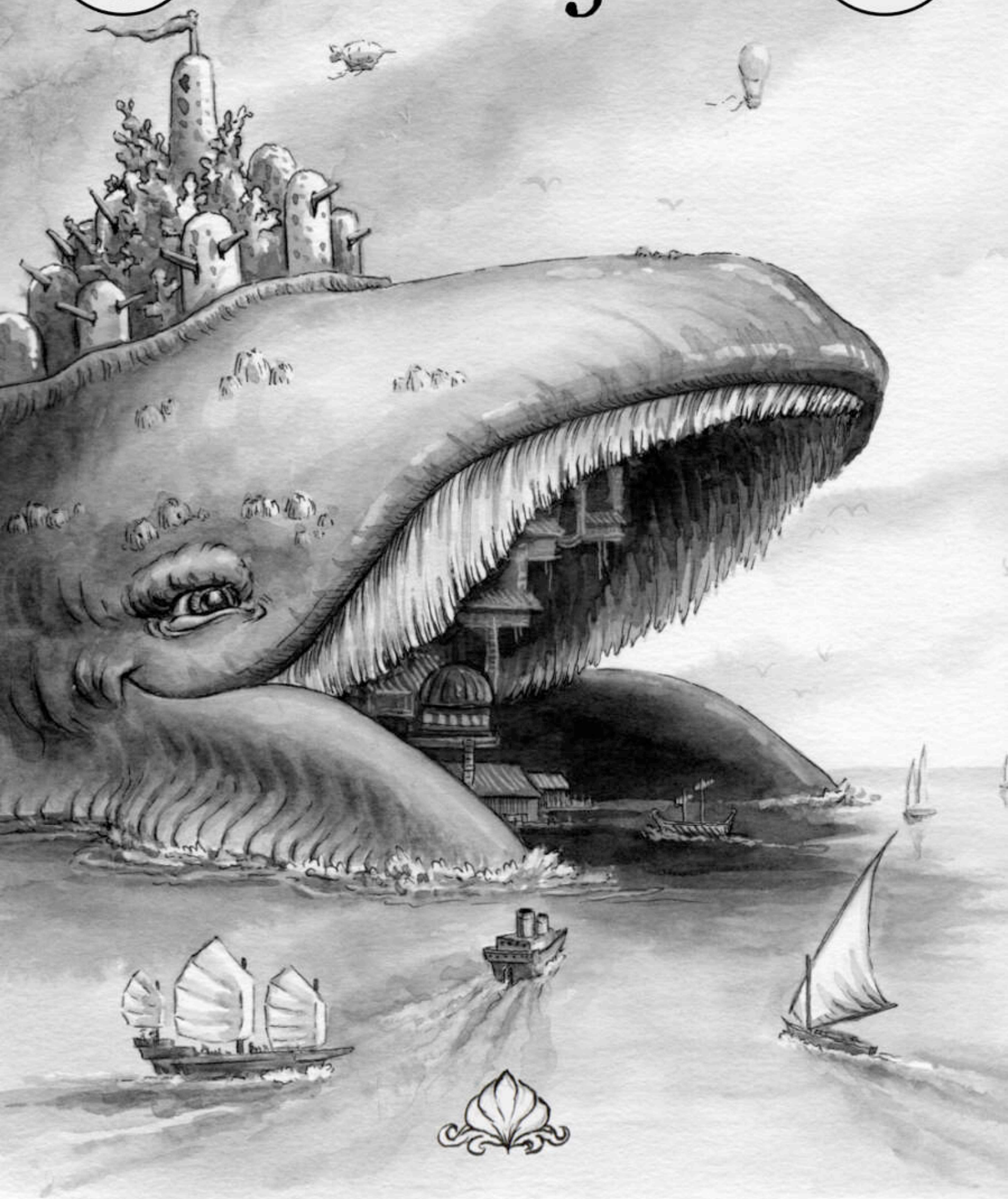




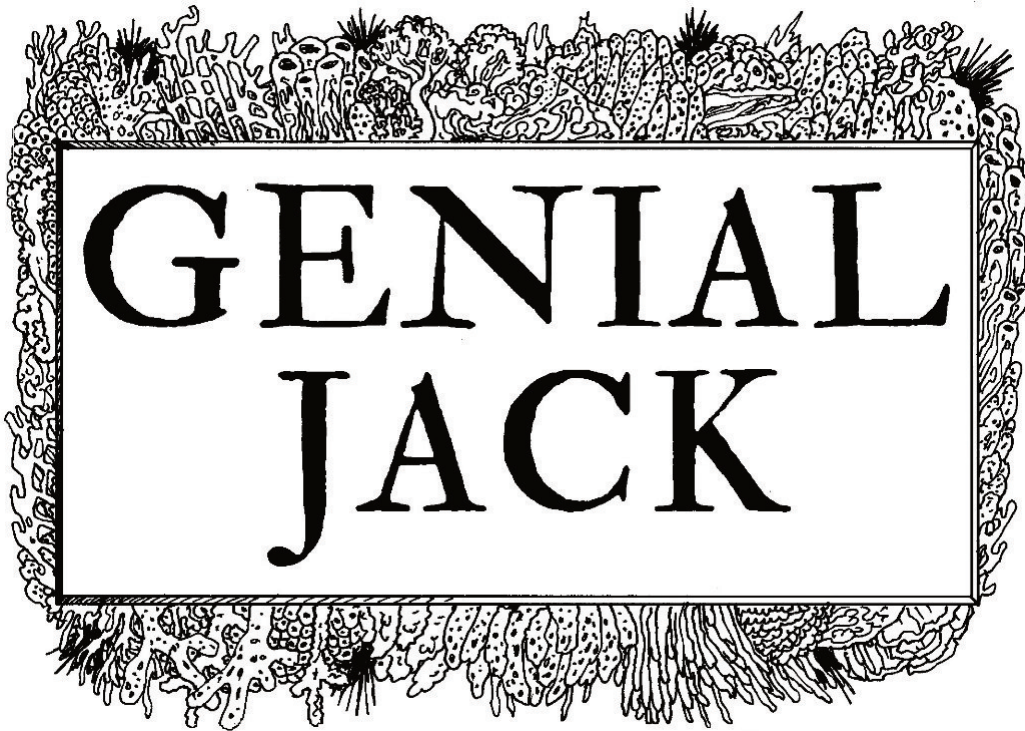
Jonathan Newell's

Genial Jack

vol. 1



Jonathan Newell's



A Lost Pages book



Issue ten - volume 1

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First Edition - Glasgow - Autumn 2019

He is a whale

A whale the size of a mountain

A whale who for centuries has been the host to the teeming town of Jackburg, a place of swallowed ships and lost sailors from countless different lands. Genial Jack: Jack the Generous, Jack the Gentle, Jack the Gigantic. A living wonder of the world, a creature who many believe to be the oldest living organism on the planet, who remembers the ancient beings who first visited this world and seeded it with life in aeons long distant.

The first ships, they say, he ate by accident, but they survived on the fish that daily poured into his belly, and made new homes in his forestomach, a ramshackle village made from the detritus of broken boats. It was years later that they realized they were not the first, finding older structures deeper in Jack's endless innards, ruins of some primeval predecessor Jackburg from ages past.

In time, Jackburg expanded, colonizing his mouth, his skin, his other three stomachs. Mansions dangle from the roof of his maw, ironclad watchtowers bristle from round his blowhole, a temple tops his head, while in his belly, built to withstand the peristaltic forces of the muscular forestomach, thrives a small city, formed from the hulks of ships from every corner of the ocean.

Jackburg is a city of traders and priests, for the Navigators - mystics descended from ancient captains - commune with the beast, using their prayers and sacrifices to direct Jack from city to city. A fleet of trading ships and naval vessels now accompany him everywhere, and fortresses cling to his barnacled flanks, cannons swiveling alongside his fins. Their travels take them around the planet, and they bring with them the treasures and stories and languages and knowledge of distant places, from realms across the Blushing Ocean and past the Frontiers of Chaos, and even from the frozen expanse of the Inscrutable Lands in the far south of the world.



And wherever they land, Genial Jack opens his great jaws, water rushing in, and a fleet of ships rushes out, flags flying in the wind, ships of every type and nation, flying alongside the cetacean flag of Jackburg: galleons and triremes and whirring submarines, corpseships from Erubescence, dolphin-drawn chariots, puffing steamships, hovercraft from Verdigris, living boat-things from Teratopolis, amorphous amoeba-vessels from beyond the Entropic Wastes, chitin bargentines from the Insect Arcologies. Behind them, in the great beast's mouth and through into his stomach, the lights of Jackburg twinkle.

Using Genial Jack

Issue 1 of Genial Jack provides an overview of the inhabitants and districts of Jackburg. While written with a larger campaign setting in mind, Jack can easily be dropped into other fantasy campaign settings, particularly those with a wild, high magic or gonzo aesthetic. Indeed, Jack and his symbiotic city could form the basis for an entire campaign, as the Godwhale travels from port to port. Subsequent issues will provide additional NPCs, campaign locations, and adventures for such a game.

People

Genial Jack is home to hundreds of species, castaways and adventurous souls from every port of call in the known world; every time Jack leaves a place, he inevitably brings with him a handful of immigrants, as well as stowaways seeking a new life on the waves. Fey from the forests of Faerie, gnomes from the Sunless Realms, thurs and trollbloods from the north, ophidians from the southern jungles, ghouls and dagonians from Hex, dhampir from Erubescence, annis from Mara, cephalomorphs from Ganglion, lamiae from Purulence, and many others can all be found walking the living streets of the Inner Town or peering through the portholes of Blowhole Role and Barnaclebank. However, a number of species are especially common in the city - castaway peoples, exiled tribes, merfolk of many kinds, and other ocean-faring species are the most numerous.

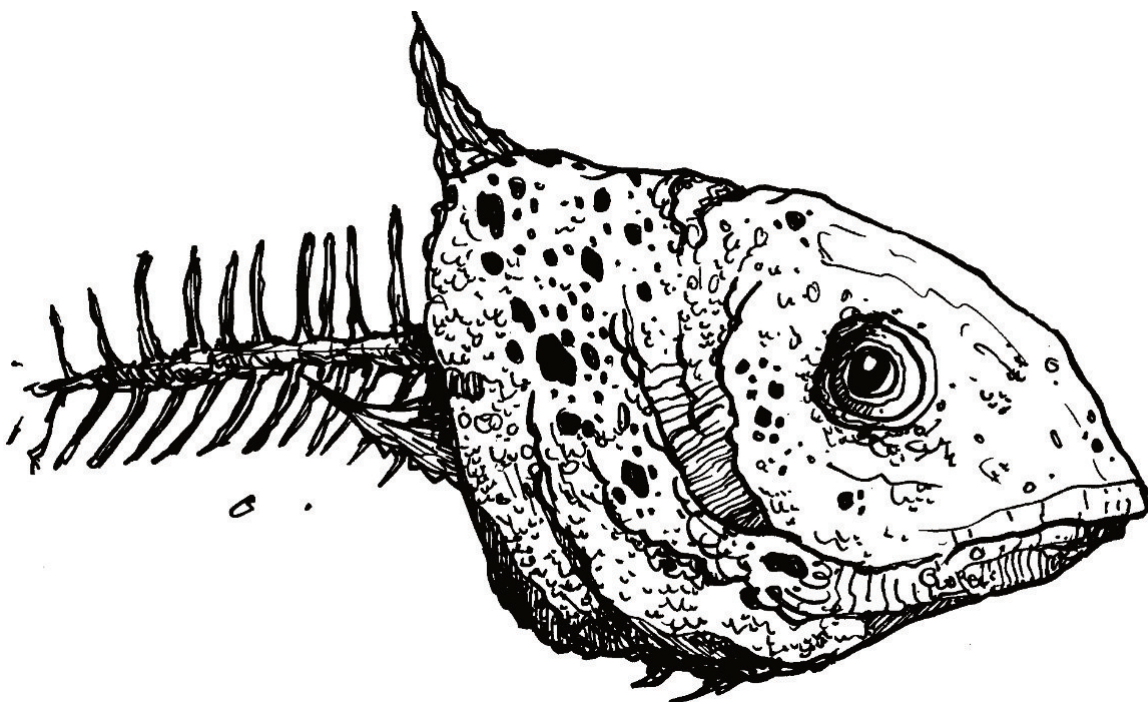


Draugar

Inhabitants of the aptly named district of Draughtwist, the undead draugar are a kind of revenant - drowned corpses, given unlife through the dark energies of the northern Grim Sea. The draugar keep to their longships and eerie dwellings, driftwood facsimiles of the mead-halls and temples of their home. Many had trollish or giant blood in life. They are harmless enough to those who respect their ways and their territory but punish intruders ruthlessly - particularly those who attempt to steal their considerable treasures. Capable of shape-changing, fell curses, and other magic, these bloated, blue-black cadavers have been known to trade or gamble with the living, and it is something of a rite of passage for Jackburg youths to play a game of dice with the dead before coming of age.



- **Ability Score Increase.** Your Constitution score increases by 2, and your Strength score increases by 1.
- **Age.** Draugar do not age, though they do slowly decompose, with the eldest being little more than skeletons.
- **Alignment.** Draugar tend to value honour, ceremony, and favour Law.
- **Size.** Draugar often have heights ranging up to 7 feet tall. Medium size.
- **Speed.** Your walking speed is 25 feet and have a swim speed of 20 feet.
- **Darkvision.** You can see in dim light within 60 feet of you as if it were bright light and in darkness as if it were dim light. You can't discern color in darkness, only shades of gray.
- **Resistances.** You are resistant to poison and necrotic damage. Draugar count as both undead and humanoids.
- **Languages.** You can read, speak, and write Common, Jetsam, and Giant.



Finfolk



Denizens of Finfoлкаheem, the sinister finfolk have a dark reputation as kidnappers and criminals, partially deserved; they are perhaps the least trusted folk of Jackburg, although many have set aside the dark customs of their past.

Finfoлкаheem is an underwater palace, the den of the finfolk, swallowed by Jack as a favour to the people of the Hrossey Islands: prior to Jack's abduction of the finfolk isle, these sly, shapeshifting merfolk had a habit of snatching locals and enslaving them - sometimes forcing them into marriage. Since being removed from such habits, the finfolk have grown somewhat more civilized, relinquishing full-on slavery (at least officially), but they still make their fortunes from indentures, selling the labour of contracted labourers to third parties for a handsome profit. Skilled illusionists, they can take on the guise of humans or other creatures, but in their natural form they are squat and slimy, with lower bodies like fat eels, and monstrous lamprey maws. Bloodsuckers, they mark their servants with circular marks on their shoulders - "contract bites" like brands.

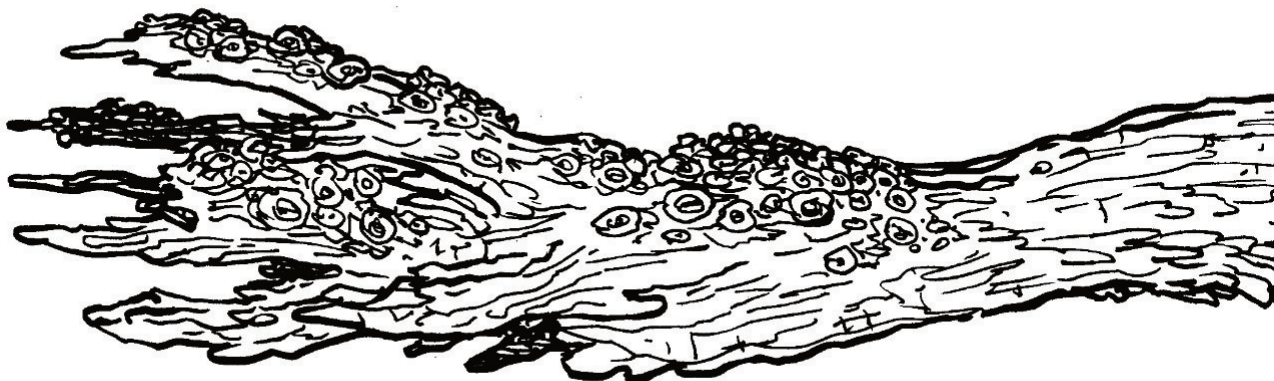
- **Ability Score Increase.** Your Dexterity score increases by 2 and your Wisdom score increases by 1.
- **Age.** Finfolk can live well into their third century, reaching adulthood around twenty years of age.
- **Alignment.** Though not innately drawn to Evil, finfolk society still retains vestiges of its sinister past, meaning few finfolk are actively drawn to Good.
- **Size.** Finfolk are quite long - up to seven feet - with compact torsos. You are medium size.
- **Speed.** Your walking speed is 30 feet, and you have a swim speed of 30 feet.
- **Bloodsucker.** You can make unarmed attacks using your bloodsucking maw, dealing 1d4 + Strength modifier piercing damage. If you deal damage with this attack you regain hit points equal to half the damage dealt.
- **Amphibious.** You can breathe both water and air but need to submerge at least once a day to avoid dehydration, suffering one level of exhaustion.
- **Shapeshifter.** You can cast the spell Disguise Self once; the spell recharges after a long rest. The spellcasting ability for this spell is Wisdom.
- **Languages.** You can read, speak, and write Common, Jetsam, and Finfolk, a dialect of Sylvan.

Fomorians

The giants known as the Fomorians were banished from Faerie by Queen Mab after their leader, King Balor, sought to depose her. Cast adrift, Fomorians conquered the isle of Hy-Brasil, ruling for a thousand years, until a terrible earthquake caused the isle to sink into the sea. Genial Jack, ever-generous, swallowed up chunks of the disintegrating isle, saving many of the Fomorians. They now dwell in Bezoar Crook, using their arcane arts to craft magical devices for the folk of Jackburg, as well as weapons and armour for the Whaleguard. King Balor nominally rules the Fomorians, but he spends most of his time asleep in the throne room of his castle; his daughter, Eithne, serves as regent. Physically, Fomorians are a gigantic race, ten feet tall or more and often massively muscled. Nine out of ten are cyclopean, often one-armed or one-legged, or with limbs out of proportion; one out of ten, however, are “Fair Fomorians,” comely to human eyes, though still prodigious in size. The remainder are at times called “Foul Fomorians,” though not within earshot if one is wise.



- **Ability Score Increase.** Your Strength score increases by 2, and your Constitution score increases by 1.
- **Age.** Fomorians age slowly, reaching adulthood around 25 years of age. They can live indefinitely, with some being thousands of years old.
- **Alignment.** Fomorians retain a tendency towards Chaos from their former ruler, the mischievous Queen Mab.
- **Size.** Fomorian heights vary quite widely, but all adults are well over 10 feet high. You are Large in size.
- **Speed.** Your walking speed is 40 feet.
- **Fair or Foul.** Foul Fomorians gain proficiency in the Intimidation skill and Fair Fomorians gain proficiency in the Persuasion skill.
- **Evil Eye.** You can cast Bane once, and it recharges after a long rest. Charisma is your spellcasting ability for this spell.
- **Tool Proficiency.** You gain proficiency with artisan's tools of your choice - smith's, brewer's, or mason's tools.
- **Languages.** You can read, speak, and write Common and Jetsam, as well as a dialect of Giant.





Humans

Although by no means the majority in Jackburg, humans make up a substantial portion of its populace. Most humans in the city are former sailors, pirates, fisherfolk, and others rescued by Genuel Jack from shipwrecks and similar disasters. Notoriously ambitious, many humans occupy positions of power within Jackburg; two of the city's nine High Navigators are human, and the human-run Triton Confederation, a major merchant company, nips at the heels of the octopoid trading houses. Many of the humans in Jackburg have fiend, vampire, or troll blood; others can trace their ancestries back to pirate vessels or ancient warships, and often wearing small heirlooms of their bloodline's sunken vessels, or clothing inspired by the flags of their "family ships." Many humans live in Blowhole Row or Flotsamville, with the better-off preferring the Outer Town. Years of living within Inner Jackburg have left many human Jackburghers with heightened senses and a greater resilience to poisonous fumes, however, and childhoods spent swimming in the waters around Jack ensure that most humans of Jackburg have hearty lungs and greater stamina than their landlubber kindred.

- **Ability Score Increase.** Your Constitution score increases by 1 and one other ability score of your choice increases by 1.
- **Age.** Humans reach adulthood in their late teens and live less than a century.
- **Alignment.** Although humans on the whole tend to no particular alignment, those in Jackburg tend to be highly represented in organizations like the Whaleguard and the Navigators, leading to a preference for Law.
- **Size.** Humans range widely in size, with some below 5 feet and others nearing 7. Your size is Medium.
- **Speed.** Your base walking speed is 30 feet.
- **Darkvision:** Accustomed to life in the innards of a gigantic whale, you have superior vision in dark and dim conditions. You can see in dim light within 30 feet of you as if it were bright light, and in darkness as if it were dim light. You can't discern color in darkness, only shades of gray.
- **Gas Resilience.** You have advantage on saving throws against inhaled poison and have resistance to poison damage.
- **Skills.** You gain proficiency in one skill of your choice.
- **Languages.** You can read, speak, and write Common and Jetsam.

