



ERENOTH



A HOME FOR TRAVELING ADVENTURERS
FOR USE IN FANTASY RPGS

THE WAYWARD WANDERER

MATT CLICK



THE WAYWARD WANDERER

A Home for Traveling Adventurers

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Countless adventures, from the smallest errands to the most epic quests, begin inside the tavern. A group of strangers, seeking fame, fortune, or fun, drawn together over strong ale and lilting bardsong and the allure of true camaraderie.

It might be the eccentric old wizard in the corner who brings the heroes together, tugging at his silver beard and pledging a stack of gold to the ones who best the brutish bugbear in the abandoned mines. Or it could be the local halfling farmer, stumbling into the establishment, bloodstained and ranting about the skeletons rising from his fields and slaughtering his cattle. Or maybe it's a drunken brawl with the dashing handsome half-orc, complete with shattered barstools and bruised egos.

Whatever the spark that ignites your adventure, the tavern provides the kindling. It seems fitting, then, that for my first adventure in writing and publishing roleplaying game content, I should choose to write about the Wayward Wanderer, a prolific tavern in my homebrew fantasy setting of Erenoth. I've written stories all my life, played RPGs for 15 years, and even dabbled in RPG publishing here and there. But this supplement is my first real foray into formally publishing something that people can use at their game tables, and I'm excited to share it with you.


The Wayward Wanderer is a special place in my world – a leyline of sorts for both adventures just beginning, and those drawing to a close. It is a gathering place for traders, merchants, and mercenaries of all kinds. It's where, centuries ago, the survivors of a fallen empire huddled to escape the dragonfire that consumed their homes. It's where Rhian and Rorge, famed adventurers, retired to live out the rest of their lives in peace. And it's where the Provokers met by chance and forged a brotherhood that not even war could shake.

It's said in Erenoth: "If you're lost, may your feet carry you to the doorstep of the Wayward Wanderer."

I'm glad your feet have carried you here, traveler. Pick a table, hang up your sword, and wash away your weariness with a shot of Rorge's forge whiskey. I hope you find some inspiration here.

Mind the wizard shaving in the corner, though – he's an odd one.

Cheers,



Matt Click
A Fistful of Dice



THE WAYWARD WANDERER



“Every story is sure to have two things – a beginning and an end. For many stories, both occur in a tavern.” – Taryn Dark-Wind, tiefling bard

The Wayward Wanderer is a rustic roadhouse built in the crumbling remains of the tower of Southreach in Gwyn Tirod – a green, fertile land in Erenoth’s Western Southlands. It is situated on the Meridian, a dirt road that runs east-to-west from the arid city-state of Falhast to the bustling port town of Aldimeer. The Meridian is traveled by merchants, traders, and adventurers, making the Wayward Wanderer a hub of commerce, coin, and, perhaps most valuably, rumors.

Kinra of Estia, that shrewd and mysterious dragonborn merchant, often hawks his exotic wares and enticing gossip from faraway lands in the Wanderer’s common room. Taryn Dark-Wind, famed tiefling bard, has graced the Wanderer a handful of times with his harrowing tales and honey-laced voice. It’s even said that the Provokers, those tenacious heroes, first met during a drunken bar fight within the Wanderer’s walls.

The Wanderer’s ground floor serves as the common room, a place of hearty food, strong drink, and simple comfort. A massive hearth warms the tower from the west wall, while a bar of rough stone dominates

the north. A ledger book lays open upon it, scrawled with the names and room numbers of the inn’s guests.. Dark curtains separate the common room from a small kitchen and prep area, from which fragrant smoke and Dwarvish curses often emanate. The walls are lined with old tapestries and baubles from strange and exotic locales – some look elven, dwarven, or otherwise completely foreign in origin. There’s a large, well-used warhammer mounted above the hearth, inlaid with Dwarvish runes; beside it, a gnarled staff of yew, topped with a smooth topaz gemstone.

The three floors above the common room have been converted into several dozen small but comfortable sleeping quarters, while the basement serves as a storeroom and safe house.

The Wayward Wanderer is known for its dwarven-made ale and whiskey, hearty aurochs stew, buttery biscuits, and sour pickles, all lovingly crafted by Rorge, the tavern’s dwarven cook and brewmaster. Rorge owns the Wanderer along with his wife, Rhian, a human. Like the Wanderer, however, both Rorge and Rhian are more than they appear...



HISTORY OF SOUTHREACH

1000 BGS (Before the Great Scorching): Southreach built on the southern border of the Kasrin Empire during the reign of King Adelburn Orcsbane. Consists of a tower and a barracks with a full garrison.

200 BGS: Feron the Tower is instated as Keeper of the South. A massive man said to have giant blood. Feron, his life extended through necromantic magic, commands Southreach for nearly two centuries.

