of magic. Their main goal is to take over the city from the city by blackmail or bribe. They are a large organization, and their lower members are known to have the symbol of the Black claw on them. They terrorize the city through a web of spies and thugs that keep the people in check, while the higher up members deal with the guard and the city officials. Their main base is in the catacombs of the old city.

THE BLUE FISH GANG

There have been rumors for some time about a group on the wharf offering "protection" for fishmongers and slowly taking control of the smaller "purported" smuggling rings, massing them into one organized group with a small handful of controlling interests. They are very clandestine – no known members, only dark rumors passed around tables wet with spilled ale. Recently, some folk known for standing up to the Blue Fish have been found impaled to the front door of their dwelling or place of business, a blue marlin spike driven through their chest.

THE BROTHERS SANGUINE

A family of mobsters, racketeers, fences and other crooks, the Brothers Sanguine are a vast network of vampiric slumlords with nothing in mind but the bottom line. For undead, that's a pretty low bar. Entrenched deep in the world of crime, they act as brokers of the blood trade to sustain the impoverished fiends of the city, from dealing literal supplies of blood to other vampires, to finding "suitable" homes for lycanthropes, horrors, and other forcibly civilized beasts to earn their keep and pay their dues for the Brother's protection.

Additionally, they've garnered enough clout to influence building projects and control previously unwanted districts. With slums being so cheap, they show off with communal displays of art, often stained glass pillars or inlaid murals depicting the leaders and their top men depending on the area, who's deeds have been inflated to levels of urban myth.

The clinic of the Clearbrook Collective is always available to patch up the Brothers Sanguine various members and even sell them leftover blood from messier operations. At least as long as they pay and that they obey the rules of the clinic and leave their staff, patients and clients alone while in the area. Brothers that have not kept to the rules have been dunked in the holy spring and left to fend for themselves.

THE DANCING SNAKES

A band of bards that roam the city during the day performing on street corners for coin. But during the night, they turn to their more profitable side business; they are a group of for-hire assassins that will take care of just about anyone for the right price.

House Delvier often resorts to their services when more pleasant methods fail to achieve the expected result. As expected, the organization employs a heavy use of code words in order to maintain the convenient veil of secrecy. Purchase their services, requires a written "request" to "perform" during a feast or a ball held in the target's name. If the attached payment is to the Dancing Snakes' liking, they will leave an emerald brooch in their client's bedroom as a sign of the job's acceptance. In their assassinations, the Dancing Snakes prefer to unsheathe their charm first and their blades second, mostly relying on such spells as Charm Person and Modify Memory.

In a city, where every bloody drunkard and their grandmother has some half-magical ju-ju to spy on their neighbors, what is a better way to kill a man, than right in the open? With style, my friend! That is the only way.

— words by which every new initiate quickly learns to live.

THE DARKENERS

The Darkeners are a sect of adherents that follow "The Dark Man," – a known player among organized crime within and beyond Gandahar. Colloquially, The Darkeners are devoted to thievery, assassination, trafficking, and more. Membership is secret and not generally advertised, although individual Darkeners are said to recognize each other through a series of coded phrases and greetings used in normal conversation.

However, these stories are all anecdotal, as a Darkener would never admit to their affiliations in public. Most Darkeners never meet another, at least not obviously, and adherents are summoned to visit The Dark Man only individually. Rumors fly about The Dark Man wildly, some say he is made of shadow, others that he is a black dragon in human shape, others that he is a being of infernal influence, and yet others think he is vice made whole by some dark sorcery. But the reality is that no one knows. Darkeners don't share their affiliations, or their secrets. Some state they don't even exist in the first place, and are a bogeyman tale grown out of control. Some think The Darkeners are a prop, kept up by the government, to impose upon their enemies and thus punish them without reproach from the public.

THE HANSEATIC LEAGUE

A loose cabal of actors and performers that smuggle narcotics and other illicit goods through their theaters and venues. They specialize in a drug called "Tar," forged documents, and human trafficking. The sheer flow of people through the theaters disguises their operation. Goods are smuggled in through the docks and hidden sewer paths.

INTERWORLD TRADE & TRANSPORT

Greithrot the Eviscerator has been given a hat of disguise and a mission by a middle manager at IT&T. He represents the interests of Interworld, offering Courier services both inside the city and across the planes. Because his job often involves the movement of illicit materials and magic items, several Factions would like to get their hands on the peripatetic Mezzoloth-in-disguise and see where he hangs his hat. As a side job, he also serves as a Tout for Gandahar and likes to bring his customers to all the best pubs.

A small branch of Interworld has taken an interest in Gandahar and sees the potential for further profit. Towards that end they have sponsored several enterprises in the city and seek to expand their influence.

THE MAD BLOODED

Brawlers, pit fighters, gladiators, death seekers, glory hunters are all welcomed to the Mad Blooded within their underground arena in the northern sewers. The first step to gaining access requires visiting the Bloodhound Tavern and asking **Gilhar** the bartender for a round of "hammerberry ale." The swarthy dwarven barkeep will ask, "Is it for you or a friend?" to which the appropriate response is "It's for me. I've got some rage to drink off."

With that, Gilhar will lead the character to the back to "pick the year," and reveal the underground entrance to the pit. Answering anything else will result in a real glass of the famous dwarven Hammerberry Ale. The fighting is not sanctioned by the government so they have lookouts at all points so the participants can scatter at a moments notice.

In truth, the organization pays a sizable cut of protection money to the noble House Delvier. The house lord, in turn, makes sure that city guards do not give the underground arena too much trouble, keeping the location itself from being permanently barred down after each new raid and delaying the sweeps for major events through a series of bribes.

While the Rust Eaters are generally intolerant of people and creatures that venture too near their communities in the deep, fungus infested parts of the sewers, they make an exception for the Mad Blooded. Once in a blue moon, they even field a pair of fighters, dark-shrouded dagger-wielding Kenku that move with unnatural coordination. Additionally, Interworld Trade and Transport has taken an interest in sponsoring emerging talents in the arena. These fighters are easy to pick out as they wield a unique Greensteel weapon.

THE MANTLE

The Mantle, a criminal organization run by a Fetchling named **Sydell**, is involved in robbery, assassination, and drug, weapon and slave trade.

Sydell's purpose is to amass enough wealth to return to the shadowfell, and get revenge on a wizard that experimented on him and other fetchlings that came to the material plane.

THE NEST

Lurking beneath the streets of the city, The Nest is a ring of human traffickers led by a scorpionfolk named **Chandriasz**. They kidnap innocent citizens off the streets by night, and smuggle them through the sewers beyond the reach of the City Guards, selling them to hobgoblins, orcs, or bandit tribes as slaves.

The Nest do not see this kidnapping as a reprehensible - in their culture, being given a family is a gift beyond value. Only the strongest tribes are chosen to receive their new family from the Nest in the city. In their view, both peoples are fortified: the weakest of the city are given support they need to become strong or are allowed to pass from this life into the next, more prepared. They are given a fresh start to make something of themselves. In the tribes' benefit, the city's ways are learned, and the tribes can better trade, speak, and affect the customs of other cultures they've adopted.

They compete with the Black Hand, and will kill them on sight if found in Nest territory. The Nest has been known to use transporters supplied by Interworld Trade and Transport to move kidnapped civilians to interplanar buyers. The Nest often runs afoul of Rust Eater scouts, who patrol the deep parts of Gandahar's sewers, guarding communities of Kenku too weak from the choking spores to defend themselves.

ORDER OF THE DISPELLING FIST

The Order of the DisPELLing Fist is a order of Monks whose only goal is to keep magical items from civilian hands. They have no authority to remove these items from civilians though, and mostly end up preaching in the market to passers-by, asking them to leave all their magical items in their possession for destruction. A select few of their faction, recognizable by their powdered red fists and bald uncovered heads, resort to intimidation and force to remove these items. Small groups of these extremists can be found roaming the streets of Gandahar near arcane establishments in the city. The Order has been hunting down agents of Interworld Trade and Transport, trying to stymie the flow of magic items into the city walls.

THE QUORTH SYNDICATE

The Quorth Syndicate is a new criminal group operating in the city. They make most of their money selling information and making people disappear. Word on the street is that they are constantly buying people from slavers, especially well educated ones. Their leader only meets with non-members through proxy and members all seem somewhat 'off' to anyone who knows them.

The leader is an Illithid using mind-reading and mind-control to muscle into the criminal scene. The activities of the Quorth Syndicate have been making some waves and other criminal groups are starting to take note. The Syndicate regularly deals with both the Black hand and the Nest. However, both factions threaten to cease business with the Syndicate if they continue to do business with their rivals, but neither of these factions have made good on the threats.

RUST EATERS

A gang of Kenku, known for red stains that streak their beaks and facial feathers, Rust Eaters are famous for a number of carefully choreographed, high-value thefts.

The 'rust' is a parasitic fungus, originating from deep in the city's sewers. For the young and the strong among the Kenku, the fungus is clarifying, empowering and invigorating, overlaying their intelligence with a sense of purpose. For the elderly and weak, it drowns out their own thoughts with its whispers, and slowly asphyxiates them with stiffening tendrils of rust-colored mycelium.

They have most recently stolen powerful artifacts reclaimed by the Fold of the Seven, and the Relic Seekers, including a dagger containing the soul of a long-dead dragon.

DEPARTMENT FACTIONS

Department factions are generally intertwined and closely related to actual governmental departments. They work together often, and many times government officials also work in these groups. However, the Department Factions are not officially part of the Gandaharian Government.

THE BEAUTIFICATION DEPARTMENT

A group of wizards, nobles, artists, and even a few druids dedicate themselves to beautifying and improving the day-to-day tableau of city life. Aesthetics are the only consideration of the project, as they must be.

Their work includes various floating topiaries, statuary flash mobs, verdanized buildings, the Seasoning Parade, "vagrants are but a canvas," sudden forestry, A Study of Gravitic Reversal, sewer systems as fountainwork, the Groundskeeping: What Agony!, illusory storm experiences, Hedgemaze Tuesdays, abrupt glamory, and their ongoing forever-project: determining the best way to make a "street" that is not a street. **Marygold Shimmershine** is an active member, using his family's vast wealth to assist in beautification projects.

TBP rarely has the correct bureaucratic forms and permits for the work that is done, but residents dare not complain. One, because the projects often benefit the middle classes in small yet comfortable ways and two, because complaining is seen as an ugly deterioration of the City in TBP's point of view, and deterioration must be discouraged.

The poor and homeless are worried that a Winter Seasoning Parade might render them frostbitten as they are plunged unprepared into freezing temperatures while their slums look like sparkling gingerbread houses. Lovely! Interworld Trade and Transport has recently attempted to sponsor the Beautification Project, providing consulting for the "street that is not a street" endeavor. Rumors that the first incarnation developed into a portal to Arborea are grossly exaggerated. it was more like a beautiful window.

DEPARTMENT OF IMPERIAL GARDENS

One of Gandahar's original bureaucratic factions, the DIG is responsible for the city's public greens and waters, parks, gardens, fountains, aqueducts, and sewers. This has put them into conflict with the city's underground bloodsport.

DEPARTMENT OF SALT

It's common knowledge that salt can't be conjured, that's why magically created food is only popular with the sort of thieves and brutes who spend their time delving in abandoned mines and looting ancient burial-grounds. The DoS is an imperial department created to ensure the availability of salt.

Ensuring the availability of salt, as it turns out, can be understood very broadly. The DoS is famously one of Gandahar's most repressive bureaucracies, considering its oversight to include inspecting caravans that might be concealing salt as they pass through the Shimmershine Wall into downtown Gandahar, requiring cooks and bakers to certify that their salt comes from approved sources, sending their inspectors to fine those who can't prove the origin of their salt, and licensing businesses that use potash such as gardeners and soap and glass manufacturers.

THE LONGSHOREMEN

The Longshoremen faction is made up of sailors and craftsmen who support the ships and sailmakers who run the city's docks. The city's dock masters, who are always members of the guild, are responsible for collecting duties on anything passing through the docks into the city, and for blocking the transport of forbidden items. The group has come by some controversy lately as some of the Longshoremen have been accepting payment as matchmakers, arranging meetings between a recently arrived pod of merfolk and wealthy nobles.

The blocking of contraband can be bypassed through the right dock master for those willing to pay the price. As such, several crime syndicates wish to put their own men as the dock master in order to place them on the council. If the proper price is not paid, the Longshoremen often inform the White Dagger of these goods, which are then confiscated. What happens to these goods after they are confiscated has been sometimes questioned.

MILITARY FACTIONS

All of the military factions here are approved by the throne. While their financial backing varies based on the ever-changing political landscape of the city council and noble houses, the majority of common citizens never really see a difference. And as long as they feel safe, they aren't likely to ever know when a faction's loyalty changes.

THE CITY WATCH

Responsible for maintaining peace and security across the city, Watch members are always recognizable by their red capes with a black diagonal slash. City Watch Captains wear a brass brooch or pin in the shape of a shield. The emblem is a coat of arms that includes the holy symbol of the city's patron god of Justice. Some captains double as clerics or paladins, but most of them are not spellcasters.

Training for the watch militia takes about half a year. In the first four months aspiring watchmen are vigorously drilled in weapons, armor and combat, including various encircling maneuvers in close quarter environments. The focus lies in containment rather than in obtaining victory.

Afterwards, new Watch members get a brief run down on the city's various laws and rules as well as reading and writing, before they are thrown in the deep end with an experience squad on patrol duties. Veterans call these newcomers mavericks for their rash and yet unrefined actions. After three years of service a maverick can take the watchman's test for full membership.

