
Adventures in Great Lunden
Day Large Marpole Nagy Nolan Owen

Adventures in Great Lunden

A selection of content to supplement
The City of Great Lunden city setting book for the
Gold ENnie Award-winning 'The Midderlands'

This fantastic addition to The City of Great Lunden setting contains adventures, a short story, optional rules, etc.

Lunden Above, Gardeners Below - A short story following The Gardeners of Walshale on a mission into the fetid sewers of the city.

Changing of the Guard - A religious artefact has gone missing and suspicion lies with the ward's Peekers.

The Golden Bar of Clopetra - A heist adventure to steal the Golden Bar of Clopetra and put Miles Farthing out of business.

Curse of the Ghostly Gripe - Rumours of a ghostly sewer gripe are circulating and with panic rising, help is needed.

Ullasar's Necklace - The owner of the Lucky Bazaar has had a valuable item of jewellery stolen and he wants it returned.

The Wayward Sons - An adventure crawl around the city hunting for clues to Michael Mackey's lost inheritance.

The Ginger Clipper - Discover the identity of the 'Ginger Clipper' terrorising Netherwark ward by shaving innocent red-headed folk.

Optional rules for street and sewer adventures.
Additional oddities and urban legends.

The Midderlands Compatible



CONTAINS
STRONG LANGUAGE &
GRAPHIC DESCRIPTIONS

www.monkeybloodesign.co.uk

Adventures in Great Lunden

Authors: Peter Day, John Large, Richard Marpole, Edwin Nagy, Mark Nolan, and Philip Owen. All rights reserved.

All text and artwork remains the copyright of their respective owners.

Swords & Wizardry, S&W, and Mythmere Games are trademarks of Matthew J. Finch. Glynn Seal, and MonkeyBlood Design & Publishing are not affiliated with Matthew J. Finch, Mythmere Games™, or Frog God Games.

CREDITS

Layout, & Project Management: Glynn Seal.
Text: Peter Day, John Large, Richard Marpole, Edwin Nagy, Mark Nolan, and Philip Owen.
Artwork: Jim Magnusson and Glynn Seal.
Proofreading and Editing:
Matthew Pook (Golden Bar of Clopetra and Lunden Above, Gardeners Below) and Glynn Seal.

Special Mentions: Special thanks to Catherine, Matthew, and James; Sandra and Tony; Dawn and Steve; Dan, Jake, and Hannah.

Contents

LUNDEN ABOVE, GARDENERS BELOW.....3

THE GOLDEN BAR OF CLOPETRA.....21

Introduction.....21
Before you start.....21
The Great Silvergate Ward Heist.....23
Concluding the Adventure.....35

CURSE OF THE GHOSTLY GRIPE.....38

Adventure Outline.....38
Background.....40
Just before the adventure starts.....41
How do the heroes get involved?.....41
Major Groups Involved.....47
Event Timeline.....52
Important Locations.....56

ULLASAR'S NECKLACE...63

Before You Start.....63
Adventure Synopsis.....63
Amulet History.....63
Cult History.....64
Introduction.....68
Encounters.....69
Concluding the adventure.....91

THE WAYWARD SONS....92

Introduction.....92
Welcome to Great Lunden.....94
The Coins.....120
Player Handouts.....120

THE CHANGING OF THE GUARD.....125

Summary.....125
Story Hooks.....126
Introduction.....126
Peekers Guardtower.....130

THE GINGER CLIPPER....141

Introduction.....141
The Jade Mandolin Inn.....142
Moving Around The Ward.....146
Random Encounters.....146
The Victims.....150
The Crime Scenes.....154
Return to the Jade Mandolin.....155
Crime Scene Four.....156
Interviewing Maggie.....156
Capturing the Clipper.....157
The Green Dragon Inn.....158
Aftermath 161

OPTIONAL RULES AND OTHER ODDNESS.....165

Sewer Adventuring.....165
Street Adventuring.....174
Urban Legends and Oddities.....182

OGL.....189

Lunden Above, Gardeners Below

By Richard Marpole

Rain fell on the city of Great Lunden, thin and foul as old spinach-water. The denizens of the greatest metropolis in the Havenlands shivered and sniffed as they went about their business, lawful and otherwise.

In an opulent home in the second most fashionable corner of Queensgate the bold adventuring company known as The Gardeners of Walshale tried to look attentive while their new employer droned on.

"And at the last meeting of the club Lord Wandsworth served up a stew of traitors' eyes pickled in abscythe. Now, how am I to compete with that with my shipment lost?"

Lady Hieronyma Berlam looked like ten sausages packed into a single casing. Her skin gleamed with grease and seemed ready to burst at the seams. The cruelly corseted ballgown that struggled to contain her bulk was splattered with nameless stains and lumps of rotting food.

But Lady Berlam was rich enough to buy at least three villages back home in the Midderlands. So, the Gardeners of Walshale knew which side their crumpets, of which Lady Berlam was famously fond, were buttered on. Their unofficial spokesperson, Tessa Tennant, took a quick look around to make sure her companions were behaving themselves. The witchfinder, Silas Fairbarn, watched Lady Berlam carefully, as though waiting to see if some demonic horror was about to escape from her bulging flesh. He held his capotain hat in one hand and fingered the pages of his holy book with the other. Thespin Nook brushed blond locks into place over his softly pointed ears and eyed the room for valuables that the Lady might not miss. Young Verity Squires hunched further down into her a hooded robe, hiding her arcane ways and looking like a girl getting a good telling off from her mum for staying out too late. The Gardeners' cleric, Jarsen Garbett, had adopted a prayerful expression as befitted a man of faith. He was probably reciting psalms to the angel Gael in his head to block out Lady Berlam's whinging voice. The newest member of the Gardeners seemed the most interested in what was going on. Broggel twitched his large hooked nose as he took in the grisly bouquet of scents that drifted off the noblewoman. From time to time his knotty hands reached down to pat his big goblin-belly, perhaps a little intimidated by a human so much larger than himself.

"Pirates it was! Or Piscaceans. Something beginning with P anyway. Lost with all hands and not one quid's recompense from the shipping company. I'm beside myself with worry, haven't been able to eat a thing since I heard the news." Lady Berlam

paused to cram a chicken leg into her mouth before continuing. “All I have left is Mudcow-liver jelly and Blythen Pike ganache. Even if I could find the ocularist who sold Lord Wandsworth the traitors’ eyes there’s no point being the second person to serve eyes. Why I’d be laughed out of the club!”

Tessa cleared her throat and the Lady stopped her tirade, though she continued to chew, crunching bones and gristle with equal relish. After a polite bow, Tessa spoke, bracing herself against the amusement these Lunden Lords always showed at her Midderlands accent. “How is it that we can help yow, milady?”

Lady Berlam boggled at her. “Why mushrooms of course! Don’t you rural northern types listen to anything?”

“Mushrooms, milady?” Tessa pasted a polite smile across her face and didn’t bother to correct the Lady.

“Mushrooms! Fungi! Toadstools!” Several extra chins escaped the confines of Lady Berlam’s dress and joined their companions in the place where her neck should have been. “If I cannot serve my guests the Gaulandian truffles from my shipment then you must find me even more outlandish mushrooms here in the Havenlands!”

Tessa glanced at the other Gardeners, then shrugged. “We can nip out of town and look round the countryside for some interesting specimens, milady.” It seemed like an easy enough way to earn a hundred gold quids.

A fat pink finger wagged at her. “Oh no. None of your common muck. The mushrooms I need are beneath the city itself, in the sewers, the tunnels go too deep you see, things bubble up from the Upper Middergloom. Why I’ve heard tales of whole new undiscovered species of fungi down there! Mushrooms that can make you see the future, ambulatory mushrooms, carnivorous mushrooms, mushrooms that bleed or weep when you cut them. You’ll find these things and bring them back to me. My chef will do the rest and my reputation as Great Lunden’s premier gourmet will be saved!”

Silas frowned. “Yow want to serve yow’re guests somethin’ that grew in a sewer, milady? Surely that ay safe?”

Lady Berlam glared at him, displaying none of the fear that the common-folk had for one of his profession. “Cretin! In the Club it is not the provenance of food that matters, it is the novelty of the experience. No, plague or poison is worse than boredom. To the true gourmet, hygiene is just something that happens to other people! Go now and do not return without a truly prodigious pile of delectably diverse fungal offerings. Out, out!”

The Gardeners trooped out of the audience chamber and headed into the kitchen.

There, a stout and surprisingly muscular footman handed Tessa a Writ of Passage into the sewers and a pair of leather maps, one showing the streets of Great Lunden and the known entrances to its sewers, the other depicting the tunnels beneath each of the Inner Wards. (Or at least, those tunnels that the Queen's officials were willing to admit existed.) "Of course," he said conspiratorially to Tessa as he led the Gardeners to the tradesmen's entrance and opened the door for them. "We don't know what really happened to the ship. Rumours are that a sea-monster was spotted nearby, all tentacles and blubber and great snapping beak. I've seen such things back when I sailed the seas. If I'd been there to guard the shipment, then we'd have seen off all-comers and I'd have brought back a few choice cuts of monster-steak to grace my mistress's table."

Tessa gave the writ to Silas and passed the maps to Verity, who immediately began studying them with the eerie intensity of the true magical practitioner. "Thanks, I'm sure this'll come in handy. Though we don't know the aboveground of Great Lunden that well just yet, let alone the places beneath. Seeing as yow're a bold and adventuresome sort, could yow show us where to start? Or maybe guide us to a good spot to gerrin to the sewers?"

The footman recoiled in horror, his face losing all colour. He shoved the last Gardener, Jarsen, out of the door and slammed it shut behind him. There followed the rattling of many chains and the click-clanking of keys turning in several large and serious locks.

Outside, the Gardeners were assailed by the din of passing carts and cityfolk and the mingled smells of soot, manure, sweat, damp bodies, sizzling meat and spices. Thespin poked Broggel lightly in the gut with his soft-soled book. "Reckon yow could sniff out a sewer-gate that leads straight to a nest of weird mushrooms then? Save us a bit of trekking around through this mess?"

The Goblin shook his warty head. "Too many smells in this place. Have to go underground and have a proper sniff."

"There's an entrance in an alley not far from here," Verity said, tapping the street map. "We might as well start there."

The Gardeners followed their mage through the bustling streets of Great Lunden, laughing and joking as they went, happy to be out on another strange adventure.

Finally, she stopped at the entrance to a dingy alley between two proud townhouses and was about to step into it when a wild scream echoed from within.

"Help me! Oh gods help me!"

Jarsen bolted past Verity, moving with surprising speed for a man of his years, quickly reaching the source of the cry for help at the other end of the alley. It was a

man, wearing the uniform of a Peeker, one of the guards who supposedly upheld the laws of Great Lunden, peering through a small grate sunk into the floor. As soon as he saw Jarsen, he reached out through the bars. “Get me out of here mate! Help me! Hel-”

Suddenly, long coiling limbs wrapped tightly around the man’s face, neck and arms, crushing bones and pulping flesh. He was yanked down and out of sight. Jarsen stopped short, too late to do anything but stare. Horrified silence filled the alleyway. The other Gardeners shuffled up behind Jarsen, but made no move to approach the grate. At last Tessa whispered, “Let’s try somewhere else.”

At last Tessa whispered. “Let’s try somewhere else.”

Broggel, Silas, Verity and Thespin all nodded emphatically, not daring to speak. Jarsen sighed and recited a quiet prayer, asking Gael to carry the poor man’s soul up to Them Upstairs. No one laughed as the Gardeners followed the map to a larger and, hopefully, safer entrance in Marketgate.

This entrance was more gate than grate. A set of wide stone steps, thick with mud and other less identifiable things, led off a street and down to the gate, its fanciful iron frame curled into the shapes of laurel leaves, leaping fish, and dancing goblins. A gaunt Peeker slouched in front of the gate, propped up on his spear and looking unhappy with life, the world and everything. He perked up a bit when he saw them approach. “Ho there! No entrance to the Queen’s sewers except by licenced persons!”

Silas stepped forward and handed over the writ of passage. The guard studied it carefully, his lips moving as he sounded out the more difficult words. He looked back up, sly-eyed and smirking, “Alright boys and girls, you can go in. But it says nothing here about free passage. So I’ll trouble you for a toll before I go risking life and limb by unlocking that gate.”

Broggel ambled past the guard and stuck his head through the bars, snuffling air in through his nose, already on the hunt for interesting mushrooms. The other Gardeners crowded round the guard, most of them loudly objecting to parting with any of their hard-earned cash just to reward him for doing his gods-damned job. The Peeker wouldn’t budge. “You’ll all be dead in an hour anyway. Might as well leave a little bit of wealth on the surface where it’ll do a body some good.” Yow’ve a silver-tongue on yow, cocker. A man after me own heart,” Thespin said, slapping the guard’s back and waving a handful of coins beneath his nose. “I’ll give yow all of this as soon as we am through that gate.”

His thin face turning to track the coins like a dog scenting a treat, the guard grinned, “Yeah, kushty. I’ll let you through. No funny business mind!” He drew out a heavy, barbed key that could have served as a backup weapon if he lost his spear and used it

to unlock the gate. Once the Gardeners had all passed the threshold and the gate had been locked behind them, Thespin reached back through the bars to hand the Peeker the toll, much to the Peeker's delight. As they disappeared into the gloom, his duty done and the city safe from what might lurk below, the guard pocketed his earnings. At the sound of the few coins clattering onto the steps, he looked down to see his belt-pouch had been cut. He grimaced and yelled through the bars, "Oi! You thieving bastards! I'll 'ave you for this!"

Inside, the stink hit them like a fist to the face, an acrid ammonia reek formed from the mingled piss of centuries undercutting the wet, many-layered stench of fresh shit from at least a dozen species in varying stages of health. Crumbling stone walls curved around the adventurers, glistening with pallid moisture. Narrow stone walkways rose on either side of a filthy channel where the contents of a thousand privies slid greasily towards their final destination in the Great Thameswater Estuary.

Ignoring the curses behind them, Silas lit his lantern and Broggel led the way, nose twitching with excitement as he trotted along at the edge of the light. The others followed more cautiously, their boots sliding over slick cobblestones and patches of faintly pulsating mould. A yelp from the Goblin set hands on weapons, but he had only found a small pile of bright blue toadstools which he peeled off the wall with his bare hands and dropped into a sack he'd brought for the purpose. The Gardeners followed Broggel's nose through the sewers beneath Marketgate and beyond until they reached a fork in the tunnel formed by the intrusion of a great iron pipe, tiger-striped with rust and smelling of ink and secrets. There they turned to Verity, who consulted the second of the maps they had been entrusted with before poking at the maps for emphasis and exclaiming, "This pipe leads to the tunnels beneath Silvergate. Those banker-wankers could have chucked out all kinds of valuable stuff!"

Broggel shook his craggy head, nose twitching. "Mushrooms don't grow in paper and ink and coins. Mushrooms grow in dirt and dark and dank and shite. Our job is to get mushrooms!"

Thespin edged forward to join in the argument. "But if we find a hoard of gold quids in a drain somewhere, we don't have to worry about finishing the job."

"You always have to finish the job!" Broggel was incensed.

Silas had taken a position at the back of the group so that his lantern-light wouldn't dazzle the other Gardeners. Sensing that this argument would last a while, the witchfinder pulled the holy book from its place on his chest and held it up to the lantern, looking for a passage to stoke the fires of his zealous ardour, or at least to pass the time. A sound made him pause. It was a sort of blubbering gurgle that seemed out of place even amongst the sludgy sounds of the sewers. The witchfinder

restored the book back in its place of safety and unsheathed his sword, looking down at the putrid river and playing his lantern's light across its surface.

Something moved in the foetid mire, but before he could cry out a warning, a bellowing abomination hurled itself out of the channel at Silas. Short, stubby trotters landed on his shoulders and a flabby porcine maw gnashed madly at his face. Now yelling and flailing in alarm, the witchfinder jammed the flat of his sword into the monster's mouth before its yellow fangs could sink home, the reek of its breath marginally worse than the sewer's stink. Then its weight got the better of him and they tumbled together into the raw sewage below. Vile fluids stung Silas' eyes and clawed their way up his nose and down his throat, tasting like the run-off from a demon's privy, but he kept hold of both sword and lantern, the latter's flame snuffed out by the wretched effluent.

Alerted by both the yells and the plunging of the tunnel into dreary mould-light, the other Gardeners looked to see what had caused the commotion. Dimly, they saw Silas rolling over and over in the muck, locked in mortal combat with a pig-headed sewer-monster. Thespin reacted first, throwing a knife he had snagged from Lady Berlam's kitchen and cursing at its unsuitability for the purpose as it turned in the air so that its handle cracked against Silas' forehead. He threw another and whooped as it skidded across the pig-thing's flabby neck, leaving an oozing gash in its wake.

Silas battered the creature with the heavy base of his lantern while Jarsen leaned out to grab him, and Broggel and Tessa stabbed frantically at the beast's flailing tail with pitchfork and sword. Tessa's two-handed sword sliced the thrashing tail clean off, which only seemed to enrage the beast further towards Silas' face. Drooling tusk-like teeth scraped against steel as he slipped beneath the surface of the muck once again.

A low eerie chant cut through the din of desperate cries. Verity finished her spell and gave one last discreet wriggle of her long fingers. Shining silver thorns made from pure sorcery pierced the pig-thing's flesh from several angles at once. It let Silas go and convulsed horribly, squealing like a peeping tom who had his balls caught by a shutting window.

The witchfinder surfaced and lashed out with his sword. It was a weak cut, powered more by righteous fury than actual strength, but it clipped the base of the creature's skull and seemed to dash the last vestige of life from it. The pig-thing burped out its death-cry and rolled belly-up in the water, gore leaking from it in a spreading crimson and green cloud.

Jarsen managed to get hold of Silas and haul him bodily back onto the walkway. Silas, laid down his lantern and sword, leaned over the channel and threw up a thin stream of sewer-water and bile. Seeing his hat drifting off downstream he swore softly and jumped back in to retrieve it.

This time Jarsen refused to help Silas as he clambered back up out of the sewage. Silas met the cleric's eyes with his own red-rimmed orbs. "Standards must be maintained." The witchfinder's stomach rumbled ominously and he clutched at it with growing dismay.

Tessa ignored the stricken witchfinder and contemplated the dead monster. It was a slimy frog-coloured thing, half-pig and half-newt with a beard-like growth of tiny chitinous tentacles hanging from its bulbous chin. Rolls of fat striped its body, spotted with misshapen warts and the occasional scale. She nudged Verity. "D'yow know what that bastard thing is? Cos I do'ht."

"It's a Pig-Newt, anyone can see that," Verity scowled. She was sulking because she'd had to use her magic in the sort of obvious and flashy way which she had always said was totally uncool and embarrassing. The Gardener's spokeswoman gave the young mage an old-fashioned look. "Yow just made that up."

Verity shrugged. "Prove it."

Tessa opened her mouth, then shut it again. "Ah well," she said lamely. "It's a rare beast, maybe unique. Best not tell her Ladyship about it or she'll send us back down here to collect a side of newt-bacon for her next banquet."

Verity made retching noises loud enough to conceal the sound of Silas losing what was left of his breakfast. As Silas composed himself and cleaned and relit his lantern, Broggel took the time to dig a knife-shaped lime-green mushroom out of a crack in the walkway. Then the Gardeners resumed their slow and now hesitant march upstream through the bowels of Great Lunden, the direction determined by Broggel who won his argument with Verity through sheer bloody-minded stubbornness. They were now in a system of wide brick tunnels, where the water was ankle-deep and flowed along at a brisk pace, but at least it was water.

Mostly.

The walls of the tunnels were slick with soap-scum and grease and patterned with creeping yellow stains. Flecks of dirt and debris bobbed along in the current. After consulting the maps, Verity declared, "Looks like we am under a laundry or three now. Yow might as well take another dip Silas. Yow won't find cleaner water down here unless we run into a storm-drain."

The witchfinder gagged and spat into the water. His face had turned puce and he was shivering slightly. He narrowed puffy eyes at the mage and quoted, "Dirt is much like wickedness. Better to cleanse it with fire than with water."

In past times, this might have developed into another argument, but Thespin diverted their attention by spotting some mushrooms that looked like little grey men growing just beneath the water which Verity pronounced them to be a completely

new species. Broggel whistled tunelessly and drummed his belly with excitement as he squeezed the water out of the mushrooms and dropped them into his bag, ignoring their pleas for mercy. Looking around, they quickly ascertained that no other new specimens had made their home in the tunnels, so the Gardeners leapt across the channel and followed the flow of laundry-water back down into the depths.

Here the architecture of the sewers changed once again. Pipes gave way to straight walls decorated with patches of tiny tiles. Time and tide had worn away the mosaics so that it was almost impossible to recognise what they had once intended to represent. Here and there, with a bit of imagination and a lot of squinting, it was possible to make out the shapes of sea-horses and a muscular, bearded man carrying a three-pronged trident.

"Goman designs," Jarsen said, slapping one wall and knocking out a light spray of painted tiles. "We must be in a very old part of the system. Could be anything down here."

Thespin shuddered. "Let's find a tunnel leading up! We'll hit the Upper Middergloom at this rate."

The tunnel widened suddenly, opening out into a grand chamber that looked almost like a temple. Statues of the bearded man lined the walls, along with carvings of leaping dolphins and amphorae overflowing with wine. A large artificial pool sat in the centre of the room with a jade-tinged altar at its heart.

"Oh no," Tessa said, shaking her head. "We'e gi'ing that a wide berth."

Silas strode forward across the damp tiles. "By no means! If there is deviltry down here it'd be best to cut it out now rather than leave it at our backs."

"Don't yow go burning any old books or scrolls until I've had a chance to look at 'em!" Verity sprinted to catch up, overtaking the witchfinder in her haste to be the first to the altar. She reached the edge of the pool and set one foot, tentatively, onto a half-submerged log that rested in the water.

The log opened wicked amber eyes.

So did the log next to it.

The two-headed sewer crocodile smiled at the young woman that had disturbed its rest, revealing an ungodly amount of jagged teeth.

She screamed.

It snapped.

And missed. Two sets of primeval jaws closed around the air where Verity had just been. Silas had caught the back of her robe and yanked her out of range at the last second. Now he doubled over, wheezing and coughing, and it was her turn to shove him back as the sewer croc skittered towards them both, jaws opening wide.

Tessa ripped a rusting trident out of the hands of a derelict statue and ran at the rightmost croc-head, driving all three points down its gaping throat. The cruel jaws cracked together like a steel trap, bending the ancient trident almost to breaking point and catching the warrior's arm before she could pull back.

The croc tightened its hold on her vambraces with a screech of abused metal and dragged Tessa with it as it chased after the other Gardeners. Blood dripped down her arm as she punched the creature repeatedly with her free fist, completely failing to bother it.

Broggel looked up from picking a pus-green mushroom out from between the toes of a statue of a headless nymph and growled at the advancing croc. It growled back.

It felt as though Tessa's arm was being ground between two millstones. Her bones bent in their sockets, her ligaments popped and tore, the trickle of blood became a stream. Her two-handed sword was sheathed on her back and she could not get the right leverage to draw it. Her belt dagger though, if she could just reach down far enough…

Jarsen bellowed a challenge at the beast while Thespin tried to edge round behind it.

The pain in Tessa's arm was a live thing now, all needles and sparks, searing and chewing its way from the inside out. Gritting her teeth, she grasped the handle of her dagger and dragged it free.

Silas and Verity had been backed into an alcove between two statues. He had recovered enough to jab at the monster with his sword, nicking a nostril on the left-hand head and making it hiss with anger.

"Get off me yow reasty shite!" Tessa screamed through tears of agony as she swung her dagger. It was one of the best strikes of her life, the blade plunged to the hilt into the creature's right-most eye. It let her go to bellow its outrage at the world. Strong arms caught her and she heard Jarsen's voice calling. "Retreat! To the far opening."

The quarter-blind croc blundered forward and the fleeing Gardeners parted to let it through. Disoriented by the loss of an eye, the monster crashed into one of the statues next to where Verity and Silas had been crouching, splintering it into pieces. The Gardeners ran, even Broggel, feet tearing up the shallow water as they fled, putting the pool between them and the monster. They heard a splash as the croc ran straight back into the pool. And the horrible wet scrabbling of claws on slick stone as

it climbed out the other side and kept right on going. Then they were out of the chamber and running even faster as their feet hit something like solid ground.

The new corridor was lined with verdigris-stained copper and carpeted with bones and lumps of unidentifiable gristle. It was also barely wide enough for two slim men to stand abreast. A solid looking bronze gate stood invitingly open a little way up the tunnel, promising salvation.

The walking wounded, Silas and Tessa, were pushed ahead of the rest of the Gardeners. Verity somehow found herself at the back of the pack while the others barrelled through the gate. She heard the sound of scaled paws crunching bones behind her and turned to see that the croc had caught up and was aiming to finish the meal which Silas had so rudely interrupted. The beast lunged with one head, the other still busy trying to swallow the broken trident.

Verity threw her hands out and shrieked something unintelligible. A thin flapping mass dropped over the leading head's eyes and the croc skidded to a halt, snapping at this new attacker with both sets of teeth. The mage spun round and threw herself through the opening.

Broggel and Jarsen forced the gate shut behind her, jamming the great fish-shaped bolt into place just as the croc freed itself from its unwanted headgear and rammed the gate, heads-first. The gate shuddered at the impact and flecks of mortar drifted down from the ceiling. The croc rebounded with a pained grunt, then shook itself and bounded forward once again, too furious or too hungry to give up. The Gardeners did not stick around to see whether monster or masonry would prove victorious in the end. They kept on running until the corridor opened out into a wide sewer. Congealed fat masses rolled blearily across liquid shit which ran beside a battered brick walkway. Something rumbled in the distance and Tessa prayed that it was just a drain emptying itself. The bricks were scattered with olive-tinted mould and scarred by the marks of oversized claws. Torrents of filthy water fell from vents in the ceiling, stirring up the greyish-brown liquid of the channel so that it was impossible to see whether anything was moving in its depths.

No one suggested stopping.

When Silas stumbled to a halt and coughed out long ropes of phlegm, Jarsen and Thespin just picked him up and ran on. On past the floating corpse of an ommatophorian half-goblin, her throat cut and her eyes pecked out, worms writhing in the ruins of her bloated belly. On past the half-submerged, grime-covered statue of a long-dead noble. On past a series of worn scratched markings of some historic origin, which even Verity ignored.

And on. Through tunnels that glistened with twisted emerald light and across rickety bridges over old stream-beds and artificial rivers of softly bubbling muck. After what

felt like hours the Gardeners paused to draw breath and take stock of their situation. The latest tunnel seemed to have been carved from solid rock. The drains leading down into it were thin and worn. Black lumps of solid matter littered the floor and the air tasted of iron. A shaky Silas — back on his feet now, at his own insistence — let the light of his lantern wash over the walls, revealing splashes of blood, old and new. Thespin looked around, his hands on his paired short swords. "Probably just the drain below a slaughterhouse or something," he said, but even he did not look convinced by the idea. Jarsen leaned over to Tessa and gently took her wounded arm. "Best see to that before it goes septic down here."

She endured his touch, knowing that he was right even as his gentle movements inflamed the bruises and tears in her shredded flesh. Jarsen intoned a prayer to Gael and Tessa blinked, half-imagining that she saw the tip of a golden wing hanging over her. The hot, ugly throbbing of her arm receded, though she still felt an aching deep in her bones. It would take a good smith a long time to get her left vambrace back into shape, but at least she could fight with both arms again. She used her good hand to rap Jarsen on the shoulder in thanks.

Thespin cleared his throat and said, "Where the fuck am we, Verity?"

She looked back at him blankly. "How should I know?"

The half-elf made unrolling gestures and looked at her pointedly. "Check the maps?"

Verity grimaced and said, "I had to throw something to distract the crocodile."

The others turned to stare at her, silence bloomed between them, deepening and becoming more awful as the horror of the situation dawned on them all. Finally, Tessa said in a low voice, "Yow fed our maps out of this place to a gods-dammed sewer croc? Yow're supposed to be the bright one in this outfit!" She began to shout, "Don't yow boggle yow're eyes at me like a puppy that's just been kicked! I'll smack that stupid look right off yow're kissa!"

The warrior stepped forward as though to make good on her threat, but Jarsen got in the way and stared her down, saying, "Would yow have preferred Verity to get eaten by a crocodile?"

Tessa raised a hand, then dropped it and turned away.

Broggel piped up, his voice a positive counter to Tessa's despair. "I've got a lot of mushrooms now, sack is good and full! We just need to find our way out and the mission is done." He grinned a wide goblin-grin.

"Great," Tessa grumbled. "Best get walking then, see if we can find a way up."

They couldn't.

Every tunnel, pipe, corridor and crack in the earth that the Gardeners explored seemed to lead along or down. Wherever the path started to slope upwards again they found their way blocked by a pile of rubble or a locked gate. Silas thought he heard a swinish chuckling sound from the other side of one gate, accompanied by the swishing of a lumpen tail dragging against moist stone, but he shook the idea off, blaming the ringing in his sodden ears and the near-audible crackle of the fever rising through his body.

The further they ventured into the sewers, the deeper they slipped beneath the earth. They passed through caves lush with subterranean life. Things that had no business existing watched them from the darkness. Broggel was delighted, stuffing his sack with samples of fresh fungus that had probably never seen the light of day before.

The others walked in sullen silence.

Until they reached a large lead pipe and Silas called a halt, before falling prey to another bout of coughing. "Something feels off," He managed at last. "I've felt the presence of unclean eyes for some time now. Let me-" His lungs rebelled again, and he wheezed horribly for a few seconds. "Let me search them out."

Something shifted a little way back down the corridor, too far beyond the circle of lamplight to be seen. The Witchfinder lifted the holy book from his chest and read aloud from it, his voice hoarse. Silvery sparks drifted out from the book and settled into his eyes. Silas turned a slow circle, taking in everything around him with blessed clarity. His face, already the colour of bad cheese, became almost skeletal. "There is a terrible evil before us. But other fiends are approaching from behind. There is no escape, we can only advance into the teeth of perdition and pray that we can fight our way through."

A burbling laugh echoed from further up the tunnel. Resolute, Silas limped down the pipe, setting his feet carefully to resist the flow of sewer-water. The other Gardeners followed him. Better to die together, in the light, than to be picked off one by one in the gloom beyond the lantern's reach.

The pipe ended in a ragged opening, festooned with dirty stalactites that hung down like the fangs of an especially horrible fish. The Gardeners passed through and emerged onto the shore of a fetid underground pool illuminated by the sickly, will-o-the-wisp glow of gloom-touched mould. This chamber was cavernous and roughly spherical. Discarded bones and bits of less identifiable rubbish clustered around the edges of the pool and an island of trash loomed at its far side. A constant light rain of slurry fell from pipes and cracks in the ceiling. Another pipe was visible behind the garbage pile and just at the edge of the water, sewage draining out of it at a listless pace. Traces of gloomium tainted the pool, giving it a muddy, malachite sheen.

The Gardeners did not care about any of that though.

Their attention was captured by the gigantic figure that reclined on the trash island as though on a throne. It was the size of a modest cottage and shaped mostly like a sow. Viridian scales dotted most of her body, except for her expansive belly, which was fish-pale and glowing with patches of chartreuse mould. Her lower legs had trotters while the upper two ended in scabby three-clawed hands, the left one resting affectionately on the head of a deformed newt twice the size of a man. Rows of shark-like teeth fought for space inside the sow's gnarled maw and fragments of the corpses of animals and people were caught in the creases of her skin.

"As above, so below," Silas rasped to himself.

Shuffling and snuffling from back up the pipe told the Gardeners that their pursuers were catching up. Reluctantly, painfully, the adventurers edged together out onto the stinking excuse for land which rimmed the edges of the chamber, drawing weapons and readying spells for the fight to come.

A wall of mismatched porcine bodies spewed out of the entrance pipe. Pig-newts, dozens of them, clambering over each other in their eagerness to be the first to lay trotters, sink maws or slap slimy tails on the weary adventurers. The monsters slurped and snorted to each other as they rolled over gnawed skeletons and balls of fossilised manure. The viridian sow opened her mouth wide in anticipation of a feeding, grey drool dripping from her discoloured fangs and warbled, "Mother is hungry, hungry, hungry! Feed her manflesh, yes! Feed her goblin-meat, yes! No swineflesh for mother today!"

Jarsen called above the cacophony, "Form up and get to that other pipe!"

Leaning heavily against his sword, Silas recited a sacred verse from memory and his holy book lifted itself up from his chest, shining with a silver radiance that half-blinded the hybrid swine as they slithered forward. Jarsen summoned his own protection in the form of a pair of glittering golden wings that wrapped themselves around him.

Verity pointed a trembling finger at the pile of advancing pig-newts and spoke seven words that scorched the air. Streams of white webbing exploded from the centre of the heaving mass, tangling almost all of the monsters in their sticky strands. Their muscular bodies squealed and writhed in the mess. Some were stuck firm, already beginning to suffocate beneath the bodies of their kin. Others squirmed free and plopped out of the pile in an obscene parody of birth. These front-runners pulled and pushed themselves forward, gnawing at the air in their eagerness to taste living meat.

The Gardeners edged backwards, wary of plunging into the water of the pool even as the first few monsters reached them. Tessa cut the first pig-newt in half and Jarsen used his mace to pulp the next one's skull. Another pig-newt reared up to

disembowel Silas with a sharpened trotter then stopped short and cowered before the light of his book. He drove the point of his sword through its belly and spat phlegm into its face as it died. Thespin cut at a fourth creature, but a fifth one slipped behind him and bit a chunk of flesh out of his calf, giggling greedily to itself. A sixth monster might have finished the half-elf off, but was distracted by the broken body of one of its siblings, flopping down to guzzle up spilled brains instead of pressing the attack. Tessa took that pig-newt's ear off with a wild swing, catching a trotter in the back for her pains and nearly falling into the pool. Silas tried to kill the other, but collapsed to the filthy ground instead, overcome by a fit of retching, and narrowly avoided getting his throat bitten out by the wounded beast.

The Gardeners' progress had slowed to a crawl, they were barely halfway to the exit-pipe, and more and more of the pig-newts were slithering free of Verity's web spell. The mage spat out another charm, summoning a shield of jade light that blocked the swipe of a swinish hand half-a-second before it clawed her face off. Broggel moved to stand beside Verity, but he seemed distracted, his nose straining towards the Viridian Sow. Still, he gamely drove his pitch-fork into the nearest pig-newt's side, levering its wailing bulk into the pool. Thespin had managed to gut one opponent, but was now limping badly. Tessa stepped in front of him and the half-elf fell back. He stopped to tug the retching witchfinder to his feet and draped an arm around his shoulders, the two of them supported each other while the others covered their retreat.

Pig-newts were belly-flopping into the pool now and swimming round to cut off the adventurers' escape. The pool was not as deep as it first appeared, but the water level rose noticeably as the monsters piled in and the trickle of sewage slipping down the exit pipe had become a steady flow.

Without warning, Broggel leapt off the stinking shore and landed squarely on the giant sow's stomach, sending ripples of flab bouncing across its surface. The goblin scrabbled at a gleaming golden mushroom that peeked out from between two particularly greasy wrinkles. Before he could prize it loose the sow got a claw round his neck and lifted him up to her face for closer inspection. The goblin howled in frustration at losing his prize; he fell into a violent rage, thrashing and scratching and spitting. As he was carried past the sow's pendulous snout he stretched out and sank his teeth into the soft, fleshy space between the two nostrils. A hideous scream erupted from the wounded sow; it was louder than thunder, louder than the trumpets of hell, louder than the anger of the gods. The walls of the chamber shook and chunks of aging brick fell into the quaking water. The great beast bounced and bayed in a frenzy that put Broggel to shame, churning the waters around her into a storm of blood and foam. The goblin was thrown free, sailing over the monster-mother's shoulder and hitting the rim of the exit pipe belly-first with a sound like a cleaver smacking into a steak. He dropped his pitchfork and managed to catch hold

of the lip of the pipe with one hand. The goblin dangled from his new perch, stunned, bleeding from the mouth, yet still refusing to let go of his bag. Not everyone in the sow's vicinity was so lucky. The clawed hand that rested on the mutated newt closed convulsively, popping its head like an overripe grape and sending a fountain of discoloured gore and brain matter into the air.

The sow squalled even louder at this fresh indignity, falling onto one titanic side and batting at her headless concubine. The newt tumbled into the growing storm, driving the water level up by half a foot. The sow looked set to follow. Muck splattered against the walls and ceiling as she thrashed on her makeshift throne.

Noisome liquid bubbled up past the Gardeners' ankles as the water level rose again. Thespin and Silas nearly lost their footing as sewage tumbled out of the outflow pipe in a messy torrent that would be impossible to wade through, but Jarsen caught the half-elf's elbow and steadied them both.

The waters receded a little as the giant newt's corpse bobbed to the surface and drifted towards the exit pipe, coming to rest against Broggel.

The pig-newts had pulled back when their mother began her murderous tantrum. Now, they slid around the edges of the chamber, afraid to get close, but more afraid to let their mother's meal get away. They gazed at the Gardeners with ravenous intensity and burped to each other, goading their brothers and sisters to be the first to skirt the viridian sow and make a dash towards the adventurers. Tessa saw the slenderest ghost of a chance to get her crew out of this mess and roared, "Broggel, stay where y'am! Everyone else, run for the newt!"

The next few seconds were a dreadful slow-motion race. The Gardeners waded as quickly as they could through the rising tide of filth, their footing getting less certain by the second. Bloody detritus and stinging foam fell around them. The pig-newts gathered their wavering courage and splashed after the adventurers with increasing speed.

Silas reached the newt's corpse, dropped his lantern into the water and fell face-first onto the creature's back. Thespin dropped down beside him, using one hand to keep the witchfinder's head above water and the other to hang on to the crest of fins that ran down the gloom-touched beast's back. In a brief moment of clarity, the sow tried to shuffle round to face the fleeing adventurers, but her island was disintegrating beneath her and it was all she could do to stay above the water. Verity climbed on next and Tessa scrambled after her.

The boldest of the surviving pig-newts launched itself at Jarsen's back. Thespin called out a warning and the cleric ducked, letting the monster leap over his head. The swine-thing hit the wall beside Broggel and he kicked it in the head as it slid past him. Jarsen caught one of the giant newt's legs with both arms and held onto it with

grim intensity. The sow was making a small amount of headway in her turn, but had only succeeded in shifting her ponderous, wart-encrusted rump towards the exit pipe.

Tessa drew her sword and shouted, “Someone grab Broggel now! And hang on tight!”

Thespin had managed to loop a coil of rope around one dangling newt-leg and the unconscious Silas’ waist. He hurriedly passed one end of the rope around to the other Gardeners, trusting that Tessa knew what she was doing. A pig-newt rose out of the water and battered at Verity with its trotters, cutting her head open and knocking her flat onto the newt’s back. Tessa lay down full length across the newt’s shoulders and pushing off the wall with both feet, sending the newt and its terrified cargo skimming forward until they came to rest beneath the sow’s lower left leg. One pig-newt swam too close to his mother’s face and was bitten in half. Tessa closed her eyes, wrapped her legs around the newt’s neck and rammed her sword up to the hilt into the gap between two scales on the sow’s quivering backside.

There was a moment of perfect silence.

Then a squeal like all the pigs in Havenland being slaughtered at once. The viridian sow flipped her body away from the thing that had stung her and rolled off the island that had supported her wretched bulk for gods-knew how many years. She hit the water like Gael’s own fist, sending the pool and everything in it hurtling into the air. The ceiling rushed towards the Gardeners while pig-newts bounced and burst against the walls around them. Their mingled screams were lost in the roar of displaced sewage.

Then the newt and its passengers were dropping. It struck wet mud hard enough to break bones and rattle teeth. The dead monster’s blubbery body absorbed most of the impact, saving the adventurers from anything worse than bruises. Gloom-touched sewage, blood and bits of pig-newt fell around the stunned Gardeners. In a moment the water level had recovered and climbed far above its previous height, forced up by the bulk of the enraged sow and her demolished throne. The giant newt-corpse rose as well, leaking squamous fluids and spinning gently in the suddenly strong current as water gushed out through both pipes.

A great bony hand burst out of the water, gouging a grim furrow in the newt’s side and almost taking Tessa’s right leg off at the knee. Verity raised herself up on her elbows then ducked as the upper lip of the exit pipe loomed out of the water at beheading height and the newt was swept out of the chamber on a wave of filth. Light was snatched away, replaced by the roaring, tumbling darkness of the outflow pipe. Gravity, direction, and time lost all meaning, there was only an endless swirling, hurling tumble into the unknown.

Eventually.

Finally.

The rushing waters faltered.

And began to slow.

And slow.

The headless newt fetched up against an outlet grate and the battered Gardeners were able to release their collective death grips on ropes and fins and handfuls of clammy hide. Daylight shone through the grate, revealing the cluttered channel of the Great Thameswater River below. Thespin rolled Silas' unconscious body into a sitting position against the grate then slumped over beside him. Broggel, bruised, bloodied but unbeaten, opened his sodden sack and gleefully sorted through the mushrooms inside. Eventually, Tessa and then Jarsen stood up and tried to shoulder-barge the grate open. The ride on the newt had left him with a broken leg and her with a dislocated shoulder, so the grate hurt them a lot more than they hurt it.