10 BGS: Feron remains loyal to Emperor Asmundr throughout the Kasrin Civil War, as many other lords (including Alvar the Shield, Keeper of the North) join Aeras the Reclaimer in his rebellion.

1 AGS (After the Great Scorching): Feron perishes atop Southreach while battling dragons. He kills one with his greatsword before dying himself amidst the collapsing upper floors of the tower.

500 AGS: Rumors spread of the ghost of a massive man, wandering the halls of the ruined tower, dragging a greatsword behind him.

2002 AGS: Rhian Gesturn and Rorge Firebrand purchase Southreach. They exorcise the restless spirit of Feron the Tower with the help of their ally Helge Sunsmite, a cleric of Helial.

2005 AGS: The Wayward Wanderer opens its doors – a welcome and comforting sight to all who travel the long road from Aldimeer to Falhast.

2014 AGS: The adventuring party known as the Provokers form in the common room of the Wayward Wanderer.

NON-PLAYER CHARACTERS



RHIAN THE ENCHANTRESS

Medium humanoid (human), neutral good

Challenge 6
(2,300 xp)

Armor Class 13 Hit Points 49 Speed 30 ft. Initiative +2

ABILITY SCORES

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
8 (-1)	14 (+2)	12 (+1)	13 (+1)	12 (+1)	17 (+3)

STATISTICS

Saving Throws INT +4, CHA +6
Skills Arcana +4, History +4, Persuasion +6
Senses Passive Perception 11
Languages Common, Draconic, Elvish, Dwarvish

FEATURES & ABILITIES

Spellcasting. Rhian is a 9th-level arcane spellcaster. Her spellcasting modifier is Charisma (spell save DC 14, +6 to hit with spell attacks). Rhian has the following sorcerer spells prepared:

Cantrips (at will): *dancing lights*, *fire bolt*, *mage hand*, *prestidigitation*, *ray of frost*

1st level (4 slots): *charm person*, *detect magic*, *mage armor*, *magic missile*

2nd level (3 slots): *cloud of daggers*, *hold person*, *levitate*

3rd level (3 slots): *blink*, *dispel magic*

4th level (3 slots): *dimension door*, *wall of fire*

5th level (1 slot): *telekinesis*

ACTIONS

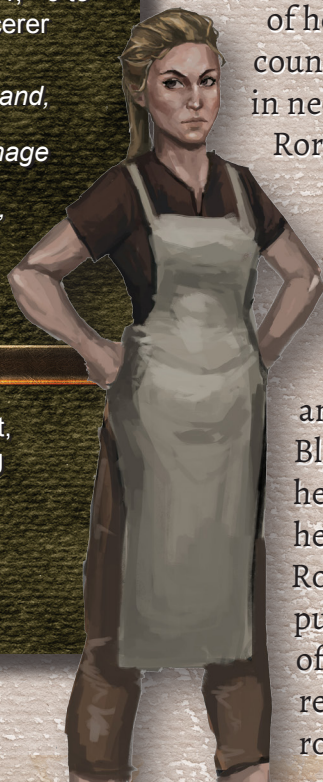
Enchanted Staff. Melee Weapon Attack: +4 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. Hit: 6 (1d10+1) bludgeoning damage.

Crossbow, Light. Ranged Weapon Attack: +5 to hit, range 80/320 ft., one target. Hit: 6 (1d8+2) bludgeoning damage.

RHIAN GESTURN

Rhian is a tall human woman in her mid-fifties. She has straw-colored hair streaked with silver, with pale skin and faint lines crinkling her eyes and forehead. Her hair, complexion, and ice-blue irises denote northern heritage. She dresses simply and comfortably, usually seen in a brown tunic with roughspun pants or skirt, and an off-white apron stained with ale and flour. Rhian is curt and no-nonsense, but kind and courteous to those who treat her likewise. Despite having no children of her own, she has a motherly countenance and a soft-spot for those in need. She cares for her husband, Rorge, above all else.

Unbeknownst to many of the Wayward Wanderer's patrons, Rhian is actually Rhian the Enchantress, famed sorcerer and adventurer, and former member of the Bleakwalkers. Upon retiring from her life of adventure, Rhian pooled her riches with fellow Bleakwalker Rorge Firebrand, and the two purchased the "haunted" tower of Southreach with the intent of renovating it and opening a simple roadhouse.



"Children? No, not for Rorge and I. My patrons are my children. Now, feet off the table!" – Rhian Gesturn, enchantress



NON-PLAYER CHARACTERS

RORGE FIREBRAND

Rorge is a broad-shouldered mountain dwarf of Snarholme, thickly muscled, but with a sagging gut made heavy with ale and inactivity. His hair and beard are coarse, coal-colored, and speckled with gray. Many of Rorge's teeth are missing, replaced with stone and silver falses. Faded Dwarvish tattoos mar the skin of his arms, legs, and neck. Traveled individuals might recognize these as prison tattoos, likely from the northern installation known as Svelbrig. Dwarvish runes across his calloused knuckles read: I KILL WYRMS. Rorge is gruff and aloof, but quick with a smile and a story to those who show him respect. He adores his wife, Rhian, and is utterly devoted to her and the roadhouse they own together.