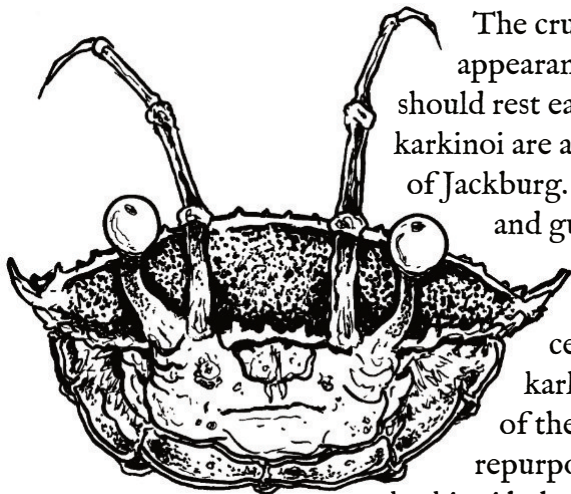
Jellyfolk

Powerful psychics, jellyfolk have a unique form of social organization known as a Bloom, consisting of a group of jellyfolk - usually between three and thirty individuals - that have telepathically linked with one another to form a kind of loose hive mind, wherein the individuals retain their autonomy and independent consciousness, but are able to converse and share ideas and thoughts with one another. Such Blooms also reproduce together and raise children in common. Many jellyfolk in the wider ocean are a powerful military force, controlling a large swathe of the Gilded Sea in the form of the Gelatinous Empire, whose physical and mental domination have made them the stuff of nightmare. In Jackburg, however, renegade jellyfolk have found a different life. Here they work as philosophers, psychologists, scholars, and psychic labourers, using their telekinetic and bioelectric abilities to power machines, lift heavy loads, or even defend the city against its enemies. Physically, they have a medusoid cap like a jellyfish, with roughly humanoid bodies and prehensile tendrils conducting their psychic abilities; they have translucent, colourful skin, and can glow brightly. After about fifty years, jellyfolk revert to a polyp stage for a year and are “re-born” as new individuals with some of the same personality traits and memories of their previous self; many jellyfolk are on their third, fourth, or fifth “self.”



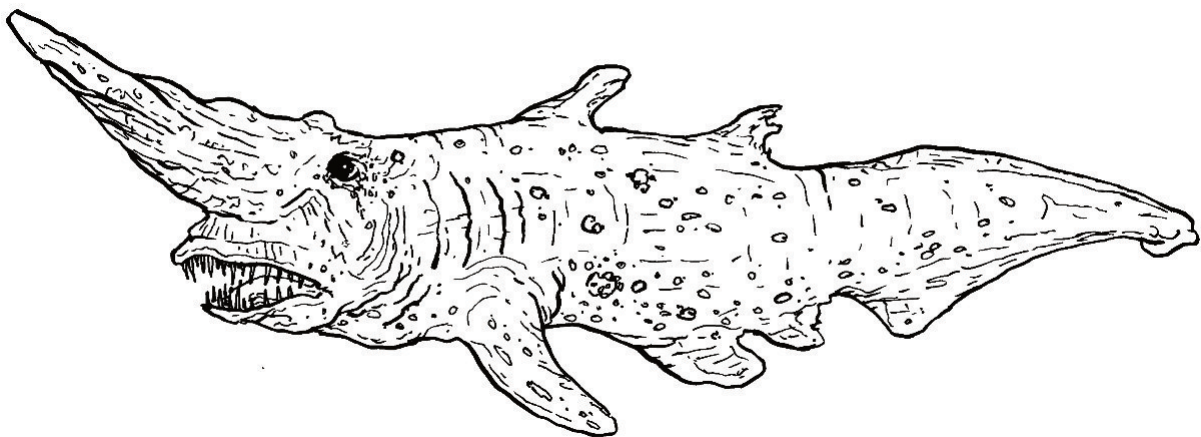
- **Ability Score Increase.** Your Charisma score increases by 2, and your Intelligence score increases by 1.
- **Age.** Jellyfolk have a complex life cycle, hatching into a larva which becomes a polyp which eventually buds into a new, adult jellyfolk, a process which takes about a year.
- **Alignment.** Jellyfolk are natural collectivists and are usually Lawful in alignment.
- **Size.** Jellyfolk can compress themselves to Small size, but usually are of Medium size.
- **Speed.** Your base walking speed is 30 feet and your swim speed is 20 ft.
- **Limited Amphibiousness.** You can breathe both water and air but need to be submerged at least once every 24 hours to avoid dehydration, suffering one level of exhaustion.
- **Psychic.** Jellyfolk know the cantrips Light, Mage Hand, Message, and Shocking Grasp. At 5th level, you can cast Levitate once, and it recharges after a short rest. Charisma is your spellcasting ability for these spells.
- **Bloom.** Jellyfolk can form a psychic link by which skills and experiences can be shared. Jellyfolk can become proficient in a Skill, weapon, or tool of their choice, provided someone in their Bloom has that proficiency. They may change the proficiency after a short rest.
- **Languages.** You can read, speak, and write Common and Jetsam. You can think in the jellyfolk tongue of Meld, which has no spoken or written form.

Karkinoi



The crustacean karkinoi are perhaps the most alarming in appearance of Jackburg's many colourful citizens, but visitors should rest easy - though lobster-clawed, chitinous, and hulking, the karkinoi are as civilized as any of the more classically humanoid species of Jackburg. Employed primarily as fisherfolk, dockworkers, masons, and guardians, karkinoi are indispensable to Jackburg, capable of living and working in air or water. Most make their home in the Grooves, the ramshackle shanty-town on Jack's vast cetacean chin. Their martial talents are legendary, and karkinoi armies in service of octopoid warlords are the scourge of the sea; in Jackburg, however, such talents have been repurposed in service of the Whaleguard, to which many of the karkinoi belong. Karkinoi decorate their carapaces with elaborate sigils showing family, profession, religion, and similar aspects of identity.

- **Ability Score Increase.** Your Strength score increases by 2 and your Constitution score increases by 1.
- **Age.** Karkinoi mature quickly, reaching adulthood after about a decade. They generally live between half a century and 70 years.
- **Alignment.** Karkinoi have a very orderly culture, inclining them towards Law.
- **Size.** Karkinoi are bulky, usually weighing well over 250 lbs. You are still only Medium size.
- **Speed.** Your speed is 25 feet, and you have a swim speed of 30 feet.
- **Amphibious.** You can breathe both water and air.
- **Pincers.** You can make unarmed attacks using your claws, dealing 1d6 (plus Strength modifier) slashing damage.
- **Shell.** You have a thick, chitinous exoskeleton. When you aren't wearing armour, your AC is 13 + your Dexterity modifier. You can use your natural armor to determine your AC if the armor you wear would leave you with a lower AC. A shield's benefits apply as normal while you use your natural armor.
- **Languages.** You can read, speak, and write Common, Jetsam, and Karkinoi.



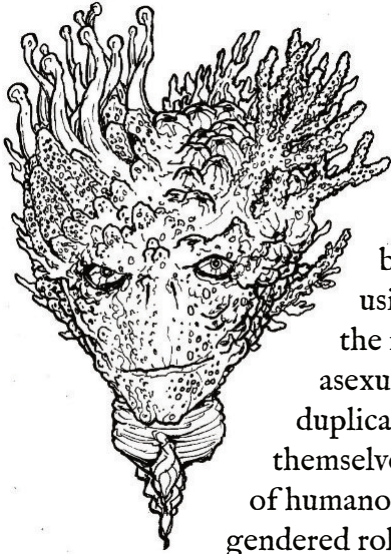
Octopoids

Half octopus, half humanoid, the tentacular octopoids are spread throughout the ocean, mostly living singly or in small clusters, often in symbiotic relationships with groups of karkinoi or selachians; a few have formed larger tribes, though still based around hunting and foraging. In Jackburg, however, the octopoid population have become merchant princes and princesses *par excellence*, with tendrils in every business in the city. Ruthless individualists, they are said to be a species lacking any trace of conscience or moral inhibition. There are four major trading houses owned by octopoids in Jackburg: the Kraken Consortium, the Turisas Concern, the Leviathan League, and the Cetus Syndicate. Most keep their wealth carefully controlled by members of a select dynasty, purpose-bred and educated for commercial supremacy. Physically, octopoids are humanoid from the waist up, with tentacular lower halves; they also possess masses of tentacles where other humanoids might have hair.



- **Ability Score Increase.** Your Intelligence score increases by 2 and your Charisma score increases by 1.
- **Age.** Octopoids come of age in their early teens and live up to around a century.
- **Alignment.** Octopoids are individualists with a tendency towards Chaos. Few are drawn to Goodness, lacking what other species would call a conscience, though they are not intrinsically inclined to Evil by any means.
- **Size.** Octopoids are quite slight, ranging from four to six feet in height; they usually weigh between 100 and 150 lbs.
- **Speed.** Your base walking speed is 30 feet, and you have a swim speed of 20 feet.
- **Darkvision.** You can see in dim light within 60 feet of you as if it were bright light and in darkness as if it were dim light. You can't discern color in darkness, only shades of gray.
- **Business Acumen.** Octopoids have advantage on Charisma checks pertaining to trade or commerce.
- **Limited Amphibiousness.** You can breathe both water and air but need to be submerged at least once every 24 hours to avoid dehydration, suffering one level of exhaustion.
- **Prehensile Tentacles.** You can hold an additional item in your prehensile tentacles, which can be used identically to an additional arm.
- **Languages.** You can speak, read, and write Common, Jetsam, and Octopoid, which involves numerous chromatic shifts and tentacular undulations.

Polypoids

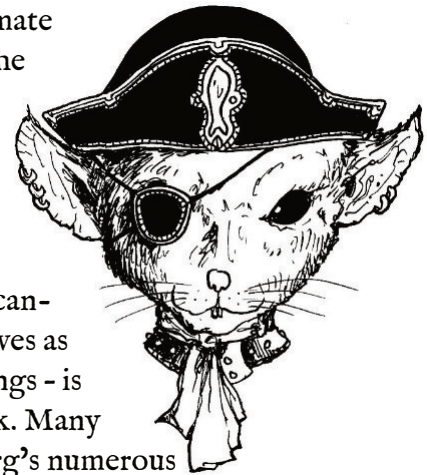


Polypoids are a species of sentient coral, one of them many aquatic peoples that call Jackburg home. An aloof, rather ethereal folk, many make their living as living artworks, performers, dancers, architects, and artists; inevitably, they live their lives aesthetically, seeking and creating beauty. A small number are also employed by the Whaleguard, their tendrils being useful in subduing criminals. They are also coral-gardeners, using their skills to grow coral structures within Jackburg, including the famous Coral Fortress in Melonward. Capable of both sexual and asexual reproduction, they live in colonies, mostly consisting of clonal duplicates. Polypoids are all hermaphroditic, and most opt to present themselves as agender individuals; a few in Jackburg used to the company of humanoids with gender will occasionally adopt and even identify with gendered roles, though inevitably with a lightness and sense of performance. Physically, polypoids appear as beautiful, scintillating assemblages of coral, usually in roughly humanoid form; they can exert a high degree of control over the shape their bodies take, though such changes take long periods of time. A few opt for a more immobile lifestyle, particularly in old age, and grow themselves into ornate sculptures, sometimes merging with other polypoids to form huge “retirement” colonies that effectively double as parks. A number possess venomous tendrils or similar natural defenses.

- **Ability Score Increase.** Your Charisma score increases by 2 and your Wisdom score increases by 1.
- **Age.** Polypoids are ancient beings and can live up till 10,000 years at least. Most in Jackburg are at least two or three centuries old.
- **Alignment.** Polypoids tend to see nature as an orderly place, and thus favour Law.
- **Size.** Polypoids vary wildly in size. You may be of Small or Medium size.
- **Speed.** Your base walking speed is 30 feet and you have a swim speed of 20 feet.
- **Limited Amphibiousness.** You can breathe both water and air but need to be submerged at least once every 24 hours to avoid dehydration, suffering one level of exhaustion.
- **Aesthete.** You have proficiency in the Perception and Performance skills.
- **Nematocysts.** You know the cantrip Poison Spray. Charisma is the spellcasting ability for this spell.
- **Languages.** You can speak, read, and write Common, Jetsam, and a polypoid dialect of Aquan.

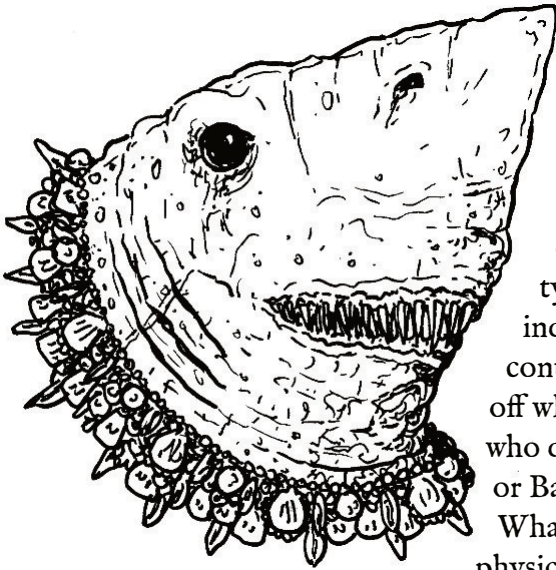
Ratfolk

A species of stowaways and former thieves, ratfolk have thrived in Jackburg, and now make up the largest segment of its population. Consummate survivors, they are spat upon and treated as vermin elsewhere in the world, but in Jackburg they have prospered, becoming business-owners and artisans, traders and bankers and craftsmen of every type. Defying stereotypes - that they are lazy, pestilential, or deceitful - ratfolk have proved themselves an industrious and clever folk, much given to invention, intricate planning, and the complexities of finance. While octopoids are still Jackburg's mercantile leaders, ratfolk have carved out a particular niche for themselves as bankers, and the city's biggest bank - The Tail & Whisker Holdings - is ratfolk-run; one of the city's High Navigators, Netch, is a ratfolk. Many others have become able searats, serving as sailors aboard Jackburg's numerous ships. Others still favour work in the Entrails, using their keen ratfolk senses to sniff out ambergris. Of course, there are some ratfolk who never outgrew their old habits. The thieves' guild known as the Mischief is composed entirely of ratfolk, operating out of the Coils.



- **Ability Score Increase.** Your Dexterity score increases by 2 and your Charisma score increases by 1.
- **Age.** Ratfolk mature quickly but also die quite early; adulthood is reached at around twelve years of age, and most ratfolk live till about fifty.
- **Alignment.** Most ratfolk tend towards Chaos more due to circumstance than some innate tendency, being marginalized in much of the world, but some in Jackburg itself favour Law.
- **Size.** Ratfolk are about 3 feet tall and weigh 30-50 lbs. Your size is Small.
- **Speed.** Your walking speed is 30 feet.
- **Darkvision.** You can see in dim light within 60 feet of you as if it were bright light, and darkness as if it were dim light. You can't discern color in darkness, only shades of grey.
- **Keen Senses.** You are proficient in the Perception skill and have advantage on Wisdom (Perception) checks involving strong scents.
- **Ratfolk Nimbleness.** You can move through the space of any creature that is of a size larger than yours.
- **Urban Sneak.** You have advantage on Dexterity (Stealth) checks to hide in urban terrain.
- **Languages.** You can speak, read, and write Common, Jetsam, and Undercommon.

Selachians



Though relatively rare in Jackburg, the city does host a handful of the creatures known as selachians, a species of shark-like quasi-humanoids sometimes called the “trolls of the deep.” Stereotyped as vicious raiders and “primitives,” selachians actually have a sophisticated culture based around hunting and martial contests. They typically form tribal schools of fifty to a hundred individuals: nomadic warrior-bands who roam the seas, taking contracts as they come from islanders and other merfolk, living off what they kill, and in some cases turning to piracy. Those who dwell in Jackburg are mostly solitary, living in the Grooves or Barnaclebank, taking odd jobs. Some work in the Whaleguard and as privateers for Jackburg, putting their physical strength to good use. One school of hammerhead selachians, the luridly named Bloodskulls, can be found in the Coils, serving the casino-owner and moneylender known as the Loan Shark. Physically, selachians resemble muscular humanoids with shark-like flesh, dorsal ridges, webbed digits, and the heads of monstrous sharks.

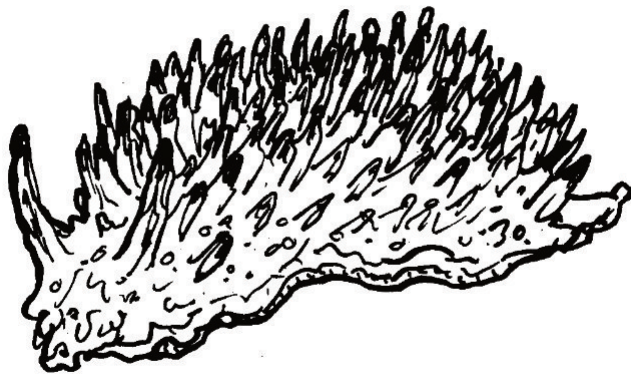
- **Ability Score Increase.** Your Strength score increases by 2 and your Wisdom score by 1.
- **Age.** Selachians mature quickly but can live for very long periods of time; they reach maturity at 8 years of age but can live well past 100.
- **Alignment.** Selachians tend towards the Chaotic alignments - always on the move, nomadic and unburdened by onerous rules or dogma.
- **Size.** Selachians stand between six and eight feet and weigh well over two hundred pounds. Your size is Medium.
- **Speed.** Your walking speed is 30 feet. You also have a swim speed of 30 feet.
- **Darkvision.** You can see in dim light within 60 feet of you as if it were bright light, and in darkness as if it were dim light. You can't discern colour in darkness, only shades of grey.
- **Bloodsense.** You are aware of any creatures within 100 feet who have less than full hit points.
- **Limited Amphibiousness.** You can breathe both water and air but need to be submerged at least once every 24 hours to avoid dehydration, suffering one level of exhaustion.
- **Teeth.** You can make unarmed attacks using your teeth, dealing 1d4 (plus Strength modifier) piercing damage.
- **Languages.** You can read, speak, and write Common and Jetsam. You can also speak a dialect of Sharktongue, which may or may not be intelligible to other schools.

Sirens

Slandered as malicious seductresses, the all-female species known as sirens are bird-women, much gifted in song and magic. While it is true that sirens are preternaturally attractive to many humanoids - male, female, epicene, or otherwise - and that their songs often contain potent enchantments, claims of their cannibal appetites and malevolence have been grossly exaggerated by scorned sailors the world over. In Jackburg, at least, such prejudices have greatly dwindled. Sirens live largely in the Outer Town district known as the Roost and play a vital role in Jackburg's aerial defense and reconnaissance forces, alongside its fleet of dirigibles and other aircraft. Sirens require humanoid males to reproduce and are known to cultivate polygamous harems of husbands and concubines who cohabitate on the ground floors of the siren spires that rise from Jack's back. Within Jackburg, a city renowned for its cosmopolitanism and permissive social mores, a handful of sirens have begun assuming different gendered roles than those typical for their kind, with some using alchemy and transmutation magic to change their bodies to reflect such new identities.



- **Ability Score Increase.** Your Charisma score increases by 2 and your Dexterity score increases by 1.
- **Age.** Sirens reach maturity around 20 years of age and can live up to 500 years, appearing quite young for most of this period.
- **Alignment.** Sirens tend towards Neutrality, attuned to the rhythms of the natural world.
- **Size.** Sirens are hollow-boned and very light, often under 100 lbs, and are generally between 5 and 6 feet in height. You are Medium size.
- **Speed.** Your walking speed is 30 feet. You also have a fly speed of 20 feet.
- **Charming Song.** You can cast Charm Person once; the spell recharges after a long rest. Charisma is the spellcasting ability for this spell.
- **Languages.** You can read, speak, and write Common, Jetsam, and Auran.



Undines



Water elementals, the oceanic undines are conjured from the depths, though they are also capable of reproduction themselves and have established true-breeding populations in Jackburg and elsewhere. Though they appear as humanoids with skins in shades of blue, grey, green, and black, with seaweed hair and voices like crashing waves, they can assume elemental form, turning to water. In ages past undines were enslaved by their conjurors, but after the Rising Tide Revolt seventy-five years ago - the violent overthrow of the elementalists who owned them, resulting in the drowning of dozens - they achieved emancipation. They now form the backbone of Jackburg's working class, turning waterwheels for power, serving water-breathing creatures as living air-suits, moving vessels and cargo, and otherwise helping the city run: without them, Jackburg would shut down overnight. Despite their emancipation, they are sometimes treated with disdain by some of the longer-lived species, and with a certain edge of fear by those who remember the chaos of the Rising Tide.

- **Ability Score Increase.** Your Constitution and Dexterity scores increase by 1.
- **Age.** Undines who are born rather than conjured reach maturity at roughly twelve years of age. Their lifespans are long - between 200 and 300 years - before they collapse back into elemental water permanently.
- **Alignment.** Undines long to be free and tend towards Chaos.
- **Size.** Undines vary in height, but approximate human heights and weights. You are Medium size.
- **Speed.** Your walking speed is 30 feet. You also have a swim speed of 40 feet.
- **Amphibious.** You can breathe both water and air.
- **Shape Water.** You know the Shape Water cantrip.
- **Watery Form.** You can turn your body into water. While in water form, you can move through any space water could flow through (as narrow as 1 inch) and are resistant to fire damage. While in this form, if you take cold damage then you partially freeze, and your speed is reduced by 20 feet until the end of your next turn. You are both humanoid and an elemental.
- **Languages.** You can read, speak, and write Common, Jetsam, and Aquan.