More things slid down the pipe and bumped against the grate.

A broken pitchfork.

The skull of what might have been a dwarf.

Another dead pig-newt.

Which abruptly twitched into life and tried to latch onto Thespin's arm with all three of its remaining teeth. Silas' eyes snapped open, red with fever and staring wildly, growling, "Demon! Fiend! Death to the maleficar!" He caught the monster round the throat and squeezed, iron hard fingers sinking several inches through flab and gristle before they closed around its windpipe. The pig-newt beat feebly against Silas' heaving chest until Thespin leaned over and gently inserted his short sword into its ear, pushing and pushing until he pierced its brain. Silas kept right on squeezing so Thespin left him to it, pulled out his picks and gently coaxed the lock on the sewer-grate to open. From there it was just a matter of forcibly detaching Silas from the pig-newt's neck and crawling up out of the pipe and onto the blessed dry land of the riverbank.

"Come on then," Tessa said. "Let's drag our sorry arses back into the city. By the time we've all had five hot baths apiece, downed a few medicinal pints and gotten new gear we should still make a profit on this job. Probably." She set off, scratching an itch on the back of her neck which she really hoped wasn't the first sign of a gloom-touched mutation.

The rest of the Gardeners of Walshale wandered wearily after her.

In a lost goman temple deep beneath the ground, a pig-newt called Bilious snuffled at a locked gate, lapping at the delicious flecks of fresh blood that dappled the bars. Looking down, Bilious noticed two square strips of painted leather tangled in the gate. “Maps!” she exclaimed to herself and began giggling. “Mother wants some of these! Maps to where the manflesh and goblin-meat and beast-corpses comes from. Mother will be pleased!”

She gathered up the map in one callused trotter and wriggle-trotted away, heading for the chamber of the Viridian Sow with all the speed of a cherished daughter.

The Golden Bar of Clopetra

By Mark Nolan

INTRODUCTION

Silvergate Ward is renowned for its money lenders and bankers. Whilst some have long prodigious histories and are held in high regard, others often have more chequered backgrounds. The preeminent example of the former is The Bank of Havenland (B4) with a client list that covers Havenland's elite, while Miles Farthing Lending (C57), a firmly disreputable example of the latter can be found just three doors up on Bridge Street. The sign outside his establishment declares "Our Munies Go Miles", reflecting its owner's brash showmanship in stark contrast to the other buildings which predominantly trade on reputation alone, merely displaying a small brass plaque stating their business name and registered owner.

Miles Farthing, the founder of Miles Farthing Lending, built his financial empire by doing two things. First, lending to the desperate and the less desirable side of society, especially to those who he knew would not be able to repay in full, and when they could not, often collecting a pound of flesh — literally, when people defaulted. Rumour is that despite having moved to a more reputable address, he has not left those old habits behind. Second, a willingness to undercut his competitors. This has brought Miles Farthing Lending plenty of business, but greatly annoyed his competitors.

Now after years of being undercut and having to put up with his ruthless showmanship, Miles Farthing Lending's competitors have decided to act. Although the Peekers are duty-bound to ensure that rough justice comes to any who break the laws within Silvergate ward, Miles' competitors would not be so quick to condemn anyone who assisted in any misfortune which befell him.

The adventure involves working on behalf of Mile's competitors to steal a valuable item from his offices and ensuring this effect on his wealth causes his financial downfall, and ends his business dealings.

BEFORE YOU START

The strength of Peeker patrols and activity in Silvergate will vary depending upon the time of day that the player characters decide to carry out the heist on Miles Farthing Lending. During the daytime, Peeker patrols will not be as frequent and only number four Peekers and a Peeker Dogmaster with two mastiffs per patrol, but the streets will be busier and the offices of Miles Farthing Lending will be full of staff and customers. At night-time, the offices will be all but empty, but Peeker patrols are

more frequent and vigilant, their numbers increasing to six Peekers, two Peeker Dogmasters with two mastiffs each, and a Peeker Captain per patrol and they have with little tolerance for loiterers and none for law breakers.

If the alarm is raised, then nearest Peeker patrols quickly converge on where it was raised. The other patrols lock down the streets and will be aggressive, even violent in bother their questioning and their pursuit anyone who they do not immediately recognise. The rooftops might be a good entry points and also an escape route. ***The City of Great Lunden*** book contains rules for adventuring on the rooftops of Great Lunden which could be used to make their way to the delivery location.

Stats for the Peekers can be found in ***The City of Great Lunden*** book, page 194, but are repeated here for ease of use:

Captain/Bailiff

Hit Dice: 3
Armour Class: 5 [14] Chain with cuirass tabard bearing the ward's heraldry
Attacks: Longsword (1d8), Heavy Mace or Warhammer (1d6)
Saving Throw: 17
Special: None
Move: 12
Alignment: Any, but tending towards Assholish
Challenge Level/XP: 3/60

Peeker or Peeker Dogmaster

Hit Dice: 1
Armour Class: 6 [13] Ring with cuirass tabard bearing the ward heraldry
Attacks: Shortsword (1d6), Polearm two-handed (1d8+1)
Saving Throw: 17
Special: None
Move: 12
Alignment: Any
Challenge Level/XP: 1/15

A Peeker Dogmaster is a Peeker who has been given just about enough training not to be able to control the two unruly mastiffs that are typically assigned to them.

Peeker Mastiff

Hit Dice: 2
Armour Class: 7 [12]
Attacks: Bite (1d6)
Saving Throw: 16
Special: Shake Head
Move: 14
Alignment: Neutral
Challenge Level/XP: 2/30

When a Peeker Mastiff makes a successful bite attack, they shake their heads violently whilst dangling off their victims. This shaking requires the victim make a Saving Throw or be thrown off balance and to the ground prone. Additionally, there is a 25% chance the victim drops whatever they were holding.

THE GREAT SILVERGATE WARD HEIST

The adventurers should make the acquaintance of Mister Smith (an obvious pseudonym). Perhaps they answer a job advertisement or they are recommended by another client or the innkeeper where they are staying knows that they are adventurers who welcome challenging jobs and directs Mister Smith to them. Mister Smith is approximately 40 years old, of average appearance and build, with brown hair and a neatly trimmed beard. He is dressed plainly, but the clothes are good quality and of a good cut. He has a purse containing 126 gold quids and is armed only with a dagger.

Mister Smith will introduce himself and enquire if the player characters are looking for employment. After being given assurances that the party is looking for a job that will pay extremely well, he will offer to buy everyone drinks before explaining the nature of the job. He fidgets continually while talking to the player characters, rarely taking from his drink and often glancing around to see if they are being spied upon. Throughout the conversation, he will attempt to downplay the potential risks associated with the job.

Mister Smith is in the employ of an unofficial money lenders association, who through mutual agreement keep prices, and profits, healthy and consistent, stifling competition wherever necessary. However, their mutual business interests have been upset by Miles who refuses to play along with their rules, undercutting their rates.

The money lenders association has recently come into the possession of information that could nicely resolve these issues. According to their information, Miles has recently come into possession of the *Golden Bar of Clopetra* — a very valuable item, the loss of which would severely impact Miles' operations. To obtain it, he was forced to pool most of his money, calling in favours and loans, cutting short some debts early, and borrowing some funds from Freddy and Johnny, a pair of money lenders affectionately known as the 'Kneecap Brothers'.

The loss of such an item would put Miles in a very difficult situation financially. Firstly, he would lack the funds to continue trading. Secondly, he would be aware that with his history the brothers would suspect him of a double cross. Either way, the money lenders association's problems would go away.

Mister Smith will offer the player characters 20 gold quids in total to perform the heist. If necessary, Mister Smith will negotiate with the player characters, being prepared to go as high as 100 quids, a horse, and a rather fine leek. He is also prepared to offer access to a safe house within the city walls for use at a later date.

If the player characters are having doubts about taking the job, or if there

are any characters who have stronger morals (priests etc.), then Mister Smith can use the following information to try and sway them:

- Miles targets those he believes will be unable to repay their loans and delights in ruining them when they are unable to.
- Those who fail to pay, often disappear.
- It is rumoured that he still — personally — removes a pound of flesh from anyone who defaults on payments.
- Mr. Smith promises that his patrons will return the *Golden Bar of Clopetra* to its rightful owners.
- Miles takes children away from their families and puts them to work in order to pay off debts.

Once Clopetra's bar has been retrieved, the adventurers must rendezvous at the chimney stack on top of the building sitting riverside of Slugskin (B36) on the Messen Road. Next to the chimney stack will be a basket and rope. The adventurers must put the *Golden Bar of Clopetra* in the basket and lower it down the chimney. When they feel a tug on the rope they should haul the basket back up. Depending on what the adventurers have negotiated the basket will contain:

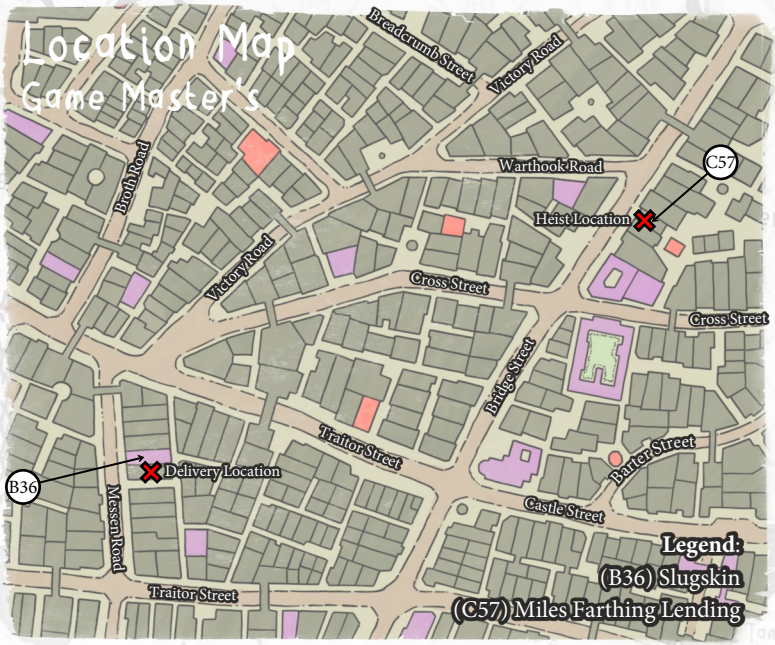
- The gold quid reward that has been agreed.
- A note with the location of a horse.
- An impressive-looking leek.
- A note detailing the location of the safehouse and the series of door knocks that are required to gain entry.

Mr. Smith is adamant on several clauses which must be agreed to, if the adventurers take the job:

- Normal citizens are expendable, however, if any Peekers are killed during the heist then Mr. Smith and his associates will disappear, and the adventurers will be on their own.
- The job has to be completed before the end of this week otherwise Miles will have moved Clopetra's bar to a more secure location.
- The adventurers must not be recognised.

Mr. Smith knows the following:

- The rooftops offer a good advantage point to check out the area, and possibly gain entry.
- The Peekers are more vigilant at night, operating larger patrols in Silvergate from dusk till dawn.
- The vault will require some form of key to gain access.
- The building is only three doors down from the Bank of Havenland (B4). The Peekers are going to be more vigilant in these areas as a consequence.
- The building is within Silvergate ward, however, it is on the borders of the ward, allowing access from less-patrolled wards.
- The windows on Miles' establishment are cleaned every Wednesday by John Pickle. He is easy to spot by his slight limp, flat cap, and beige outfit. He always arrives with his ladder on one



shoulder and a bucket and rags in one hand.

- Once a month, Master Sweep Jeremiah Screep arrives with two apprentices to clean the chimneys.

Runners

Each set of guards is accompanied by a runner. The runners are scrawny, dirty, and often smelly, urchins. Their sole purpose is to run for the Peekers at the first sign of trouble. Most are bound in indentured servitude; helping to pay family debts that have been defaulted on. Their actual pay is minimal — and that is before Miles Farthing takes payment for their food and board, but as an added incentive, and to keep them honest, in the event of a major incident any runner that manages to raise the Peekers has a whole quarter of their family's debt cleared.

The runners' clothes are dirty and patched, being made of thin cheap material. However, their shoes are of the finest leather being provided by Miles to ensure they can do their duty (the cost of the shoes added to their family's debt). Each runner has a single, unique silver shilling to use to identify themselves to the Peekers. Each clutches their shilling tightly in their fist, knowing that to lose it will cause their families debt to be doubled.

Outside the Front of Miles Farthing Lending

Large oak double doors dominate the front of the building. In the centre of each door hangs a fist-sized knocker cast to form the image of a wart goblin who has just received 'the red-hot poker treatment', its mouth hanging down loosely to form the knocker.

During the daytime, a single guard stands either side of each door, dressed in a rather fine uniform of red velvet coats and knickerbockers. Frilly ruffs and cuffs line the edges of the coats and the knickerbockers puff out at the waist before tapering at the knees. They wear white silk stockings and highly-polished red leather shoes with silver buckles. These guards are purely ceremonial, even their impressive looking halberds are blunt. They are simply there to open the doors and fawn over potential clients and should be treated as normal men.

Ceremonial Guard

Race: Human
Hit Dice: 1d6 hit points
Armour Class: 9 [10]
Attacks: Fist (1d3)
Saving Throw: 18
Move: 12
Alignment: Neutral
Challenge Level/XP: B/10.

Light glints off the six front windows; two windows on each floor. The walls are well-maintained with little or no hand holds. Black smoke can be seen belching from the top of the building. At night the doors are bolted shut from the inside.

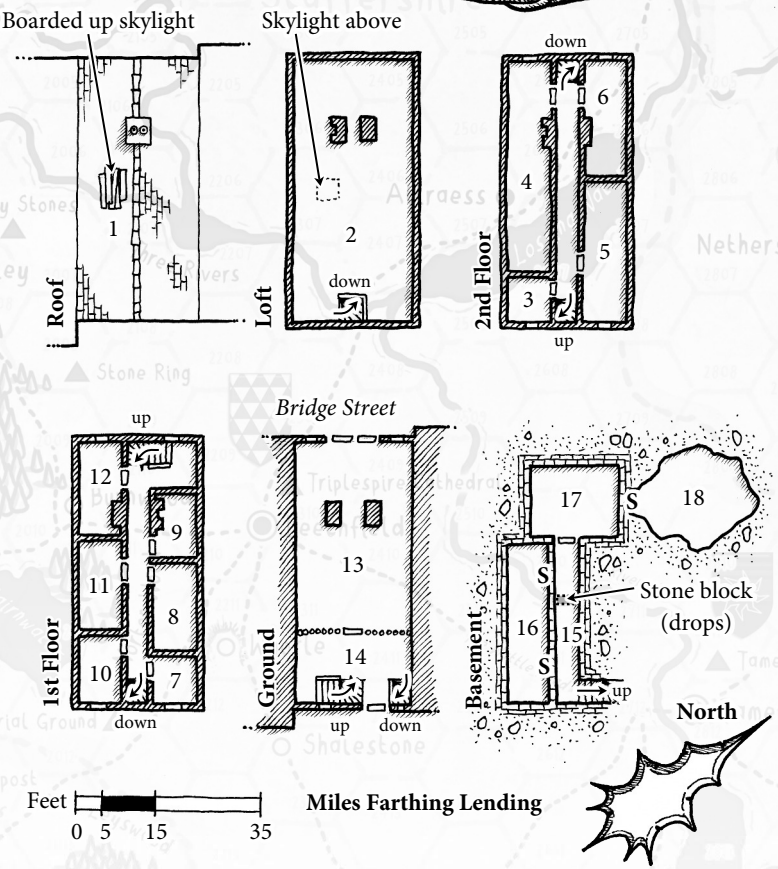
Miles' Guards

Race: Human
Hit Dice: 2
Armour Class: 7 [12]
Attacks: Fists (1d3), short sword (1d6)
Saving Throw: 17
Move: 12
Alignment: Neutral, but tending towards Chaotic
Challenge Level/XP: 2/30
Equipment: Short sword, leather armour, small locker key (opens the padlock to the guard's room on the first floor).
Description: Mile's guards stand average height, wearing leather armour and helmets that obscure most of their faces. They carry a single short sword belted and sheathed. All of the guards are aware of the hidden rooms and the less-pleasant side of the business.

At the Rear of Miles Farthing Lending

A solid black door exits the building into an alley, facing towards Little Benjamin's Clock-tower. A single sliding hatch in the centre of the door allowing guards to check people's identities before opening the door.

The rear door to the building is guarded on the inside. If the adventurers make any noise then there is a 3 in 6 chance the guards inside will open the hatch to see what is going on. They will behave indifferently to anything that doesn't threaten the building.



Two pipes protrude from the rear wall of the building. The first about eleven feet above the ground, and the second about twenty feet above the ground. Both appear to be made of a reddish-brown clay and are roughly circular in shape being large enough to fit an average turnip. Small droplets of urine drip slowly from the pipes, whilst some matted abomination held together by faeces dangles loosely in the wind. The wall below the pipes, all the way to the ground, is stained with the piss and shit, leaving a slick coating which gathers at the foot of the wall in a rank mass. During the heat of the day Lunden maggots swarm all over the piles of excrement.

Any player character wishing to climb this section of the wall will find it both more of a challenge and potentially messy. Besides needing to succeed at a skill test the Game Master should roll 1d6, on a result of a 1 or 2 the character feels their fingers sink into something so horrific that they involuntarily recoil in horror, losing their grip on the wall.

While examining the location there is a 1 in 6 chance that one of the bogs will be used and flushed, covering the climber in gut-wrenching excrement.

The Roof

Filthy moss-covered tiles line the roof. A double-potted chimney belches black smoke into the sky at all hours of the day and night. Rotting wooden boards cover a small section of the roof.

Map Location 1 — Examination of the boards reveals they cover a poorly-installed skylight, with dirty and cracked glass. If opened, the skylight provides entry into the loft. The drop from the skylight to the floor of the loft is 8 feet.

The chimney stack's mortar is crumbling away and with a little digging may be dismantled allowing another point of access. The chimney flue has exits into the first-floor office (Location 9), second-floor kitchen/dining room (Location 6), and the loft (Location 2) — which is boarded up.

The Loft

Map Location 2 — Dust and darkness smother everything. If the skylight has been uncovered, a small square of sunlight — or moonlight — illuminates the centre of the room. Cobwebs arch between the wooden beams that stretch overhead. Solid wooden boxes are stacked neatly up to the roof against the side of the chimney stack which splits and passes down through the middle of the loft. Wooden boards are nailed in place across the fireplace on one side. Worn wooden steps lead down to the second floor at the back of the loft.

Examining the boxes reveals an old ladder. If the adventurers examine it closely they discover that the ladder is riddled with woodworm, and probably not safe.

2nd Floor

Corridor

A single central corridor runs the length of the building on this floor with stairs at both ends. The stairs at the front of the building connect the first and second floors, the stairs at the rear lead up to the loft.

The corridor is carpeted in a thick red shagpile which is fairly worn and stained in places. Tiny insects can be seen scuttling over the stained patches. A chipped dado rail, roughly four feet from the floor, runs along each wall. The sections next to doorways are particularly worn. The top section of the wall is faded grey. Several poor-quality landscape pictures hang at intervals along the wall in between metal sconces worked into vine-like patterns hold small glass bulbs that pulse with gloombugs.

There are two doors on the left, and two on the right. Each door is made of solid wood. The doors have ornately-crafted hinges and brass lion-head door knobs.

Examination of the glass bulbs reveals they are roughly the size of a turnip and removable. The bottom of each bulb has a removable section allowing the bulb filled with gloombugs.

Three-quarters of the way along the corridor there is a loose floorboard, with a 1 in 6 chance anyone passing will tread on the board creating a loud, creaking noise. The corridor is patrolled

by two guards and a runner day and night.

3) Bog

A carved wooden seat stands against the wall, with a lid that is hinged at the back. On one side of the bog is a full bucket of water, and on the other a small wooden rack containing a selection of literature that is heavy on educational diagrams and light on writing. A small pile of cloth rags lie on a table just within reach of the bog. In one corner is a wicker basket, with a small pile of sweet-smelling green flowers lying on-top.

Lifting the lid of the seat reveals a fetid hole. At the bottom of the hole is a clay pipe that exits through the rear wall.

Opening the wicker basket releases the stench of the shit-stained rags that have been discarded. The stench is so great the adventurers should make a Constitution check else they will be rendered helpless as they gag and retch.

4) Bedroom

This room contains a four-poster bed with a chest at its base, a bedside table, a wardrobe, and a closet. The large four poster bed dominates the room, its slightly rumpled and stained sheets thrown back and hanging over the edge of the mattress. Red drapes hang around the bed with a golden coloured bell pull dangling by the side. A half-drunk bottle of Fullmead's Beggar's Downfall lies discarded on a small bedside table. A small wooden chest stands at the end of a large bed. Metal bands wrap vertically around the box preventing from being removed from the bed frame without smashing the bed. There is a small keyhole in the front of the chest.

The chest contains a couple of nightgowns and a half-full chamber pot.

The six-foot-high wardrobe stands against one wall and is decorated with gold leaf patterns of trees and two golden coloured lions perched on-top. The wardrobe contains a multitude of garishly coloured outfits that cover the last two years' fashion trends in Great Lunden.

The closet contains some extra pillows and three pairs of good-quality boots. With careful examination, a 10-inch square of the closet wall can be found and removed to reveal a shallow nook in which is stored a wickedly curved knife. This *+1 knife* has a plain wooden handle, but an impeccably sharp blade which is so stained with use that blood seems to have seeped into the metal itself.

5) Study

This room is furnished with a small mud cow hide chair next to a low polished oak table. Both stand on a circular rug of clashing green and red which covers most of the floor and there is an ash tray on the table with a half-smoked cigar discarded next to it. Bookshelves cover the left and right walls. Either side of the door hang gloombug lanterns casting a green glow over the room. The inside of the door has multiple locks and deadbolts, as well as a safety chain.

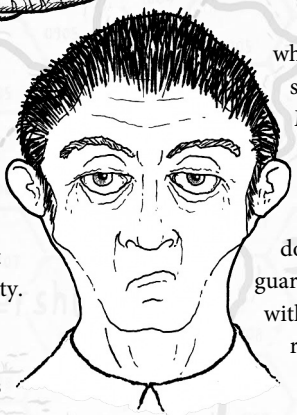
The inside of the door has multiple locks and deadbolts, as well as a safety chain.

Examination of the bookshelves reveals many old dusty tomes that are faded beyond readability. Several of the books will crumble and fall apart when opened. Some books — on financial and economic matters — are still readable and look to have been recently read.

Miles resides in this room, preferring to spend most of his time relaxing by reading books and smoking cigars in his comfy chair when not out extorting money. Upon any sign of trouble, he locks and bolts the door. He will only unlock it at the sound of the secret knock — known to all his guards.

Miles Farthing

Race: Human
Hit Dice: 2
Armour Class: 9 [10]
Attacks: Fists, Short sword (1d6)
Saving Throws: 16
Move: 12
Alignment: Chaotic
Challenge Level/XP: 2/30
Equipment: Short sword, golden tooth, ring of keys (these keys open all the doors in the building), tailored suit.
Description: Miles is of average height, and walks with a street swagger. He wears an expensive, tailored suit. His mousy brown hair is greased back, and when he smiles he reveals a single gold tooth.



Miles Farthing

Miles starts the adventure in the second-floor study. If the alarm is raised then he will lock and bolt the door, preferring to let his guards and the Peekers deal with any trouble rather than risking his own neck.

6) Kitchen/Dining Room

A small, rectangular dining table with three simple chairs around it, stands in the centre of the room. The table is marked with numerous circular scorch marks on its surface. Tin pots and pans as well as cooking implements hang from small metal hooks in the wall by the fireplace. There is also a pile of wood next to the fireplace and a small pot bubbles over the fire, hissing and sizzling occasionally as it boils over.

Examination of the pot reveals a rather good stew with only one eyeball — of questionable origin — floating in it. The wood is actually shattered parts from a fourth chair. Sections are stained red and there are chunks of flesh embedded in the ends.

1st Floor

Corridor

A single central corridor runs the length of the building on this floor with stairs at both ends. The stairs at the front of the building connect the ground and first, the stairs at the rear lead up to the second floor. The corridor is carpeted in

thick shagpile and a chipped dado rail, roughly four feet from the floor, runs along each wall. The sections next to doorways are particularly worn. The top section of the wall is faded grey with shadow-like patterns. Several poor-quality portraits of various monarchs hang at intervals along the wall in between metal sconces worked into vine vine-like patterns hold small glass bulbs that pulse with gloombugs.

There are three plain wooden doors on each side of the corridor. Each door is made of solid wood. The doors have ornately carved hinges and brass lion head door knobs.

Examination of the glass bulbs reveals they are roughly the size of a turnip and removable. The top of each bulb has a small finger hoop allowing the bulb to be removed from the fitting and the gloombugs to be placed inside.

7) Cleaning Closet

The cleaning closet contains several soft straw brooms leaning against a wall beside several buckets. Several shelves are crammed with jars of various shapes and sizes, while a few rags hang over the edge of one shelf.

The jars contain waxes and other substances for polishing furniture and fittings, soap, and pig's fat, the latter to grease the doors hinges. Hidden beneath some rags at the back of the top shelf is a *mephistophael witchpig deck*, with a small note saying "Pisskin's after sunset, Long Live the Queen".

8) Guard's Room

A large cabinet stands barred shut at the far end of the room, a padlocked chain as thick as a man's wrist hold the bars shut and in place. Pieces of armour and dirty laundry lie scattered around the room. A low dirty cot bed with rough woollen covers is pressed against the side wall on which a single guard is sleeping.

The barred cabinet contains a selection of standard swords and daggers. There are enough items lying around to put together a single guard's outfit; however it will consist of mismatched sized pieces of armour.

Searching the room reveals 1 iron twenty, and 23 copper halfpennies. There is also a non-magical dagger.

9) Office

A large room containing a single desk and high-backed chair, which are positioned to get the most light from the window. A metal spike with pieces of paper jammed down on it stands on one side of the desk. A large, thick mudcow hide-backed accounts ledger lies open on the centre of the desk. Two padded chairs with green velvet upholstery stand opposite the desk, their backs to the door.

During the day Jim Shortwright, Miles' clerk, works here. There is a 50% chance he has 1d3 two customers in the room also relax in the green chairs.

At night the room is unoccupied.

Jim Shortwright

Race: Human
Hit Dice: 2
Armour Class: 9 [10]
Attack: Quill (1d4)
Saving Throws: 17
Move: 12
Alignment: Neutral, tending towards Chaotic
Challenge Level/XP: 2/30
Equipment: Quill and ink bottle.
Description: Six feet tall and wiry, Jim moves with an uncoordinated gait. Ink blotches stain his hands and shirt. Jim lives in the building where Miles can keep an eye on him, as Miles doesn't trust anyone who knows about his finances. He is unaware of the less-pleasant side of the business.

10) Bog

This bog is identical to the one on the second floor, albeit slightly more smelly and with bogies wiped on the walls. It also has a wooden rack of 'literature' containing pamphlets explaining a selection of services Miles can provide to his customers.

11) Disused Office

This room contains a small desk at its far end with chairs stacked on top of it. The desk, chairs, and plain wooden floorboards are covered in a thick layer of dust. A thin, barely noticeable, film of grime lies on the inside of the room's windows.

The floor boards creak when anyone — including the player characters — walks over them. One of the floor boards is loose. It can be lifted up to reveal a piece of parchment with "Twenty paces north of the Hangman's Tree" scrawled on it, a ring, and a small brass key. The meaning of the parchment is left up to the Game Master.

12) Jim's Bedroom

This room is furnished with a single bed against one wall, a plain cupboard against the wall opposite, and a simple wooden table against the wall between them. There is a mirror and several small bottles on the table and a folded piece of cloth is wedged under one leg to keep it stable.

Cheap, poorly cut clothing hangs in the cupboard above a small sack cloth bag sitting at the bottom which contains a pair of socks, some foul-smelling cheese, and a broken pocket watch.

Some of the bottles on the table contain scents and oils, others are empty. A Green-crested Bottlejack (see ***The Midderlands***, page 105) is hiding inside one of the larger empty glass bottles on the table.

During the day this room is unoccupied, however, at night Jim can be found asleep in the bed.

Ground Floor

13 and 14) Foyer

The foyer is a large open plan room lit by a crystal chandelier. Black and white tiles form an alternating pattern across the floor. Large leather sofas and chairs offer potential customers a place to relax. A single, large oil painting hangs on the left-hand wall depicting a rural

cottage scene. A gated exit at the rear of the room leads to the back door and stairs up to the first floor.

During the day, three servants can be found here tending to the needs of customers. When Miles or Jim are ready for them, a runner is sent to the Foyer and they are brought up the stairs to the office.

Inside the room, two guards stand either side of the main door, with two more either side of the gated door.

If the chandelier is examined, a single stone is actually a real diamond. Hidden at some point in the past, it is worth 50 gold quids.

Basement

15) Corridor

Worn stone steps lead down to a single stone-lined corridor. Flickering torches are mounted in plain iron sconces along the walls at five feet intervals. An indistinct scratching noise seems to be coming from behind the left-hand wall. The corridor ends with a locked-solid wooden door in front of which are posted two guards and a runner.

The guards will aggressively stop anyone other than Miles from accessing the vault. The runner will attempt to get up to the ground floor and into the streets to alert the Peekers if the guards ask them to.

There is a single hidden doorway approximately 10 paces along the corridor. This leads into 'The Lair', and is separate to the door that opens if the door trap is triggered, which is a little further up the corridor.

If the vault door alarm goes off, bells hidden in the walls ring on each floor, setting any remaining runners within the building, off into the streets to find the Peekers.

If the players stop to examine the corridor they may realise that the basement should be massive, yet there do not appear to be any visible side rooms.

Approximately ten paces back from the door there is a groove that runs around the floor, walls and ceiling. If the adventurers try and force the door, or fail to pick the lock, a stone block drops from behind blocking them in, and a section of the side wall slides up, allowing access into the lair.

16) The Lair

A small pool of light from the corridor highlights a trail of blood that leads from the doorway into the shadows. Thick cobwebs obscure everything reducing visibility to a few feet.

As the adventurers move through the room, the floor crunches. Upon examination they will find that the floor is littered with bones of various shapes and sizes; some that look distinctly human.

In the far corner of the room are three cocoons. If the adventurers cut them open, they find the following:

- The left most cocoon contains a dead hook-nosed wart goblin, his poor-quality clothes and general look of dishevelment are consistent

with someone who has been living on the streets.

- The middle cocoon contains a middle-aged human male. His eyes are rolled back in his head and he is paralysed, but alive. His clothes are of a poor quality and are consistent with someone who has been living on the streets.
- The right most cocoon contains a well-dressed woman. Her head is sagging forward and to the side revealing two puncture marks on her neck. She is alive but paralysed. She has several expensive rings on her fingers and a purse hanging over one podgy arm. The purse contains a shopping list of spices.

Located further back in the room is a hidden door that opens out back into the original corridor. Opening this door also causes the rest of the doors to reset back to their original positions, allowing access to the vault door from the corridor.

Roaming the room is a Liquid Spider. If the adventurers interfere with the cocoons, then the spider will attack. Otherwise it will wait in the shadows, scurrying out of their way, until they try and leave before attacking whoever is at the back of the group.

As the players move around the room they hear scurrying and scratching noises from somewhere just out of sight.

Liquid Spider

Hit Dice: 4
Armour Class: 5 [14]
Attacks: 1 bite (1d4) plus special, or 2 claws (1d4)
Saving Throw: 13
Special: *Paralysing Bite:* If the spider succeeds with a bite attack the defender must make a Saving Throw or become paralysed for 1d6 rounds.
Move: 18
Alignment: Neutral
Challenge Level/XP: 5/240
Description: A miasma of green swirls around the spider, the toxins from its twin sets of retractable fangs mixing into a noxious gas that surrounds the spider making it hard to hit. The liquid spider has evolved to have two sets of retractable fangs. The first are used to paralyse the victim before cocooning them. The second set it injects roughly 24 hours prior to eating the victim, liquefying their organs for consumption. This keeps the food fresher for longer.

17) The Vault

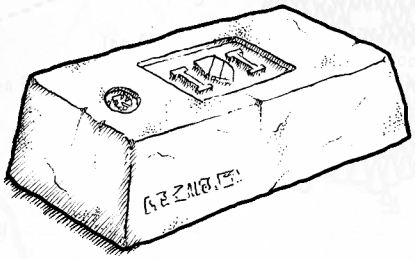
The vault is lined with stone blocks each of which has an individual sigil carved into them and is emanating a faint hum. In front of the walls stand sturdy bookcases, their shelves filled with numbered but otherwise plain steel boxes.

The numbered steel boxes are all securely locked. The vault is manned by three guards at all times. Two stand either side of the door, while the third sits on a chair at the far end of the vault,

ready to point a loaded crossbow at anyone who comes through the door. The guards work eight-hour shifts, but shift position in the vault every hour. If they do recognise anyone entering the vault or they are not accompanied by Miles Farthing, they have instructions to attack the intruders.

The vault walls are impervious magical attacks. In addition, any attempts to affect the walls with magic will cause all the bells within the building to sound, setting off the runners.

Examination of the room reveals scrape marks on the floor in front of one the bookcases. This bookcase swivels out into the vault and the wall behind it swivels open into another room. This is the entrance to the hidden chamber. The examination also reveals a heavily worn flagstone under the chair the guard was sitting on. Lifting this stone reveals a shallow pit in which the *Golden Bar of Clopetra* is being kept wrapped in a bundle of silk.



18) Hidden Chamber

Hewn from the earth, gloombug lanterns keep this chamber well-lit. Large wooden supports prop the centre of the room where it has sagged slightly under the weight of the street above. In the far corner is a pit. Manacles hold a limp body against the far wall; a small desk with an array of implements scattered across it is just in front of the body.

Examining the desk reveals a small book poking out from under the implements. Inside is a list of initials with numbers inked next to them. It looks to be a list of debts and who owed them.

The pit is full of mounds of flesh in various states of decay. Maggots swarm over the rancid chunks. If examined, each piece that is still recognisable has a small number inked on the skin. These numbers correlate to some of those in the book. This discovery could lead on to a new adventure of the Game Master's devising.

CONCLUDING THE ADVENTURE

If the adventurers successfully deliver the *Golden Bar of Clopetra* and retrieve their reward, Mr. Smith may find other work for such enterprising individuals. However, if they fail to deliver the bar, then Mr. Smith and his employers will not be happy, perceiving the adventurers to be 'loose ends that need to be tidied up'.


Scale (feet)
0
20
40
60
80
100
120
140
160
180
200
220
240
80
160
200
Breadcrumb Street
Broth Road
Victory Road
Cross Street
Traitor Street
Weasen Road
Silver Forge
Legend
Structure/Building Height
Number indicates number of floors from ground. 0 = Ground Floor, 2 = 20 feet, etc.
Roof Slope Direction
Arrow indicates downward slope direction. Single arrow indicates slopes down 1 floor (10 feet).
2 arrows indicates slopes down by 2 floors (20 feet).
Flat Roof
2
Drop Off Location
Rooftop Chase
Roof Apex
Roof
4th Floor
3rd Floor
2nd Floor
1st Floor
Ground Floor
Merchant House
Polk's Lenses & Fine Glass


Warthook Road
Vickory Road
Charlie's Shop
Tergol's Delicacies
Heist Location
1
Bridge Street
Cross Street
Trailor Street
Castle Street
Barter Street
Hog's Peppercorn
The City of Great Lunden

Curse of the Ghostly Gripe

By John Large

"I were just minding me own business looking through the heaps when I saw it, large as life. Huge, it were and belching flames, like some demon of the pit."

— Rob Aye, Sewershifter.

Curse of the Ghostly Gripe is an adventure for OSR games set in the Midderlands city of Great Lunden, a heaving medieval metropolis populated by wealthy nobles and the poorest of vagrants. Although described by some as a city of opportunity, Lunden also has a reputation for chewing up the unwary and spitting them out.

ADVENTURE OUTLINE

The adventure focuses around the appearance of a demonic Sewer Gripe that is haunting the Great Lunden sewers around an almost derelict domicile that once belonged to the alchemist Joseph Wythinghall, executed ten years previously for blasphemy and crimes against the Church of Gael. When Wythinghall was arrested and dragged away most of his researches were burned and his unwholesome elixirs poured into the various gutters and sewer inlets.

Squatting on the southern edge of Brothenward between Bileward — a district filled with industrious, scavenging wart goblins — and Blackgate, the Wythinghall home has since fallen into disrepair. It is now a down-market pie shop named the Salty Crust run by the widow, Ellen Good. The place has a reputation for serving incredibly cheap meat-pies, although the provenance of the meat used in said pastries is also questionable.

It is certainly true that there are far less cats and vermin in the vicinity of the Salty Crust than elsewhere in the city.

Recently strange spectral figures have been glimpsed coming and going from the sewers in the hours of darkness and strange demonic growling has been heard emanating from the tunnels beneath the streets. Attempts by the Peekers to investigate stalled when Rob Aye, a local Sewershifter was attacked by a ghostly Sewer Gripe near the building. The leader of the local Peekers has been charged with discovering the cause of the disturbances but is too superstitious to risk direct involvement.

The ghostly Gripe is in-fact a prop constructed by a group of wart goblins known as the Scrappers Guild that have been attempting to excavate the area below the alchemist's home. A significant portion of the Aqua Fortis created during the

alchemist's final experiments has survived in the sewers below his home, the wart goblin Scrappers accidentally discovered the substance and its explosive properties.

The Scrappers Guild believe that the alchemical substance can be used to give them an edge in their professional rivalry with the more official guilds of Blackgate, but were concerned that the richer metalworking guilds of Blackgate might steal their discovery away from them. In order to discourage people investigating the noise from their mining efforts the wart goblin Scrappers have cobbled together a reasonable facsimile of a Sewer Gripe made from metal debris, ropes and pulleys. Whilst the facsimile wouldn't stand up to close inspection in the light of day, in the foggy, darkness of the sewers, lit from behind by gloombug lanterns the fake gripe looks absolutely terrifying.

Wart Goblins

As detailed on page 29 of ***The City of Great Lunden*** book, Bileward was given over to the rule of wart goblins by King Oculon III when his life was saved by the goblin, Dourgul. Some OSR games and Game Masters prefer a more humanocentric fantasy experience, this does not mean you can't use your Great Lunden book or this adventure.

The easiest method to covert this adventure to a more human-centred game is to assume that the name wart goblin is actually a slang term for a particular class of people, or perhaps it applies to all people living in the Bileward.

Standard Wart Goblin

Hit Dice: 3
Armour Class: 3 [16]
Attacks: 2 claws (1d6), special
Saving Throw: 14
Special: *Grappling:* A Hook-nosed Wart Goblin can choose to grapple instead of using its claw attacks. It grapples as a 4 hit-dice creature. If it succeeds it can make a raking kick attack at +1 to hit for 1d12 damage in the same round.
Wartsmell: Due to their great sense of smell, Hook-nosed Wart Goblins are only surprised o a 1-in-8.
Move: 9
Alignment: Lawful
Challenge Level/XP: 3/60

For more about wart goblins, their habits, and motivations, see ***The Midderlands***, page 130.

BACKGROUND

The genesis of the events concerning the Curse of the Ghostly Gripe begins ten years previously.

Joseph Wythinghall, Alchemist

Joseph Wythinghall was an eccentric figure even by the standards of most alchemists, unlike his peers he was born without a shred of magical talent in him, indeed fellow practitioners often remarked that they found it more difficult to perform wondrous workings around Wythinghall, as though he very presence sucked the magic out of a room. Such a lack of raw ability might have determined some people, but Wythinghall believed that there existed a branch of 'natural alchemy' that could be used by even those who were not blessed with arcane power. Convinced that this 'natural alchemy' would greatly benefit the common-man, Joseph threw himself into the study of plants, poisons, strange beasts and all manner of esoterica that might allow this new field of study to flourish. The authorities in Great Lunden tolerated a certain amount of this study — after all, there is no shortage of eccentric practitioners in the City — but when Wythinghall returned from eastern shores, raving about the insights that he had received from the sufis and wisemen and challenged the supremacy of Gael and other sensible deities, the Church decided that enough was enough.

Backed by Peekers and clerics from the various temples of Bishopsgate, the Witchfinder Bernard Maurais had Wythinghall dragged to the nearby Brothenward town square and burned alive, as he died Wythinghall cursed those who had wronged him, even ten years later when some random quirk of misfortune strikes in the Brothenward old residents sometimes refer to it as 'Wyther's Curse'. The various strange solutions and alchemical tonics that filled Wythinghall's home were burned or poured down the nearest sewer inlet, and the area was blessed by a local priest of Gael to ensure that none of the unholy works of Wythinghall would ever rise to menace the city.

Bernard Maurais & The Witchfinders

Bernard Maurais is a tall man with a severe face and a pallid countenance, although in the prime of his witch-hunting days when he called for Wythinghall's burning, Maurais' zeal has dimmed somewhat in the intervening years. Three years after the burning of Wythinghall, Maurais was poisoned and — although he survived — the poison left him greatly weakened on his left side and effectively put an end to his witch-hunting; the identity of the poisoner was never discovered.

Despite his infirmity — which causes him to walk leaning on a twisted cane — Maurais is still greatly respected by the other witch-hunters since he learnt his craft directly from Lord Tolbein

Moorcock, the current Witchfinder General.