KNIGHTS OF AUREON

The Knights of Aureon are a sect of paladins that keep to themselves in a small fortress-like building, built atop a crypt for their fallen members to whom they revere. They are devoted to a god of war and they consider both their dead and their crypt to be utterly sacred. They allow no visitors in their holy sanctum below. When Gandahar is at war, they lead the charge against the city's enemies. In peacetime they become restless and many suspect their agents of inciting conflict with nearby city-states. Their colors are red and gold, their emblem a lion with bared teeth a sword between its paws.

THE LAWGUARD

The Lawguard are an order devoted to the implementation of law and order through the courts of Gandahar. It uses of both martial and magical ability. In the city courts, clerics maintain *zones of truth* to compel honest testimony from petitioners. The martial sects, provide security and safety among all the legal infrastructure of the city.

The Lawguard is a small order, but they are proud, as the initiation requirements are quite rigorous. Only the most stalwart and dependable of the general City Watch are able to ascend to these heights. They are regarded among the other lawkeepers of the city as beyond reproach, purely by their reputation. While this is not a sanctioned activity, oftentimes a Lawguard officer will be requested to watch citizens as they conduct a trade or agreement. As such is the case, there is a lot of low-scale commerce which takes place in the vicinity of the city courts.

The Commandant of the Lawguard is not frequently seen in public, but is present in the court for important cases. The Commandant is a prestigious Aasimar and possesses brightly golden eyes and flowing hair. He performs the duties of a bailiff during High Court hearings, and according to rumor, keeps austere, nearly ascetic, quarters in the basement beneath the Hall of Justice. The Lawguard keep their headquarters near the Hall of Justice, and this is where they receive their orders and station, as well as residing when off duty. Lawguard are prohibited from drunkenness or intoxication of any sort, gambling, engaging with prostitutes, and other 'vice' activities. To be caught in violation of this precept dictates immediate dismissal from the order.

THE OLD WATCH

Years ago, a group of stoneworkers and mages created a series of giant stone golems around the city. These golems are now known as The Old Watch, and stand as statuesque sentinels over the city. The golems are activated by their Mason when the city comes under siege, though it has been ages since their last awakening. Many shorter-lived races believe that it is just a rumor.

Each Mason's role requires checking for cracks and other irregularities in the Watcher statues. Secretly, they also keep tabs on the magic core housed in the statues bases behind a secret door. The golems represent all different races. It is unknown if attunement to different forms grant the watchers different powers.

Some Masons say the souls of their ancestors are stored in those cores, and the statue care is a form of worship and reverence: a sacrifice given for the greater good of the city. Others say that the Old Watch tore out the very souls of criminals, using their essence for raw power.

THE WHITE DAGGER

This secret police force of assassins is only called upon when the city guard cannot handle a situation or when less-than-lawful actions are required to keep the peace. They are sworn to the city, but have no problems with breaking the law for the greater good. They are so elusive that most of the townsfolk believe they are simply a legend. Those that do know of the White Dagger dare not whisper what they know, because they have all been instructed to remain silent. Recently, after a raid on the black hand territory, they recovered several hats of disguise and use them to maintain anonymity.

Their leader wears the mantle of "The Ghost Knight." He was once a paladin, but has gone rogue from his faith upon finding the city guard could not guarantee the "justice" as well as he could. He is currently training his half-elf daughter to take over as he is human and getting too old.

Initiates, who are themselves far from novices in their fields, are given an ivory-hilt dagger. Only once they've broken the blade of the dagger, which is enchanted to break in a special way under great emotional or physical duress, are they initiated into the group proper. The "pearled" members of the force keep their broken daggers to remember what it's like to have something fail on them when they need it most: something they cannot allow themselves to do.

NATURE FACTIONS

Amid the hustle and bustle of life in this metropolis, a few groups are dedicating to preserving what they can of the natural world within the walls of Gandahar.

THE CIRCLE OF IRON

A mysterious group of druids known by only a few, The Circle of Iron was formed when an adventuring druid entered the city with her comrades and realized that, despite the metal and stone artifices and buildings, the city acted as a living organism – larger than she had ever experienced.

Nowadays, the druids of the Circle of Iron revere the city itself as a minor deity, and have devoted themselves to protecting it from any other group that may attempt to cause it harm. They have several meeting places located throughout quiet corners of the city. They devote themselves not to the government or gods, but to Gandahar itself, and heaven help anyone who attempts to harm it.

THE COURT BELOW

Beneath the city, its sewers and catacombs, lies buried the remnant of a once-great temple of petrified root and stone. In its center, a mighty tree grows in the darkness, with nine strong, long roots that dig through the foundation and into the city's underbelly.

It is here where the Court Below gathers. Banished from the Realms of the Feywild, corrupt and capricious, they gather around their Lord, sleeping within the dark-growing tree. The fey struck a deal with the first settlers, that on every 13th year in a new moon night seven men and women of the city will join the court as tribute. This practice has been forgotten by most citizens and the last family that uphold the deal is now under strong surveillance by the city watch.

GANDAHAR FURRY FRIENDS SOCIETY

A small tribe of firbolgs are recognized as the Gandahar Furry Friends Society. They work to protect and maintain a small patch of forest within the city. They work hand in hand with the Circle of Iron and The Dew Drops to keep the city's green spaces alive and healthy.

THE GRAPETENDERS

Vintners of an exclusive order, the constituents of The Grapetenders have made their fame by the merit of their product. A Grapetender is a member of a consortium of other winemakers and vintners who see themselves as an economical brotherhood, share a passion for their trade, and view wine as an artistic medium and societal necessity.

They host boisterous parties and festivals each harvest or when a particularly good vintage of wine has been appropriately aged. But The Grapetenders also function as a sort of cabal of alcohol, and during their weekly luncheon meeting, they engage in price-fixing and seek to collectively gain a monopoly over the wine markets of Gandahar. They employ smugglers and thugs to intimidate rival vintners into moving their product out of the local market.

THE PEOPLE'S PARK PARTY

In public, The PPP is just a bunch of well meaning Druids, Rangers, and hippies. They want to expand Gandahar's green spaces and provide more parks and nature reserves in and around the urban sprawl. They spend their time campaigning for more park space, tending existing parks and managing the cities growing owlbear problem.

In private, they're a bunch of maniacs who are using the parks to slowly but surely grow an army of blights to destroy the city from within and return it to nature. Handfeeding squirrels is an important act of service among the People.

THE THREE TERRORS

One faction of the city is openly controlled by a coven of hags, who have established a network for protection and influence peddling. The people who deal regularly with the hags trade tips and secrets to negotiate a bargain out of the coven. The city tolerates the coven because the hags wage magical war against the city's common enemies: other factions perceived to be even more corrupt or demanding. The hags create opportunities for advancement that do not regularly present themselves elsewhere. While most fey are notoriously difficult to deal with, working with the Three Terrors is comparatively easy due to their fey nature that binds them to a mysterious code of laws that they literally cannot break.

NOBILITY

The Great Houses of Gandahar perform vital services for the city, but can often get sucked into the politicking common to nobility. In a city the size of Gandahar, there are a hundred or so noble houses total, but the houses listed below are the Great Houses that are led by a Duke or Duchess. Most of these Houses maintain homes in both the Second Ring district and in the Inner City, and have a complex web of connections, alliances, and enmities.

HOUSE DELVIER

As Gandahar grew into the current bustling city it is today, it absorbed the lands of several wealthy families; the Delvier's estate on the river that bears their name was one of those. Their ancestral lands have made them rich and bought them the respect of other nobility. House Delvier's assets are based mostly in real estate; they are landlords to a few thousand tenements and a hundred shops, taverns, and inns, including the infamous Bloodhound Tavern.

HOUSE ISKANDER

Originally a barony which was subsumed into Gandahar during the city's early days, House Iskander is one of the smallest noble families in the city. All eight members having embraced vampirism in Year 238 and now feel relieved of the traditional duty to reproduce. For centuries, they have ensured that the city's ordinances permit the residency of lycanthropes, the undead, and faeries as long as they refrain from eating sentient creatures. Most people seem unsure as to what service House Iskander provides to the city, but their advocacy for more "monstrous" races makes them popular in some districts.

HOUSE TEMERYAN

Another prominent player on the political chessboard of Gandahar, Noble House Temeryan is a well known patron of city-wide industrialization, owing most of its fortunes to the precious gem mines on their land. The business of mining natural resources faces unsurprisingly fierce competition from the Shimmershine Family. A competition that House Temeryan has made numerous attempts to hamper.

THE LILAC ORDER

On the surface, the Lilacs are a social organization for the wealthy and powerful of Gandahar to interact and mingle. Their iconic lilac brooches distinguish members from the common rabble of the city. The only way to access is either through birth or through marriage. They will not tolerate illegitimate children, or their parents, among their ranks. Those who are discovered to not be of "true birth" often disappear under mysterious circumstances shortly thereafter.

They are also trained assassins and spies and make up a good portion of the kingdom's intelligence network. In a strange twist, some of the order are "patrons" of sorts of the conservatory of ruin. The conservatory will grow and keep lilac bushes for the order. They may also do things like sabotage gardens, use trees to destroy the foundations of buildings, grow poisonous plants near potential targets.

THE SHIMMERSHINE FAMILY

A clan of gnomes live in a small palace in the Inner City. Regarded as great inventors, doctors, and accountants, the Shimmershines are known for financing many public works projects around town. These are an attempt to cover up the fact that they are gnome supremacists and secretly gnomes to always be in control. They form a shadow government and anything happening within the city is not only known by them, but often caused. Recently Shimmershine Family Estate was raided by Night Parade. Aside from a few old accounting books nothing else was reported as stolen.

POLITICAL FACTIONS

These factions primarily include civilians that have organized for a political purpose.

THE GARNET ENCLAVE

A group of corrupt nobles that have formed an alliance. Their goal is to ensure that the city stays in the grasp of those of "pure blood." Due to them all being of great Houses, together they hold much power on the City Council and together, decide which legislation passes, and what does not. The Garnet Enclave wish the rich and powerful to gain in wealth and power, and for the poor and oppressed to remain that way. The Shimmershine Family are disproportionately represented on the council and attempt to make sure all things serve their interests, leading to frequent squabbles.

THE GOLDEN SAIL

An union of ship captains and sailors headquartered in the city that banded together, The Golden Sail negotiates fair prices for trade goods with the city's merchants, and protection services for merchant owned ships. They have a unified code for treatment of crews, and are always looking for adventurers to provide extra muscle. Pirates, thieves, and burglars know to be wary of attacking crews who fly the gold.

By merit of maintaining a "joint defense agreement." The Golden Sail has essentially become a nation unto itself, although one without land. The numerous participants in the Golden Sail has essentially given them a monopoly over all importation and exportation within Gandahar. Sailors are more likely to join the crew of a "Golden Vessel" than others, as the code of conduct in regard to the treatment of sailors prohibits alterations to wage for any reason, and they tend to be a meritocracy. In such circumstance, many sailors find themselves working with familiar faces year after year, even if they change ships. This leads to deep bonds among the sailors, and they will leap to defend their brothers and their vessels against those who would take their cargo.

LEAGUE OF SOPHISTICATED GENTLEMEN

The League of Sophisticated Gentlemen is a nobles-only society for men. It's well established, and the sizable faction has a slightly-above-average reputation in spite of the men-only atmosphere. This faction is ruled by a board of nine, who were able to rise to power through nepotism. They are somewhat incompetent, but their positions on the board are relatively stable. Meetings are held every day, at 5pm sharp, and are usually closed to non-members, although bribes to the board will usually be accepted.

THE MALCONTENTS

In this city, whenever decisions are made by any of the authorities, there will be without fail a group of people who end up complaining, protesting, and submitting appeals, regardless of the decision. They seem to be an organized group, as some members have been spotted in disguise at other protests, but whatever their endgame is seems to only be known to them.

Some theorize that an extremist group of druids leads them to slow the progress of civilization by causing bureaucratic headaches and public disturbances.

Rumors say the Malcontents started at a parade held in some noble's honor, or the dedication of some street's 12th renaming. People old enough to remember swear they saw a black cat with blue stripes jumping around the alleyways, before the parade got derailed. And the sighting of such a creature at demonstrations has been recounted ever since, just before things get chaotic.

Night Parade has been suspected of using Malcontent protests as a cover to launch raids against various government entities like the Department of Salt.

THE WHISTLERS IN THE DARK

An organization of fanatic anarchists, Whistlers have no formal group name. The "name" of the organization is how others refer to them—they don't like hierarchy and don't name themselves, but they tend to wear darker clothing and have a complicated coded whistle to greet each other.

They've managed to convince some younger members of minor noble Houses to fund some of their activities against a rival House, but the nobles won't outright support the organization as they believe showing their hand too early will result in the nobles losing their influence and wealth. Similarly, some of the more disgruntled trade guilds have given some coin to the Whistlers to target competitors.

GUILDS



ike factions, Guilds in Gandahar are as diverse as the population. They focus more on filling economic needs than political ones, but also run the gamut of themes and topics. Below are some of the biggest and most well-known guilds in the city.

ADVENTURING GUILDS

As one of the largest cities in the region, Gandahar is a popular destination for adventurers seeking wealthy patrons for high-stakes work or to sell off valuable items. And for up-and-coming heroes, these guilds can provide a place to find steady adventuring work for newcomers as well.