Urchins

Though a wealthy city, even Jackburg has an underclass, of a kind. The urchins are a beggar-species, albeit by choice as much as circumstance, and they seem content with their condition. Lacking the greed, ambition, and desire that animates so many others, urchins are happy to spend their days on the street, eating when hungry and sleeping when tired. Although they ask for coins to keep themselves fed, urchins do provide several services. Firstly, they will gladly eat trash, acting as convenient garbage-disposal, which is especially helpful in parts of the city lacking access to the Gutgardens. Secondly, they can provide a kind of minor protective ward, one that brings good luck and banishes bad, and so have a positive effect on the fortunes of all who pay. Finally, when they die, by tradition urchin bodies are consumed in a delicious funerary feast, prepared by their kin and served in the street to all gave to the urchin during its life; its kin have the uncanny ability to know who gave and who did not. In effect, then, giving to urchins is an investment in a future meal, one said to be sublimely delicious. Urchins appear as colourful humanoid with spiny heads, similar to a sea urchin. They are highly poisonous, and a small, eccentric handful have been known to make careers as deadly assassins, adventurers, or mercenaries.

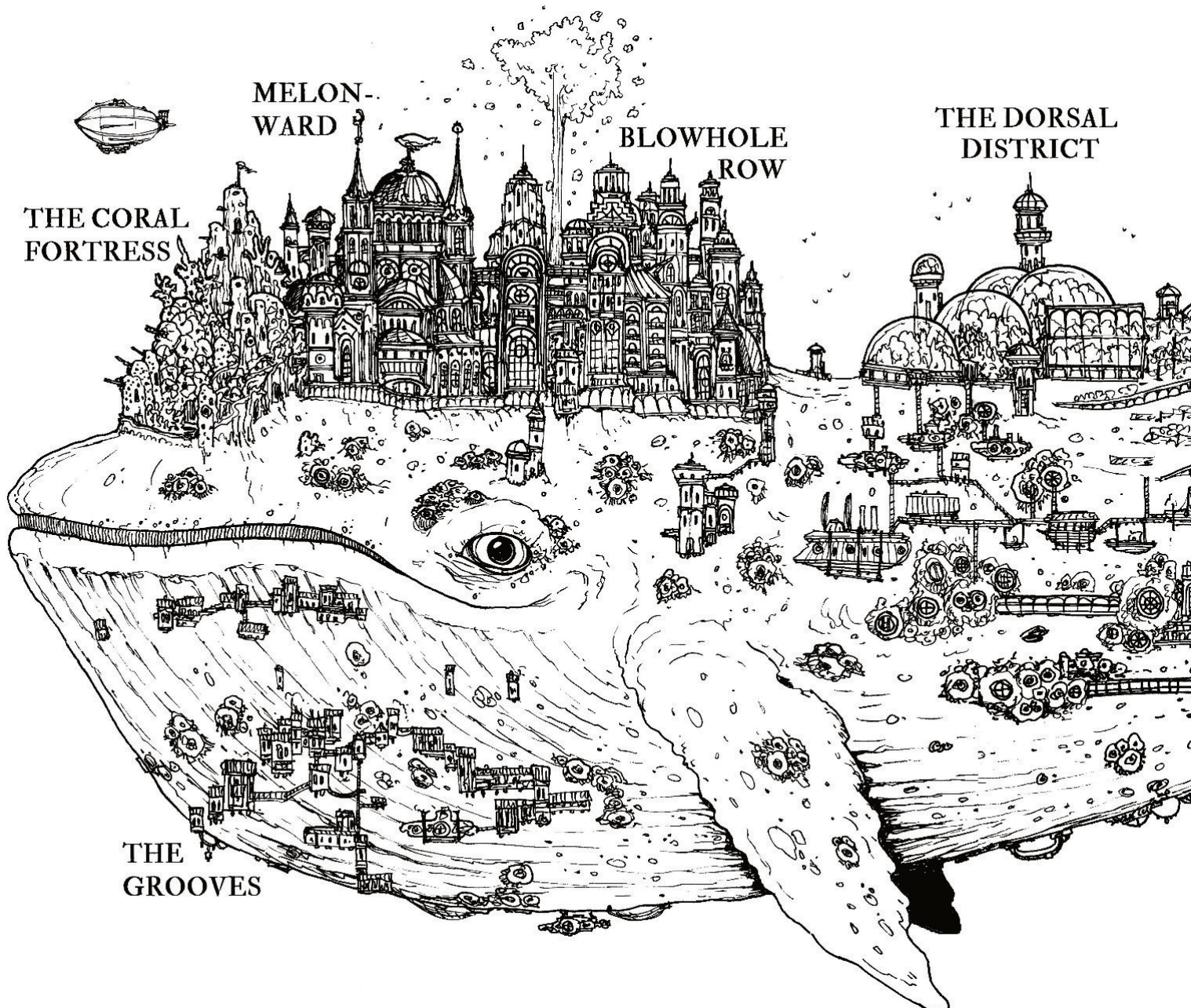


- **Ability Score Increase.** Your Constitution score increases by 2 and your Wisdom score increases by 1.
- **Age.** Urchins grow up fast, reaching adulthood at 1 year of age. They typically live 20-30 years.
- **Alignment.** Urchins tend towards Neutrality, caring little for the codes and laws of others, but also doing little to foment insurrection or change.
- **Size.** Urchins are quite small, rarely more than 4 feet in height. You are Small in size.
- **Speed.** Your walking speed is 25 feet and you have a swim speed of 30 feet.
- **Limited Amphibiousness.** You can breathe both water and air but need to be submerged at least once every 24 hours to avoid dehydration, suffering one level of exhaustion.
- **Lucky.** When you roll a 1 on an attack roll, ability check, or saving throw, you can reroll the die. You must use the new result, even if it is a 1.
- **Minor Blessing.** You know the cantrip Guidance.
- **Poisoned Barbs.** A creature that grapples with you takes 1d4 piercing damage at the end of its turn so long as the grapple is maintained and must make a Constitution saving throw of DC 11 or gain the poisoned condition for 1 minute.
- **Languages.** You can read, speak, and write Common and Jetsam and can speak Spinespeech, the Urchin tongue.

Districts

There are two halves of Jackburg: Outer and Inner. Outer Jackburg, or the “Outer Town,” consists of those districts exterior to Jack, exposed to sea and air, while Inner Jackburg, or the “Inner Town,” consists of the city within Jacks’ several stomachs. The latter came first, growing out of the settlements of shipwrecked sailors swallowed by Jack, but they eventually spread their habitations to the rest of his body.

In the following guide, each district of Jackburg is briefly described, followed by some brief encounters a DM might place in the district, as well as locations of particular note.



Outer Jackburg

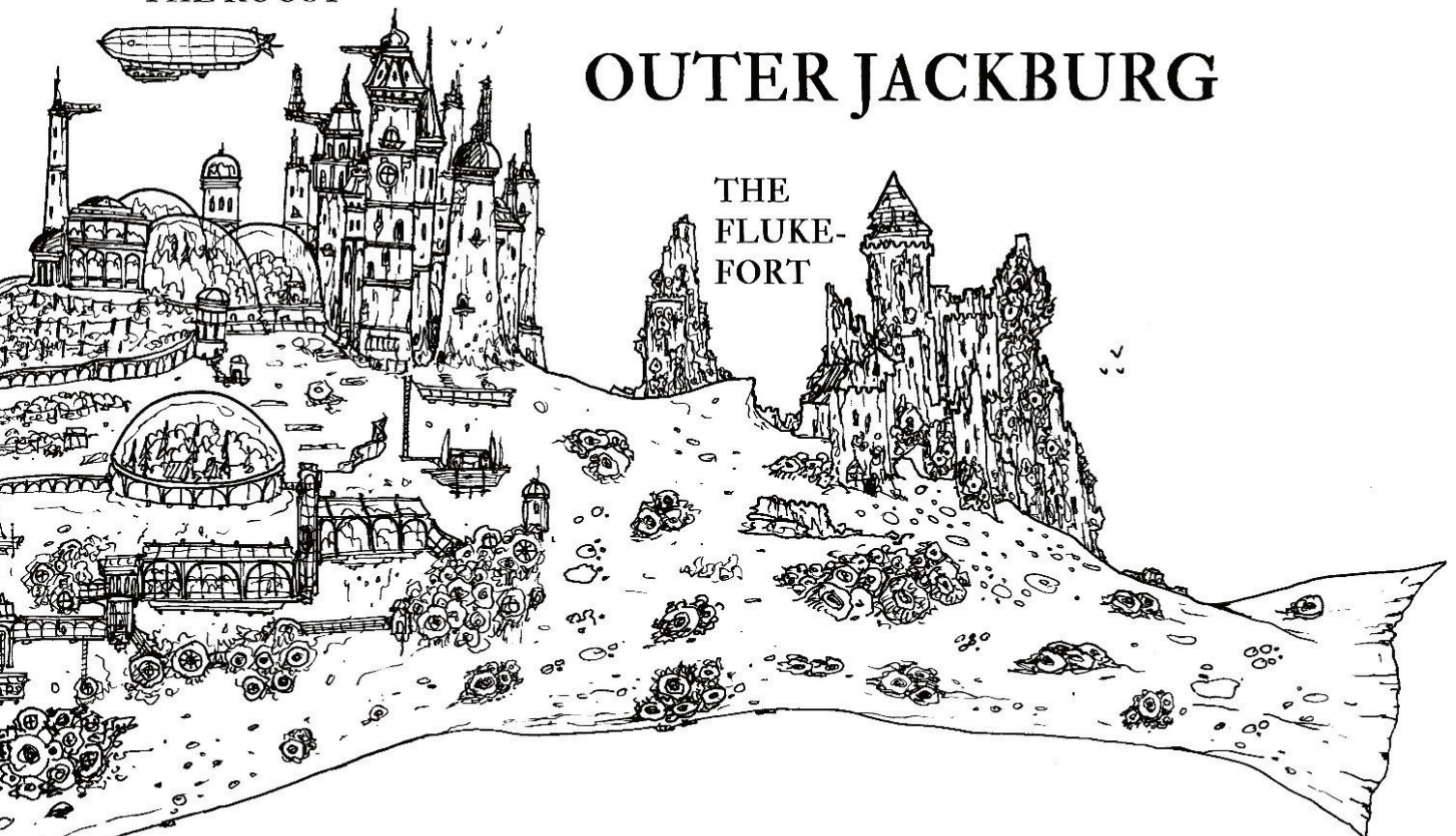
Structures in Outer Jackburg or the “Outer Town” can mostly be sealed tight, so that Jack can submerge without flooding them, although those found in the Grooves and in some parts of the Dorsal District are open, the abodes of various aquatic or amphibious citizens.

Only about a quarter of Jack’s citizens live in the Outer Town, as most of its structures are dedicated to defense, agriculture, shipbuilding, dockyards, and communing with Gentle Jack himself via the inner sanctum of the Cathedral in Melonward.

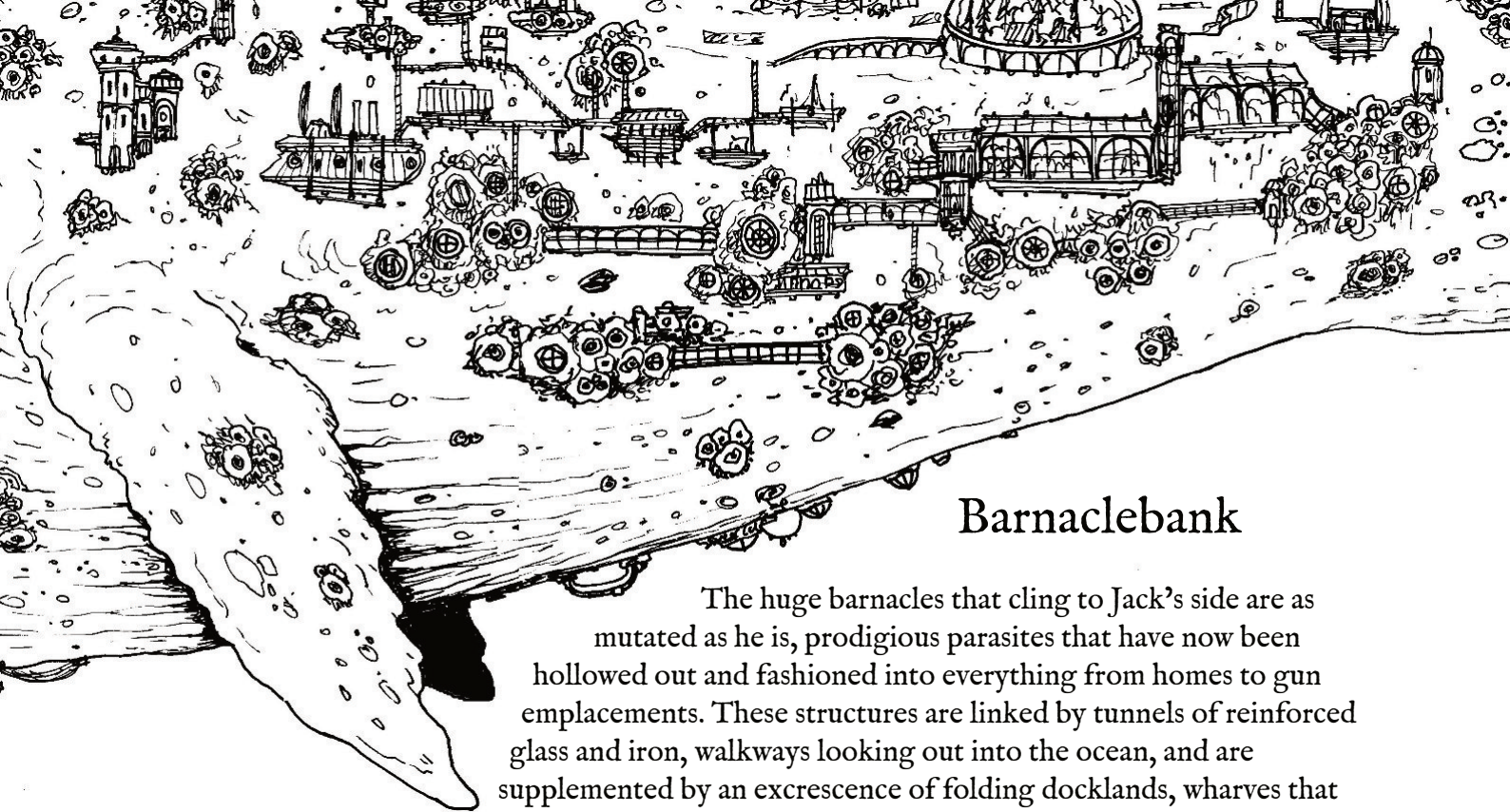
THE ROOST

OUTER JACKBURG

THE FLUKE-FORT



BARNACLEBANK



Barnaclebank

The huge barnacles that cling to Jack's side are as mutated as he is, prodigious parasites that have now been hollowed out and fashioned into everything from homes to gun emplacements. These structures are linked by tunnels of reinforced glass and iron, walkways looking out into the ocean, and are supplemented by an excrescence of folding docklands, wharves that extend from Genial Jack's flanks when he is still, and which can retract to avoid being swept away when he is moving at speed. The barnacles themselves have been intricately carved and reshaped, sometimes for decoration, sometimes for utility with the addition of portholes, cannons, harpoons, or torpedo bays.

Encounters

- **Cracked Porthole:** A porthole has cracked, and water is flooding Barnaclebank! Unless the crack is mended or patched, water will swiftly fill an entire level of the district before the Whaleguard seal it. A Strength saving throw of DC 10 is required to avoid being swept along the current and battered for 1d4 bludgeoning damage, and a Strength (Athletics) check of DC 15 is required to reach the crack.
- **Mysterious Pearl:** Fisherfolk at the docks have discovered an enormous crimson pearl amongst their catch. It glows with a sinister light. The pearl is (roll 1d4): (1) a merfolk lich's phylactery; (2) a prison for a sea-demon; (3) a portal to a Pseudo-Elemental Plane of Blood which opens when the pearl is shattered; or (4) a resurrection stone which, if put in place of a corpse's heart, revives the individual as per raise dead.

Locations

- **The Barnaclebank Fish Market:** A bustling fish market operates on Jack's starboard flank when the docks are extended, with the freshest fish in Jackburg available for purchase - as well as any stranger creatures snared by the nets of the fisherfolk.
- **Sea Star Saloon:** This drinking hole occupies the inside of a single, huge barnacle-shell, with several levels facing a central bar. Run by Astrum - a creature whose lower body resembles a gigantic starfish and whose upper body is human, possibly as a result of some magical accident - the bar caters to off-duty Whaleguard officers and fishermen returning with a catch.

Blowhole Row

The dense ring of Blowhole Row consists of a series of residential and commercial spires, domes, and blocks, all linked by an intricate lattice of tubes and airtight walkways forming ingenious submersible streets. The tallest towers of the Row cluster near the great blowhole itself, which regularly releases great blasts of spray. The Row is a fairly middle-class district - neither as opulent as the ancient ship-cum-manor-houses of Queen's Corner or the dangling palaces of Mawtown, nor as rickety as the acid-eaten houses of Finfookaheim. Still, it is the preferred residential district for those land-dwelling denizens of Jackburg who dislike the sustained gloom and close quarters of the Inner Town.



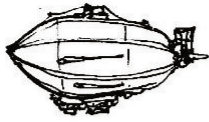
Encounters

- **Selachian Enforcers:** A trio of burly hammer-headed Selachians - Bloodskulls, as they call themselves - linger in Blowhole Row looking to collect a debt for the Loan Shark incurred by one Geoffrey Crisp, rodent-at-law, a genteel ratfolk lawyer and duelist who lives in a six-storey town-spire at the edge of Melonward. A gambling addict, Geoffrey owes several thousand gold doubloons to the Loan Shark, and the Bloodskulls are past the point of asking nicely - they're planning on kidnapping him as soon as he leaves his home.
- **Stowaway:** Posters on the sides of glass corridors and within the lobbies of buildings notify citizens of Jackburg and paying visitors of a stowaway - a human woman, dark-haired, with a scar running along her jaw. There is a 100-doubloon reward for her apprehension.

Locations

- **Jackburg University:** The only institute of higher learning in Jackburg, Jackburg University consists of a single tall, compact spire with numerous cupolas and turrets budding off its central bulk. Here, everything from natural philosophy to metaphysics to music to geography to magical theory is taught to any citizen of Jackburg, the University being funded by taxes collected from every vessel and business in the city. The University also contains a gigantic library with books in thousands of languages, an eclectic trove of knowledge accrued through Jack's voyages.
- **Snort!:** A trendy upscale bar atop one of the spires of Blowhole Row, Snort! offers an exemplary view of Jack's blowhole itself. By tradition, any time Jack expels air through the hole, everyone in the bar must finish their drink - a tradition, perhaps unsurprisingly, encouraged by the proprietor, the retired privateer Andromeda Felch, formerly known as Captain Moonbeard for her long, braided, silvery-white beard.

The Coral Fortress



The first thing most see of the Outer Town is the Coral Fortress, grown carefully into a fearsome keep bristling with canonry and torpedoes. Munitions are stored here, away from Jack's hide in case of accidental detonations, although the fearsome whale's skin is so thick that cannonballs feel like mosquito bites. Brigs and military headquarters for the organization of the city's defense and police forces, the Whaleguard, can also be found here.



Encounters

- **Escape!:** A prisoner - alleged to be a member of the Pincers, a thief and smuggler of contraband - has managed to get free of the Brig and is on the run through Coral Fortress, Whaleguard in his wake.
- **Running the Gauntlet:** Although civilian justice in Jackburg is relatively benign by most standards, things are different in the Whaleguard. Three officers of the Whaleguard found drunk on duty are being made to "run the gauntlet": to sprint down a narrow hall in the Coral Fortress, one lined with vicious coral spikes. At either end of the hall, their superiors wait with a cat o' nine tails, to give them a good lash; they must repeat the bloody humiliation four times.
- **Whaleguard Dispute:** Two midshipmen - Dimitri and Lionel, the former human, the latter ratfolk- are having a quarrel in a corridor that threatens to come to blows. Dimitri is the son of Navigators while Lionel is an orphan from Flotsamville; the latter insulted the family of the former, but only after he overheard Dimitri claiming that ratfolk should be excluded from the Whaleguard due to their poor strength and hygiene - particularly their propensity for fleas.

Locations

- **The Brig:** Outer Jackburg's principal gaol can be found in the Coral Fortress: a series of small cells, as strangely beautiful as the rest of the fortress, where lawbreakers are kept pending trial within Jack's main stomach.
- **The Whaleguard Headquarters:** The Whaleguard Headquarters is located in the Fortress, including barracks, armouries, laundries, mess halls, training rooms, and officers' quarters.
- **Polypoid Elders:** A hundred "retired" polypoid elders, many hundreds of years old, have grown themselves into a permanent structure at the Coral Fortress's heart. While not an official part of Jackburg's government, they are often consulted on decisions given their long memories.

