



EXTRAORDINARY INNS & TAVERNS

10 UNUSUAL & ARCAINE HOSTELRIES
FOR ANY CAMPAIGN SETTING



BY CATHERINE EVANS & LIZ GIST

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FOREWORD

"A tavern is a place where madness is sold by the bottle."

- Jonathan Swift

Taverns have become something of a cliché in Dungeons & Dragons, and because of this they've also become woefully underutilised. A tavern can be a wonderful place: the heart of a small village or a city district; a welcome respite during a long, arduous journey; a breeding ground of gossip and trouble.

With this collection of strange, unique, and extraordinary taverns, we hope to give some love back to this overlooked staple of tabletop campaigns. We are delighted to present to you 10 inns and taverns with personalities all their own, set in a variety of locations from quaint villages to thriving cities and even deep down in the Underdark, with staff, regulars, services and adventure hooks.



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THE OAKEN ARMS

A young woman trudges through icy, driving rain, desperate to find shelter from the unexpected storm.

A family lies bleeding on the side of the road, left for dead by bandits who have taken everything they owned.

A hunter staggers through a forest, lost and injured after an unlucky encounter with an owl-bear.

Right when hope is almost lost, a warm light appears: an open door, pouring out warm, welcoming light. An elderly woman stands in the doorway, leaves and brambles woven into her steel grey hair. A cup of tea in one hand, she beckons the hurt and weary inside with the other. Above the door hangs a weathered sign in the shape of a leaf that reads: The Oaken Arms Inn.

The Oaken Arms Inn is a refuge for the lost and weary traveller. It appears in a wandering soul's hour of need, where the person is taken inside and nursed back to health. It is designed as a place of respite for parties to lick their wounds, interact with other intelligent beings from across the land, and potentially to become a hub where the party can gather information about other parts of the realm.

Description

The Oaken Arms Inn is the creation of a dryad known as Balanos - though many refer to her affectionately as Granny Acorn. Built around a towering oak tree, it is warm and friendly within, though rather ramshackle in its structure - as it moves from tree to tree across the world, it reassembles itself to fit around each tree.

Balanos first built The Oaken Arms more than two centuries ago, constructing the inn around her home tree as a way to meet outsiders and sate her curiosity of the world. As time went on, the inn grew, and with it Balanos' care for the lost and injured who would come stumbling into her grove. With the help of a druid friend, she developed the magic to transport The Oaken Arms and its guests to trees grown from the acorns of her oak.

To aid with this magic, Balanos asks that in return for her healing, guests take an acorn with them and plant it somewhere along their journey. Not everyone follows through, and it takes some time for the acorns to mature into trees large enough to support the inn, but by now there are eighteen offspring spread across the world, typically near roads or forests.

The Oaken Arms is fairly large, with a sizeable main tavern, complete with an open kitchen, and twelve rooms for the inn. These are typically, spread across four storeys, though this varies depending on the size and shape of the tree it is transported to. For example, one in a densely forested area, might have as many as six floors to compensate for the lack of ground space, while an oak that has been split by lightning will end up with a top-heavy, spread out configuration across its branches.

The inn is well cared for, but keeping the space dust free and pristine is not the priority. The decor is an eclectic mix of furniture from all over the world, all of it well-worn, with a similar array of trinkets and knick-knacks decorating the walls.

Due to the nature of the inn, its levels of occupancy vary, but typically at least half the rooms are occupied. There are a handful of residents who have chosen to never move on, as well as guests still recovering from injuries. Guests are typically travellers - merchants, explorers, pilgrims, hunters and occasionally adventurers and soldiers.



Proprietor & Staff

Balanos, "Granny Acorn" (*Female Dryad Matron, NG, see Appendix*)

A small, slender woman with greying hair and fine lines over her olive skin, it isn't immediately obvious that Balanos is a dryad. She wears simple clothes, and the time that she spends away from her heart tree has caused her to age. On closer inspection, though, a keen eye might notice that the leaves in her hair are more than decoration, and a greenish tinge underlines the colour of her complexion.

Balanos is a warm, kind woman who genuinely runs the Oaken Arms out of the goodness of her heart. She cares deeply for each guest that comes through its doors, regardless of walk of life or circumstance, giving everyone the benefit of the doubt. She has a wry sense of humour, and will happily sit for hours, sharing stories with her guests. Despite her kindness, she is far from a pushover and has no tolerance for cruelty. If she feels that someone has ill-will for her or any of her guests, she will firmly attempt to shut such behaviour down.

Meliae (*Female Dryad, LG, MM pg. 121*)

Standing short and stocky, with features a little too broad and sharp, Meliae wouldn't typically be considered a great beauty. Still, she has a charm and effervescence that keeps her at the centre of any conversation.

Meliae is Balanos' daughter. Where Balanos focuses on the well-being and healing of their guests, Meliae runs the tavern itself. Like her mother, she is bright-eyed and curious about the world. Where Balanos would happily give their services away for naught but an acorn, though, Meliae has more of a head for business. It's this that keeps the pantry full.

Bryony Thistleward (*Female Halfling Commoner, CG, MM pg. 345*)

Bryony is a stout, middle-aged halfling with red hair beginning to fade to white. She serves as cook for The Oaken Arms, and has done since Balanos found her five years ago, run out of her hometown, horribly drunk and wallowing in misery of her own making. She is gruff and affectionately surly, and often found brandishing a spoon or a rolling pin as if it were a weapon.

Kaal'Rok (*Male Ettin, NG, MM pg. 132*)

Kaal and Rok are a towering male ettin, with coarse black hair kept in braids woven with dried leaves and flowers, and scars just visible under their wool and leather clothes.

Left for dead by their mother, Kaal'Rok was taken in by Balanos when he was very young. Twelve years later, Kaal'Rok now watches over the Oaken Arms and steps in if it seems like someone might cause trouble. When not serving as a guard for the inn, they delight in gardening and learning about different flora from around the world.

Services

Menu & Drinks List

Drinks	
Water	1cp/pitcher
Cider	8cp/mug, 2sp/pitcher
Fruit juice	3cp/cup
Tea, black	5cp/pot
Tea, green	7cp/pot
Mead	1sp/mug, 4sp/bottle
Wine, common	5sp/bottle

Food	
Lentil cottage pie	1sp
Glowpetal stew	3sp
Wild mushroom roast	3sp
Honey cakes	5cp/cake

Rooms 3sp/room, or trade goods of similar value

The rooms of the Oaken Arms are comfortable and cosy. Decanters of Endless Water are kept in closets on each floor to allow guests to bathe.

In-room bath 3cp/tub

A large copper tub, enchanted with a mild form of Heat Metal and filled via a Decanter of Endless Water.

Healing and Restoration

In exchange for agreeing to plant one of Balanos' acorns along their journey Balanos is able to offer the following spells to guests:

- 1st level (x4): *Cure Wounds*, *Goodberry*
- 2nd level (x3): *Healing Spirit*, *Lesser Restoration*
- 5th level (x1): *Greater Restoration*, *Reincarnate*

Regulars

Dominic Haverley (*Male Human Noble, CG, MM pg. 348*)

A handsome, middle-aged human merchant, Dominic has harboured a love for Balanos since she first rescued him from bandits as a boy. Since then, he's made a habit of getting himself into scrapes just for the chance to visit.

The Wormfury Clan (*1d12+3 Goblins, CN, MM pg. 166*)

A family of goblins who were taken in when a manticore attacked their village. They have since taken full residence of one of the bedrooms, occasionally going out to scavenge in place of rent. There have been a few attempts to uproot them, but they never actually seem to go away.

Fitz (*Male Owlbear, MM pg. 249*)

An old, battle-hardened owlbear who spends most of his time sleeping by the fire.

Adventure Hooks

1. Someone seeks to use Balanos' transportation magic for ill purposes.
2. There's a dragon egg that's been decorating the bar for years. Suddenly, it's started hatching.
3. Someone the party really doesn't want to cross paths with is also here, receiving treatment.
4. Something is harming Balanos' oak and causing havoc to her magic, spreading the inn haphazardly across the world. The party must get to the heart tree and heal it to get things back to normal.



Balanos, "Granny Acorn"

Dryad Matriarch; Medium fey, neutral good

Armor Class 11 (16 with barkskin)

Hit Points 97 (15d8 + 30)

Speed 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
10 (+0)	12 (+1)	14 (+2)	14 (+2)	16 (+3)	20 (+5)

Skills Medicine +6, Perception +6

Senses darkvision 60 feet, passive Perception 16

Languages Common, Elvish, Sylvan

Challenge 7 (2,900 XP)

Innate Spellcasting. The dryad matriarch's innate spellcasting ability is Charisma (spell save DC 16). The dryad can innately cast the following spells, requiring no material components:

- At will: *druidcraft*, *mending*
- 4/day total: *cure wounds*, *entangle*, *goodberry*
- 3/day total: *barkskin*, *healing spirit*, *lesser restoration*, *pass without trace*, *shillelagh*
- 1/day: *greater restoration*, *reincarnate*

Magic Resistance. The dryad has advantage on saving throws against spells and other magical effects.

Speak with Beasts and Plants. The dryad can communicate with beasts and plants as if they shared a language.

Transport via Oaks. Twice per day, the dryad matriarch is able to transport herself and anyone within the inn to one of her child oaks, provided the tree is at least 60ft high and alive. This ritual takes 1 minute to cast.

Tree Stride. Once on her turn, the dryad can use 10 ft. of her movement to step magically into one living tree within her reach and emerge from a second living tree within 60 ft. of the first tree, appearing in an unoccupied space within 5 ft. of the second tree. Both trees must be Large or bigger.

Actions

Quarterstaff. Melee Weapon Attack: +3 to hit (+7 to hit with shillelagh), reach 5 ft., one target. Hit: 2 (1 d6) bludgeoning damage, or 8 (1d8 + 5) bludgeoning damage with shillelagh.

Fey Charm. The dryad targets one humanoid or beast that she can see within 30 feet of her. If the target can see the dryad, it must succeed on a DC 16 Wisdom saving throw or be magically charmed. The charmed creature regards

the dryad as a trusted friend to be heeded and protected. Although the target isn't under the dryad's control, it takes the dryad's requests or actions in the most favorable way it can.

Each time the dryad or its allies do anything harmful to the target, it can repeat the saving throw, ending the effect on itself on a success. Otherwise, the effect lasts 24 hours or until the dryad dies, is on a different plane of existence from the target, or ends the effect as a bonus action. If a target's saving throw is successful, the target is immune to the dryad's Fey Charm for the next 24 hours.

The dryad can have no more than one humanoid and up to three beasts charmed at a time.







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HEARTH & CANDLE

Warm fires; a welcoming glow behind round, glass windows; the smell of home-baked bread and rich, freshly cooked foods; no one knows hospitality like halflings do. There are few more pleasant sights for a weary traveller than the half-timbered frame of the Hearth & Candle.

The halfling-run Hearth & Candle is a classic country pub, located in a small village for which it is arguably much too fine. It's the centre of village life, with the innkeeper and her husband witnesses and mediators for everything that goes on in town. It's also a temple to Cyrollalee, the halfling deity of trust, friendship, and the home - a holy place, as well as a good night out.

Description

The Hearth & Candle is big and rambling, with half-timbered walls and a thatched roof. There is always smoke rising from the multiple chimneys: even if it's too hot for a fire in the common room, Brigid and the kids will be cooking something up in the kitchen. For a place that's a couple of hundred years old it's in excellent repair: it receives a lot of tender loving care from its owners.

A lot of the furnishings are old, but well cared for: things are mended and refreshed rather than thrown out and replaced. For halflings, the rooms are spacious and grand; to taller folk they're on the cramped side, with a certain amount of stooping needed. Generally, it's a cozy place with good quality furnishings arranged with great attention to guests' comfort.

The Hearth & Candle is a thriving establishment. It's quiet during the day, since most of its customers are locals who are out at work from dawn to dusk, but it comes alive in the evening with live music, local beer and cider, and fresh food. There isn't a single person in town who can't be found there if you drop in a few nights running and every traveller who passes through will stay here. It's also the best place for an exchange of gossip.

With only four rooms to rent and one of those taken up by a permanent lodger, it can be hard to get a place here... but even the stables and the common room floor can promise a

better night's sleep than a traveller would get in most roadside inns.

Proprietor & Staff

Brigid Bramblestaff (*Female Stout Halfling Cleric of Cyrollalee, CG, use Priest stats, MM pg. 348*)
Short and stout even for a halfling, Brigid is nonetheless energetic. She works from morning to night serving customers, cooking, and keeping the rooms nice, and sleeps lightly when she does rest. She's kind hearted, and she'd give the shirt off her back to help someone in need. Even so, it's been proven time and again that it's hard to pull the wool over her eyes: Brigid is an excellent judge of character.

Willard Bramblestaff (*Male Stout Halfling Commoner, proficient in Carpenter's Tools, Tinker's Tools, and Leatherworker's Tools, NG, MM pg. 345*)

Brigid's husband, and a good deal younger than she is. Blond, square jawed and handsome, he minds any horses in the stables and keeps the pub in good repair. Of an evening he'll be found in the common room chatting to the regulars like they're family and telling tall stories of his time as a merchant's guard in the big city.