When the adventure begins, Maurais is a slightly bitter old man who laments that his infirmity prevents him from continuing to serve the gods by ferreting out those who would traffic in the unholy arts. Living in a modest abode on the southern edge of Bishopsgate, Maurais keeps a watchful eye on the pie-shop that now occupied the place where Wythinghall once made his home, sure that — should evil ever rise again — he will have a chance to prove himself.

JUST BEFORE THE ADVENTURE STARTS

Shortly before the adventure begins the Peekers have received a number of reports from the residents of the Brothenward and adjoining districts that strange cloaked figures have been glimpsed slinking through side-streets and heard running across rooftops in the wee small hours of the morning. With no real crime apparently having been committed the Peekers did not really place much stock in the rumours, however, recently the wine cellar of a prominent religious figure living in Bishopsgate have been raided and a cowled figure was glimpsed darting for the safety of the sewers, now that a wealthy and influential member of Great Lunden society has been inconvenienced the Peekers are suddenly taking the matter far more seriously and began to organise themselves for an expedition into the sewers.

As the Peekers were preparing their expedition, one of the local Sewershifters, Rob Aye claimed to have encountered a huge, demonic Sewer Gripe lurking in the area; initially sceptical, the injuries and crazed look on the face of Aye were enough to convince the Peekers that something larger was going on, and that their initial plans for a sewer expedition should be halted until the presence or absence of such a creature could be verified.

HOW DO THE HEROES GET INVOLVED?

There are a number of different ways that the heroes could get involved with the adventure, it is left to the judgement of each GM to tailor the reasons for their own campaign, however some suggestions are offered below:

Hired by the Peekers

Allegedly the Peekers are supposed to keep order and investigate crimes in the city of Great Lunden, but like many things, the ideal falls far short of the execution. Peekers only tend to show an interest in crimes that affect the wealthy or when pressure is being put on them by outside agencies, in this case Sergeant Jeffrey Deerings (see ***The City of Great Lunden,*** page 33) has been tasked with ensuring a through investigation takes place because his superior Captain Pallus Fistings (see

The City of Great Lunden page 33) is coming under a great deal of pressure from the religious authorities in Bishopsgate to wrap this matter up, particularly since Bishop Vincent Mallory's prized wine cellar was raided recently. Sergeant Deerings finds himself in an unfortunate position, since he needs to show results but his men are superstitious and unwilling to venture into the sewers near the Salty Crust, no matter how much inducement is offered, this may lead to Deerings attempting to hire disposable outsiders to investigate the area.

Hired to Protect Bernard Maurais

Although no longer in the prime of his life, the witchfinder Bernard Maurais has taken up lodging just across the street from the Salty Crust, the embittered old man never really believed that the evil lurking within Wythinghall's home could simply be poured down the drain but his protests were overruled by his superiors (more concerned with the spectacle and having a scapegoat for several recent ills that beset the city that the work of saving souls). Desperate for a chance to prove his worth — but recognising that he is no longer the young firebrand he once was — if the player party includes particularly religious or devout members they may find themselves approached by Maurais and offered a chance to act as his bodyguards.

This option is a good way of your player-characters potentially gaining some influence and status within the church if they comport themselves appropriately since — whilst working with Maurais — they will effectively be deputised and acting under the authority of the Witchfinder General (see ***The City of Great Lunden***, page 15). Should a satisfactory resolution be reached and the player-characters behave appropriately they may find themselves approached in the future by the religious authorities of Bishopsgate.

Bernard Maurais

Hit Dice: 3
Armour Class: 5 [14]
Attacks: Weapon (1d8)
Saving Throw: 17
Special: None
Move: 12
Alignment: Lawful
Challenge Level/XP: 3/60

Hired by Bishop Vincent Mallory

Whilst ostensibly working for the same authorities as Bernard Maurais, Bishop Mallory is far less concerned about laying an ancient evil to rest than he is the insult that has been levelled against the sanctified authorities of Bishopsgate when some vagabond dared to raid his prized wine cellar.

Bishop Mallory is a large man with a pendulous gut that hangs over the gold coloured thread that ties his rich, velvet church robes together, he has pudgy fingers covered in gold rings that glitter when he waves his arms around

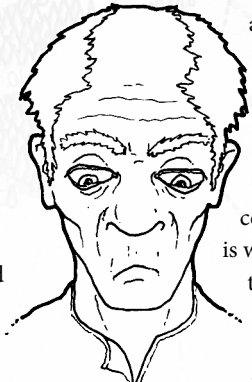
(something he does frequently when he becomes animated) and a thick jowly countenance bearing long-healed scars from a case of the pox. The Bishop is most often accompanied by his personal scribe Wulsi, a weasely man wearing small spectacles and a grey robe who fawns over his masters, offering handkerchiefs when the larger man becomes sweaty through exertion and sympathetic nods when his master speaks.

Bishop Mallory & Wulsi

Although worlds apart socially, for game purposes these two both have the same stats.

Hit Dice: 1
Armour Class: 9 [10]
Attacks: Weapon (1d6)
Saving Throw: 18
Special: None, although due to his good-standing within the Church of Gael, Bishop Mallory can influence members of the Peekers.
Move: 12
Alignment: Lawful
Challenge Level/XP: B/10

Bishop Mallory is typically accompanied by 1d6+1 guards (in addition to Wulsi), see page 58 for appropriate stats. The Bishop's golden rings and jewellery are worth around 1,000 gold quid all told, and he has a small key around his neck on a silver chain that opens the chest in his personal chambers.



Bishop Mallory

Wulsi normally has a variety of parchments, writing equipment and 2d6 gold quids on his person.

Hired by Ellen Good

Ellen Good is the owner of the Salty Crust pie shop, a robust woman normally found with her hair ties up with a piece of string, Ellen is most often found hunched over her mincing machine or rolling out pastry in the upstairs room at her shop. A no-nonsense, plain-talking woman, she is aided in running the shop by her daughter Mary, a short young woman with a pronounced limp and a slight hunchback; there are rumours circulating in the district that Mary is a result of a liaison with one of the wart goblins from Bileward, although no-one dares voice these suspicions too loudly when Ellen is around, since she is a dab-hand with her heavy iron ladle.

The owner of the Salty Crust is mainly concerned with making a reasonable living for herself and caring for her daughter, however recently the horror stories that have been circulating about the haunted sewers have scared away many of her customers, leading to a sharp decrease in revenue; to make things worse a foul odour has been bubbling up from the cellar in the building and Ellen is worried that it might start tainted the — admittedly questionable — meat that she used to stuff her pies. Any or all of these reasons might lead

the formidable Ellen to hire the player-characters.

Following up the Works of Joseph Wythinghall

Although all of the alchemical works that could be found in Wythinghall's home were burned or poured away ten years ago when the witchfinders dragged the old alchemist out of the building to the pyre, there are still some copies of his earlier works floating around in various academic circles and — if rumours are to be believed — the private libraries of a couple of reputable clergymen in Bishopsgate. It is possible that the heroes of your game may have discovered some of these works, containing tantalising hints about the final works that Wythinghall was involved in. This is a particularly good lead in to the adventure if the group includes a number of magic-users or other characters interested in the alchemical arts.

Wythinghall published a number of written works during his life, a couple of suggestions are offered below, but the GM should feel free to customise these (or invent their own) as befits their campaign:

- *In my travels to the far-east I have made the acquaintance of an elderly sage who claims to have discovered a substance that he refers to as Iron or Strong Water, a substance capable of breaking down even the most stubborn of ingredients.*
- *I have pried the secret of the strong water from the sage, stealing away with his written materials by night. I will make for the coast and book the first ship that I can for home with what little money remains to me.*
- *I have arrived back in the Havenlands. Great Lunden is much changed in the years since my absence and it seems that religious devotion now carries far more weight that scientific progress or factual study. As was ever the case. I will keep my researches hidden lest a finger of suspicion point at me.*
- *My experiment is a success, but I fear the foul odours and strange ingredients needed to produce the strong water will soon draw attention from unwelcome quarters.*

The strong water that Joseph mentions in his writings is Aqua Fortis or Nitric Acid, a highly corrosive mineral acid that is colourless but goes yellow with age. Aqua Fortis vapour is extremely irritating to the eyes, throat, lungs and corrosive to teeth, if the vapour is inhaled in significant quantities it result in severed coughing, chest pain and shortness of breath. Contact with skin causes severe corrosive burns.

When thrown, Aqua Fortis is treated like a missile weapon, it causes 1d6 hit points of damage to most targets. Creatures immune to fire effects take only half damage and undead take no damage, since they do not feel the pain of burning flesh like other beings.

Aqua Fortis can also be used in the creation of — amongst other things — fertiliser and explosives, such research is generally beyond the bounds of a typical OSR game and would require a significant investment in time and money, however it could be worth something to the right client (the wart goblins of Bileward certainly believe they can use it to gain an advantage in their work.

Attempts to manufacture explosives using Aqua Fortis without a heavily equipped laboratory and suitable study typically has a 50% chance of just failing and a 50% chance of blowing up in the experimenters face (inflicting damage as listed above), if you're feeling particularly generous as a GM then we suggest using the table below:

D12 Roll	Effect
1	Explosive successfully created.
2-6	Attempt fails, ingredients ruined.
7-11	Mixture explodes inflicting 2d6 Hit Points damage.
12	Explosive successfully created.

Robbed by the Cowled Figures

As mentioned above, cowled figures have been seen roaming the streets and the rooftops around the Salty Crust, similar figures were also seen fleeing the abode of Bishop Mallory following the theft of several bottles of vintage wine from his property, speculation runs rampant about who is responsible, rumours ranging from an anarchist faction trying to depose the monarchy to an evil cult attempting to overthrow the religious authorities of Bishopsgate. In-fact the people response are the goblins of the Scrappers Guild, in order to continue their experiments in the sewers below the Salty Crust (and to construct their 'Sewer Gripe') they have had to ferry various chemicals and other substances into the area; most of the items have been moved unseen through the sewers but some of them have been difficult to obtain or too valuable to risk moving through the sewers.

Tassb, a member of the Scrappers Guild, and also the goblin who thought up the Ghostly Gripe, suggested that they could move items overnight and that — given the rumours about curses and hauntings already circulating through the area — if the goblins garbed themselves in dark, ragged robes it was unlikely that the Peekers or a casual onlooker was going to risk tangling with them. A number of Night Goblins belonging to the Scrappers Guild were selected to carry out these night-time raids. Thus far Tassb's plan has worked, however, when some alcohol-obsessed Night Goblins stole wine from the cellar of Bishop Mallory they want too far and the pressure is now mounting for the Peekers to begin an official investigation.

Lesser Havenland Night Goblins

Hit Dice: 2
AC: 7 [12] (thick-skinned)
Atk: 2 claws (1d4)+Blinding (see below)
Saving Throw: 14
Special: *It Burns:* -1 to hit in sunlight or bright light.
Shriek: (twice a day) Causes a saving throw. On a failure, drop carried items and cover ears. The Night Goblin cannot do anything else whist shrieking other than run off.
Blinding: If both claw attacks hit, the goblin can hold on and use its nose attack the following round instead. On a successful nose hit, target has a 10% cumulative chance of being blinded.
Craving: Upon seeing a craved food (pick one) from the follow list: spiders, cats, stag beetles, slugs, snails, small birds, mice, bread, pork, potatoes, tomatoes, bees, wasps or alcohol, the goblin is at -2 to hit, damage and saving throws until they spend a round ingesting their craving (cumulative with *It Burns*).
Move: 9
Alignment: Chaotic
Chaotic Challenge Level/XP: 2/30

If the GM wishes to start off the adventure with a chase or a combat scene then perhaps the heroes are directly targeted by the goblins. If this reason is going to be used then the PCs must have something that the goblins require for their continued experimentation otherwise they wouldn't risk a confrontation, this could be anything made of precious metals or that could be used in alchemical workings, perhaps a potion or an item that gathered on previous adventures?

How Do the Goblins Know What Possessions the Heroes Have?

In their search for necessary items the goblins have paid a number of tavern keepers and street-urchins to keep them appraised of anyone possessing items that they might require, their standard tactic is to locate the person, follow them covertly and then steal the item when the person is incapacitated or otherwise incapable of fighting back. If this is not possible though a chase might ensue as the goblins will attempt to flee rather than risk revealing themselves and putting the whole operation in jeopardy.

An Encounter with Rob Aye

Rob Aye is a Sewershifter, one of the poor wretches who comb the filth encrusted subterranean passages below Lunden using long poles to probe the muck for any potential valuables that may have been swept down there with the rest of the detritus. Shortly before the adventure begins Rob was exploring the sewers in the southern edge of Brothenward when he was confronted

by a huge, demonic Sewer Gripe. Scared half out of his wits Rob fled the sewers and has not dared return since, he told the Peekers who gave his story very little consideration, believing Rob to be drunk (he was). Since then, the pressure put on the Peekers by Bishop Mallory and the numerous reports of spectral figures glimpsed around sewer inlets has caused the Peekers to reconsider Rob's story.

Rob is a skinny man with an untidy beard that looks as though it has been hacked into shape by a bread-knife, like a lot of people Rob is not particularly religious but is petrified of going back into the sewers to face the devil he's convinced lurks there. Although he's miserable because he can't resume his job and is tired of repeating his description of events, a little ale or silver can pry the story out of him:

"Well I was in the under-passages in South Brothenward, not doing any harm, just having a look around with me stick see if anyone had dropped coins or something I could sell when I hears this shrieking noise like the sound of hell-bound souls in torment, I looks down the tunnel and there it was. Huge green eyes and breath that smelled fouler than all the muck of the sewers, the thing hissed at me and breathed horrible smoke that filled the tunnel, I don't know how I made it out but I ain't dared go back since."

MAJOR GROUPS INVOLVED

Church of Gael

One of the larger houses of worship in Bishopsgate, the Church of Gael is housed within a magnificently opulent white, marble building decorated with gold filigree, the better to reflect the golden wings of their shining patron. Gaelites venerate the angel that is believed to ferry the souls of good and pious people to heaven when they die. Also known as the Shining One, Gaels clergy clad themselves in white robes that become progressively more decorated with golden embellishments as they rise through the ranks.

Although initially dismissive of the rumours involving demonic Sewer Gripes the Church now believe that something is occurring within the area of the Salty Crust, following the robbery at Bishop Mallory's home the Church has become increasingly involved. Although the Church cannot call in the witchfinders since there is no provable interference by dark or demonic powers, they have lay-members of their congregation combing the area around the Brothenward searching for any evidence of demonic interference. Should the church be able to gather such evidence, then the streets would soon resound to the boots and hammers of the witchfinders, empowered by a mandate to question anyone involved with the situation and to dispense

justice as they see fit to resolve the situation.

Ellen Good and the Salty Crust

As describe previously Ellen Good is a formidable woman who is mainly focused on turning a profit and looking after her daughter Mary; she acquired the previous home of Joseph Wythinghall when it was sold off cheaply because no-one wanted to buy the home of a condemned witch. Ever a canny business-woman, Ellen saw an opportunity to get herself on the property ladder, using her savings to buy the small two storey building.

Ellen runs a pie-shop called the Salty Crust from the insides of the building, people are served by her daughter in the ground floor of the building, while Ellen makes the pies upstairs and carries them down the rickety stairs to the serving area. The upper-floor of the building contains two rooms, one operates as a bedroom for the two Good women whilst the larger of the two rooms contains a huge, iron mincing machine that Ellen affectionately refers to as The Grinder.

The Grinder

Ellen's huge mincing machine is a bewildering variety of cogs and metal compartments, operated by turning a large wooden handle. Various meats are fed into the funnel at one end and — after a sufficient amount of cranking — a grey, meat slurry emerges at the other end ready for spooning into the pie-cases.

Next to the grinder is a small oven that Ellen uses to bake her pastry and a stain splattered table serving as a working area, a long and heavy wooden rolling pin and a number of stained metal cutters often adorn the table. In extreme circumstances — for instance, if her livelihood, life or family is threatened — Ellen is adept at wielding the the heavy wooden rolling pin, it strikes for 1d6 damage.

Mince Finely

If anyone is forcibly inserted into the Grinder or is foolish enough to put an extremity in whilst someone turns the handle they take 1d8+1 Hit Point damage and there is a 10% chance that the extremity is severed, ruined beyond (mundane) recovery.

Miscellaneous Meats

Whilst it is true that there seem to be less stray cats and vermin around The Salty Crust than in other areas, for the purposes of this adventure the no-doubt spurious origins of the meat used in Ellen Good's pies is left to your imagination and the needs of your game. If you wanted to cast Ellen in a more villainous light or add an additional element of horror to your game, it would not be difficult to imagine that the owner of the pie-shop might charge to dispose of bodies, or perhaps have cut a deal with local thieves and footpads.

Scrappers Guild

The Scrappers Guild is an organisation of wart goblins run out of a decaying warehouse building in the Bileward district, after the district was granted into the custody of the wart goblins there was a lot of debris clearance that regarded doing, some enterprising goblins hit on the idea of turning some of this rubbish into items that they could sell on to curious outsiders visiting their district. It started with good luck charms, pendants and other items easily cobbled together from detritus, but a few of the goblins had worked as servants for esteemed craftsmen in Blackgate and had studiously picked up some of their ex-master's trade secrets, it wasn't long before these industrious wart goblins were hammering and bolting together unlikely looking devices from bits of cast-off metal, mud and other debris. A ready market for the goblin-goods existed in Great Lunden and — thanks to the goblins lax safety standards — their goods could be acquired far more cheaply than the more reputable merchants offered by Blackgate, the phrase "Goblin Market" has quickly come to mean a cheap but chaotic way of getting things done in the slang of the city.

The Scrappers Guild have discovered a clear liquid that the alchemist Joseph Wythinghall was working on in his home and that was poured into the sewers has actually survived and congealed in a small stone chamber below the Salty Crust pie shop, this substance (known to the creator as Aqua Fortis) has suffered somewhat due to its exposure to air and other impurities, but a minor explosive accident involving a small quantity of the material and an unshielded lantern has lead the guild to believe that this substance could have a great deal of value.

Realising that — were they to announce the find publicly — it would no doubt be confiscated by the influential craftsmen of Blackgate, a member of the guild called Tassb suggested that they attempt to experiment on the substance and remove it secretly, unfortunately their movements were observed and recent raids to acquire additional resources have drawn attention. To discourage further investigations the canny goblin oversaw the construction of an artificial creature, made from metal in the rough shape of a Sewer Gripe.

Goblins in the Guild

Although the vast majority of the Scrappers Guild — and by extension the populace of Bileward — are mostly wart goblins, the existence of a district granted over to goblin rule has drawn other members of their species to Great Lunden, including those that might not traditionally found in an urban environment. In the table below are page references where you can find details of different goblin sub-types and what their roles might be in the Scrappers Guild.

Type of Goblin	Reference *The Midderlands* book	Role in Scrappers Guild
Night Goblin	page 90	Thieves and night-time ingredient acquirers.
Large-nosed Garden Goblin	page 96	Sentries, they are also useful because their ability to create mists can obscure flight, giving others time to escape.
Ocular Goblin	page 138	Footpads and sponsored thieves.
Ommatophorian Half-Goblin	page 146	Rare, even in Bileward but they are prized as lookouts.

The Ghostly Gripe

The artificial Gripe is actually a rough wooden frame covered in metal creating a body and single head vaguely shaped like a Sewer Gripe, the head has two holes in which gloombug lanterns are created to give the illusion of glowing eyes. Three goblins work the puppet, one sitting just behind the head, making growling noises through a rolled up tube (and using a dart-gun in emergencies) whilst the other two work the claws of the puppet, these are long farm implements attached to wooden supports moved by means of a series of levels and pulleys.

The Ghostly Gripe

Goblin-piloted puppet/war-machine.

Hit Dice: 3 (18 hit points)
AC: 3 [16]
Atk: Claw (1d6+1), Claw (1d6+1), Dart (1d3)
Saving Throw: 18
Special: *Immobile:* The Gripe can pivot on the spot to attack people, however it cannot actually move, it has a 10' range with both it's claw and dart attacks. *Filth-encrusted:* Anyone hit by one of the claw attacks and wounded has a 1-in-6 chance of contracting Filth Fever (see below for details).
Alignment: As goblin pilots
Challenge Level/XP: 4/120

Game Master's Note: *If stats are required for individual goblins then you can use either the stats for Large-Nosed Garden Goblins from* ***The Midderlands****, page 96 or the stats provided for the wart goblins earlier in this adventure.*

Whilst the puppet is 'manned' the wart goblins controlling the arms can use them to attack anyone who comes

within range (although the puppet itself cannot be moved easily, certainly not during a combat). The arms of the construct don't cause a great deal of damage however — due to the unsanitary conditions in the sewers — there is a 1-in-6 chance that anyone damaged by the 'arms' contracts the disease Filth Fever.

Whilst the goblins are piloting the gripe they are protected by the metal plates affixed to the faux-Gripe, however it takes them several minutes to free themselves from the bewildering array of leather straps and fastenings that hold them in place. Doing so certainly could not be done during a combat encounter.

Because of this the Gripe has a single set of stats that can be used during combat, even though it is in reality a mechanism controlled by three goblins, incase it becomes necessary to establish precisely how many goblins survive an assault on their vehicle, for every 6 HP the Gripe loses, one of the goblins dies. Once the Gripe loses it's 6 HP it loses one of it's attacks, and when it's second 6 HP it can no longer make claw attacks since only the goblin in the head remains.

Filth Fever

Filth fever is a disease that can be caught by people coming into contact with particularly noxious substances in the sewers below Great Lunden, often through infected injuries or by accidentally swallowing the waste down there. Sewershifters are at particular risk of contracting this disease, although long-time shifters have built up a resistance to it.

Anyone infected must make a Saving Throw, if they fail then they suffer from shaking, weakness and explosive diarrhoea for 1d3 days, during this period they also lose a point of constitution. At the end of this time period the PC can repeat the Saving Throw, success reveals that they have recovered and no further effects are taken, although the lost Constitution must be regained normally, failure means an additional point of constitution is lost and the PC must test again in 1d3 days.

These tests are repeated until the PC either passes a test, dies or receives magical healing to cure them of the affliction (for example a *Cure Disease* spell).

Sewershifter's Union

The Sewershifter's Union is a rag-tag organisation of the poor and desperate people who comb the sewers below Great Lunden looking for items that have some value, the Union was formed to prevent unscrupulous merchants and Peekers from ripping-off the poor Sewershifters and taking their 'treasures'. It may seem that such a bedraggled group of individuals wouldn't be able to do much to resist those with more temporal power in the city, but after a few people crossed the Union and ended up with raw sewerage leaking into their homes, people started treading a lot more carefully around members of the Union.

Rob Aye the man who encountered the ghostly gripe just before the adventure began is a member of the Union, the group is keen to see any potential lurking threat in the sewers dealt with because it may pose a threat to its members and the continued revenue that it extracts from its members. Although the Union doesn't have much in the way of coin, all many of strange and odd items turn up in the sewers and many of them fall into the hands of the Union, they might be willing to trade some of these with the PCs to have them resolve the problem.

What Does the Sewershifter's Union Have to Trade?

Pretty much anything that could reasonably end up in the sewers could be offered by the Union, and — given the odd, cosmopolitan nature of Great Lunden — these objects can be extremely strange. If you have any strange treasure or item tables you've been dying to incorporate into your games, the Sewershifter's Union is a great opportunity to do so.

If you fancy introducing some entertaining minor magical items into your campaign and have a copy of the ***Midderzine: Issue 2*** to hand this is a great opportunity to use the Slightly Less Shit random tables on page 6-11.

EVENT TIMELINE

This timeline shows past events and the likely series of future events if the PCs do not intervene in any significant way, however it should be treated as guideline only. Once your PCs start interacting with the flow of events this timeline will no doubt change, don't try to pen your heroes in to a strict sequence of events, use the descriptions of the parties involved to work out how they adapt and change their actions in relation to shifting circumstances.

- ***-10 years:*** *Joseph Wythinghall executed for Witchcraft.*

Joseph Wythinghall was an academic who travelled extensively in the East and is rumoured to have delved into devilish and occult practises in his pursuit of the forbidden alchemical arts is executed by order of the religious authorities of Bishopsgate. As he is dragged to the pyre by the witch-hunters, Joseph curses the people who impassively watch his agonised death-throes.

- ***-7 years:*** *Bernard Maurais survives a near-fatal poisoning.*

Bernard Maurais, one of the witch-hunters involved in the burning of Joseph Wythinghall is poisoned by unknown parties on the anniversary of Wythinghall's death; although he survives his constitution is weakened and he becomes a mere shadow of the fiery figure he was previously. Maurais swears that it was the acolytes of Wythinghall who attempted to kill him.

- ***-2 years:*** *Ellen Good buys Joseph Wythinghall's home*

Using the last of her savings an enterprising, single-mother purchases the prior home of Joseph Wythinghall and begins to slowly renovate it with the help of her daughter.

- ***-1 year:*** *Salty Crust opens*

Her renovations more or less complete, Ellen Good purchases an oven and meat-grinder cheaply from the wart goblin guilds of Bileward, using them she opens a pie-shop using meat of questionable origins. However the notoriety of the premises and the cheaply available food leads to her making a reasonable living.

- ***-6 months:*** *Bernard Maurais moves into property near the Salty Crust*

Still convinced that he was poisoned by acolytes of Joseph Wythinghall and determined to discern whether Ellen Good is a member of this 'cult', Maurais moves into a premises opposite the Salty Crust and begins to discreetly observe the shop and it's customers.

- ***-60 days:*** *wart goblins discover Aqua Fortis & begin excavations*

A party of wart goblin scavengers lead by Tassb discover the remnants of Wythinghall's alchemical experimentations in a sewer chamber some distance below the Salty Crust. Recognising it's potential they make plans to conduct experiments on the materials prior to removal and also to keep people away from the area.

- ***-45 days:*** *wart goblins begin constructing the ghostly gripe puppet/vehicle*

The goblins construct a large puppet in the rough shape of a sewer gripe — complete with farm implements for claws and gloombug lantern eyes — to scare people away from the area where their experiments are progressing.

- ***-30 days:*** *Strange smells come from the Salty Crust basement*

The wart goblin experiments cause vile and rotten smells to seep upwards through the crack in the cellars of the Salty Crust, concerned about the effect on her trade Ellen Good begins looking for someone (available cheaply) willing to investigate the matter.

- ***-14 days:*** *wart goblins begin stealing items they need for their investigations & experiments*

The Scrappers Guild begin sending a number of their night goblin members (shrouded in black cloaks) to steal supplies they need under cover of night.

- ***-7 days:*** *Peekers receive reports of strange, cloaked figures*

Some of the cowled night-goblins are glimpsed fleeing through the streets and rooftops following their thefts, this is reported to the Peekers but — without any hard evidence or strong motivation — the authorities take little action.

- ***-2 days:*** *Rob Aye encounters the ghostly gripe in the sewers*

The Sewershifter Rob Aye is exploring the sewers in the vicinity of the Salty Crust and is confronted by the Ghostly Gripe. Convinced that he is seeing a demon from the fetid green pits of hell, Rob flees and refuses to return to the sewers, telling his story to all who will listen.

- ***-1 day:*** *Bishop Mallory's wine cellar is burgled*

A group of Night Goblin thieves with a craving for alcohol break in to the wine cellar of Bishop Mallory whilst returning from one of their night-time excursions. Although they are not caught this incident leads to a member of the religious authorities in good-standing putting pressure on the Peekers to resolve the matter.

- ***0 days:*** *PCs become involved in the matter*

This is where the adventure begins.

- ***+2 days:*** *Following increasing pressure from Bishop Mallory a group of Peekers head into the sewers, they are never seen again*

The Peekers are slain by the wart goblins, this causes the goblins to accelerate their plans and experiments.

- ***+3 days:*** *Rumours begin to circulate about the fate of the Peekers and the Sewershifters refuse to venture into the area*

The sewers of Great Lunden begin to back up, becoming more foul and turgid than normal since no-one wants to venture into and maintain them.

- ***+7 days:*** *Tensions grow over the perceived refusal of the authorities doing anything about the dangerous creature lurking in the sewers*

Sewershifters complain about the lack of action by the authorities, traders begin to complain as their businesses suffer due to the miasma of pestilence that hangs around the increasingly backed-up sewer exits.

- ***+8 days:*** *An incident between a mouthy Sewershifter agitator and a sword-happy Peeker leads to a small street riot, a number of people are injured, 1d6+2 Sewershifters, 1d3 Peekers and 1d6 innocent bystanders are killed in the affray*

A group of Sewershifters and Peekers meet, a loudly mouthed complaint about their lack of effort and a drawn sword on the other side leads to a conflict between the two groups. By the time order is restored a number of people on both sides have perished.

- ***+20 days:*** *The wart goblins finish extracting all of the material from the sewers below the Salty Crust*

Most of the material is ferried to the Bileward via the paths through the sewers, only a single canister is left in the area to help dispose of the evidence later.

- ***+21 days:*** *The wart goblins disassemble the Ghostly Gripe, abandoning the parts in the sewer chambers below the Salty Crust*

Once the puppet is abandoned the goblins return to their own district.

- ***+22 days:*** *A huge explosion occurs below the Salty Crust, destroying the building and killing 2d12 people*

The goblins have used their last canister of altered Aqua Fortis to explode the sewer chamber and cover up evidence of their activities, unfortunately they miscalculated the effect that the build up of sewer gases would have on the reaction. The explosion is much bigger than intended, destroying a large section of the sewer and the building above.

Explosives

If you're looking for an opportunity to introduce explosives and black-powder style weapons into a game that has not previously featured them, this can be a good opportunity as the industrious wart goblins begin manufacturing these items for sale on the open market. Of course — if you do not wish to incorporate such items into your game — it is easy to assume that explosives are unstable, prohibitively expensive or sufficiently non-portable to severely restrict their use within your campaign. As ever, the final choice regarding using explosives in your game lies with you.

- ***+25 days:*** *The Peekers mount an expedition into the sewers accompanied by several Sewershifters*

After surveying the devastation and finding nothing but melted metal (certainly no sign of a demonic Sewer Gripe), the expedition returns to the surface. Both the Sewershifter's Union and the religious authorities are satisfied that there is no further danger, although the cause of the explosion remains a mystery.

- ***+30 days:*** *The religious authorities of Bishopsgate pronounce the explosion an attack on the good people of Lunden by Satan, but that through their faith the evil has been vanquished*

Eager to cover up their lack of knowledge about the explosion and to put a favourable spin on the matter, the Bishopsgate authorities paint the whole matter as a triumph of faith over evil. In the years to come this is the version that will be remembered as fact by the people of Great Lunden, until the affair becomes just another bizarre urban legend.

- ***+31 days:*** *The church of Gael almost doubles their tithes taken from the faithful to ensure no return of the demonic forces that destroyed the Salty Crust*

Ever keen to find a means to profit from triumphs of religious faith the Bishopsgate authorities use it as an excuse to wring more money from the faithful.

- ***+32 days:*** *A number of isolated explosions occur throughout the city, always in isolated locations and — when the authorities arrive — their is no sign of the cause*

These explosions are caused by the wart goblins testing and perfecting their explosives, making them ready for mass-production.

- ***+60 days:*** *Using intermediaries the Scrappers Guild of Bileward begin to anonymously make their newly created explosives available on the open market*

Explosives become available to those in the know, at first they are very expensive but — as the goblins find ever more innovative ways to produce explosives — they become more readily available and at far more reasonable prices.

IMPORTANT LOCATIONS

There are a number of locations that feature prominently in this adventure, descriptions and maps of these locations are offered below. Of course there are numerous other buildings and sites that could have a peripheral roll in the adventure, but these are left to the imaginations of individual Game Masters, although inspiration can be found in ***The City of Great Lunden*** book.

Bishop Mallory's Dwelling

A wealthy domicile in Bishopsgate. Map location C61

As a man of influential and means, Bishop Mallory lives in an opulent and luxurious building on the southern border of Bishopgate (see ***The City of Great Lunden*** book, page 31), it is built after the manner of an ostentatious temple, featuring fluted columns and ornate marble carvings. The Bishop's scribe Wulsi lives in a much smaller, (but still opulent by the standards of the common Great Lundener) one-storey building that is several streets removed from his master's abode, making the trip each morning through the dung covered streets of the district.

Bishop Mallory is known for his love of wine (a love that has resulted in the Bishop having a severe and painful case of gout), he spends a great deal of money having it shipped in from the continent and stores it in the cool wine cellar below his home.

1) Waiting Room

Visitors are expected to wait here amidst the marble columns of the waiting room, Wulsi is normally sat at a desk and there is always a guard on duty.

2) Audience Chamber

Marble statues of various saints adorn this chamber along with an altar to Gael, the floor is covered in a plush

white and crimson rug. When he designs to see visitors the Bishop most often receives them in this room. The stairs here lead down to area 9, the cellar. At any time there will be 1d3 guards on duty here.

3) Private Shrine

A small shrine to Gael, behind it is a small, concealed doorway leading to the outside. Only Bishop Mallory is aware of it's existence.

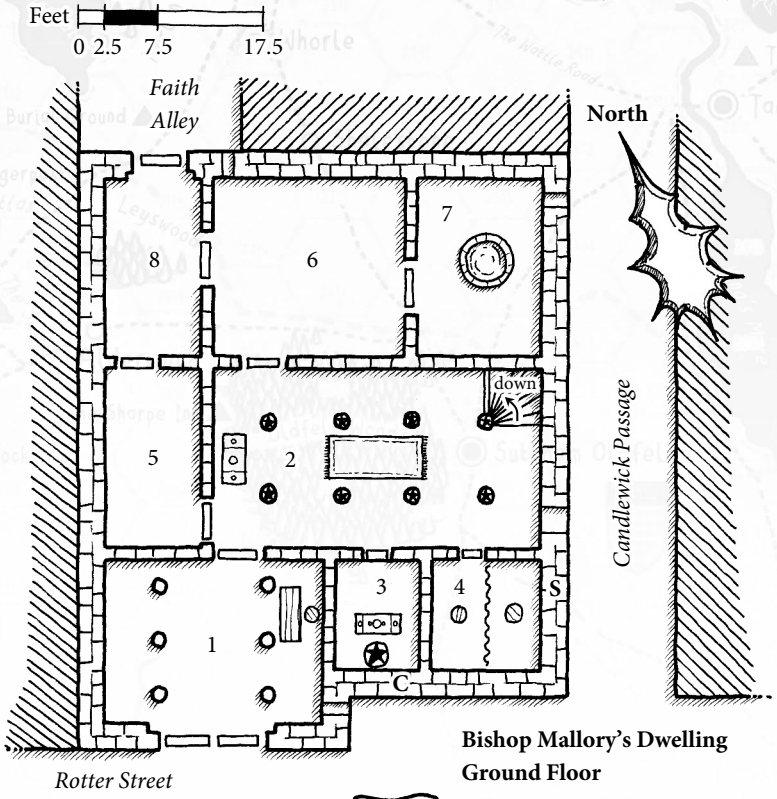
4) Confessional Booth

When the Bishop takes confession (something he does only for his most wealthy and influential patrons), he does so in this room. The Bishop sits behind a curtain whilst the penitent unburdens themselves of their sins.

There is a doorway behind a concealed panel on the Bishop's side of the curtain that leads to the outside in-case he should ever need a quick exit, only Wulsi and the Bishop are aware of its existence.

5) Shrine to Gael

There is a small statue here depicting Gael as an alabaster angel with gold-leaf covered wings, shepherding the souls of the faithful to heaven with his sword of righteousness. In-front of the statue is an altar, there is a guard on duty at all



Bishop Mallory's Dwelling
Ground Floor

times here. The eyes of the Gael statue are made of flawless blue sapphires, each worth 3,000 gold quids to a collector.

6) Bishop Mallory's Private Chamber

This room contains the Bishop's bed, a table, a barrel of fine wine and a locked chest containing the Bishops valuables and personal effects. The Bishop wears the key to the chest on a small silver chain around his neck.

In the chest is 1000 gold quid, along with a variety of gems and jewellery worth 2176 gold quid.

A guard is always stationed in the corridor between the shrine and the Bishop's private quarters.

7) Bathroom

A small pool heated by a natural spring where the Bishop bathes.

8) Rear Hallway

The hallway at the back of the dwelling has a stout oak door which is heavily bolted. It leads into Faith Alley.

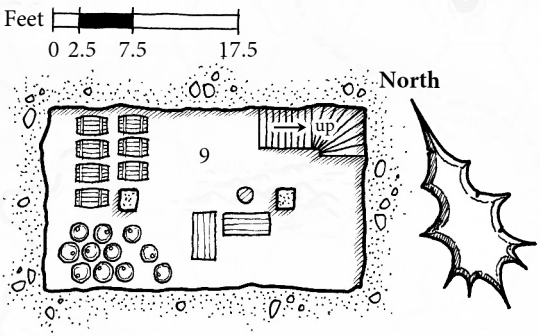
9) Wine Cellar

Bishop Mallory has a great fondness for wine and has it imported — at great expense — from the continent, many barrels of fine vintages sit aging in this cellar. There are currently 18 barrels of fine wine in the cellar, and each is worth 100 gold quids to the right person. Since the robbery, the Bishop has 1d3 guards stationed here at all times.

The stairs here lead upwards to area 2 on the ground floor map.

Guards

Hit Dice: 1
Armour Class: 7 [12]
Attacks: Weapon (1d8)
Saving Throw: 17
Special: None
Move: 12
Alignment: Any
Challenge Level/XP: 1/15



Bishop Mallory's Dwelling Cellar

The Salty Crust

Ex-abode of Joseph Wythinghall (Alchemist)

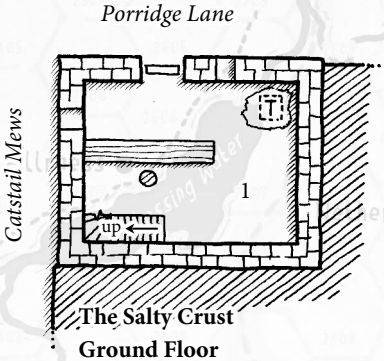
A small two-storey building that slightly leans to one side, this building was once the home of the alchemist Joseph Wyingthall, condemned and burnt as a witch ten years previous. For two years it has been the home of Ellen Good and her daughter Mary, a year ago they purchased a meat-grinder and oven from the goblin smiths of Bileward and opened their home as a pie-shop called the Salty Crust.

Meat is minced and pies are baked by Ellen on the second floor while her daughter mans the counter downstairs. Originally Ellen had planned to keep pies in the cool cellar of the building, but occasionally foul odours bubble up from the cellar (although they seldom reach beyond) so Ellen decided to store the pies upstairs. It's not as cool on the second floor so the pies don't survive for long, bit it's amazing how long the taste of slightly gone-off meat can be described by salt and pepper.

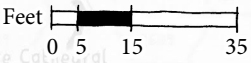
1) Counter

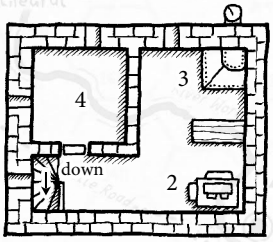
Mary Good is most often found here seated behind the counter, a cheap pie filled with grey, meat-like slurry can be had for as little as a single copper penny, but they aren't exactly nutritious or filling.

The stairs here lead up to the first floor, there is also a trapdoor under a moth-eaten old rug that leads down to area 5 in the cellar.

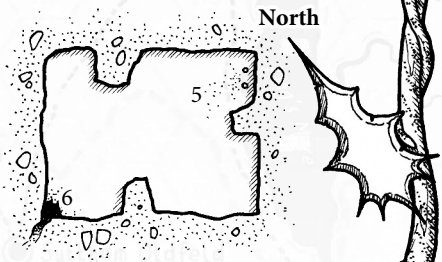


The Salty Crust
Ground Floor





The Salty Crust
First Floor



The Salty Crust
Cellar

2) Meat-grinder

A large mechanical meat-grinder purchase from the goblins of Bileward, it is a noisy cumbersome machine, more details can be found on page 48.

3) Oven

A small metal oven where Ellen Good bakes her pies.

4) Bedroom

A sparse room shared by mother and daughter, there are some ragged bedclothes in here and a small pouch containing 10 gold quid and 20 silver shillings concealed under a loose floorboard.

5) Cellar

A small, irregularly shaped cellar. Ellen once had designs on using it to store her wares but — after occasional noxious vapours wafted from the area — she abandoned those plans. There is a ladder against the north-east wall leading up to area 1 on the ground floor.

6) Crack leading to sewers

In the south-west wall of the cellar is a small crack, just large enough for a man to squeeze through, this crack leads directly to the sewers and is the source of the unwholesome vapours. A player character squeezing through the crack will find themselves on area 1 of the sewer map.

Great Lunden Sewers

In the area around the Salty Crust

The sewers of Great Lunden are a maze-like construction created over many years as the city grew over earlier versions of itself, like scar tissue accumulating over an old wound. Not even the canniest Sewershifter knows the layout of the whole network and even the most accurate of maps have blank spots.

Mapping the entirety of the sewer network is beyond the scope of this adventure but you can find an overview map of the network as part of ***The City of Great Lunden*** product. The map below shows the sewer chamber below the Salty Crust and the tunnels leading up to it.

Tunnels heading off the edge of the map join up to the rest of the sewer network as detailed in ***The City of Great Lunden*** book, the wart goblins have blocked off most of the smaller passages to the area where they are working using detritus and sharp pieces of metal left over from the Gripe's construction.