ADVENTURE'S GUILD

Located in the Southeast Moon Gate, Adventure's Guild administers permits for taking on jobs posted on the guild's quest board, and directs registered adventurers during states of emergency in the city. The guild is led by a boisterous Tiefling named **Adventure** and a serious Kobold named **Dreshi**; Dreshi doesn't talk about it, but Adventure will happily tell anyone who will listen about their time as an adventuring party, alongside their now-dead comrades.

The guild is looked down on by other larger mercenary organizations, but their efforts during various disasters within the city have earned them the love and respect of the people in Gandahar.

THE BROKEN SWORDS

A nomadic group of half-orcs led by a female barbarian. Often hired out as mercenaries or to clean out some kind of infestation from an abandoned keep or town.

GANDAHARI GUARD'S GUILD

A city like Gandahar needs a robust Watch to keep everything in order. The City Watch is by far one of the largest factions in the city, and all those guards need to be compensated fairly for their work, and be given rights like any other working citizen. The Gandahari Guards' Guild was born of this need. They advocate for fair wages for all city guards, reasonable hours and benefits, as well as equitable representation of all races among the City Watch and the White Dagger.

The Guards' Guild also helps recruits find resources to pass their Watchmen's Test, and helps them navigate the complicated process. They are also one of the biggest recruiters in the city, sending agents all over the city to find talent for the City Watch. The City Watch is understaffed these days, which makes the Guild's job much harder when trying to advocate for reasonable hours for Watchmen.

Their newest initiative, led by Guildmaster Simon Hollowlock, recruits more diverse candidates for the Watch. They've stepped up recruitment efforts in areas heavily populated by elves, halflings, half-orcs, and even tabaxis and firbolgs. They believe people from anywhere can help, and that a diverse Watch make it easier for diverse citizens to relate and cooperate. They also focus on elven areas, as elves don't require sleep like humans, gnomes, and dwarves do.

THE HONORABLE ASSOCIATION FOR THE REGULATION, DISCIPLINE, AND GOODE ORDER OF ARMED PEOPLES

A city-licensed guild, the HARDGOAP was founded as a way for the city's bureaucracy to leverage some method of control over the burgeoning numbers of sellswords, mercenaries, armed companies, and cutthroats-for-hire in Gandahar. In theory, it gives its membership the right to conduct their business legally throughout the city, providing security services to clients, so long as they maintain professional, law-abiding conduct and good discipline. They have several offices around the city, most notably in the New Docks, Cart Street, and the South Moon Gate.

In reality, enforcement of conduct has slipped, membership standards are low, and guild leadership pushes an agenda that prioritizes collecting membership dues over policing membership behavior. The HARDGOAP acts now more as an employment agency for sellswords, organizing companies of mercenaries to client's orders, and sorting out legal troubles. Their relationship with the Adventurer's Guild is frosty, to say the least.

THE IRON COLLAR

The Iron Collar is a bounty hunters' guild that works outside of and around the law. They occasionally contracted with the City Watch to track down particularly elusive fugitives, but for the most part they operate exclusively in the private sector. The Iron Collar is often considered to be "the last word" in any given situation. If you're trying to hunt somebody down, and you want a guaranteed result, and you have the coin for it, then the only place for you is the Iron Collar.

A legendary hunter, **Grame Pismire**, known and feared in slums all over Gandahar as "The Iron Prince" leads the group. He was a ruthless vigilante for many years, and completely wiped out several of the city's crime syndicates and slavers before forming the Iron Collar. Everybody else in the guild has the same rank, and many members owe their lives to Grame. Loyalty within the guild runs deeply, and most follow Grame out of admiration.

Although the Iron Collar is a good organization, they are known for extreme methods: they catch the bad guys, but will kill people in their way. They are particularly opposed to the many slavers in Gandahar, and have effectively waged war on any organization that deals in this vile practice. Many Iron Collar agents are former slaves, including Pismire himself, so for them, it's personal. So while they do a great deal of bounty contracts, the Iron Collar's true purpose is the abolition of slavery in Gandahar.

THE SILENT KNIGHTS

Years ago, the citizens of Gandahar started reporting more frequent ghost sightings. Reports of burglary increased around the same time. The strangest part is, there was never any sign of forced entry. It took months before anyone figured out these two phenomena were linked. This was the work of the Silent Knights Thieves Guild: a group so secretive and selective that they're considered a myth to most.

Each member utilizes a special ring, bonded to them through blood, that allows them to freely enter and exit the Ethereal Plane. The Silent Knights maintain a strict hierarchy: urchins on the street are Squires, and provide eyes, ears, and information in exchange for protection; the Knights comprise actual thieves and fighters; and the Dukes organize deals, control businesses, and report to the Archduke that leads the entire guild.

Each Duke controls a particular branch within the Guild:

Duke Title	Control & Responsibilities
The Archduke	Guild Leadership
The Banker	Stock Markets & Blackmail
The Barterer	Drugs & Contraband
Duke of Desire	Brothels and fighting pits
Harbor Master	Imports & Exports

Nobody truly knows the Archduke's identity or what they do within the guild on a day to day basis. The most popular theory is that they are a changeling and could be anyone, but it's very clear that they're not someone to be trifled with.

Rumors have increased lately that some aristocrats hire the Silent Knights for assassination jobs. Whether these rumors are true or not, the guild has become a problem and the guards struggle to keep up. Various mages and organizations have begun to try to develop ways to keep the guild out of their homes and businesses through magic, but non seem to have succeeded yet.

THE SILVER BLADES

With a guild hall in Hillside, the Silver Blades seek to end the corruptive influence of transmutation magic. They hunt down any manner of creature that changes its shape, exterminating them whenever possible. Due to the public service provided by their slaughter of demons, devils, and lycanthropes, city officials look the other way when druids of the city also disappear behind the doors of the Silver Hall, never to be seen again. Nobody knows that the guild leader, an elven man named **Dreali**, is really a rakshasa in disguise.

CRAFT GUILDS

These Craft Guilds represent workers that have honed any particular craft or specialty. Prominent crafts represented here include brewing, alchemy, construction, smiths, psychics, arcanists and more. Some leverage actual authority over the population, others were born from a desire for economic efficiency. But regardless of their origins or intent, all of these guilds hold some sway within Gandahar.

THE ALCHEMICAL ALLIANCE

The Alchemical Alliance is the official guild of alchemists in the city of Gandahar. They license and operate any and all alchemical labs and shops, as well as apothecaries and herbalists in the city. If a shop wants to sell potions, or other alchemical goods, they must first be licensed by the Alliance. The leader, **Forjwin Raaskane**, a wily old seven fingered dwarf, with a singed white beard wears shaded goggles all the time, frankly he's forgotten they aren't a part of him.

Members focus on advancing their craft and share secrets of the trade with members through official alchemy schools set up all over Gandahar. Forjwin runs the largest of these schools next door to the Alliance's guildhall in the Swamp Farm, **Arth Armstrong**, a lifelong member, administers another from his shop in The Droma, and another is run by Cosmo in the Artisan's District. While the Alliance does not overtly support the efforts of the Vial, the two factions have more than once shared findings for mutual benefit.

THE ASSOCIATION OF BREWERS, DISTILLERS, AND VINTERS

Perhaps more than the City Watch or any governmental department, it is a steady flow of alcohol that keeps the peace and the citizens of Gandahar happy and content. And that flow is controlled by the guild composed of the many brewers, distillers, and vintners that work in and immediately around the city.

This guild controls who can produce alcohol within the city limits, and competes fiercely with imported and smuggled goods. Every tavern and public house can either serve all ABDV approved booze, or have their Association license pulled and will have to rely on imported and smuggled goods if they want to keep their doors open.

Unlike many other large guilds, the ABDV has somehow resisted significant infiltration and extortion by criminal syndicates. However, some suggest that the ABDV is a bit of a racket of its own. They employ their own goons and enforcers that conduct surprise "inspections" that often result in the destruction of any products not bearing the literal ABDV stamp of approval, and have been known to hire morally unburdened freelancers to track down any bootleggers, smugglers, or underground establishments that serve unapproved alcohol.

THE BREWMAESTRO'S GUILD

Not to be confused with any sort of Brewmaster's Guild. This secretive and discriminatory society exists somewhere in between. Their main place of meeting appears to be a small, unobtrusive building located on The Docks. Strange ships always seem to be moored nearby with mysteriously masked workers loading and unloading various crates of something or other.

The small building is essentially empty, but contains a permanent teleportation circle on the inside that initiates of the guild can access via rings, jewelery, or even magical tattoos on their persons. A smaller circle sits in a back room where important VIPs can take a tour for a modest fee and the consumption of a beverage that makes them forget what they see prior to exiting. Sometimes large howls can be heard coming from the crates that are loaded.

The alchemists in this guild strive to synthesize the primordial might of an elemental in a pleasantly fizzy and tasty beverage. They must first practice the mundane things such as Enlarge/Reduce or Potions of Quickening before they are allowed to ascend in rank and take on the most holiest of tasks, condensing magical energies into tasteful concoctions. Who wouldn't want to spit fire after drinking some Spitfire Whisky? Some folks claim this 'guild' is only allowed to exist due to tampering with the cities water supply, however those tips are generally anonymous and infrequent.

HIGH CARPENTERS AND SCAFFOLD-SETTER'S UNION

This lot bases primarily in The Mazelands, and exists as a way for the carpenters and similar laborers to cut out competition from the rest of the city. They have exclusive rights to construct wooden structures beginning above 20-feet high, which is virtually any building project in the teetering morass of the Mazelands.

THE KNIFEMAKERS

Carrying a straightforward name, ill-fitting of their reputation and actions, the knifemakers more or less function as licensed counterfeiters. While as the name suggests their focus is the design, production and distribution of knives, a simple tool held by many, the truth is they always seek to encroach on other guilds business.

Using whatever technical loophole they can, they aim to produce "knives" for any task. At a time of war, they will produce many very large "knives." During a gold rush, they will instead produce peculiarly flat and rounded "knives" mounted at the end of a shaft. All technically distinct from any other tool of course.

THE PSYCHONAUT'S GUILD

Located in The Mazelands, this is a hobbyist guild for devotees of psychedelics and psionics. The drugs enable an easier transition to the psychic realm, and the Guild members explore the psychic realm as a matter of gaining knowledge, exploring unknown vistas, and attempting to make contact with other psionic beings.

The Guild is exclusive, by-invitation-only, and is tolerated by the Government, who have secretly recruited some of the more powerful Guild members. **Grand Ivolenna Vi'zir** holds a seat in the guild's council, with her Sky High serving as a common point of congregation for the guild members to indulge in their craft. Other notable members include Neeban from the purple cloud and Micala Bander is the guild's greatest supplier of fungal-based curios.

SERVICE GUILDS

Gandahar's service sector provides assistance to citizens who need whatever immaterial services they provide. A bustling industry, Gandahar's economy relies on many of the guilds within this sector to perform a great deal of labor and keep the city running as smoothly as possible.

THE ARBITERS OF LAW

In the Inner City, near the court house, a half-orc named **Berbagoo Lawbringer** leads the Arbiters here. His assistant, **Cacao Plume**, is a peacock-colored kenku that often repeats court cases verbatim and stenographs for the public record.

This organization dedicates itself to making sure all those arrested are properly represented in a trial. Often against the wishes of the wealthy, they work tirelessly to ensure the policing of the city is fair and just. However, pro bono work doesn't keep the lanterns filled and their arbitration has a price. They work to help as many as they can, but there are several cases that have been in limbo for far longer than anyone desires due to lack of payment.

The guild house itself is a cobblestone building with nice wooden floors, an extensive library of law books, history books, and the public record, and quality mahogany desks for each arbiter. The sight outside features a seal of the Arbiters is a blindfolded dragon holding scales, with the words "Strengthened are the Just" written in common under it.

Each arbiter is given a badge of the seal once granted membership and although many apply, only a few pass the trials of the Arbiter, making it a very prestigious honor.

THE ARTISTS' GUILD OF GANDAHAR

This arrogant bunch of singers, thespians, and artists is by far one of the most difficult guilds to work with in the city. They have complete authority over all theaters, museums, amphitheaters, and even circuses in the city. They exert this control by requiring operational permits, and any unauthorized entertainment businesses are harassed by agents of the Artists' Guild. The Artists' Guild is actually made up of several smaller guilds: The Bards' Guild, the Painters' Union, the Luthiers' League, the Society of Circus Performers, and the Actors' Alliance who all joined forces years ago for the sole purpose of earning money in the arts.

Old rumors say that this grand alliance was actually orchestrated by the Brothers Sanguine to control all aspects of the entertainment industry. It's said that they lead this guild from the shadows, and take a cut of all profits.

THE COACHMEN'S GUILD

The Coachmen's Guild is an alliance of all of the carters, drivers, and rickshaw runners in the city of Gandahar. They maintain exclusive rights on the trade of transporting people or objects by land from one location to the other. They are responsible for maintaining the streets, as well as making sure all coaches, carriages, and wagons are up to code.

They are led by **Jon Viskirk**, a fast-talking, foul mouthed half-orc gent with a dark past, in a guildhall on the corner of Cart Street and Hearth Street. It's oft whispered that he was, at some point in his life, the most skilled getaway driver in Gandahar, who knew every street, alley, and path in the city by heart. But that is neither here nor there.