Like his beloved wife, Rorge is a former member of the Bleakwalkers, a famous group of adventurers whose deeds include felling multiple dragons and journeying through the Bleak and living to tell the tale. Rorge, known for his deadly skill with a warhammer, prefers the quieter life now, and is more apt to knead dough and brew ale than he is to crush skulls (though he is quick to remind troublemakers that he is still more than capable of doing so).

RORGE FIREBRAND

Medium humanoid (mountain dwarf), neutral good

Challenge 5
(1,800 xp)

Armor Class 14 Hit Points 112 Speed 25 ft. Initiative +1

ABILITY SCORES

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
18 (+4)	13 (+1)	16 (+3)	10 (+0)	12 (+1)	9 (-1)

STATISTICS

Saving Throws STR +7, CON +6

Skills Athletics +7, Intimidation +2

Senses Darkvision 60 ft., Passive Perception 14

Languages Common, Dwarvish

FEATURES & ABILITIES

Brute. A melee weapon deals an extra die of its damage when Rorge hits with it (included in his attack).

ACTIONS

Multiattack. Rorge attacks twice with Toebreaker.

Toebreaker (warhammer). Melee Weapon Attack: +8 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. Hit: 17 (2d12+5) bludgeoning damage plus 2 (1d4) cold damage.



“*dwarvish expletive*” – Rorge Firebrand, brewmaster

NON-PLAYER CHARACTERS



KINRA OF ESTIA

Kinra is a one-eyed bronze dragonborn whose scales long ago lost their luster. He is hunched and slight, lacking the bulk of most of his kin, appearing almost sickly. He drapes himself in layers of tattered robes, and keeps the cowl pulled low to shadow his draconic features. Kinra's left eye is horribly scarred and sealed shut, the result of a run-in with a displacer beast in his younger years.

Kinra is a merchant and purveyor of rare and exotic goods. He hails from a continent across the sea known as Estia, which he left many decades ago to explore the world and retrieve artifacts of his dwindling people. He is shrewd and taciturn, but good to those who deal with him fairly and honestly. Many who have drawn his ire have not lived to tell the tale, and Kinra is, at his core, a dangerous and formidable individual.

"Unfair? No. Every deal I strike is fair. I ensure it..." – Kinra of Estia, merchant

KINRA OF ESTIA

Medium humanoid (bronze dragonborn), lawful neutral

Challenge 7
(2,900 xp)

Armor Class 14 Hit Points 63 Speed 30 ft. Initiative +2

ABILITY SCORES

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
11 (+0)	14 (+2)	12 (+1)	17 (+3)	15 (+2)	16 (+3)

STATISTICS

Saving Throws WIS +6, CHA +7

Skills Deception +7, Insight +5, Intimidation +7

Damage Resistance lightning

Senses Passive Perception 12

Languages Common, Draconic, Elvish, Dwarvish

FEATURES & ABILITIES

Spellcasting. Kinra is a 10th-level arcane spellcaster. His spellcasting modifier is Charisma (spell save DC 14, +7 to hit with spell attacks). Kinra has 2 total spell slots of 5th level, and has the following warlock spells prepared:

Cantrips (at will): *chill touch*, *eldritch blast*, *mage hand*, *prestidigitation*

1st level: *hex*, *witch bolt*

2nd level: *enthrall*, *hold person*, *misty step*

3rd level: *dispel magic*, *gaseous form*

4th level: *dimension door*

5th level: *contact other plane*, *hold monster*

ACTIONS

+1 Short Sword. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +7 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 6 (1d6+3) piercing damage.

Poisoned Blowgun. *Ranged Weapon Attack:* +6 to hit, range 25/50 ft., one target. *Hit:* 1 piercing damage, plus the target must make a DC 10 Constitution saving throw or take 1d4 poison damage.

Acid Flask. Kinra hurls a flask of acid, making a +6 ranged attack against a creature or object within 20 feet. On a hit, the target takes 2d6 acid damage.

Alchemist's Fire. Kinra tosses a flask of alchemist's fire, making a +6 ranged attack against a creature or object within 20 feet. On a hit, the target takes 1d4 fire damage at the start of each of its turns. A creature can end this damage by using its action to make a DC 10 Dexterity check to extinguish the flames.

Breath Weapon (Recharge 5-6). Kinra exhales lightning in a 5-foot by 30-foot line. Each creature in that area must make a DC 13 Dexterity saving throw, taking 9 (3d6) lightning damage on a failed save, or half as much damage on a successful one.