1) Crack to The Salty Crust

A crack in the wall here leads directly to the cellar of the Salty Crust pie shop.

A single Night Goblin (see page 46 for stats) lurks in the darkness here, if a single person comes through the crack it will try to deal with them, if there is more than one person he will follow hoping to attack them from behind

when they are dealing with the Ghostly Gripe.

2) Ghostly Gripe

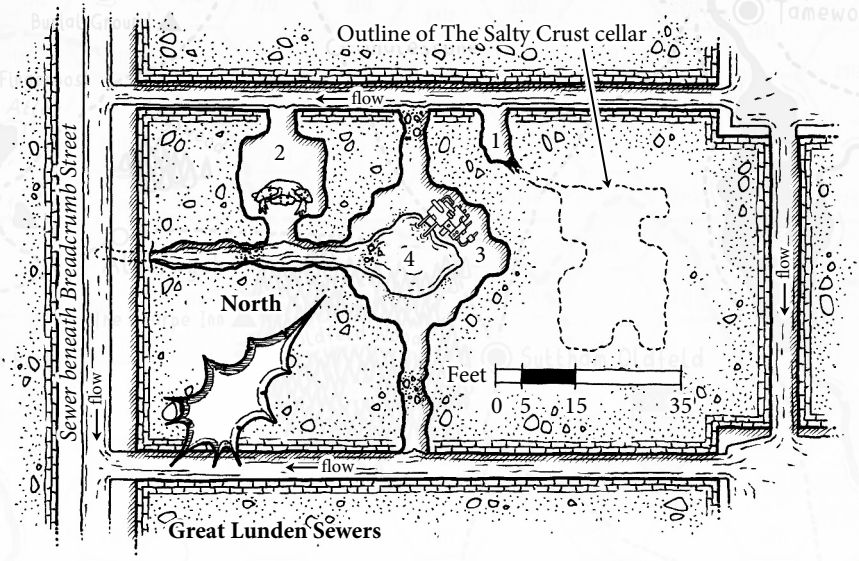
3 goblins man the Gripe puppet at all times (see page 50 for the Gripe-puppet stats), they are tasked with scaring off intruders and making enough noise so that the goblins in area 4 know someone is coming.

3) Goblin Machinery

The wart goblins have a bewildering array of mechanical and alchemical equipment set up to examine the miraculous chemical concoction in the pool.

4) Pool of Alchemicals

This site is normally guarded by 1d6+3 wart goblins at all times. They will be conducting experiments on the alchemical materials in the pool. The pool has been blocked with rubble to prevent normal sewage from further polluting it.



Roll 1d6	Effect
1	A noxious smell bubbles up from the pool, it is extremely unpleasant but has no game-effect.
2	Corrosive chemicals splatter on anyone standing adjacent to the pool causing 1d3 HP damage.
3	Mutating chemicals splash onto the people standing around the pool, roll on the Gloom-touched Deformities table (***The Midderlands***, page 11).
4	Chemicals splatter on the skin of anyone standing adjacent to the pool, where it touches their skin it stains it bright green for 2d6 days.
5	The smell of rotting flesh and eggs drifts up from the pool, the smell attracts sewer predators (GM's choice which), they arrive in 1d6+2 rounds.
6	Roll on the Midderlands Weird Shit table (***The Midderlands***, page 12).

Volatile Chemicals

The chemicals in the pool are extremely unstable. Whilst the goblins are very careful around it, there are lamps and numerous other vials containing odd compounds lying around the pool. Should combat erupt in the immediate vicinity of the chemical pool there is a 1-in-6 chance per round that a lantern or other item is knocked into the pool. If this happens roll on the table that follows to find out what occurs as a result of the explosive nature of the pool:

Ullasar's Necklace

By Mark Nolan

BEFORE YOU START

The adventure has been written to be as open as possible to allow you, and your players, to explore Lunden. There are references to items that are not used within the adventure. For example the key found with the initials 'LR' on it is not something that has been forgotten. It exists purely as a device should you wish to write your own follow on from this adventure.

Anyone in the adventure who does not have a specific NPC description and stats should be considered a normal human.

ADVENTURE SYNOPSIS

Ullasar the trader owes a lot of his success to his amulet. The amulet allows him to understand any language, giving him a distinct advantage when trading with people of all nations. As he goes through a normal day he realises that his Amulet is not working, and upon closer inspection realises that what what he has is a replica. He immediately sets about finding someone to find the amulet without having to go through official channels. The amulet has been stolen by a cult who wish to use it to help them translate their religious book and open a portal to allow their god into the world. Upon reaching the cults safe-house the adventurers will discover a house in disarray. In the loft the cultists are sprawled everywhere and dazed; having been partially successful in their attempts to translate the book. However the brother who was the focus of the ceremony, and was wearing the amulet, has been touched by their god and fled through the house to the cellar where he was trying to flee through a secret doorway into the sewers. Once he is defeated the adventurers can remove the amulet and return it to Ullasar.

AMULET HISTORY

Ullasar's amulet's origins lie in a foreign land; a land where magic was not persecuted or feared. The great magician Faruch, obsessed with his own import and ability, decided that only the gods could have anything to teach him. To this end he set about creating an amulet that would allow him to understand any language, and thus understand the gods.

Upon creation of his amulet he set out to sea to distance himself from the jabberings of the great unwashed and to better hear the voices of the gods. The vessel was

destroyed in a storm, with all aboard drowned, and the amulet cast into the sea with the other debris.

After washing up on a foreign shore the amulet passed from hand to hand, until, many years later, it found its way to Ullasar. From that day Ullasar's fortunes when trading changed, and his name grew in stature.

CULT HISTORY

During the early years of the great city of Lunden, before the catacombs were sealed, the brothers of the night explored them looking for souls to save. On one such expedition a brother returned with an ancient tattered tome; which he carried concealed from his brothers within his robes; its leather like cover, embossed with an image of tentacles wrapped around an eyeball, was warm against his skin. That evening when he dared open the tome the ink seemed to flow from the pages into his mind, trying to prompt his mind to speak. Within minutes cramps collapsed him to the floor, vomit, shit, and blood flowing freely from every orifice. While his body was racked with spasms his mind transcended the mortal world, hallucinations overlaying themselves on his reality, and through it all there was a presence of being watched, and protected. When his fever broke his mind was afire with the need to help his god return to the world. Working in the shadows he worked to recruit others, and to find a way to read the book. As generations passed the society remained secretive and selective, only being known to a few individuals who could potentially be helpful to the cause. Occasionally the son of some lesser noble, or merchant, would be recruited, their money used to maintain the cult.

The Cult Has The Amulet

The cult, over the years, have researched and catalogued many possible ways to translate the book. Chronicling every magic item and folk tale that could help them in their quest. It was from reading this information that Charles Healy, the current cult leader, was able to identify Ullasar's amulet, and led to his plan to steal it.

Once in possession of the amulet he plans on reading from the book, attempting different pronunciations, with one of their members wearing the amulet, so that when he gets the right pronunciation they can hear the translation.

The cult worships from their safe house (Map 2, C81) off Great Thameswater Street.

Not knowing if Ullasar knew the power of the amulet Charles decided to leave a copy in place, to delay Ullasar's discovery that the real amulet had been stolen. Being a jeweller by trade, he possessed many of the skills required to create a replica. However he commissioned a replica of the gem to be made in glass by Amber De'Gerys before fashioning the chain and bail himself.

With a combination of sheer dumb luck and a little planning, Charles sneaked into Ullasar's bedroom and swapped out the amulet.

Map Locations

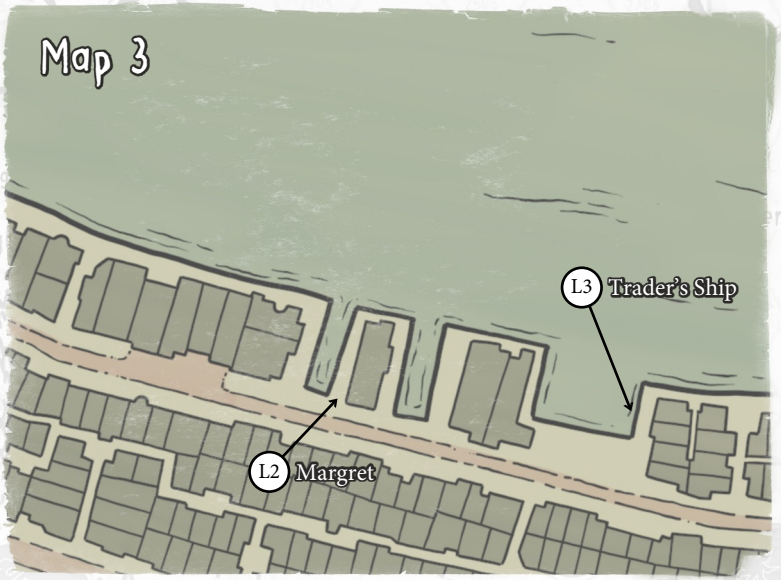
This section provides information to locate the various adventure encounters on the City of Great Lunden maps.

- **Beggars —** The beggars can be found all over the city but specifically the adventurers need to speak to the ones around the Lucky Bazaar (Map 1 B5).
- **Margret —** Margret can be found at the docks in Nether Scalehithe Ward (Map 3, L2).
- **Margret's Room (Map 1 C77) —** The small, stinking alleyway that leads to the rear of both Polk Lenses and Fine Glass (Map 1 C6), and the building containing Margret's room is in shadow at all hours of the day. At the end of the alleyway a single wooden set of stairs leads up to a door in the top floor of the building on the left as you enter the alley.
- **Zal'Galin and Zal'Ferou —** Onboard their ship at the docks at Nether Scalehithe (Map 3, L3).



- **The Ring —** This encounter takes place at the Lucky Turnip Inn (Map 2, C78). A weather worn sign depicting a large turnip, hangs out the front.
- **Amber's Shop (Map 1, C79)**
- **Charles' Shop (C80)**
- **The Cultist's Safehouse (Map 2, C81)**
- **Old Mother Jane (Map 4, C82)**
- **Mrs Elvett's Room (Map 2, L1)**




Map 3
L3 Trader's Ship
L2 Margret


Map 4
C82 Old Mother Jane

INTRODUCTION

Meeting Ullasar

There are a lot of different ways to start the adventure; however the general premise is that the adventurers will be offered a job by Ullasar. They may already be in his employ after completing some other work for him; they could be looking to purchase some items that he has access to; or Ullasar may go seeking someone to hire, possibly finding them within a tavern.

Being suspicious of everyone since the theft, Ullasar will refuse to conduct this business in his own premises insisting on a back room hired in a tavern. This could be in the tavern the adventurers are currently in, or one that he leads them to specifically for this purpose.

Ullasar is accompanied by only two of his guardsmen wishing to keep the knowledge of what his amulet can do to as small a circle as possible.

Ullasar will come across as genial but agitated. He will offer the adventurers 1 gold quid just to hear his offer, and to buy their silence should they decide they don't wish to take the job. If the adventurers don't wish to have their silence bought he will plead with them to stay, wringing his hands and launching into his story.

"I'll be f'kn ruined!"

He will explain that the amulet around his neck is a fake, and detail what the real amulet does. He also explains that he is on the brink of clinching a large contract that could make him a very wealthy man, but he needs his amulet to get the best deal.

Ullasar explains that he removes the amulet every night; however it stays on a stand by his bed and is never out of his reach. This morning he followed his normal routine. After waking he put on the necklace and dressed, breakfasted, and set off for his morning constitutional. Later in the day while trying to clinch a deal the other traders started conversing in their mother tongue, when he realised he couldn't hear a translation he faked illness and returned to his chamber. There he performed a minuscule examination of the amulet and realised it was a fake.

Ullasar is keen to avoid any political or Peeker involvement. Either could lead to him having to answer some very uncomfortable questions as to how he managed to secure such good deals in the past. The ensuing scandal could see him ostracised and bankrupt.

If they accept the job, he hands them the fake in case it is of any use.

Ullasar will offer the adventurers 10 gold quids to find his amulet, along with a magic key called the key of truth.

Ullasar will barter with the adventurers to get the best deal he can, but is desperate. The Game Master should feel free to make any bargain they feel Ullasar would be willing to make in these dire circumstances.

Key of Truth: Gold coloured and roughly a hands length long. Symbols are carved along the shaft, with the

wards also forming intricate symbols. The key has a single charge, capable of opening any lock. However its design is such that maybe an exceptionally gifted magical practitioner may be able to work out how to recharge it.

Ullasar

If Ullasar is questioned further the adventurers can discover the following.

The deal Ullasar is brokering is with two foreign brothers who arrived at the Nether Scalehithe docks a month previously. They have a hold full of exotic spices and claim to preside over a trade empire in their homeland. The brothers are looking for a single distributor for their wares.

Other than his bodyguards, who he trusts implicitly, there is only his cook who has access to his household. Mrs Elvett has cooked for Ullasar for years. She lives in a small house along Market Street just inside Harrow Ward.

Ullasar did not sleep alone that night, rather he enjoyed the company of 'Two Teeth' Margret, a streetwalker who is something of a local celebrity having still got two of her real teeth. She was not there in the morning, but that in itself was not unusual. She can often be found near the docks at Nether Scalehithe plying her trade.

Ullasar hasn't told anyone other than the two guards who are with him what is really going on.

Bodyguards

The guards are not naturally talkative, their eyes constantly scanning, taking in every detail of the current scene. They have not noticed anything unusual in the activities of the cook. However one of them recalls failing to find a silver teapot but the Cook dismissed it as having been put somewhere safe; but she was too busy to look.

They are aware of 'Two Tooth' Margret staying the night, and know she often is down by the docks at Nether Scalehithe.

ENCOUNTERS

Beggars

Map 1, B5

Dirty worn clothing, matted unkept hair, and shoeless.

Generally, beggars won't know anything, however, the beggars around the Lucky Bazaar will tell everything they know for a shilling.

After the adventurers have visited Amber's and/or Charles' shop, they can provide an accurate description of him to the beggars, who for a price may be able to tell them what places he visits within the city:

- They have seen a man who who always wears a cloak at the bazaar.
- They saw him once go into a jewellers shop (Amber's Shop) opposite Hog's Emporium.
- If they are looking for someone who may have seen goods of dubious ownership, then Old

Mother Jane would be the person to visit.

Nether Scalehithe Docks

Map 3

The docks bustle with activity, vessels arriving, unloading, and setting sail at all hours of the day. Dockers swarm all over moving cargo from the vessels to various warehouses under the watchful eyes of the captains. The smell of fish and offal lies heavily in the air, masking the other less pleasant smells of the city.

Anyone here will be able to direct the adventurers to Margret or to the traders and their vessel.

Margret

Map 3, L2

Margret stands at the corner of a warehouse, deep in conversation with a burly sailor. Her hand is on his shoulder her head tipped back laughing.

The sailor is on the brink of procuring her services. If provoked or attacked then 5 sailors will detach themselves from the crowd and weigh in to assist their comrade.

Margret's willingness to talk to the party will depend on how they handle the introductions and the sailor.

Margret doesn't allow anyone to know where she sleeps and will refuse to take anyone there willingly. If she is openly harassed, 1d10 sailors will come to her aid.

If Margret is followed she heads to her home in Messenward (Map 1, C77) via a small stinking shadowy alleyway that leads to the back of Polk Lenses and Fine Glass (Map 1, C6). At the end of the alleyway a single set of stairs leads up to a door in the top floor of the building on the left.

Margret is totally unaware of the power of the amulet. She knows it is important to Ullasar and that he keeps it on his night stand. It was on the night stand when she left.

In the last month she has seen a cloaked and hooded man at the Lucky Bazaar, who never seems to really be paying attention to the stalls, and has his hood up no matter the weather.

If something's gone missing then Old Mother Jane may have seen it. She is known for handling items without question. She lives in a house along guild road, on the corner opposite the pond and the armourers guild.

Margret's Room

Map 1, C77

A single straw mattress lies in one corner, on-top of the plain wooden floorboards. Black mould stains the walls, a bloom of green fungi sprouting from one corner. A repaired chair and dresser are against one wall, a cracked oval mirror and hair brush resting on-top of it.

The dresser reveals a single draw of cheap, heavily worn clothes. The others are all empty.

Examination of the **floorboards** reveals a single loose floorboard. Underneath is a pouch with a silver piece; Margret's life savings.

The Traders

Map 3, L3

Zal'Galin and Zal'Ferou are brothers, and traders. Having arrived in Lunden a month prior in a cog with gold trimmed sails they quickly made it known they were looking to trade. Having plenty of gold that they spent freely to gain attention, and a hold full of exotic spices.

Looking to expand their business empire they have come to Lunden to find a distributor for their goods. Although they will trade for individual items their main aim is to secure a deal with a partner to sell their spices to.

The brothers are secretive and rarely converse with anyone who is not directly related to their business.

Every sailor on the brothers vessel was bought as a slave, freed and given the choice to work on their vessel. This has bought the sort of loyalty that gold can not buy.

If they are not conducting business, the brothers remain onboard the ship which is docked in Nether Scalehithe.

The brothers are keen to avoid frivolous contact with people wherever possible; however they are constantly on the lookout for potential trades, deals, business opportunities, information, or unique trinkets.

As you approach the ship you can see two sailors either side of the gangplank that leads up to the top deck. They stand at the top ready to challenge anyone who attempts to board their vessel.

The sailors are reluctant to talk to anyone, not wishing to dishonour the brothers. However they do know that Zal'Galin often slips off the ship at night when his brother is asleep, returning hours later smelling of alcohol and smoke.

If asked about the amulet the sailors will respond that whatever the brothers choose to buy and sell is their business.

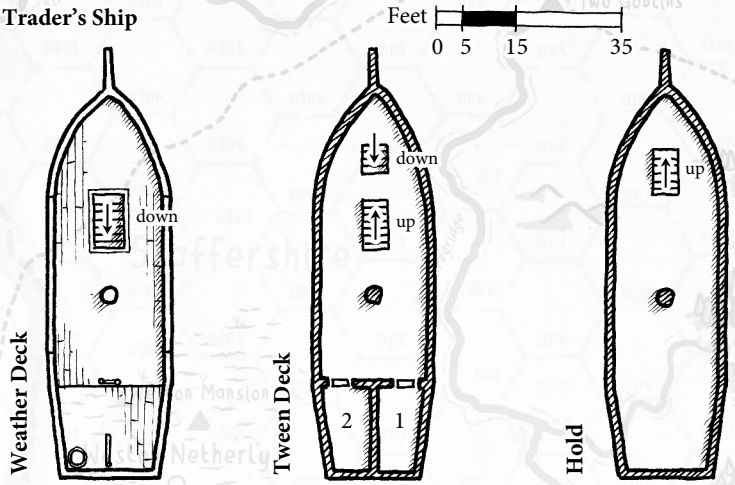
The sailors will confirm the brothers story of being escorted to and from the Lucky Bazaar on the day the amulet disappeared.

The sailors will not bother the brothers unless there is a potential trade or deal to be made.

Weather Deck

During daylight hours the deck swarms with sailors working on various tasks from coiling rope and checking the rigging to scrubbing the deck clean. The large square sail has been lashed to the single mast which protrudes from the centre of the deck.

A single hatch between the mast and prow leads down to the tween deck. A ladder at the stern leads up to a small observation deck. A large water barrel sits at the stern in the shade, a single ladle hanging over the edge. Periodically a sailor will go take a drink from the barrel before returning to their task.



At night time the deck is silent. Two sailors stand guard at the plank, while another two patrol in opposite directions around the main deck. A third stands on the raised platform at the aft of the vessel. Many of the sailors are in local taverns getting drunk and into fights and are likely not to be seen until first light when they come staggering back smelling of vomit and shit.

Tween Deck

Solid wooden steps lead down to the tween deck. String hammocks swing gently with the rocking motion of the ship. Their seemingly haphazard setup creates a maze of hammocks across the deck. Several buckets and mops are wedged under the steps. A second set of steps, just behind the ones leading from the main deck, lead down into the cargo hold. The aft end of the deck has two closed plain wooden doors.

The door to the left leads to Cabin 1. The door to the right leads to cabin 2.

During the day there are 5 sailors asleep in hammocks, having taken part in the second watch of the night.

During the night there are 5 sailors asleep waiting their time to take over on the watch.

1) The Brothers' Cabin

Two large single beds are against the far wall, their sheets shimmering slightly in the light; a wooden chest with brass lock and plate stands on the floor between them. Brightly coloured silks have been draped down the walls and attached to the ceiling, light from behind the silks gives a soft, muted, feel to the room. Zal'Galin and Zal'Ferou are reclining on pillows and cushions that are scattered around a metal burner in the middle of the room; a sweet smelling smoke drifting out of it.

If at any time the brothers feel threatened they will call on their sailors to protect them. As long as they haven't already been butchered, 10 sailors will come to the brothers aid as well as the Captain.

The pillows on both beds conceal short curved bladed knives.

A single plain set of drawers is hidden from sight behind the silks draped over the right hand wall. The drawers contain baggy clothing brightly coloured clothing. On top are multiple small crystal vials. The contents of each a different colour, and if unstopped and sniffed, different scents, such as the classics, goblin on heat, tentacled beast, and pure turnip.

Zal'Galin has a piece of parchment on him that says "Lucky Turnip. Parsnips."

The chest is locked, with each brother holding a key to it. Inside the chest contains a small black book filled with spidery writing in a language the adventurers don't understand. An assortment of baggy voluminous clothes. Two small bottles of fragrance; the first is an exceptionally light shade of pink; the other a nearly perfect clear with only the slightest tinge of yellow.

- The pink fragrance is a potion of charm. By applying the fragrance the wearer gains +2 to their Charisma for six hours, or until the fragrance is washed off. The bottle contains enough for 1d20 applications.
- The near clear fragrance makes an individual hard to notice, especially in a crowd. By applying the fragrance the wearer gains +2 in any attempts to be stealthy or to hide, rising to +4 if they are in a crowd. This lasts for 6 hours or until the fragrance is washed off. The bottle contains enough for 1d20 applications.

Zal'Galin

Race: Human
Armour Class: 7 [12]
Hit Dice: 2 (12 Hit Points)
Attacks: 1d6 Short sword
Saving Throws: 18
Move: 12
Challenge Level/XP: B/10
Equipment: Key which opens the chest in his, and his brother's cabin.

Description: Dragon tattoos snake down his clean shaven head onto his naked torso. His baggy sky blue pantaloons, and silk slippers complete his outfit.

Zal'Ferou

Race: Human
Armour Class: 7 [12]
Hit Dice: 2 (12 Hit Points)
Attacks: 1d6 Short sword
Saving Throws: 18
Move: 12
Challenge Level/XP: B/10
Equipment: Key which opens the chest in his, and his brother's cabin.

Description: Brightly coloured bird tattoos cover his shaven head and naked torso and arms. His baggy red pantaloons, and silk slippers, complete his outfit.

The brothers have noted Ullasar's amulet but did not know it had been taken.

They have only left the ship to continue trade discussions with Ullasar, before returning directly to their ship. They were escorted both ways by some of their sailors. They are happy for the adventurers to talk to the sailors to confirm their story.

Zal'Galin will look a little uncomfortable while his brother says they never leave the ship. Zal'Galin has been sneaking off to visit the fighting ring to sate his desire for gambling. The next fight is at the Lucky Turnip Inn and the password is 'Parsnips'.

2) The Captain's Cabin

A small functional single bed is against one wall. The majority of the room is taken up with a large wooden table and solid high backed wooden chair. A map with multiple small pins in it covers most of the table; the corners held down by an ink pot, and several books. A single piece of paper lies discarded on-top of the map. Against one wall stands an ornate cabinet its top covered with a multitude of nautical themed books. Opening the cabinet reveals a small selection of wines, some bearing Great Lunden labels.

Tasting the beverages will let any Midderlander know they are fake, lacking the ability to make you feel like you are about to go blind. Being caught with bootleg alcohol could lead to anything from swift death to a day in the stocks.

Examination of the paper on-top of the map will reveal it is a manifest of the ships cargo, with the number of barrels and spice name next to each.

The captain can be found here. The captain knows the same information as the rest of the sailors.

His wines were bought from a trader in an alley. They delivered them to the ship and left. He doesn't know who they were.

Trader's Captain

Race: Human
Armour Class: 7 [12]
Hit Dice: 2 (15 Hit Points)
Attacks: 1d8 Longsword
Saving Throw: 17
Move: 12
Challenge Level/XP: 3/60
Equipment: *Captain's Ring*. Running the ring over a joint between two things (for example the false bottom of a barrel and the barrel wall, small symbols appear on both items before fading to be nearly imperceptible). If the joint is separated then the ring vibrates gently. The magical sealing lasts for two months before fading.

Description: Sunken eyes and large jowls hang above a loose fitting shirt and trousers which are made of a hard wearing and practical cloth. His well worn thick black leather harness boots have a slight dent in the right toe.

Hold

Barrels cover most of the hold. Lashed together into batches, with each batch lashed to the hull. A handful of boxes are stacked in the far corner at the aft of the vessel.

One group of five barrels have been tied together with rope that has had the ends dipped in red wax. The underside of these barrels are etched with a curved sigil. Each barrel contains ten bottles of potent alcohol. None of this has been listed on the manifest that is in the captains cabin, and none of this has been declared for tax purposes. The alcohol is of exceptionally high quality with each bottle easily fetching 10 gold quids.

Behind the stacked boxes is a single barrel that has been securely fastened to the hull. Removing the lid will reveal a dark liquid, however further examination will reveal a false bottom with symbols carved around the outer edge. Shaking the barrel also provides a slight rattling noise just audible over the sloshing of the liquid. Breaking / opening this causes the symbols to activate and the captains ring to vibrate. If the captain is still alive and in possession of his ring he will come to investigate with 5 sailors.

Hidden inside the barrel is: *+1 short sword,* its curved blade tarnished and impossible to shine. However the blade never requires sharpening. Leather strapping is wrapped and tied off around the hilt which finishes with a glowing black gemstone. Removing the black stone and having it set into any other weapon would make that weapon +1 and reduce this to a normal weapon.

The Ring

1) Lucky Turnip Inn

John Scantling, the innkeeper, serves warm ale to a handful of drunk sailors. A small fire in the centre of the room turns some unidentifiable meat slowly into charcoal. A single bar is located at the back of the room. Opposite the entrance is a second doorway in the wall behind the bar, with two large men either side.

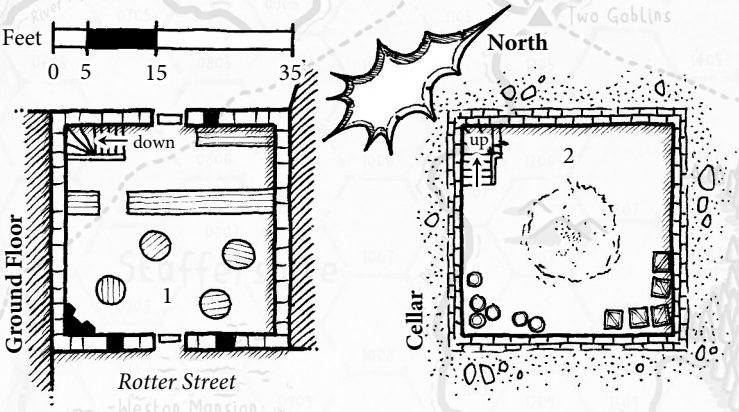
As the sun sets, several bards set up and begin performing loud raucous songs. Some patrons enter, purchase drinks and sit at tables talking and listening to the bards. Others enter and lean over the bar to speak to John, after which he nods to the doorway behind him and they proceed through.

From inside the tap room you can just make out a stairway just inside the doorway behind the bar leading down.

An underground bare knuckle fighting and betting ring. The Peekers have been trying to shut the ring down for over a year. However, unknown to the Peekers, the ring is not one set location, rather moving to various establishments around the city and only revealing the new location 24 hours before a fight.

Anyone not nodded through by John will be attacked by the two shaven-headed men.

The password is ‘Parsnips’.



Lucky Turnip Inn (C78)

2) Cellar

Thick beamed wooden stairs lead to the basement. Multiple gloombug lanterns hang from the walls casting the room in a flickering green light. A jeering crowd surround two men who mercilessly beat each other in the centre of a ring. The sand scattered across the floor stained red with blood. A handful of spectators stand or sit on casks, soaking up the atmosphere and appraising those around them.

The crowd is full of a mix of citizens of the great city.

One or two of the crowd are regulars who remember seeing a foreign man who would make outrageous bets and boasts.

There have been rumours about a missing amulet but no-one seems to want to own up to having done the job. Which is unusual as with it being such a clean job you would imagine they would be bragging.

Some of the beggars have seen a cloaked stranger hanging around the Bazaar never buying anything.

If shown the fake they identify the glass fake gem as possibly being the work of Amber De'Gerys.

Cultist's Safehouse

Map 2, C81

Faded green paint peels of the front door. A slightly pulsating moss grows at the bottom of the wall.

If the adventurers knock at the door, Jim will answer, but will refuse to let anyone in, yelling "bugg'roff ya b'st'ds" and trying to slam the door. If he is unable to then he will call for Bob.

Bob, a mountain of a man, never leaves the house; however his colleague Jim does leave to procure provisions. Jim is the brains of the duo performing all the cooking, cleaning and maintenance, with Bob being the muscle. Jim's cleaning duties include beds, floors, silverware, and bodies.

1) Roof

Slates angle down on either side of the roof, a few leaves and other detritus stuck between buildings. A single piece of paper is wedged under a tile, flapping gently in the breeze.

The paper is a water faded leaflet for one of the many Gods professing to save your soul for only a copper a week!

Examination of the roof reveals a concealed latch. Triggering the mechanism allows two large doors to be pulled up opening up the loft to the sky.

2) Loft

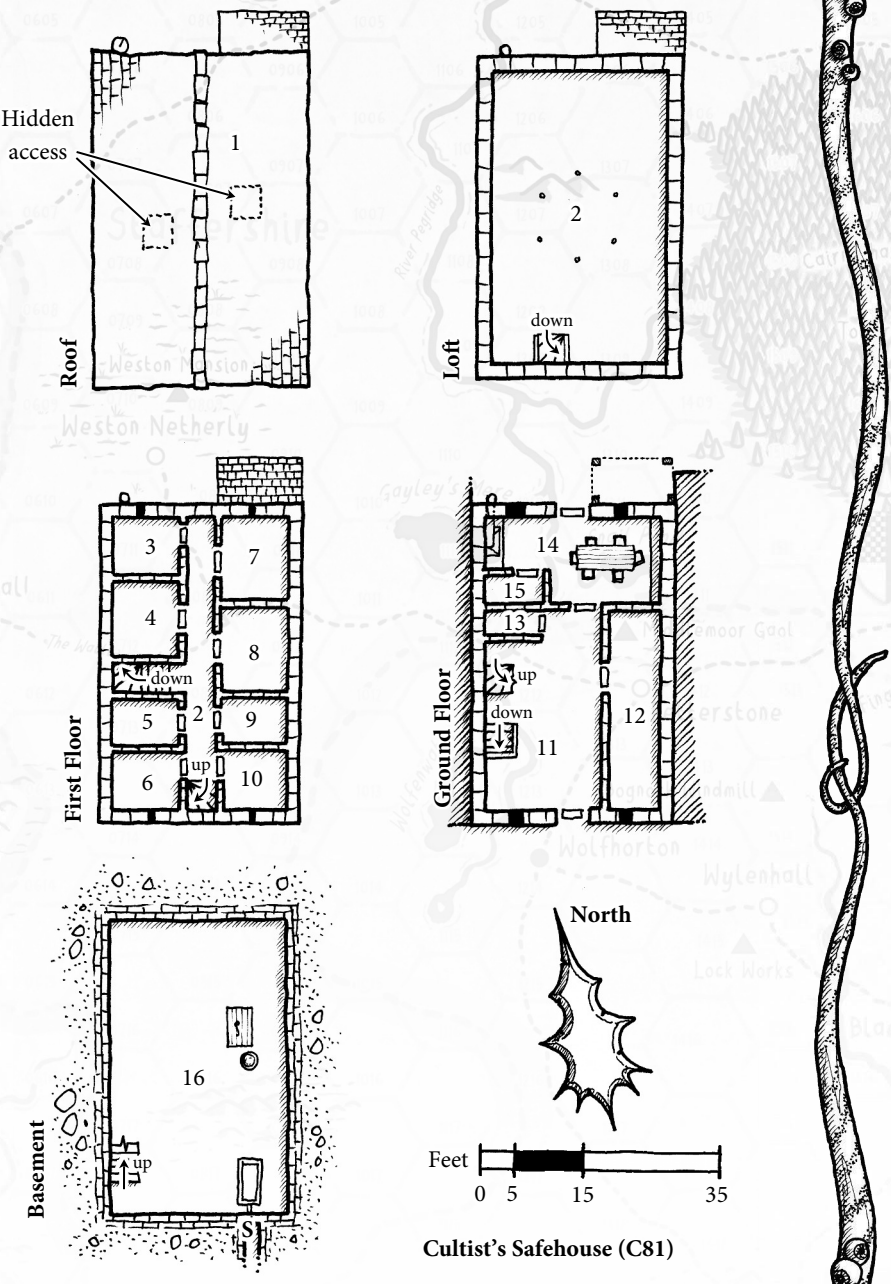
Several cloaked figures lie sprawled across the floor. Multiple mainly extinguished candles form a symbol in the centre of the room. A corpse is wedged against one of the wooden beams, their eyes missing and one arm draped over the top of a large chest, their brains smeared across the beam.

As the adventurers enter the room one of the four cultists (Charles) pulls themselves to their feet muttering "We are so close, another gods-touched amongst us!" Shaking their heads to clear it, they focus on the adventurers and shout "You must leave, this is our property, leave now...", He shouts, "JIM? .... BOB?"

The loft roof has been converted to allow two large sections to swing open allowing moonlight into the loft for some ceremonies.

A pool of blood and mucus lies on the floor well away from the dead cultist.

Trying to open the chest via the lock at the front triggers a poison dart to shoot out hitting the would-be thief (save or die). Examination of the chest reveals a small hidden section at the back concealing a small brass keyhole. The key for this is on Charles. Once unlocked the lid lifts from the back revealing the rear hinges to be fake. Inside there is a single red velvet cushion on which lies a six inch tip of a tentacle. Anyone touching the tentacle with bare hands must pass a save else become infatuated with it, refusing to give it up, and feeling a desire to protect it at any cost. Passing a save at any time will allow the afflicted to overcome the compulsion.



Cultist's Safehouse (C81)

Examining the dead cultist will reveals their eye sockets contain tiny tentacles that are scraping flesh into the holes where the eyes used to be.

All of the cultists, know the plans for stealing the amulet, and for using it to try and raise their god. However none of them will talk willingly.

Cultist Leader, Charles Healey

Race: Human
Armour Class: 9 [10]
Hit Dice: 2d6 Hit Points
Attacks: Weapon (1d6)
Saving Throws: 18
Move: 12
Challenge Level/XP: B/10
Equipment: Holy Book. Anyone attempting to read the book must pass a save. On failure the words seep from the page into their mind driving them mad. (It is up to the Game Master to decide if this is reversible or not).

Description: Average build with jet black hair swept over the top of his head and held in place with mud cow fat. His pointy beard neatly trimmed is also held with fat. His long robe has a thin trim of gold around the bottom.

Cultists (3)

Race: Human
Armour Class: 9 [10]
Hit Dice: 1d6 Hit Points
Attacks: Weapon (1d6)
Saving Throws: 19
Move: 12
Challenge Level/XP: A/5
Description: Average build with shaved heads.

2) First Floor Hallway

The first floor hallway stretches the length of the building, with a section coming off to the side for the stairs leading down to the ground floor. The clean white walls are blemished by a single bloody streak along the wall, between the loft stairs and the stairs leading down.

Four doors are in each wall, the furthest cell from the loft stairs, on the left hand side, has a large lock with a padlock on it. From inside you can hear a soft weeping.

Examining the blood trail on the walls shows that the marks look like a human hand has been dragged along them leaving the bloody trail. However it is not possible to discern if the mark was heading towards the loft or away from it.

3) Cell 1

Straw is strewn over the whole room. What was once a bed, table, and chairs lie as shattered remains on the floor. Deep gouge marks scar the walls. In the centre of the debris a figure rocks back and forth, arms wrapped around their knees their head bowed.

The person ignores any attempts at communication. They are incapable of leaving the room due to the symbols carved around the doorway which are only visible after entering the room.

Anyone entering the room will be immediately attacked.

There are symbols carved into the wall around the doorway which are only visible after entering the room and turning back towards the doorway.

Transformed Fanatic

Name: Amelia Bell
Race: Human
Armour Class: 7 [12]
Hit Dice: 2d8
Attacks: Talons (1D6 damage)
Saving Throws: 16
Move: 12
Challenge Level/XP: 3/60
Description: One bloodshot eye glows faintly green. Her veins seeming to pulse with a deep green liquid; her neck throbbing rhythmically. Her simple brown skirt is ripped and hanging in tatters from her. Hew face seems slightly sunken one side as if made of slightly melted wax. Her fingers end with long black talons.

The fanatic's mind has been completely destroyed by exposure to her God.

4) Cell 2

Barely large enough for a bed. The dank musty smell suggests the room has not been used in some time. Despite this the surfaces are all clean and free of dust. A small table holding a vase with a single fresh flower in it has been squeezed in between the bed and wall.

5) Cell 3

Barely large enough for a bed. The sheets are tucked in tightly forming crisp smooth bedding. A folded brown sheet is on the end of the bed.

Searching the room reveals a small brass key, the end being carved into the initials 'LR'.

There is 1 silver shilling down the side of the bed.

6) Cell 4

The bed has been tipped up on its end and leant against the wall, its straw mattress and sheets sandwiched between the bed and the wall.

Examination of the floor reveals small traces of blood and vomit.

Between the bed and wall is a small locked box with brass lock and mechanism. The key from the snuff box opens this box. Inside is a small vial of red liquid. The liquid is a deadly poison called Hearts Bane.:

Hearts Bane: Ruby red in appearance the poison leaves a slight after taste of mushrooms. It must be ingested to be effective. Coating a weapon in this poison will only ever manage to have the effect of failing 1 save as detailed below. Anyone unfortunate to drink Hearts Bane must make 3 saves. With the results being as follows:

- Fail all 3 saves: The victim goes pale, their skin turning clammy. Their heart begins to beat ever faster and swelling in size until it explodes in their chest.
- Fail 2 saves: The victim collapses to the ground while turning pale, their skin going clammy. For 1d20 rounds they are incapacitated.
- Fail 1 save: The victim collapses to the ground while turning pale,

their skin going clammy. For 1d10 rounds they are incapacitated.

7) Cell 5

A single bed is against the wall, the sheets thrown in random directions reveal a sleeping person. A plain wooden bucket stands next to the bed.

Periodically the person in the bed will thrash around and mutter one of the following phrases, before letting out a piercing scream, followed by vomiting into the bucket and collapsing back onto the bed asleep:

- "Mother is that you?"
- "Your head is a turnip"
- "Why are my hands melting? …I'm made of wax…"
- "The master speaks to me...."

The person is burning to the touch, their eyes rolled back into their head. They are impossible to wake.

Examination of the bucket reveals writhing maggot like creatures, black with pulsing green veins. As they writhe you notice they each have what looks to be a tiny eye on one end and a needle sharp sting on the other.

8) Cell 6

A small bed lies against wall. On top of the bed lies a wart nosed goblin, his eyes wide, and rope tied around his hands and ankles, a rag stuffed in his mouth and tied off. At the sight of the adventurers he struggles frantically, falling to the floor.

If released he will tell them he delivered a package to the house. While putting the package in the kitchen a man entered wearing a long leather apron covered in blood (Jim). He and his large friend overpowered the Goblin, tied him up, and put him in here. He is desperate to get back to his family.

9) Cell 7

A small bed covered by a brown woollen blanket lies against the right hand wall. A low wooden side table with a small glass of water is crammed in between the bed and wall. There is barely enough room to walk between the bed and side table.

10) Cell 8

A small writing desk and chair as well as a single bed are crammed into the room. A single sheet of paper lies on the desk, a quill lying next to it. A lone shelf on the wall above the writing desk holds a sheaf of papers and several bottles.

One of the bottles contains a bottlejack.

The sheet of paper appears blank. Rubbing some charcoal or some other such trick can reveal what was written on the paper that was on-top of it. "We have the amulet, and it appears to work exactly as the archives suggested."

11) Ground Floor Hallway

The front door opens onto a plain wood panelled corridor. To the left is a coat stand, and a shelf holding several hats. Further along the corridor, are two flights of stairs, one leading down, the

other leading up. At the end of the corridor there are three doors, the first in the left hand wall, the second directly opposite the front door and the third along the right hand wall.

Blood is streaked along the walls leading up, and down the stairs. It is impossible to tell in which direction they originated.

12) Sitting Room

Thick beige carpet covers the floor. Several large armchairs are arranged around two low wooden tables, which are polished to a glass like surface. Several ashtrays and a small snuff box lie on-top of the tables. Three sconces with tallow candles in them are spaced evenly along the far wall.

Inside the snuff box, under a small amount of snuff, is a small plain brass key.