Heather Bramblestaff (*Female Stout Halfling, Cleric of Cyrollalee, NG, see Brigid*)

Brigid and Willard's adult daughter. Following in her father's footsteps, she mostly works with him to keep the pub in good repair but she's also an excellent cook. While she's warm and welcoming, she was raised to run the Hearth & Candle, and she has no problem putting rowdy guests in their place. Her tempestuous, on-again off-again, courtship with Illy Mardain is one of the hottest topics of conversation in the village.

Heather is deaf. She and her family, and Illy, all use sign language to communicate but Heather is also able to read lips.

Jack Bramblestaff (*Male Stout Halfling Child, NG*)

Jack is ten, and almost constantly in trouble. He has a terrible way of getting into places he shouldn't be and far too much curiosity.

Thistle (*Male Almeeraj, NG, ToA pg. 211*)
Technically the huge (2 ½ feet long) rabbit with a foot of spiral horn on its forehead is Jack's pet but really he's the pub's mascot. Treated like a friendly dog, he's generally found hopping through the common room being treated to bits of fresh vegetable. He has a particular fondness for the bed in Room 2, and has occasionally been known to threaten visitors with his horn if they won't let him sleep on top of the covers.

Services

Menu & Drinks List

Drinks	
Water	1cp/pitcher
Pullman's Blonde Pig cider - a light, refreshing drink	1sp/pint
Pullman's Blind Pig cider - much stronger	2sp/pint
Wine, common	5sp/bottle
Assorted beers, with especially good stouts	2sp/pint

Food	
Game pie with roasted carrots and potatoes	4sp
Venison stew	2sp
Chicken in red wine	2sp
Fresh farm vegetables (roasted)	6cp
Fruit pie of the day	1sp/slice, 6sp/pie

Rooms - 5sp/room

The ceilings of the available bedrooms are just about tall enough for Medium creatures to be comfortable. Each room sleeps two people in separate beds. In winter they're full of thick rugs, comforters, and velvet curtains that keep out the chill; in summer they're stripped back and the windows thrown open so that the air circulates.

Bathing - 3cp/person

Next to the stables is a small bathhouse. There's one large, round, bath that's more of a pool - big enough for 4 medium creatures, maybe 6 small ones. Water is refreshed every hour, and stays hot by means of magically heated rocks at the bottom of the tub.

The rocks are enchanted, and could theoretically just be taken away by guests. Most people

just don't want to ruin a good thing.

Equipment Repairs

Willard and his daughter Heather are both excellent craftspeople with a wide range of skills. They'll offer to fix any damaged bit of gear that they spot amongst a traveller's possessions (except metal armor and weapons, which they lack the knowledge and tools for), usually for free unless they need to buy materials.

Hallowed Ground

As a temple to Cyrollalee, the Hearth & Candle is a sacred place. Fey, fiends, and undead can't enter the area, nor can such creatures charm, frighten, or possess creatures within it and any creature charmed, frightened, or possessed by such a creature is no longer charmed, frightened, or possessed upon entering the area.

In addition, everyone has a good time at the Hearth & Candle. Fights and arguments are rare, and it's unheard of for a guest not to have a good night's sleep.



Regulars

Vikas the Poacher (*Male Human Scout* - MM pg 349, CG)

Vikas is a chatty, elderly man who's been poaching since the days of the current local lord's grandfather. The staff and regulars know full well what he does for a living. He supplies the meat for the pub's monthly meat raffle. Buy him a couple of drinks and he'll tell all about the variety of monsters he hunted in his younger days.

Vikas is a permanent tenant in the inn, taking one of the four rooms for rent.

Illy Mardain (*Male Human Commoner* - MM pg 345, LG)

Illy is neither the smartest nor the most attractive man. He's large and red faced, and a little short sighted - but he's a good man: kind and generous to a fault. A local farmer, and the man Heather will eventually get around to marrying, when they resolve whether she's leaving the pub or he's leaving the family farm.

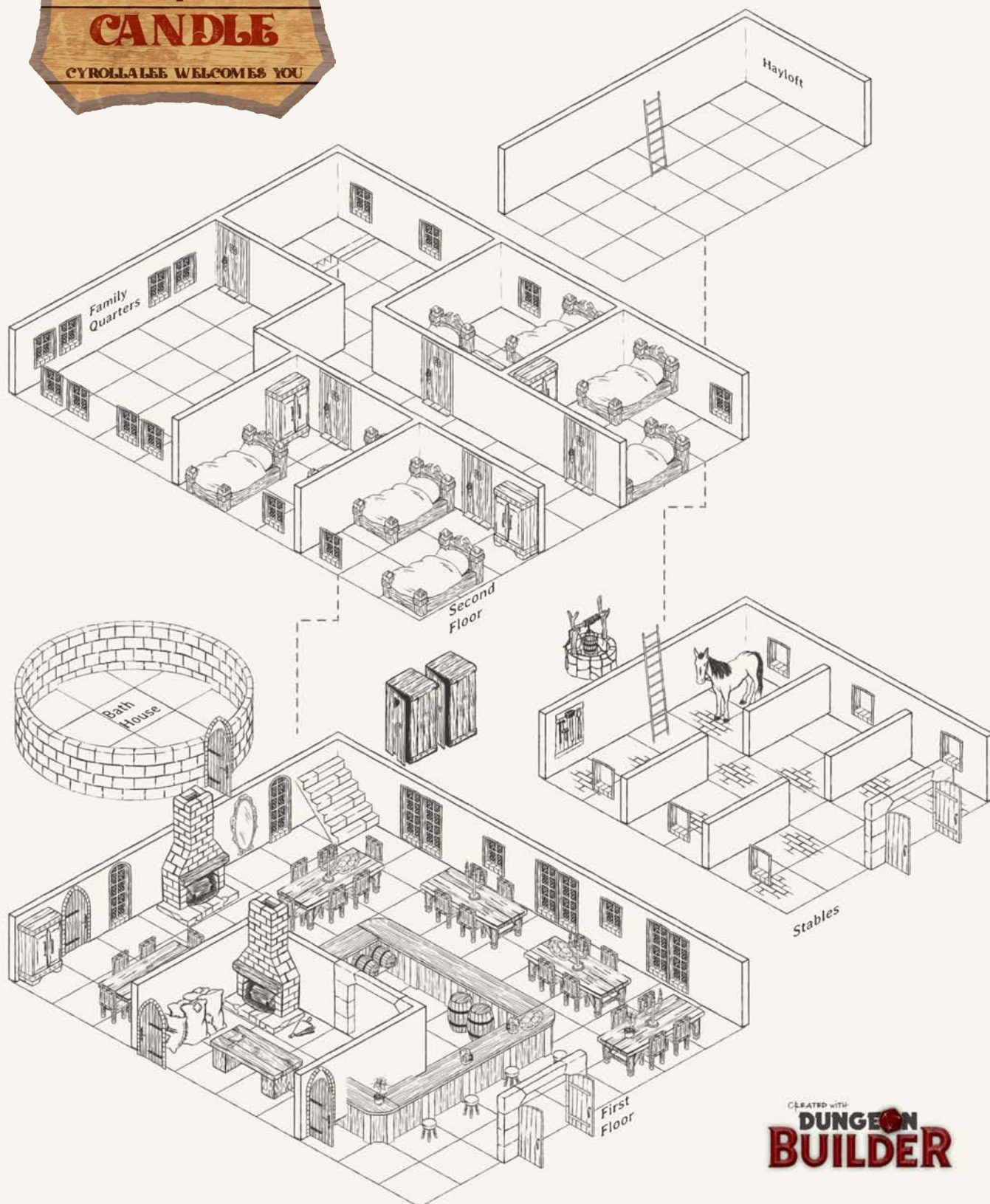
Doran Smith (*Male Human Commoner, proficient with Smith's Tools, Tinker's Tools, Leatherworker's Tools, Carpenter's Tools, Mason's Tools, Potter's Tools, MM pg 345, LN*)

A heavily bearded, lazy-eyed man in his late fifties who spends most of his days keeping warm near the fire in *Hearth & Candle*. If Willard and Heather can't fix it, Doran probably can. He'll charge as much as he can get away with, but he'll do an excellent job.

Adventure Hooks

1. A delivery of cider is due from Pullman's Orchard, just a few miles up the road. It hasn't arrived, and Brigid needs someone to go and check on it. There've been rumors of bandits on the road...
2. For the first time ever, a guest has a nightmare. This must mean that the hallowed ground has been corrupted somehow. Brigid asks the characters to help her protect the inn from whatever evil is coming.
3. Vikas tells of the great beast he ran into in the forest last night. No one believes him of course, and the entire inn will offer a reward to anyone who can prove there's really something out there.
4. **THISTLE IS MISSING.** Not only will Jack be heartbroken if the Almeeraj isn't found, and quickly, the entire village is pretty sure it's unlucky.





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THE CHALK CIRCLE

The Circle is a rambling, three floor building, illuminated by lights too steady and too bright to come from anything as mundane as candles or lanterns. Over its peaked gable roofs and smoking chimneys loom the spires and walls of the most prestigious college of magic in the kingdom - nay, the known world.

The Chalk Circle is a classic student pub: cheap drinks, theme nights, and all of the drama of a hundred or more intoxicated people in a confined space. It just so happens that these young people are mostly apprentices of a nearby magical college, which rather ups the stakes.

The DM can place the Chalk Circle where they wish: near a Wizards' University, a Bardic College, or simply a city with a large number of magic users.

Description

The stone building is old and in need of some minor repairs. Anything that can be managed with *Prestidigitation* and *Mending* (PHB, pg. 267 & 259) is, but the floorboards are squeaky, the tables are wobbly, and the roof - plus some of the windows and walls - leaks when it rains.

The lower floor is by far the smallest, and the top heavy building looks like a serious storm might just strike it down. That's magical architecture for you.

The first floor is divided into the Front and Back parlours, joined by a huge, circular bar above which float bottles and kegs of every conceivable liquor, beer, and wine. Nobody who works there knows everything that's up there, but if they call the name of a drink and pronounce the simple incantation inscribed on a plaque behind the bar, that drink will wobble its way down to them to be poured.

The second floor has six rooms for rent. They're cheap and spartan, and designed as a safe place to pass out if someone is too drunk to safely make it home.

The third floor is not used. In theory. The door at the top of the stairs is sealed with an *Arcane Lock* spell (PHB pg. 215), but the place is big - and noisy - enough that the noise of a Knock

spell (PHB pg. 245) is easily missed.

Proprietor & Staff

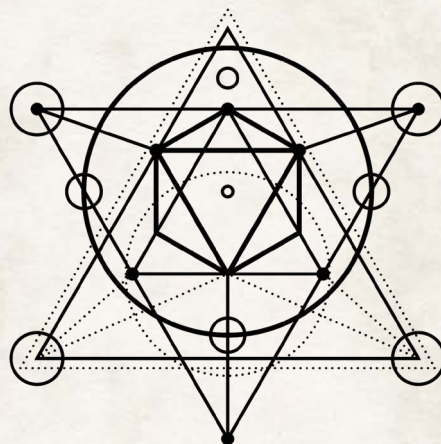
Mag Darvish (*Trans woman Half-elf Apprentice Wizard, NG, VGM pg. 209*)

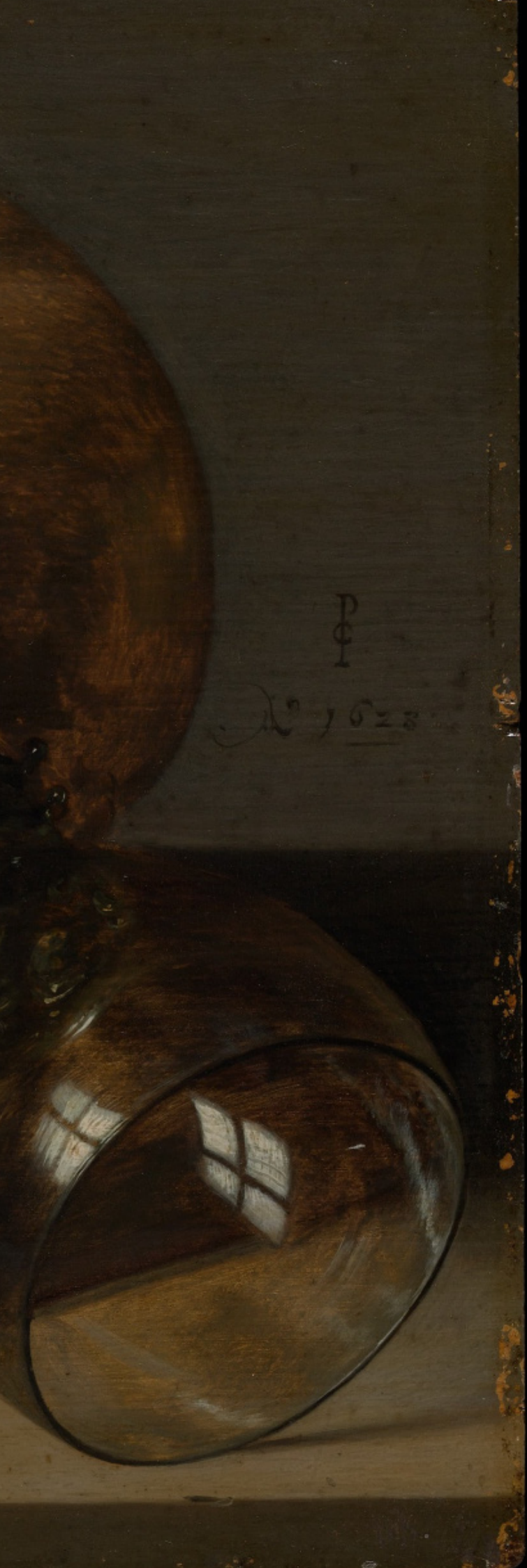
Mag is a dropout from the nearby college. She bought the Circle from the previous proprietor ten years ago when they decided it was too much trouble to run. It keeps her close to the college, and various friends and acquaintances. She doesn't talk about why she dropped out; rumours range from necromancy to arson. In truth, it was simple choice: having mastered a little magic, she decided a life of rigorous intellectual study didn't sound like fun. Running a pub did.