The Dorsal District

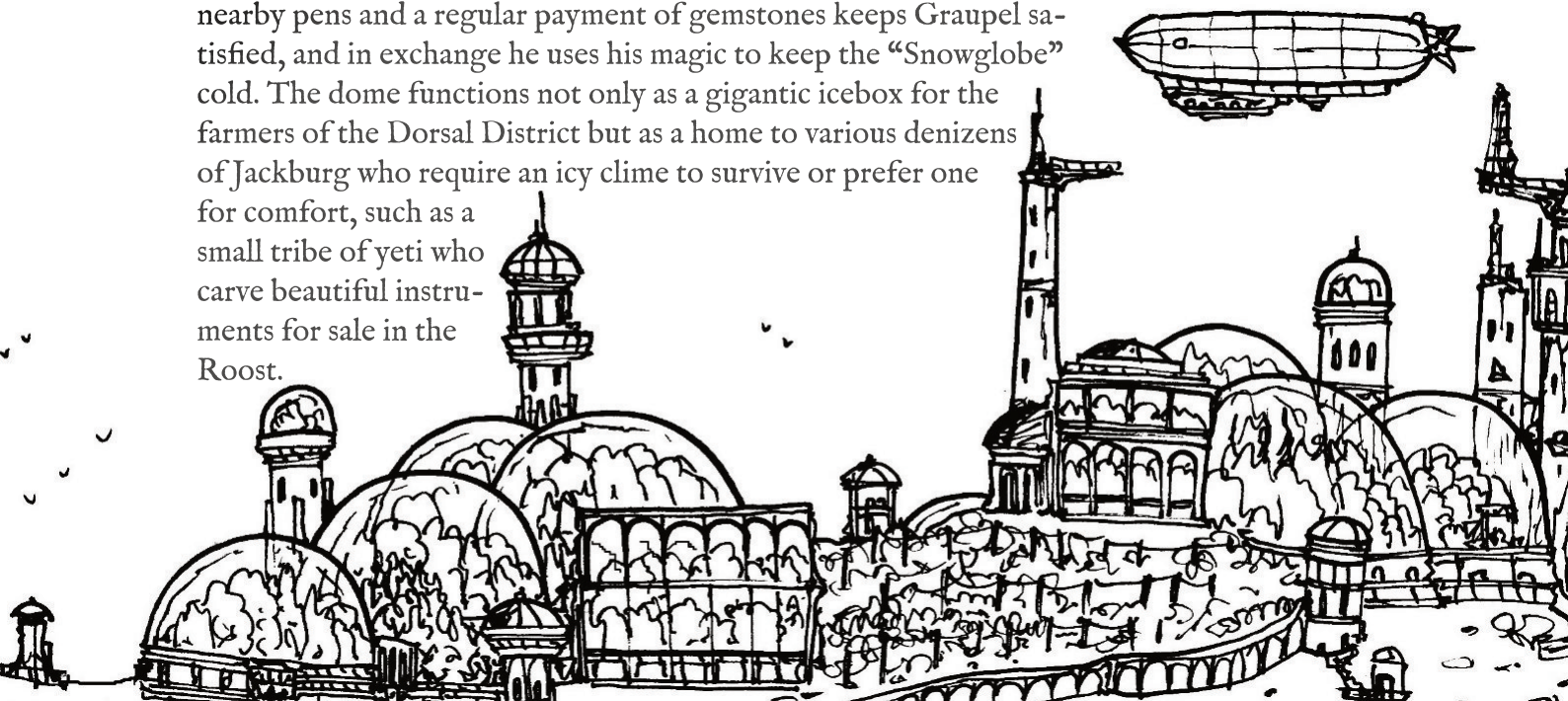
The Dorsal District is the centre of food production for Jackburg. Apart from the vast seaweed fields that teem along Jack's back, there are huge cages of crabs and lobsters, farms for mussels and shrimp, even greenhouses where fruits and vegetables are grown, and pens where livestock native to solid earth can be nurtured and then slaughtered for meat. Here also are hundreds of fishing vessels, carefully docked when Jack submerges, as well as enormous nets which can be deployed to trail behind the Godwhale to gather fish. Most of the labourers here are driftwood golems, undines, or karkinoi, although polypoids can sometimes be found amongst them, or humans, ratfolk, and goblins in specialized suits (when Jack is submerged).

Encounters

- **Loose Magical Beasts:** A herd of catoblepas - wildebeest-like animals with petrifying breath - have escaped from the Jackburg Zoo, along with a mating pair of very confused bearsharks, who quickly make for the kelp forests, and a girffahydra, currently with six hungry heads. The zoo will offer 50 gold doubloons for the return of each of the twenty catoblepas, 100 for each of the bearsharks, and 250 for the giraffahydra. In the meantime, however, the petrifying breath of the catoblepas is turning passersby to stone!

Locations

- **The Jackburg Zoo:** Filled with a collection of bizarre magical beasts from across the world, the Jackburg Zoo is a major tourist attraction - a domed, manicured park with numerous warded pens, filled with everything from half-arachnid monkey-spiders from the Cobwebbed Jungles to shaggy riddlesheep from the Rhyming Realm to adorable domestic manticores from the Inscrutable Lands.
- **The Snowglobe:** This sealed dome contains a perpetual, miniature winter, sustained by the efforts of a beneficent white dragon called Graupel who Jack rescued after his iceberg home nearly sank beneath the waves. Though white dragons are often violent, malicious creatures, a steady diet of cattle from the nearby pens and a regular payment of gemstones keeps Graupel satisfied, and in exchange he uses his magic to keep the "Snowglobe" cold. The dome functions not only as a gigantic icebox for the farmers of the Dorsal District but as a home to various denizens of Jackburg who require an icy clime to survive or prefer one for comfort, such as a small tribe of yeti who carve beautiful instruments for sale in the Roost.



The Flukefort

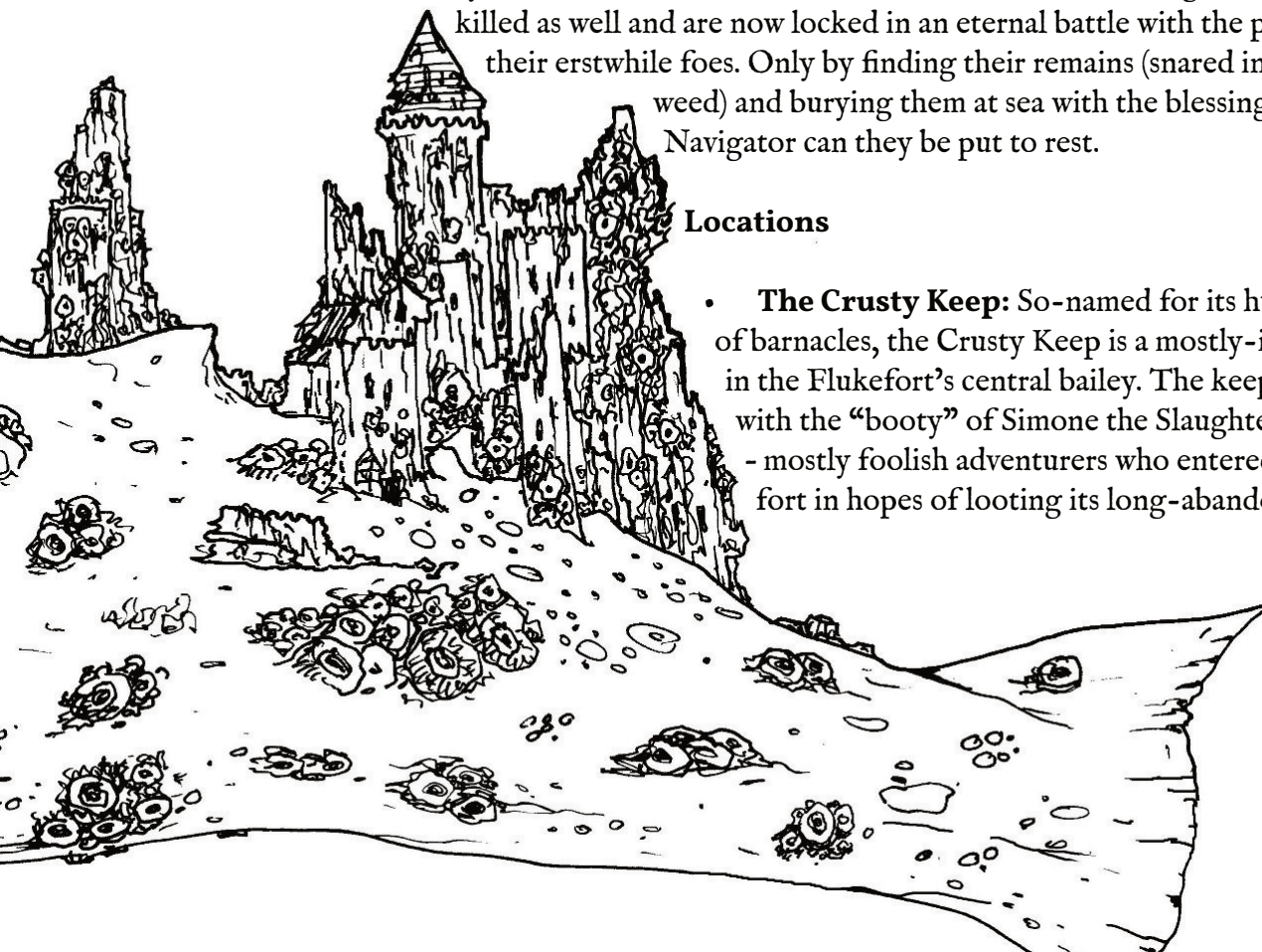
The ancient castle of Flukefort is now largely abandoned, the fortress having fallen into disrepair. While occasionally the Whaleguard have been known to occupy certain of its towers in times of need, the fort is haunted by the ghost of Simone the Slaughterer, Pirate Queen of the Sea of Susurrations, and her murderous crew. The band of vicious corsairs, renowned for their reckless daring, total lack of mercy, and terrifying combat ability, had been preying on Jackburg's merchant vessels, until the Whaleguard managed to bring them in, seizing Simone's ship - the Queen of Carnage, now one of the four Queens of Queen's Corners - and imprisoning the pirates in the dungeons of the Flukefort. Simone led a daring escape but was slain in the attempt, along with the rest of her motley crew. Ever since, their spirits have stalked the halls, their spectral shanties echoing through the broken fortress.

Encounters

- **Strangleweed:** This innocuous-seeming green-grey weed grows profusely throughout the Flukefort; a seemingly mundane seaweed, it can be identified with a DC 15 Intelligence (Nature) check as strangleweed, the nautical version of an assassin's vine, capable of lashing passing swimmers or fish, constricting them to death, and feeding on the remains.
- **Spectral Pirates:** Simone's bloodthirsty corsairs haunt the Flukefort and are quick to harass any intruders - possessing their bodies, flooding the halls with blood, dropping masonry on them, and similar larks. When they appear, their wounds horribly visible, they are typically heralded by a rousing round of macabre, piratical singing.
- **Spectral Whaleguard:** The pirates of Simone the Slaughterer weren't the only souls to be slain in the Flukefort. A handful of Whaleguard officers were killed as well and are now locked in an eternal battle with the phantoms of their erstwhile foes. Only by finding their remains (snared in strangleweed) and burying them at sea with the blessing of a Navigator can they be put to rest.

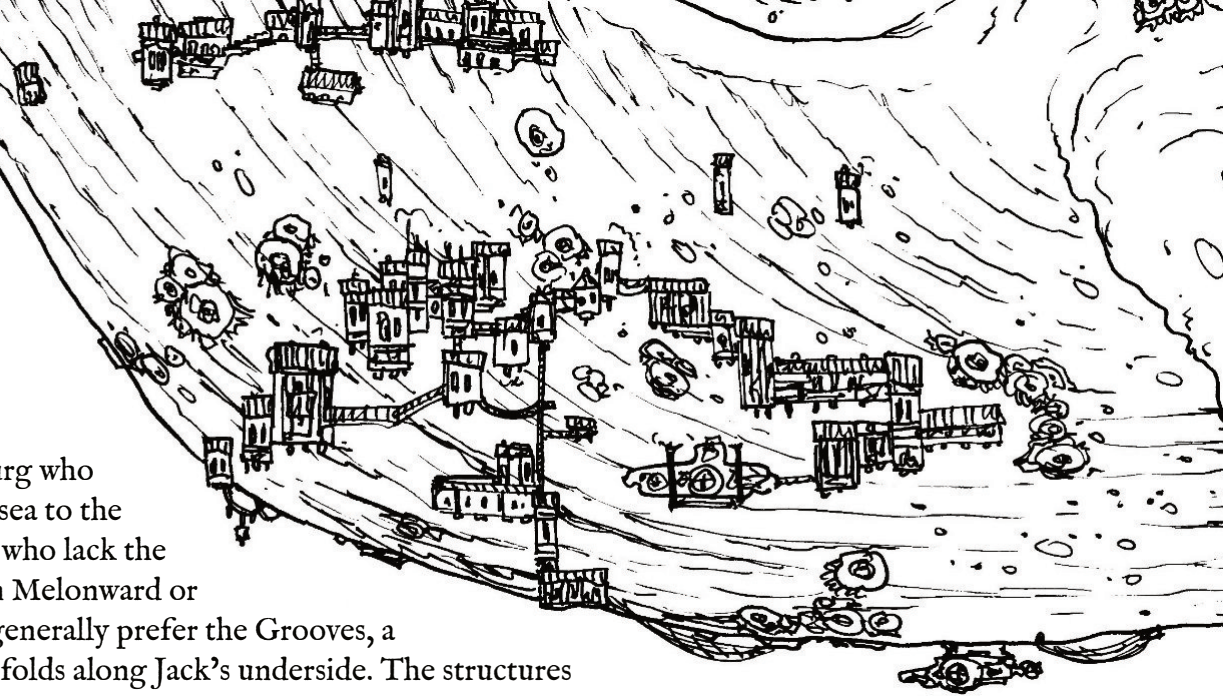
Locations

- **The Crusty Keep:** So-named for its huge coating of barnacles, the Crusty Keep is a mostly-intact tower in the Flukefort's central bailey. The keep is filled with the "booty" of Simone the Slaughterer's victims - mostly foolish adventurers who entered the Flukefort in hopes of looting its long-abandoned halls.



The Grooves

Those of Jackburg who prefer the open sea to the Inner Town but who lack the funds to dwell in Melonward or Blowhole Row generally prefer the Grooves, a series of narrow folds along Jack's underside. The structures here, unlike the sealed, watertight buildings atop the whale, are open to the sea; only in conditions of war or extreme pressure will the denizens of this district evacuate to a sealed location. Due to its aqueous, almost constantly submerged nature, all of the folk here are of the merfolk races: urchins, karkinoi, polypoids, down-on-their-luck octopoids, and undines. The Grooves is mostly a working-class residential district, but also has a deserved reputation as crime-ridden, with the criminal syndicate known as the Pincers operating out of the neighbourhood.



Encounters

- **Jacksblood Dealer:** A shadowy jellyfolk who calls herself Octavia of the Disenchanted Bloom sells phials of Jacksblood - blood drawn illegally from the Godwhale himself - for 100 gold doubloons a dose. Consuming Jacksblood is grounds for exile from Jackburg, but it endows the user with 20 Strength and Constitution for 1 hour.
- **Street Toughs:** Half a dozen street toughs - karkinoi, selachians, a polypoid knife-fighter - corner any party of smaller size with obvious valuables and demand some of the aforementioned. They're in the pay of the Pincers.
- **Watchturtles:** Whaleguard Watchturtles - submersible outposts built on the backs of gigantic sea turtles, bristling with harpoon - make a periodic patrol of the Grooves, on the watch for smuggling and other criminal activity.

Locations

- **The Pincers' Palace:** This sprawling, ramshackle "mansion" made from bits of driftwood serves as the headquarters of the Pincers, the karkinoi-led criminal organization ruled by the brutal crabfolk crime-boss Snag. Stolen goods are kept in watertight safes in the depths of the structure, while in the outer chambers, Pincer high-ups carouse with crustacean courtesans. Ruthless selachian and karkinoi guards patrol the exterior of the Palace.
- **The Sea Slug Tavern:** Various merfolk suck liquor from stoppered conch-shell cups in this shady drinking hole, a den of iniquity where karkinoi have nightly fights before avid crowds. Rumour has that the place is also a smuggler's den, with hidden backrooms for holding contraband.

Melonward



The religious district, Melonward is centred around the Cathedral of Genial Jack, a temple built atop its god, where the Navigators commune with their vessel and deity. They are decidedly henotheistic in Jackburg, however, and many other shrines and temples can be found in Melonward. The people who walk the streets of Melonward are generally uniformed, either in the stylized captain's garb - complete with tricorn hats - that mark the Navigators, or in the white-and-crimson military uniforms of Jack's Whaleguard navy.

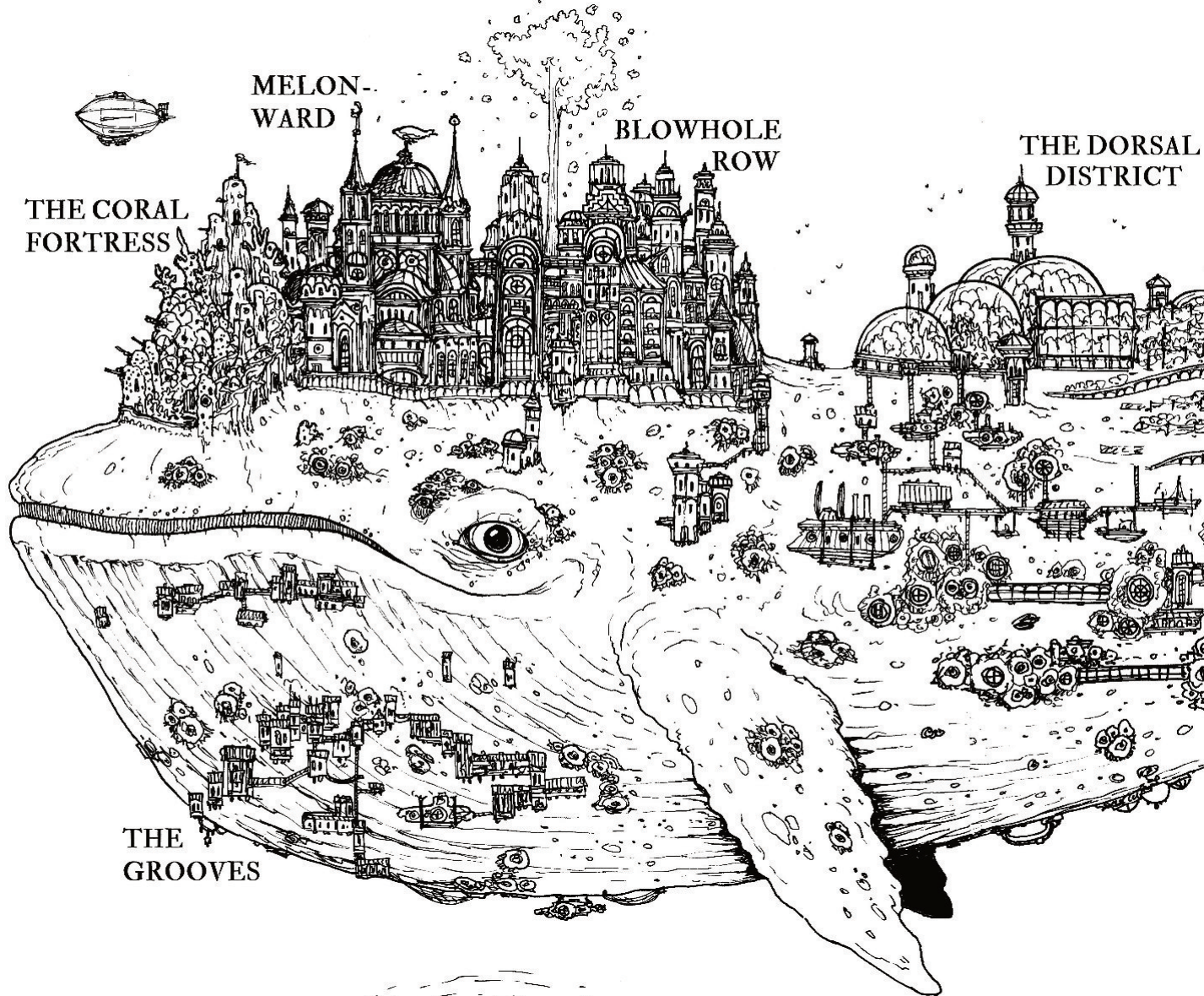
Encounters

- **Blessings of the Sharkfather:** A shiver of Selachian cleric offers blessings of the Sharkfather, Lord of the Deep, the Many-Toothed God, to any who donates 1 hp of blood, which will be literally poured down the serrated ceremonial gullet of the

deity in his shrine. Those who forfeit some of their blood in this way are granted the Sharkfather's blessing for 24 hours (roll 1d4): (1) rows of sharp teeth temporarily grow in their mouth, granting them a 1d6 piercing damage natural weapon; (2) they sprout fins and gills, giving them a swim speed of 30 feet and water breathing; (3) advantage on Wisdom (Survival) checks to track by scent; (4) ability to speak Sharktongue and to speak with sharks.

Locations

- **The Cathedral of Genial Jack:** Headquarters of the ecclesiastical caste known as the Navigators - trained since childhood to hone their minds so that they can commune with Jack himself - the Cathedral of Genial Jack is a vast, ornate structure with intricate stained-glass portholes and a grand hall where various Saints of Jack are honoured - heroes who have been canonized by the Navigators within Jack's memories, permanently imprinted in the mind of the Godwhale. In the Inner Sanctum of the Cathedral is a chamber where the floor is bare, exposed directly to Jack's flesh, specifically over his brain; here the Navigators enter the psychic trance needed to communicate with Jack himself.
- **The Shrine of the Sharkfather:** Formed from the discarded teeth of countless Selachians, the glistening dental Shrine of the Sharkfather hunkers in the shadow of Jack's Cathedral, a war-like rival to the living demigod of peace and coexistence; the Sharkfather's clerics hold that might makes right, that the strong should not be bound by the stultifying social norms of "schooling fish," and that an aristocratic morality of radical, libertine individualism must triumph over the collective morality exemplified by Jack's example. Despite the open hostility of the Sharkfather's followers to Jack's benevolent message, the presence of his Shrine is openly tolerated and even embraced by Jackburghers, freedom of religion being one of several paramount rights guaranteed to all in Jackburg.