13) Closet

An acrid chemical smell rises from the small room. Despite every inch of the room being used it is all meticulously placed in size order. Several wooden and metal buckets are stacked on the floor. A single metal bucket to the side contains a dark black liquid that bubbles and pops occasionally, releasing more foul smells. Thick leather gauntlets lie on one shelf surrounded by multiple clear bottles containing various liquids. A pile of polishing rags lie on the shelf closest to the door.

All of the items within the closet are cleaning products that can be found throughout the city. However they are in a volume that is far greater than would be normally found in a house, and several of the more acidic chemicals are normally only found in use in industry. They are potent enough to dissolve all traces of dirt, grime, blood, mucus, and body parts.

14) Kitchen

A long oaken table dominates the room, with six oak, high backed chairs, arranged around it; leaf patterns carved into their backs. Three white stones, roughly the size of a man's palm, are placed at equal distances along the table. One wall is covered by a massive iron stove, thick pipes leading from the back of the stove and through the outer wall. Copper pots and pans hang from the wall arranged in size order. Several long rags used for moving the hot pans lie stacked in a neat pile next to the stove. The opposite wall is covered mainly by a tall, plain, wooden dresser.

A plain locked wooden door at the far end of the kitchen leads out into an alley behind the house. With a second door, in the same wall as the hallway door, standing slightly ajar revealing a pantry.

A man stands at the table chopping vegetables, while a second much larger man stands in the corner watching.

Jim will challenge anyone he doesn't feel should be in the house and order them to leave. Any refusal to comply with his wishes will result in him calling on Bob to physically eject the people.

Examining the dresser will show that it is split into three main sections. The bottom two doors swing open to reveal solid silver bowls. The draws contain solid silver cutlery. The top of the dresser has two doors with inlaid glass showing off the plain plates within.

Jim does all the talking for the pair with Bob effectively a mute.

They know that Charles is the leader. After that they are not sure, not being a part of the inner circle of the cult.

Jim

Race: Human
Armour Class: 7 [12]
Hit Dice: 1d6 Hit Points
Attacks: Weapon (1d6)
Saving Throws: 18
Move: 12
Challenge Level/XP: B/10
Description: Large brown eyes bulge out from under an unkempt mop of mousey hair. His yellow skin pulled tight over sunken cheeks. His long bony fingers are red raw from constantly scrubbing things clean. He wears a large white overcoat buttoned up with a large leather apron over the top.

Bob

Race: Human
Armour Class: 5 [14]
Hit Dice: 3d8 Hit Points
Attacks: 2× 1d8 and Smashing Punch
Special: *Smashing Punch:* In addition to inflicting 1d8 damage with his punch, there is a 1 in 20 chance that the opponent will be knocked off their feet stunned. Bob makes 2 punch (and Smashing Punch) attacks per turn, these can be against different opponents.
Saving Throws: 18
Move: 10
Challenge Level/XP: 3/60
Equipment: Knuckle Dusters
Description: Black hair cut raggedly above his eyes. Muscles ripple continuously under his tight short sleeved woollen tunic; deep purple scars across his arms and hands. Simple leather breeches and boots complete his outfit.

15) Pantry

A large leg of meat dangles from the ceiling from a meat hook; a small black chain stretching up from the hook to a bracket attached to the ceiling.
Several whole round cheeses, jars of pickled eggs, onions, and turnips are amongst the items covering the shelves.

16) Basement

Faded red brick walls hold a single plain metal sconce. A metal bath stands in the far right corner. A channel cut into the flagstones runs lengthways under the bath and to the wall. The only other items in the room are a small wooden table with a ladle on-top, and a large barrel of water next to the table. A man is frantically pawing at the wall by the bath, sobs and gasps escaping him, at the sounds of people he turns to see where the noise has come from, revealing Ullasar's amulet swinging freely from his neck. His head tips backwards until a jagged red scar across his neck opens up to reveal a mouth

approximately the size of a palm; jagged razor teeth line the inside of the maw; some unknown substance dripping from them. A sucking sliding noise draws your attention to his arms as they slide down from the elbow, off his body to the floor, leaving two tentacles in their place. As the tentacles unfurl to the ground you can see one ends in an ebony hooked talon while the other is covered in pulsating suckers.

Once transformed the cultist will attack.

The bath is used to dissolve people who are of no use, or a danger to the cult. Once fully dissolved the door is opened and Bob tips up the bath allowing the sludge to flow into the channel, through the door and into the sewers.

Examination of the area of the wall the man was pawing at reveals a hidden door which leads out to the sewers.

The liquid in the bath is dark enough to stop you being able to see the bottom of the bath and is extremely acidic. Anyone putting a hand or any body part in it would require a save or take 1d20 damage. If the bath is stirred with the ladle several mainly dissolved bones and body parts float to the surface.

Vile Transformed Fanatic

Name: Ray Smith
Race: Human
Armour Class: 5 [14]
Hit Dice: 4d8 Hit Points
Attacks: Tentacle Slash, Tentacle Hold, Fetid Breath
Special: *Tentacle Hold:* Any attack with this tentacle that succeeds does zero damage. However the player in question is now being held and moved by the tentacle making it difficult to attack. Any attacks will be severely disadvantaged with the player rolling twice and taking the lower of the two roles. Only one player may be held like this at any given time.
Tentacle Slash: Normal attack with 1d10 damage. In addition if the target is held by a tentacle then the cultist will be pulling them into the attack doing an additional 1d10 damage.
Fetid Breath: This attack can only be used if the creature has a tentacle hold on a player. Pulling them directly in front of the maw it belches out a stinking cloud of green gas. The player must save or take 1d6 damage and be incapacitated next turn as they recover their breath.
Saving Throws: 15
Move: 15
Challenge Level/XP: 5/240
Equipment: *Ullasar's Amulet* bestows the ability to understand any language when worn against the skin. When active the amulet becomes warm and the wearer hears a translated version of what is spoken whispered directly into their ear. The wearer cannot speak in foreign tongues.

Description Normal: Red flannel shirt rolled up to the elbows, and unbuttoned half way down revealing the amulet. His eyes appear to be focused on something beyond what anyone else can see, and continually flick backwards into his head.

Description Transformed: His head is tipped backwards at a ninety degree angle revealing a mouth approximately the size of a palm where his Adam's apple should be; jagged razor teeth line the inside of the maw; some unknown substance dripping from them. Tentacles extend from the elbows stretching down to the ground; one ending in an ebony hooked talon while the other is covered in pulsating suckers.

Amber De'Gerys Shop

Amber's shop can be found by going to the crossroads of bridge street and traitors street. It is a small building right on the corner, south west from Hog's Emporium.

After surpassing her masters skills Amber De'Gerys started to put aside money to found her own business. When she founded her business it was much to the surprise of all that knew her. No-one knows what the first piece she created was, or where it is, but rumour has it that a patron from court supported her business in trade for having something made and her silence.

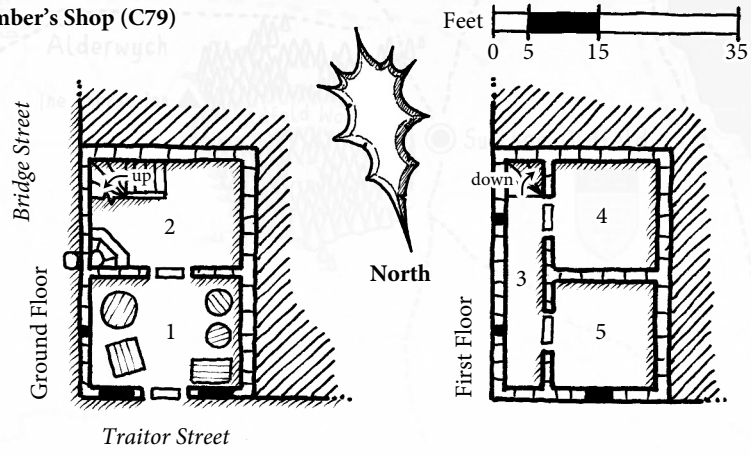
Ground Floor

Two flower baskets hang outside the shop, sweet smelling purple flowers helping mask the city's odour. The front door is flanked by two large bay windows. A small sign on the door says "Open".

1) Shop

Tables of various sizes are located around the room. Table cloths of various colours are draped over each table. Their colours complimenting the glass objects displayed on them.

Amber's Shop (C79)



A small bell rings as the adventurers enter through the front door. The sound attracts Amber who will come through from the rear of the shop to greet the potential customers.

The glass items all seem to be decorative in nature. The vivid colours and colour combinations are like nothing you can find elsewhere.

Amber recognises the stone in the fake amulet as a glass piece she made to order. It was a specially commissioned piece for a man named Charles who is also a jeweller. Requiring a very specific colour and shape he had commissioned this from Amber. Amber knows where Charles' shop is located.

Amber De'Gerys

Race: Human
Armour Class: 7 [12]
Hit Dice: 1d6
Attacks: Red hot Poker (1d8 damage)
Saving Throws: 13
Move: 12
Challenge Level/XP: B/10
Equipment: Scorched leather apron, dark-shaded goggles, heavy leather gloves, and a red hot poker.

Description: Smooth skin tanned from the fires of her workshop, she always wears her green tinted goggles, either over her eyes or perched on-top of her head. Her blond hair is pulled back in a ponytail and tied twice. Average height and build, she is strong and quick.

2) Workshop

An iron furnace dominates the centre of the room, heat radiating from the coals, a single hand bellows to the side. Opposite the furnace stands a large anvil, with a multitude of tools hanging from the wall above it. A leather apron and large leather gloves lie over the top of the anvil.

Buckets full of water are spaced strategically around the room.

A single narrow steep set of stairs leads up to the second floor.

3) Landing

Bare floorboards lead along a plain landing, piss yellow paint is cracked and flaking off the walls. Two plain wooden doors with wooden doorknobs lead off the landing.

4) Back Room

A thick layer of dust lies over everything. A single bed stands against the wall and a pile of papers lies on a small desk, a small wooden chair next to it.

The papers are dated years prior and seem to be a shopping list.

The chairs seat is broken, the fibres appearing chewed.

5) Front Room

A single bed stands at the front of the room, the sheets thrown back and crumpled. A few half clean clothes are thrown over the back of a solid plain wooden chair. A half eaten sandwich

covered in mould lies discarded on the plain wooden desk, alongside a ledger.

The ledger contains lists of pieces sold and also special commissions. A recent entry documents a commission of a small green gem that matches the one in Ullasar's fake amulet. The entry reads:

Commission - 1 gold quid - green glass gem, shaded to specific customer requirements - Charles - Warthook Road.

Old Mother Jane

A small well worn and scrubbed stone step stands before a clean newly painted red door; a single plain iron knocker rests in the centre of the door. Either side of the door is a small window, each with a bright red window sill.

Old Mother Jane is accustomed to visitors at all hours of the day, and from all walks of life. If the adventurers knock on the front door, they will hear a raspy voice "Coming ... coming ... hold your mud cows."

After opening the door, Jane will bid them to come in, and shuffle back to her comfy chair, collapsing back into it and picking up her knitting.

Jane will be suspicious of the adventurers having not dealt with them before.

She will offer them nettle tea and bid them to make it themselves if they so choose.

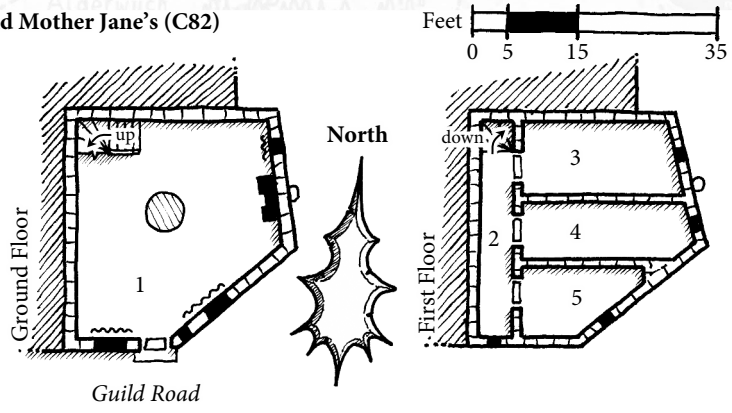
Jane is possibly one of the most shrewd people in the dirty underbelly of the great city, and a superb judge of character.

The inside of the house is obscured by double net curtains inside the windows.

1) Ground Floor

A large padded green chair stands next to a large open hearth. The smells of a rich stew drift around the room from the iron pot that bubbles steadily over the open flame. A single set of stairs lead up to the first floor. A small round table in the centre of the room holds a doily and vase with fresh flowers. The mantel

Old Mother Jane's (C82)



and multiple shelves hold a variety of knick knacks.

Jane's purse containing her gold quids and assorted change is securely fastened between her knees. This is the real reason she shuffles around.

Jane will be evasive on the topic of buying and selling goods. She will deny any knowledge of an amulet. If the adventurers show her the fake she will fish a jeweller's loupe from her pinny and examine it closely turning it over in her crooked hands, eventually saying ... "hmm that stone looks like glass, and with that colouring..."

She will stop herself there, and bargain with the adventurers for her information, asking them what it is worth, her being a poor helpless old lady in this vicious and corrupt city.

If they agree a price then she will tell them "Only Amber could turn out something that unique round here, especially with that unique colour."

Ambers shop can be found by going to the crossroads of bridge street and traitors street. It is a small building right on the corner, south west from Hogs Emporium.

If they want to find out if anyone else has seen the amulet she will suggest that they visit the ring. The next fight is at the Lucky Turnip Inn and the password is 'Parsnips'. She tells them that to find the inn they need to "Go to the end of Rotter Street, past the junction with Sailmaker Street. Directly in front of you will be the Lucky Turnip Inn." A weather worn sign depicting a large turnip, rocks in the breeze.

If the adventurers have anything they need to sell, especially anything that may be of dubious ownership she will take it off their hands for 50% of the actual value. She will disappear upstairs and after a couple of minutes she re-appears with the requisite funds.

Old Mother Jane

Race: Human
Armour Class: 7 [12]
Hit Dice: 1 (5 Hit Points)
Attacks: 1d4 Knitting Needle
Saving Throws: 18
Move: 8
Challenge Level/XP: A/5
Equipment: Shawl, knitting needles, and jeweller's loupe

Description: White grey hair pulled tight into a bun, a single spare knitting needle thrust through it to hold it in place. Bright blue eyes twinkle from behind half moon spectacles, perched on top of a large, hooked nose. A small piece of cord loops from the arms of the glasses around her neck. Periodically a slurping, smacking, sucking noise comes from her as she slaps her toothless gums together.

2) First Floor Landing

A plain landing with bare wooden boards leads along the side the building, with three doors spaced evenly along the wall. Each door is plain with a brass doorknob.

3) Back Room

A large double bed stands in the middle of the room. The floral patterned duvet turned back neatly. Several knitted cushions rest on-top of the bed. A thick shag pile rug covers most of the floor. A single dresser rests under the window.

4) Middle Room

A low single bed stands against the wall, plain woollen covers turned down neatly. A small wooden table and stool stand against the wall, with a plain rectangular rug covering the floor at the end of the bed. A single picture of a man on a horse hangs on the wall.

5) Front Room

Boxes and general items lie around the room. A spare straw mattress leans up against the wall, next to several items with a large sheet draped over them.

This is where Jane stores items before moving them on. At any given time she will have multiple items that would be of interest to the Peekers.

The boxes contain a variety of items. Scattered between the many broken items are a multitude of items which look brand new.

The sheets cover several boxes which have sandwiched between them a painting of exceptional quality.

Mrs Elvett's Room

Map 2, L1

From outside you can see a faded black door with no knocker. A single small window to the side of the door is smeared with dirt and grime making it opaque.

Inside the Cooks room

A single, small space, makes up the living room, kitchen, and bedroom. A man occupies the large double bed, taking up most of the space. Food stains on the sheets and gravy dribbled down his chins. A sturdy red oak chair stands by the fire. Silver cooking utensils hang from the shelves, which are well stocked with food items.

Mr Elvett has been unable to work since an injury involving a surprised mud cow and some loose barrels. Since then, he has been bedridden, with Mrs Elvett seeing to his every need and feeding him up. If he is woken from his slumber he will merely bellow for food until he either passes out, or is fed.

Under the bed are several items; a silver spoon, a candlestick, and a silver tea pot which have been taken from Ullasar's kitchen.

The shelves hold real meats and expensive wines. These are items well outside the cook's salary.

The silver cooking utensils are real silver items stolen from Ullasar's kitchen.

If pressured the cook will admit to supplementing her income by liberating some of Ullasar's unused items. She will admit to selling on all her items to a lady called Old Mother Jane. She is known locally as a lady who will take any items and ask no questions.

The cook will be adamant that she has not touched Ullasar's amulet, only slipping items into her satchel that she believes he will never miss as he never sees them (like items from the kitchen).

Charles' Shop

Map 1, C80

Clean windows are either side of a clean freshly painted black door. A sign hangs out from the wall declaring jewellery for all occasions.

1) Shop Front

Glass display cases form a barrier around the room at waist height between the customers and the apprentice who stands smiling nervously behind the displays. A single door is located behind the apprentice, also behind the counter.

As they enter he asks if they are looking for anything specific.

If the adventurers suggest that Charles has done something illegal or wrong he will clam up and start denying knowledge of everything. The lad is not going to sell his meal ticket down the river.

The apprentice has one hand behind his back holding a bell. If he feels threatened he will attempt to ring it to call any nearby Peekers.

The displays contain all manner of jewellery, from cheaper basic tin rings, to solid gold rings with inlaid gems.

Charles is currently out and the apprentice doesn't know when he is due back. The chain looks familiar if he is shown the fake.

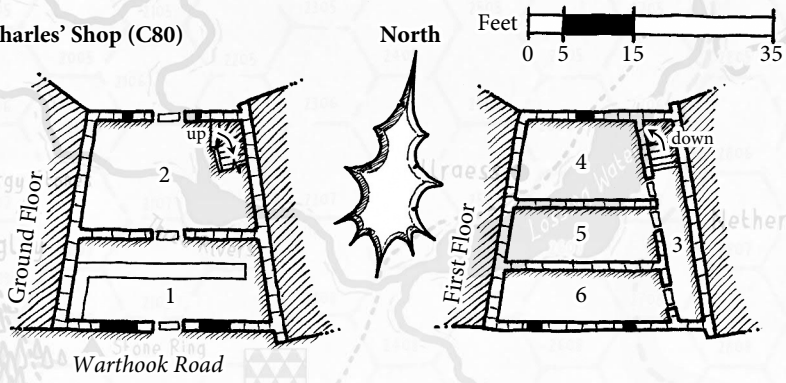
He hasn't seen the fake gem before; however his master often works into the night so he could have produced such a piece then.

The apprentice knows where the cultist's safehouse is — having followed him to it. However, he is ashamed of having followed his master, so will not willingly volunteer this information.

2) Workshop

The workshop has stairs at the side leading to the first floor, and a door at the back leading outside. A small furnace is in the centre of the room, with multiple buckets of water placed around the room. There are two solid benches, separated by a large metal box, one contains highly detailed work, the other contains simpler pieces and cheaper materials.

The box contains off-casts and test pieces that are going to be melted down and recast. At the bottom of the box is a piece that matches the chain and bail of Ullasar's amulet.



3) First Floor Landing

A single corridor stretches the length of the building, with stairs leading down at one end. There are three doors evenly spaced along the corridor.

4) Rear Room

A small pile of dirty clothes lie discarded at the end of a small single bed.

5) Middle Room

A large room with a single bed and simple sheets. A simple pair of leather boots stand next to a set of draws, the top draw is slightly open showing a handful of average quality shirts in various shades of off white.

6) Front Room

A simple desk, chair and waste basket stand under a single sconce, which contains a an unlit tallow candle. A shelf to the side of the desk holds a few books and ledgers.

The waste basket contains several discarded pieces of paper. One of the pieces is an invoice for works done to repair a door at a house along with some scribbled directions which read:

Head north past Iris Babblestrop's Drapery off Great Thameswater Street, so that the drapery is on your left. Take the first left and follow the street along. The house is the second from the end, before the next left hand turning.

CONCLUDING THE ADVENTURE

Once the amulet has been retrieved, the adventurers can find Ullasar at the Lucky Bazaar. He is beside himself with gratitude and will promptly pay whatever payment was arranged for the job.

Any other items that have been picked up throughout the adventure can be sold to Jane at roughly 50% of their full value.

The Wayward Sons

By Peter Day

INTRODUCTION

Michael Mackey was a sincere and decent man. Charming, witty, good-looking, and so entrepreneurial that he turned a corner street wheelbarrow vendor into one of the city's richest merchants. His small empire had an inordinate number of holdings, and his fingers in many a pie. A bon vivant, he enjoyed life to the fullest and made everyone who surrounded him feel truly special. He had only one weakness — the ladies in his life, of which there were many.

At the age of sixty he had still not married, but had fathered seven sons and thirty-three daughters. He legitimised them all with his family name and made sure every mother was financially secure for life. His progeny had an extensive education, received a yearly allowance once of age, and were all treated with love and respect.

Four years ago, Mackey decided he needed to choose a successor to his empire. He also believed no single son could oversee his businesses, so he conceived a way that only the smartest would come to the forefront and demonstrate that maybe it took more than one of them to lead, and they needed each other to be strong.

He hired a clever fellow named Boris Tiburst, an inventor who had impressed Mackey and together had made them both a little cash. He gave him a set amount of funds to create riddles as clues to hiding places around Great Lunden. Each of these riddles was written on a parchment that each of his sons would follow individually. Unfortunately, this is where it all went terribly wrong. Boris had a gambling habit, and his sons — for the most part — were idiots.

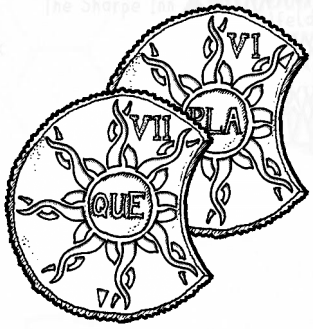
Just before the plan was put into motion, Mackey started to observe his sons a lot closer, quietly pondering which of them would step forth and claim what was theirs. To his dismay, he realised that he never really knew them. They revealed themselves to be either stuck-up, obnoxious, over-indulged layabouts, 'dumb as a haystack', or even a self-righteous evil bastard.

Boris had spent almost a year spending and losing Mackey's money, and on the eve of handing over the completed riddles, he was murdered over failing to pay a very large debt accrued at the mud cow races. In the search for anything valuable, the killer took the few belongings he had, and unwittingly all the parchment riddles.

Once Mackey learned of the death of Boris, he let the whole scheme slide into obscurity and retired to his country estate. He passed away peacefully six months later leaving behind no will and not a single family member was at his bedside. The night Michael Mackey died, all thirty-three of his daughters disappeared, and they have never been seen since.

Two and a half years on — when the Player Characters are handed the clues in this adventure — only one son remains, Barry Mackey. Three joined the army and died in battle, one got kicked in the head by mud cow and died, one drowned in the Great Thameswater River and the sixth was tried for murder and hung.

The parchments containing the clues ended up in the hands of Fred Trask, a 'businessman' of renown. Everyone knows him, most avoid him. Over time, Trask noticed that there may be treasure at the end of the riddles written on the faded parchments. Exercising caution, he does not wish to risk his own skin in finding out when he can pay someone else to.



A Word, If I May

This adventure is designed for 3–6 PCs of 1st–3rd level. The clue location encounters can be varied at the Game Master's discretion and experience for each area is suggested at the end of each location, which can also be adjusted as required.

The aim is to collect seven unique coins which can be found at the locations revealed in the clues, and use them to uncover the final location of Mackey's fortune.

There is a lot that can be interpreted in the clues, even when you as the Game Master know where the locations are it will be daunting to the players, especially as Great Lunden will be unfamiliar to them. A suggestion would be to provide assistance and additional clues when they get stuck, but at a cost of 10% of the Experience Points for that encounter for each clue given.

The main point is to use as many or as few of the areas as you wish. There are thirteen riddle parchments, but only seven unique coins to find. Several encounters can be used as red herrings, where only the 'red herring' coin is found (see The Coins section). You could even have more than one coin at a location to speed things along.

Feel free to choose which encounters you feel suit your players best. You could feasibly avoid any of the physical/dangerous zones altogether and just play the simple ones. It really is down to you as the Game Master which

of the clues you hand out at the beginning. Also note that some of these coins are in locations where they could have been found by accident, you may elaborate on that if you wish to expand on any of the story! Nothing is set in stone and is meant to flow as freely or be as complicated as you want.

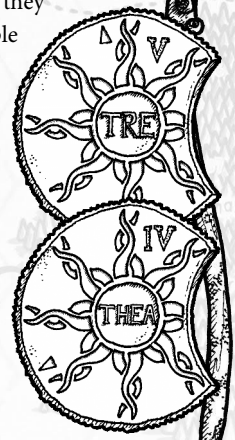
Read 'The Coins' section descriptions at end of this adventure, to familiarise yourself with how they work before you start. Copying, printing, and cutting them out will give a better understanding to as you prepare the adventure, and will provide something engaging for the players as they work through the adventure.

In each encounter that follows, you will find:

- Where appropriate, the parchment riddle or clue for the coin location, in italics. These are also player handouts at the end of the adventure.
- The encounter information in grey boxed, green italic text and lined, is intended for the Game Master only. Locations can be found on the maps, such as (C64) where appropriate.
- Text that is lined above and below can be read out to players if you like.

Additionally,

- Statistics for prominent NPCs.
- ***The City of Great Lunden*** book or this book's page number for any additional information that might be useful will be listed in the encounter.
- Some encounters list names like Mr Christopher Periwinkle (Male, 45). Where this occurs, they are intended to be simple cityfolk with no class features or equipment. Feel free to expand on them if required.



WELCOME TO GREAT LUNDEN

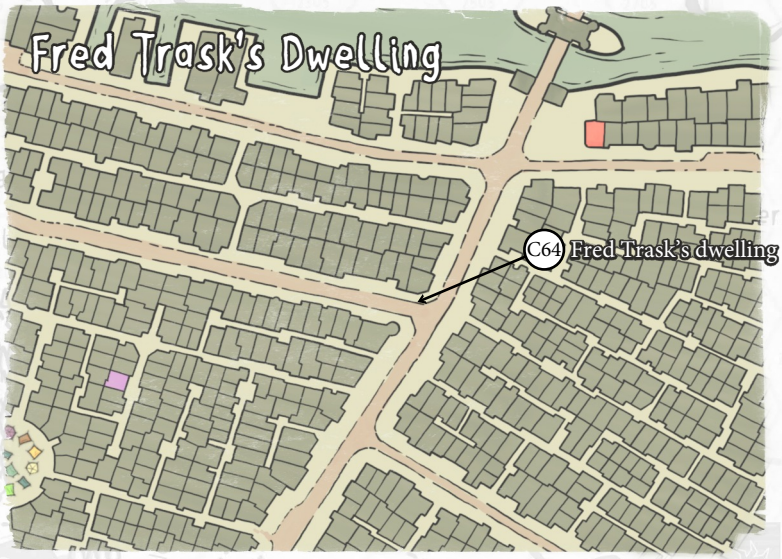
A few weeks ago, on their way to the city, one of the Player Characters heard that he was the man to see if they wanted well paid work. They may regret that.

Trask lives on the corner of the Avenue of Joy and South Road. His low rent abode hides the power he wields within certain circles. It is best not to cross him.

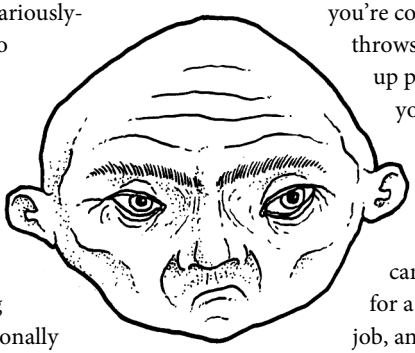
Fred Trask's Dwelling (C64)
Maps: *Inner Ward, South East Quadrant, and Sewers.*
References: *-*
Additional Information: *-*
Encounter Experience Points: *0*

Great Lunden. The big city, the big smoke. A gloomium-lit beacon of dishonesty, it is filled with greed and the lowest depths that civilization can reach. It's perfect.

Through dung-covered streets, pushing through the dismal mire of humanity



and shite, you find yourself south of the river, and inside a dwelling standing before Fred Trask. A wrinkly, hunched-over wretch of a man. He sifts through endless piles of scrolls, books and paper. Most are precariously-balanced and way too close to the blazing hearth that gives the small room you're in, an uncomfortable atmosphere, compounded by the suspicious, squinting gaze that Fred occasionally points in your direction. "Who sent you again?" He growls. You mumble something about you'd heard somewhere, that if you needed work in the city, see Fred Trask. "Bollocks!" he snaps, pulling a rolled-up parchment from behind a stack of books.



Fred Trask

He slumps down in a high-backed armchair that's seen better days, and leans on the desk before him that would better serve on the fire behind him.

He glares at you slightly longer than you're comfortable with, then throws a bundle of rolled up parchments towards you. "I'll keep it simple, whatever you find you keep 40%. You do a good job, and you can work for me again for a larger cut. Do a bad job, and there's a chance they find your bodies in the Thameswater! No idea what it's about. Sort it, and we're all happy. Now, piss off!"

The bundle of parchments, the number of which the Game Master will determine when planning the

adventure, each contain a short poem, written as a clue to the location of a coin (unique or red herring).

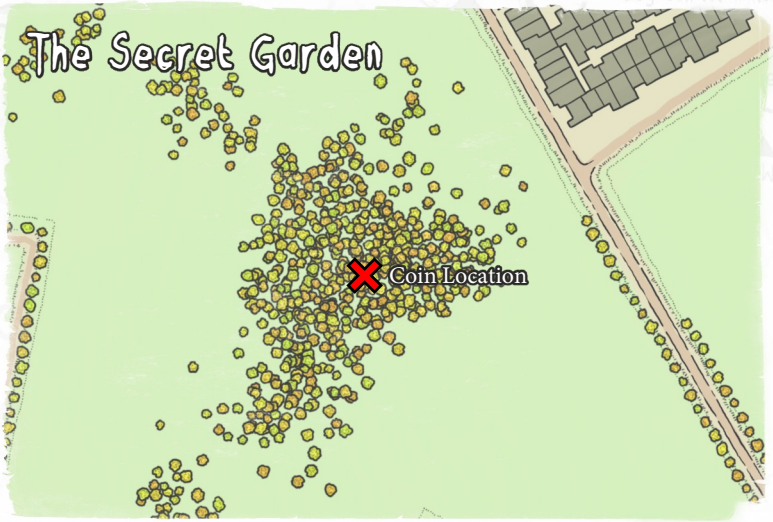
Fred Trask

Race: Human, Male, 58
Armour Class: 9 [10]
Hit Dice: 1d6
Attacks: None, other than his acid tongue.
Saving Throws: 13
Move: 12
Alignment: Neutral, tending towards Chaotic
Challenge Level/XP: 1/15
Equipment: Old worn clothes, a single key, and a pair of spectacles.
Description: Fred is an odious little man, as tight as a spugmunch jasper's arse, but socially-connected enough that the players should take his warnings to heart, because he'll have no issue taking a dagger to theirs!

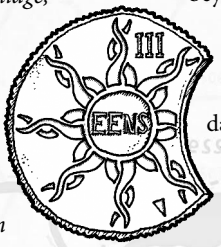
The Secret Garden

This excursion I suggest be done in the day,
Where piss-maker path hits the dung heap highway.
From this point and the home in-between,
You must look to the centre of green.

The Secret Garden (C65)
Maps: *Inner Ward, North East Quadrant, and Sewers.*
References: ***The City of Great Lunden****, page 74, is where they have to search.*
Additional Information: *Bladder Road and Midden Lane — The woods between the T-junction and Longspear House (B26).*
Encounter Experience Points: *300*



Stumbling through the dense foliage, a break in the canopy above gives a little respite from the gloom of leaves overhead. Taking a breath, you notice the light shines upon what looks like a solid wall of thorns and nettles, standing over 30' in height. You assumed it was more thick woodland, it seems you were wrong. It also appears that large trees almost seem to stay away from this area, the nearest climbable one being 20' away.



Stumbling through the woods at night is not ideal, a good chance you will not find the area! During the day or night, you can add a Gamekeeper or other roaming creatures if you wish, they are on private land after all. You can make this one as simple or complicated as you wish.

The wall is virtually impossible to scale, a lot of protection would be required to stave off any damage. If anyone does climb the wall or otherwise able to look down inside the clearing, all they can see is more dense foliage - albeit a more emerald green compared to the darker shades around them. The walls run over 100' on each side of its squarish shape.

Finding the entrance requires a search roll. An overgrown archway can just be made out, and with minor hacking, a pathway through will be revealed.

You push through the last of the overhanging creepers and vines and enter a wonderful area of bright colours, cool air, and the sounds of the woods beyond the large wall deadened.

The 100' square area is dotted with large weeping willows allowing beams of light to dance across the tall lush grass below. The ground is also densely dotted with varying sizes and colours of mushrooms, a rotting smell makes you grimace and as a breeze moves the branches you notice them glisten in the light, and notice a small shape hanging.

At the centre of the copse you see a small 2 foot square plinth, moss creeping up its weathered sides.

The glistening branches is dew, the mushrooms are all harmless unless you eat one or two uncooked. The shape hanging is a hawk that was hit by a fowling arrow, and injured it landed to rest and was startled when two wild dogs below started fighting. It tangled its already weary body and died in the branches. One dog died under the tree, whilst the second bled out 30' away. This was less than a week ago so they're still quite ripe.

The coin is under the plinth, in a little pottery urn.

By all means, make them paranoid, a few spores exploding from the odd mushroom, maybe the odd one sounding like a scream? A few secret rolls couldn't hurt either!



A Place For Fun

Across the River,
In view of brave falcons protecting the skies.
Where virtue is negotiated and Goddesses rule,
It's hung round the neck of the lowly fool.

The Welcome Hole (C63)
Maps: *South East Quadrant.*
References: *-*
Additional Information: *Directly south-west across the Great Thameswater River from of the Tower of Lunden, on Nether Road heading east, it's the house on the corner next to the large open area. It's the only known brothel on this road and in direct sight of the tower.*
Encounter Experience Points: *300*

A well-weathered sign juts out from a similarly aged and worn building. Packed in tight against its neighbours, there is nothing of note that makes it stand out. Except for the sign, which has a scantily-clad lady beckoning you into an open door that resembles the one below. You've just found The Welcome Hole.

This house of ill-repute stands in high regard, its clientele have money and the 'staff' are renowned for their cleanliness, a rarity for Great Lunden. They cater for all tastes but are expensive.

Once through the door, the 'meet and greet'er is standing — a large gentleman called Kev, simply Kev as written on a brass lapel badge. The night doorman is his brother, also called Kev. It's two gold quid each to enter. The entry fee is non-negotiable, just like Kev (and Kev).

The Welcome Hole only shuts when the last customer leaves, so it's pretty much an 'around the clock' establishment. No-one knows who owns it, but anyone who brings trouble to the place is never let back in — who'd let a dead body back anyway?

Upon paying Kev, you brush through a curtain of colourful hanging beads and enter another world. Warm and inviting, this large room has dancers and giggling courtesans on laps, with flowers and silk veils hanging from beams. Laughter and drink flow freely. A well-muscled and oiled man dances around wearing a harlequin headdress and occasionally bouncing a balloon on a stick off someone's head. He's not wearing much else, except a gold medallion necklace.

This is Jadon Rill. Boris paid Jadon a fair sum of money to always wear the necklace until someone came looking for it. It's become a habit to wear it and he has genuinely forgotten someone may want it. He'll relinquish it for a price (it's always about the money). One hundred gold quid should cover it, or if anyone has over 15 Charisma, he'll take an hour or two with them as payment — he's not fussy.



Jadon's room is in the attic if the Player Characters later decide to steal the medallion. Kev does not stand for any crap (neither does Kev) and will hurt anyone causing trouble. The Welcome Hole also has protection from the local ward Peekers, who make use of the establishment frequently.

Kev (and Kev)

Race: Human, Male
Armour Class: 7
Hit Dice: 3d8 (3rd Level Fighter)
Attacks: Billy Club (1d6+3, STR 18; +2 to hit, +3 to damage)
Special Attack/s: Headbutt or Knee to Groin.
Saving Throws: 13
Move: 12
Challenge Level/XP: 3/45
Equipment: Club, leather armour, and 1d8 silver shillings.
Description: Kev is a big lad (so is Kev), 6'–5" and acts like most bouncers you'd meet, pay your money, don't cause trouble. Short on conversation, heavy on violence.
When attacking he'd rather use his specials, if either special hit it causes 1-2 physical damage, and the recipient is stunned for 1-3 rounds, no save, giving enough time to calm the situation or chuck them out!



Statuesque

A monolith of green stands above us all,
The size of its weapon causes nought but awe.
Whether dusk, dawn, night or day,
The tip at the end leads the way.

Dourgul's House (A7)
Maps: *Inner Ward, North East Quadrant, Sewers, and Rooftop.*
References: *The City of Great Lunden, page 124.*
Additional Information: *The sword simply points to the nose where the treasure is.*
Encounter Experience Points: *500*

This can only be Dourgul's House, as it's the only one you can see with a huge statue on the roof made of verdigris-covered copper. It's a little ostentatious, but it gets the point across, I was successful and awesome, so screw you!

Boris paid a sum to the occupier, Phabbul, in order to place an item on his roof and made him sign a contract not to interfere with anything he had placed up there beyond upkeep and maintenance. Phabbul agreed and signed on the caveat that it didn't deface or in any way damage the statue. He knows something is up there but can't see it from the ground, and the statue isn't damaged so he has largely forgotten about it.

Anyone who wishes to search the statue/roof and asks Phabbul for permission will get a polite yes and an out-stretched long-fingered palm. A payment of fifty quids, or alternatively washing the statue whilst the Player Characters are up there. Cleaning it will take one person ten man-hours to clean. If they do clean it for him, Phabbul will have refreshments bought out during the process.

Searching the statue reveals that the nostrils — where the sword points to — have been plugged at the back with clay. Breaking this out reveals a small clay pot behind each nostril, one contains one of Mackey's coins, the other contains a brass necklace, this is a *necklace of protection +1*.

If anyone tries to access the roof at night, there is a night-guard sitting on top called Sandra Nightsbane, a Fighter/Thief who has a *ring of blending*. She will avoid combat if she can, as it's

easy money and doesn't want to die just yet. She will wait around when she see/hears the party approach, and after one Player Character is on the roof read out the following.

You turn abruptly at the soft voice next to you, "If you bugger off now, we'll pretend this never happened. Come back during business hours or not at all!" You're pretty sure that the chimney just threatened you, quite menacingly.

Sandra really doesn't want to fight but will if needed. If it looks like she could die she will negotiate for her life or run away.

Sandra Nightsbane

Race: Half-elf, Female, 22
Armour Class: 6 [14]
Hit Dice: 4 (Dual class: Fighter 2/Thief 2)
Attack: *+1 shortsword* (1d6+1)
Saving Throws: 13
Move: 12
Challenge Level/XP: 2/30
Equipment: *+1 leather armour, +1 shortsword, Ring of Blending,* and 11 gold quids.
Description: Never considered pretty, she is 5'–6", short cropped hair, and a nose that's been broken more than once. New to Great Lunden she's got an easy night-gig until the Nightways Runners accepts her application to join. She will do anything for an easy life.
Ring of Blending: This ring allows you to blend 100% into the background for up to a minute, there is -4 to hit you for that duration, it has 7 charges left.

Simply A Treasure

A line from two queens was drew.
One Nor' East from the spire of old, the other 'long the path of the new 'til the angle is right.
Seek the largest and set eyes upon,
'Neath the feet of Druids devotion.

In the public park opposite Queen's Road entrance to The Royal Palace (B24).
Maps: *North West Quadrant.*
References: *-*
Additional Information: *Draw a line roughly north east from Clopetra's Needle (A20), and another south from The Royal Palace (B24) until they form a right angle. This will intersect over the trees in the public park. The Largest Oak tree around this point is where a small treasure hoard was buried 3' deep. Wrapped in a large weatherproof sack.*
Encounter Experience Points: *300*

This was one of the first created by Boris and he used all the money to create it, as intended. Soon after he started to embezzle Mackey's money.

Inside contains a *+1 warhammer, +1 short bow, Bracers of Defence +2, Cloak of Protection +1,* 500 quids, and one of Mackey's coins.

Boris had intended to use this as a secret stash in case of emergency, and was intending to visit the location the night he was murdered, so that he could pay off his debt.



No Trolling

A goblin runs under the bridge, ignoring the steps heading up.
A light in its shadow would gleam the stone that you seek.
Once more in the light, ignoring the stalls, it runs straight into fair Liz.

The bridge on Greywall Street that crosses the Goblinspit Canal.
Maps: *Inner Wards, North East Quadrant, and Sewers.*
References: *Goblinspit Canal can be found in* ***The City of Great Lunden****, page 24.*
Additional Information: *-*
Encounter Experience Points: *500*



On the northeastern side of the bridge a small set of steps, slippery with slime and grime, lead down to the banks of the canal. The pungent scent of waste, rotting meat, and vegetation is overpowering. The foundations of the arches beneath are linked by rough platforms a foot off the water. Small makeshift shelters dot around the rotting planks. Dark, cold, and foul, no-one should live like this.