She's generally pretty easygoing, but she has firm lines: she stops selling to people when they're too drunk to order without pointing at a bottle, makes sure people don't cause enough trouble that the city guard show up, and eventually pay their tab. She thinks of her staff and many of her regulars like family - occasionally dumb and irritating family, but family even so - and the one person who tried to use a *Philter of Love* in her pub has never been heard from again.

Norm (*Gender neutral Familiar, LN, MM pg. 320*)

Norm is Mag's familiar, usually taking the form of a large and exceptionally lazy ginger cat who sprawls on the bar and occasionally sips from a saucer of whisky. In all his forms, Norm has unsettlingly bright blue, human eyes. Norm is ever alert for misdeeds: anyone not paying their tab, attempting to steal a tankard, or otherwise misbehaving will be yowled at and embarrassed until Mag arrives to enforce whatever rule they've broken.





Vida (*Female Human Apprentice Wizard, CG*), **Lorene** (*Female Human Apprentice Wizard, LN*), and **Cam** (*Male Human Apprentice Wizard, NE*) are part time bar staff. Vida is very susceptible to being flirted with, and can easily be convinced to just forget about someone's tab; Lorene dislikes her job intensely, and has absolutely no tolerance for silliness, theatrics, or drama; Cam overcharges drunk customers and uses his own familiar (Udi, a pearly, red-eyed snake) to distract Norm so that Cam can steal from the takings at the end of the night.

Services

Menu & Drinks List

Drinks	
Water	1cp/pitcher
Tea, black	3cp/pot
Cider	2sp/pint
Wine, common	5sp/bottle
Beer, common	2sp/pint

Food	
Vegetable stew & fresh bread	1sp
Bread, cured meat & cheese	3sp
Spiced nuts	6cp
Pickled eggs	1cp/egg

Rooms - 3sp/room

Of the six rooms on the second floor, five are available to rent by the night. The other is permanently occupied by the pseudodragon Nidia. All of the rooms are large but extremely basic, containing nothing more than a bed with a straw mattress, and a chamberpot. Fresh linens and some warmth from the hearth below are about the best guests should expect.

Extras

Officially, The Chalk Circle provides no extra services. It's a simple establishment offering beer, wine, and maybe a bed.

However, there are frequent 'parties' and theme nights (the festivals of obscure deities and spirits; largely forgotten feast days) that are excuses for games, costumes, and general foolishness. The pub trivia (themed around local gossip and arcane knowledge; entry 1gp per team of 2-6) is an especially good night out.

In addition, several of the regulars offer additional services of their own...

Regulars

Morena (*Female Tiefling Enchanter, NE, VGTm pg. 213*)

Morena is running a black market in magic items - stolen from the college - on the third floor. All of the staff except Mag and Norm know this, and can give the characters the password (regularly changing, but always the name of a powerful arcane spell) if they suggest they are interested in making a purchase. She's up there most nights after sundown.

Nidia (*Pseudodragon, CG, MM pg. 254*)

A pseudodragon who permanently rents one of the rooms on the second bar. It's become known as the "Companions' Bar": a place for familiars, rangers' companions, and the like to socialise and gossip with their own kind. Anyone who could loosely be described as 'a person' is not welcome.

Balon (*Male Human Apprentice Wizard, N*) and **Cardia** (*Female Human Apprentice Wizard, N*) are both in their early twenties, and have one of the most tempestuous relationships known to man. When they're happy they're no trouble to anyone: a sweet, loved up, couple content to curl up together in a corner and whisper sweet nothings. When they've had a falling out, there's no peace for anyone: people (even strangers) are called upon to take sides, and actual magical duels - or brawls - are not uncommon.

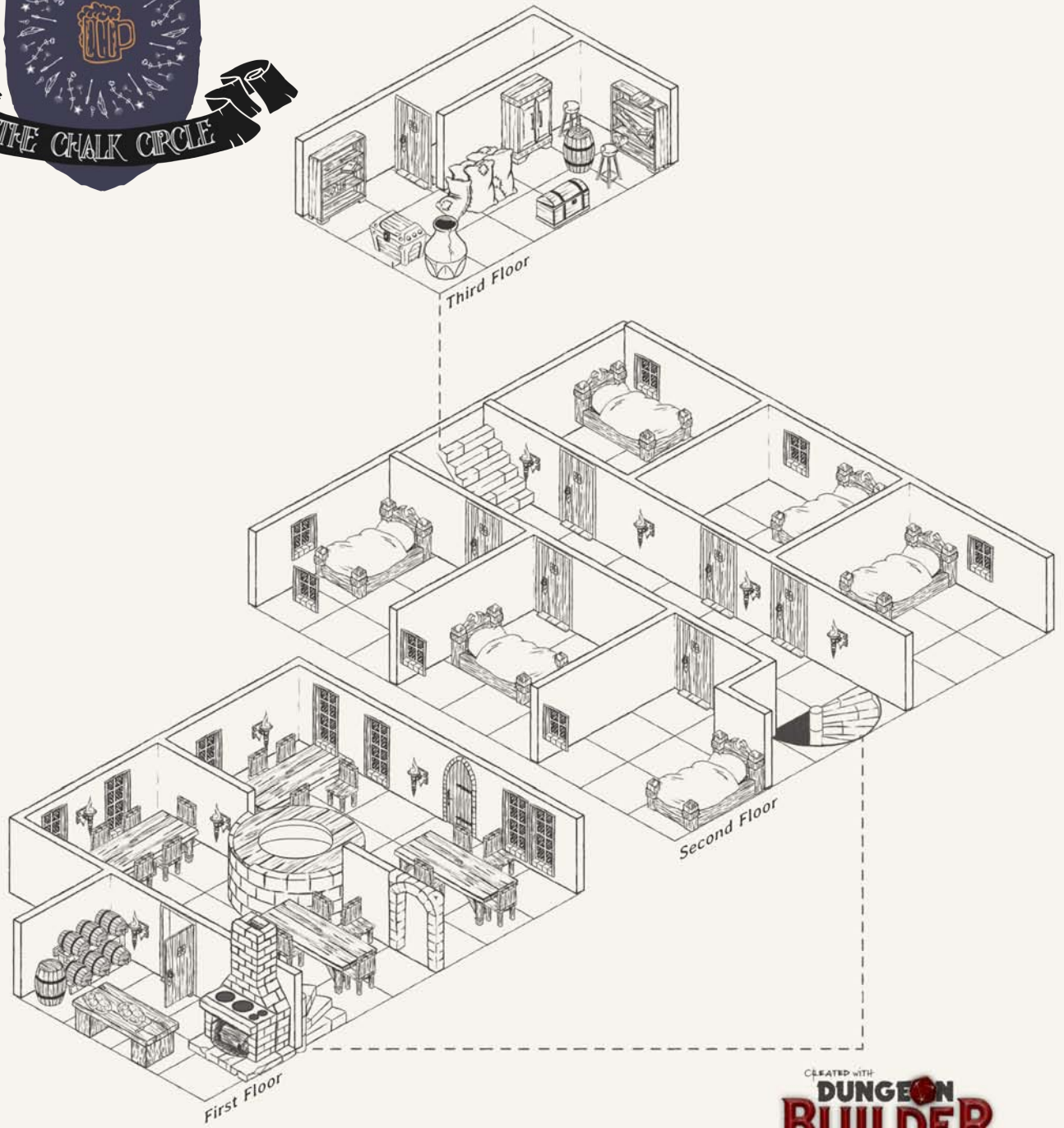
Trillian (*Male Human Apprentice Wizard, CG*)

Trillian sells potions. They're cheap - 30gp for a Potion of Healing! - but deeply flawed. He turns them out quickly and doesn't do a lot of quality control. He's usually got any Common potion in the Handy Haversack he keeps with him, and can brew up anything Uncommon in a day or so. There's a 20% chance they cause a Wild Magic surge (PHB pg. 104) and a 10% chance they're Poison (DC12 Constitution save, or be Poisoned for an hour), though.

Adventure Hooks

1. A familiar or companion learns from some other creature at the Companions Bar about the imminent opening of a portal to another plane, or similar magical event.
2. The college authorities catch on to Morena's trafficking in stolen goods; everything for sale is marked with a subtle arcane rune, and powerful wizards come to reclaim something the characters have purchased.
3. Alternatively, Morena asks the characters to steal some new piece of stock from the wizards' college.
4. Balon and Cardia have a violent argument, which erupts into a magical free-for-all bar brawl. If the characters don't join in, Mag may recruit them to try and break up the fight.
5. Someone the characters are looking for goes to ground in the Chalk Circle, persuading Vida to hide them in a room on the second floor.





CREATED WITH
**DUNGEON
BUILDER**

THE QUEEN'S RANSOM

The journey to the Queen's Ransom is a tricky one if you don't know the way, with traps, dead-ends, and the occasional dangerous creature. Those who know the path through the old palace ruins, however, are welcomed into a magpie's nest of old decadence. The patrons are some of the most dangerous, conniving souls in the city, their secrets staining the tavern stones. Say the right thing to the right person, and you might be let in on some of those secrets.

Located within the ruins of a long-abandoned royal palace, the Queen's Ransom serves as a central hub and no man's land for the gangs of the city, with the passages underneath housing a sizeable black market. With a fighting pit, numerous back rooms for shady dealings, and at least a few blind drops for local spy networks, the Queen's Ransom is a dangerous place to tread, but a beneficial one for the right people.

Description

The streets around the Queen's Ransom are a twisting maze, the palace ruins treacherous with rat swarms, oozes, even the occasional undead and worse. Even for regulars who know the right path, the journey can be risky, but entirely worth it.

Past its crumbling walls, the Queen's Ransom is a fine example of what time, money and low scruples can achieve. It is spacious and well furnished, with room for ten tables, a few back rooms for activities such as gambling, private deals, and more. There is a fighting pit for drunkards to settle their differences, and while there are no inn rooms, a few coin can buy somewhere to stay low for a few days when the heat is on. Say the right passphrase, and gain entry to the King's Purse: the sprawling warren of a black market located in the old palace cellars under the Ransom.

The decor is ornate and flagrantly filled with items illegal or taboo... including the badges of guards dumb enough to try to bring the law into the Queen's Ransom.

The Ransom is old as dirt; far older than modern memory. It was established first amongst old palace guards who hung out off-duty in the

palace cellars and traded goods and intel to the local gangs. Following a coup and ransacking of the palace, it gradually grew into what it is today.

Proprietor & Staff

Dahlia Silkheart (Female Aasimar Bandit Captain, NE, MM pg. 344)

An aasimar woman in her mid-30s, with grey skin, white hair and an X scarred across her sharp face. She has been working in the Ransom since she was a kid, taken in by the last proprietor. Rumour has it that she's descended from the old royal family - largely because she spreads the rumour. It's untrue. Probably.

Dahlia has little tolerance for trouble or sass and will sooner kill a man for either than worry about repeat business.

Eros (Non-binary tiefling Noble, TN, MM pg. 348)

A red-haired, pink-skinned tiefling in their late 20s, Eros is the warmth to Dahlia's chill. Their family have run the King's Purse for the last three generations, with many of them still responsible for overseeing the black market. None of them approve of Eros' and Dahlia's on-again, off-again relationship.

Fang (Death Dog, MM pg. 321)

Dahlia's pet and protector, Fang sees to it that any troublemakers are never found.



Services

Menu & Drinks List

Drinks	
Water	1cp/pitcher
Cider	2sp/pint
Beer, common	2sp/pint
Wine, common	5sp/bottle
Spirits, common	1sp/shot
Beer, fine	5sp/pint
Wine, fine	1gp/bottle
Spirits, fine	3sp/shot
Wine, imported	5gp/bottle

Food	
Pickled eel, egg, or onion	2cp
Pork scratchings	5cp/bowl
Pork pie (served cold)	1sp/slice
Cheese board	3sp

Rooms - 3cp

The Queen's Ransom has no rooms, but Dahlia will let folks sleep on the floor for a few copper pieces.