"The Wayward Wanderer" by Jon Pintar

ADVENTURE HOOKS



Otyugh in the Well

Rorge reports hearing strange sounds coming from the well outside of the Wayward Wanderer, as well as an odd, metallic taste to the water being drawn from it. Busy brewing his latest batch of pickle gin, he tasks the adventurers with investigating, and promises a handful of gold and silver, a room for the night, and a free meal in exchange.

Sure enough, an aberrational being known as an otyugh has taken up residence at the bottom of the well, and will attack anyone who enters its watery domain. It uses its tentacles to drag unwary adventurers underwater, doomed to either drown or be drawn into its toothy maw.

How the otyugh came to live at the bottom of the well is unclear, but curious adventurers might witness Kinra, the dragonborn merchant, tossing leftover food into the well under the cover of night. Kinra might be using the beast in the well as a sort of “disposal” system for dishonest and disloyal customers...

Direbats in the Belfry

In the midst of spring cleaning, Rhian finds that a colony of vicious direbats has roosted in the crumbling topmost level of the tower. Deathly afraid of bats (but hesitant to admit her phobia), Rhian offers the adventurers some gold and a cask of Rorge’s forge whiskey to clear the colony out.

The direbats are large as horses, and sleep during the day – though they will defend themselves if roused. In the tower’s belfry, the floor is uneven and crumbling, and the walls are dilapidated, making for plenty of hazards should the party choose to fight the bats up there. If provoked, the bats might try to grab the adventurers and drop them from the top of the tower.

Traveled adventurers might discern that the bats hail from Shade Vale, where they are used as flying mounts by the orcs of Skull Ridge. What could have driven them from their usual environment?



ADVENTURE HOOKS

The Tower's Ghost

The ghost of Feron the Tower roams the halls of Southreach once more. A patron was found hacked to pieces on one of the upper floors, and many more report seeing the spectral form roaming the halls. Investigative adventurers find that the greatsword that serves as Feron's gravemarker has been stolen, perhaps provoking the long-dead general into action once more.

Rorge and Rhian fear for the safety of their patrons, and task the adventurers with retrieving the sword or otherwise appeasing Feron's ghost. Whoever stole Feron's sword might still be nearby, after all...

Bloodshed in Brook

Turl, a hill dwarf farmer from the nearby town of Brook, stumbles into the Wayward Wanderer, bloodied and battered. "Attacked!" he shouts, "Brook has been attacked!" Between labored breaths, he explains that brutish creatures, standing twice as tall as a man, torched the town and seized the Temple of Gefion. He looks desperately to the patrons. "Will no one stand and fight alongside us? Will no heroes rise among you?"

A TIP FROM BE A BETTER GAME MASTER

When it comes to taverns, what makes the Wayward Wanderer so interesting? What makes it different? Is it the patrons? Rhian and Rorge? The items on the menu? Perhaps it's a little bit of each.

But to me, what makes this place different from all the other clichéd taverns I've thrown into various "session ones" is the fact that, before it was a tavern, it was something else. In this case, the tavern was once a wartime watchtower. So my question for you is this: what will your tavern be?

- A shipwreck, uprighted and renovated by a pair of halfling entrepreneurs. It's a nice place, albeit slightly tilted.
- A traveling covered wagon, known to frequent the local villages. The white wine and shrimp come highly recommended!
- A mountainside inn, built and operated by giants. All the furniture is giant-sized!
- A forgotten sewer. The stench is awful, but it's the only place for an adventurer to find reasonable work in this town.
- A wooden platform, floating in a crystal-clear pond. Want a drink? Swim on over and grab a seat on one of the underwater stools!
- An old temple. The altar now serves as a well-stocked bar.