COURIERS' GUILD

The Couriers' Guild operates from a small yet opulent guildhall on the southern end of Gandahar Proper, where they have been quietly keeping Gandahar operating smoothly for hundreds of years. They have earned a sterling reputation among the citizens of Gandahar, though they are often forgotten when folks think of influential organizations in the city. The excellence of Gandahar's Couriers is often overlooked, as folks have simply grown accustomed to the frankly astounding work they do.

Despite being all but unheard of in the city, the Couriers' Guild has by far the most rigorous application process of any organization in the city. Couriers have to be smart, swift, strong, and above all, brave. Of the 100 recruits they generally take on every year, only about 10 of them will actually graduate to full-fledged courier status, and even fewer will meet the consistent performance requirements to keep said position. Guildmaster **Sam Slywizen** oversees this recruitment process himself, and his standards are often unbelievably high.

Those that complete the process, receive the green and blue uniform of courier, and find themselves treated far better on the streets than they probably were before; from Nobility to crime lords, everybody loves the 'Greens-And-Blues.' The key to the Couriers' Guild's business model, and to their immense success in the city, is summed up by their first rule: "Don't peek." Couriers do not ask question beyond where and who, and this has made them beloved by all patrons. It's an unspoken rule among thieves in Gandahar to leave Couriers alone. Guards know to stay out of their way as well, allowing them to carry out their business as quickly as possible. Sam Slywizen has been the Guildmaster for a long time, and he's been known to bring the nine hells down on someone for shaking down his Couriers. This security has proven to be an enticing incentive for the beggars and street urchins who usually make up the bulk of Sam's recruits every year. He also recruits a lot of mazerats, as their skill set makes them incredible couriers.

Another key tenet of their business model is allowing the couriers freedom on the streets. They are not supervised, but rather, being the best of the best, they are trusted by leadership in the guild to complete their jobs efficiently and correctly. Couriers are allowed to pick up as many tasks as they wish, or as few, as long as they take at least seven a week. They are paid by the task, so more often than not each Courier takes as many tasks as they can in a day without keeling over from exhaustion. The Guildhall features quarters for all agents of the guild, and the Couriers are fed three modest meals a day by the guildhall's in-house chef. Jobs are posted by the Taskmaster, second-in-command only to the Guildmaster. The third and final leadership position in the Guild is the Record-Keeper, who is in charge of confirming the receipt of packages, the few complaints from unhappy patrons or recipients, and making sure Couriers are on track for their weekly tasks.

THE CUSTODIAN'S GUILD

The Custodian's Guild is a catch-all guild for any and all caretakers, laborers, plumbers, street-sweepers, and general maintenance workers who keep Gandahar running smoothly and cleanly. Generally, upon completion of the one-year programs at the College of Public Welfare Magicks, students are automatically recruited for the Custodians' Guild.

There are four ranks within the guild. The majority of members are simply given the Probationary Custodian (PC) rank. These are the baseline CPWM graduates who go straight from learning their various magicks to the required 5-10 year stint working for the City. The Custodians' Guild is in charge of sorting these graduates into various departments depending on their strengths, weaknesses, and preferences.

The next rank is Supervisory Custodian (SC). These are the custodians who have stayed on after their mandatory stint and generally work as supervisors or overseers for teams of PCs. The next is High Custodian (HC) that work with smaller teams of SCs. They are the truly exceptional Custodians, the ones who are asked to study longer at the CPWM than the 1 year programs. They have in-depth knowledge of their respective fields, and lead entire departments of custodial work.

There are dozens of High Custodians to lead all of the various departments, but a few of the most important are:

- High Custodian of Sanitation
- High Custodian of General Maintenance
- High Custodian of Parks and Recreation
- High Custodian of Public Works and Inspection
- High Custodian of Walls, Doors, Locks, and Gates
- High Custodian of Roads and Pathways
- High Custodian of Food Production and Inspection

Finally, the Lord Custodian serves as Guildmaster, and leads the whole guild from a large plain building in the College of Public Welfare Magicks. **Joss Stonnerth** is the current Lord Custodian, a cheery man who takes his job very seriously. He is proficient in all departments, and he loves to get his hands dirty alongside his fellow custodians. As such, he dresses in surprisingly plain clothes, especially when compared with past Lord Custodians. This has made him immensely popular among the other guild members. The Guild has a close relationship with student organization Ex Populi, and they often host job fairs for the club.

KEEPERS OF FIRE

A collective of smaller guilds that work in an around anything that involves fire, the Keepers of Fire fill many important niches within Gandahar. This collective includes the Lamp Lighters, who are in charge of maintaining public lighting; the Candlemakers, who craft and supply candles and lantern oil; the Keepers of Sacred Flames, that tend any fires or flames in temples; the Firestarters, who handle the import of timber, coal, and kindling for burning; and the Sweeps, that can be hired to clean chimneys.

Master Cecilia Kepler is the current head of the Keepers of Fire. She oversees all activities and works with the City and other guilds to ensure that lights are lit and fires are hot.

N.O.W.S.T.

The guild name N.O.W.S.T stands for No One Will Starve Tonight. They are a small group of people led by **Tereena Upton**, a half orc who spends all her time collecting what is not wanted by the rich and passing it down to the poor. Her and her team collect food, drink and clothes and pass them onto the less fortunate in the less savory districts. They recently opened a few shelters for the cold nights. People down on their luck can come and spend a night for no cost.

N.O.W.S.T comes across as a great guild, but secretly is a vampire coven. They use the fake charity front to find the most desperate people, who will not be missed and provide them with a "safe" place to stay. It is the greatest cover as no one cares when a citizen of Dogshit disappears.

ORDENT SCRIBES

A guild of historians, scribes and calligraphers, the Ordent Scribes provide the city's institutions and merchants with most of their literary needs.

The guild hunts, acquires, and copies every tome of knowledge available and shares it with the world. Except, the Ordent Scribes are an old-as-time secret society, hellbent on rewriting history to pursue their hunger for power. The endless library, which stays hidden in its own demi-plane deep inside the scribes' guildhall in Gandahar Proper, holds the answers to many of history's greatest conundrums, unbeknownst to the general populace.

Ordent Scribes recruit many of their more hands-on members from the ranks of Relic Seekers, who for some reason tend to forget whatever it was that they've brought to the guildhall or that they ever were there in the first place.

RATCATCHER'S GUILD

This loose network of individuals form a guild that's pretty much what it sounds like. They catch rats. A large amount of the ratmeat they catch, with the exception of poisoned rats, go to various culinary establishments. They'll catch other animals too, if paid enough.

THE SEAMSTRESSES

Courtesans, entertainers, streetwalkers, people of the night, escorts, and other titles have all been doled out to the informal association of people offering negotiable affection, colloquially known as The Seamstresses Guild. Their name stems from a (now defunct) law in Gandahar prohibiting solicitation in public. In order to skirt the rules and to avoid questioning by the City Watch the workers started carrying around sewing baskets using different colors of ribbon to denote pricing and services offered. After the law was repealed, the name stuck causing no small amount of mix-ups with actual tailors.

Now based out of The Bad Place (with their own floor no less), The Seamstresses are able to treat clients to a much more comfortable and safe experience complete with set pricing and protection for the workers. Not all of them are members of The Guild, but based on the benefits and rules the group has put in place (and will viciously enforce) the downsides are relatively negligible.

TRADE GUILDS

While all the guilds in Gandahar heavily contribute to Gandahar's economy, the Trade Guilds specifically focus on filling gaps in the market and banking industries. Anywhere that gold changes hands, there's probably a Trading Guild involved somewhere.

THE BANKER'S LEAGUE

There's a saying in Gandahar: Everybody owes somebody. Gandahar is a city of borrowers, folks who see only the present, and forget to worry about the future. When a Gandahari borrows money, they are solving a current problem, by giving themselves a bigger future problem. The Bankers' League exploits this Gandahari character flaw, and has made it into a lucrative business. The Bankers' League is a guild made up of all the bankers, accountants, money-lenders, usurers, and financiers in the city of Gandahar.

They were formed out of necessity; people don't like consequences. When they borrow an exorbitant amount of money, and find out a month later that they owe it back, with interest, they get very angry. To protect their assets, several money-lenders in Gandahar joined forces, hired thugs, and turned their individual money-lending practices into a full-fledged racket. Woe unto the unknowing citizen who borrows from a League-protected money-lender. They will quickly find themselves in over their head, as waves of enforcers, the League's dreaded "Knockers," will track them down in any corner of the city to collect.

THE CHAMBER OF SCÉALS

The guild is a credit institution and a consumer watchdog. It investigates the cities commercial practices and cries afoul of any corruption found.

The guild divides its operations into two departments: Seekers and Singers. Seekers act as investigative journalists; they prowl the streets and vendors, posing as customers, for either first hand accounts of fraud or unhappy individuals willing to share the story of their plight. When they come across a story, they memorize the details and return to the guildhall. Here, they convey their message to Singers.

Singers are akin to reporters, and normally have training as a bard. They hear the news and translate it to verse, using a guild developed musical cypher. By using the cypher, details are encoded in such a way that deviation sounds off to other guild members. Though the guild does not attempt to retain ancient history, this does allow the guild to be certain of even old events where detail is expected to be harder to recall.

After translation, the guild chooses whether to distribute the information or to find a buyer. Judgment is made on a case-by-case basis, based on the Guild's needs. Most low level corruption is sung on the streets near the vendor, keeping the population aware of the guild and building its reputation for honesty and fairness. In other cases, the information is resold.

Though the operations are split between two departments, guild members normally have skills as both Seeker and Singer. Specialization is a matter of individual preference and advantage. A Singer makes his coin from the songs he knows, while a Seeker is normally paid to share songs. Those who can manage both successfully are both the most trusted and most independent of the guild.

SLAVER'S GUILD

This guild focuses on the illicit business of slave labor. The Slaver's Guild has forces outside of Gandahar which focus on acquiring foreign slaves to import to the city. Characters with membership the Slaver's Guild will be expected to run jobs for the guild such as escorting slave shipments, tracking down abolitionists, or guarding the headquarters.

THE TRADING GUILD

Located within the Ruby Palace in the Golden Square, the Trading guild is the official meeting point for most of the merchants that come to present their goods on the city's markets. The Trading Guild works heavily with the government of Gandahar, but is its own private entity.

The four main bodies within The Trading guild include The Grand Council, that sets most products prices; The Trade Court, where counterfeiters are often persecuted with help from the Watch; The Ruby Guard, mercenaries under the payment of the guild; and The Legality Council, that decides which things are illegal, which are in the gray area and which are legal to buy or sell. This is also known to be the most corrupt part of the guild.

OTHER GUILDS

Finally, there are a few guilds that don't fit nicely into any of the previous categories, but still fill an important role within Gandahar's private and business sectors.

THE EX POPULI

Ex Populi formed as a reaction to the boisterous allure of the associations of the Imperial College. Consisting only of commoners attending the College of PWM, they are less glamorous than their Imperial brethren, but no less notorious. Hosted on the grounds of the College of PWM, they have been known to prank, sabotage and actively fight the members of the Imperial College Associations. An event called 'The War of Wet Cloth' was the pinnacle of this.

MAGISTRATUM EBRIUS & VOS PRINCIPES

The Imperial College of Gandahar has a long-standing tradition of adversity between the student houses on campus, but there is one feud that rises above and beyond the others.

The Vos Principes was the first such association to be founded. In the fifth year of the Imperial College's existence, the Vos Principes received its official inauguration from the Circle of Lectors of the College. Members include those with noble heritage and wealth is a prime mark of membership.

Vos Principes members live and meet in a stately, beautiful mansion just outside the Campus premises. The Mansion often hosts riotous parties, great feasts and splendid balls. The Vos Principes is notorious for their extreme inauguration ceremonies and hazing, testing their would-be members before allowing them to enter the prestigious ranks of the VP.

The Magistratum Ebrius were founded not too long after the Vos Principes, as a reaction to the stuck-up and 'stiff' nobles who made up its ranks. Although the Magistratum never got an official inauguration, some Professors in the Imperial College have been members of the Magistratum. Members include all manner of folk, particularly those who live to enjoy life and be free. The members of the Magistratum come from all backgrounds and races, although many members are Gnomes.

The Base of the Magistratum is a complex web of cellars, tunnels and rooms underneath Hillside, collectively titled 'the basement.' The entrance to the basement is located in a back alley, slightly obscured from the public eye.

The Magistratum is notorious because of its yearly revel: the Night of the Wasted Walker. The celebration honors a founding member of the Magistratum, who was rumored to have taken two drinks in every tavern of the city, before collapsing in a gutter and drowning in the muck.

THE NEVERLOST

The Neverlost are a loose bunch, with close affiliations to the Traveling People. The entirety of the organization consists of individuals with their own skills, enterprises, or other useful oddities. Being a member is rather easy, and the only thing they truly have in common is the lack of family and their sense of worldly purpose. Everyone brings a skill to the organization and the organization itself enables contact over a wide and long internal network.

Getting clients in touch with the right people is the core focus on this guild. Everybody in this guild knows a friend who knows an uncle, whose daughter can get the client what they need. In return, members must aid anyone else in the Guild get in touch with someone when they need it. Only when a request is clearly beyond a member's capability is refusal an acceptable answer.

THE PEON'S CLUB

In any city, there's always recognition for the human citizens, the dwarven smiths, and the elven thieves. Nobody ever sees the real blood of the city: the ones that keep things going: the "inferior" races. From goblins and ratmen working for the local crime lord to gargoyles that spend their days on rooftops collecting dust, every city has a plethora of lesser creatures with no influence, no respect and no authority.