Protection

Dahlia has little patience for anyone bringing their trouble into the Ransom. However, for 2sp per day, she will let someone lay low if the guard or someone else in the city is after them.

For 2gp per day, she'll let them hide in one of the back rooms and forget she ever saw them.

Gambling

The back rooms of the Ransom are regularly used for high stakes gambling, often with information holding as much value as actual coin.

The King's Purse

Entrance into the black market requires telling Dahlia a passphrase, or by slipping her a few gold. The passphrase changes every other day.

The black market is filled with all sorts of illicit and illegal goods, including live animals, although slavery of sentient beings is strictly prohibited, as are Philters of Love. Magic items are sold at 1.5x their normal price, though most dealers are willing to haggle or trade.

For current inventory, roll on the following tables, depending on average party level (Magic Item tables, DMG pg. 143-149).

Average Party Level	Magic Item Tables
0-4	Roll 1d4 times on Table A Roll 1d6 times on Table B Roll 1 time on Table C
5-10	Roll 1d6 times on Table B Roll 1d4 times on Table C Roll 1d4 times on Table D Roll 1d4 times on Table E
11-16	Roll 1d4 times on Table C Roll 1d6 times on Table D Roll 1d4 times on Table E Roll 1d4 times on Table F
17+	Roll 1d6 times on Table E Roll 1d4 times on Table F Roll 1d4 times on Table G Roll 1 time on Table H Roll 1 time on Table I



Regulars

Mischa DeChauncey (*Male Half-Elf Bard, N, VGtM pg. 211*)

A place like the Queen's Ransom is full of secrets. It's been practically built on them... and it's inevitable that someone take it upon themselves to collect and curate those secrets. For the last ten years, Mischa has been that keeper of secrets. Mischa is a short, plump half-elf with a femme taste in clothing, demurely charming and willing to trade information for a price.

Titus Alad (*Male Human Knight, LN, MM pg. 347*)

Most guards are killed on sight when they dare venture into the Queen's Ransom. Titus Alad, however, is a man who recognises the benefits of a functioning relationship with the city's underworld. Now in his late 30s, he rose up through the city gangs before joining the city guard five years ago, and miraculously managed to keep his friendships and contacts through that transition. Broad, towering, and scarred, Titus is an imposing figure at first glance. To get to know him, though, he has a level temper, a fairly mellow personality, and a

heart for the needy.

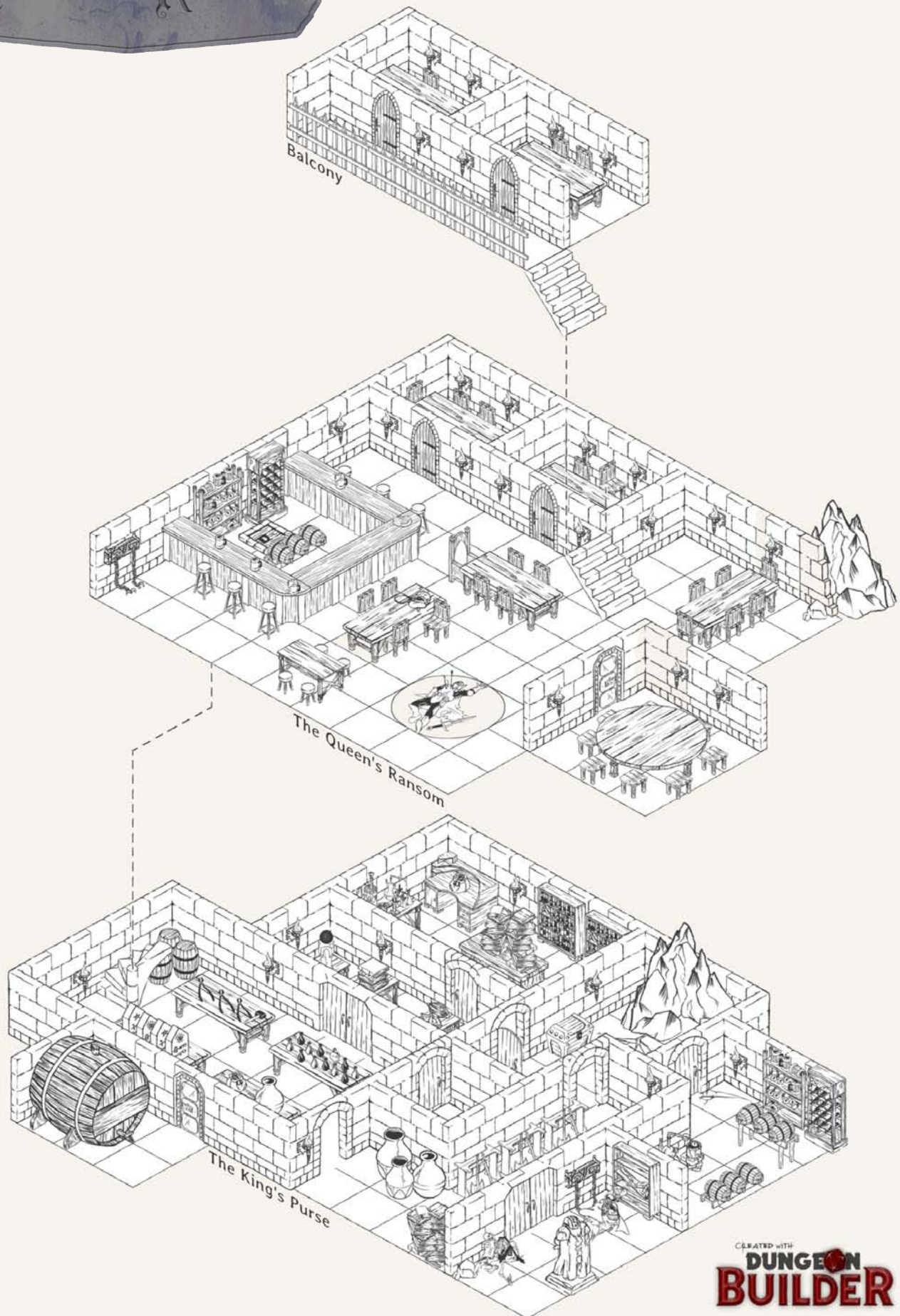
City gangs Every gang within the city uses the Queen's Ransom as a neutral ground. During the day, roll 1d4 to establish how many gangs are represented within the Ransom's clientele, and 1d6 for how many members of each gang are present. Increase this number to 2d6 per gang in the evening.

Adventure Hooks

1. Something dangerous being sold in the King's Purse has gotten loose and is causing havoc.
2. The local gang war has just gotten worse - the guard are on the warpath and rival gangs are all keeping low in the Ransom together. Tensions are high.
3. Someone takes against a member of the party and challenges them in the fighting pit.
4. Mischa recognises the party for their good deeds and questions their presence in the Queen's Ransom. He won't tell Dahlia... for a price



the Queen's Ransom



CREATED WITH
**DUNGEON
BUILDER**

ESTRELLA'S PEARL

An oasis in the middle of the desert, formed of cool stone and fresh water. The palm trees, cacti, and vines are the only flora for miles... and they're not the only delightful surprise for travellers who stumble upon the genasi Estrella's desert paradise.

A humble complex of buildings at an oasis near a trade route across the desert, Estrella's Pearl is really the only option for lodging in the area. It's fortunate that the proprietor takes pride in her offering.

Description

The Pearl is a complex of stone building painted white to reflect the heat. A single storey, it sprawls over three buildings arranged around a Healing Spring. The complex is ringed by palm trees and the buildings are draped with lush vines and vivid flowers.

The Pearl is recently founded: it's only five years old, or so. It's spacious, with private rooms to rent (each accommodating two people), a stable block, and the main building which is split into the common area, kitchen, and the staff quarters.

It's kept clean by a permanent Prestidigitation effect which Estrella paid an exorbitant sum of money for (it's worth it: she detests cleaning).

The Pearl is either almost empty, or bustling. There is no in-between state. Either there are a couple of merchants passing along the nearby trade route, or a full scale caravan that packs the place to the rafters. Everyone who crosses this part of the desert stops by at some point. That mostly means merchants and their guards, but occasionally also people on stranger journeys.

Proprietor & Staff

Estrella (*Female Water Genasi Druid, NG, MM pg. 346*)

Estrella is a statuesque, blue skinned woman in her mid-forties. She's welcoming, kind, and patient with confused or sunstruck travellers. Always calm, even when other people's tempers flare, Estrella shuts down most unpleasantness with a calm "this is not that sort of establishment." This includes attempts to haggle over

her prices. Since no one wants to be banned from the oasis, this usually suffices.

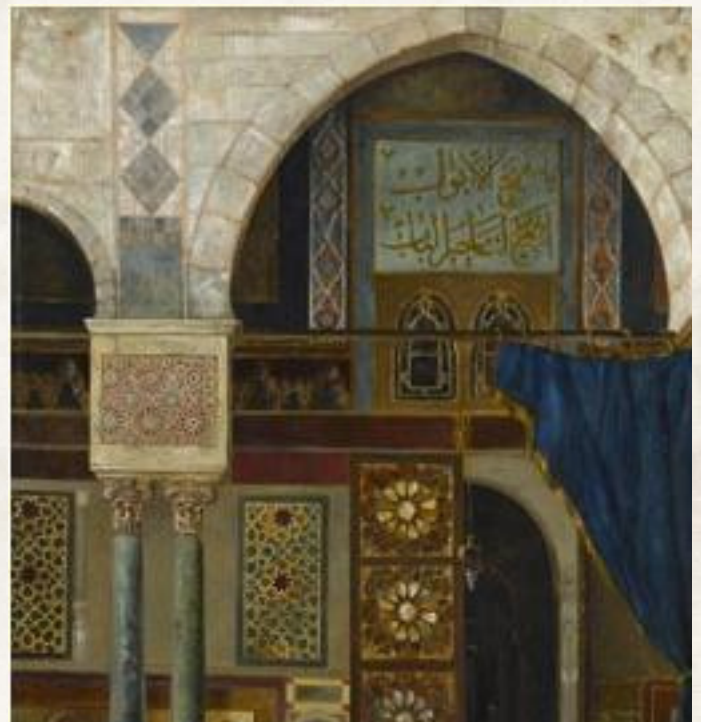
Running an inn was never her life's ambition, but when she discovered the Healing Spring, and the mermaid residing in it, she couldn't bear to leave, and now takes her duty of caring for the spring and its inhabitant very seriously.

Khorae (*Female Jackalwere, N, MM pg. 193*)

Khorae is a wiry young woman with a scar through her left eye, who works in the kitchen. She wears loose, dark, clothes and wraps her hair up in a scarf. Kicked out of her pack after a leadership challenge killed her father, she sees the Pearl as a sanctuary and a home. She's short-tempered and often downright rude to customers she finds irritating - for example, those who criticize her cooking or ask her to make changes to a dish.

Sophie (*Female Merfolk, NG, MM pg. 218*)

Sophie is the mermaid who lives in the Healing Spring. She was born there, and thinks it strange that anyone should be surprised by her presence - she's never seen another spring and assumes they all have mermaids. Sleek and pretty, with golden hair and a winning smile, Sophie is always cheerful and lighthearted, and ready to entertain with a song or a story. Customers tend to drift outside in the evening to listen to her perform.



Services

Menu & Drinks List

Drinks	
Pure water	2sp/pitcher
Cactus Nectar	1sp/glass, 4sp/pitcher
Rosewater	5sp/glass
Fruit juice (various)	1gp/glass

Food	
Snake jerky	5cp
Pan-fried snake with corn and chickpea stew	3sp
Roast cactus	1sp
Roasted squash stuffed with rice and peppers	2sp

Rooms - 7sp/room

Each of the Pearl's seven guest rooms are large and spacious, with large windows to let in light and shutters to keep out insects and sand. Each has a comfortable bed, easily large enough for two, facilities to wash and store baggage, including a chest with a strong, secure lock which requires a DC15 Dexterity (Thieves' Tools) check to open without the key.