THE CORAL
FORTRESS

MELON-
WARD

BLOWHOLE
ROW

THE DORSAL
DISTRICT

THE
GROOVES

TO MAWTOWN

INNER

THE MAIN STOMACH
BELLYBOROUGH

THE
FORE-
STOMACH

FLOTSAM-
VILLE

THE COILS

THE
BORBORYGMUS
BAZAAR

THE GUTGARDENS

THE ROOST

OUTER JACKBURG

THE
FLUKE-
FORT

BARNACLEBANK

GENIAL JACK

JACKBURG

FINFOLKAHEEM

DRAUG-
TWIST

THE
PYLORIC
STOMACH

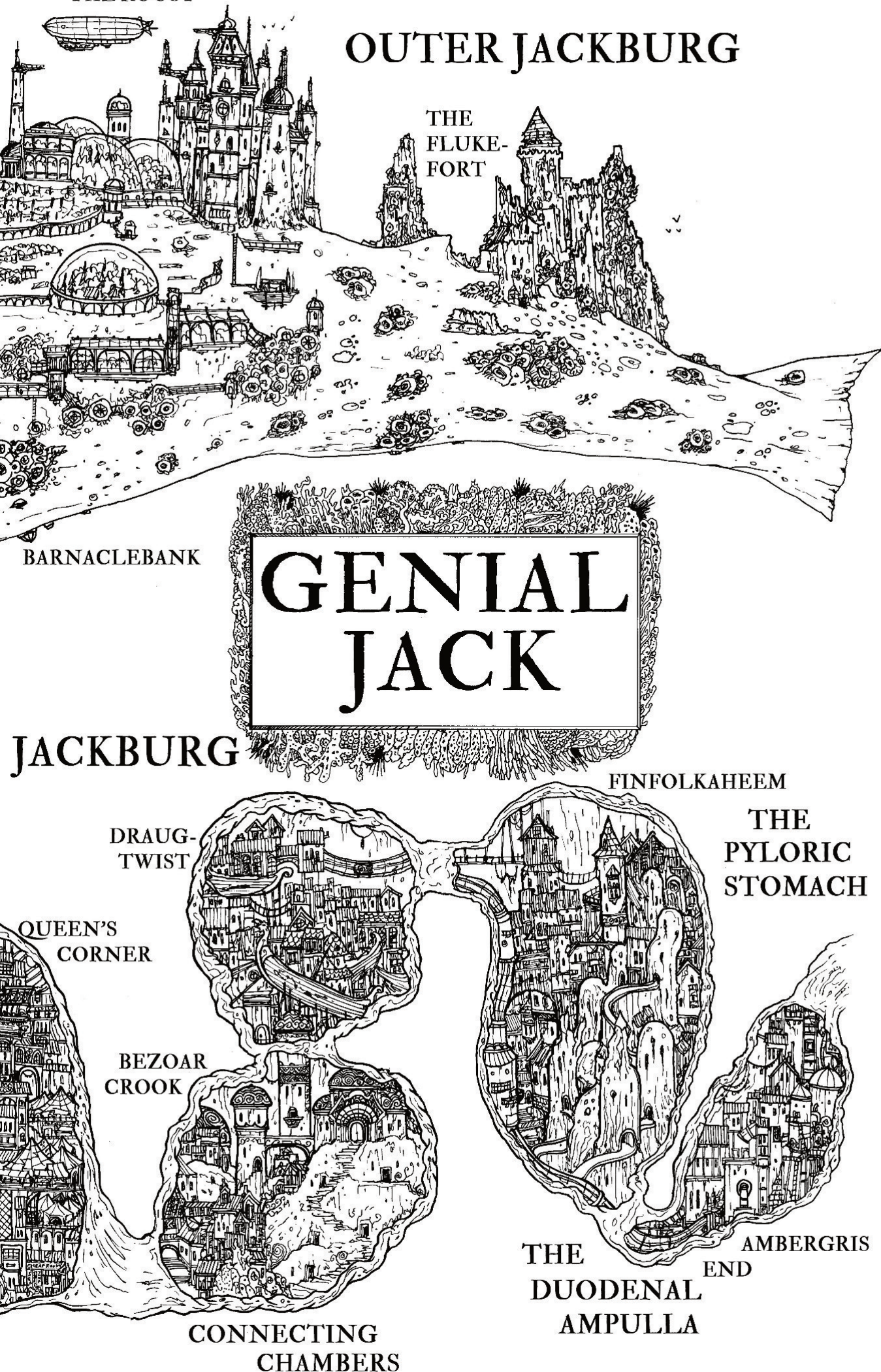
QUEEN'S
CORNER

BEZOAR
CROOK

THE
DUODENAL
AMPULLA

AMBERGRIS
END

CONNECTING
CHAMBERS



Slang

anchorbrained - stubborn (also “anchorbrains,” a stubborn person)
barnacle - old person, especially a mean one, stubbornly clinging to life
barnacled - old
berth - home
blunderbuss - a wide-hipped and/or feisty woman of any species
breath - life, spirit
briny - crazy (a reference to drinking seawater)
cannonballs - chutzpah, testicles
cuttled - robbed expertly (a reference to the Cuttlethieves)
crab-eaten - dead
dry - true, straight, honest, as in “was he dry, or was that eelish bastard lying?”
eelish - cunning, predatory, opportunistic
fin - blade, especially a small or discrete one
fish - idiot, conformist, fool
gribble - annoying person
gull - scavenger, especially a maritime scavenger
hagfaced - ugly
muzzle - bawdy term for female genitals
nacre - cash
nacred - rich
nav - Navigator
pincers - fingers (“mind your pincers!”); also, the smuggling organization known as the Pincers
piranha - ruthless, bloodthirsty individual, especially one of a group
powder - verve, energy
salty - wise, experienced
scales - armour
scaly - well protected
school - crew or gang
sharkshit - cowardly
shell - protect, guard, hole up
squiddist - a magic-user (a reference to squid ink and grimoires)
squidscrawl - writing
starfish - a harlot
stormy - angry, irritable
sunken - hidden or concealed; also, forgotten

The Roost

High on Jack's back are the spires known as the Roost, home to the city's siren population and other avians and flying peoples. Stairs and ramps are rare here, as many who live in the Roost can fly; balconies and landings are more common than doors. On the ground floors of the Roost's towers, however, can sometimes be found enclaves of multifarious non-flying humanoids - the mates of sirens, at times organized into formal harems, often tending to siren young. In addition to aerial residences, the Roost includes shops selling various musical instruments, as well as numerous music halls, as sirens are famously gifted in song and music, capable of singing spells into existence.



Encounters

- **Hypnotized Passengers:** A handful of passengers - non-citizens of Jack-burg who have booked passage - have been hypnotized by the alluring voices of an oblivious siren named Thelxinoe. Several of them have been so ensnared by the beauty of her song that they have taken to squabbling among themselves, would-be suitors incensed to jealousy. If no one intervenes, blood will soon be spilled by these unintentionally enchanted tourists.

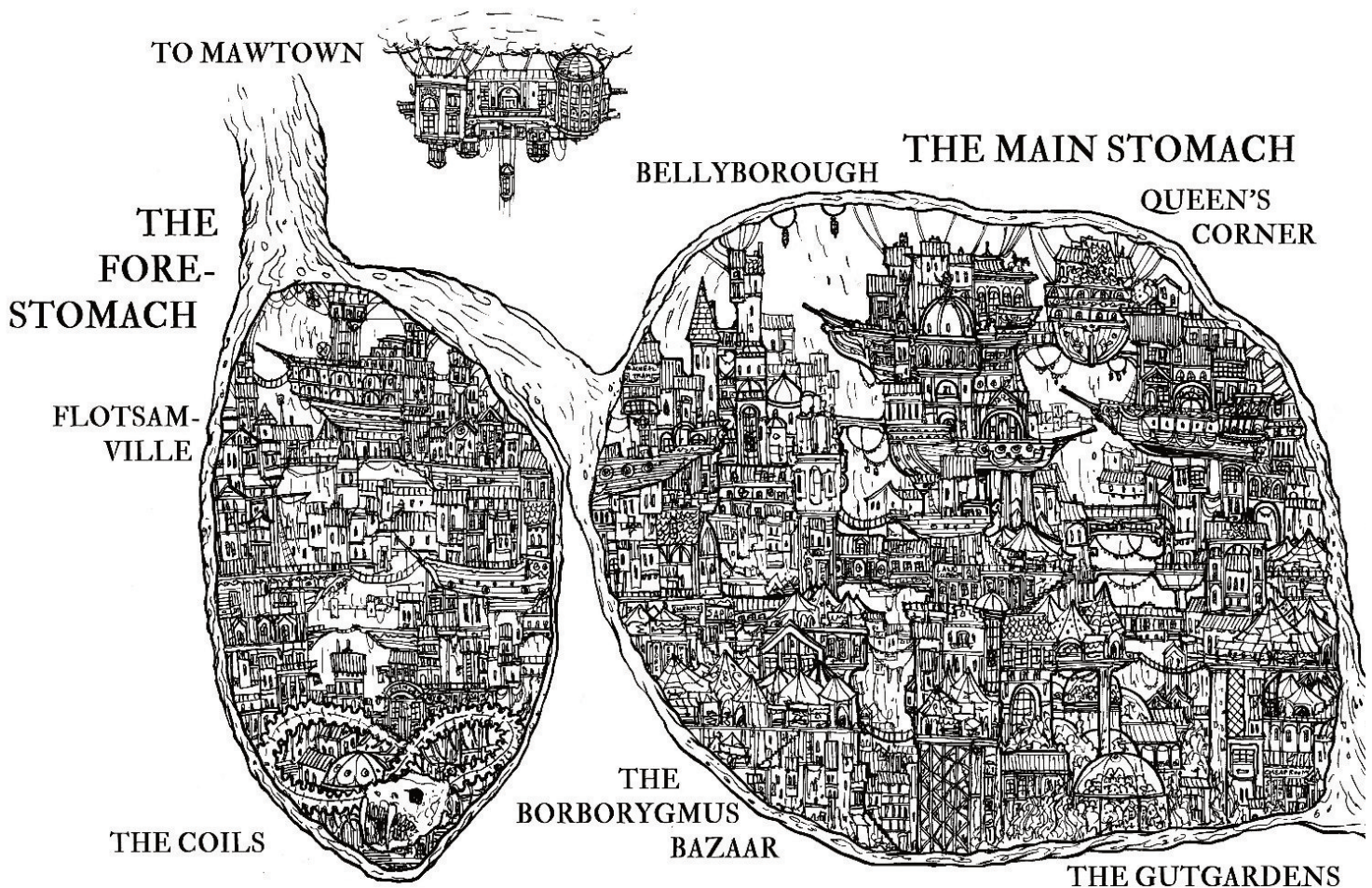
Locations

- **The Harpy's Nest Commune:** A number of sirens, dissatisfied with the typical social structures of their kind, have rejected the traditional harem and chosen instead to live in common with one another; such transgressors have been dubbed "harpies" by more conservative sirens, a moniker which has been reclaimed by the jaunty collectivists of the Harpy's Nest Commune.
- **The Lambent Dancehall:** The social centre of the Roost, the Lambent is a huge dancehall named for its numerous lamps gathered from throughout the known world, and the warm glow which always fills its many chambers. Music fills the air at all times of day or night in the Lambent, and the establishment serves as a meeting-place for the siren community.
- **Periscopes:** Several towers in the Roost sport enormous collapsing periscopes which can be extended high above Jack, allowing Jackburg to ascertain conditions on the surface before Jack surfaces.
- **Sky-Docks:** At the top of several spires in the Roost are extensive sky-docks at which airships can tether themselves and refuel. When Jack is submerged but near the surface, these spires can still protrude from the water, allowing dirigibles to briefly flit down to the water before returning to the sky.

Inner Jackburg

The Inner Town is a bizarre marvel of engineering. Teams of Gutgardeners ensure that Jack's digestive needs are still being met, keeping a steady diet of krill, fish, and other food coursing through canals and specialized tubes through the whale's stomach chambers, and employing various mechanical and magical processes to mimic Jack's natural digestive functions where construction would otherwise hinder them.

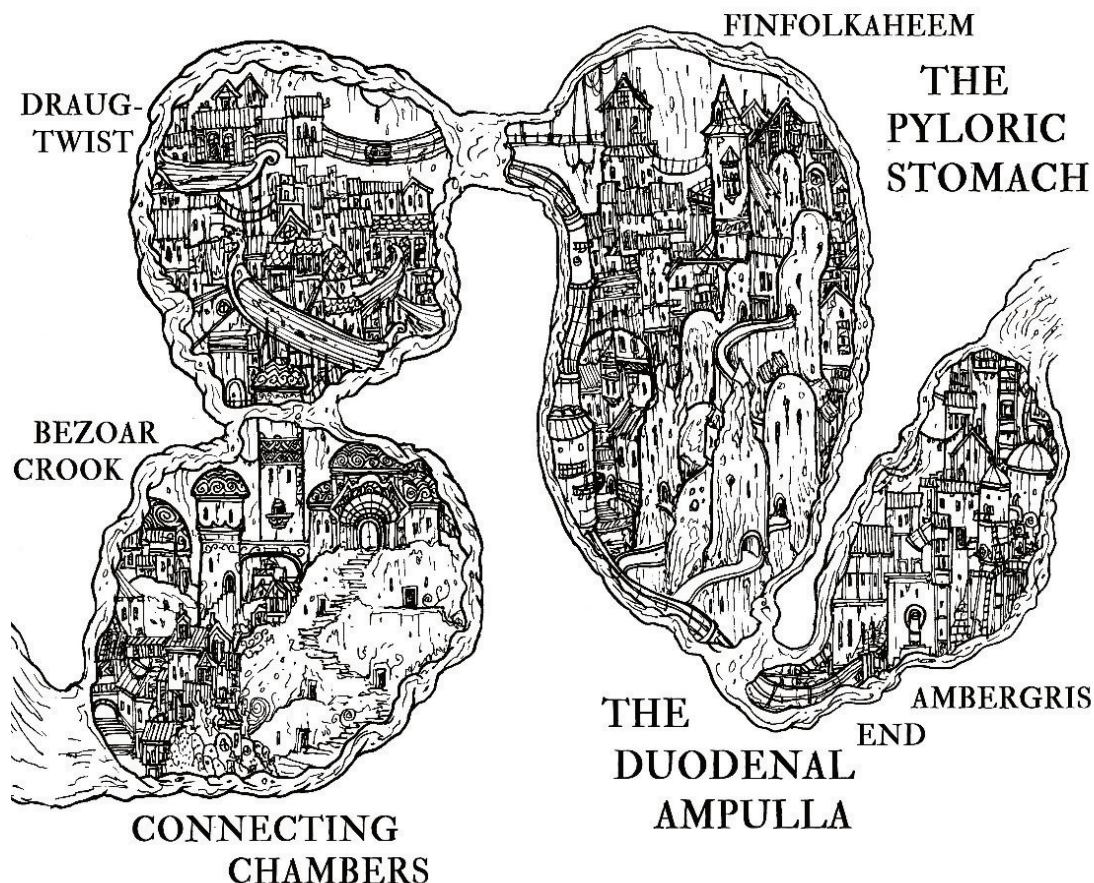
The first thing one notices upon entering Inner Jackburg is the smell or, rather, the smells. The space within Jack's stomachs stinks unspeakably, a mixture of the sea, sewage, dead fish, smoke, ale, rum, sweat from dozens of species, livestock, cooking meat, candlewax, kelp, bile, rust, and damp wood. Partially masking these many reeks are perfumes, censers of incense and musk dangling from the eaves of buildings.



The effect is dizzying, and a few helpful Whaleguard near the tram exit stand with buckets for those that need to retch, but after a few minutes most acclimate. The folk of Jackburg barely notice the smell.

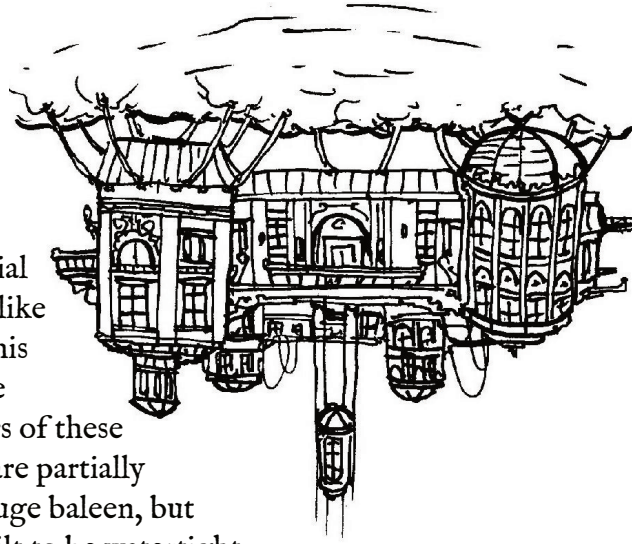
- **The Stink:** Visitors entering Flotsamville must succeed at a DC 10 Constitution saving throw or be poisoned for 1 hour due to the absolutely overwhelming stench within.

Note: Fire spells, spells which spread disease, and vapour-based spells that release poisonous gases are highly forbidden within Inner Jackburg. Typical punishments include lashes, fine, or exile at the next port of call.



Mawtown

The bizarre mansions of Mawtown dangle from chains suspended from the roof of Genial Jack's massive mouth, glittering like lanterns against the darkness of his gullet. Accessible only via private elevators lowered from the foyers of these luxurious palaces, the mansions are partially sheltered from water by Jack's huge baleen, but like the Outer Town they are built to be watertight, sealed against flooding. Mawtown's real estate is considered especially valuable, and only the richest men, women, and other entities in Jackburg have enough wealth to afford homes in the mouth of the whale. Served by driftwood golems, undines, karkinoi, and human servants, the inhabitants of Mawtown include rich octopoid business leaders and retired captains, their coffers flush with treasure from a thousand exotic locales. A tram leads from Mawtown down Jack's oesophagus and into the forestomach. Along the sides of Jack's cheeks are a series of docks, boathouses, and warehouses, the lower half of Mawtown.



Encounters

- **Duel-in-Progress:** On a wharf near the warehouses, two women with cutlasses are fighting one another before a gathered crowd busily taking bets. These two are having a dispute over docking rights and settling things “the honourable way,” till one of them yields. One is human - older, with greying hair and dozens of scars, bearing the mark of a Mate - and the other an octopoid, employed by the Kraken Consortium.

Locations

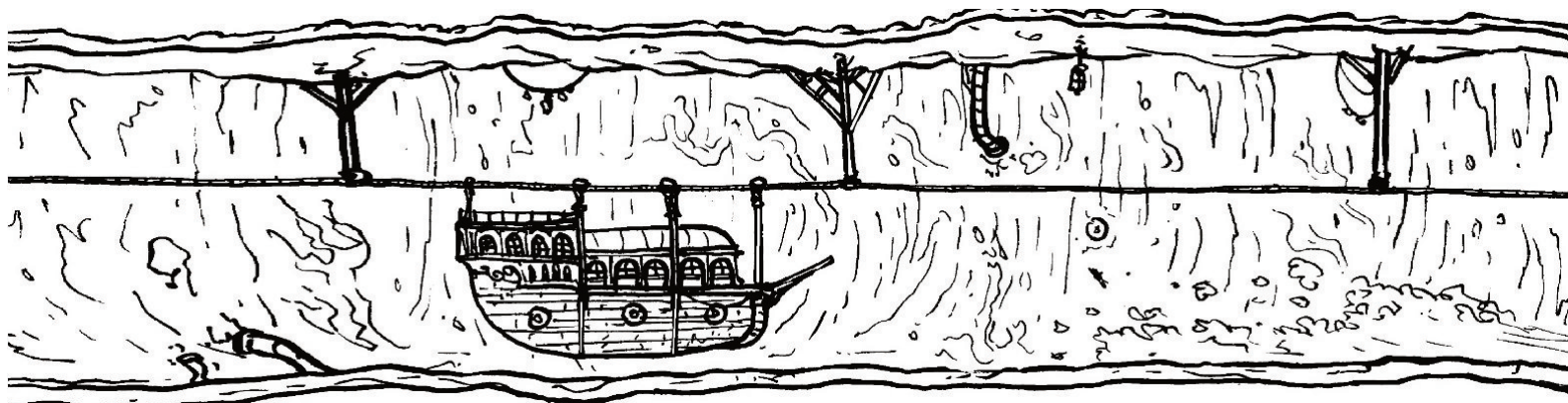
- **Dental Citadels:** While Genial Jack possesses a baleen, he also has teeth, marking him as a particularly ancient species of whale (whether more of Jack's kind once swam the seas remains unknown, even to the Navigators). Encrusting his larger chompers are a series of watchtowers and bastions, carefully constructed so as not to harm the enamel beneath. These huge structures provide a final line of defense for any invading naval force attempting to attack Inner Jackburg through Jack's mouth.
- **The Derelict Mansion:** One of the mansions of Mawtown slowly rots in the roof of Jack's mouth. The house is reputedly now the lair of a deranged mummy, accidentally let loose when the owner, a collector of macabre curios, opened its sarcophagus in his home.
- **The Shipyards:** Nestled in Jack's gigantic cheeks are a series of shipyards where damaged vessels are repaired and new vessels constructed.