A small gang of street urchins controlled by the unscrupulous Lady Bess have taken over the arches under the bridge. Despite their diminutive size, they are a score of violent thieves and vagabonds. Lady Bess controls them with her *Earring of Command*, although she doesn't know it's the earring that's doing it. She believes she has power and the urchins are in awe/scared of her.

About ten feet up the first inner arch, when a bright light source is shined upon it, a three-inch diameter circle will start to shine. This marks the loose stone that hides Mackey's coin.

Lady Bess

Race: Human, Female, 14
Armour Class: 8 [11]
Hit Dice: 1d6
Attacks: Dagger (1d4)
Saving Throws: 13
Move: 12
Alignment: Chaotic
Challenge Level/XP: 1/15
Equipment: *Earring of Command*, worn leather armour, dagger, 53 gold quids, 78 silver shillings, and a 50 gold quid ruby hidden in the lean-to under where she sleeps.
Description: At fourteen, this is her fiefdom. She rules. She has power to control people (she doesn't know it's the earring), and she has her own followers.
Earring of Command: The earring allows the user twice per day to cast the *Command* spell.

Lady Bess's Urchins

Race: Human, Male/Female, aged 7-13.
Armour Class: 8 (small and fast)
Hit Dice: 1d3 per member (dependant on how many in the mass), see special attack.
Attacks: Dagger/knife (1 hit point of damage per attacker)
Special Attack: Attack *en masse*, for every urchin that attacks an individual they get +1 to their to hit roll.
Saving Throws: 13
Move: 12
Alignment: Chaotic
Challenge Level/XP: 2/30
Equipment: Rusty old daggers and knives, and the occasional copper piece.
Description: Ranging in sizes, they're all dirty, rag covered thieving bastards. They may be scared of Bess, but will scatter if things start getting too lethal, they are only kids.



It's In The Past

Founded by those that came before, look to the past to build your future. Displayed with pride at the cost of silver.

The Periwinkle Museum (C66).
Maps: *North West Quadrant.*
References: *-*
Additional Information: *This one shouldn't be too difficult to figure out, there are two large public museums in Great Lunden. One is Dourgul's House (A7) and could lead to the 'Statuesque' encounter location by accident, and this. The Periwinkle Museum in this encounter is in Hyde Ward, and foremost is goman history.*
Encounter Experience Points: *300*

This building is comfortable-looking and inviting. It stands two stories high and a small brass plaque on the wall indicates that this is The Periwinkle Museum. It is only a silver shilling each to enter, with a cup of tea and a bun at the end of your visit.

If they enter during business hours, read the following:

Well-dressed couples stroll lazily through the exhibits taking little notice to the items around them, showing closer attention to their partners in this relaxed, almost private location. There's a steady stream of people entering and leaving, but only at the count of about four or so every half hour.

Different-sized cabinets hold varying displays of ancient earthenware, tools, and weapons mainly from the goman period. An occasional table shows a model or diorama of old settlements or

buildings as they may have looked over two thousand years ago.

Signs are placed occasionally asking visitors to 'Please refrain from touching the exhibits as they are alarmed.'

They are indeed alarmed. With *magic mouths* that politely ask that they step away from the exhibit until a museum representative has dealt with the issue. They are permanent and can be reset when needed.

There were a substantial amount of coins donated by Boris and the one the players are looking for is in one of the treasure hoards located in a glass display case on the second floor of the museum allegedly from a local dig site.

The museum is run by Mr Christopher Periwinkle (male, 45), his wife Martha (female, 43), with daily help from their children, Darius (male, 22), and Penny (female, 20). The museum is open from 8 o'clock in the morning until 6 o'clock in the evening every day except Sunday when it's closed.

They do indeed serve tea with a bun at the end of the visit, in a small side café like area. The buns are quite pleasant.

Remember, Recycle

From rusted weapons or rail,
Even swords and chainmail.
Burned to its core to begin,
The old central beacon it's in.

Wainwright's Smeltery (C67).
Maps: *Inner Wards, North East Quadrant, and Sewers.*
References: *-*
Additional Information: *Located on Sharp Street. In the centre of the yard is an old Great Lunden style iron gloomium street lamp. Mr Wainwright likes it where it is and it is to never be melted down. The coin is in the lamp at the top.*
Encounter Experience Points: *400*

Twelve-foot-high blackened stone walls stand before you, razor sharp twisted barbed wire sits menacingly atop. They surround a rectangular compound. During the day, heavily-laden carts trudge in and out bringing in unwanted or broken metal objects of various sizes and shapes. Empty wagons leave once their load is deposited. Occasionally, a coke-laden cart can be seen entering the yard through two huge solid dark oak gates which sit beneath a large, rusting wrought iron sign stating "Wainwright's Scrap".

Acrid murky smoke belches into the sky from blackened stone chimneys at the back of the building. This is the smeltery, a large building which runs day and night turning scrap into iron ingots. Anyone downwind of the



vicinity has stinging eyes which water due to the polluted air.

Inside, the yard is criss-crossed with piles of metal; gates and railings sit next to a large stack of bed frames, old mine cart rails lay on top of rusted and broken support beams. A thick oily ash sits over almost everything.

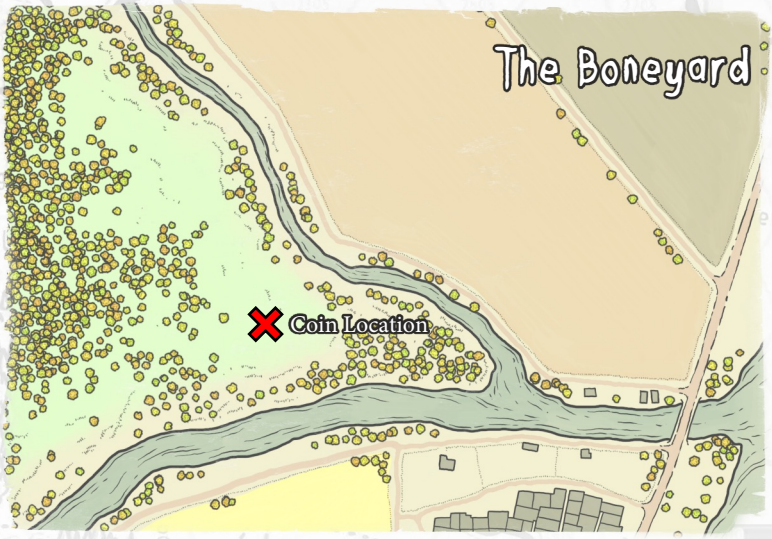
The business makes good money. During the day thirty or more workers (all male, aged 15–50) are in the yard sifting scrap or shovelling coke. Two guards on the gate check everything in and out, and you'd better have a bill of sale on you. Two more guards are with Mr Bill Wainwright in a small office by the gate, where he deals with payments.

There is no money left here at night, and every Monday, several wagons take the ingots to the relevant foundries to be made into new items.

At night two large mastiffs (***The City of Great Lunden***, page 195) patrol the yard, whilst their owner stays inside the small office. The dogs used to be owned by the Peekers but they were deemed too dangerous. The owner sets them free to roam the yard at night and then bribes them back to their kennels with rancid meat in the morning at end of shift. The smeltery night crew get paid a good wage so constantly work, and thus takes a great deal of disturbance for anyone to notice something untoward in the yard.

William 'Bill' Wainwright

Race: Human, Male, 56
Armour Class: 7 [12]
Hit Dice: 2 (Retired Fighter)
Attack: Dagger (1d4)
Saving Throws: 13
Move: 12
Alignment: Neutral
Challenge Level/XP: 2/30
Equipment: Dagger, leather armour, and dependant on time of day and location; a lot of cash, keys, and a secure cash box.
Description: A solid 6', and still looking like he could go 10 rounds with a sewer swine. He has a lot of business to conduct, be quick, pay up and go away.



The Boneyard

Where the trickle and little Thames meet,
Is the last place you'll ever sleep.
To the west of the fork,
At ten of the hour,
You'll find Travis de Nork

Within a hundred yards of the old graveyard a low-lying mist sits thickly on the ground. Unable to see your feet, you make your way precariously forward.

The mist is permanent whether it is day or night. The only time it dissipates is during high winds or heavy rain. It's caused due to a mixture of the low temperature of the ground, river moisture, and air pollution from the city. It's really creepy.

Old Graveyard (C68)
Maps: *South West Quadrant.*
References: *The rivers can be found in* ***The City of Great Lunden****, page 26.*
Additional Information: *On the less-wooded land between the Little Thameswater River and The Trickle, the area with fewest trees to the west of the fork was once an old cemetery that few people now remember and no-one visits. The grave is at the 10 o'clock position as if standing in the centre of the old graveyard with north at 12 o'clock. They will need to find the grave marker with the name Travis deNork upon it. They will have to do a bit of searching, but it's around the edge.*
Encounter Experience Points: *700*

There are no fresh graves as far as you can tell. Moss-covered head stones, broken and leaning, spread before you. None of the graves appear to be maintained and it seems no-one remembers the departed here.

Once the Player Characters find the correct gravestone, it will require them to dig down for the treasure, it's about six feet below them. Once down six inches deep, it breaks a clay seal that reanimates seven skeletons that lie about 3–6 inches beneath the ground. It will take one round for them all to push through the soil, all are within a 30 feet of the dig spot. If the players are carefully excavating and find and remove the 5 foot × 2 foot × 1-inch thick clay seal without breaking it, it does not awaken the undead.

As you push your shovel back into the earth, you hear a dull thud and feel something give, almost like you broke through a hard layer of mud. Hoping you haven't damaged anything you shouldn't have below, you notice the mist around start to swirl ever-so-slightly.

No animal, except possibly the most desperate of ratdogs, will come near this place due to the smell and sense of corruption. The coin sits in the belly of the corpse within the grave. The corpse is that of the cleric that set-up this undead trap. Boris didn't have the money to pay him, so in desperation he caved his skull in with a shovel and robbed him of anything of value and left his corpse to be forgotten… Until now.

Skeleton

Race: Undead
Armour Class: 8 [11]
Hit Dice: 1d8
Attacks: Bony fist (1d6)
Special: Immune to sleep and charm spells.
Saving Throws: 17
Move: 12
Alignment: Neutral
Challenge Level/XP: 1/15
Equipment: None
Description: Skeletal!

Get Carter

He takes your burden; for a price.
The loneliest number say it twice.
From A to B is guaranteed.
The comfiest part is what you need.

Pirett Cart Hire (C69)
Maps: *North West Quadrant.*
References: *-*
Additional Information: *Carts and pack mules are hired to local businesses who can't afford their own or need more transport for their goods in and out of the city. The owner has his brand on all his horses and mules, and his carts are also numbered. The cart they want is No. 11 and the coin is hidden in the padded seat. This one may be difficult to work out.*
Encounter Experience Points: *300*

Before you is a fenced-off area holding pack and draft animals being fed or brushed down. Several are already harnessed to well-maintained and numbered carts. Beneath a large, covered area a group of men are checking and preparing a line of carts. Two blacksmiths are industriously hammering away at a small forge creating horseshoes. Cartwheels and leaf-springs lie behind them.

Miles Pirett (male, 37) has twenty-nine carts available and makes a steady business hiring them out and keeping his customers happy. The animals are strong and cared for, and the wagons sturdy and maintained. He's a busy man, and if you're not hiring then he has no time for you. Roughly two dozen workers or drivers (mostly male, aged 15–60) are here during the day. At night the yard is guarded by 4 guards (see page 116).



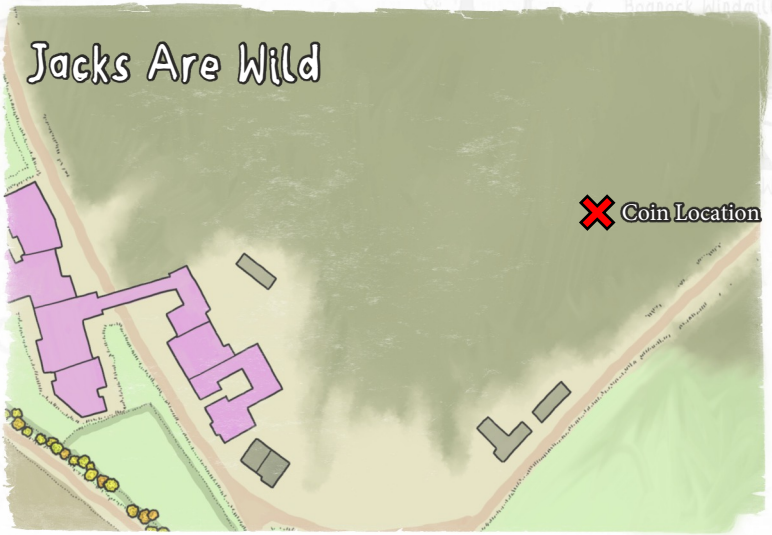
Jacks Are Wild

The one-eyed Jack is whom you seek,
The namesake of night at its peak.
A listener of truth, the remover of pain,
When at last they slumber, it's heaven they gain.

The Harrow Midden
Maps: *North East Quadrant.*
References: *The Harrow Midden can be found in* ***The City of Great Lunden****, page 77.*
Additional Information: The PCs are looking for Midnite Jack whose now-demolished hovel used to be just to the west of the midden, but now he 'lives' in the midden itself. The coin was sown into his coat, which he never removed. By some miracle it is still in there.
Encounter Experience Points: *400*

Midnite Jack has just the one eye. His job was and still is, a Sin Eater. He is someone who listens to the dying, removing them of their past sins and takes them as his own burden thus allowing others to pass over to the next world with a clean slate. It's a dying profession (no pun intended). Between the church and the witchfinders, Jack was the last one left in the city, and he hasn't been seen for well over six months. Boris paid him to put the coin on his person until someone came looking for it, for once it was easy pay and he was more than thankful for the few gold quids.

He lived out by the midden as he was mostly shunned until he was needed. His hut is long demolished, and he couldn't take another sin. The lies and evil that men do have sent him completely mad. He now lives wild on the midden itself. Several workers at the site are alleged to have seen him, *"It*



were only 'tuther day guvner, a dark shadow, screaming at the sky 'e were!", Or *"Cor blimey guv, I near tom tit meself when I sees it. Looked like 'ee was eating a babby!"*

He is living wild on rotten food and scraps. If the party look for him out on the vile mounds of waste, he will find them before they see him.

A terrible shriek fills the air, you spin wildly as it appears to come from all around. Then atop a pile of almost-living detritus, you see a wretch of what may once have been a man. Now, head-to-toe covered in black grime, badly-ragged clothes hang loosely. The only colour you see is one piercing blue eye, glinting like ice, and a jagged-looking cleaver dripping with blood in his hand. "NO MORE LIES!" he screeches and runs towards you.

Midnite Jack

Race: Human, age unknown
Armour Class: 9 [10]
Hit Dice: 3 (21 Hit Poonts)
Attacks: Cleaver (1d6)
Special: *Crazy:* Midnite Jack gets +1 to attacks and Saving Throws because he is crazy.
Totally Loony: Midnite Jack can fight beyond 0 hit points for an extra 1d4 rounds driven my his unshakeable belief that he is immortal.
Saving Throw: 15
Move: 12
Alignment: Crazy!
Challenge Level/XP: 1/15
Equipment: Cleaver

Argy-Bargy

Hauled a thousand ton of ore
Moved a mountain, maybe more.
Now half drowned, a rotting husk,
It sits alone, the colour of dusk.

Half-submerged in the Great Thameswater River about a third the way from the southern bank, opposite Bleachskull Road.
Maps: *South West Quadrant.*
References: -
Additional Information: -
Encounter Experience Points: *400*

From your vantage point, you can see what remains of a rusting hulk of a barge, it's ponderous form sits half-submerged sitting on a sandbar below. The current slowly circumvents the obstacle, as well as the occasional small river vessel that passes by. A once brightly-painted red buoy bobs sadly next to the craft it is meant to warn you away from.

Before its fate, this large ore transporting barge navigated up and down the rivers of Havenland, now it sits as an annoyance to Great Thameswater vessels daily. It was scuttled a decade ago by a rival company, its history and name forgotten.

Boris placed a wax-sealed chest in the hull, along with 250 gold quids and one of Mackey's coins. It is underwater along with several new inhabitants that have made this place their new home.



Three Knockers live here and they don't like to be disturbed.

The Peekers occasionally have craft patrolling this area on a semi-regular basis, and they will want to know what the Player Characters are doing. This could get costly if they are not careful. There are many laws being broken if they simply sail over on to it and start messing around. Great Lundeners love a good show, so they will gather at the river's edge to see what is going on.

Knockers

Armour Class: 6 [13]
Hit Dice: 2
Attacks: Headbutt (1d6), or Ram (1d6 plus stun)
Saving Throws: 13
Special: *Stun:* Knockers can achieve great bursts of speed within short distances of 5–20 feet and use it for a ram attack. This causes their normal headbutt damage but also requires the victim to make a Saving Throw or be stunned for 1d4 rounds.
Move: 12
Alignment: Neutral
Challenge Level/XP: 2/30
Equipment: none
Description: These eels, as large as a man's leg, live in the Great Thameswater. They have raised, solid muscular foreheads. They're quite the delicacy in Lunden.

No Slippers

From coastal towns to Lunden,
Comes a power to see through.
Made with breath and twist of hand,
What was created you must undo.

The Glass Bottle (B42) in Blackgate Ward.
Maps: *Inner Wards, North East Quadrant, and Sewer.*
References: The City of Great Lunden*, page 35.*
Additional Information: *-*
Encounter Experience Points: *300*

Upon approaching the glass works, you see workers twisting molten glass on the end of long tubes. With deft hands, wondrous creations appear. Young urchins keep the small ovens glowing, and the heat is starting to become a little unbearable. A well laid-out store, sits to the side where well-to-do customers browse all manner of glassware items. The main window looking into the shop is created of glass blocks, with each block containing another glass item. It's rather spectacular.

Shrew McConnell is truly a genius. If the players look into the window there is a chance they will notice that one of the 10-inch square blocks holds an ornate multi-coloured glass ball, and inside, sits the coin. They cannot tell if it's a real one, or a red herring as the colours almost swirl when trying to peer in. They'll have to smash the glass window block, and then the ball to find out.

Boris asked Shrew to make this glass block and add it to his window display, he was paid handsomely for it and is always willing to try something different.



Get The Point

An easy one is this,
At Gael's Sanctuary persist.
When looking to the heavens,
At its zenith is the gift.

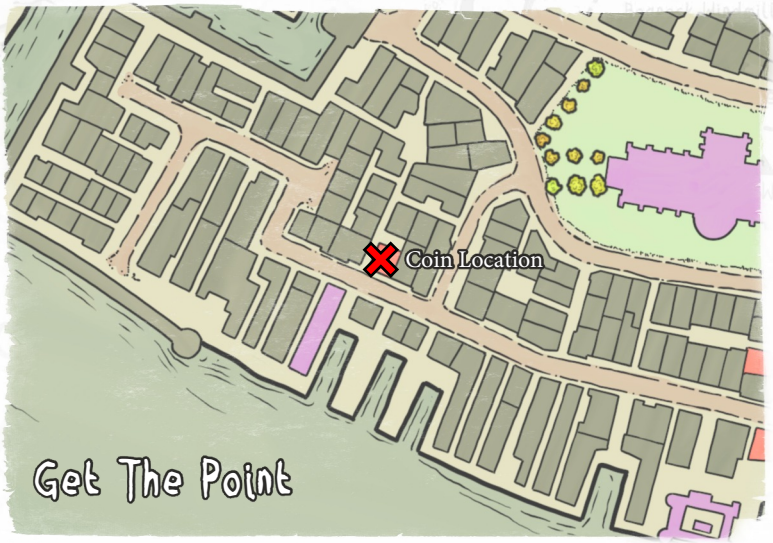
Gael's Sanctuary (A1), Bishopsgate Ward
Maps: *Inner Wards, North East Quadrant, and Sewer.*
References: The City of Great Lunden*, page 106.*
Additional Information:
Encounter Experience Points: *150*

This really is a simple one, the coin is hidden in the point atop the roof, simply unscrew the pointed cone and there it lies in the base. Don't ask how they got it up there, that wasn't that simple. If they check in the top of the cone, there is also a small gem worth 100 gold quids.

What A Bastard

At some point Barry Mackey will show up. He will at some point hear of the group looking for 'something' related to Michael Mackey.

Can happen anywhere.
Maps: *-*
References: *-*
Additional Information: *Barry had found snippets of information that the majority of his father's wealth had been hidden away, and has spent years looking for it. He still has people out there, and he will come looking for what he believes is rightfully his.*
He will not get the law involved. He'll sort it himself just like every other time.
Encounter Experience Points: *200*



Considering your next plan of action, you realise the sounds of Great Lunden have dissipated somewhat. Looking up, the streets look a little less crowded and five serious-looking burly men amble up and loosely surround you.

"Our boss wants a quick word, so don't be silly now!" says the burliest one. Without taking his eyes off you he waves in the air and a large, ominous, black coach approaches. No insignia or other markings are evident as it pulls up behind the twitchy men glaring at you.

A voice comes from deep within the shaded windows, "You have something of mine I believe. Any items you have recovered so far you shall return to me along with any scrolls you have!"

If the players hand everything over, not a problem. They only have Fred Trask to explain everything to. Wish them luck with that.

If they don't hand it over or start questioning Barry in any way, he simply reverts to his normal way of dealing with things.

"I don't have time for you, bring me what I want!" A dull thud from inside of the coach sounds like a fist hitting the underside of the roof and the carriage lurches forward and moves quickly down the street. The five men step a little closer, billy clubs almost magically appearing in their hands. "Alright, hand it all over!"

They try to subdue the players and take the items they require, plus anything else they want if they win. If they players turn it into a lethal fight, they will draw blades. If reduced down to two or three they run.

If the players need to look for Barry, they can find him at any inn where he will be surrounded by thugs and sycophants at all times. He is loud and brash, and everyone laughs at his jokes, funny or not. He moves from inn to inn, never staying long in one place. Start at The Fetid Otter (***The City of Great Lunden***, page 118) if you wish.

Make the players aware he is almost untouchable as far as they can tell, he puts money in the right pockets and is always surrounded by a large force of nasty bastards on his payroll.

Bartholomew 'Barry' Mackey

Known as Barry the Bastard

Race: Human, Male, 34
Armour Class: 8 [11]
Hit Dice: 1d8
Attacks: Rapier (1d6)
Saving Throws: 13
Move: 12
Alignment: Chaotic
Challenge Level/XP: 1/15
Equipment: Fine leathers/cloak, rapier, 100 gold quids, 73 silver shillings, and 300 gold quids worth of jewellery.
Description: Bartholomew Mackey is the last remaining son of Michael. Like his father, he liked to spend money, unfortunately he didn't know how to make it. Whatever money he has squirreled away will only last him another few months — he's getting desperate.

A large man, he's been nothing but a bully since people remember, hence his nickname. Many a rumour has him pegged for the death of more than one of his brothers, but this has never been proved. For clarification, he's responsible for three of them. Bastard at birth, bastard by nature.

Guards or Thugs

Race: Human, Male
Armour Class: 7 [12]
Hit Dice: 2d8
Attacks: short sword (1d6), Clubs(1d4)
Saving Throws: 13
Move: 12
Alignment: Chaotic
Challenge Level/XP: 2/30
Equipment: Shortsword, billy club, leather armour, and 1d10 silver shillings.
Description: Mean, burly, your average combatant. Just paid better.

Penultimate Clue Location

The Queen's Theatre (B20)
Maps: *South West Quadrant.*
References: *The Queen's Theatre can be found in* ***The City of Great Lunden****, page 92.*
Additional Information: *-*
Encounter Experience Points: *300*

As you approach the theatre, you start to feel the eerie sensation you get when nearing a venue designed for large amounts of people, but at this time it stands empty. The sounds of Great Lunden are all around you, but the wall of silence from the wood-built amphitheatre, is somewhat daunting.



The PCs will see the odd person going about their business, (Jane, female, 36) (Byrone, male 42) (Cragun, male, 14) sweeping up, repairing a few broken seats, or preparing for the next show. Flyers dotted around proclaim 'The Great Xavier is performing this evening'.

There are several plaques dotted around the theatre. Some are thanks and dedications, and a few are 'in memory of'. The one the players seek is by the entrance to the upper level where the wealthy and important get seated. For years people have wondered at the symbols surrounding the dedication (placed there by Boris, for a small donation), but without the correct decryption, it really seems to be gobbledygook.

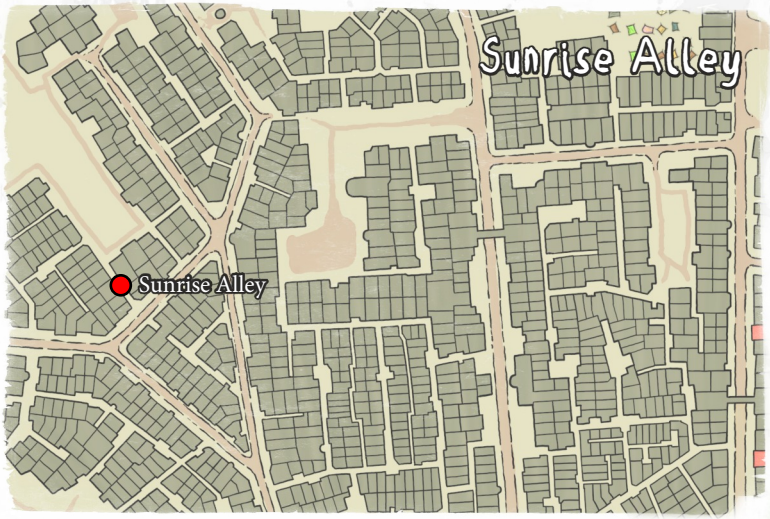
Refer to the section titled 'The Coins' for how to decipher the last clue needed. This should direct them to Door Street in Greyfettle Ward.

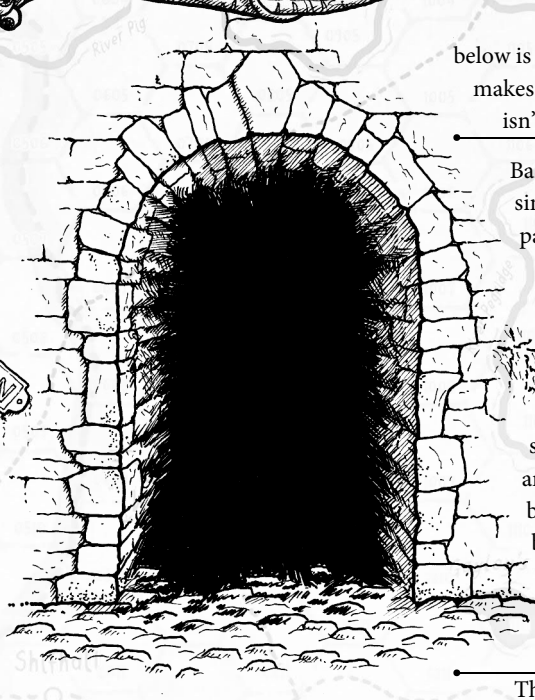
Final Location, Sunrise Alley

Sunrise, get it? It's like a synonym, sort of. Ah, you get it!

Door Street in Greyfettle Ward
Maps: *North East Quadrant.*
References: *-*
Additional Information: *A simple search on this short street shouldn't be too much a problem at this point.*
Encounter Experience Points: *250*

Before you is an entrance to an alley that sits between two closely-built structures. An rusted street sign hangs to the left snapped in half, only the last three letters are visible 'SON', and to the right of the alley a vandal has scrawled 'TERRORISE' in thick fading black paint, the 'TERRO' has been scratched out, but is still readable. The dark abyss





beyond awaits you but the smell holds you back. A noise behind makes you turn.

The hobnail boots clattering towards you are worn by serious-looking, burly men you've met before, not the same, but similar. They enter their standard move, six now loosely surround you. "Right, the boss…"

The conversation is halted as a body slams into the ground from the roof above, followed by a crossbow clattering to the ground next to what can only be described as, a corpse.

A sweet feminine voice from above chirps down, "Sorry random thug, didn't mean to interrupt your attempt at an ambush! Now it's a fair fight, will you lot sort it out and go claim your prize. Have at it!"

Both groups see nothing above, and below is a spreading pool of blood that makes everyone take a step back. Well isn't this interesting!

Barry has had the group followed since their last encounter. He has paid handsomely for this information, and now wants a return on his investment.



The thugs will run if the fight starts to turn against them, they are fighting with blades as it's been made clear the party is to be removed, entirely, but their companion has made them a bit shaky after the sound he made hitting the floor.

The alley is roughly 20 feet long, 5 feet wide and 8 feet high. There are no exits to be seen. Cold, damp and reeking of something awful, it ends abruptly.

If a light is shone on the end wall, continue reading.

Your light glances off what appears to be a familiar sun motif, covered in grime it is still recognisable.

It obviously matches the markings on the coins. A little searching reveals four slots at the main points of the compass. Just large enough for a gold coin to slide into. You will need just four coins to open the very expensive, near impossible to see, and very secure, secret door. One coin in each slot is enough to continue below.

As the fourth coin slips into the slot, you here a small clink and a door appears, swinging inwards along with a couple years worth of refuse that was piled against it. Steps as dark as the alley behind you lead downwards.

If they continue…

The five feet wide steps, feel claustrophobic as they lead what you assume to be 20 feet or more downwards. Then open quite suddenly open into a large, spacious room. Easily 30' on all sides, it has the look of a great study, one not completed. Shelves lay half-finished on the floor, while completed ones stand unused and unvarnished. An old desk has a make-do seat made from wood and long dried-up paint pots. Tins of varnish sit next to carpentry tools, saws and plains, tubs of rusted nails are dotted all over. Atop the table is a note, and something glinting in your light.

Boris was near completion of this room (another couple of weeks, the final item to complete), which was to hold all the details of Michael's estates and holdings. Only these two men knew of this location! Or maybe not. The note on the table in flowing script, simply says; *'You never deserved it!'* Sitting next to the note are four coins, like the players have, but no script, design or embossing, just plain notched gold coins.

The papers never made it here, as he believed his sons were never going to rise to his standards. Once Boris died, Mackey had everything transported to safe hands, the only ones he could trust with the majority of his money and estate. They're the ones who left the coins and note. Their identity is left to the Game Master to determine.

A Final Word

The players may be confused to this ending and so may you. I know what has happened to all the money, and there are a few clues that point to where it has gone. If you wish to continue this story, please by all means do so. I hope to continue it myself, but nothing quite matches your own twists, turns, and ideas.

THE COINS

There are two types of coins spread throughout Lunden, one is a gold coin emblazoned with a moon and stars motif, and a fish in the middle shaded a bright red. These are 'red herrings' thrown around to make the searchers run in circles. They will not help the players, so throw as many or as few as you want into the mix.





The second type of coin (of which there are only seven total) are the ones the searchers need, decorated with a sun (wayward sons, suns - get it?) motif, a roman numerical, letters in the centre, an arrow and a notch. The players will need at least four coins to reach their final destination (see final encounter).

Once all seven unique coins are found, the Player Characters can lay them next to each other in numerical order. The central letters join together to spell TH EQU EENS THEA TRE PLA QUE, or The Queens Theatre Plaque, see opposite.

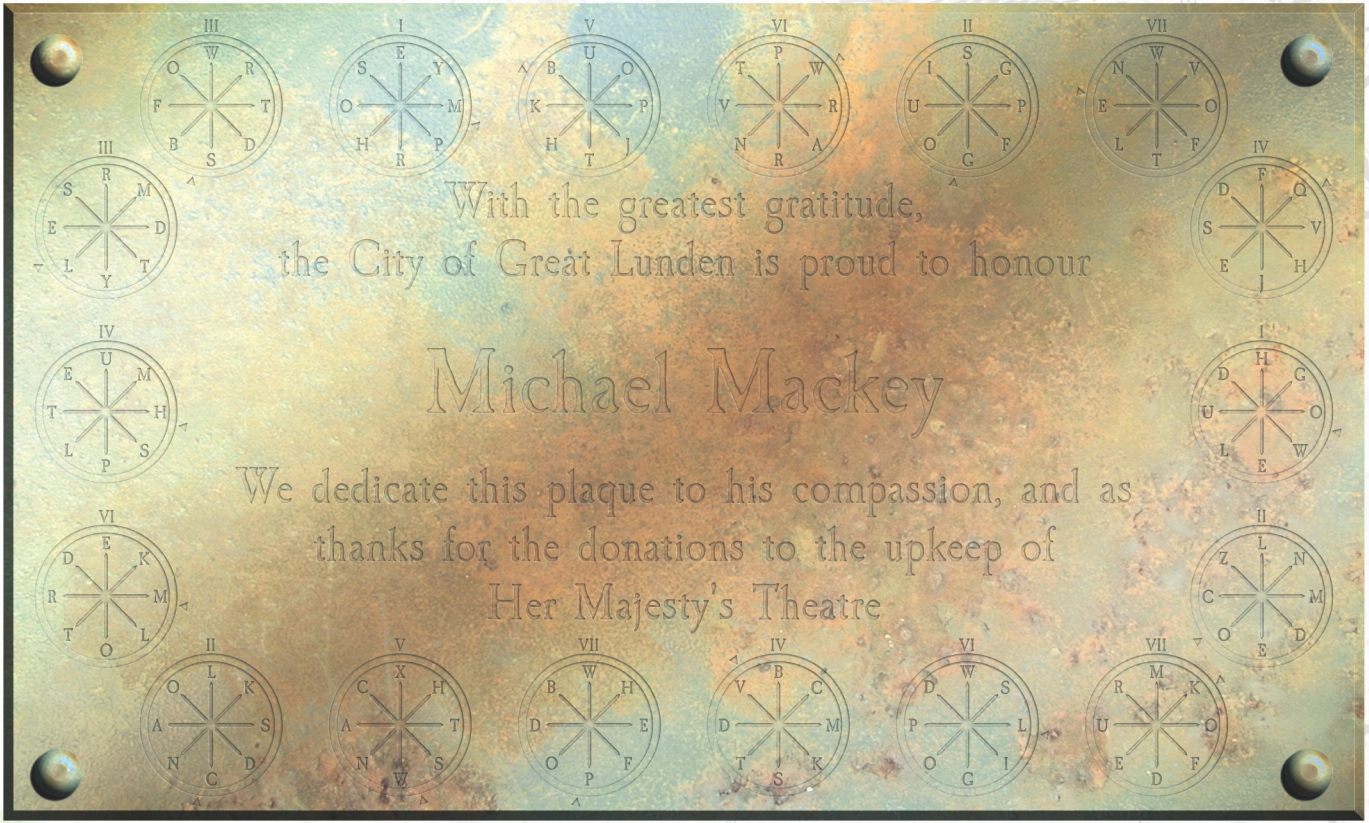


Once the plaque is found at the Queen's Theatre, you will notice the outer edge has eighteen circles each with eight letters inside, an arrow, and also a roman numeral. Simply match the coins roman numeral with one on the plaque and place the coin upon it. Rotate the coin so that the small coin arrow lines up with the plaque arrow, and one of the eight letters on the plaque's wheel will be shown. Once all the letters have been uncovered it will give the final location: DOORSTSUNRISEALLEY or Door Street, Sunrise Alley.

PLAYER HANDOUTS

Permission is given to make photocopies of the following for cutting out




With the greatest gratitude,
the City of Great Lunden is proud to honour
Michael Mackey
We dedicate this plaque to his compassion, and as
thanks for the donations to the upkeep of
Her Majesty's Theatre

This excursion I suggest be done in the day,
Where piss-maker path hits the dung heap highway.
From this point and the home in-between,
You must look to the centre of green.

The Secret Garden

Across the River,
In view of brave falcons protecting the skies.
Where virtue is negotiated and Goddesses rule,
It's hung round the neck of the lowly fool.

A Place for Fun

A monolith of green stands above us all,
The size of its weapon causes nought but awe.
Whether dusk, dawn, night or day,
The tip at the end leads the way.

Statuesque

A line from two queens was drawn.
One N'or' East from the spire of old, the other
'long the path of the new 'til the angle is right.
Seek the largest and set eyes upon,
'Neath the foot of Druids devotion.

Simply A Treasure

A goblin runs under the bridge,
ignoring the steps heading up.
A light in its shadow would gleam the stone that you seek.
Once more in the light, ignoring the stalls,
it runs straight into fair Ly.

No Trolling

Founded by those that came before,
look to the past to build your future.
Displayed with pride at the cost of silver.

It's In The Past

From rusted weapons or rail,
Even swords and chainmail.
Burned to its core to begin,
The old central beacon it's in.

Remember, Recycle

Where the trickle and little Thames meet,
Is the last place you'll ever sleep.
To the west of the fork,
At ten of the hour, you'll find Travis de Nork.

The Boneyard

He takes your burden; for a price.
The loneliest number say it twice.
From A to B is guaranteed.
The comfiest part is what you need.

Get Carter

The one-eyed Jack is whom you seek,
The namesake of night at its peak.
A listener of truth, the remover of pain,
When at last they slumber, it's heaven they gain.

Jacks Are Wild

Hauled a thousand ton of ore
Moved a mountain, maybe more.
Now half drowned, a rotting husk,
It sits alone, the colour of dusk.

Argy-Bargy

From coastal towns to Lunden,
Comes a power to see through.
Made with breath and twist of hand,
What was created you must undo.

No Slippers

An easy one is this,
At Gaols Sanctuary persist.
When looking to the heavens,
At its zenith is the gift.

Get The Point

The Queen's Theatre Plaque with all coins placed correctly

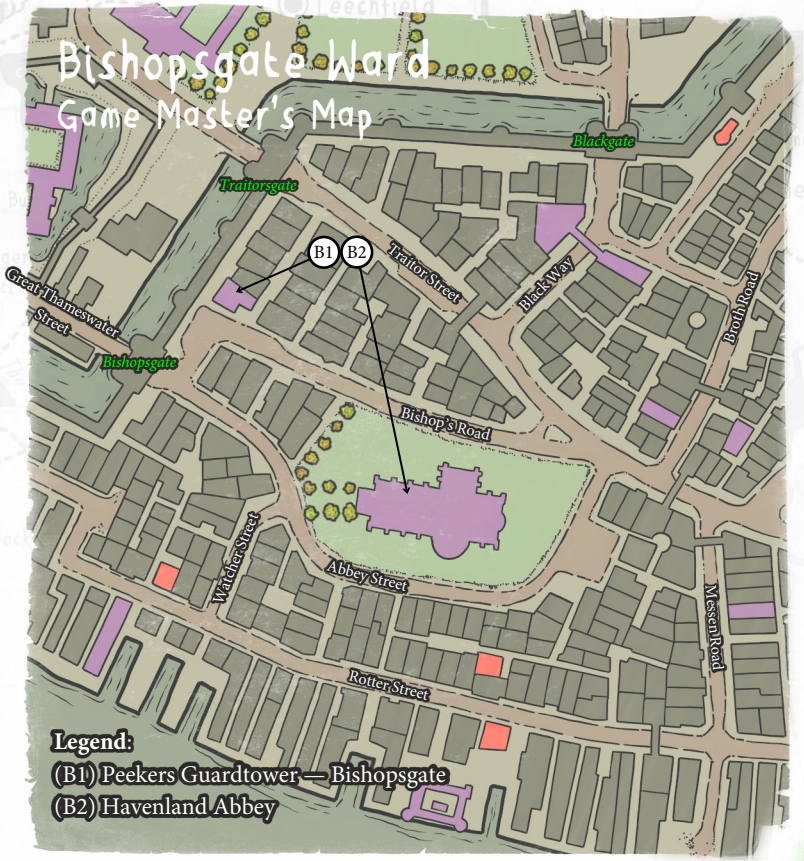


The Changing of the Guard

By Edwin Nagy

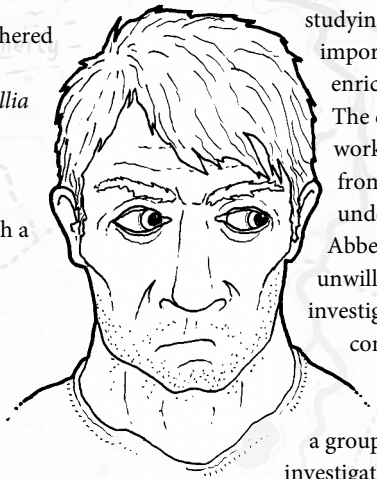
SUMMARY

The party investigates a crime scene in the basement of Havenland Abbey (B2) and learns that a gloomium artefact — the *hexicallia* — has been stolen. Evidence leads to Captain Fistings of the local Peeker'sguardtower (B1). Following up at the guard tower, the PCs discover several things of interest: the guards are horribly mutated, Captain Fistings — while not mutated — does not in any way live up to his cruel reputation, and that there seems to be a second Captain Fistings, slain and rotting in one of the basement cells. They also — presumably — find the *hexicallia*.



Depending on the party's goal, this adventure might conclude with them returning the artefact to Mackabuty and the clergy, delivering it to a shady fence, or giving it to any number of other eager recipients. Whatever they do, you may choose to initiate a great lycanthropic invasion, or you may move along to other stories and adventures in or around the City of Great Lunden.

On the other hand, the party might well be convinced by the cleric, Seer McAlwayne, as well as subsequent evidence gathered with their own eyes, and conclude that the *hexicallia* should be buried deep within the bowels of the abbey. In this case, the adventure concludes with a crawl through the great catacombs and into the Upper Middergloom.