The Healing Spring - Free

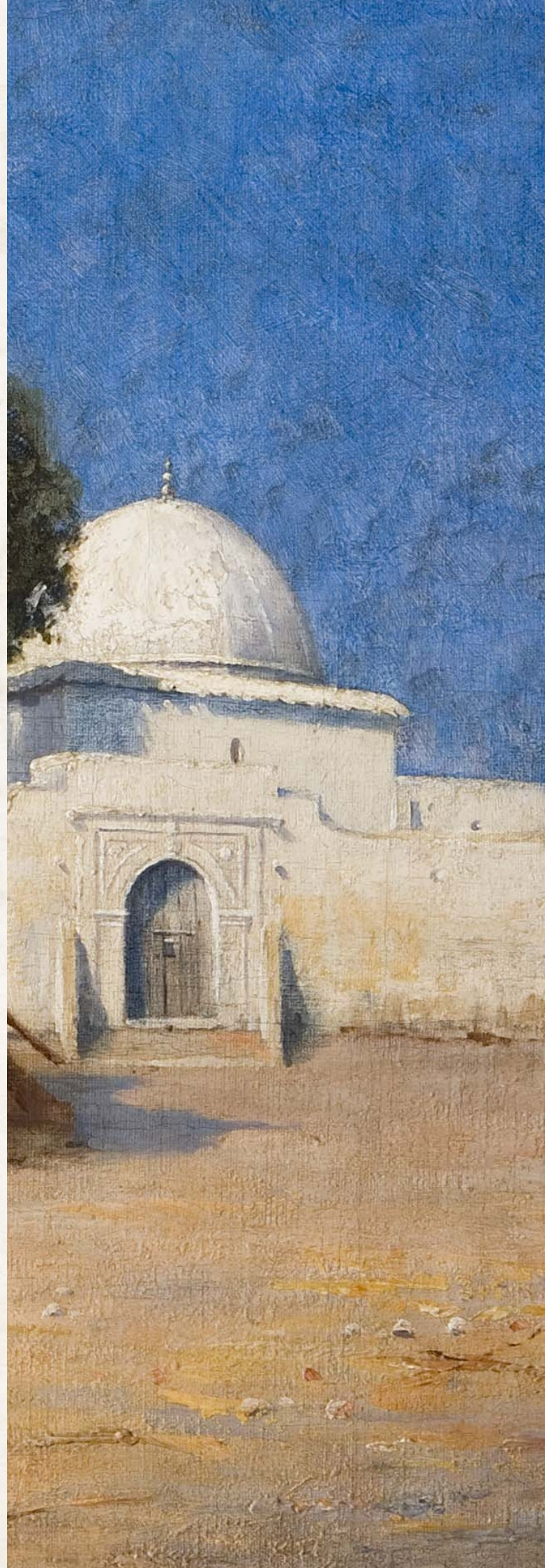
The heart of the establishment is the spring in the center, surrounded by a miniature meadow of lush grass and flowers. This is where Sophie dwells. Either she or Estrella can explain how the magic works:

"A sip will refresh you, a cup will heal. A pitcher will cure any ill you feel."

In other words:

- Drinking a sip removes 1 level of Exhaustion
- Drinking a cup-full is equivalent to consuming a Potion of Superior Healing (heals 8d4+8 hit points)
- Drinking an entire pitcher is the equivalent of taking a Long Rest, instantly

However, there is a consequence that Sophie and Estrella don't know about. This is the sweetest, most delicious, most refreshing, water in the world, and afterwards no other drink will do. If a character takes more than a single sip they notice immediately that every other drink tastes bad, as though there were salt or sand in it. 1d4+1 days later, they lose interest in all other drinks. They take one level of exhaustion a



day, for the next five days, unless someone else forces them to drink.

All of the spring's magic - the healing and the unfortunate consequences - only take effect when its water is consumed within 10 feet of the spring itself.

Regulars

Aram Dorovar (*Male Human Noble, NE, MM pg. 348*)

Aram is a spice merchant who travels with his bodyguard Duerr. He's thoroughly infatuated with Sophie.

Duerr Rockfist (*Male Dwarf Thug, N, MM pg. 350*)

Duerr travels with Aram mostly because he pays very well... but he loathes the desert heat, and spends most of his time at the Pearl complaining about it.

Klea and Merope (*Female Aaracokra, NG, MM pg. 12*)

These aaracokra are the nearest the Pearl has to 'locals.' They fly in fruit and vegetables from a settlement about fifty miles away (some

grown locally, some imported), as well as non-perishable supplies for the inn. As well as being paid 20gp each for the service, they eat, drink, and are given lodgings for free.

Indiro (*Male Human Guard, LN, MM pg. 347*)
Indiro is a quartermaster and record-keeper for a travelling caravan. He's full of local folklore, and delighted to share it. Some fraction of it may even be true.

Adventure Hooks

1. Dorovar and Duerr abduct Sophie, and Estrella commissions the characters to get her back.
2. A bunch of mercenaries show up to trash the Pearl, claiming the 'Cursed Stream' killed their friend.
3. Some rare beast a merchant is transporting escapes and rampages through the complex until (unless?) the characters can subdue it.
4. Indiro insists he knows of, and can guide the characters to, a lost city deep within the desert...





CREATED WITH
**DUNGEON
BUILDER**

SELENITE'S

The sound of clinking glasses and jubilant voices echoes through the cavern halls. Ahead, a glow of blue and purple light shines in the darkness. Past shining stalactites and walls of dull stone lies a cave filled with huge, vibrantly glowing crystals. Perched amongst these crystals on lattice works of wrought iron and beds of large, carefully cultured fungi stands Selenite's: an oasis of culture and glamour amidst the gloom and dread of the Underdark.

Selenite's is an intimate retreat within a crystal cave, with decor of shaped iron and large, soft but sturdy mushrooms. Beyond good food and drink, it is also a home to a variety of the cultured pursuits, including poetry readings, open stage nights, and life drawing classes.

Description

While most duergar are content with their harsh, utilitarian lives, Selenite desired something decidedly more spectacular. Leaving behind his dreary life, he has spent the last five years building and establishing his parlour within a crystal cave. This was accomplished through clever use of smithing skills he was brought up with, turned to a far more elegant and extravagant purpose.

The main area of Selenite's is built on platforms across multiple levels amongst the huge, glowing crystals that fill the central cavern. At the centre is a circular bar and stage, where a variety of performers entertain the guests. While mushrooms have been grown to provide comfortable, padded seats, Selenite's is built more for design than comfort.

As there is no real night and day cycle within the Underdark, Selenite's is always open, with events and performances spread out around the clock.

Located* roughly a mile below the surface, Selenite's clientele is a fashionable mix of duergar outcasts, drow and derro, with a small number of surface-dwellers who travel down simply to see the spectacle.

**Selenite's can be located anywhere within the Underdark where there is a strong exchange of culture. Large, underground cities, especially ones that are nearer the surface, are ideal.*

Proprietor & Staff

Selenite Runehammer (*Male Duergar Bard N, VGtM pg. 211*)

Selenite is a male duergar in his early 100s, slender and shapely for his kind, with carefully coiffed red hair and beard, both threaded with strands of copper wire and chain. He puts a considerable amount of effort into his clothes, with an extensive wardrobe of fine cloth, metals and gems.

Selenite is coquettish and energetic, with art and fashion as his top priority. He will welcome new visitors with open arms, particularly if there are any nobility or bards amongst them, but will grow quickly bored and dismissive if they do anything that he deems uncouth. He is immensely proud, and takes poorly to criticism of his establishment.

Llofaen Quavein, a.k.a. Shadowflash (*Genderfluid Drow CN, MM pg. 128*)

Tall and lithe with midnight blue skin, silver eyes and white, shorn hair, Llofaen cuts an androgynous figure - and quite intentionally so. She thinks little of the rigidly matriarchal society she was raised in and takes delight in toying with gender and presentation.

She has known Selenite for the last twenty years, often sneaking off together to enjoy a bit of culturally frowned-upon frivolity. Thick as thieves, where Selenite was responsible for the design and construction of the parlour, Llofaen is responsible for booking talent and, as her male drag persona Shadowflash, acting as host each night. Shadowflash is sly and playful, and will pay special attention to anyone who doesn't seem to take Selenite's seriously.

Viveca Gemcutter (*Female Deep Gnome LN, MM pg. 164*)

A small, wiry female Svirfneblin, Viveca has light grey skin largely covered in intricate, ironwork-inspired tattoos, including across her shaved-bald head. Her eyes are sharp behind rose-tinted spectacles, her hands nimble as she mixes drinks behind the bar. Though Viveca is typically quiet and reserved, she usually wears a slight smirk that suggests she's thinking of a joke others aren't allowed in on.

Services

Menu & Drinks List

Drinks	
Mushroom tea	2sp/pitcher
Firelichen brandy	5sp/shot
Barrelstalk gin	3sp/shot
Violet mushroom liqueur	5sp/shot
Wine, common	7sp/bottle
Cocktails	
Hivemind Twist	8sp
Distant Moonrise	1gp
Muse's Verity (see below)	10gp

Food	
Rothe pies	3sp
Mosscakes	1sp/3 cakes
Sporebread, toasted with fish roe and soft cheese	2sp

Rooms - not available

Selenite's requires that guests depart at the end of the night.

Muse's Verity - 10gp

A cocktail of vibrant, glowing purple with a murky, dark violet centre, Muse's Verity is an off-menu specialty of Selenite's that guests in-the-know can order for 10GP. Along with offering the drinker a sensation of mirth and merriment, it grants 30 minutes of Telepathy (PHB pg. 282). This telepathy is used within Selenite's to enhance performances, offering a truly encompassing experience.

As the liquid is highly volatile, batches of Muse's Verity are only good for 24 hours from when they are made. Anyone who consumes the concoction after this point must make a DC 14 Intelligence saving throw. On a failed save, they take 4d10 psychic damage and are Feebleminded (as per the *Feeblemind* spell, PHB pg. 239) for 1d4 hours. On a successful save, the psychic damage is halved and they are not Feebleminded.



Regulars

Sakke Viard (*Male High Elf Noble, NG, MM pg. 348; Dexterity 17, Intelligence 17, and proficient in Tailor's Tools*)

The most fashionable of the Underdark - and some parts of the surface - have begun making their way to Selenite's, and with fashionable people comes the need to dress them. Viard is a tall, blond high elf tailor and designer with an eye for the stylish and eclectic. Privately enamoured with the creativity on display within the parlour, he is nonetheless wry and reserved... but can't resist the chance to dress someone new and interesting.

Jules Dalento (*Male Human Commoner with 16 INT and 7 CHA, CG, MM pg. 345*)

Jules Dalento is short and on the rotund side, with a youthful face and greying hair. He has a plummy attitude, eager to chat with anyone who will listen. Fascinated by the Underdark, he will tell anyone and everyone about the Guide to the Underdark that he is currently penning. He is also a terrible, but enthusiastic poet.

Freya Greystone (*Female Duergar, LN, MM pg. 122*)

Of average height for a dwarf, stocky and with deep grey skin and a shock of white hair, Freya is relatively new to exploring the world beyond Duergar society. A distant cousin of Selenite's, she is contemplative and blunt, and still learning how to relax into a life with any sort of leisure.

Adventure Hooks

1. Selenite is desperate for good talent, and willing to pay good money for decent performances.
2. Stocks are running low for the main ingredient in Muse's Verity: the water from a pool with a petrified elder brain (VGtM pg. 174). Selenite would like the party to go fetch a fresh batch.
3. Recent tremors have Llofaen worried that a bulette (MM pg. 34) is making the nearby area its home.
4. Jules Dalento, eccentric scholar and regular in Selenite's, wishes to study the wonders of the Underdark up close, and wants to hire the party as his guard.





STARSTRUCK & MOON-SHINE'S FLOATING PALACE OF DELIGHTS

A thousand tiny lights set the huge, repurposed, warship aglow. The sounds of revels are heard from a mile away and when the Floating Palace weighs anchor at a new port the excitement and curiosity are matched only by the groans of those who know its reputation in advance.

There are no rules aboard this bejewelled, gilded, monstrosity of a ship except "let liberty be the whole of the law." Loosely translated, this means "do whatever you like but don't spoil other people's fun."

Description

A creaky old warship with plenty of battle scars, the Floating Palace has been lovingly maintained... and "beautified." Every surface that could be gilded or crusted with fake jewels has been, and rumor has it there's a prize for anyone who finds fabric that isn't silk or velvet.

The ship is about seventy-five years old, and to someone who knows what they're looking at, its age shows in the patches and repairs, and the marks and damage from the many cannonballs that have struck it over the years. While on the surface it's glamorous and richly decorated, it's shabby where it doesn't show: for example the crew quarters, storerooms, and anywhere guests aren't expected to go.

It has four decks, the lowest of which is crew quarters. The other three are all for entertainment: performances on the top deck, gaming tables on the second, and prize fighting on the third. It's always, always, busy: its reputation for decadence, depravity, and the time of one's life precedes it so that when it floats into a harbour there is already a queue of customers waiting to board.

Patrons span a huge range from idle rich folk with money to waste, to common people seeking a bit of excitement.

Proprietor & Staff

Ellyn Payne (Female Human Swashbuckler, NE, VGtM pg. 217) and **Shava Red-Eye** (Male Half-Orc Swashbuckler, NE, VGtM pg. 217)

Ellyn and Shava are the proprietors of the Floating Palace. Both ex-pirates who, when they got rich, refitted their ship and retired to the entertainment business. They're now in their fifties and look like they've led an interesting life, that's left them with scars and stories aplenty.

Lupo (Male Goblin, CE, MM pg. 166)

Lupo is the aged, one-eyed goblin who runs the prize-fighting, and fixes the fights so that he makes plenty of money from his betting operation. He's almost always drunk, completely foul-mouthed, but shrewd when it comes to coin.