The Peon's Club is a place for them. Welcoming inns with low prices and simple services where anybody from any race can relax, without any big-time heroes bossing them around. Hidden stores that offer goblin sized shoes. Saunas where wererats are welcomed and bards that sing of tiny commoners, instead of great heroes.

The Peons Club is an informal collection of stores and services that help all the small critters of the city. Financed by a mysterious but rich figure, the Peons Club is the perfect place to take a breather for all the people that are never the main characters of a story. They have recently started a joint investigation to find out if the gremlins employed by the Bakers Dozen is being done on fair terms for the gremlin refugees. Any information on the matter is welcomed and well paid.

NPCs

Gandahar's population is incredibly diverse, and is home to a vast number of citizens. Most of these people go to work in the various businesses, factions, and guilds mentioned and outlined previously, but many unique and interesting NPCs also exist within the city.

ARTISANS & CRAFTSPEOPLE

Many artisan shops exist across Gandahar, but several of the craftspeople in the city work on their projects in the privacy of their own spaces.

JAIME GOODBARREL

A gnomish artificer, Jaime is well known for valuing his privacy. His acquaintances of late have noticed him appearing less and less, instead preferring the solitude of his workshop. Several sources say he is close to completing the prototype of an automaton built for security, which may have something to do with the heist that he was the victim of several years ago.

LEFSTO NOMAK

A plague doctor with a connection the mysterious plague that now infects the Quarantine, Lefsto intended to make a couple quick coins, but things got out of hand. Lefsto, as well as other physicians with prominent medical positions at the time of construction of the Quarantine's walls have repeatedly denied any connection between the still unidentified plague and the curse recognized as Lycanthropy.

One of the only people seemingly immune to the plague, Lefsto has continued to study the disease, but every time he comes close to a cure, his research mysteriously disappears overnight. The Silver Blades have had their eye closely affixed to Lefsto Nomak ever since that plague.

MORRICK BIGHAND

Morrick is a traveling halfling with a great interest in Gandahar. As an illusionist, he makes his money by roaming the streets and entertain the crowd that passes by. He isn't rich, but his small hand cart in which he keeps all his belongings is beautifully ornamented with different paints, beads, and the like. As thanks for when customers tip him a great amount, Morrick will do his famed "happy dance" which incorporates something akin to the crab dance but performed as a handstand with his feet acting as the crab claws.

NAJEDIN ZERVUM "THE HURRICANE"

Current leader of The Trading Guild. Najedin is known to be one of biggest shipowners in Gandahar. While he is a half-elf, his entire style is more similar to dwarves than humans and elves. Tyrannical and power hungry, Najedin is said to make most bureaucrats "Empty their bowels" while talking to him. While quite strict, he is well-liked by his employees, mostly due to his high salaries. His ships bring in some of most exotic resources into the city, but he gained power through his monopoly over the importation of pepper.

WARY THE WONDERFUL

A second-rate street magician, Wary longs to play on a larger stage than a street corner. He knows no real magic, only some classic parlour tricks like copper behind the ear or sawing a lady in half. Often tries to use a disguise "onstage" to pose as his own assistant. His show is terrible.

That's why he runs a side business as an information broker. Since he's always working the streets, Wary sees and hears a lot of secrets. It doesn't take a genius to sell them. While his information is always good, sometimes his greed or pride get the better of him; people who insult his abilities as a magician pay dearly for vague leads, while the prospect of wealth will draw forth his obsequious nature.

CITY OFFICIALS

Government employees are usually separate from the private sector, but often have connections. Officially, these connections should allow common citizens to make their voices heard, but in many cases the officials are prone to hearing the most important people first. Either way, these individuals work hard to achieve their goals within Gandahar's political landscape.

IR-KAID MAHET

Ir-Kaid Mahet has, in the past, been tasked with capturing or killing Justice F'redd, but always refused. He's been friends with Justice F'redd for a few years and values their friendship over his work. Ir-Kaid often visits his friend and always brings a bottle of wine as a gift to Justice.

IVOLENNA VI'ZIR, LADY OF SKY HIGH

Courteous and humble despite her riches, this iridescent-black kenku is a true lady with an eye for magically enchanted items and fine clothing. When spoken to, Lady Ivolenna responds with bits and peaces of phrases she has heard at numerous balls and concerts she attended, making the conversation seem more like an evening at a royal court.

As proprietor of the city-famous Sky High and a ranking council member of the Psychonauts, she possesses both money and influence to achieve her goals in this city ripe with opportunity. While her pursuit of the ethereal knowledge through Psychonauts is far from being secret, her affiliation with Rust Eaters is rarely seen as something more than a mere speculation. One would not even dare to assume that the beloved lady of her stature would be a part of some nefarious secret society much like the Ordent Scribes.

JUSTICE F'REDD

Gandahar's a big city, and big cities mean crime. Most of the time the Watch or lower courts can handle it, but every so often a case comes up that needs a higher authority. That's why Justice F'redd was officially delegated "superior power over any and all cases in Gandahar," in addition to his normal duties as a judge.

F'redd is a wizard specializing in Divination, but is adept at Evocation spells as well. He won't touch Necromancy with a ten-foot billy club, though, and often convicts necromancer defendants for "crimes against humanity" as well as whatever else they are charged with.

For the most part, F'redd is a just, high-minded fellow, who uses his ability to cast minor Divination spells to determine the truth of the matter at hand. However, there are rumors that he is a skilled illusionist and is capable of faking the spells. A court case was filed to magically block F'redd's ability to cast illusion spells, but he ruled in his own favor.

CLERGY

Serving the faithful of Gandahar, there are many priests and temples that provide worship space and communion.

HANDEL, THE MESSIAH

Handel often preaches to the masses in The Golden Square, claiming the end is near and she has been chosen as the Final Messiah, yelling out that the times are ending and repentance is due. She is a young human woman with tan skin, short grey hair, blue eyes, and a strong jawline. She carries a tome and a large golden bell that she rings as people walk by. A small group follows her and hands out fliers, but usually only stick around a few days. She reads from a book of scripture, which she claims only she can read.

She began seeing visions at a young age, of the world ending in different ways. In her teens, she started hearing voices and thought them to be the voice of the gods. She grew afraid and tried to stop listening, eventually burying the voices with heavy drug and alcohol use. Years passed, and she found herself under care at The Nignadoran Hospital where she spent some time sobering up and healing. Eventually, the voices returned, but this time she did not fear them. In a vision she was given a book and told to warn others, and after the vision she was holding an ancient book in her hands. She now travels throughout the city preaching end times to any who will listen.

LOKAME

Lokame is a 22 year old human Monk of the Solemn Brotherhood who has finally reached the ground level of the Solemn Isle. As a child born on the Solemn Isle's 45th floor, Lokame has been trained from her birth at the top of the tower to her initiation on the ground floor as one of the Solemn Brotherhood. Lokame has just received her final assignment to become a fully-fledged member: infiltrate Azun's Treasured Bathhouses in the Jade Pathway as a custodian, and break up a deal being made.

COMMONERS

Gandahari commoners don't usually live a squalid life, but they are certainly not carefree. In a large city of constantly shifting economy, it can be easy to be short of small things. As such, the average person may not be finely groomed, but they're likely well fed; their clothes might not be new, but they're not threadbare. The people often cheery enough, just content getting their daily tasks and chores completed.

Commoners often respond well to throwing a few shiny coins in their direction, although some may ask for some simple favor relevant to their daily routine, especially if old or injured. Grand promises or calls to a higher power are unlikely to sway them.

AASIMON THE AASIMAR

Aasimon ministers to his followers just off the Gilded Avenue. While his ongoing feud with Tiefling Zak is a popular rumor, it's untrue; the pair is actually a couple. Aasimon is serene, hospitable, and considerate. He can be a bit aloof, but enjoys welcoming new people into his group and works to help people relax.

THE AMBASSADOR OF TESH

This indigent old man wanders the city of Gandahar claiming to be the ambassador of a city no one has ever heard of. He speaks in nonsense and riddles most of the time and his hands are always stained with chalk. His only other possession is a fat wad of colored papers of all different shapes, sizes, designs, and colors, that he claims is currency. He is clearly mad, but he walks the city with a purpose - drawing spirals in chalk on walls and roads.

BEARHUG

A retired immortal Goliath who runs a fighting pit and arm wrestling contest in a bar called the Suplex Pirates respite. He adventured for a long time before retiring after contracting vampirism, and has somehow convinced some of the local churches to protect him. He is jolly, good natured, and enjoys fisticuffs followed by drinks.

When drunk he shares stories of his adventuring days, including how he seduced a Valkyrie and how he remains faithful to this day, becoming the dwarven undisputed arm wrestling champion, wrestling a wind ego and tossing him off a mountain, slaying a balor in the abyss, becoming captain of the Suplex Pirates, elbow dropping a terrasque, laying siege to an evil monk monastery, killing the father of a red dragon and taking in its teenage son, befriending a gargantuan hamster from the sky, and many wrestling matches with all manner of terrible creatures.

CALICO THE CHAOTIC ARTIST

Calico is a changeling prankster who uses magic and sleight of hand to entertain people around the city. To them, the two most important things in life are eating good food and having a great story. Being rich is lonely and pointless and being powerful is too much of a bother. Instead wouldn't it be much more fun to dye all the City Watch's sashes pink, or make all the gates in the upper districts fart when they open?

While normally Calico's pranks don't hurt people, they can be right nasty when provoked. If this does happen, Calico plans obsessively to humiliate their target.

CYRUS PAYEN

Undefeated champion of The Mad Blooded, this hulking half giant seeks out and enjoys the rage combat provides, turning down no challenge. He can be found at the Bloodhound Tavern drinking Hammerberry Ale or fighting any new combatants to test their skills. Cyrus is nearly 10 ft tall, with the bluish skin and white hair common to frost giants. Scars cover his body, and he wields two greataxes in combat.

Despite his drive for combat, he has a humble philosophy for the most part; he is loath to end another creature's life except in very extreme cases. In cases where someone ignites his true rage, his giant heritage manifests and makes him a terrible foe.

FAT AUNT SALLY

This benign Beholder dwells in the Mazelands, where she runs a brothel. Drawn to highly charismatic people, she is a "serial seducer" and will make love with any species that will have her. She loves a good dirty joke, but will not abide jokes about her eyestalks.

Fat Aunt Sally has enlisted The Slaver's Guild on more than one occasion to check off another box on her lengthy list of races to bed with. Not one to force herself onto others though, she relies on her charm and seductive ways to try and keep her acquired beings in her domain and let them willingly choose to know her.

FERGIE THE DOCKBOY

This hardworking dock boy lives in a crate by The Docks. He's willing to pick up and carry anyone's boxes under the dubious belief that the harder you work, the more you are appreciated. Despite his work, he lives a rather squalid life, using a batch of fishing nets as a blanket.

Abandoned as a child, he was raised by a kind and loving barmaid, and has developed into an upstanding, albeit poor, gentleman. Fergie wants to be the dock manager, but he can't, someone in the same position as him has been chosen, for being more likable.

GREER THE FALCONER

Greer is a 39 year old human male with three parallel scars on his left cheek just below his eye. He has grey eyes and long brown hair; the beginnings of male pattern baldness are clearly evident. Greer is typically seen sporting a waxed black overcoat and a beaked plague doctor's mask due to his usual proximity to the "bad" air of the Quarantine district. From a distance he is often mistaken for a Kenku. He has a kooky personality, a strong stutter, and a lack of hygiene that have led to most Gandahari avoiding him like the plague he protects them from.

He spends most of his time either patrolling the wall surrounding the quarantine district, or tending to his birds. Greer was hired by the city to keep wild birds and rodents from leaking the disease contained within the Quarantine District. He does so with the help of some well trained birds of prey: eagles, falcons, hawks, and owls. These efficient guardians can be seen circling above the district, swooping down to attack any creature entering or leaving the district. Instead of eating their prey, he has trained the birds to drop them back into the quarantined area.

Recently curiosity has gotten the best of Greer, and he has started collecting some of the "contaminated" bird and rodent specimens caught by his feathered companions. He views himself as a self-educated plague doctor in addition to an avian expert. His residence on the top floor of the Aviot Perch can be found littered with anatomy books, sketches, dissected birds and rodents, and vials with some interesting looking contents. Being one of only denizens of Gandahar legally allowed to walk the walls of the quarantine district, he knows the layout of the district very well; at least the parts he can see from atop the wall.

IBRAHIM AL-NASUR

Coming from a land far south of Gandahar, Ibrahim is a weird man. He frequents taverns around the Adventure Guild where he keeps an eye out for new adventurers offering them tasks under the table. His employees have a high tendency to die, but the money is often worth the risk.

Ibrahim is a tall human with bronze skin, dark hair, and short beard. He's nearly 85 years old, but appears closer to his early 40s due to some magical effects that reduced his age.

JOHN LACEY

John Lacy always questions what he's doing in the world while he begs on the streets. He has no marketable skills, but wants to learn; everyday he picks up new tricks from people he meets in an attempt to work his way up somewhere.

He's a half elf with shaggy black hair that is usually dirty and tangled. Much like his hair, his clothes and face are also always dirty. He had a normal childhood but realized that he didn't want to do anything and started doing drugs. He spiraled for awhile, but has started trying to clean up what he can. Though he is still homeless and begs to get by, he does his best; he can teach people tons of small tricks for a few copper. And, although he doesn't know it, he's actually immune to whatever plague infests the Quarantine.