The Esophageal Tram

Rattling from the docks of Mawtown into the fetid depths of Flotsamville is the Esophageal Tram, a ramshackle series of ships strung up to a railing that runs down Jack's enormous throat and into the Forestomach, always carrying many strange folk.

Encounters

- **A Whaleguard patrol**, boarding the Tram in search of contraband. Hopefully the party isn't hiding anything...
- **Fossil**, a goblin-shark selachian fisherwoman who lives in the Grooves, gossips with other creatures on the Tram. Wizen and grotesque to most eyes, she is incredibly wise, knowledgeable of oral histories and ancient lore from throughout the oceans, and also something of a local matchmaker for Jackburg's aquatic peoples.
- **A trio of undines are eyeing** a pair of octopoid businessman with obvious hostility. Members of the Undertow, the undines look about ready to restart the Rising Tide as the octopoids complain about the "uppity" and "ungrateful" working classes.
- **A dozen ratfolk children mill through** the Tram. They are skilled pickpockets - members of the Mischief - and have a +6 to Dexterity (Sleight of Hand) and (Stealth) checks; they will wait till people are getting on and off, and then strike, making off with purses and small items and disappearing into Flotsamville.
- **Ord Pedru**, a karkinoi philosopher known for his incomprehensible metaphysical theories and unorthodox political views (in particular his agitation for the creation of a monarch of Jackburg to rule directly in Jack's name), beseeches those on the Tram to accept his political tracts.
- **Qor**, a grizzled octopoid adventurer missing three of his head-tendrils, oils his blade on the Tram. He commands the Devilfish, an elite mercenary group sometimes discretely employed by the authorities of Jackburg for jobs too unsavoury for the Whaleguard. He has a thrum habit and can sometimes be seen quivering in and out of phase due to the spasmic effects of the drug. If any of the adventurers look sufficiently tough, he may approach them with employment opportunities.



The Coils

At the bottom of Jack's forestomach is the district known as the Coils, named after the skeletal remains of a gigantic sea serpent that Jack swallowed many centuries ago, now reclaimed by Jackburg's inhabitants and transformed into the city's pleasure district. Fully legal brothels catering to all species and genders can be found here, along with drug-dens, taverns, and casinos.

TO MAWTOWN Encounters

- **Loan Shark Victim:** One of the Loan Shark's victims turns up in a public square just outside the seedy Jack's Own Luck casino, his limbs bitten off by enforcers.

Locations

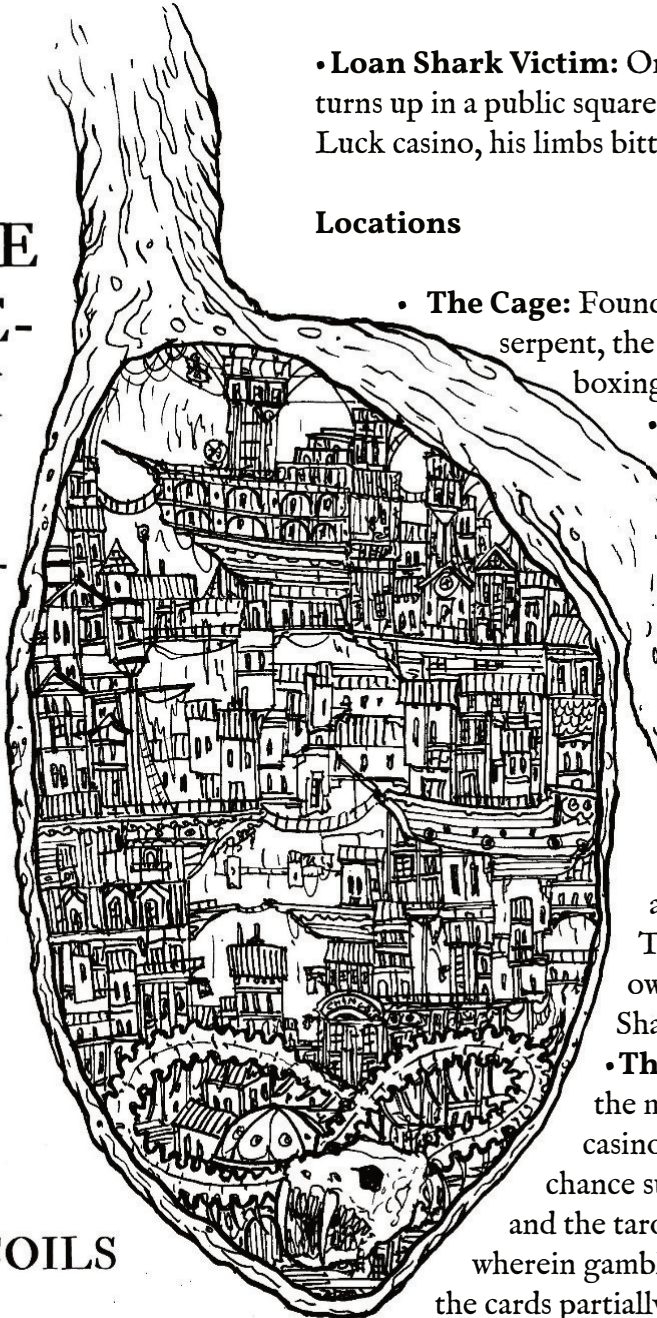
- **The Cage:** Found within the ribcage of the serpent, the Cage features a number of boxing rings and other fighting pits.
- **Cecaelia's:** A brothel staffed entirely by merfolk, Cecaelia's particularly features a large number of octopoid courtesans catering to so-called "tentacle-chasers."
- **Fata Morgana:** This ornate casino offers luxury accommodations to high-rollers, with views of the shark-racing tubes. The discrete polypoid concierge can arrange all manner of activities for guests. This establishment is reputedly owned by the notorious Loan Shark.
- **The Fortunate Fangs:** Located in the mouth of the serpent, this huge casino offers various magical games of chance such as the bizarre "Leper's Dice" and the tarot game of Freedestination, wherein gamblers wager possible futures that the cards partially fore-ordain.

- **Yaghotep's Cathouse:** A fully legal brothel, the Cathouse is run by a renegade Cat Princess from New Ulthar, with a matching aesthetic of palm fronds, hieroglyphs, and animal-masked attendants. Its courtesans are of myriad species and genders and cater to all comers, and facilities include a spa, bathhouse, and private lounge where patrons can watch exotic and erotic performances.

THE
FORE-
STOMACH

FLOTSAM-
VILLE

THE COILS



Flotsamville

Although not the oldest part of Jackburg - that honour lies to the ancient ruins in Jack's intestines - Flotsamville is the first settlement in the modern iteration of the town, a rickety mass of swaying rope bridges and buildings designed to oscillate gently to the peristaltic pressures of the forestomach. Largely vertical in nature, Flotsamville is formed out of the wreckage of ships, refashioned into homes and shops circling the walls of the forestomach, a criss-crossed web of bridges between, steps and elevators leading up and down. Flags from a thousand countries hang like banners or tapestries from posts, while the figureheads of countless ships decorate every building, worshipped as minor household gods. Still Jackburg's densest residential district, Flotsamville also has numerous fish-markets, along with warehouses full of supplies for long journeys. Down below, gleaming in the dark, are the lights of the Coils, glittering amongst the pale bones of the dead sea serpent that gives that sultry district its name.

Encounters

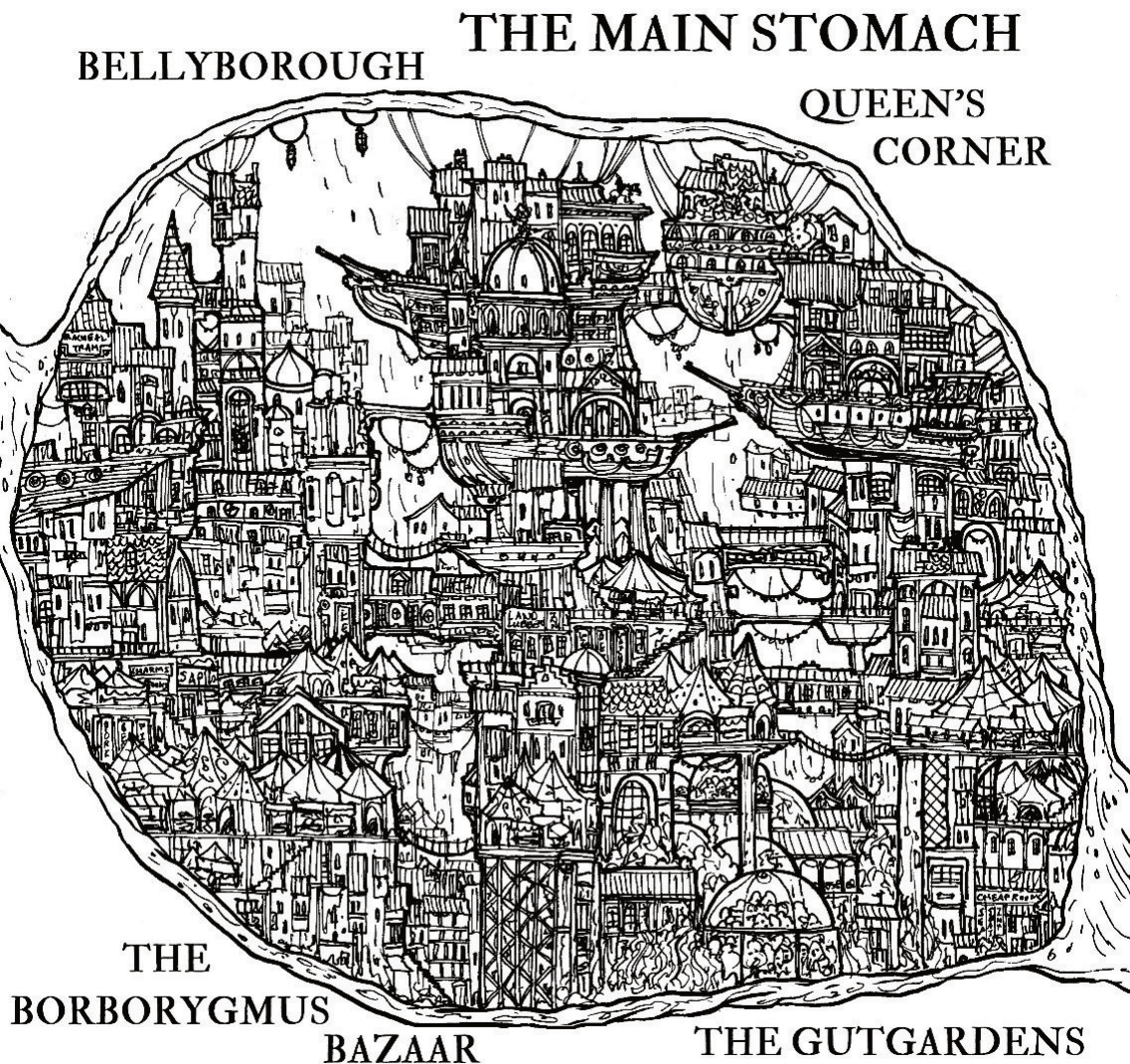
- **Urchin Beggars:** Upon entering Flotsamville, a swarm of gangly creatures with spiky heads like gigantic sea-urchins rush up to the party, asking for coins.
- **Urchin Funeral:** A huge crowd fills a cramped square. They appear to be feasting upon a corpse - that of an urchin - being served by other urchins, who dole out pieces of quivering, tender flesh, raw and lightly seasoned with sea salt. Only those whose faces are recognized by the urchins as having given money to their dead comrade are granted a slice.

Locations

- **The Drowned Rat:** The most squalid, rickety, cheap flophouse in town, the Drowned Rat is a barnacle-ridden, damp shambles of an inn made from the smashed-together wrecks of several ships. It has six levels - seven depending on how you count - and is frequented by some of the city's seedier folk. In lieu of feather-beds, expect fraying hammocks strung from the ceiling.
- **The Mysterium Tremendum:** A gargantuan tavern and also Jackburg's city hall. At all times of day or night the place bustles with activity, revelers of various species carousing at the tables set up along its deck and in the hold below, where kitchens turn out sumptuous seafood feasts and bowls of bouillabaisse. Available drinks, according to the chalk-scrawled menu, include grog and various rum cocktails, mead, kelp-flavoured ale, whiskey, brandy, and gin, as well as more exotic fare like fluxwine from Teratopolis, blood liqueur from Erubescence, Hexian absinthes and Sap-cocktails, and gnomish vodka. The Captain's Conclave meets at the ship once a week, transforming the alehouse into a raucous-but-effective legislature.
- **The Orphanage:** A large orphanage operates in Flotsamville, originally set up to care for shipwrecked children whose parents drowned. The Mischief, a ratfolk thieves' guild, frequently recruits from their ranks with promised treats, presents, and gold.

Bellyborough

The craftsman's district of Bellyborough includes guildhalls, workshops, and factories, furnishing Jackburg with all of the artisan goods it needs. Apart from the smiths and apothecaries of Bezoar Crook and the ship-builders of Mawtown, all of Jackburg's craftsmen congregate here, dedicating streets (horizontal and vertical) to their individual pursuits: brewing, butchering, joining, locksmithing, tailoring, haberdashery, weaving, ropemaking, tanning, potting, parchment-making, and every other craft imaginable. While many finished goods are sold in Borborygmus Bazaar, some artisans will sell their goods directly to the public.



Encounters

- **Burst Pipe:** A pipe transporting fish from the Maw down to the Gutgardens burst, sending a slippery cascade of krill-sludge and silver fish everywhere. In the high streets of Bellyborough this can be very dangerous, requiring a DC 10 Dexterity saving throw to avoid slipping and falling off a catwalk for 1d6 bludgeoning damage for each point by which a character failed.

Locations

- **The Guildhalls:** The various halls of merchant and craftsman's guilds are clustered at the centre of Bellyborough, along with the headquarters of the Undertow, the undine union dedicated to advancing elemental rights and organizing conjured labour in Jackburg.
- **The Hagfish Inn:** This greasy but serviceable and capacious inn provides a good view of the Bazaar below. It's favoured mostly by merchants on route to some commercial destination or other and offers services such as stables for any beasts of burden. The place is also notable for its excellent restaurant, famous for its curried eels, lamprey pies, and lobster-cakes.

The Borborygmus Bazaar

The sprawling hub of the Inner Town, Borborygmus Bazaar fills the centre of Jack's main stomach, bordering Bellyborough, Queen's Corner, and the Gut-gardens. One of the world's most famous marketplaces, it is a colourful confusion of tents, stalls, and market halls, selling everything imaginable - and many things quite beyond imagination. Whirring clockwork devices manufactured by the artificers of Verdigris, spices and hieroglyphic scrolls from New Ulthar, ancient texts scavenged from the library-undercity of Hex, reanimated thralls dredged from the corpse-factories of Erubescence, Contingency Stones extracted from the paradoxical mines of the Entropic Wastes, spellswords forged in the mystic smithies of Folded Realm, masks such as those worn in far-off Xell, baubles of shapeshifting glass from across the Blushing Sea, and thousands of other oddities, curios, artefacts, and wonders - all are for sale in the Bazaar, a treasure-trove of marvels from every corner of the world. Many of these items are illegal in other ports of call.

Encounters

- **Gargoyle Lamp:** A mysterious goblin merchant is selling a Gargoyle Lamp for 2000 doubloons, demonstrating its abilities on miniature statues. This wrought-iron lamp, when lit and used to illuminate a statue, infuses the statue with a temporary liveliness, enough to answer simple questions posed to it about what it may have seen over the years (provided the statue has a mouth). Statues enlivened in this way can lie if they wish - they are not compelled to answer truthfully.
- **Pickpockets:** A gang of ratfolk pickpockets - members of the Mischief - work the crowd. They have a +6 to Dexterity (Sleight of Hand) and (Stealth) checks and can make off with a character's coin purse or a small item, swiftly blending in with the crowd.
- **Suit for Any Occasion:** A human merchant in colourful silks sells a set of animated clothes that sense the social occasion and polymorph accordingly, becoming a fine suit or gown, work-clothes, or even full plate armour. It takes a full round to transform the suit from one form to another. These clothes are worth 5,000 doubloons - the "Suit for Any Occasion."

Locations

- **The Squizard's Tower:** This elaborate shop in the middle of the Bazaar was opened by the retired archwizard Opal "Krakenstaff" Oldmoon. It deals in arcane supplies of all sorts, from spell components to arcane foci, but specializes in spell scrolls, spellbooks, and magical ink. All of this is manufactured from the wizard's giant squid familiar, Blakely, who dwells in a huge glass tank at the centre of the tower's main room.
- **Matilda's Magical Modifications:** For those land-dwellers looking to gain a set of gills and fins and those merfolk wanting to swap their tails for legs, Matilda's Magical Modifications offers a wide range of potions, salves, and magical rings enabling temporary and permanent metamorphosis from land-friendly-to-sea-friendly forms and back.

The Gutgardens

The Gutgardeners are as vital to Jackburg as the Whaleguard or the Navigators, making sure that Jack's innards are healthy and that Jackburg's industry does not unduly disturb his digestion. For these reasons, they maintain the artfully constructed canals and tubes that keep Jack fed and use various machines and magic to aid in his digestion. Their headquarters is the Gutgardens on the very bottom layer of Jack's main stomach, a series of farms and greenhouses cultivating gut bacteria and symbiotic algae to help soothe the Godwhale's innards. Although not as abundant as the cornucopian Dorsal District, the Gutgardens also provide food for Jackburg, largely in the form of fungi and livestock. Gutgardeners can be distinguished by their green and black uniforms and are often equipped with gasmasks and heavy-duty work-boots and gloves. A disproportionate number are polypoids, who perceive in the gardens a kind of grand aesthetic unity.

Encounters

- **Bloodskulls:** A pair of Bloodskulls are preparing to dunk the legs of a debtor into the Acid Lake. If no one intervenes, the debtor, Oliver Wisp, will have his legs dissolved in Jack's gastric juices while he screams mutely through a gag.
- **Feral Fungoids:** A species of invasive fungal humanoids has accidentally colonized the Gutgardens. Nourished on Jack's puissant blood, the resulting fungoids have been driven into a bloodthirsty frenzy and are causing havoc; 2d6 of them shamle towards the party, pulsating liver-hued horrors trailing poisonous spores.
- **Miasma:** A particularly potent cloud of digestive gas curdles the air. Characters without a gasmask must pass a DC 15 Constitution saving throw or acquire a fungal infection in their lungs which drains 1 Hit Point from their Hit Point Maximum per day until they are killed or the fungus is removed via Protection from Poison or similar spells.

Locations

- **The Abattoir:** A huge slaughterhouse can be found in the Gutgardens, livestock quickly and humanely stunned by a jellyfolk mentalist, preventing any pain while they are bled. Precisely what cattle are most common varies depending on Jack's recent travels.
- **Acid Lake:** A large pool of stomach acid is stirred and churned by machines near the centre of the Gutgardens. Despite the awful gastric stench and eye-stinging fumes, the place is a popular picnic spot for those of the Inner Town, with domed, perfume enclosures allowing picnickers to enjoy the sight of Jack's digestion without the nauseating reek.
- **The Digestive Reserves:** Certain sections of Jack's Main Stomach are kept entirely free from building so that Jack can retain a degree of unaided digestive functionality. These are the Digestive Reserves; any entry into them is strictly forbidden.

Queen's Corner

Four ships give Queen's Corner its name: the *Queen Raphaella's Vengeance*, the *Queen of Carnage*, the *Tenebrous Queen*, and the *Queen of Lost Souls*. These four ships, respectively, have been repurposed as a courthouse, a grand hotel, a theatre, and an auction house and art gallery. Suspended high above the bustle of Borborygmus Bazaar below, the four Queens are some of the oldest and most intact of the many wrecks of Genial Jack, and are a centre of the city's artistic, financial, and legal life. They also frequently draw large crowds, as *Queen Raphaella's Vengeance* has a duelling piste.