Revithal Westwind (Male Moon Elf Noble, CE, MM pg. 349)

Revithal is the oldest, and also the most handsome, person aboard. Lean and sharp looking, he's vain about his pale, blue-tinted skin and dark hair. Revithal is a mercenary/marine who works security for the Palace, mostly making sure people's private grudges don't spill over to spoil the general public's fun. "Knife him if you have to, I don't care - but don't do it up on deck. And deal with the body afterwards, I'm not the damned janitor."

Jerrell (Male Human Veteran, CE, MM pg. 350)

is a grizzled man in his late sixties. He was part of Ellyn and Shava's original pirate crew. He's missing his right eye and his left leg, and he literally has a tattoo that says pirate. He's the talent booker - and he's very good at it. Only the most talented, exciting, unexpected shows and performers make it onstage at the Floating Palace.

Manon (*Female Tiefling Spy, CN, MM pg. 349*)
Manon is a tiefling with deep purple skin and silver eyes. She is the Floating Palace's concierge, and retaining her services for your visit costs a fee of 200gp on top of anything she procures. She can find you drugs, company, and any type of pleasure known to man. If you can dream it up, Manon can get it for you. She'll put it on your tab.

Menon (*Male Tiefling Spy, LE, MM pg. 349*)
Manon's brother, Menon, runs the gaming tables. He's got a sharp eye and a cruel streak: cheats are quickly noticed and severely punished.

Services

Menu & Drinks List

Drinks	
Water	1cp/pitcher
Cider	8cp/mug, 2sp/pitcher
Beer, common	1sp/pint
Beer, fine	5sp/pint
Wine, fine	1gp/bottle
Spirits, fine	3sp/shot
Wine, exotic	10-100gp/bottle

Food (<i>A variety of rich and exotic dishes, often featuring specials such as...</i>)	
Sea Dragon* Tartare with seasonal vegetables	2gp
Dire Crab legs* with an almond salad	1gp
Kraken* calamari with Lemon & Garlic Butter Sauce	1gp
Endless** Shrimp	5sp

* depending on availability, may be replaced with similar ingredients

** second and subsequent portions available at half price "it's endless, not free"

Rooms - 15gp/cabin

Lodging is limited to three "state rooms": small cabins charged at 15gp per night (or 50gp for a week, for anyone who wishes to be aboard that long). They're opulent, but have few real amenities.

Entertainment

Entertainment in the form of musical and theatrical performances, which are free to watch.

Performers are well paid: upwards of 50gp per person, per night. There are usually 2-3 performances taking place on the top deck at any one time, and around 6 performers each night in total. Examples include:

- Acrobats performing in the ship's rigging
- Illusionists
- Singing/music - pixie choirs, hobgoblin military bands, actual sirens
- The Polymorph Experience - become the mythical beast of your choice for an hour! (costs 100gp)

Gambling

The second deck is taken up by gaming tables running card and dice games. There are a small number of tables with low stakes, but most of these are the sort of games where family fortunes are won and lost.

- Card tables and tournaments - every night
- Roulette - every night
- Dice games - every night
- Racing of unusual (Tiny) animals - weekly

Prize fighting - 5gp entry

The prize fights are easy to enter: people need only pay an entrance fee of 5gp. Prizes range from 50gp to 2500gp, depending on the caliber of the participants. Even this floor of the ship is gaudy and lavishly decorated, though the main arena itself is just a sawdust-filled rectangle, and the secondary ring just a 10 feet diameter circle. Other contestants include:

- Human sailor/brawler (50gp prize)
- Half-orc soldier (100gp prize)
- Hobgoblin or bugbear (150gp prize)
- Halfling assassin (200gp prize)
- An ogre (250 gp prize)
- More rarely, more accomplished fighters - such as player characters - command up to 2,500gp prizes



Regulars

Most of the Floating Palace's patrons visit once in their lives, but some just keep coming back.

Cordelia Vant-Dekar (*Female Human Noble, NG, MM pg. 348*)

Cordelia is frittering away her inheritance on gambling. She could, with very little effort, be convinced to spend some of it funding adventurers, instead.

LaRoche and LeBeau (*Male Human Bandits, NE, MM pg 343*)

A pair of criminals, planning to rob a noble household in port and then use the Floating Palace as their getaway vehicle.

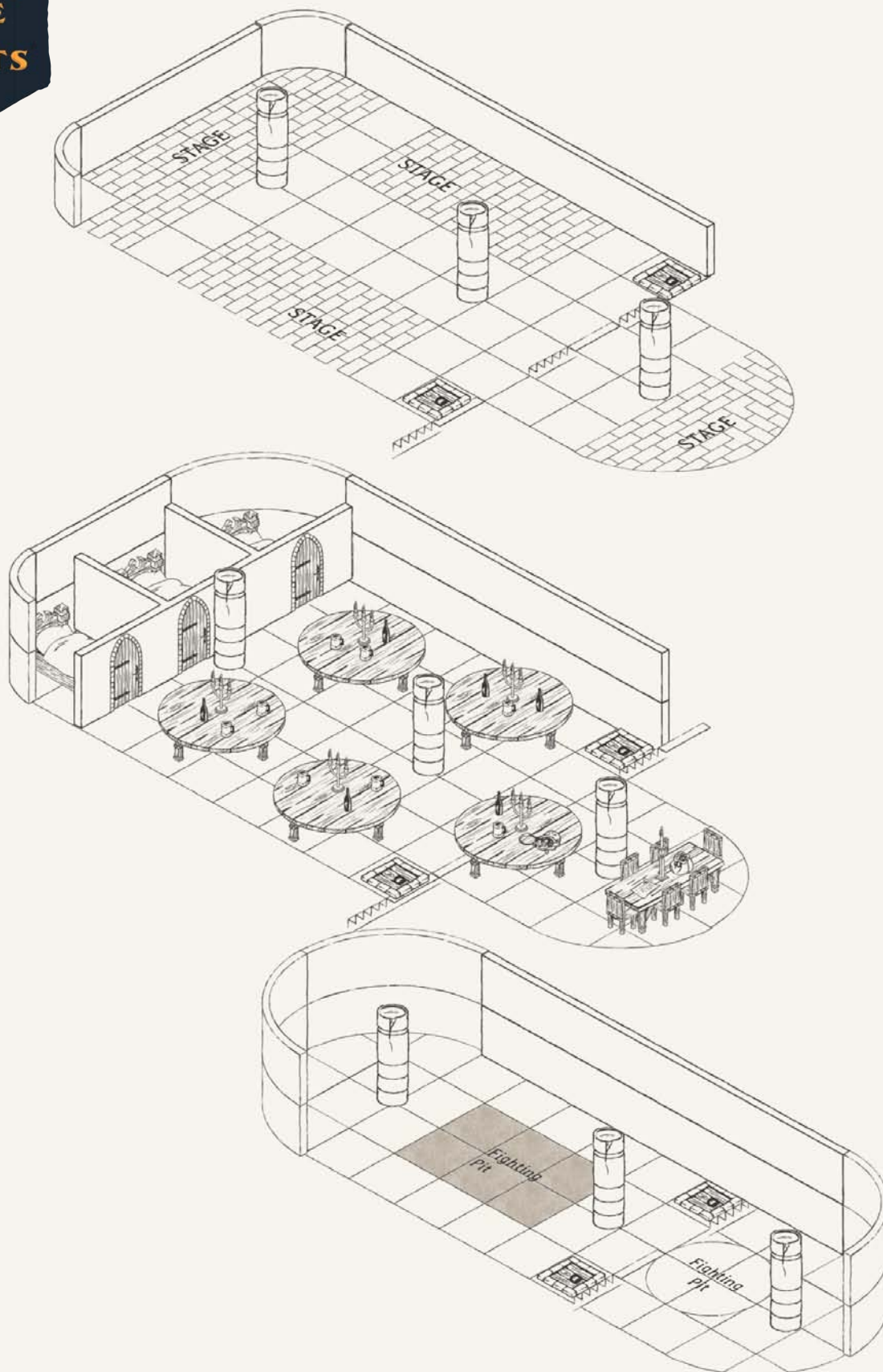
Hesperia (*Female Vampire, NE, MM pg. 297*)

Hesperia makes her lair in a dark corner of the lowest deck. At night she roams the ship and feeds on the guests. She's planning a takeover at some point in the near future, once she's made a few vampire spawn. She loves the ship as a hunting ground, but despises its style and would prefer not to keep herself hidden anymore. Revithal knows of her existence; at present she's bribing him with her victims' gold and jewels to stay silent. She's unsure whether she'll keep him by her side when she takes over, or simply kill him. So is he.

Adventure Hooks

1. One of the characters' allies has run up huge debts to the Palace - and they've come to town to collect
2. The local guards ask the party to go undercover as guests, having heard rumours that someone aboard ship is planning to pull off a heist in the city and escape by sea
3. Someone's friend/family member went on board the Floating Palace and hasn't returned. They suspect this person died in some quarrel - when in fact the trail leads to Hesperia and Revithal
4. Characters hear about a rich young woman who lives aboard and could be charmed into funding their next expedition





CREATED WITH
**DUNGEON
 BUILDER**

Bottom level (staff and
 crew quarters) not
 shown.

THE GREASED MONKEY

Announced by the hiss and chuff of its steam engines, and the tremors caused by every step of its vast, metal, chicken legs, you do not visit the Greased Monkey tavern: the Greased Monkey visits you. An ugly, chaotic mess of roofs and windows, hasty repairs and welded metal seams, it bristles with strange mechanical protrusions. It doesn't promise a warm welcome... but any port in a storm.

Description

Originally an ingenious gnomish siege weapon, a number of engineers from a long-forgotten mercenary company converted this construct into a drinking hole, and for a decade it followed that band of soldiers all over the world, from battlefield to battlefield. The company dispersed, and the thing they'd created - known affectionately as The Greased Monkey, and so named on the sloppily painted wooden sign above one of its entry hatches - went solo.

No one's in charge anymore, and it seems to be operating based on some vestiges of its old magical geas. This is effectively a colossal golem with a pub inside.

The main bar is in the center, a spherical, smoky room with catwalks and terrible acoustics. Most of the space underneath is taken up by an engine room inhabited by an entire tribe of kobolds. They've taken responsibility for stopping anything from catching fire or blowing up. They don't tolerate intruders, and the place is heavily trapped. The engine never requires fuel, and it's not clear what keeps it active.

The spaces above the bar are weapons stations, though none of the devices up there are in danger of working. A few corners have been converted into lodgings, with crude bedding and occasionally other people's possessions left behind.

Because The Greased Monkey wanders, it can show up anywhere - any time, any terrain, even any plane. It's got a tendency to return to places where it's been before - so battlefields, cities that have been besieged, and similar places.

Proprietor & Staff

There's no proprietor. No one's in charge.

Domino (*Male Tiefling Scout, CG, MM pg. 349*)

Domino was named for his dark skin broken by pale circles around his eyes and mouth. He was born in The Greased Monkey, abandoned there, and has never lived anywhere else. Raised by kobolds and the ancient gnome (who he knew only as Grommet) who 'ran' the pub until he up and left one day, Domino stays there and keep serving drinks just because it's the only thing he's ever known.

He brews a couple of kinds of alcohol in one of the upper chambers of the inn, mostly from vegetables and fungus. One can broadly be described as potato gin, the other as mushroom wine. Sometimes, if The Greased Monkey stops near a city, some intrepid merchant will come and trade supplies for bits of mechanical salvage from the structure of the pub, or for a ride, or the kobolds will go out and forage, but mostly what's on offer is what Domino brews up.

The Shortfangs (*Kobolds, MM pg. 195*)

A tribe of somewhere upwards of fifty kobolds, living in the engine room and the chambers around it. The population stays roughly stable as the hazards of tending a machine they only partially understand balances out their naturally high birth rate. Notable members include:

Thrip (*Male Kobold, CN*), who knows more than anyone else about the workings of the engine; he's old for a kobold, cantankerous, and very much in need of a promising apprentice to pass his knowledge on to. He's also very badly burned - an occupational hazard.

Twist (*Female Kobold, LE*) has turned her nose up at the 'family business' of tinkering with strange gnomish machinery. She grows various kinds of fungus and even some recognisable root vegetables using a primitive hydroponic system in the very bottom of the inn. Domino has convinced her that giving him the food to turn into alcohol constitutes the kobolds' 'rent.'

Stump (*Gender neutral Otyugh, MM pg. 248*)
Stump is a small otyugh that dwells near Twist's 'garden.' It eats all of the trash and refuse produced by the kobolds, Domino, and guests.