Eston Mackabuty

STORY HOOKS

- Eston Mackabuty, Canon Treasurer of Havenland Abbey, requests a meeting with the party, explaining that an important artefact has been removed from the lower vaults and he has reason not to trust the local Peekers or abbey guards. A reward and perhaps divine favours are offered for a successful recovery.
- Patricia DuLaine is an acquisitions agent; she is the bridge between those in search of objects and information, and those willing to provide them. She lets the party know that she has a buyer for a certain object formerly located in the lower vaults of Havenland Abbey, and that she would pay a hefty sum for those who bring it to her. She has arranged for the party to meet with the Canon Treasurer of the Abbey in the guise of recovery experts.
- Master Lester Humbolt, professor of arcanity at Masters College (B3, Tomegate Ward), has been studying the mystical importance of gloomium-enriched deistic objects. The cornerstone to his work has just been stolen from its vault underneath Havenland Abbey. While the clergy is unwilling to lead the investigation, Humbolt has convinced Canon Treasurer Reverend Mackabuty to allow a group of independent investigators access to the crime scene. The College will pay in knowledge.

INTRODUCTION

The party arrives at Havenland Abbey (B2) and meets with Eston Mackabuty, the Canon Treasurer. He lets the party know that the missing object is in the form of a hexagonal prism, about 2 feet tall. At each vertex of the hexagon is a 2-inch diameter cylinder, and the top and bottom are hexagonal plates. The *hexicallia*, as it is known, is to be the

centrepiece in next week's lengthy festival in honour of the Six-fold Gods. While friendly enough, Mackabuty has a large festival to prepare for and leaves the party in the care of Seer McAlwayne, a Scrotswoman cleric. With her as their guide, the party heads to the underground vault via a set of tight, stone, spiral stairs. The first level down is an empty chamber, used long ago for storage. The next level below is currently a guardroom where three guards in church tabards stand nervously at attention. The guards are not the usual city watch, or Peekers — as the church has reason to believe that the watch might somehow be implicated in the theft and murders — instead they are three relatively junior clergy who have been armed with truncheons and bedecked with the Abbey's colours.

From the guardroom, the stairs lead down to a heavy wooden door locked with a heavy chain and a clearly new padlock. Beyond this door is the vault where the church stores its gloomium-containing goods in freestanding wooden cabinets and on stone shelves recessed in the walls. Use the Gloomium Artefacts tables to create on-the-fly artefacts.

In the centre of the room, a masonry plinth stands alone, a green-hued silver cloth draped over its top. A hexagonal depression is apparent in the cloth, as well as a slight darkening around where the *hexicallia* used to sit.

What Has Really Happened?

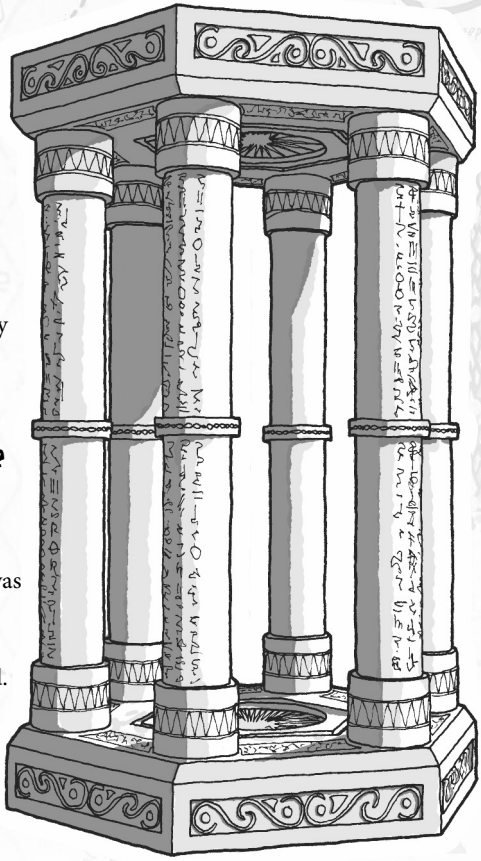
Ich'thal, a doppelganger, recently arrived from across the sea, and took on the persona of Captain Pallus Fistings of the Peekers Guardtower (B1).

Using a combination of stealth and deception, he entered the abbey where Ich'thal killed the guards in the upper rooms one by one. The first was garrotted, lured up to the level just below the sacristy by a request for help with a disturbance above. The second received a quick knife to the throat as Ich'thal returned in the guise of the first

Gloomium Artefacts (roll 3d10 or select)
** All objects are, of course, various shades of green.*

Roll	Descriptor*	Object	Effect
1	Wrinkled	Tooth	Mild nausea while nearby
2	Reflecting	Bone	Slow loss of all body hair
3	Veined	Stone	Increase in intelligence and loss of dexterity
4	Gnarled	Hand	Inability to speak clearly
5	Dusty	Arrow	Thinning of blood and a propensity to faint
6	Golden	Candelabra	Attractiveness to goblinoids
7	Wee	Goblet	Leaves a green stain on whatever it touches
8	Giant	Axe head	None—it's fraudulent
9	Flaking	Die	Good luck
10	Oozing	Book	Bad luck

guard. The final guard was slow on the uptake and died with his sword still caught in its sheath. Ich'thal was in its natural form for this murder. Ich'thal reassumed the body of Captain Fistings and used the keys it had taken from the upper offices to open the vault and then left with the *hexicallia*. Blood can be found in the guardroom while the upper room may have some slight traces of urine that leaked from the first guard.



The Hexicallia

What Seer McAlwayne Knows

- Three guards were on duty the night of the theft. Alicia Syples was the shift leader, and her two colleagues were Matthew Riffendom and 'Tubs' Wynegard. These guards — as well as any for the gloomium vault and other parts of the church — are detached from the Peekers Guardtower and tend to get the assignment as a punishment for annoying Sergeant Deerings. She had heard them complain about having to spend the night in close proximity to the gloomium, although some intentionally pull the shift in the depths of winter.
- The current guards in place are actually members of the church rather than Peekers, as the Seer has convinced Mackabuty of the incompetency of the city watch at the best of times, and that an inside job is quite likely. The current guards probably know nothing about the Peekers.
- A clergyman was cleaning the sacristy when he caught sight of a body on the stairs below. He immediately called for senior members of the church to investigate. The bodies of the other two guards, one with a cleanly slit throat and the other with multiple slashes across his face and neck, were found in the guardroom. The one with the slit throat was Alicia Syples and is missing her tabard.

- The old padlock was hanging open on the chain, and the door to the gloomium vault was open. Within the vault, nothing was touched except the *hexicallia*. Drops of human blood were found leading between the *hexicallia's* plinth and the guardroom, along with a half-print of a hob-nailed boot. If the PCs investigate the print, they learn that while not distinctive, the boot print does match the style of boot worn by Captain Fistings and certain other members of the Peekers.
- Church security immediately started asking questions of all in the neighbourhood. The only information of interest they uncovered is that Martha Illingsford — a local street vendor of religious jewellery — was half asleep under the portico at the entrance of the abbey on the night of the crime. She saw Captain Fistings enter the church around midnight and is sure he saw her. She was shocked that he did not even threaten her with his hammer, let alone attempt to do her harm. Hoping not to press her luck, she left the abbey and found another spot to complete her night's sleep. She did not see anybody else enter and did not see the captain leave.
- Seer McAlwayne feels that if Captain Fistings entered and was not among the bodies found, it is only likely that he is at least implicated in the theft and murders. This is why they are not pushing the local constabulary to solve the case.
- Seer McAlwayne says that she has seen visions involving the *hexicallia* for several years, and that all of them are bad. In her dreams, hordes of shape-shifters are drawn to its presence after the Festival of the Six-fold Gods — a celebration the abbey has been preparing for many years. She would be more than happy to see it destroyed, or at least buried in the catacombs where the surrounding gloomium will shield its message of destruction. She implores the party to do this rather than return it to Eston Mackabuty or others in the church's hierarchy. If the party returns with the *hexicallia* and seeks her out, she leads them into the catacombs and shares her visions of a safe resting spot for the evil artefact.

The PCs are permitted to investigate the chambers at will, although they will not be left unaccompanied in the artefact room and Seer McAlwayne is conscientious about relocking it.

Martha Illingsford can likely be found in the neighbourhood, sitting next to her portable table of icons and amulets. She does not have additional truthful information, but certainly has a dislike of the local Peeker captain and may exaggerate her story to ensure that the PCs go after him.

Peekers Guardtower

While the PCs may certainly pursue other leads, it is likely that they eventually arrive at the Guardtower that is the workplace of Captain Fistings and his crew of a dozen guards. The denizens of the tower have recently undergone a small change, as Ich'thal found a less-than-ideal place to house the *hexicallia*.

The Peekers Guardtower is a three-storey stone tower with an adjoining wattle and daub structure. The tower has sleeping quarters, below ground cells, and an office for the captain. A general layout is given in ***The City of Great Lunden*** book, page 140 for a similar structure. That layout is included on the following page as a reference, but feel free to change it to suit your needs.

The room descriptions provided later include specific encounters in each area.

The party arrives to find a Peeker — Jillian Davies — out front vomiting. Next to her, a guard mastiff looks on curiously. As they approach, Davies stands up and explains, "They've all changed. It's horrendous. I don't understand." She seems distraught and is mostly incoherent. As they question her, one or more PCs may notice that the mastiff is growing viridescent vitreous protrusions. Its demeanour is also changing as the gloomium changes take over. After a few moments, despite Davies' attempts to calm the creature, it attacks whoever is nearby. Davies is not armed and stays out of the fight.

Glass Mastiff

Hit Dice: 3
Armour Class: 5 [14]
Attacks: Bite (1d6)
Saving Throw: 14
Special: *Exploding Shards:* Each time the Glass Mastiff takes damage, shards of green glass explode outwards. All adjacent creatures take 1d6 damage, save for half.



Shake Head: When a Glass Mastiff makes a successful bite attack, it shakes its head violently whilst dangling off its victim. This shaking requires the victim make a Saving Throw or be off balance and fall prone. There is a 25% chance the victim drops whatever they were holding.

Move: 12

Alignment: Chaotic

Challenge Level/XP: 4/120

Peeker Davies refuses to enter the Guardtower and leaves during or shortly after the fight with the dog.

1. Entrance

The main door to the tower hangs open, exposing the entry area beyond. Within, traces of Peeker Davies' vomit trail across the stone floor. The door to the Captain's Quarters — a stout oaken affair — is tightly shut. Stairs lead up and down and the door to the barracks is closed. There is a rack of spears near the entrance and one wall contains a half-dozen charcoal drawings of wanted criminals, some with bloody X's through them. The floor is dirty and the room's corners are filled with dust and cobwebs.

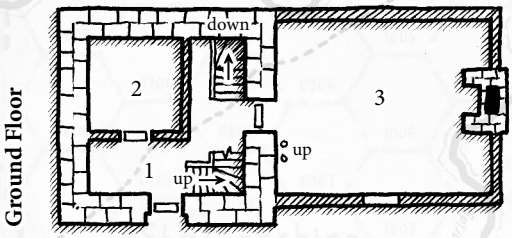
2. Captain's Quarters

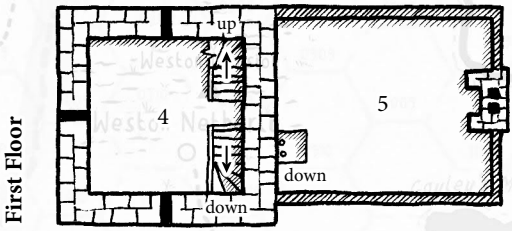
Ich'thal the doppelganger sits at Captain Fistings' desk behind a barred door. It has been feeling melancholic ever since it grabbed the *hexicallia* and has been unable to change shape, whilst all around, the other guards are mutating. Ich'thal's Hit Dice have doubled, but it is otherwise as a normal doppelganger in human form. The office has very little trace of its executive function as Captain Fistings was not much for paperwork. His bloody, notched warhammer sits on the desk along with the ring of keys that Ich'thal took from the abbey. A diary is tucked in one drawer. It contains lists of visitors to the ward and their real or, more likely, imaginary crimes. Dates and destinations are logged and several of them include rough sketches. Many of the entries include subsequent notes vindicating Fistings' suspicions with the results of confessions received through dubious means.

A dead Peeker lies on the floor, his third arm still twitching. Ich'thal certainly attempts to talk his way out of combat and even asks the PCs to help him restore order to the tower by incapacitating the mutant guards. It claims to have no idea what has happened. If things get ugly, it uses the captain's warhammer to attack. It wears the captain's chain mail and has AC 5 [14].

Careful observation may allow the PCs to note that Ich'thal's cuffs and forearms have smudges of soot on them and that its trouser cuffs are covered with bits of potato and leek.

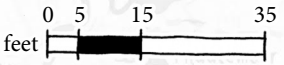
The complement of the room's furnishings include an unmade bedframe with straw mattress, a locked chest with 3d4 silver shillings, several cheap silver and brass rings (worth a total of 20 silver shillings), and a silver shaving kit worth 15 silver shillings. A table in the corner has a small steel mirror, a wash basin, and a soiled handcloth.

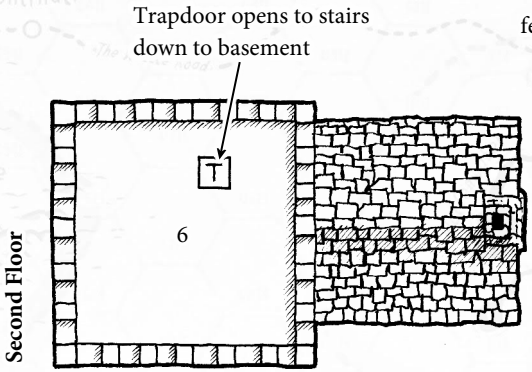


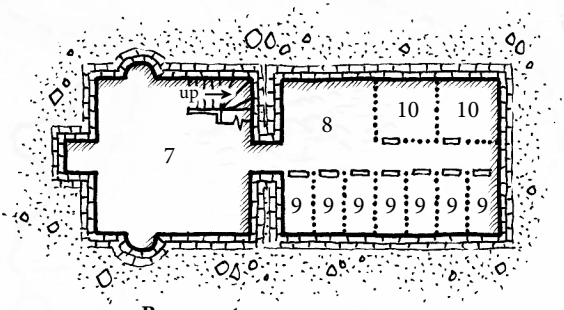


Room Key

1. Entrance
2. Captain's Quarters
3. Barracks
4. Armoury and Store
5. Mess Room
6. Rooftop Parapet
7. Interrogation Room
8. Gaoler/Dogmaster
9. Cells/Dog Kennel
10. Large Cells







Basement

3. Barracks

Three mutated guards in a shallow trance lie on wooden bunks. The other bunks are empty aside from one that contains the shredded body of a Peeker. Davies' vomit trail starts here and the floor is splashed with the insides of the guard that did not escape.

A locker at the foot of each bed contains 1d4 silver shillings and personal items belonging a guard. They are locked with simple padlocks.

4. Armoury and Store

This room contains enough dried foodstuff and ale to allow the guards to live comfortably for a week. Unfortunately, under Captain Fistings reign, no attention has been paid to rotating the storage and most of the barrels and crates contain rotting goods. In addition, two crates of crossbow bolts, several dozen longbow arrows, and tools for sharpening swords and making minor repairs to armour can be found here. There are a half-dozen tabards with the Bishopsgate heraldry folded up neatly in a wooden crate.

5. Mess Room

The mess room is, in fact, a mess. It also contains four mutated guards and two mutated mastiffs, all of whom are on the edge of making frenzied attacks. While a calm individual could probably walk into the room without exciting them, any loud noise or sudden movement snaps their delicate trance. See the *Mutated Guards and Mastiffs* sidebar for a description.

The room has two long tables and accompanying benches. Overhead, an iron candelabra holds a dozen half-used candles. A fireplace at one end has the dead remnants of a fire that was extinguished relatively recently with a bucket of potato and leek soup. The *hexicallia* is lodged about three feet up the chimney and wrapped in Alicia Syples' bloody tabard.

6. Rooftop Parapet

This area is empty aside from a wooden chair and a few old cigar butts. The views are quite nice.

Mutated Guards and Mastiffs

The victims of the energy released when the *hexicallia* was stuffed up the still-hot chimney in the Mess Room — the mutated guards and dogs — are in a delicate state. Each has 1d3 mutations from the *Hexicallia Mutation Table* presented later (or feel to create your own, or reference the Gloom-touched Deformities table in ***The Midderlands*** book, page 11). They otherwise attack as normal Peeker guards and mastiffs (see ***The City of Great Lunden*** book, page 194).

In addition, the energy blast has put them in a shallow trance. When broken, the mutants are violent and attack any non-mutants they detect. After combat, assuming all is quiet, the mutants return to their trance in 1 turn.

The Hexicallia

While originally a lawfully-aligned artefact from antiquity, the *hexicallia* was bathed in the gloomium springs of the Isle of Harron for several years. Normally only mildly toxic, when subjected to heat, the *hexicallia* releases waves of transformational energy. Creatures within 30 feet begin to mutate and become edgy to the point where sudden action or loud noise drives them to violence against those that have not succumbed to the mutation. Each creature within the wave should make three Saving Throws, gaining one mutation for each failed save. See the *Hexicallia Mutation Table*, or create your own fun times for the PCs if they happen to reheat the item.

In addition to its transmutation effects, the *hexicallia* has several other powers:

1. Once per day, when the top seal is depressed, the prism releases a green-tinged gas. Any creature within 10 feet that fails its Saving Throw is given visions of random areas within the Middergloom. Each time this happens, the creature is unable to sleep for 1d4+1 days. A creature that succeeds on its Saving Throw is given a brief audio-visual communication link to the Six-fold Gods. How the gods respond is up to them.

2. The *hexicallia* is a beacon for shape-changers. The warmer its locale the stronger the signal. The only way to mask the signal completely is to bury the item in the cool depths surrounded by gloomium. The difficulty to resist the song of the *hexicallia* increases with temperature, while the distance the signal travels depends on time. Below about 40° C, most shape-changing creatures can easily resist the enticement, but as the temperature rises above this mark, the strength of the signal increases. When placed near fire, the signal becomes nearly irresistible. The longer the *hexicallia* remains at an elevated temperature, the farther the signal travels. Astronomical and geological alignments also affect the strength and distance of the signal. The upcoming festival day will magnify the signal's strength and range.

3. Shape-changers who touch the *hexicallia* become locked in their current form and have their Hit Dice doubled. This transformation lasts as long the shape-changer is within one mile of the artefact. For each day an affected shape-changer spends farther away, it loses one Hit Die until it is brought to zero, whereupon it transforms into a green gas that flies directly towards the artefact, which absorbs it.

4. If held with one hand each on the top and bottom faces, the *hexicallia* provides heat to the holder. The bearer can be comfortable in freezing water for up to one hour or freezing air for up to one day before the *hexicallia* must recharge by being near at least one pound of gloomium ore for at least an hour.

7. Interrogation Room

The former playground of Captain Fistings and his sergeant, this area is simply furnished with a heavy retention chair, bolted to the flagstone floor. The walls are hung with Bishopsgate heraldry and Peeker history. There is a rusted metal bucket in one corner of the room and a wooden table with an inkwell and confession paper. Captain Fistings did not tend to use any torture tools other than his shining wit and delicately applied warhammer.

8. Gaoler/Dogmaster

Dogmaster Jenna sits on a stool while three mastiffs pace about the room. A secure metal box is filled with bones and dried meat, mostly meant for the mastiffs. Stunned by what she saw when she last poked her head up the stairs and confused as to how there could be both a dead and a living version of Captain Fistings, Jenna has been pondering her existence and life choices over the past several hours. She would happily walk away from the guardtower, Captain Fistings, and the slobbering beasts she is required to feed and train.

9. Cells/Dog Kennel

The cells are used both for the Peekers' mastiffs and their prisoners. Mostly rowdy drunks and the occasional donation plate thief are incarcerated here; currently, the mastiffs are all out and about and there are only two occupied cells. The cell nearest to the entrance houses Marcus Larizzo, a juggler, musician, and frequent guest of the guards. He can tell the PCs that the keys to the cell are generally stowed in a notch in the rocks under the stone stairs. In the farthest corner lies the body of Captain Fistings, his neck broken.

10. Large Cells

These cells are currently empty. The walls have been well-etched over the years with dates, names, and profanity.

Hexicallia Mutation Table
Roll 3d6 and consult the columns below.

Roll	Location	Symptom	Combat Modification
1	Head	Translucent spiky protuberances	Creature has 30% magic resistance
2	Back	Blinking, multi-coloured lights	Creature as under haste spell
3	Stomach	Green wiry hair growth	Observers must succeed on a Saving Throw or be incapacitated with nausea for 1d4 rounds.
4	Left leg	Olive smoke swirls from body	Creature's AC improves by 2
5	Right Elbow	A strong turnip smell is emitted	Creature's hit dice are doubled
6	Internal Organs	Area vibrates rapidly	Creature emits energy blast (save or 1d6) when damaged

Disposing of the Hexicallia

If the party chooses to accept Seer McAlwayne's advice, she shares with them a vision and a plan. McAlwayne's dreaming brought her to a long-sealed vault within the catacombs of Havenland Abbey, but she was unsure why. Now she believes that in the still-closed passage lies a safe resting place for the *hexicallia*.

Seer McAlwayne's Vision

A cavern of ice, the tomb of priests
Long halls, sharp falls
A curtain of green, the love of beasts
Deep vaults, open faults
A house of stone, the end of feasts

Deep Vaults, Open Faults

Seer McAlwayne asks the party to meet her at the abbey after midnight. She guides them by the light of a guttering candle down under the main altar to the upper catacombs. They pass through an ancient wooden door and down two more flights of claustrophobic stone stairs to the lower catacombs. She leads through tunnels filled with skeletons and piles of skulls, counting side passages until she arrives at the fourteenth. Turning right, it is clear that only one set of tracks, coming and going, has disturbed the dust here. The passage turns from stacked stone walls to cut stone and finally appears to peter out in an area of native stone. Just before the area where the cut stone ends, McAlwayne stops and puts her hands on the wall (see *Location A* on map opposite). With adequate light, a thin crack can be seen tracing out a rough circle about four feet in diameter. "It is here. I can go no further. Good luck."

From the party's side, the door mechanism can be found by removing a neighbouring chunk of rock from the wall. A loop of bone hangs from a string in the recess behind. Pulling the ring pulls the string which passes through a small pipe within the rock wall to release the iron pins that interlock with the rock door. Once the pins are lowered, the rock segment can be pushed in easily. It hinges on the bottom. Foul, death-coated air awaits on the far side. Depending on how much noise the party made and for how long, a sextet of gloom-touched ghouls may be waiting as well. If not, they are encountered before the first drop-off about a mile away.

Game Master's Note

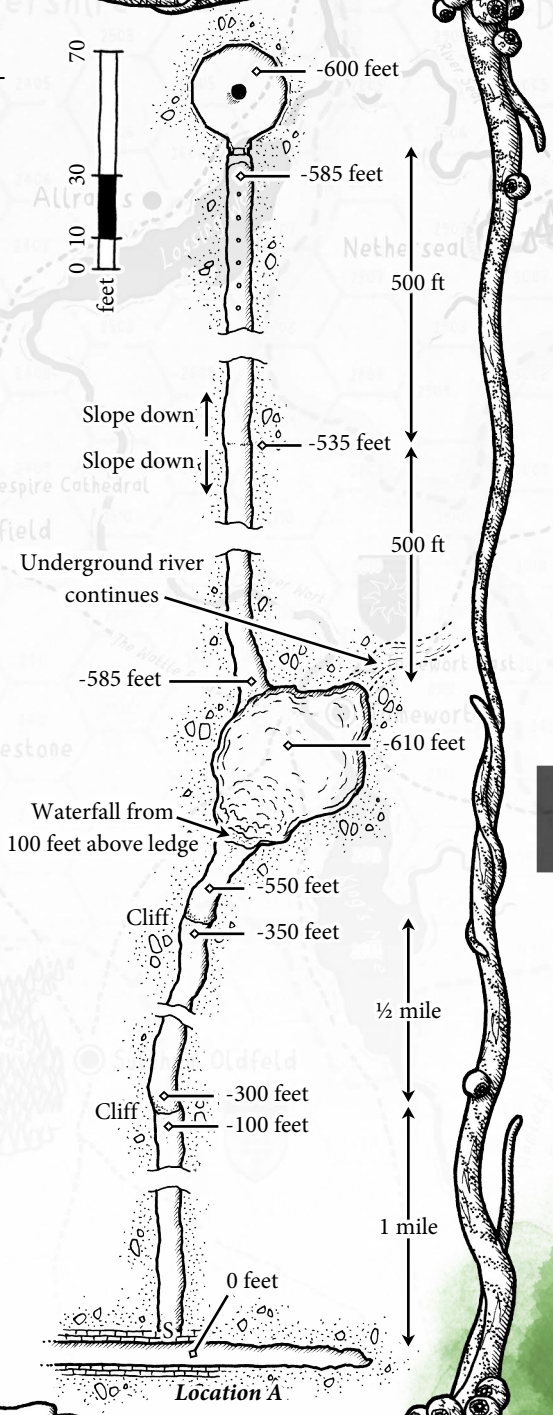
The areas described here are a linear progression to the final location where the *hexicallia* is to be left. Feel free to expand the possibilities with side passages, additional creatures, and random sights and sounds. The Middergloom is replete with ancient tunnels and their residents, and who knows which of them intersect with this particular set of paths.

Gloom-touched Ghouls

Hit Dice: 3
Armour Class: 5 [14]
Attacks: 2 claws (1d3) plus special, 1 bite (1d4) plus special
Saving Throw: 15 (turned as shadows)
Special: *Blood Boil:* A creature that is struck by one of these ghouls must succeed on a Saving Throw or begin to have their blood boil. The victim takes 1 point of damage on their next turn, 2 the following, then 4, 8, etc. until death. When the creature takes its final, fatal damage, its body explodes and blood steam explodes outwards causing all within 5 feet 1d4 damage (save to avoid). The boiling can be halted with a cure disease or remove curse spell.
Move: 12
Alignment: Chaotic
Challenge Level/XP: 4/120

Long Halls, Sharp Falls

If the secret door is closed, it makes a solid click as the iron pins re-engage. A similar string pull system is clearly visible on this side to open the door again. Beyond the door, a foetid hallway extends beyond visual range, sloping slightly downward into the distance. The hall extends for about a mile, dropping nearly a hundred feet deeper into the earth, before arriving at the top of a cliff. The walls are marked with ancient goman religious symbols. Anyone who understands them recognizes them as wards against the evils from below. The cliff is



smooth, having evidently been worked at some point, and has a slight undercut. At the top, a thick bronze bar is embedded in the stone. A heavy, rotted rope descends from the bar 50 feet into the darkness below. The rope is practically worthless. If anybody attempts to use it to descend, roll a d6. Each 20 pounds of weight increases the chance of it breaking by 1 in 6. An 80-pound creature will break the rope on 4 in 6. At various stages along the face of the 200-foot drop, another bronze staple is found. Some have rope remnants, some don't.

About a half mile further along is another cliff similarly prepared for climbing. From the top of this second cliff, a distant white noise can be heard. This is the waterfall the party will shortly come to. At the base of this second cliff, the noise is louder, and the air is slightly humid. Every three turns that the party is down at this level or lower, each member needs to make a Saving Throw. Keep track of the failures — as each one represents a gloomium mutation that will develop over the next 2d4 days. For each three failures accumulated, a character also suffers an immediate and permanent loss of two points of Constitution. Aside from the general level of gloomium in the rocks, the water vapour splashing up from the falls carries a high concentration of the stuff.

Only a few hundred yards after the second cliff, the noise becomes deafening and the tunnel appears to end at a rushing curtain of glowing green water. The waterfall is several feet thick. It comes from over 100 feet above and drops another 60 feet into a deep pool. The tunnel is about eight feet wide at this point and the falls about 30 feet. Climbing along the rock to the edge of the water under the constant force of the falling water should be a difficult feat for the best of climbers, and nearly impossible for any others.

The pool is the bottom of an enormous cylindrical cavern. Sixty feet in diameter and rising 160 feet above the pool's surface, the chamber's cool air is filled with green vapour. The pool itself is impossibly deep and connects via subterranean passages to other underground lakes throughout Havenland. One evident passage leaves the chamber almost directly across from the waterfall about 25 feet above the surface of the pool.

The water is deeply infused with gloomium. A character must make a Saving Throw for each round spent partially or fully-submersed in the water, with the same effects on a failure as above. The water is also teeming with life of many sorts. Aside from dangler fish, blind Blithen pike, and the occasional itinerant redlure stickleback, an oorgthrax happens to be temporarily enjoying the pleasures of this underground spa. It has a school of four undead sharks that it commands to attack any swimmers while it enjoys the spectacle. It only breaks away from this vacation if seriously pestered.

Undead Shark

Hit Dice: 4
Armour Class: 3 [16]
Attacks: bite (1d8) plus special.
Saving Throw: 12 (turned as shadows)
Special: *Take Away Dining:* If an undead shark rolls an 18-20 on an attack roll and hits, it has grabbed a hold of the target and can swim with it up to half its movement. The jaws of the shark can be wrenched open with a successful open doors check.
The undead shark is immune to sleep and charm spells.
Move: 24 (swim)
Alignment: Chaotic
Challenge Level/XP: 4/120

A Cavern of Ice, the Tomb of Priests

The passage leading from the verdant pool is octagonal in cross section and appears to have been worked by hand — although knowledge of whose hand is lost to the distant ages. Cool misty air wafts down the passage and drops into the chamber of the pool. As straight as an arrow, the passage slopes upwards steeply for 500 feet before dropping at a similar pitch for an additional 500 feet, the air getting colder with each step. The passage appears to end in a wall of solid ice.

If the party is particularly observant, they may notice that the descending portion of the tunnel has 1 inch holes spread along its roof.

Hidden behind two feet of ice, an octagonal stone door seals an ancient priestly vault. As the PCs start to chip away at it, vibrating the door, water starts to trickle down the hall towards them, thickening as it touches the existing ice. After 1 turn of work, the slushy ice builds up to a depth of 2 feet. After another turn, the plumbing finally kicks into full gear and the water level fills at 12 inches per round, filling the tunnel. As well as potentially drowning the party, the weight of the water makes the stone door nearly impossible to open. Under normal circumstances — without the water — the door, once cleared of ice, can be opened with a successful Open Doors check. For each 10 feet of accumulated water, increase the die size used to make the check by one. For example, with 20 feet of water over the door, somebody with a strength of 14 could open the door on a 1-2 on a d10.

Once the door is cracked, the water rushes through the doorway and drains through holes in the chamber beyond.

The hall enters on one of the upper side faces of a green-walled dodecahedral space, about 25 feet from face to face. The air in the vault is well below freezing, and the walls are covered with ice from the recent water passage. Each of the other eleven sides of the room have a similar octagonal door cut into the centre of its pentagonal face. Floating in the centre of the tomb is a black *sphere of annihilation* that as well as destroying anything that touches it, slowly leaks heat to whatever extra dimensional space it is connected to. This sphere cannot be moved from its location. Placing anything within the

sphere calls forth at least one of the entombed priests. Placing an artefact such as the *hexicallia* within its void calls all eleven of them at once. The priests are not pleased at having their slumber disturbed and were not too friendly before anyway, having been frozen away so many eons ago. It does, however, solve the problem of the cursed artefact permanently. Leaving the *hexicallia* within the vault and resealing it likely solves the problem for centuries if not millennia, which might be enough for most adventurers.

Note that while the entombed priests are slow, they are not impeded by the ice which undoubtedly has formed on the floor of the long uphill passage…

Entombed Priest

Hit Dice: 3
Armour Class: 4 [15]
Attacks: longsword (1d8), spells.
Saving Throw: 13
Special: Can only be hit by magical weapons.
Spells: The entombed priest can cast spells as a 6th-level cleric. They typically have the following spells available:

- 1st level: *cause light wounds* (×2)
- 2nd level: *hold person, silence*
- 3rd level: *cause disease or create water*
- 4th level: *cause serious wounds*

Move: 6 (fly)
Alignment: Chaotic
Challenge Level/XP: 6/400

Wrapping it Up

The conclusion depends on the start. If the party secures or destroys the *hexicallia* within the dodecahedral vault, only Seer McAlwayne will be pleased. Whether hired by the church, the fence, the scholar, or somebody of your own devising, the party will engender some ill-will, hopefully enough to kick off the next great adventure for them. If the *hexicallia* is returned to the abbey and is used in the upcoming Festival of the Six-fold Gods, the heat from the braziers over the multi-hour ceremony casts its siren signal far and wide. Shape-changers of all stripes are likely to be seen in greater number throughout Great Lunden in the very near future. If the artefact is simply left with somebody else, the call will be weaker and effect slower, but doppelgangers, lycanthropes, and possibly even high-level druids will feel the pull.

The Ginger Clipper

By Philip Owen

INTRODUCTION

This adventure is intended for 4–6 Player Characters of Levels 5–7. It is roughly-based on the Jack the Ripper story with a Midderlands-twist. You may find less sadistic violence and more humour.

The Scrots of Clan Krumpbell and Clan Stubvert hate each other. Open hostility between the two clans clatters around the lands to the north in bitter battles and minor squabbles gone awry. Both seek to be the more-dominant, and will do whatever it takes to ensure their clan is the richest, toughest, and most influential.

Haggis with chips and 'nips is a delicacy in the cold north, and a poor harvest has created a pressing need for potatoes and turnips. The Scrots are not the only ones feeling the need for resources, as Great Lunden and the surrounding counties clamour for the latest food delicacy — kebabs. These meaty treats served in flat breads are made of any bits of mutton that are lying around, and mutton is scarce around Great Lunden at the moment, especially since Mad Sheep Disease wiped out three-quarters of the ovine population.

Clan Krumpbell — ever-resourceful — have entered into talks with the Royal Court in Great Lunden to negotiate a trade of Scrottish mutton in return for Havenland potatoes and turnips. If successful, the trade deal would make Clan Krumpbell the richest clan in all of Scrotland and has consequently given Clan Stubvert a significant motivation for sabotaging the trade talks.

The goings-on in the adventure are just a front for a clandestine operation by Clan Stubvert to breakup trade agreements between the Royal Court and Clan Krumpbell. The Stubverts will attempt to frame the Krumpbells for heinous crimes against the red-headed food and drink merchants of Great Lunden.

Additionally, they will attempt to hinder any investigation into the attacks unless it helps to frame the Krumpbells. The player characters will be put at the forefront of the hunt for 'The Ginger Clipper', and uncovering the conspiracy amongst the Scrottish clans.

The party will need to examine crime scenes and interview witnesses as well as come up with a plan to catch 'The Ginger Clipper'. The Player Characters can go about their investigations however they wish so there will be a free-flowing aspect to the adventure. All the key folk to be interviewed and the crime scenes are listed.

Food & Drink Merchants

The adventure revolves around the actions of 'The Ginger Clipper'. An individual that goes around the ward simply shaving the hair off red-headed food and drink vendors, and leaving them dazed and confused.

Whilst the original 'Whitechapel Murders' of Jack the Ripper were carried out in 1888 and against mostly female prostitutes, this adventure takes place in a late medieval/early renaissance period, and the prostitution element has been removed.

It should be considered that in the real city of London during the reign of Queen Elizabeth I, prostitution was established and there were brothels to visit. Samuel Pepys even mentioned visiting one 'south of the river' in his diaries.

If you feel it is appropriate for your group, you can replace the food and drink merchants with courtesans.

Should it be required, the Game Master can make use of the random encounters presented to keep things moving if they begin to get stuck in the investigation. The Game Master can also use the NPC, Mr. Black, to nudge the party in the right direction or give them hints on how to proceed, even helping if they have missed an obvious clue.

The Hook

The party will be press-ganged into service for the crown and if they do not want to upset the Mad Queen they will need to pull their fingers out…

THE JADE MANDOLIN INN

You are all seated in the taproom of the Jade Mandolin Inn, one of the cleaner establishments in Netherwark ward. Located on the South Road, it gets plenty of foot traffic in through its doors and has a reputation for good food at a sensible price — which for Great Lunden is no small feat. It mainly caters for the ward's workforce, but will never turn away a paying customer.

This is where you've been curiously waiting since a burly gang of Peekers escorted you here, almost against your will. Unusually, you've been well-treated and given a meal and round of drinks, which is better than the city watch houses you normally end up in — although, this is a weird city watch house. After an hour, a well-dressed man enters the taproom and in hushed tones speaks to the Peeker captain before slipping him a pouch of coins, whereupon all the Peekers then leave the taproom.

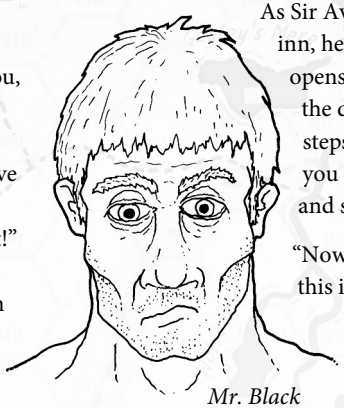
The well-dressed man walks over to you and nods his head, "Hello fellows, I trust my friends treated you well?" Not waiting for answer, he continues, "Please allow me to introduce myself.


Northeast Netherwark Ward
Game Master's Map
Fishbone Street
C73
C76
C72
Avenue of Joy
Hanbury St
Happy Alley
5
Dorset St
Gunthorpe St
Globe Row
Hanbury St
3
2
Mitre St
C74
C74a
C71
C75
C70
Henrique St
South Road
1
Millers Ct
4
Durward St
Paradise Row
Berners St
Legend:
The Jade Mandolin Inn (C70)
Miss Munging's Boarding (C71)
Market Tavern (C75)
Lunden Lodging (C72)
Star Rooms (C73)
George's Stables (C74)
George's Yard (C74a)
Green Dragon Inn (C76)
Crime Scene
(number indicates location)

My name is Sir Avid Spiedding, I'm a representative of Her Royal Highness Queen Elspeth IV, and we have need of you for a matter of utmost importance and discretion. I trust I have the right folk?" Again, he continues, "As you may or may not be aware there have recently been three similar night-time attacks on the smaller food and drink merchants of the ward. All had red hair, which had been shaved off, and the poor souls were left in a state of confusion. The scandal rags…" He waves a newspaper, "have decided to blow this completely out of proportion and now the problem has arrived on my desk."

He takes a seat next to you, "I've decided to put together a special investigations unit to solve this problem and congratulations, you're it!"

He points to a rather thin and nondescript gentleman by the bar whom you hadn't even noticed until he was pointed out, "Mr. Black here, will be my eyes and ears during your investigation. He will also be able to keep the Peekers from interfering with you too much. Mr. Black will show you to the crime scenes and can take you to speak to the victims. Time is not on your side however, as if this 'Ginger Clipper' is anything at all, he is consistent and has struck each night so far. Any questions before I leave you in the capable hands of Mr. Black?"



Mr. Black

If the players are reluctant to follow orders you can hint that they don't call the Queen 'The Mad Queen' for nothing, and the number of heads on pikes at Traitor's Gate is evidence. The Queen is not shy of making her displeasure known.

If the threat of disproportionate punishments doesn't sway them, then Sir Avid Spiedding will say. "Her Royal Highness rewards her loyal subjects handsomely and a reward is much nicer than a punishment, isn't it?" He turns around and makes his exit.

As Sir Avid Spiedding leaves the inn, he nods to Mr. Black, who opens the door for him. As the door closes, Mr. Black steps forward and addresses you in a clear, upper-class, and snobbish accent.

"Now listen up, we can use this inn as our base of operations. All the rooms have been rented out to us. The taproom will be open as usual, it could be a useful source of intelligence. Now the sooner we nip this in the bud, the sooner we can get back to our own lives. There's going to be a number of parties investigating these crimes; the Peekers, private investigators, and anyone taking a liking to the 5,000 gold quids reward. We have got an advantage in this…" He produces a Royal Warrant and waves it. "So we better crack on and get it done, there is bag of soggy pork scratchings for

Fang

Fang is the deadly rapier of Mr. Black. This *+3 rapier* has a middium blade, and makes no sound when it strikes. On an attack roll of a natural 20, the target is also knocked on the head with the hand guard, and makes a Saving Throw in addition to the attack damage. On a failure, if the target is equal to, or below the level of the wielder, they are knocked unconscious for 1d6 rounds.

second place. Okay, where do you want to start?"

Sir Avid Spiedding

High-ranking spy handler for Amber Essenwold.

Race: Human, 20th Level Thief
Armour Class: 3 [16]
Hit Dice: 20 (71 Hit Points)
Attacks: Dagger (1d4+4) plus poison.
Saving Throw: 5 (+2 versus traps, magical wands, or staffs, and other magical devices)
Special: Class Abilities as per 20th Level Thief
Move: 12
Alignment: Neutral
Challenge Level/XP: 20/4,400
Equipment: Thin but tough *+3 leather armour* worn under clothing, concealed *+4 dagger* coated with a paralysing poison (save or paralysed for 1d10 rounds).
Description: The towering 6ft–2in tall Sir Avid Spiedding, is a high-ranking spy handler in the network of spies run by Lady Amber Essenwold. Having reached the grand old age of 52, you can assume he is pretty good at his job.

Mr. Black

Sir Avid Spiedding's right-hand-man and fixer.