MAGIC ITEMS

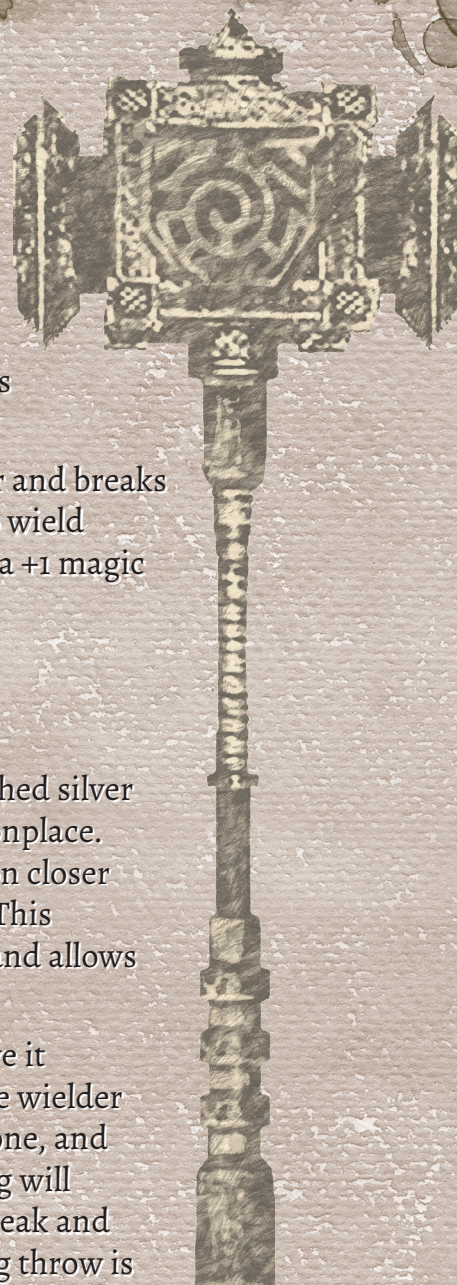


Toebreaker

Warhammer, rare

Mounted over the hearth of the Wayward Wanderer is the mighty warhammer of Rorge Firebrand: Toebreaker. Its long handle is carved from hickory and wrapped with leather, bottomed with a pommel of dragon's claw. The massive hammerhead is blue-tinted glacier steel, forged in the village of Dritsker by the half-giantess Asleif Blueblood and quenched in the ice of the Stonebreaker Glacier. Dwarvish runes etched along its surface read: FURIOUS AS FIRE, STILL AS ICE.

Toebreaker requires immense strength to lift, but shatters armor and breaks bones with ease. Anyone with Strength 13 or lower will be unable to wield Toebreaker effectively, attacking with disadvantage. Toebreaker is a +1 magic warhammer that deals an additional 1d4 cold damage on hit.



Ring of Three Strides

Ring, very rare (requires attunement)

A somewhat mundane-looking ring upon first glance, this tarnished silver band, set with three black, skull-like gemstones, is far from commonplace. The small stones glow with a soft, wavering luminescence, and upon closer inspection, appear to contain undulating waves of color and light. This particular ring, carried by Kinra of Estia, is one of few remaining, and allows the bearer to return to a location via teleportation.

The wielder may remove one of the stones from the ring and leave it somewhere they would like to eventually return to. As an action, the wielder may picture the location where they left the stone, and they and any other creatures they are touching will instantly teleport there, hurled through the Bleak and out the other side. A DC 15 Constitution saving throw is required to avoid becoming sickened for 1d10 minutes upon arrival.



Every time a stone is used to teleport, there is a 10% chance (cumulative with every use) that the stone will shatter, rendering it useless upon arrival.



MAGIC ITEMS

The Tower's Blade

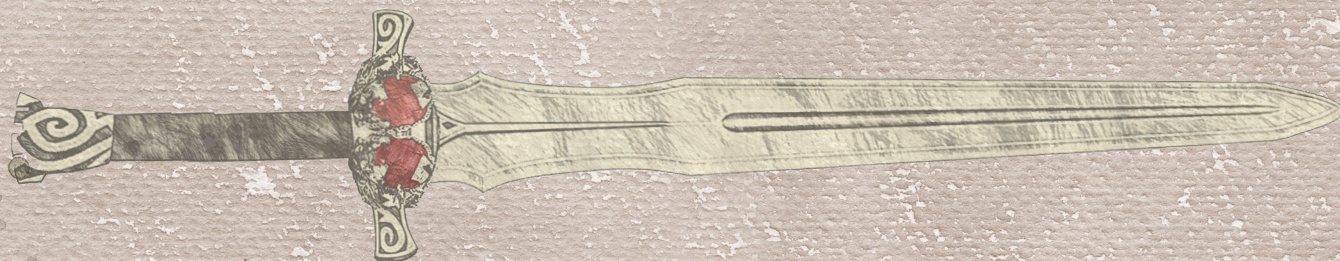
Greatsword, very rare (requires attunement)

In the crumbling topmost floor of the Wayward Wanderer, once the mighty tower of Southreach, lies the skeletal remains of Feron the Tower, Keeper of the South. Slain by dragons and buried in the rubble of the watchtower he commanded for nearly two centuries, Feron's restless spirit wandered the stone corridors of Southreach, dragging his massive greatsword along the floor and killing any who dared enter. Rhian Gesturn, Rorge Firebrand, and Helge Sunsmite, members of the Bleakwalker adventuring party, defeated the vengeful wraith and granted him peace, using his massive blade as a gravemarker on the pile of rubble that had become his tomb.

The Tower's Blade is a greatsword of fine Kasrin steel, rippled with composite alloys. The hilt is ironwood, carved to resemble the towering silhouette of Southreach, and two blood-red rubies are inlaid in the crossguard. It's said that Feron split a dragon down the middle with this blade, before dying as the tower crumbled.