Services

Menu & Drinks List

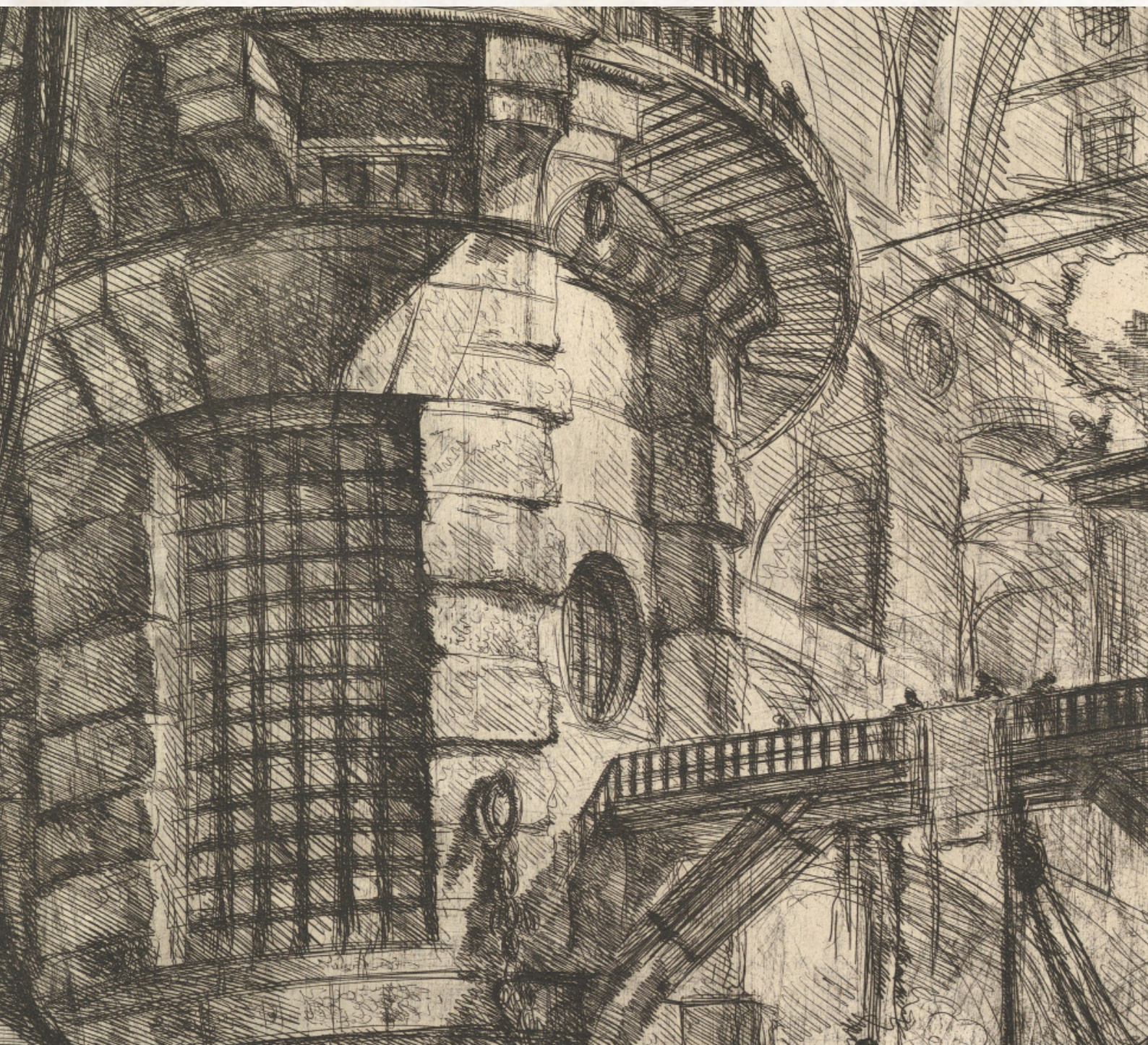
Drinks	
Water	3cp/pitcher
Mushroom wine	5sp/bottle
Potato gin	2sp/shot

Food	
Mushroom soup	5cp
Baked potato	2cp

Rooms - Free

There are at least 8 rooms in the upper levels. They're very basic - straw mattresses and slop buckets - and there's a strong chance that, with a little casual searching you'll find something a previous guest left behind. Roll on the Trinkets table (PHB pg. 159).

The Greased Monkey offers no additional services except for limited scavenging potential.



Regulars

Mortimer Adelbert Rymple (*Male Gnome Mage, N, MM pg. 347*)

Mortimer is an elderly wizard who uses The Greased Monkey as a mobile sanctuary and study. He's taken over a few rooms in the upper levels, which are crammed full of books, scrolls, and other magical paraphernalia. He descends to the bar every night to eat and drink. He's quite the connoisseur of mushroom wine.

5076/C-1 (*Monodrone, MM pg. 224*)

5076/C-1 has been around The Greased Monkey as long as anyone remembers. It's been theorized that it reminds him of home. Mortimer seems to be under the impression that 'Five-Oh' is his familiar, but the modron is less convinced. Domino is insistent that Five-Oh must not be given alcohol under any circumstances. Under. Any. Circumstances. The modron is downright agoraphobic, and won't willingly leave The Greased Monkey.

Gladrys (*Female Dragonborn Scout, MM pg. 349*)

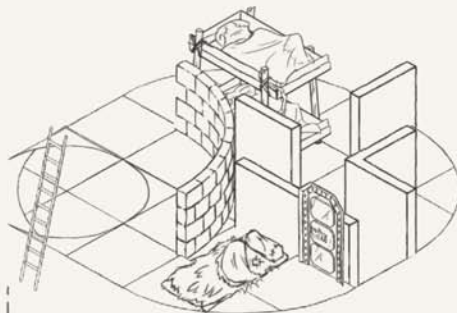
Gladrys is an engineer and explorer who's made The Greased Monkey her home. She's trying to both determine whether it's a sentient Construct and figure out how to set a course: she's long been interested in reclaiming lost treasures from legendary battlefields, and The Greased Monkey seems like a great asset. She's made friends with the kobolds, though their near-worship of her (she's the nearest thing they've ever seen to a dragon) makes her deeply uncomfortable.

Adventure Hooks

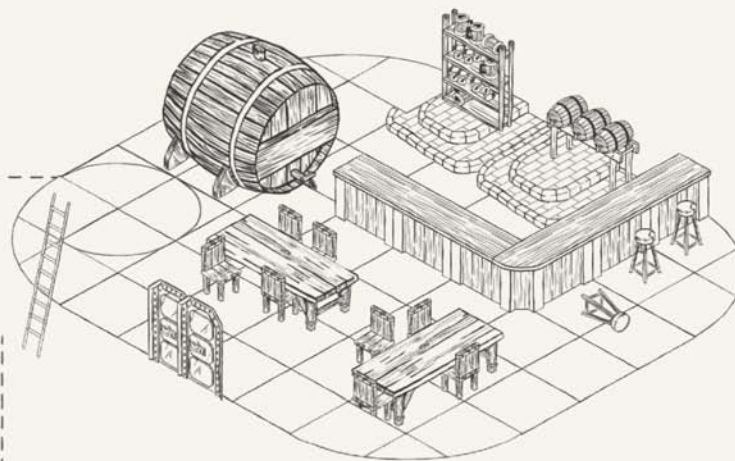
1. The kobold engineers' ingenuity has finally failed. The Greased Monkey has settled at the edge of a town, and it's making ominous rumbling noises and belching more than the usual quantity of black smoke. Local officials contract adventurers to enter The Greased Monkey, and stop it from blowing up.
2. A friend or ally visited The Greased Monkey and slept right through it rumbling to life and moving on. They've effectively been kidnapped, and the party must track down The Greased Monkey and return them. This can be a great step to exploring other planes...
3. The characters are commissioned to find out what in the world this... thing... is.
4. A rival of Gladrys decides to take control of The Greased Monkey and hires the characters as a boarding party.



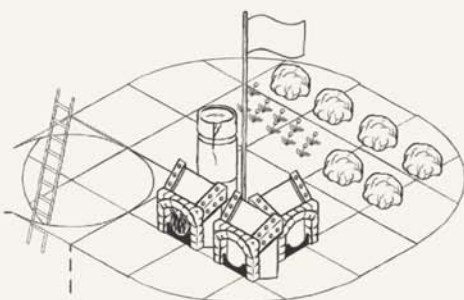
THE GREASED MONKEY



Upper Floor



Main Floor



Lower Floor

To Kobold den

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THE TANGLED VINE

At first glance, passersby might miss the old tavern taken over by vines of ivy and wisteria, the branches of an ancient weeping willow spread delicately across a mossy thatched roof. The paint is flaking, the timbers bowed, and under most circumstances, the building looks largely abandoned.

However, visit at particular times - such as the night of a full moon, or at twilight when all the world is made up of pinks and blues - and you'll find warm light in the dusty windows, and catch the sounds of voices and merriment. Open the door and step into a dazzling sight: fey of every sort, drinking and mingling. Join them if you like, just be careful that you don't get taken away with them come morning.

The Tangled Vine exists as a crossroads between the Material Plane and the Feywild. Under the right conditions, fey cross over from all over the Feywild, some to conduct business with mortals, some just to delight in the strangeness of the mortal world for a few hours. Mortals are welcome but fey are a tricky sort, as likely to embrace a short spell of mortal company as to decide a particularly pretty or charming adventurer would make a fabulous new toy.

Description

From the outside, the Tangled Vine looks like it was abandoned more than a century ago - mostly because it was, when its old proprietor lost a bet with an Eladrin lord and lost his tavern along with it. Since then, the tavern has been left to rot and the woods around it have moved in to reclaim its space. The walls are covered with ivy and wisteria, which a sharp eye might notice is always blooming, regardless of the time of year, and the thatched roof is largely hidden by a massive weeping willow.

During the day, when the tavern is empty and the path to the Feywild closed off, the tavern's two storeys are tired, dusty and thick with cobwebs and furniture ruined by damp and thieves. However, a bit of investigation can uncover some discrepancies that suggest more recent use - a flower-shaped tea cup, the remains of a cake only a few days old, a bit of misplaced fey jewelry.

When the fey are present, the Tangled Vine becomes a different story altogether, bustling with otherworldly patrons. The tables are polished oak, the chairs sturdy and comfortable; there is a roaring fire in the fireplace that flickers through all colours of the rainbow, and orbs of warm light dance amongst the tables and the bird cages that hang from the rafters for smaller patrons. Refreshments are readily available, though accepting any drink on the house is a poor idea.

Proprietor & Staff

Fig (Non-binary Satyr, CN, MM pg. 267)

Formerly the bard of the Lord of Twilight's court, Fig was assigned to run the Tangled Vine as punishment after poorly delivering a joke at the Lord's expense. Plump and fawn-like, they begrudge the task and are desperate to find some poor soul to take over.

Not that they want any visiting mortal to know this - they're who Fig has the best chance of tricking into taking over, after all. To guests, Fig is eager and welcoming, though they have a sharp tongue and a sense of humour that has only grown crueler over the years.

Pip, Daisy, Mari, & Duke (Pixies, CG, MM pg. 253)

Four pixies who are responsible for taking orders and delivering food. While they know not to cross the more powerful fey visitors, they cannot help but cause mischief and play harmless pranks now and again.



Fox, Lupe, Rabbit & Drake (*Sprites*, NG, MM pg. 283)

Four sprites who act as bouncers for the tavern, they use their Heart Sight to determine whether visitors seek to cause harm within the Tangled Vine. They take their role seriously, and have little patience for their pixie counterparts. If anyone seems like they will be especially troublesome, they call upon their tamed wyvern, Venom (MM pg. 303), for assistance.

Services

Menu & Drinks List

Drinks	
Water	1cp/pitcher
Cider	1sp/mug, 3sp/pitcher
Fruit juice	5cp/cup
Tea, black	3cp/pot
Mead	1sp/mug, 4sp/bottle
Beer, common	2sp/pint
Wine, common	5sp/bottle

Food	
Chestnut bread with butter and honey	5cp
Roasted venison with mashed parsnips	3sp
Mead-braised cockatrice	7sp
Rosewater jelly	1sp

Rooms - 2sp/bed in shared room; 3sp/private room

The Tangled Vine possesses three rooms that can be rented for the night - two with two beds each, one with one bed each. They are comfortable, but come with the risk (81-100% on 1d100) of pixies or other fey messing with a visitor's belongings either by stealing, swapping between different travelers' bags, or leaving a small trinket as a gift.

Fey Bargains

Any number of visiting fey are willing to make fanciful bargains with mortals - but what they ask for in return is rarely coin.



Regulars

Robyn, Lord of Twilight - (*Male Summer Eladrin, CN, MToF pg. 196*)

Golden-haired and tan skinned, Robyn is a tall, lean eladrin who favours reds and golds for his wardrobe. He is lazy and fickle and wants nothing more than to be loved and entertained. Should he become bored during his time in the Tangled Vine, he will demand that Fig locate him a new source of entertainment.

Auntie Blackteeth (*Female Night Hag, CE, MM pg. 178*)

A Night Hag who presents herself as an elderly human witch. She's crotchety and sharp-tongued... But she does enjoy haggling. She can be convinced to help adventurers cross into the Feywild for a price.