KO RAINBOOM

Ko is an orc bard of significant stature. Standing nearly 8 feet tall and with arms the size of tree trunks, he is not the kind of guy to get into a tavern brawl with. He can typically stay at one of several run down taverns in Dogshit. Besides his large frame, what really makes Ko stand out is his ability to play the drums. The deep tribal sound of his music accompanied by his guttural lyrics, can coax even the most relaxed bar patrons into a state of rage. Following his performances, riots have been known to break out, eventually forcing their way out of Dogshit into the First Ring.

MARATANO SALVANTANI "THE ALCHEMIST"

A human from the empire, Maratano came to Gandahar expecting to find a job and get his life started, but after witnessing the corruption in the city, he became an adamant supporter of anarchy and freedom. Joining The Whistlers in the Dark, his skill with explosives quickly made him infamous. Marak is charismatic and believes in true freedom and equality, but isn't as extreme as other members of his faction.

A tall human man in his mid 30s, Maratano has golden hair and blue eyes. He has a majestic golden beard that covers his scars, and a welcoming smile. He is an incredibly caring person that helps anyone with lower social standing. His beliefs and charisma make him popular among the poorer citizens, who view him as a folk hero, but many city officials view him as a terroristic entity.

MUNDER CONNISON

This soft-spoken and comely 40 year old human druid wears simple garb and always carries a feathered staff. His leathery hands are those of a farmer and his smile is that of a friend, but his lined eyes belie both great wisdom and great pain. After a particularly disastrous contract with the Gandaharian Exploratory Society, which resulted in a necromancer destroying his home village, Munder retired from adventuring and settled in Salsborough.

He became known for his habit of adopting orphans, telling stories, and offering unsolicited advice. After a neighbor commented on his growing family, he nailed a sign to the front of his house and began expanding it in every dimension there was room for, and that was that. He works closely with the Golden Ladle, and helps orphaned children and teens build honest skills.

His orphanage hides a grey secret, though: he and his children spy on various groups in Gandahar, and he trades information to various groups in exchange for money to keep the orphanage afloat. Even after a child leaves, they often continue to supply him with secrets heard across the city. Typically secrets are sold to the City Watch and other peacekeeping factions, though on occasion he will sell information to select groups to fuel conflict between various criminal organizations or noble houses.

SCARLET SCARLETT

A woman of negotiable affection and notorious appetites, Scarlet Scarlett can always be picked out by her taste in red dresses and her great height. Scarlet Scarlett found an interesting loophole into joining the Lilac Order when she was of a young marrying age. The Lilac Order, with their staunch rules against letting in any non-blood or illegitimate children, never seemed to have any hard fast rules on being excommunicated once divorced. All it took was some fluttering of the eyes, taking care of her tall figure, and getting a young man of the Lilac Order to fall head over heels for her.

When she divorced her spouse after gaining full membership in the Lilac Order, there was talk over kicking her out or even disposing of her, but they could not deny that when it came to intelligence gathering and assassinations, she was better than anyone else in her generation of the Order. As such, Scarlet Scarlett stands as the only member of the Lilac Order not connected by legality or blood. This allows her to forgo the formalities of nobility and mingle among the commoners and treat her appetite for fancy dresses without anyone threatening to pull her inheritance.

SWEET CHARLIE

Sweet Charlie is a goblin whose greatest aspiration in life is to cook. He is a bit of a savant when it comes to desserts, creating incredible confectionery goods, delectable puddings, and more. He draws inspiration from things that he finds as he walks through the city; piles of trash, compost, and other refuse mostly. His famous black truffle chocolate mousse came to him after he was thrown in a pig pen one night. He has gotten a little work here and there, mostly in the lower city since the watch in the high districts usually attack goblins on sight. He's become something of a public secret among the low and middle class of Gandahar. He's been allowed to work a few festival events, though after the disaster at the Hidden Depths (a brothel in Gandahar Low) he has never been allowed to prepare or serve any main course dishes.

TIKTIKTIK

Named for the noise he makes while scuttling, Tiktiktik is a scorpion who was accidentally enlarged and made sentient when a spell cast by a member of The Vial was mis-chanted. Sadly, the mistake was never recorded given its irrelevance to their search for immortality, leaving Tiktiktik no chance of breaking the enchantment. He seems to have accepted his lot in life, and now sells his stinger poison to assassins who prefer "organic" toxins. He communicates by scratching on a tablet in Common, which he can understand but not speak. He would be willing to do any number of favors for someone who could grant him the ability to speak, as he wishes eventually to find a mate, settle down, and raise a brood of half-scorpion sons.

TIEFLING ZAK

Tiefling Zak's origins are unknown, but this popular cambion is known to share a new long, tragic, and entirely made up backstory to everyone who asks him. Though he is missing his right horn and his left hand, he is extremely skilled with his prehensile tail, able to wield a cocktail shaker or dagger with ease. He is happy, but slightly embarrassed by his burgeoning relationship Aasimon.

Tiefling Zak is always happy to see new people and help them indulge in their vice of interest. He is secretive, and often uses ridiculous lies to get around topics he does not want to speak about. Zak treats people very well but actively tries to hide the fact that he is actually a nice guy. When idle, Zak can be seen playing with a copper piece at the tip of his tail. He rarely drops it, but when he does he leaves it there for some more unfortunate soul to find later and hopefully cheer them up a little.

TIM AND TAM

These halfling brothers are members of the Clearbrook Collective. Tam is a healer who is skilled in mundane medicine and his older brother Tim is more of a clerical administrator that documents incoming and outgoing patients, keeps track of the local census, and is the financial officer for their clinic.

VORT, THE UNDEAD BARKEEP

Vort was dead once. It is strange how little he remembers of his past life once he is brought back to it after a while. What Vort never lets himself forget, is the immeasurable debt of gratitude he has for the Navel Iskander, man who granted him a second chance at life.

Friendly and good-humored, Vort can be oftentimes heard telling the same old joke to some traveling adventurers, who sometimes are a little befuddled by his slightly macabre appearance. He pays his debt by taking care of the Pale Tina Inn with all of his soul. Vort has zero tolerance for vandals and troublemakers, which he makes clear by occasionally dusting-off the beautifully carved crossbow, hanging on the wall behind the counter.

YOPHINA MILLBRIDGE

A halfling woman in her late thirties, Yophina has auburn brown hair pulled back into a small ponytail, a studious looking face, and notably defined muscles for a halfling. Working as a private detective around the Tumbledown, Yophina is well known around town, but doesn't have much in the way of friends. In fact, the only real relationship that she has is with an immobile, barely functioning Warforged named Prints that lives with her in her small office above a tavern off of Knife Street. Prints once saved Yophina's life, but was destroyed in the process. She feels obligated to repair him, but it has proven costly for one living in the Tumbledown and Prints tests her nerves more every day.

ZANDY

An optimistic and pleasant youth who wants very badly to be a hero some day, Zandy will never turn down a task, nor turn his nose at a chore or duty. Zandy is on the threshold of manhood and might be handsome one day, but for now he's a bit awkward looking. Zandy always seems to find the most heroic bunch in the city, and follow them around, offering navigation, friendship and on-the-nose small village wisdom at the right moment. Everyone likes Zandy.

While Zandy's parentage is wrapped in mystery, his heart is an open book. Helpful and organized, Zandy seems to always appear near eventful circumstances. When that band of heroes fought off those bandits in the street, Zandy was there cheering them on. And when those rogues were attempting to escape from the town guard and got cornered in an alley? Zandy was the one who appeared out of nowhere and smashed a bottle over the guards head as a distraction. Zandy.

CRIMINALS

A city the size of Gandahar is bound to have an extensive criminal network operating in the shadows and under the streets. From drug dealers, to cons, to thieves, to traffickers, Gandahar has it all. A few notable criminal NPCs without distinct ties to any of the criminal factions are outlined below.

ALXION "MOUSE" MUSENHEIM

Dubbed "Mouse" by her mentor due to her small size and ability to sneak into practically anywhere, Alxion Musenheim is strange for an elf. Rumours fly about her allegiances and marks, and any information leading to her arrest commands a large bounty from the city guard. No fewer than thirty people have been arrested on suspicion of being the masked thief, but they are always released when a new heist occurs with the trademark whiskers left carved into the wall. In truth, Mouse owes allegiance to nobody but herself. Staying anonymous and working through many different middlemen to negotiate jobs has kept her not only free from jail, but free to walk the streets openly. It doesn't hurt that she's an indispensable third party due to the many contracts she has completed for various organizations, including The Black Hand and The Quoth Syndicate as well as more legal ones, such as Clearbrook Collective and The Relic Seekers.

One of her best tools is a dagger sharp enough to cut through space. The relic, stolen from the vault of The Pocket Protectors, has aided Mouse on many heists, allowing her to evade capture and seemingly disappear into thin air as the cut seals behind her. The (mis)-use of this item has drawn the ire of both The Pocket Protectors and The Order of the Dispelling Fist, who have banded together to offer a large bounty for the item's return. For all of her antics, Mouse really only enjoys the thrill of the steal. She does not steal for her own material gain, but for the joy of the job.

BALOG, THE SPOON THIEF

Not much is known about this enigmatic figure. Spoons do disappear in Gandahar, some of them quite prized, but no one seriously believes it could be Balog. When Balog is observed in his private time, Balog is constantly trying to make the perfect soup for adventuring, so he can sell it and try to turn it to profit. Balog has no family, but his desire to acquire fresh spoons is a result of his insistence that once a spoon is used to test his soups, it becomes tainted and can't be used to properly create another.

THE CHEESEMONGER, SKRIM

Skrim the Cheesemonger lived in The Swamp Farm, where he was an alchemist until a vat of highly potent chemicals was spilled on him. Thought to be dead, his body was dumped into The Fungal Gloam to avoid an incident report. He awoke covered in fungus and rats, memory hazy except for the burning thought of revenge against the Swamp Farm.

His original form is now mutated into a hybrid rodent form with several extra rats heads and bodies as part of his body. His nose led him through the city, eventually to the The Goathorns, who took pity on him. With a steady supply of cheeses, he tracks down cheese thieves and potential competition for The Goathorns, who always seem one step ahead of other cheese shops.

He only leaves his abode under The Goathorns through a secret door at night, to prowl the streets for seek out fine cheeses and sabotage the Goathorn's competition. He is dressed in a black wool cloak covered in patches, shirtless, with a pair of black cloth pants with room for his tail to stick out. A belt of alchemical vials adorns his waistline.

THE GREATHORN

The Greathorn is a minotaur vigilante who prowls the Mazelands protecting the common folk of the district. He has declared war on the Rust Eaters in this here, and is slowly dismantling their hold on the district. He has made many allies among the shops and commoners, all of them hopeful for a Mazelands free of Rust Eater control.

The Greathorn's true identity is Jules, a young mazerat minotaur who works for his uncle, Fobbos, in the Guiding Thread. Fobbos is aware of his nephew's secret, but no one else knows. The Rust Eaters have been kidnapping mazerats in bulk to try and discern the true identity of the mysterious minotaur that has been attacking their agents all over the district. This has only fueled Greathorn's rage, and he has not stopped fighting in weeks.

Thanks to his secret identity, Jules isn't on the friendliest terms with his uncle, who is infuriated by the "Greathorn's" vigilante activity. Fobbos has made numerous attempts to "persuade" his nephew from further putting mazerats in danger with his reckless behavior.

JIMMY THE JAKE

A member of The Black Hand, this rogue-boss has a penchant for taking his victims and "racing" them by dropping them from rooftops and betting on the outcome. As ugly as his breath is sour, The Jake delights in all manner of pain and suffering and will often be bent over, belly-laughing, while some poor bastard gets the shit kicked out of them.

LOKEY MOGUL

This goblin presents himself as a professional chef although he doesn't actually cook or sell food. He doesn't have a home, and instead squats in abandoned buildings across the city, especially in Death Row and Dogshit. Lokey is actually a skilled illusionist and serial killer, tracking people down and using illusory terrain to lead them into his trap.

He usually targets criminals because they are more dangerous and thrilling to capture, but even they don't deserve what he does to them. The City Watch and White Dagger both fail to capture him, but some members of each believe that what he is doing helps the streets.

He is currently targeting the Black Hand, working his way up to Jimmy the Jake. Ir-Kaid Mahet has had his eyes on Lokey for years but believes that he is doing right, and destroys leads that White Dagger has on Lokey,

MASON

Mason is a Turtle. Mason is very proud to represent his people. Most of them would not be proud to have him as a representative because he is a criminal. And an idiot.

Mason does not work specifically for any of criminal factions in Gandahar and he is well known among many of them. Unfortunately, Mason is not smart, and nobody's really sure how he managed to find his way into a life of crime. It does manage to pay the bills from time to time, mostly through dumb luck. Mason is a simple person and has never found a problem he can't solve - or at least change - by throwing a firebomb at it. And every time he hurls his firebombs he yells out the name of his people: "Turtles!"

Though he doesn't know it, Mason was given the curse of the Fool at birth. Though he often makes the wrong decision, his luck always seems to pull him through, though this is usually at the expense of anyone nearby. After accidentally saving the life of a djinn many years ago, he's found himself with a potentially very strong ally, but has never considered doing anything with that power. For now, at least.

SAWTOOTH THE LASHER

Sawtooth is a goblin and counts himself among many others in Slaver's Pen, and despite his small stature is often seen bereft of guards or security. Those in the Pen note that the slaves he brings in are adventurer level quality, and only shows up when he has quality stock up for sale.