The Tower's Blade is a +2 magic greatsword which sheds dim, red light in a 20-foot radius from the rubies in its crossguard. The Tower's Blade is also imbued with the immense strength of its giant-blooded owner, granting an attuned wielder +2 Strength.

But be wary: to desecrate Feron's final resting place by removing the sword could bring dire consequences. Graverobbers throughout Erenoth have often spoken of the vengeful spirits that haunt their stolen items – and Feron the Tower would be a powerful spirit indeed.



ITEMS FROM THE PANTRY



Rorge's Forge Whiskey (5 silver pieces per shot)

This orange-tinted liquid has strong hints of cinnamon, pepper, and smoke, and burns like hot coals going down. When downing a shot of forge whiskey, the adventurer must succeed on a Constitution saving throw (DC 11) or fall unconscious for 1d4 hours. If they succeed, the adventurer gains 1d6 temporary hit points, but has disadvantage on all Dexterity checks and saving throws due to the strong effects of the alcohol. This effect does not stack with multiple shots (so drink responsibly), and ends after a short rest.

Rorge's Aurochs Sausage Stew (4 silver pieces per bowl)

Once a month, Rorge wakes long before dawn, grabs his well-worn crossbow from behind the bar, and goes hunting on the rainy plains of Gwyn Tirod. He hunts the grazing aurochs, great wooly beasts with curving horns and delicious, marbled meat. Rorge's spiced aurochs sausage ages for months in the dark, cool cellar of the Wayward Wanderer, and then finds its way into a hearty brown stew with fresh herbs, potatoes, squash, and carrots. Eating a bowl grants the adventurer the strength of an aurochs – they have advantage on Strength checks and saving throws for 1d4 hours.

A TIP FROM TABLETOP TERRORS



A tavern should feel different. But different from what? As Game Masters, we're perpetually wracking our brains about ways to make our players feel more threatened and brutalized – so when the time comes for them to relax at a tavern, why don't we spend a bit more energy to make them feel more safe and comfortable? (That just doesn't sound as heavy-metal pulse-pounding, does it? But it's important.)

The next time your players are going to be visiting a tavern or inn, take an extra five minutes to be sure that they feel the experience.

Here are two things that you can do to be sure that your players don't feel like the tavern they're in is merely scenery.

1. Assault your player's senses – with comfort. When was the last time you told your players that a chair was comfortable? Or took a moment to describe how soothing the crackling of a fire sounded? So the next time you describe a table that your players are sitting at in a tavern, don't just tell them the shape and color. Tell them that it's the perfect height for resting their elbows on.
2. Several generic things will never be as powerful as one specific detail. Don't just tell your players that they smell 'delicious food' cooking (that's generic). Instead, pick one powerful smell. Tell them: "The sweetness of onions caramelizing fills the air." That description is vivid, and more memorable. (Do the same with sights, sounds, and textures too!)



ITEMS FROM THE PANTRY

Rorge's Quick Pickles (2 silver pieces per jar)

A small glass jar of tangy pickled vegetables, brined with vinegar, salt, garlic, and hot peppers from the southern jungles of Keld. This surprisingly hearty food evokes warm memories of home, no matter where the adventurer might be. If the whole jar of pickles is eaten during a short rest, the adventurer regains 1d4 hit points, but has terrible breath for one hour.

Rhian's Wayward Biscuits (6 silver per baker's dozen)

These buttery, flaky biscuits have no special effect. Other than the fact that all other biscuits pale in comparison now that you've had Rhian's. By the gods, is there cheese and dill baked into these things too?!



50 WAYWARD WANDERERS

#	Roll a d100 or Choose One
1-2	A human adopted and raised by dwarves.
3-4	A mage who can only cast one simple cantrip spell.
5-6	A forlorn warrior who lost his heirloom sword in a dungeon.
7-8	A famed dwarven glassblower.
9-10	A man whose dog was eaten by a giant.
11-12	A strangely attractive and alluring half-orc man who claims to have bested a green dragon.
13-14	A rugged but friendly dwarf wiping blood from his warhammer.
15-16	A loyal one-legged priest.
17-18	A conniving one-eyed wizard.
19-20	A man who claims to be descended from ancient kings.
21-22	A drunken cleric who has stopped believing in his god.
23-24	A rich woman who was once a prostitute.
25-26	The only survivor of a shipwreck.
27-28	The bodyguard of a famous travelling bard.
29-30	A gnomish inventor who claims to have traveled through time.
31-32	An elven stargazer who sees doom in the heavens.
33-34	A halfling businessman who specializes in rare and wondrous objects.
35-36	A homeless vagabond who claims to be a knight down on his luck.
37-38	A mage extradited from his order for questionable experiments.
39-40	A sullen wood elf sharpening a curved sword.
41-42	A skilled alchemist who believes she has created the elixir of eternal youth.
43-44	A painter who uses blood from rare, magical creatures in his highly-prized creations.
45-46	An older man who lost his three soldier sons in a recent conflict.
47-48	A boisterous dwarven cleric using minor magic to change the color of the candle at his table.
49-50	A mage who claims to speak for an archfey.