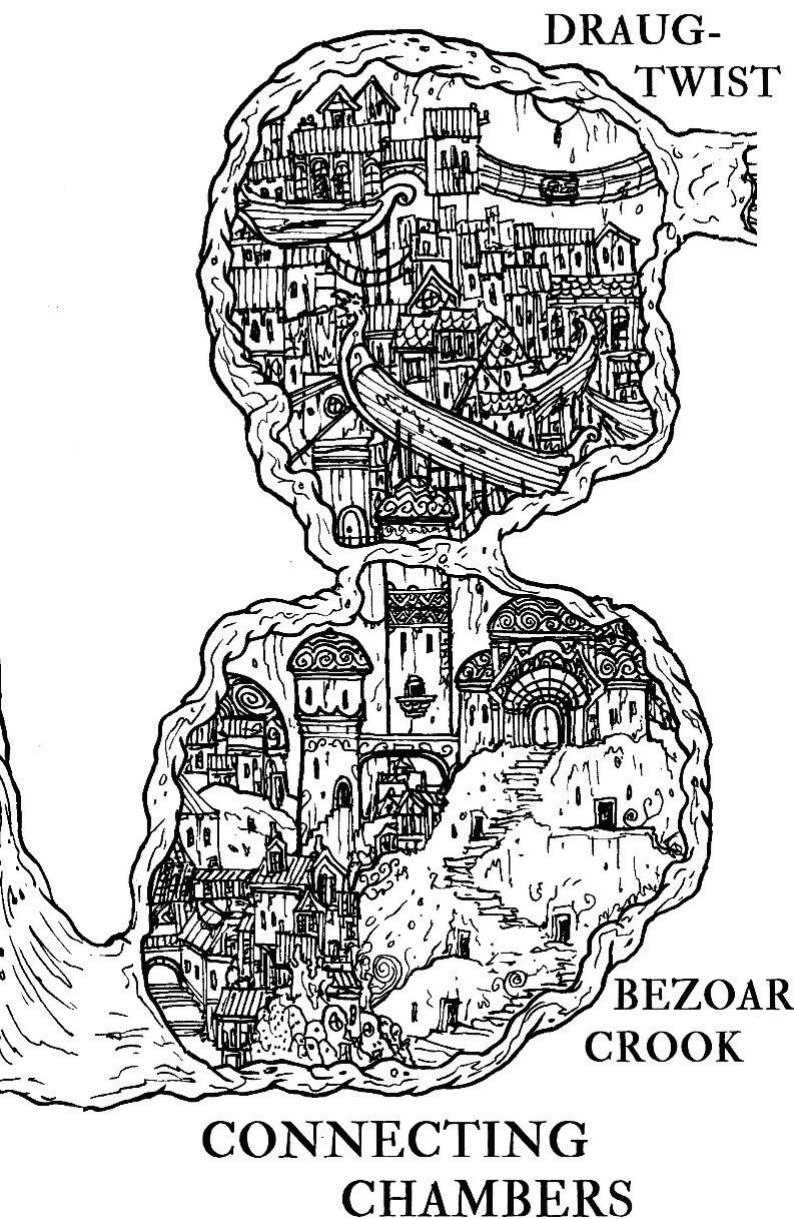
Encounters

- **Vertigo:** Merely walking around Queen's Corner takes some getting used to. Upon entering the district, any non-flying creature must pass a DC 10 Constitution check or suffer from vertigo while they remain in the district, taking disadvantage on any Dexterity or Constitution ability checks or saving throws until they leave the neighbourhood.

Locations

- **Law Offices:** The offices of various lawyers can be found in Queen's Corner. Although some of Jackburg's lawyers exclusively practice non-violently, many also offer duelling services, training with the sword as well as the pen to represent their clients on the piste as well as the courtroom.
- **The Queen of Carnage:** This ostentatious hotel is fashioned from a grand steam-vessel from Verdigris, all gleaming metal and spacious staterooms, complete with a ballroom, a vast banquet hall, and one of the best bars in Inner Jackburg. The staff are largely automata - re-programmed sailors from Verdigris.
- **The Queen of Lost Souls:** The *Queen of Lost Souls* is an opulent craft, once a legendary battleship, its ornate but unloaded cannons carefully polished and kept on display. Up above the ship supports studios for sculpture, painting, and the like; through portholes one can see artists at work, many of them the sentient coral-folk known as polypoids. Below decks, past guards in the ancient naval uniform of the vessel, the hold has been converted into a vast art gallery and auction house.
- **Queen Raphaella's Vengeance:** The courthouse of Jackburg, this vessel was once a huge merchant ship, its gutted hold repurposed as a hall of justice where judges appointed by the Captains' Conclave hear cases. Up on the top deck, the duelling piste and stands for onlookers provides an alternative means of settling legal disputes.
- **The Tenebrous Queen:** Once the pleasure-barge of a patrician from the Penumbra Empire, the *Tenebrous Queen* is now a playhouse dedicated to putting on theatrical productions in a bewildering plethora of styles, from shadow-puppetry to opera to jellyfolk mind-theatre. Tickets are priced such that even Jackburg's poorest citizens can afford a spot in the pit, while luxurious boxes are reserved for those with coin to spare.

Bezoar Crook



Lodged in the intersecting chambers between Jack's main stomach and his pyloric stomach is Bezoar Crook. The remnants of Hy-Brasil, legendary island of the giant Fomorians, came to rest here, slowly accreting fishbones and trash and random detritus on its way to Jack's intestines. Riddled with tunnels and crowned by the ruins of King Balor's Castle, the Bezoar is now built up with the giant-sized halls of the Fomorians, who have found a new home and acceptance in Jackburg as smiths, jewellers, and other craftsmen. Their workshops cover most of the Bezoar but sprawling around it is a district of apothecaries and alchemists of other species, drawn to the shards of Hy-Brasil for their curative properties: the stone of the island is magical, imbued with the ability to defeat poisons and purge disease. Although some Fomorians resent the intrusion of alchemists mining their home for curative minerals, carefully negotiated treaties with King Balor's representatives allow for their extraction.

Encounters

- **The Stone Thief:** A pair of hulking Fomorians, Math and Cwyd, confront an alchemist they accuse of mining from Hy-Brasil without permission. The alchemist, Regina Marshlily, insists that she found a shard of the island which had broken off of its own accord, legally meaning it can be claimed by anyone who passes by. The Fomorians are threatening to have her hauled to the castle for questioning unless someone intervenes.

Locations

- **Infirmery Court:** Numerous surgeons, apothecaries, and other physicians are clustered round this narrow court, named after Inner Jackburg's major hospital.
- **King Balor's Castle:** This cyclopean palace partially carved from Hy-Brasil itself contains subterranean greenhouses lit by elfin lamps that grow produce to vast dimensions, halls where musical instruments play themselves, a library of Faerie literature, and the ominous throne-room of King Balor himself, where he sits in fitful, centuries-long slumber.

Draughtwist

Like the Flukefort of Outer Jackburg, Draughtwist has a fell reputation, though for revenants rather than spectres. The drowned dead inhabit the remains of a shattered flotilla of longboats that Jack swallowed, their broken forms snared in the mass of wooden structures that now fill this small stomach-chamber, an interstitial link between the main stomach and the pyloric stomach. For the most part, the draugar keep to themselves, but woe be to any who dares to steal their treasures or cheat them at a game of dice or cards.

Encounters

- **Mead-Hall Brawl:** Sometimes the draugar get rowdy. In this case, a dispute over a game of tafl has spiralled into a full-blown brawl, dozens of revenants wrestling with one another, some snatching up clubs and even axes and swords. The brawl has spilled out of a mead-hall and threatens to engulf passersby.
- **The Myling:** An eerie cry echoes throughout Draughtwist - an infant's wail. It emanates from within the derelict *Pyroclast* and sounds like a baby in distress. The creature, however, is a Myling: the restless shade of a drowned infant. Any who enters the *Pyroclast* must pass a Charisma saving throw of DC 13 to avoid being possessed by the entity and used as a vessel for revenge against the living - but only when the character sleeps. They dream of the infant's brief life while it walks the world in their skin.
- **Rotting Bridge:** The draugar are less fastidious about maintenance than some other residents of Jackburg. A rotting bridge can be spotted with a DC 20 Wisdom (Perception) check. If more than one Medium creature attempts to cross it, it has a 1 in 6 chance of breaking, increasing by 1 for every additional creature. If the bridge breaks, all upon it must make a Dexterity saving throw of DC 15 to avoid 4d6 bludgeoning damage.

Locations

- **The Nidhogg:** This vast vessel is shunned by even the bravest of draugar, for it is the lair of an undead sea-wyrm, the beast having crawled within the hold after scenting the sunken treasure within, only to be swept up in Jack's great maw and deposited in Draughtwist. Thousands of holy runes have been painted on the hull and holy symbols of twisted iron nailed about every opening to keep the fell beast penned within the ship. Periodically, an adventurous fool will dare to enter the hold in hopes of snatching some of the glittering hoard that lies within, but almost all are devoured.
- **The Swallowed Sun:** This ship holds most of the treasures of Draughtwist in its hold, serving as it does as a chance-hall and alehouse. Tens of thousands of gold pieces and much more in jewellery and art objects are stuffed into its hold. Up above, the undead sailors swill endless tankards of mead, ale, wine, and vodka while playing games culled from across the world. They are particularly fond of dice games and board games, or any game involving strategy, and will gladly learn new games proposed by characters, unlike the more rigid casinos of the Coils, where house rules are strictly enforced.

Finfolkaheem

The sinister district known as Finfolkaheem is all that remains of the underwater homeland of the finfolk, swallowed by Genial Jack to end their depredations. A shifting place of flickering shadows and uncanny angles, Finfolkaheem can only be navigated safely by finfolk, and is said to contain many secret places where the eerie bogeymen still practice their unsavoury customs. Deep within Jack's pyloric stomach, its architecture is a mix of weird stonework and strangely angled wooden constructions. The Whaleguard have raided Finfolkaheem on multiple occasions, sometimes finding illegal smuggling and humanoid-trafficking operations, though even Jackburg's elite police become disoriented within the depths of the district, and some patrols have disappeared altogether.

Encounters

- **Finfolk Slavers:** A small party of lost-looking foreigners has a chance of being waylaid by finfolk slavers - a band of a dozen or so finfolk who will begin stalking characters from the shadows until they stumble into a dead-end. They attack with nets and poison darts tipped with sleeping poison, to subdue rather than seriously harm their quarry, and will gladly retreat with one or two snatched party members rather than remain and face destruction. Kidnapped party members will awake in a dank chamber deep in Slaver's Spire along with other slaves, to be smuggled out of Jackburg using polymorph magic to transform them into exotic fish, to be sold in some of Jack's seedier ports of call.

Locations

- **The Cuttlethief Guildhall:** The Cuttlethieves have a secret guildhall in Finfolkaheem, accessible via hidden doorways such as a hollowed out giant barnacle. Several levels deep, the guildhall is riddled with ingenious magical traps and guardians, such as a corridor lined with spiked coral and guarded by an undine who can flood the passage with roiling water, and a horrific fun-house chamber with walls of polished nacre, which bends and breaks the bones of those who gaze upon it to fit their distorted reflections. The treasure-hold of the weremolluscs lies at the very bottom of the guildhall, filled with their ill-gotten gains.
- **Slaver's Spire:** This unwholesome monolith is heavily guarded by finfolk, used as a holding pen for the slaves they still illicitly trade. If the Whaleguard raids Finfolkaheem the finfolk use illusions to deter them from ever reaching the Spire, which always seems just a few bridges or winding streets away but can never actually be reached.
- **The Sodden Sparrow Tavern:** Crouched in the shadow of a finfolk monolith, this ugly little tavern looks as if it was once a pirate vessel, judging from the skull and crossbones flag hung in the dingy window and the rusted cannons that bristle with impotent menace from its rooftop patio, once its deck. It's the seediest dive in Inner Jackburg, and a hangout for thieves, smugglers, and slavers; despite its location, many patrons are not finfolk but humans, goblins, ratfolk, or karkinoi, a motley collection of Jackburg's least savoury citizens.

Ambergris End

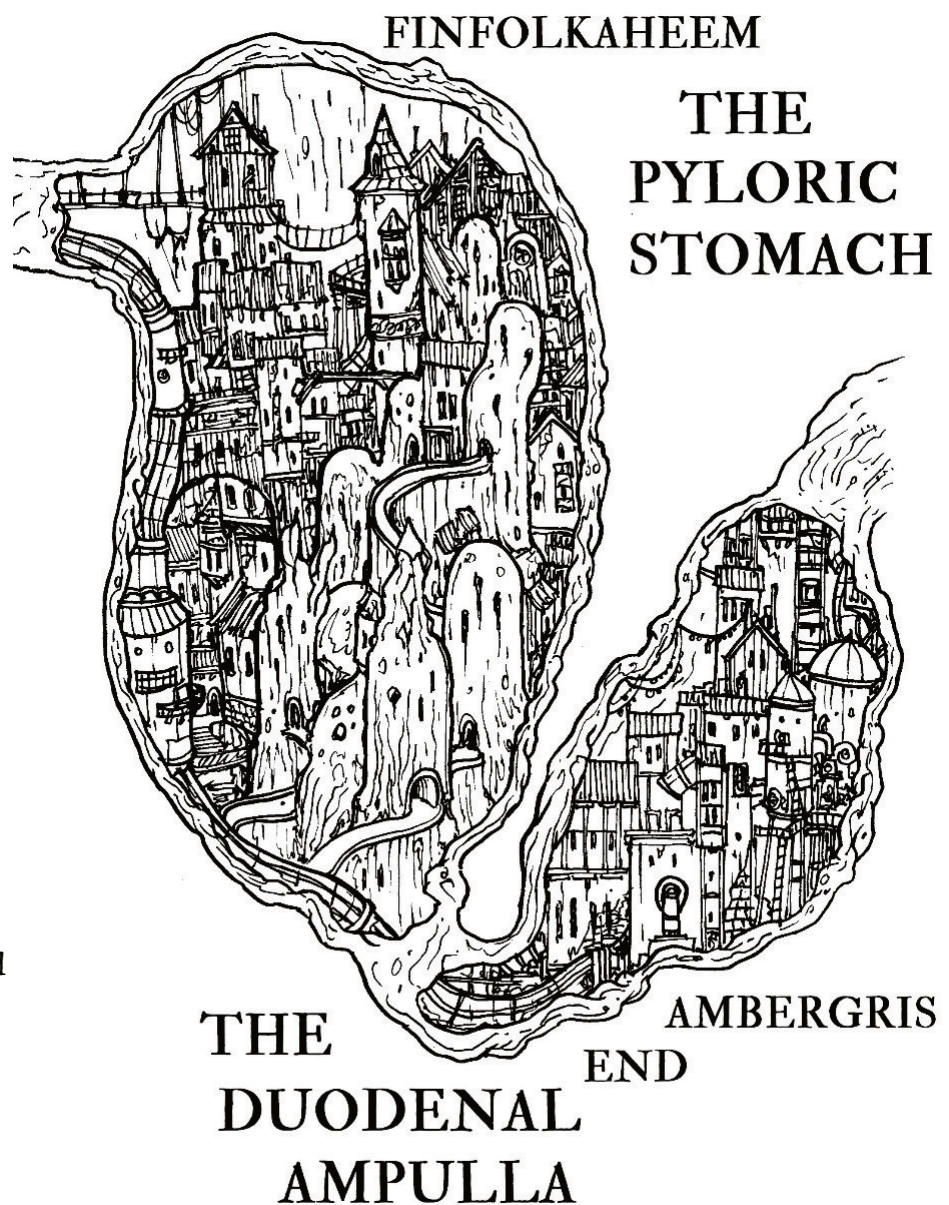
Located in Jack's duodenal ampulla - the gateway to his endless, bizarrely labyrinthine Entrails - Ambergris End is an industrial outpost, manned by various companies dedicated to the harvesting of ambergris from the depths of Jack's guts. The district serves as a processing plant for the valuable stuff. In addition to being useful in perfume, like the ambergris of other whales, Jack's ambergris has a number of unique arcane properties. Something of his immense regenerative ability is imbued within the substance, making it valuable in healing potions and other cures; these same processes make it useful for metamorphic magic-working, easing traumatic transformations. Specially trained ratfolk have a particular affinity for ambergris and are employed to help sniff it out.

Encounters

- **Gutreaivers Poster:** Adventurers are wanted to deal with the Gutreaver problem in Jack's Entrails - criminals and pirates who have fled into the depths of Jack's intestines.

Locations

- **Perfume Factories:** A handful of boutique factories in Ambergris End produce legendary, world-renowned perfume using ancient techniques passed down over centuries. A single bottle of perfume from Ambergris End can fetch upwards of 500 gold pieces.
- **Potion Factories:** Bigger than the perfume factories are the enormous alchemical potion factories, where workers stir industrial vats of alchemical liquid mixed with ambergris, ground stone from Bezoar Crook, and other reagents.
- **Warehouses:** Huge wooden warehouses storing raw ambergris, perfume, potions, and other products are stacked atop one another throughout edges of the district. Given the high value of such goods, the warehouses are carefully guarded by undines and driftwood golems.



Authorities

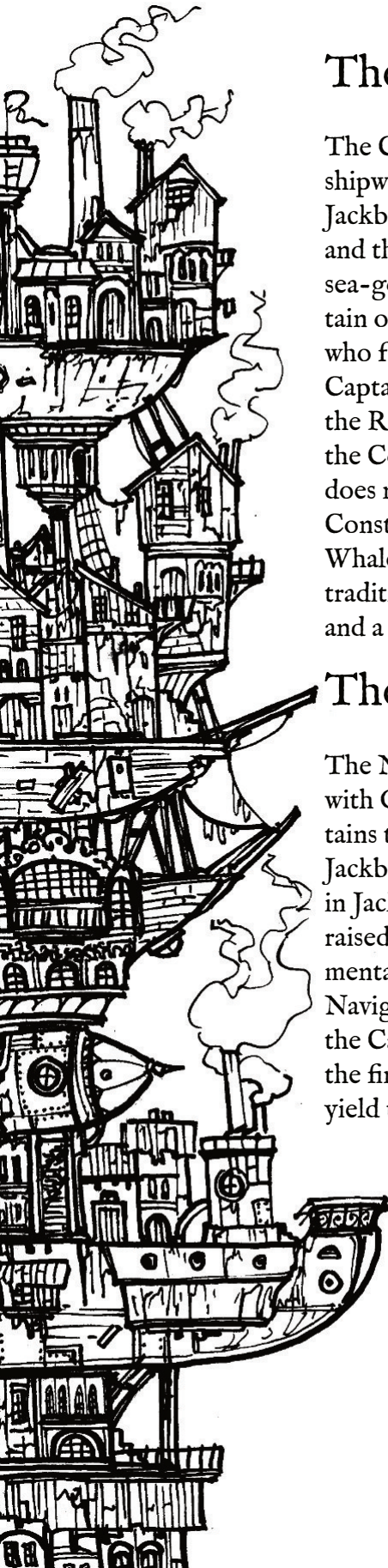
Government

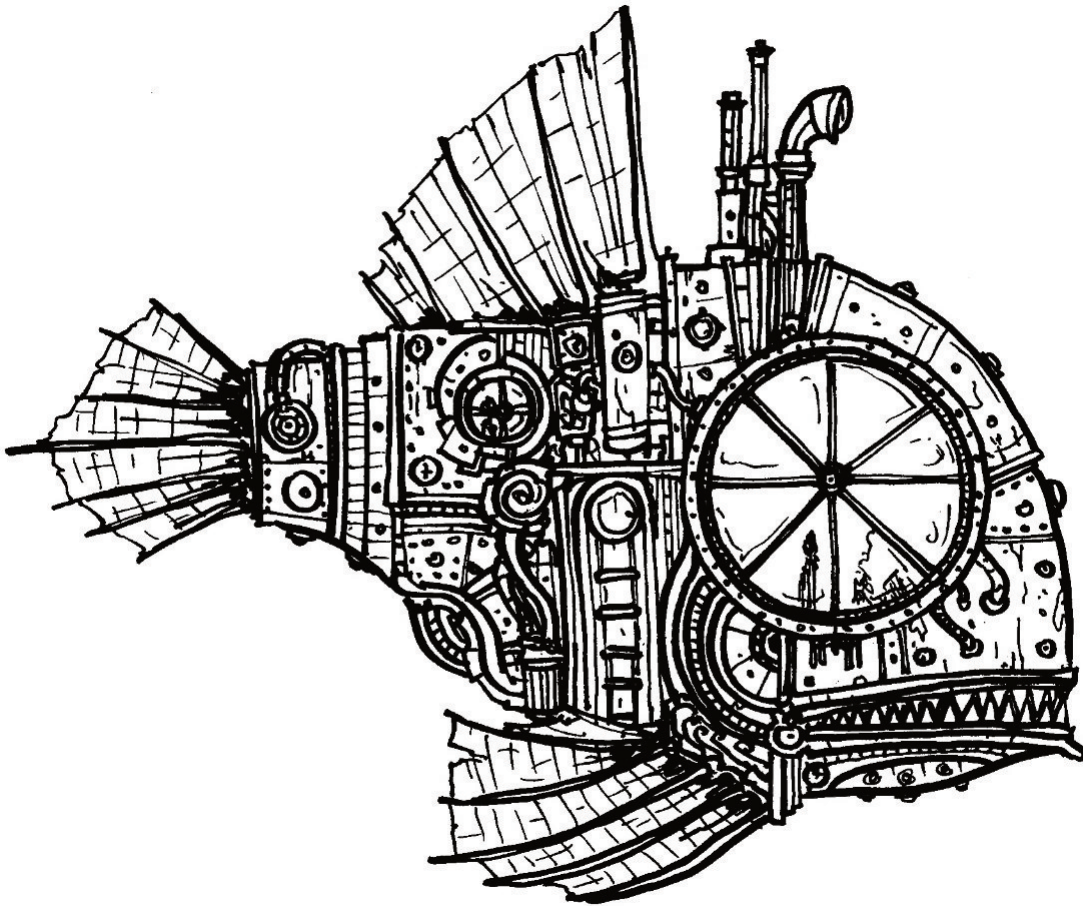
The Captains' Conclave

The Captains' Conclave is made up of elected representatives from each shipwrecked vessel of Jackburg, as well as associated structures: every building in Jackburg is connected to a "governing vessel" with its own flag, mottos, shanties, and the like, and each ship sends a Captain to the Conclave. In the cases of actual sea-going ships or airships, this individual is almost always the actual acting Captain of the vessel. Very large ships serving multiple constituents also send Mates, who function as full voting members but who are generally subservient to the Captain sent. Most of those who dwell in Blowhole Role, the Dorsal District, or the Roost are represented by airship Captains. The actual number of Captains in the Conclave varies, but usually fluctuates between three and five hundred. This does not include official ships of the Whaleguard, who by tradition of Jackburg's Constitution are politically neutral and do not vote, though the Admiral of the Whaleguard is entitled to attend Conclave meetings and voice his opinions. By tradition they meet in the Mysterium Tremendum, a massive ship in Flotsamville and a glorious alehouse in addition to serving as Jackburg's city hall.