Despite his job and race, Sawtooth is very congenial; often buying rounds for people at The Last Drop Distillery well into the night. He trained in hand to hand combat and uses his knowledge of pressure points and ki flow to capture Adventurers when they're on missions. Sawtooth has worked with The Slaver's Guild on multiple occasions and, though he generally works by himself, when the special orders come in, he's the first the guild reaches out to.

SERPENTHELM

The notorious leader of the Slaver's Guild, Serpenthelm's only goal is to be feared. When he arrived in Gandahar, he realized just how lucrative trafficking could be here.

Serpenthelm leads the Slaver's Pen underneath the Ruby Palace. He only ever appears in a flowing black outfit that conceals his entire body; nobody knows his race for sure because of this, and he clearly disguises his voice around other people here. He has a few magic items including amulet that changes the wearer's voice, a whip once used by drow, a black invisibility cloak and a scimitar made of fire.

He maintains leadership of the Guild through stealth and cunning, using his invisibility cloak and his famed anonymity to learn about the groups and lieutenants within the Guild, and keep his opponents at odds with one another, never unified enough to pose a real threat to his leadership.

EXTRAPLANAR NPCs

While the general population consists mostly of humanoids, Gandahar is home to a handful of powerful creatures from outside the Material Plane. These creatures fill a host of different roles.

DAHDUSHKU

The strange creature called Dahdushku resides deep within a circular chamber underneath The Jade Pathway. He appears as a Genasi, but presents as a blend of all four elemental types. His hunched form stands just shy of 8 ft tall, with elongated limbs, solid black eyes, bright white teeth, and eerily curved fingernails. He wears a simple white robe with a hood and a large, intricate bronze medallion.

Dahdushku often helps open or close portals to the various elemental planes for the right price. What he charges changes frequently and can include a typical gold cost or require favors or trades. When meeting with any potential clients, he always brings a group of four guards: a djinn, an efreeti, a marid, and a dao. He tends to be distrustful and paranoid at the best of times. When stressed or anxious, his voice becomes discordant, as though four different voices are speaking in unison.

THE GREEN MAN

A lesser deity of growth, The Green Man can change his form at will, but it is always a shade of green. He sometimes visits farmers in a disguise, blessing them with good fortune for their crops or in taverns across the city. He gives particular attention to fields that grow hops or grapes. His followers consist mostly of farmers and tavern owners. His places of worship are open areas with relations to agriculture or brewing. His sacred days are around the time of harvests.

Hoss

The Chief of Security for IT&T, this grumbling, monotone Nycaloth disguises himself as an enormously fat, dark-skinned human adventurer with a perpetually exhausted expression. He serves as a Fixer for Greithrot and when the company is in trouble, Hoss goes to rectify the situation. While the quiet, lumbering fiend appears docile, he is capable of literally cutting his way out of sticky situations all the while keeping the same bored look on his illusory face.

HRRRUUMMMM

Hrrruummmm is a young galeb duhr that rolls through the streets of Gandahar in the evenings. Always is the same pattern, always moving. He takes pride in his walks, and will only talk to those who can manage to stop him in his tracks. He understands common but usually sings in Primordial while "walking." He stands the size of a small shack, with random objects embedded in parts of his slate-gray body, collected from his walks. He loves precious stones and gems as a snack. He is peaceful, and has never been prone to violence unless his walk is interrupted. As such certain intersections in the city are blocked off at times to ensure safe passage for him. Children love watching him roll and move through the earth, while rowdy teens dare each other to race him and cross in front of him before being run over.

THE SICKNESS

Deep beneath the sewers of Gandahar lies the Fungal Gloam, a place of unchecked chaotic growth. Rumors swirl of a failed demon summoning by The Brothers Sanguine, they actually managed to pull one of the most horrid monstrosities the Abyss has to offer into the Material Plane.

The Sickness is an ancient sibriex fiend composed of horrid, mutilated flesh and fungus. This malignant tumor on the fabric of reality is the reason for the infestation of manes and unending fungus that make up the Gloam. Still confused by the summoning ritual, the Sickness has not yet realized there is an entire city above its head, but once it's attentions turn above ground the entire city will be in danger. It currently seeks to find its summoners so it may "thank" them for pulling it into this plane. If it encounters intelligent life it will attempt to convince them to divulge information on it's current location and if possible, bend them to it's will.

ZSELBOR

The pit fiend proprietor of The Crossroad Inn, informal ambassador of the Nine Hells, souls-dealer and brewer of fine ales, Zselbor runs the only extraplanar neutral demiplane within Gandahar. Affably and almost jovially evil, he adds not only a 25% tax on any ale served to visiting celestials, but also forged quite a few pacts with a number of nobles, arcanists and otherwise high-ranking officials within the city of Gandahar. He also enjoys chess, and takes every sixth day of the week off to garb don a magical disguise and play for six hours at a chess club located on The High Brow.

Zselbor seeks promotion, like any devil, and believes he can achieve this by turning the city of Gandahar into an outpost of Hell on the Material Plane through contracts with guilds, the Nobility, and the average citizen.

NOBILITY

While the Nobility are considered their own faction, and general overviews of the Houses have been included, details of the most interesting Nobility are included below.

BÁRON DELVIER

Married into the noble House Delvier to a granddaughter of Baron Ambrose Delvier, the human known only as Báron Delvier is shrouded in a veil of mystery and confusion. Somewhere between 30 and 40 years old, he threw away his birth-name after a brief trip to feywild. There he accepted the far more appropriate name of Báron as part of a pact with a moderately powerful fey.

Common folk, less versed in noble titles and hierarchies, often confuse Báron Delvier for the actual head of the house, Baron Ambrose Delvier. While convenient for the former, it unsurprisingly infuriates the latter. The only reason why Báron is tolerated inside the noble house is the undying love towards him shown by Xanthippe, Ambrose's favorite granddaughter.

Báron doesn't speak often, although he tends to be dramatic when he does. He is a tall, slender, and pasty human with a wild, black mane of shoulder-length hair, a thin, twirly mustache and pointy goatee. Báron Delvier wears a blue and gold checkered top hat: a pattern featured across the rest of his silk attire.

Báron spends a great deal of his resourcing building automatons, but since House Delvier's domain doesn't include any of the local mines or quarries, Báron has forged a friendly relationship with the head of House Temeryan. This perceived alliance causes some tension between House Delivers and the Shimmershine Family and results in frequent quarrels between Báron and Ambrose.

MARQUIS NAVEL ISKANDER

A gauntish-looking vampire, with long obsidian hair that frame his unnaturally handsome facial features, Navel has a general air of ambivalence and apathy about him. Few can claim ever witnessing him in an actual conversation. After the death of his wife, Tina, he is rarely seen without the company of an undead half-orc named Vort.

He has dedicated his remaining unlife to studying ancient occult magic and joining the Ordent Scribes to try and restore his wife to life.

SIR VERASH ISKANDER,

Another one of the eight vampires of House Iskander, Sir Verash is distinctly pale, even by Goliaths' standards. Brutish in both appearance and nature, he is liked by few even among his own house. However, the blood of House Iskander's founder runs in his veins, making him one of the highest ranking members by virtue of the birthright.

Verash is intelligent and speaks with notes of a strange foreign accent. He wears a red and brown duster coat, picking fights with an occasional passerby while smoking the best Gandahari cigars. He only finds thrill in a death-provoking fight and purposefully seeks out opponents who could provide a real challenge. One of those fights was against Zselbor, the pit fiend of The Crossroad Inn, which ended with now slightly dislocated jaw of Verash and a sizable cheque in furniture repairs.

SIR GIRBERY TEMERYAN, UNDERDUKE OF IRON

Head of the House Temeryan, Sir Girbery is a physically imposing dwarf in the prime of his life. He is chivalrous, outspoken, and eloquent when speaking, and obsesses over keeping Gandahar's military prepared for anything. His only noticeable flaw is a craving for alcohol, which led him to become regular drinking buddies with Báron Delvier.

While clearly sincere in his goals, Sir Girbery's patience wears thin with the growing supremacy of the city gnomes, who he sees as little more than honorless curs with no regard for the well-being of other founding races. Memories of the Jumble are still painfully fresh in his head through the tales of his grandfathers. While he hopes that the situation will resolve itself without any need for bloodshed, the Underduke of Iron is well prepared for an unavoidable coup.

MERCHANTS

Beyond the shopkeepers and tavern owners listed alongside their establishments, Gandahar's markets also teem with merchants and traders.

DAPHNE LEGONTROND

A middle aged woman who lives on the street after being divorced and kicked to the curb by her ex husband. She works hard to make ends meet, but sometimes still struggles. She's a modestly skilled apothecary, and can make a few types of weak potions. She maintains a workshop underground, where the majority of her supplies and discount-quality wares are kept.

CORPY THE CURIOS DEALER

Corpy is a grumpy old orc who has been collecting items in his shop for over 40 years. Exiled from his tribe for his interest in history over becoming a spiritual leader, his fascination with stories lead him to roam across the world. The experiences he gained during this time, and the items he collected have led to him becoming widely sought out for his wisdom and skill as a storyteller.

JOSEPH "SONGBIRD" ALISTER

Joseph Alister is a trader that specializes in the extremely niche market of medicinal healing birds. He sells no less than 30 different types songbirds, and claims to have a bird that can cure any ailment. He wears a showy, embroidered suit, and peddles this wares from a small cart.

NICO ANDROMEDUS

A tabaxi merchant and occasional adventurer, Nico Andromedus now wanders the world as a traveling merchant, selling magical weapons and items that he came across in his adventures. He still adventures on occasion if there is an item that he can appropriate, but prefers to hire other younger and more expendable adventurers to get it for him. He has a magical cart, called, "The Sand Strider" that is much much larger on the inside than it seems from the outside.

Nico looks like a humanoid lion, with a beautiful mane of hair that has several braids in it. He wears expensive clothes with flowing blue and gold sleeves. His deep baritone voice has a mysterious air, and he often speaks in circles or riddles.

He doesn't stay inside the city for very long, as he doesn't want to attract the attention of House Temeryan. A few years ago, there was an extremely embarrassing event involving catnip, a belt of many pockets, one of the Temeryan's adult children, three mages and the entirety of the Gandahar's Philharmonic Orchestra. He does his best to not think about it, and not many remember the event.

RAGA FEYLEAF

This elderly elf used to be an adventurer, but now sells blown-glass sculptures and trinkets. Raga may have once been lithe and slim, but has clearly enjoyed the success of his business and skill. His craftsmanship is unparalleled, and many locals pay top coin for his beautiful work.

MILITARY & SAILING

As a major port city, any notable people involved with sailing or the military are people that the City likes to keep close in case of a major threat. Some of these NPCs are listed below.

BROMAR BLACKBEARD

An imposing figure in a tattered red coat with waxed mustachios and a braided beard, the human sailor known as Bromar Blackbeard wears a dirty leather hat that once was probably fancy at one point, and a rough leather coat over his simple clothing. He is a drunkard that lurks outside The Museum of Aviation. Occasionally, he has been seen with a half full barrel of what he calls 'Rrrum.' Placing one leg on the barrel and loudly proclaiming the Halruaan Skyship as rightfully his, "precious Pearrl of the Sky!"

How this obviously inebriated fool has managed to infiltrate the premises of the college we can only wonder. That said, some of the students have started affectionately referring to him as The Cap'n, to which he responds with a hearty grin and an "Aye!", before collapsing in a drunken stupor.

FALRAHEM

A young elvish guard who never mastered the art of meditation. Instead, it seems like he is narcoleptic, often falling asleep at the most inopportune times. He spends all his money gambling with his peers (and losing) which is why they keep him around.

KORGUS LOUENHARDT

Korgus is a 51 year old white dragonborn, with bite, claw, and burn scars all across his thick white hide, especially on his face and arms. His hands appear stained almost to the elbow with the blood of vanquished beasts of years passed.

Korgus grew up in The Trench, but has risen to a comfortable living standard. Nowadays, Korgus makes a living captaining a golden vessel that brings exotic creatures into the city to be sold as pets, for food, pelts, and hides, and to be hunted within the city by The Safarians, a club to which Korgus counts himself a member.

REM GUNTHER

A young city guard who is disliked by his peers because he chatters constantly, Rem pauses his dialogue only to breathe, eat, drink or sleep. Rem joined the City Watch after being exiled from a monastery for failing to uphold a vow of silence.

Those that listen closely enough might hear patterns in the way he talks: a certain word said at the top of every hour, or secret words slipped in between the others.

CAPTAIN ROBERT CHARLES DEBRACEY

Robert Charles DeBracey is an impressive man. Though both his long hair and thick beard are snow white, he still boasts arms the size of cannons and a chest that puts mountains to shame. Once the feared captain of the inter-dimensional pirate ship, The Naughty Lass, DeBracey plundered ships and cities across the multiverse. He was ousted by a mutiny, led by a spy from Interworld Trade and Transport, and barely escaped to Gandahar with his life. Though initially filled with rage and a strong desire for revenge against ITaT, that abated after he nearly lost his life (again) at the hands of an assassin sent by ITaT to remove the thorn in their side. Accepting his lot in life, DeBracey began to work to atone for his past transgressions by finding honest work wherever he can and spinning yarns to the children who wander along The Docks.

OTHER NPCs

In a city the size of Gandahar, there are many people that don't particularly fit in any of the previous categories. These remaining NPCs can help to flesh out gaps in the city.