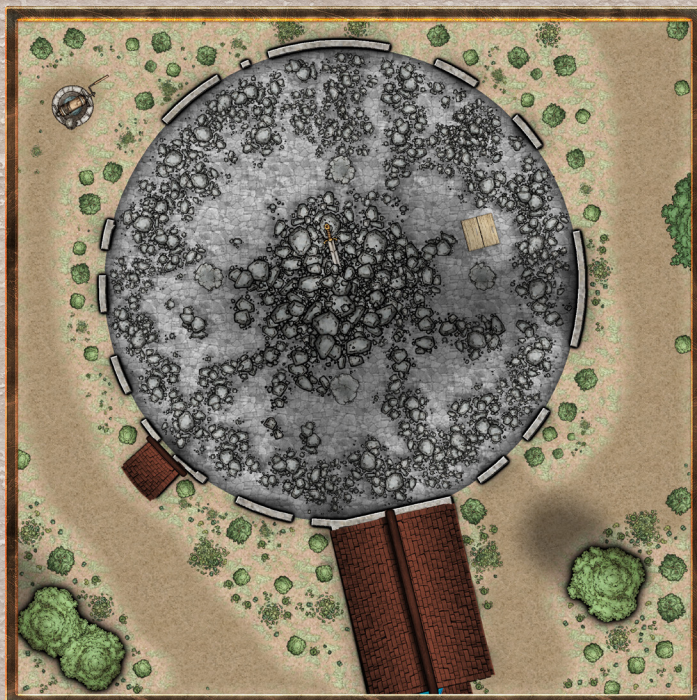
50 WAYWARD WANDERERS

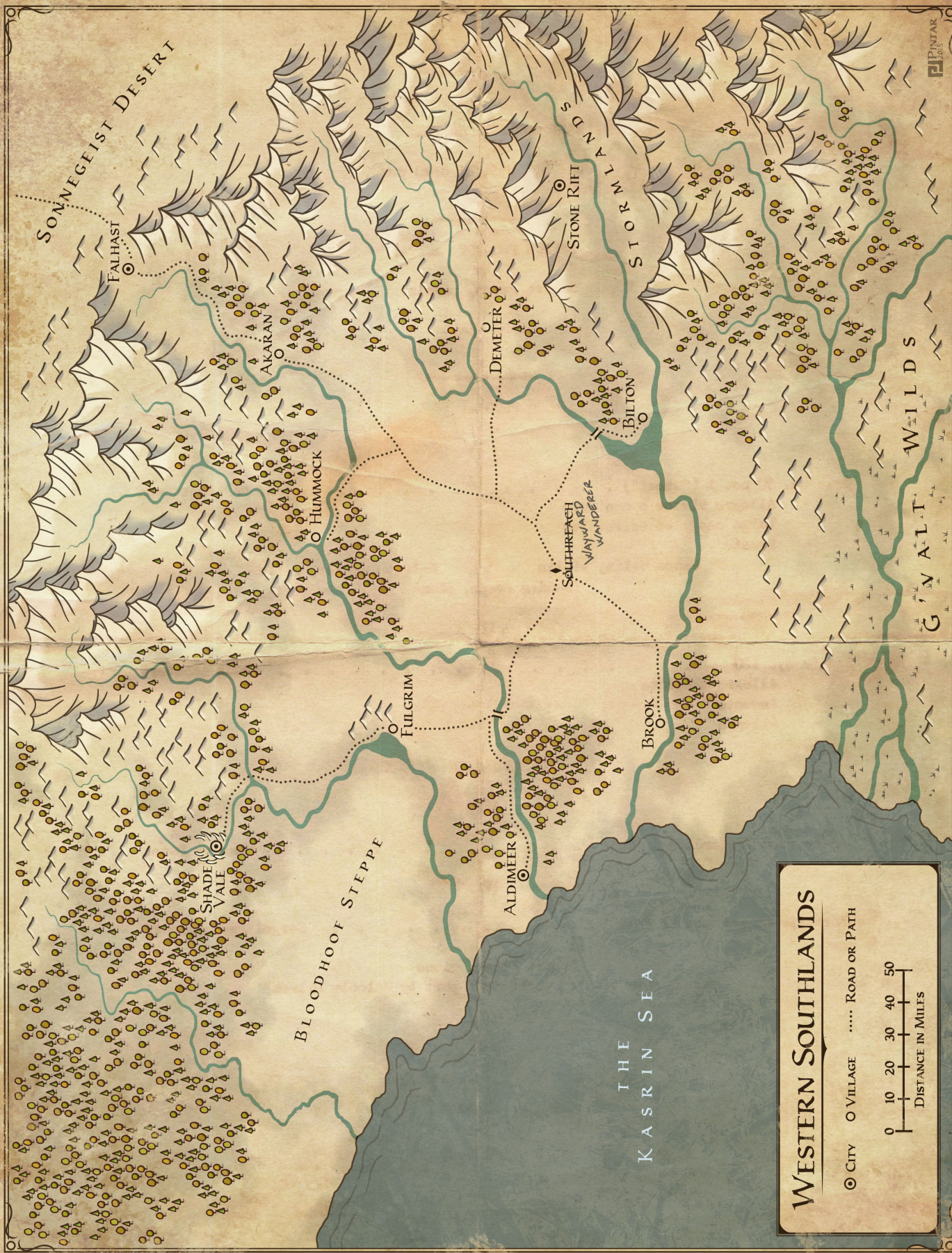
#	Roll a d100 or Choose One
51-52	A warrior woman with a particular hatred towards gnolls.
53-54	A half-elf who attempts to hide his elven heritage from his human friends.
55-56	A little-known bard whose harp enchants the weak-minded.
57-58	A grizzled paladin who has devoted his life to eradicating undead.
59-60	A half-orc mercenary saving up her gold to buy a pretty dress.
61-62	A half-elf with a half-orc half-brother (both share the same human mother).
63-64	A wizard who can transmute stone into gold (at a cost).
65-66	A human whose battleaxe is the last heirloom of a long-dead dwarven dynasty.
67-68	A dwarf who claims to have been eaten and regurgitated by a dragon.
69-70	A gnome who insists she can speak to trees.
71-72	An eccentric man who claims to be an exiled prince.
73-74	A forlorn man whose wife ran off with a half-orc thug.
75-76	A halfling crime boss who runs an underground magical beast fighting ring.
77-78	An aging nobleman who believes drinking the blood of magical creatures will preserve his life.
79-80	A young woman who wishes to follow in her late father's footsteps and become a knight.
81-82	A human priest with a particular scientific interest in cadavers.
83-84	An elven scholar studying the uses and effects of troll blood.
85-86	A dwarven engineer who has supposedly invented a flying machine.
87-88	A dour-looking human druid draped in a cloak of spiderwebs.
89-90	A brutish half-orc female with iron tusks and a rock that dispels magic.
91-92	An eccentric dwarf who claims to have been struck in the head by a falling star.
93-94	A haggard-looking half-elf man shaving with a dull knife.
95-96	A young man who holds the key to unlock a nearby ruin.
97-98	An aging paladin who has turned to drink after witnessing a few too many horrors.
99-00	A blithering member of a cult devoted to an old god who slumbers beneath the waves.