The Navigators

The Navigators of Jackburg are divine intercessors, responsible for communing with Genial Jack via the Cathedral in Melonward. Descendants of the first captains that settled Jack's innards, the Navigators are not the ultimate rulers of Jackburg, but do possess tremendous power and influence, as the only individuals in Jackburg in direct, regular contact with Jack's mind. The Navigators - who are raised from birth to develop the necessary mixture of ritual, willpower, and mental strength to converse with the Godwhale - are governed by nine High Navigators, who vote on decisions as to where to steer the city, on the advice of the Captains' Conclave. It is the Constitutional right of the Navigators to have the final say as to where the city is steered, but in practice they almost always yield to the Conclave's decision.





The Whaleguard

Jackburg's navy and police-force are the Whaleguard, a massive military force, quite possibly the most fearsome armada in the world, sworn to protect Genial Jack and Jackburg at all cost. Though apolitical, the Whaleguard not only keep the peace in Jackburg, in times of emergency they may be empowered by the Captains' Conclave to invoke martial law, assuming direct control of the city. Fortunately, such incidents are extremely rare. The Whaleguard have a strict hierarchy and are nominally meritocratic, taking all applicants who pass their rigorous tests; however, second-sons and -daughters of many Navigators are, by custom, welcomed into the Whaleguard and given the rank of officer provided they can pass the necessary training. The current Admiral of the Whaleguard, Quincey Saltspar, is such an individual. The Whaleguard can be distinguished by their white and crimson uniforms, and by the almost-entirely-ceremonial cat o' nine tails they carry.

Law

Duelling

By ancient tradition, duelling is legal and highly encouraged in Jackburg. Many minor disputes are settled with a blade, either to first blood (for minor insults or civil disagreements) or to the death (for serious feuds or major disagreements). Some criminal charges can be settled via duelling provided the injured party agrees, but in most cases are settled via trial rather than blade. Duels themselves are exciting, ceremonial affairs. Those unable to fight inevitably use proxies - trained lawyer-duellists or mercenary champions, such as the rakes who hang about the Queen Raphaella's Vengeance, or by family members or close friends. In the event that a poor, friendless individual is unable to fight, the court will appoint them a lawyer to fight on their behalf. Most duels take place on the piste aboard the Queen Raphaella's Vengeance, but legally they can be settled anywhere.

Illegal Spells

Fire and vapour-based spells that release poisonous gases are forbidden within Inner Jackburg, and spells which spread disease are forbidden full stop. Typical punishments include lashes, fine, or exile at the next port of call. Infractions that involved murder or other crimes may result in permanent stranding on a deserted island, the closest Jackburg comes to capital punishment outside of situations of martial law.

Population

Strict population laws are in place to keep Jack's populace manageable. Parents are constitutionally entitled to a single child and may apply to their Captain for more. In many cases such requests are approved, but when there is insufficient room the prospective parent may seek to transfer to a new ship where room is available, or to be put ashore at a port of call before the child is born. Violating this edict is a serious offense. If space has opened up in the meantime, typically the punishment is a heavy fine; if it has not, the family may be forced to transfer to a different ship and pay a fine or may even be exiled from Jackburg at the next port of call.

Stowing Away

Space in Jackburg is, for obvious reasons, highly limited. While any shipwrecked sailors or others rescued by Jack are guaranteed a place by law, not just anyone can decide to become a citizen of Jackburg. Immigration is entirely possible but highly expensive for those without special skills they can contribute to the city. Although the Navigators are historically sympathetic to requests for asylum, stowaways are another matter. Those discovered in Jackburg without the proper permissions are granted a trial to plead their case, but if found wanting they are returned either to their home via airship or to the next port of call (their choice).

Crime

The Cuttlethieves

The Cuttlethieves lair in Finfookaheem's shanties. Elite burglars, Cuttlethieves only recruit the best; upon acceptance into the guild, initiates are injected were-mollusc blood, which grants them the ability to partially transform into squid, octopi, nautiluses, and cuttlefish. Technologically and magically gifted, their signature move is releasing a cloud of sepia gas to befuddle their victims - by the time the vapour clears, all valuables are gone.

The Bloodskulls

The school of hammer-headed selachians called the Bloodskulls are the enforcers of the Loan Shark, a fixture of the criminal underworld in Inner Jackburg. Whereas the Pincers focus on smuggling and piracy, the Cuttlethieves on elite burglary, and the Mischief are a guild of fences and pickpockets, the Bloodskulls are a semi-legitimate operation dedicated to predatory lending skirting the edges of legality under Jackburg law. Their collection methods involve sawing off fingers or limbs and devouring them in front of the debtor; those who repeatedly fail to pay end up as limbless torsos, publicly displayed or hung on the walls in the Bloodskull's headquarters deep in the Coils.

The Gutreavers

Criminals and stowaways who desperately need to escape the law but cannot get themselves out through Mawtown have only one place to go: the Entrails. The so-called Gutreavers dwell in the fetid depths of Jack's intestines, periodically emerging to raid Inner Jackburg before vanishing back into his weird bowels.

The Mischief

The ratfolk thieves' guild known as the Mischief are more an extended family than a formal criminal organization. Based out of backrooms, basements, secret drinking holes, and hidden burrows in the Coils, their specialty is in pickpocketing, fencing, and the sale of black-market substances. They rarely compete directly with the Cuttlethieves, and often fence goods the Cuttlethieves steal. They do have a vicious rivalry with the Pincers, however, and more than one brawl has broken out in Flotsamville or the Mawtown docks between them.

The Pincers

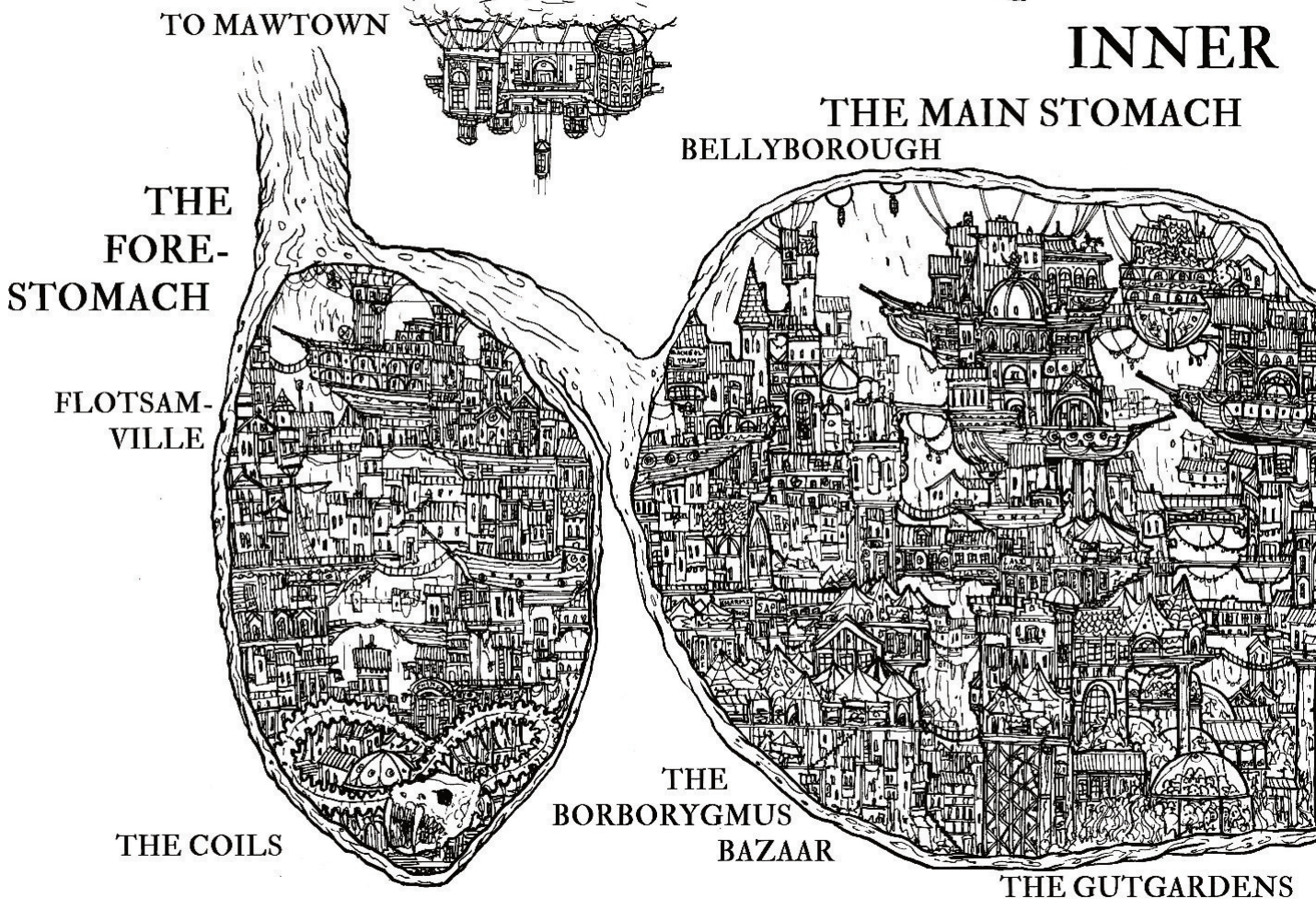
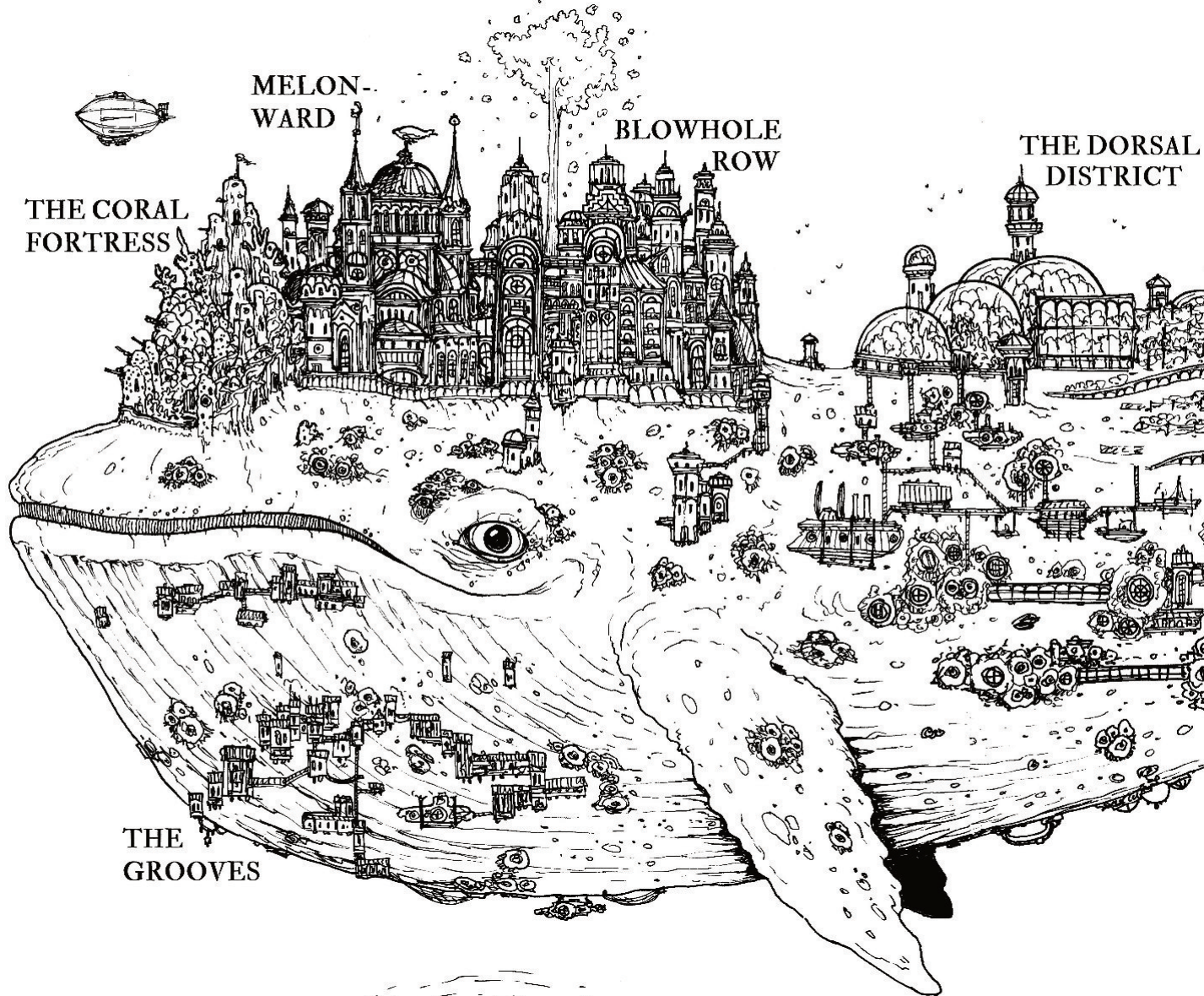
Run by the brutal karkinoi named Snag, the Pincers are an aquatic thieves' guild with ties to various pirate fleets, known for smuggling goods in and out of Jackburg. Rumour has that the Pincers enjoy an arrangement with the Whaleguard, having reached an uneasy understanding that the Whaleguard will tolerate their activities provided they keep the city from becoming a target for corsairs. Most of their members are karkinoi, finfolk, or selachians.

Appendix A: Twenty Jackburghers

Roll on the following d20 table for a random Jackburgher:

1. **Augustus Glower**, a disgraced officer of the Whaleguard, dishonourably discharged for taking bribes from the Mischief. Human, scraggly of beard and foul of breath; an Imbroglia-addict, he now spends most of his time digging himself deeper and deeper into debt with the Loan Shark.
2. **Guinevere du Ys**, last scion of the nobility of Ys, which sank beneath the waves a thousand years past; some its descendants survived and were swallowed by Jack. Though human, she has some Faerie blood, discernable in her subtly green-hued hair and complexion. Though technically royalty, her family's fortune is long gone, and she makes her living as a callused dockworker in Mawtown, drinking and brawling with common folk.
3. **Decima of the Blackfire Bloom**, a jellyfolk bard whose music consists of rhythmic screaming both physical and psychic. She has a jet-black colouration with vivid crimson spots, and a surprisingly bubbly and pleasant temperament for one whose music sounds so angry.
4. **Plexaure**, a kelp-dryad, bound to a tiny patch of kelp growing in the Dorsal District; some six centuries old, she is a kind of local historian, documenting the stories of Jack and his passengers in the manifold tomes of her domed library on Jack's back.
5. **Cantor Shadwrong**, a vicious human footpad and knife-fighter in the employ of the Pincers, notable for his constant whittling of disturbing bone idols and his crimson-stained teeth courtesy of the demon-blood-derived drug Incarnadine.
6. **Issik**, a sea-slug naga of incredible age, proprietor of a tiny restaurant in the Grooves, but frequently found squelching their way through Borborygmus Bazaar in search of rare spices, herbs, and other unusual ingredients for their dishes; dispenses alien wisdom alongside fish-heads and seaweed wraps.
7. **Jagged**, a saw-nosed selachian lawyer and duelist-for-hire who fights with a pair of serrated blades similar to the organic jag on his face. Outside of his profession defending clients in the courtroom or on the piste, he's a good-natured, jovial fellow, often found volunteering in the orphanage of Flotsamville.
8. **Loquacious der Voort**, the Crustaceamancer - a plump, pale-skinned druidess, human, covered at all times in swarms of crabs which form a chitinous, scuttling garment. Clusters of lovingly cultivated barnacles bloom from her neck down her left arm and flank, growing directly from her voluptuous flesh.
9. **Flisk**, a ratfolk gunsmith who works in one of the carefully sealed workshops in Bellyborough. He specializes in high-quality duelling pistols favoured by Whaleguard officers and elite Jackburg privateers. Very fond of Faerie whiskey, he can also be found down in Bezoar Crook drinking with the Fomorian.

10. **Penelope Scrimp**, a human witch from the arcane metropolis of Hex, exiled for magical crimes involving an alchemical experiment gone terribly wrong; evidence of this can be seen in the way that half of her body is a metamorphic plasm capable of assuming a plethora of bizarre shapes.
11. **Marcus Longscowl**, a Junior Navigator, human, whose hair turned prematurely white after a spell as a captive of Erubescence, the Red City; he wears a kerchief to disguise the fang-scars on his neck where his vampiric captors drank their fill. Grim and sullen, he loathes all undead, his time as a prisoner prejudicing him towards Jackburg's mostly-benign draugar.
12. **Mercy Hectic**, a criminal hiding in Finfoykaheim, guilty of sacrilege - a Jacksblood addict, she has been permanently warped by consuming the Godwhale's holy ichor, and now towers a prodigious eight feet tall, with twisted, grotesquely muscular limbs. She brims with puissance and can spit spells as a 5th level sorcerer.
13. **Piecemeal Percy**, a human Gutgardener missing his nose, an ear, four separate fingers (three from one hand, one from another), his right foot, and his left nipple. Percy was fished from the drink by the Whaleguard after tangling with a nasty school of selachian raiders.
14. **Glumswell**, one of the blobfolk, deep-sea merfolk from the Abysmal Realms of the ocean floor; an assassin of tremendous skill known for his skill with poisons who wandered the seas killing for hire, he has retired to Jackburg and now runs a darling little shop selling decorative sea anemones in Bellyborough.
15. **Quibble**, a ratfolk pickpocket and member of the Mischief, some six years of age. She has an extensive doll collection in her little "burrow" in a Flotsamville bolt-hole, and spends her free time putting on elaborate "plays" for fellow child-thieves.
16. **Erika the Blue**, a draugr explorer and shieldmaiden of great renown, whose ship, the Deathcrow, was swallowed by Jack some seven hundred years past. She still dwells in its barnacled halls swapping stories of her ancient travels and drinking mead by the keg. She longs for the return of her ancestral sword, Hrafni, lost beneath the waves.
17. **Anabelle Smuggling**, a Navigator and also a changeling witch in the service of Queen Mab, swapped at birth for a human child - a fact betrayed only by the little tail and vestigial dragonfly wings she keeps carefully concealed under Navigator's robes. Her allegiance to the Faerie Queen of mischief is quite secret and would cause considerable scandal if exposed.
18. **Vild**, a finfolk butcher whose shop, Varied Viscera, is always stuffed with exotic offal: griffin hearts, unicorn kidneys, owlbear gizzards, wyvern livers, minotaur feet, even the eyeballs of Oraculoids, preserved in aspic. Where he acquires these multifarious innards is anybody's guess.
19. **Duo of the Effulgent Bloom**, a bright orange jellyfolk, male, who makes his living as an electrokinetic cook in the Bloody Hagfish tavern in Flotsamville, cooking eggs and heating up gigantic pots of coffee with the power of his mind as a way round the fire prohibitions of Inner Jackburg.
20. **Yod Sprungly**, a bone-thin human charm-peddler usually found in Borborygmus Bazaar hawking pickled gorgon eyes, hands of glory, coatl feathers, and many other magical objects, though a good handful may be non-magical curiosities he passes off as eldritch.



THE ROOST

OUTER JACKBURG

THE
FLUKE-
FORT

BARNACLEBANK

GENIAL JACK

JACKBURG

FINFOLKAHEEM

DRAUG-
TWIST

THE
PYLORIC
STOMACH

QUEEN'S
CORNER

BEZOAR
CROOK

THE
DUODENAL
AMPULLA

AMBERGRIS
END

CONNECTING
CHAMBERS

Table of Contents

People

Finfolk	6
Fomorians	7
Humans	8
Jellyfolk	9
Karkinoi	10
Octopoids	11
Polypoids	12
Ratfolk	13
Selachians	14
Sirens	15
Undines	16
Urchins	17

Districts

Outer Jackburg	19
Blowhole Row	21
The Coral Fortress	22
The Dorsal District	23
The Flukefort	24
The Grooves	25
Melonward	26
The Roost	27
Inner Jackburg	28
Mawtown	30
The Esophageal Tram	31
The Coils	32
Floatsamville	33
Bellyborough	34
The Borborygmus Bazaar	35
The Gutgardens	36
Queen's Corner	37
Bezoar Crook	38
Draughtwist	39
Finfolkaheem	40
Ambergris End	41

Authorities

Government	42
The Captains' Conclave	42
The Navigators	42
The Whaleguard	43
Law	44
Duelling	44
Illegal Spells	44
Population	44
Stowing Away	44
Crime	45
The Cuttlethieves	45
The Bloodskulls	45
The Gutreavers	45
The Mischief	45
The Pincers	45

Appendix A: Twenty Jackburghers	46
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Centerfold map with slang in the back

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