ANTON "THE LIBRARIAN" LANCE

The Librarian has connections with many organizations, including the Black Hand, the White Dagger, the Quorth Syndicate, the Brothers Sanguine, and the Chamber of Sceals. He is an information broker, groups on all sides use his business. He has "Pages" all over Gandahar that infiltrate organizations and feed him information, which he records, in hundreds of blank volumes he keeps on shelves in his lair.

He employs a fleet of Warforged nicknamed "the Scribes." They record his dictations by hand in blank books, and catalog them in his extensive library, which he calls the Hall of Secrets. The Librarian doesn't take part in the fight between good and evil. He prefers to live in between the two, and profit off of the hubris of both.

CAMDEN

Camden is a Copper Dragon who regularly takes on the form of a half-elf. As a cover story, Camden claims that he is a bard and historian traveling the world and seeking out dragons, specifically, dragons that play Xorvintaal. Camden intends to document the rules of the game, as best as he is able, in order to create a record of the sport of dragonkind. He is intensely more knowledgeable on the subject than almost any other mortal, in part because he is also an avid player of the game.

IR-KAID MAHET

A mage hunter working for The White Dagger, Ir-Kaid learned how to use the arts of counterspelling after leaving his temple. He uses his abilities to counter magical effects and then fight in melee with his fists. Ir-Kaid has suffered many injuries in his line of work, leaving him with a grotesque scar across his face.

SECRET

A magical cat with a smooth, gray coat and bright blue eyes, Secret keeps to herself for the most part, despite being telepathic and fully capable of communicating with anyone. She sometimes likes to tag along with adventurers if she finds them interesting, and might help them out without letting on to her magical nature. She has a few spells she's capable of casting using the magical ring clamped onto her tail. She's a smooth gray egyptian blue with stormy gray eyes.

THE SLEEPER

The Sleeper awakened in the Fungal Gloam with nary a memory or clue to guide him. A young half-elven man, he discovered, upon reaching the city proper, that most could not understand him. Fortunately, a member of the Conservatory saw him, understood his words as druidic, and brought him into the fold. He discovered his own druidic powers and innate connection to nature, with an interesting fungal slant.

In truth, he has a greater connection to the Circle of Spores than he realizes. He was dead down there in the Fungal Gloam. The spores entered his body and raised him, figuratively and literally, granting him his powers and turning his lifeless body into an undead vessel of sorts. The Sleeper is the first human host of The Sickness, and as the Sleeper moves through him, it learns of Gandahar and its purpose within the city.

EVENTS & FESTIVALS

The people of Gandahar all enjoy celebration, and many citizens will look for any excuse to do so. Throughout the year, Gandahar hosts several major events, festivals, and holy days to allow the people a chance to celebrate all that the city has to offer.

EVENTS

With a focus on natural, historical, or social occurrences, these festivals have no particular religious ties.

THE BIENNIAL CHUCKLEFEST

Sponsored by the noble houses as a charity event, twice a year picnic tables and lanterns are set up around the Great Oak, all under the watch of the local druids. A stage is set erected front of The Great Oak where the ancient dryad Quercinius resides, silently sitting. Comedy groups perform sketches and skits, with stand up comedians placed between major acts. Vegetarian food is served to the crowd.

The entire goal of the event is to make Quercinius laugh, as it hasn't spoken in decades. The grand prize is rumored to be beyond the wildest dreams of the participants, but nobody has succeeded since the event was founded. Small stands are set up on the periphery to sell toys and prank items to children, as this is a very popular family event. Sir Ignatius Bramblebelly, a halving druid of wide girth and quick laugh, hosts the event. He stands at a proud 3 and 1/2 feet. Curly brown locks seem to spring in all directions above his head, and his face is adorned with impressive mutton chops and a fine mustache. His age is unknown, but he swears that laughter is the key to a long and happy life. He speaks with a high tenor voice, and slight lisp. He uses a small wand to project his voice to the crowd, introducing the entertainment groups and solo participants.

CAPTURE THE GNOME

Deep within the twisting, towering tumble of the Mazelands, a young gnome wakes up nearly nude, clean shaven, and painted bright blue. Nearby is another gnome, just as he is but painted bright red. A folded note between them on the ground reads "Dear Sir Gnomes, you have been graciously selected to participate in the annual Capture the Gnome event. You and your compatriot are charged with finding your way out of the Mazelands. There is a red team and a blue team, each trying to capture the opposite colored gnome. The teams have been instructed not to harm you, but we cannot make any assured promises. The winning team will be awarded a substantial prize, and if you avoid capture, you and yours will be monetarily provided for over the next three years. Best of luck to you. The game begins now."

This event is put on by The League of Sophisticated Gentlemen, and officially takes place in secret. The members hire teams of mercenaries to capture the gnomes, in order to achieve fame and glory. Some of the other Nobility place bets in secret, but this is not advertised openly. Capture the Gnome is considered the Gentlemen's game, though most of the city would be abhorred if they were aware of what was happening deep inside The Mazelands.

CRASHCOURSE DERBY

Once a month, some streets and alleyways of Cart Street are selected to be the site of a dangerous race known as the Crashcourse Derby. The event was created by a pair of beggar twins racing each other through the streets one fine day a few years ago, and since then has grown into a tradition of the poorer denizens of Cart Street. The race itself of course is highly illegal. The City Watch tries each month to ferret out the details of the race, but they are held in secret until the night before the race happens.

The rules are simple:

- You must have a partner
- You and your partner must get your cart from the designated starting point to the finish line.
- Anything else goes.

The winner receives a moderate amount of gold and bragging rights for a month. Carts are assembled and raced through the streets. Most at this point have been somewhat engineered with hidden weapons and traps to be dropped on their opponents. The streets are not cleared when the race starts, which "adds to the fun." Injuries, deaths, and significant property damage are highly common during this race, which is why the City Watch is so concerned with stopping it. Bets are placed with secretive bookies, and roofs provide vantage points to watch the race occur.

NIGHT OF FALLING STARS

As a strange side-effect of the interdimensional travel that frequently happens in and around Gandahar, one night a year every star in the sky seems to fall down into the city as small balls of light. Children enjoy running around and playing with the softly glowing spheres and making wishes on them.

THE QUARTER

A set of daily "happy hour"-like events, on which the local inns and taverns provide a sizable discount on all things alcohol for a brief period of time. It happens during each ringing of the brazen clock atop the House of Clockwork four times a day.

THEATER OF THE WANDS

Wand makers can elect to participate in an exciting event that brings together those who do not practice magic with those who do. Shortly after the winter solstice, wandmakers bring in new creations that they have been saving to enter in the event. Volunteers pour in and are randomly assigned to a wand. When the event begins, each wandmaker and volunteer step up, and the wandmaker then uses the wand on the volunteer to reveal the effect. The point is to execute usefulness, creativity, and style. The winning wands net their makers interesting prizes and top spots in all the prominent magic shops around the city.

VIGIL

Among the elves and gnomes of Gandahar, the winter solstice represents a dangerous time. Their lore teaches that during the longest, darkest night of the year, the barriers between the spirit and mundane world weaken, and fell spirits and fiends may cross over.

The elves gather and hold watch throughout the night, performing rituals and sacrifices to drive away evil beings. Those traveling in elven quarters during this night would report strange happenings, and be barred from entering any elven conclaves, out of fear they are skinchangers or some spirit assuming the guise of a mortal.

YELLOW HARVEST

A yearly festival to celebrate the harvest of grain and other produce this festival's name carries a strange double entendre. While the less romantic citizens will tell you the "yellow" comes simply from the colours of harvest crops, some will spin great tales of a "hero" that abandoned an old war effort to attend to the farms, and as such was labelled "yellow." His efforts, however, saved the city from near-certain starvation once the war was over.

HOLIDAYS

Official holidays are recognized by the City government and include themes like civil recognition, farming festivals, or vigils to remember the lost.

DAY OF THE PROTECTOR

Day of the protector is a holiday on which the citizens of Gandahar praise their city's protector: Carlin Shimmershine. He became known as the protector due to his fight for the city and great trading talent. He is also remembered as a great inventor and a masterful diplomat. The holiday is financed through the backing of the Trading Guild who pays for all of the expenditures to prepare the celebration. The main event occurs in the evening when the free food and ale provided by the guild are given to all of the people as live music is playing around the protector's statue.

HOGCULLING

Hogculling was brought into Gandahar by goblin immigrants, most of them farmers in a far-off land. The holiday, always taking place at the end of the last harvest, was created in honor of a long forgotten god, called the Hungry God. The Hungry God is generally thought to be the primary deity of goblins, but many of them have abandoned his worship for kinder gods.

Hogculling, a festival in his honor, is celebrated mostly by goblins, but many Gandaharians looking for any excuse at all to party have accepted it as a common event for all races. It takes place over the course of two days, Hogculling's Eve and The Hogculling.

Hogculling's Eve is a city-wide county faire. Farmers bring their prize hogs on rickety wooden carts to be judged in the Holly Oak district. The Three Terrors serve as judges for this event, and competition is fierce. The fattest hog is given the title of "Big Pig," and is worshipped as an avatar of the Hungry God. People from all over the city bring offerings of food for the Big Pig. A grand feast is held in the Big Pig's honor, open to all those who attend. Cooks from all over the city bring food to feed the masses. The feasting goes on into the night, as well as the revelry.

The Hogculling takes place the following day, and has a starkly different tone. The Big Pig is slaughtered, and the meat is split amongst all in attendance. The meat is said to be infused with the luck of the Hungry God, and all those who eat it are blessed for the winter.

MARCH OF THE DEPARTED

Each year in fall, the town holds what is known as The March of the Departed. The march starts in the Golden Square, where cart vendors and shops can be found selling candles of various colors and sizes. With a candle in hand, participants inscribe the names of deceased loved ones into the wax. Clerics and monks of the various churches and temples represent their deities, sporting large decorated candles each with a different colored flame.

Participants use these large multicolored flames as a source to light their own candles before joining the ranks of the procession. The crowd weaves its way through the streets of Gandahar towards The Shaft of Souls, located in the heart of Mourner's Circle. Upon reaching the site, participants form a single file line that circles the edge of the shaft. Here, usually accompanied by a short prayer, candles are tossed down the hole, where the individual specs of light disappear into the depths. At 7 o'clock the procession line is cut-off, and the area immediately surrounding the shaft is cleared in preparation for the semi-daily steam blast. At 7:06 a large blast of air and steam (As noted in The Shaft of Souls) carries the candles upwards, launching them all into the sky. Thousands of lights stream above the city, making for a spectacular visual display.

SCOUNDREL'S NIGHT

Scoundrel's Night, the (un)official holiday of Elkhazel, God of Crime, celebrated by thieves all over Gandahar. It takes place during the peak of midsummer and is celebrated by donning goat masks to hide one's identity, and taking to the streets to do as one pleases. The celebrations begin in the evening when people place candles into gutted pumpkins or gourds that have faces carved into them. Each pumpkin represents a person who has donned a mask, while the candle light represents who they truly are. For as long as the candle is lit, crimes committed are considered to be the work of Elkhazel, and the person is exempt. As such, celebrations often devolve into chaotic anarchy. Bad luck comes to those who return after celebrating to find their pumpkin's candle out. Intentionally blowing out someone else's candle or smashing their pumpkin is risky, potentially drawing the ire of Elkhazel or his thieves. Tricks, pranks, pickpocketing, and even more severe crimes are common on this night; thus tradition has had people closing themselves inside for the night. Taverns and inns will offer overnight specials just for Scoundrel's Night, offering a safe haven with a jovial community to wait out the night with.

It is important to note that no city in the world, not even Gandahar, recognizes Scoundrel's Night as a sanctioned holiday, and The City Watch carries on as usual on this night; in fact, they double all patrols.

SNOW DAY

This first snowfall of the winter months is declared the Snow Day by the local government. On this day all work is prohibited. Taverns/Inns, places of worship and medical facilities are exempt.

RELIGIONS

Gandahar is home to temples for many common deities, but it also has a few unique religious sects that aren't often found anywhere else.

INSCRIBED ORDER

A cult of **Iyuzath**, ancient true-neutral god of envy and secrets. His worship is outlawed in every known civilization, forcing his worshipers to stay hidden from its prying eyes. If on a quiet and misty evening you come across an old traveler, dressed in rags and smiling widely with a mouth of few decrepit teeth, make haste to walk away without as much as looking. But if he has already asked you something, no matter how confidential it may be, my boy, you'd better answer quickly and with uncompromising honesty.

TENETS:

- Secrets are keys of the universe. To throw away a key is to forsake what's behind the lock.
- Those who keep their own keys must share them before the servants of Iyuzath. Of their own will or against it.

SYMBOL

A keychain with four ornate keys and a frog-like eye in the center of the ring.

THE DRAGON'S GAMBLERS

The Dragon's Gamblers, also referred to as Tiamat's Gamblers, the Chancers, or just simply The Gamblers, are a religious group that believe in divine intervention in gambling. Every pull of a card, roll of a dice, or lottery number chosen is just another small way of letting Tiamat's will seep into the Material Plane. The more randomness, the stronger her influence.

Avid practitioners among The Dragon's Gamblers will meet once a month and gamble away their earnings in a weird white elephant gift exchange with each other, and that very same prize pool will be added to and used for the next month's meeting. Most of the Dragon's Gamblers keep their identity a secret because of the negative association with Tiamat. But a keen eye can tell who the members of the religion are because of their life styles, such as Sapphire Pawses of The Scholarly Reserves.

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