The Wayward Wanderer common room. A spacious, warm tavern with plenty of seating, a stable for mounts, and a small washroom in the western corner. Rhian oversees the front of the house, while Rorge spends most of his time in the curtained-off kitchen, brewing his ales and cooking his famous dishes. The hearth along the western wall is always lit with a large fire – perfect for drying the wet chill of Gwyn Tirod’s rainy plains.

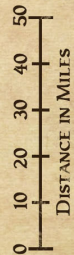
The Wayward Wanderer’s crumbled, upper floor. Untouched by owners or patrons alike for nearly two years, the final resting place of Feron the Tower is exposed only to the elements. The only notable feature not buried in debris is a gleaming greatsword, emerging from the pile of rubble in the center.





WESTERN SOUTHLANDS

○ CITY ○ VILLAGE ROAD OR PATH



THE WAYWARD WANDERER



A HOME FOR TRAVELING ADVENTURERS

By Matt Click

Erenoth: an ancient and enigmatic land, riddled with long-buried secrets and plagued by undying darkness; forged in dragonfire and quenched in the blood of the gods.

For millennia the tower of Southreach has stood – first a fortress, then a crumbling ruin, and now a rustic roadhouse owned and operated by two of Erenoth’s greatest heroes.

In the corner of the Wayward Wanderer sits a shrewd dragonborn merchant, hooded and cloaked, hawking exotic wares from strange lands across the dark sea. A massive warhammer of glacier steel hangs over the hearth, inlaid with Dwarvish runes and stained black with the blood of dragons. In the still night air, an unearthly howl echoes from the bottom of the well. Much like its owners and patrons, the Wayward Wanderer is more than it appears...

Written by Matt Click of A Fistful of Dice, this supplement is suitable for use with your favorite fantasy roleplaying game, and includes three adventure hooks, three ready-to-use non-player characters, three remarkable magic items, fifty random tavern patrons, and a bounty of lore and history to inspire and invigorate your game.

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