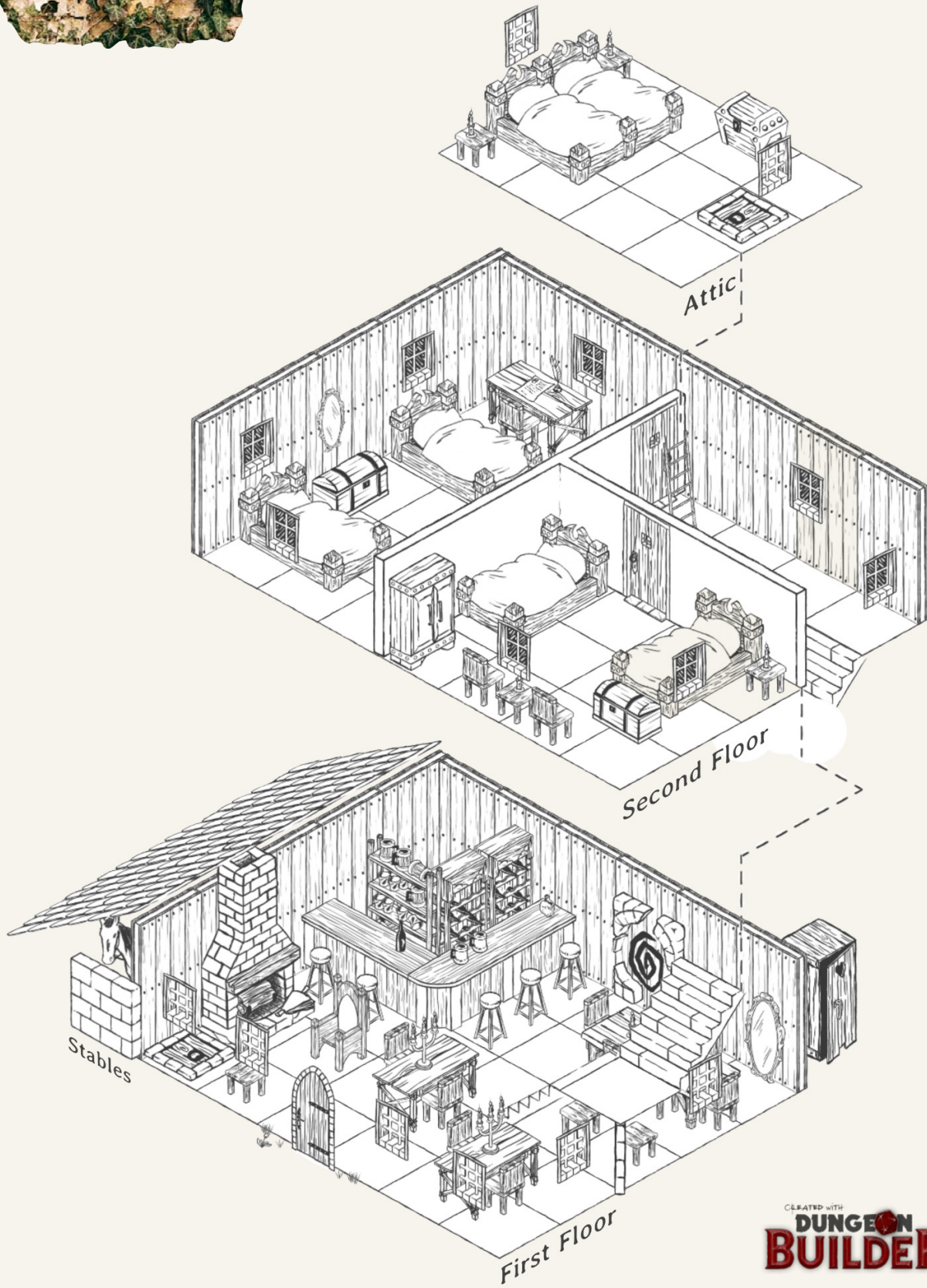
Maetaro (*Male Half-Elf Noble, NG, MM pg. 348*)

Mae is a tall, plump human with red hair and olive skin. A warm, cheerful playwright and bard, he has been visiting the Tangled Vine for the last year, fascinated with the establishment. As well as using the tavern as inspiration, he is also infatuated with Fig.

Adventure Hooks

1. Fig tries to trick the party into taking over responsibility for the Tangled Vine. There are a number of ways Fig might try this, mostly through outlandish bets and dares.
2. The Lord of Twilight grows bored and demands that the party entertains him.
3. While intended as neutral ground, there's only so long that two feuding fey can stick to a truce. Two customers each choose a member of the party as their champion for a duel to settle their disagreement.
4. The magic that allows the Tangled Vine to access the Feywild is temperamental. Upon leaving the Tangled Vine, roll 1d100. 1-94, the party steps out into the world as they left it; 95-100, they step out into the Feywild.





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THE LAST PLACE

A tall, narrow building sits wedged between two shops, each newer and far more interesting to look at. But if someone were to peer into the dusty windows, they might spy their childhood teddy bear sitting on one of the shelves. The old man behind the bar might notice them and beckon them inside, happy to exchange the cherished toy for a few pieces of silver and the story of how it was lost.

Everyone loses something. A left sock, a favourite book, a coin whose absence goes unnoticed until truly needed; a loved one. As is often the case with such things, they can almost always be found in the last place one looks - or, sometimes, simply in the Last Place.

Description

No one knows when the Last Place was founded. It changes hands from time to time, always to a lost soul looking for a purpose in life. Worn down and unassuming from the outside, the Last Place can be found, as is so often the case, right under one's nose. It's right in the centre of a bustling city, passed daily by people too busy to notice its existence.

Stepping through the old, oak door of the Last Place, guests find themselves in a space deceptively large, but thoroughly cluttered. Dust and small cobwebs cling to the knick knacks packed close together on shelves lining each and every wall. Mismatched tables and chairs are clustered together in the centre of the main room, set in front of a crackling fire.

Any time of day, there are at least a few people hanging around the Last Place. They come looking for something they lost and stay around for a drink or two, sampling nourishment made from long-lost family recipes. Some stay longer, until they figure out where they're meant to go. Since everyone inevitably loses something, there's a wide range of sorts that find their way into the Last Place.

Proprietor & Staff

Nathaniel Locke (Male Human Commoner, NG, MM pg. 345)

Once a tall, inspiring figure, Nathaniel is now thin, with sparse white hair, dark brown skin and a back hunched with age. He has been the proprietor of the Last Place for the past twenty years. He came to the tavern after losing his husband, Alastair, and has stayed ever since. Nathaniel knows that his age is beginning to catch up with him, but he takes his role in running the Last Place seriously. He enjoys listening to people, and providing a supportive shoulder for their troubles.

Helper (Crawling Claw, MM pg. 44)

Helper is, well, Nathaniel's helper. Brought into being under Alastair's instruction, it is relatively tame, fetching items from the shelves as needed, but will occasionally pinch a coin, a bit of string or other inconsequential items from visitors' bags.





Services

Menu & Drinks List

Drinks	
Water	1cp/pitcher
Tea, black	3cp/pot
Beer, common	2sp/pint
Wine, common	5sp/bottle
Spirits, mostly dusty and old	2d4sp/shot

Food	
Millet porridge with dried fruit	5cp
Roasted pork and barley bread	3sp
Corn muffin with butter	1sp
Grandmother's stew - no one knows what's in it, but it always tastes just like Grandma used to make	2sp

Rooms - 2sp/room

The Last Place contains four rooms spread

across two upper floors. They are small, with a single or bunk bed in each room, and smell of dust and old memories. Most choose not to stay at the Last Place, but Nathaniel will let them for 1sp per night.

Reunion - 25gp worth of silver dust

The Last Place exists as a magical Lost and Found. If someone enters knowing that they've lost something, then they are welcome to look around at their leisure.

However, if someone were to stumble into the building without an idea of what they're looking for, there is a simple ritual that Nathaniel can perform to locate whatever object has drawn them into the tavern. This ritual costs 5gp, including 1gp worth of red silk ribbon, one end of which is tied to the participant's finger, while the other will pull them toward the item.

Additionally, Nathaniel is able to call upon the dead to speak through him - specifically, someone that has died within the past century and whose soul has passed on. This service costs 25gp worth of silver dust and lasts up to one hour.

Regulars

Alastair Locke (*Male Ghost, NG, MM pg. 147*)

Alastair is a ghost whose soul lingers within the Last Place out of devotion to his husband. He appears as a lean, middle-aged, human man with blond curls and half-crescent glasses. An academic wizard in life, he helps Nathaniel however he can, considering his incorporeal state. He possesses a dry wit and a haughtiness that hasn't ever been dulled by his death.

Piper Greywillow (*Non-binary Halfling Child, NG*)

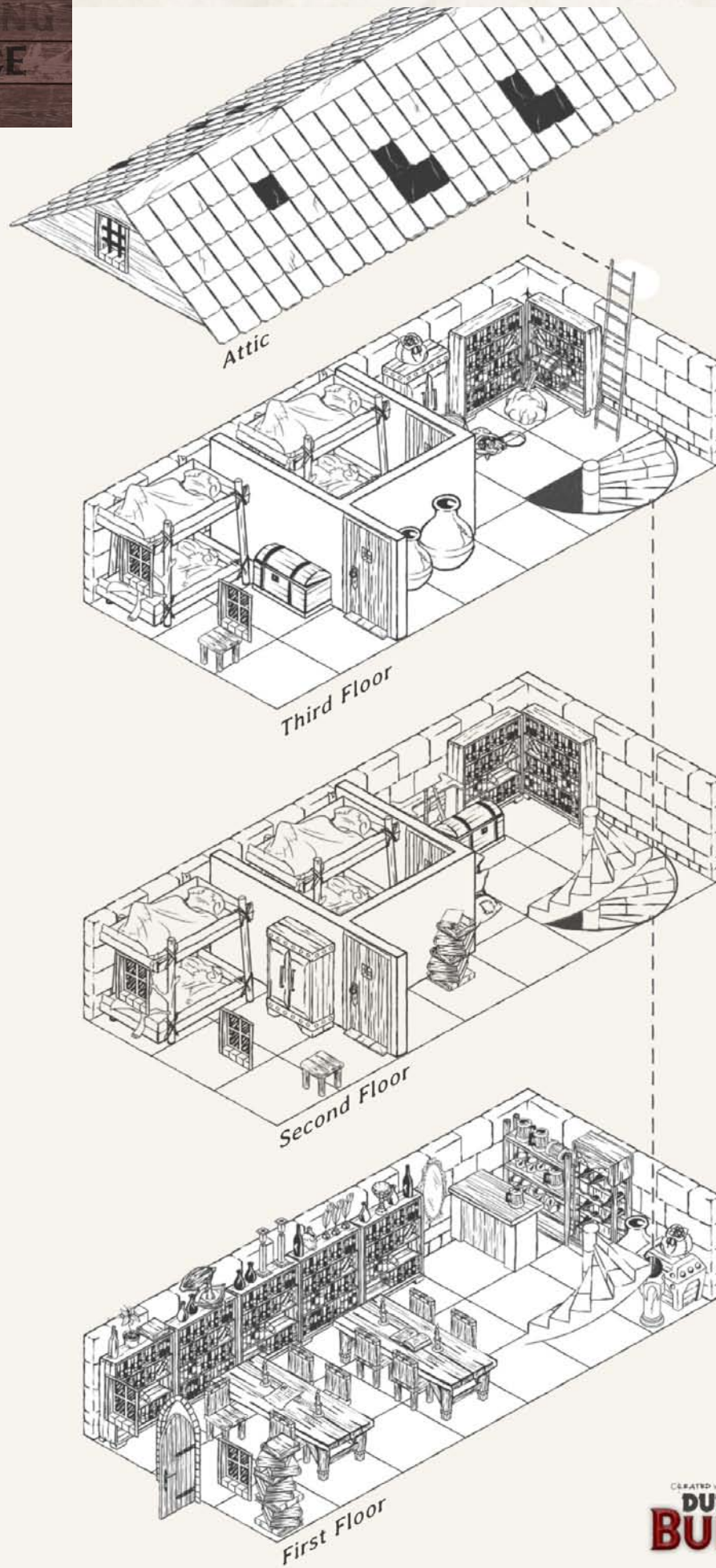
Piper is a ten year old, androgynous halfling child with a mop of tangled brown hair, a round face and a gap between their front teeth. They came to the Last Place when they ran away from an abusive home and now run simple errands for Nathaniel in exchange for one of the available rooms. Piper is cautious around strangers, but bold and nosy when they're certain that someone means no harm.

Adventure Hooks

1. The Last Place is far from a stylish establishment. Thus, it is inconceivable that a fashionable noble woman such as Lady Ambrosia Tremontaine would be caught dead in such a place... except that she's got a terrible habit of misplacing her jewelry, and she's certain it's in there. She is willing to hire the party to go digging through the tavern for her.
2. While browsing the tavern's many shelves, an orb amongst the knick knacks suddenly begins to glow and a voice speaks a lost prophecy, relevant to at least one member of the party.
3. If a character has died (and was not resurrected), the party finds them sitting at one of the tables when they enter. They are unable to leave, but will remain corporeal for as long as the party remains within the tavern.
4. A long lost, dangerous relic that the party has been searching for is spotted sitting on a shelf behind the bar.



THE
EVERLASTING
FIREPLACE



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