Race: Human, 10th Level Thief
Armour Class: 5 [14]
Hit Dice: 10 (34 Hit Points)
Attacks: 'Fang' (1d6+2) plus special (see Fang sidebar).
Saving Throw: 3 (+2 versus traps, magical wands, or staffs, and other magical devices)
Special: Class Abilities as per 10th Level Thief
Move: 12
Alignment: Neutral
Challenge Level/XP: 10/1,400
Equipment: *Fang* (rapier) and *+3 ring of protection*.
Description: Mr. Black is a middle-aged spy under the command of Sir Avid Spiedding, which he has been for the last 11 years. Standing just under 6 feet tall, he is Sir Spiedding's 'go-to' man when a difficult job needs to be done and done right, no matter what the cost or collateral damage is. It's better to be on his side than being in opposition, especially when it comes to your health.

MOVING AROUND THE WARD

During daylight hours, the streets of Netherwark ward are packed with entertainers, party-goers, courtesans, food sellers, and locals all going about their lives. There is a underlying sense of expectation. Everyone is waiting to see what happens next and a feeling of restrained violence is bubbling beneath the surface, putting people on edge. A fight could break out on the street or in a tavern should a couple of words be taken the wrong way.

RANDOM ENCOUNTERS

The following encounters are intended to be used if needed to inject some dynamics into the investigation. They are not essential to the adventure, but rather for use to help with lulls in the investigation.

Little Tim the Pickpocket

Little Tim is a small-time pickpocket who preys on visitors to the Netherwark Ward usually after they have had a few drinks.

Little Tim will try to pick the pocket of the last member of the party as they walk down the street. He's not greedy, only taking 10% of the coins the party member has on him. If rumbled, he will bolt down the closest street or alley. He's small, agile, and fast, and knows the network of alleys and passages of Netherwark like the back of his hand. If the party does give chase and catch him (see optional Street Chase rules presented in this book), they can retrieve the lost cash, plus a random amount he had already stole that day at the Game Master's discretion. They can also hand him over to the Peekers for the law to take its pound of flesh.

If the chase continues for longer than 10 rounds, Little Tim will lead the party into a blind alley and then into a large warehouse/barn, where his friends will be waiting. The party can pay a 'Homeless Charity Tax' of 20% of the cash they have on them or fight it out with 4–6 thugs. At the Game Master's discretion, the combat should be taxing but not life-threatening.

Little Tim

He's just a thief making a living.

Race: Human, 3rd Level Thief
Armour Class: 6 [13]
Hit Dice: 3 (11 Hit Points)
Attacks: Dagger (1d4)
Saving Throw: 13 (+2 versus traps, magical wands, or staffs, and other magical devices)
Special: Class Abilities as per 3rd Level Thief
Move: 12
Alignment: Neutral
Challenge Level/XP: 3/60
Equipment: Leather armour, dagger.
Description: Little Tim is a thief and that's about all there is. He is called 'Little' on account of his 4½ feet of

height. He always been a thief, his parents were thieves, his two brothers are thieves, and even his grandmother is a fence. It's nothing evil or sinister, it's just life.

Little Worker Gang Member

The street gang that Little Tim belongs to — The Little Workers

Race: Human, 3rd Level Thief
Armour Class: 6 [13]
Hit Dice: 3 (10 Hit Points)
Attacks: Dagger (1d4), shortsword (1d6), or light crossbow (1d4+1)
Saving Throw: 13 (+2 versus traps, magical wands or staffs, and other magical devices)
Special: Class Abilities as per 3rd Level Thief
Move: 12
Alignment: Neutral
Challenge Level/XP: 3/60
Equipment: Leather armour, various weapons.
Description: The street gang that runs with Little Tim are just a ragtag bunch of misfit thieves and bandits ranging in age from 17–46 years of age — such as Little Tim's friend in the Green Dragon Inn. The gang wear a mix of studded leather and leather armour, no full sets so it's as effective as leather armour. The gang is armed with a mix of small weapons, dagger, black jacks, short swords, clubs etc...

Darwen Dark the Rival Investigator

Darwen Dark is a member of the Wychward Misfits, a gang of rough 'uns that run a small time smuggling operation via the fishing boats in Wychward. However, the reward for the capture of 'The Ginger Clipper' is so big that every man and his dog is trying to get in on the action.

While the party is moving around the ward, Darwen will approach a member of the party at random, engage them in conversation, and then offer them 10 gold quids for any information they have gathered so far. It's up to the individual party member if they wish to play ball or not. If they refuse, Darwen Dark will walk away however, the Wychward Misfits will keep the Player Characters under observation. If the party agrees, then Darwen will hand over the money assuming the information is of interest. Darwen will also offer further payments for more information and says he will be in touch.

Darwen Dark

Rival Investigator and member of the Wychward Misfits

Race: Human, 5th Level Fighter
Armour Class: 9 [10]
Hit Dice: 5 (34 Hit Points)
Attacks: 2 Razors (1d4 each)
Saving Throw: 10
Special: Class Abilities as per 5th Level Fighter
Move: 12
Alignment: Neutral
Challenge Level/XP: 5/240
Equipment: Two straight razors.
Description: Darwen Dark, is a high-ranking member of the Wychward Misfits. Known in the gang as a fixer, a person who 'knows someone that knows someone else that can get that done for a price', and Darwen makes a cut for arranging the things and making sure they run like clockwork.

Drunken Mob

A rather vocal group of locals are gathered outside a nearby hostelry. A good mix of working age men and women, all seem to have been drinking or are still drunk from the previous night. As you pass them, one of their number, a red-headed women shouts at you in a slurred, south-of-the-river accent, "Wha' you looking at?" She turns to a burly man next to her and says "Dave, he's looking at me funny. I betcha he's that head-shaver they're after!" Dave looks at you with the rest of the drunks and shout: "You lookin' at mar lady?"

The party can try and defuse the situation or can ignore them. Either way, Dave going to kick off and take a random swing, full haymaker at a random party member. Within five seconds everyone is throwing punches or trying to land a headbutt. Both the men and women will throw themselves fully into the fray. This however is not much of a threat and everyone is either drunk or very drunk. This could be a good way for the party to let off some steam as everyone likes a good brawl.

Rather than use the mobs as presented below, you can use the Mob Rules presented later in this book.

Drunken or Angry Mob

They are drunk or angry — sometimes both, and a mob.

Race: Human, mostly.
Armour Class: 9 [10]
Hit Dice: 1 for each 5 members (1 Hit Point for each member)
Attacks: Fist or stick (1d3)
Saving Throw: 19
Special: Mobs can consist of any number of members, and each one contributes 1 hit point to the throng for the purposes of area effect damage. A mob of
Move: 12
Alignment: Chaotic
Challenge Level/XP: varies
Equipment: 1d6 silver shillings per member.
Description: The Drunken Mob or Angry Mob is just a mass of cityfolk who tend to be very brave in numbers.

A mob of 10 members would have 2 Hit Dice and 10 hit points. A mob of twenty members would have 4 Hit Dice and 20 hit points.

The Drunken Mob can be found in the Random Encounters section, just give them a -2 to all attack rolls and Saving Throws to account for their drunkenness.

The Angry Mob can be found outside the Jade Mandolin Inn. Being sober makes them a little more dangerous attacking with +1 to attack rolls.

Dave the Dip

A member of the Nightways Runners

Dave the Dip is a professional thief, specialising in pickpocketing and other sleight of hand skills. It is said that he can steal the ale out of your tankard just as it touches your lips to drink it. He has been hired by a rival investigation team to see what the party has found out, and steal anything relevant without the party knowing they've ever been robbed. If caught, he will not run but simply admit to trying to steal your cash and denies all knowledge of anything else. The Nightways Runners have representatives in the Peeker's ranks, so going into the cells for a night holds no fear for him.

Dave the Dip

A Nightways Runner

Race: Human, 8th Level Thief
Armour Class: 8 [11]
Hit Dice: 8 (27 Hit Points)
Attacks: Dagger (1d4+2)
Saving Throw: 8 (+2 versus traps, magical wands, or staffs, and other magical devices)
Special: Class Abilities as per 8th Level Thief
Move: 12
Alignment: Neutral
Challenge Level/XP: 8/800
Equipment: *+2 dagger*.
Description: Dave the Dip is a very experienced thief specialising in pick-pocketing and sleight of hand. You'd be wise never to play cards against him if you want to keep the shirt on your back. It's said that he can steal the steak off your folk between the plate and your mouth and you wouldn't even know he'd been at your table. He doesn't wear armour but carries a *+2 dagger* for personal protection — the streets are a dangerous place.

THE VICTIMS

First Victim

Molly O'Rourke



Molly is a 24-year-old redhead, and a second-generation mouseling-on-a-stick seller that has spent most of her life on the streets making a living one way or another. Born in Great Lunden to a mother from the Borderlands of Scrotland, and with an unknown father, she is brash and streetwise. Molly is currently renting a room in Miss Munging's Boarding House at the end of Millers Court. It's not what you would call an opulent establishment. The rooms are clean but poorly furnished. Most folk tend to rent the rooms for short periods of time, but Molly has been there for months now.

When questioned Molly will recount what she can remember of the attack.

"Well you see, I was trying to drum up a bit of trade in the Market Tavern before it got dark. When that fat-fucker-of-an-owner threw me out for hassling his clientele. I'd just got outside and off down Durward Street when this deep voice from the shadows — a foreigner, not a local boy — asked how much for the biggest mouseling. I went over and then he showed me something shiny on his chest, he spoke something foreign and I woke up propped against a wall, with no fucking hair! Who's gonna wanna chuck me a few quids now with this egg for a head? Even 'em Midderlander freaks wouldn't come near me now, and they'll eat anything sold by anyone."

If asked for details, Molly's reveals the following.

"That's everything, I think. It's like trying to remember what happened after a big night on the grog. It's like the entire evening is surrounded by fog in my memory and I only had two ales the entire day."

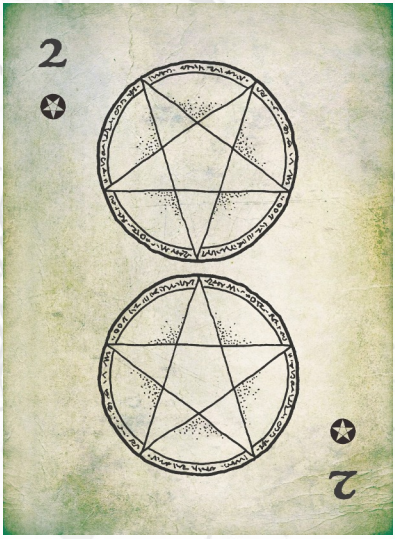
Before the party leaves, Molly will add:

"Oh wait! Now I recall something… He had hairy legs, wore a hat, and had an itchy-looking beard. When I woke up I found this WitchPig card stuffed down my top."

She hands over a WitchPig card, the One of Pentacles.

Second Victim

Lilly Harris



Lilly a 22-year-old auburn-haired girl from Oldenwale. New to life selling on the streets and back alleys, having lived the first twenty years of her life in Cairndyff. She left to seek fame and fortune in Great Lunden after her father's passing and her mother turning to drink. Since arriving over eighteen months ago, Lilly's plans have not gone as she had wished despite being successful in her one-woman 'gob pastie' endeavour, and has a room in Lunden Lodging on the Avenue of Joy which is where she can be found, in the kitchen, which she also pays to use. The lodge is one of the more well-run boarding houses.

When questioned Lilly will recount what she can remember of the attack.

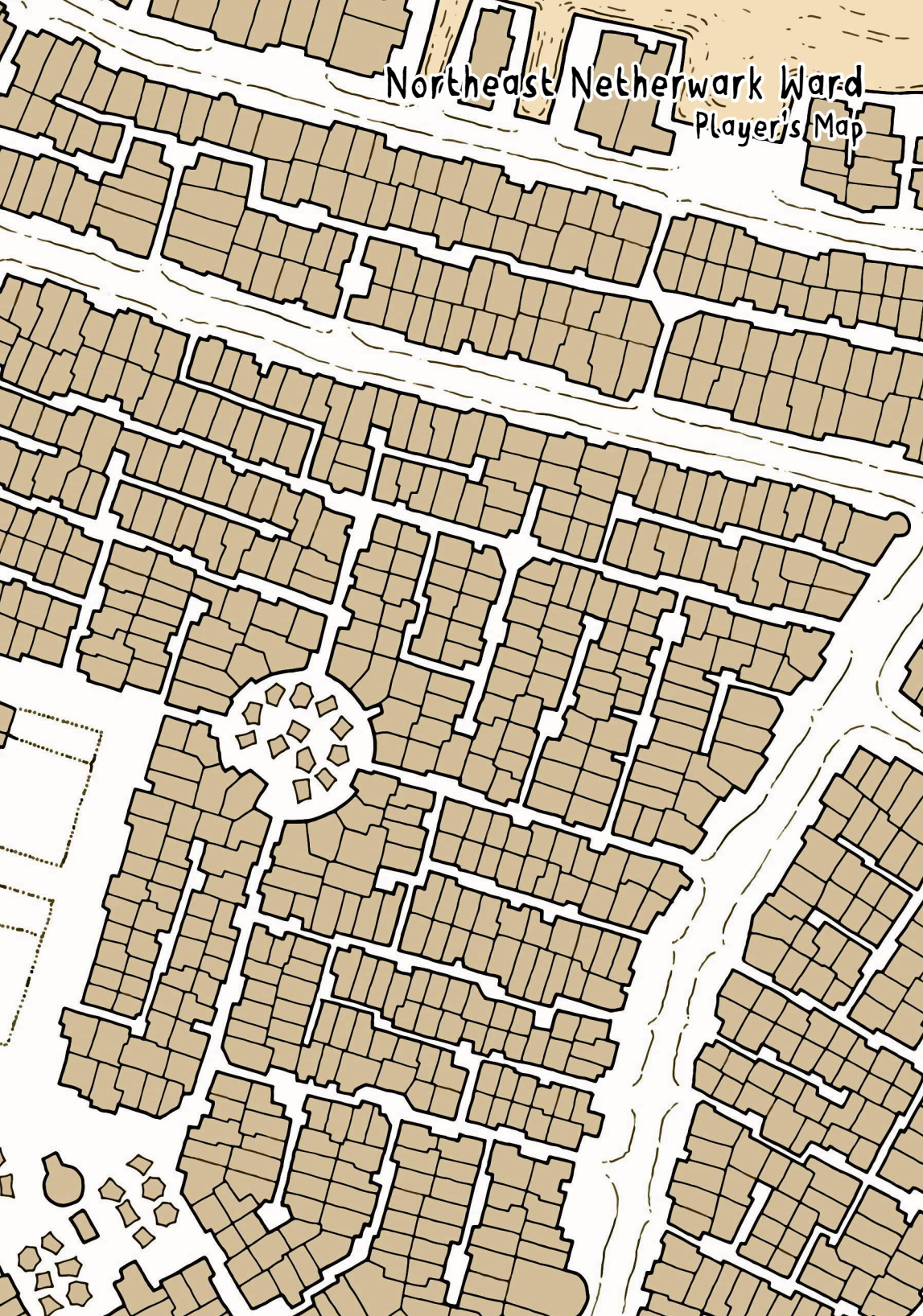
"I was walking up and down Hanbury Street trying to earn a living, when I thought I'd call it a night as the midderfog had started to get thicker. This guy called me down Mitre Street and asked me for a closer look at my wares. Then I remember him saying something in a weird language and a flash of light from a brooch he wore on his chest. Then I woke up with no hair, propped up against some crates. Every time I try to remember that night, it's like my memory is trying to grab hold of mist."

If pressed, Lilly continues,

"I think he wore blue, had a beard and blue cap on. He left this…" She hands something over, "I didn't realise it was there until I got up and it fell outta my boot."

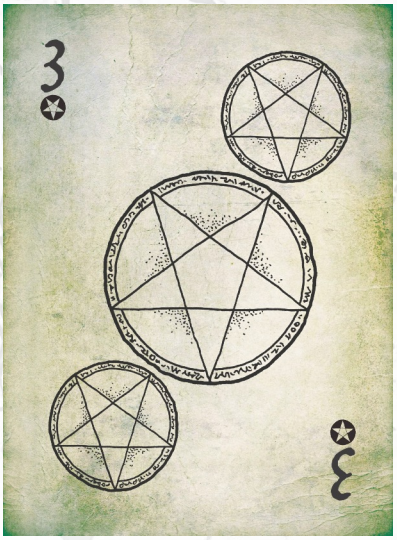
She hands over a WitchPig card, the Two of Pentacles. Just as the party leaves Lilly says,

"I know this sounds strange, but he had strong legs or I got the impression of strong legs."


Northeast Netherwark Ward
Player's Map

Third Victim

John Morgan



John is a ginger-headed 23-year-old from Devern. He's been working as a food merchant — selling snacks and bottles of ale from his small hand cart — for the last five years, but still speaks with a local accent. He makes enough coin to make sure he never misses a meal, and has a room on Hanbury Street at the Star Rooms. The place is a misnomer, as you wouldn't find any stars of the stage sleeping there. The décor is grimy, and the carpets stink. He keeps his hand cart inside his room when he's not using it, and collects his stock from local bakers, farms, and brewers each morning.

When questioned, John will recall what he can of the attack last night.

"I was walking up Gunthorpe Street from Globe Row, when a gentleman from called down the alley at George's Yard asked me how much for a bottle of Thundercrack and a bag of scratchings. So I went down to see him. Then just as he was about to handover the shillings, he said something and suddenly there was a bright flash... Next thing I know I'm looking up at this dog licking my head, and all my hair has gone."

If John is pressed on any other details he remembers:

"He had a blue suit on I think, and a brooch in the shape of an eye or moon maybe... He stuffed this in my shirt, took the wares, and didn't even leave me a tin penny."

He produces a WitchPig card, Three of Pentacles and hands it over to the Player Characters.

Just before you leave, John offers something else:

"I must have got this off him as it was caught on a nail of my hand cart."

He hands over a piece of woven cloth.

THE CRIME SCENES

Durward Street

Scene of the First Victim, Molly O'Rourke

Durward Street is an L-shaped street ending in a dead end. The street is narrow even by Lunden standards, with the houses stepping out as they rise. This gives the street an almost-covered feel, and is popular with courtesans during inclement weather.

When the party visits the crime scene to look around, they find that the end of the street has a very narrow passage leading from Durward Street to Paradise Row.

If any member of the party conducts a successful search there, they find:

- Some tufts of red hair on the ground.
- A silver button with a thistle motif hidden underneath the hair.
- A large, size 11 foot print in a stinking mudcow dropping, just a couple feet from the hair.

Mitre Street

Scene of the Second Victim, Lilly Harris

Mitre Street runs between Hanbury Street and Henrique Street. The street is narrow and surrounded by tall buildings making the area gloomy, even at noon. There is a strong odour of rotting vegetables and rancid meat from nearby taverns.

When the party visits the crime scene to look around, the area where Lilly was attacked is still being guarded by the Peekers. The Royal Warrant will allow them unhindered access. When the party look around they can find the following on a successful search:

- There is some ginger hair amongst the detritus on the floor/
- A copper coin minted in Scrotland is mixed in with the hair.
- There are two scraps of blue patterned cloth in a rubbish barrel.

George's Yard

Scene of the Third Victim, John Morgan

George's Yard, is to the rear goods entrance and yard to George's Stables. There are two entrances to the yard, one from the south and the large open space in the ward, and a second from a narrow archway on Gunthorpe Street, which runs straight through to the yard.

When the Player Characters arrive, there is a large crowd still milling around the area. A small army of Peekers are trying to keep the peace the only way they now how — clenched fists, biting dogs, and bloody noses.

The yard has a number of horses wandering loose in the yard, stall doors open. When the party look around they can find the following on a successful search :

- A Scrottish bonnet hat made of blue and green tartan. The tartan is the same colour as the other cloth found at crime scenes 1 and 2.

- The horses have trampled everything in the mud and dung, yet some stray bits of ginger hair can be found.
- You find a cap badge from the bonnet, a silver stag surrounded with a wreath of ferns.

RETURN TO THE JADE MANDOLIN

The party can return to the Jade Mandolin Inn to go over all the information they have and come up with a plan to stop further attacks, and find the culprit.

Hopefully, they will have obtained all the clues:

1. Silver button with a thistle motif,
2. Size 11 footprint,
3. Copper coin from Scrotland,
4. Two scraps of blue patterned material,
5. Bonnet with blue and green tartan,
6. Cap badge to the bonnet,
7. He has some device that corrupts short-term memory.

Mr. Black will be able to identify any of the following at the Game Master's discretion, although it is suggested to have the player characters use other means to find out more about some of the physical clues:

- The two pieces of blue cloth are that of a Highland Ranger uniform.
- The tartan pattern of the hat is that of Clan Krumpbell.
- The silver button with thistle motif is part of a Highland Ranger uniform.
- The cap badge belongs to a member of Clan Krumpbell.

If the party suggest that there is a large amount of evidence against someone of Clan Krumpbell, then you can have Mr. Black suggest that he thinks it strange to have left so much evidence and that they shouldn't discount the possibility of a conspiracy.

Interpreting the Clues

The map of the ward on the following page can be given to the players as a handout to mark the locations of the three attacks. If the party draws a continuous line between the three attacks, in the order in which they occurred, it will construct the first two lines of a pentagram. The WitchPig cards found on the victims are the clue that the geographic attack locations form this shape.

If the party draw in the next line of a pentagram, they will have a rough location of where the next night's attack will occur — Millers Court. Possibly with Mr. Black's prompting, the player characters could make a plan to capture 'The Ginger Clipper'.

Important: *The player characters should not be allowed to capture 'The Ginger Clipper' which will pave the way for the fifth victim's attack later.*

If the party has worked out the correct location for next attack and comes up

with a plan, then when they go to Millers Court, they find the fourth victim themselves — Maggie May. Arriving too late, all they can do is inform the Peekers and question the victim on what has happened.

If the party has predicted the wrong location then the Game Master should allow them to set up the ambush as planned. They will then be alerted to the real crime location by the Peekers blowing whistles and running to Millers Court.

CRIME SCENE FOUR

As Millers Court is only a short walk from the Jade Mandolin Inn where the party are operating from, Mr. Black suggests that the party take the victim back there to await assistance from the authorities.

Millers Court

Scene of the Fourth Victim, Maggie May

Millers Court is another cramped and dingy inner city alley. You notice this street is more irregular even for a Great Lunden alley. There are plenty of small alcoves and small corners deep in the shadows allowing people to conduct nefarious business in secret just a feet away from anyone walking by.

A quick search reveals another size 11 foot print in the mud, and another piece of Krumpbell tartan left hanging on a nearby downpipe.

INTERVIEWING MAGGIE

The victim, Maggie May, is safely resting in one of the inn's rooms with a Peeker on guard outside. It seems she received a nasty bang on the back of her now-bald head.

The party can make use of their time as they wish, but Maggie May cannot be questioned until the following morning at Mr. Black and the Peekers insistence.

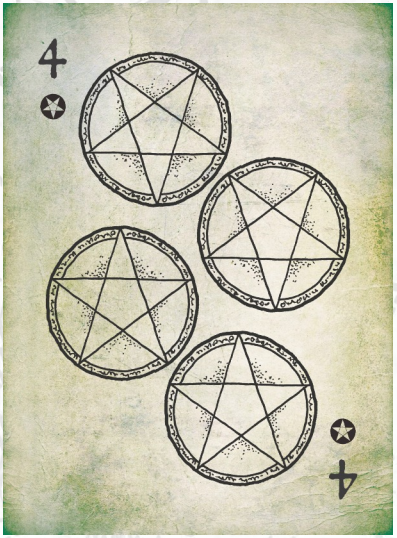
The following morning, The Jade Mandolin Inn taproom is quiet, having been closed to the public, with just a few Peekers eating their breakfast. The party can pick up free food at the bar. The inn seems to be under a shroud of disappointment.

Fourth Victim

Maggie May

Maggie May is a local 23-year old girl from Ferry Ward. She has been roaming the Netherwark ward selling pies and pastries since her father threw her out for her curly red locks — there being no other red-heads in the family, which had made him believe that she was not his child.

When the Player Characters get chance to question Maggie, she has recuperated from her ordeal and is now sitting in the taproom, with what you assume is her chaperone or union representative. As the player characters sit down to ask her some questions she blurts out:



"It was one of those bloody Scrotlanders in his fuckin' tartan skirt! He told me that he could sell me his mother's secret recipe for meat pie crust, which had won prizes in Gaulandia. But he needed to show me away from prying eyes. I followed him down Millers Court into the darker part of the alley and then he raised up this silver eye-shaped pendant he was wearing around his neck and started to chant something. Well I started to think it was a bit odd, so I put my hand over the eye and pushed it back towards his mouth to stop him chanting, he looked quiet upset. Next thing you know I was seeing stars until I was found — surrounded by pie crust and filling, and brought back here."

If asked for further information, she only remembers him saying something like, "Nearly there, just one more sacrifice or offering…" She touches the back of her head, "I got a good bump on my bonce and the bastard not only shaved my head, he stole three pies!"

Before the player characters leave, she finishes, "Oh, he left this sticking in one of the pies!" She waves a WitchPig card, the Four of Pentacles, and hands it over to you.

CAPTURING THE CLIPPER

Assuming the player characters have realised that the pentagram method seems to work, and could yield results, they can still continue with their plan by working out the location of where the fifth victim should be attacked.

The Brick

The party are in the taproom of the Jade Mandolin Inn with Mr. Black going over the plan for this evening's intervention, when a brick comes smashing through the window of the inn.

Anyone who looks out into the street can just make out through the midderfog and constant drizzle, that a full-scale riot is in progress. All of the Peekers resting in the inn rush outside to the street to begin to quell the mob, or have a good punch up, or both.

A few seconds later, a Peeker sergeant runs into the inn and shouts at the party, "Any chance you retards are going to get off your asses and give use a hand out here?"

Subdue the Mob

The Player Characters can join the Peekers in the street if they like. All they need to do is subdue twenty members of public. The mob's statistics can be found on page 148. Once the riot has calmed down to nothing more than 'last orders on Saturday night at the Bear Pit', Mr. Black picks up a news pamphlet one of the rioters was carrying. The headline of The Netherwark Gazette on very large bold type states: **SPECIAL EDITION** and **Exposé**. It goes on to say that the authorities seem powerless to prevent 'The Ginger Clipper' from terrorising the ward, etc.

If the player characters are smart they could discover that The Special Edition of the Netherwark Gazette was printed last night — it has a time and date in the top right corner — 'before' they had found out 'The Ginger Clipper' was linked to the Krumpbell Clan from Scrotland.

The Game Master should make sure the party have the correct location for the fifth attack, which is behind the Green Dragon Inn. Mr. Black can help guide them to this conclusion if necessary stating that the WitchPig cards and the order of the attacks are a clear clue to a geographical locations of the attacks.

THE GREEN DRAGON INN

Depending on the party's plan to capture the 'The Ginger Clipper', the PCs should be at the Green Dragon Inn as the sun sets.

The streets in the Netherwark Ward are a powder keg, Peekers from neighbouring wards have been drafted in to assist with patrols. All the ward's Peekers are on the streets — black jacks in hand, and no shite is being taken. Any sign of public disorder is stamped out quickly and with unbridled violence.

The mood inside The Green Dragon is tense, people have been walking on eggshells all day. A number of the patrons look like they have run foul of the Peekers sometime over the last few hours, with black eyes, and bruises and cuts covering their faces.

The party should spend a good part of the night without incident, albeit full of tension. There are two random encounters in the Inn, both of which can be talked down, rather than a fist-throwing exercise.

Little Tim Again

You've been at your positions waiting for your opportunity to strike for a couple of hours now. You find yourself flagging a little, when you see a familiar face enter the inn. Little Tim and a friend enter by the front door, and they seem to be 'off duty'. They do not scan the room looking for marks, and do not spot any of the player characters.

The party can engage Little Tim and his guild friend, or ignore them. Statistics for Little Tim and his friend can be found in the Random Encounters section. Little Tim and his accomplice will not put up a fight and try shrug off any earlier encounter with the party as a bit of a prank.

He will gladly repay any losses the party as incurred in previous encounters with him up to 26 gold quids, as this is all he has on him.

The Oaf

As the party waits, a random party member in the taproom gets a rather unpleasant surprise. A large brute of a gentleman, Big Bob, comes straight over to you and gets right up into the character's face. With rank body odour and breath smelling of Lunden Pride, a rather foul tasting ale, he barks; "Don't I know you? You were with the Peekers this morning when I got my nose broke!" The broken nose is quite obvious and his dumb-ass face does look like something you'd hit.

The giant oaf can be pacified with a quick and sincere apology, followed by a couple of pints of Lunden Pride — which is believed to be made by mixing the Great Thameswater River water, a lump of gloomium, and a dash of mud cow piss, all fermented until even swine won't touch it.

Big Bob

Slurring spokesperson of the drunken mob

Race: Human, 2nd Level Fighter
Armour Class: 9 [10]
Hit Dice: 2 (14 Hit Points)
Attacks: 2 Fists (1d3 each)
Saving Throw: 13
Special: Class Abilities as per 2nd Level Fighter
Move: 12
Alignment: Neutral
Challenge Level/XP: 8/800
Equipment: Nothing of note.
Description: Big Bob is a ex-guardsman with a short fuse, and unable to pass up a free drink. If the party get into trouble in the fight at the Green Dragon Inn, and have bought him some pints of Lunden Pride, he will join the fight on the PC's side.

The Ginger Clipper

As the player characters are dealing with the broken-nosed oaf from the fight from outside the Jade Mandolin, they see a suspect scrot dressed in the blue and green tartan move through the taproom and out of the back door. Arm in arm with a not-so-shy young lady — judging by the cut of her neckline — selling cockles and mussels from a basket on her other arm. She has a head of flaming red hair.

This is 'The Ginger Clipper'. While the Clipper and his next victim are in the courtyard behind the Green Dragon Inn, he also has 4–8 bodyguards waiting in the dark in case of trouble. It's up to

the Game Master how many come to the aid of the the Clipper. If the party are losing the upper hand, then you can always send 'Big Bob' — the party's latest new friend — into the fight for comedic effect, or have some Peekers show up.

You pile out of the inn into the rear yard. Some light oozes from the dirty inn windows, as well as a lone gloombug lantern giving poor vision but you can just about make out figures or objects in the green gloom. Pale green fog swirls around your knees. You see the Clipper and the young woman looking at the small jars of cockles, and the clipper reaching inside his shirt.

Before they get near their target, the Stubvert clansmen appear out of nowhere.

Fight the Clansmen

As you advance towards the Clipper, you suddenly realise there is more than just one assailant in the court yard with you. Clansmen in red and green tartan kilts, daggers drawn, approach you out of the gloom. You suddenly realise this may not be as easy as you first thought.

The fight is on.

Jock the Clipper

The perpetrator of the shocking crimes, and the criminal known as 'The Ginger Clipper' or 'Mad Clipper'. A member of Clan Stubvert's spy network.

Race: Human, 8th Level Thief
Armour Class: 7 [12]
Hit Dice: 8 (31 Hit Points)
Attacks: 2 Daggers (1d4+2)
Saving Throw: 6 (+2 versus traps, magical wands, or staffs, and other magical devices)
Special: Class Abilities as per 8th Level Thief
Move: 12
Alignment: Neutral
Challenge Level/XP: 8/800
Equipment: Jock carries two *+2 daggers*, a *+2 ring of protection*, and the *eye of morpheus* — an artefact of unknown origins (see Eye of Morpheus sidebar).
Description: Jock the Clipper is not 'mad' as the local scandal sheets would have you believe. He as gone out of his way to carry out the head-shaving attacks for the betterment of his clan, and frame the rival Clan Krumpbell for all of his attacks. He is actually a high-ranking spy in the Stubvert Clan and is carrying out his mission to scupper the trade talks between Clan Krumpbell and the Queen's representatives.

Clan Stubvert Bodyguard

A loyal member of Clan Stubvert

Race: Human, 5th Level Fighter
Armour Class: 8 [11]
Hit Dice: 5 (34 Hit Points)
Attacks: Short sword (1d6+1), or dagger (1d4+1)
Saving Throw: 10
Special: Class Abilities as per 5th Level Fighter
Move: 12
Alignment: Neutral
Challenge Level/XP: 5/240
Equipment: Shortsword, dagger, shield, kilt.
Description: These are Clan Stubvert's crack assault squad — well, they were the only sober clansmen the Stubvert's could find on short notice. When we say sober, we mean that they could stand and make it all the way to the wagon only falling over two or three times.

Eye of Morpheus

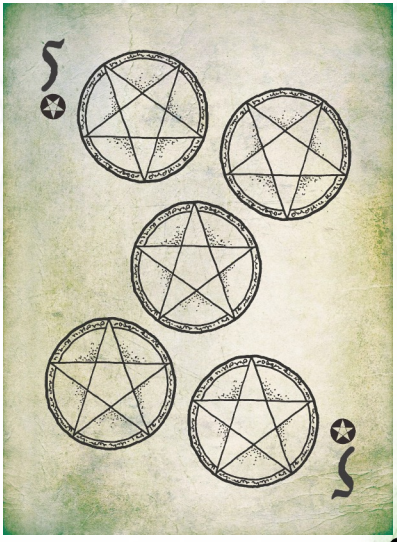
The Eye of Morpheus is a three-inch diameter pendant hung on a silver chain. The pendant is stylised with an open eye engraved on the front.

When placed in front of someone and activated, it emits a pale blue light that seems to penetrate the target's mind. A failed saving throw will result in the target forgetting clearly any events from up to an hour before its activation. The target doesn't forget totally, but instead the memories become distant and difficult to grasp. You know they're in your head but you can only get glimpses of clouded and distorted parts of the memory.

AFTERMATH

The fight is over and you have successfully saved the fifth would-be victim. As you survey the yard, the difference in tartan colours is obvious. The Scrots in red tartan where definitely trying to protect the Clipper for sure. Fresh Peekers arrive and start to check the bodies to see who's dead or wounded. You see the Peeker captain speak to Mr. Black and the head off quickly. Mr. Black turns to you and says; "Fellows, shall we retire to the Jade Mandolin to bind wounds and assess our situation?"

If the party wish to search the bodies of the clansmen before they leave, they will find a WitchPig card — the Five of Pentacles, and a *+3 ring of protection* on



Jock the Clipper, and 27 gold quids, 142 silver shillings on the rest of the clansmen. The *eye of morpheus* — used by The Ginger Clipper to erase the memories of his victims — is nowhere to be found. It has found its way into Mr. Black's pocket.

Reap the Rewards

You make your way through the fog-laden streets of Netherwark in the early morning. The midderfog has come up off the river, and is so thick every breath you take is like chewing the air. There is however, a sense of calm on the streets, like a summer heatwave has been broken by a thunder storm. People you pass in the fog seem less-troubled now. You enter the taproom of the Jade Mandolin to the smell of fresh bread, cooking bacon, and last night's stale beer.

The party can order food and drink, and ask Mr. Black any questions they like — not that he will answer them. He will give them his best guess; that the Clipper was a actually a Clan Stubvert clansman, masquerading as Clan Krumpbell, and leaving obvious clues to implicate the rival clan, and ultimately scupper the trade talks with the Royal Court.

Blue and green tartan is worn by the Krumpbell Clan, and the red and green tartan is worn by the Stubvert Clan — deadly enemies of the Krumpbells.

As you are eating — or drinking — breakfast, Sir Avid Spiedding enters followed by four soldiers, two carrying a small chest. You can see through the window that there is about another twenty Havenland soldiers outside the inn. The chest is placed on a table in the taproom and Mr. Black beckons you all over to the table. Sir Avid Spiedding steps forward and opens the chest showing off 5,000 gold quid. He turns towards you and says, "Here is your reward for a job well done, we have determined agents from Gaulandia infiltrated the city. They used Scrottish clan dress to avoid detection and try to break up the ongoing trade talks. On behalf of the crown we thank you for your service."

You look slightly confused, as that's not quite what you were expecting based on what you uncovered.

Sir Avid Spiedding nods his head and takes his leave. If anyone asks Sir Spiedding a question he will defer any questions to Mr. Black.

If questioned, Mr. Black firmly states, "That's the official line, and if you want to keep on the right side of the Queen and spend that chest of gold, you'll not forget it. An 'official line' makes it the truth, and anyone that doesn't realise that should just keep there opinion to themselves and be very careful. Now I have other things to take care of, so I say thank you, and bid you farewell."

With that Mr. Black leaves the inn and in a few steps is swallowed up in the viridian fog...

14th April 1602, 5am

The Haven Gazette

The Latest in Hushed Murmurings from across Havenland

This Months Gael/Grimm count					
Murders	198	Turned into devil	6	Lost in the Middergloom	64
Hangings	302	Drowned	312	Consumed by neighbours	4
Burnings	32	Mudcow stampede	14	Missing	1,910
Taken in the night	144	Explosion	6	Taken by a plague	311
Possessions	9	Lost at sea	622	Spontaneously combusted	10
		Executed by Witchfinders	109	Consumed by badgers	13

Food Merchants Attacked, Again!

For the third night in a row, 'Nightly Foodfolk' in Netherwark Ward have been attacked, and trophies taken. Can the Peekers or government do anything to stop this abuse on our hard-working foodfolk?

The question asked by this paper is why can't the hard-working and tax-paying proletariat of this ward, walk the streets safely at night? We are sure the Queen is doing her very best.

A more insidious development is the evidence that the new 'WitchPig' craze could have ties to the string of attacks. This has been denied by the ward's Peekers who have been investigating the heinous crimes, however we have it on good authority, that a card from a deck was found on each victim. It is now believed that certain high-ranking witchfinders have been brought in to the investigation. Not a moment too soon in our opinion, the Gazette will be keeping a close eye on matters as they unfold.

Scrotland Trade Talk Delegation Arrive

Our noble brothers from north of the border are here in Great Lunden. Scrotland's envoy arrives for trade negotiations with the Royal Court. Clan Krumpbell arrived last weekend ready to get down to tough trade talks.

A happy conclusion to the talks could see a much-needed supply of grass-fed sheep coming south of the border on a regular basis, easing the pressure since the Mad Sheep's Disease outbreak.

Duddingly Kebab Stall Opens In Netherwark Market

A new eatery has opened up at the Netherwark market. Fresh from the streets of Duddingly comes the delight of the Spicy Kebab. A mix of meats held in a dry flat bread, infused with spices and a turnip shavings topper. This is a welcome addition to all the local delicacies and more-exotic fare that can be found all around the ward.

Mrs Lovett's Pie Shop Reopens After Refit

The famous pie shop has reopened after the much needed refit. Mrs Lovett tells us that now she has three ovens and a larger kitchen. She will be back in full production by the end of the week, and turning out even higher quality meat pies at a price that everyone can afford. Mrs Lovett's Pie Shop can be found on Henrique Street, just off the small market. If you need a hair cut Sweelin Toad's younger brother, Severum Toad has a barber's shop on the first floor.

Miss Munging's Boarding House

A recent competition which named Miss Munging's Boarding House as the 'Best in Ward' came under suspicion yesterday. After the owner of the Starlight Rooms claimed that certain women that board with Miss Mungings, may have influenced the male judges by "Giving them special favours!" This is denied most-vigorously by Miss Munging who said, "The Starlight Rooms are just jealous and bitter because they are not as clean or deserving of such an accolade." The award still stands at this time...

THE *Netherwark* GAZETTE

14th April 1602
6pm

SPECIAL EDITION

EXPOSÉ

Fourth Attack!

For the fourth night in a row, the foodfolk of Netherwark Ward have been brutally-attacked by a unknown mad man. Well, *The Netherwark Gazette* is the FIRST to discover the identity of 'The Ginger Clipper'.

Contacts at the heart of the investigation now confirm that the male culprit is a Scrotlander — visiting the city with the delegation here for trade-talks. The investigators now believe that this is part of some satanic ritual, with the WITCHPIG deck playing a key role in these twisted events.

Has the government lost control of the situation? Have they lost control of the streets of Great Lunden? Are the streets of the capital safe for its folk or do we need a change of government to protect the people?

It is our opinion at *The Netherwark Gazette*, that the Witchfinders should be put in charge of the investigation to capture 'The Ginger Clipper'. Also, the government should ban the WITCHPIG deck and treat it for what it is — a device of demonic witchcraft rituals. We insist that the government take the lives and livelihoods of the cityfolk under their care more seriously and protect us from this new Scrottish surge.

Optional Rules and Other Oddness

By John Large

The following sewer and street rules are intended for use in carrying out chases, although you can use the concepts for your general adventuring where useful. The rules are not intended to be rigidly followed, but rather used as a basis for your own rules, which may be a light or heavy as you prefer. These rules supplement the rooftop rules found in ***The City of Great Lunden*** book, page 177.

Navigating using the rooftops in Great Lunden is largely a matter of how fast you want to move, what equipment you have to hand and knowing the terrain ahead of you; racing through the city streets and the network of labyrinthine sewer tunnels that flow beneath it involves similar disciplines, but the hazards that a person faces can be quite different and pose their own unique challenges.

SEWER ADVENTURING

Glossary

- **Cesspit:** A pit formed from bricks or concrete into which sewage collects. The pit is periodically emptied using buckets or other unwholesome methods.
- **Foulwater:** Water that has been discharged into the sewers after being used in household processes.
- **Lamphole:** A small hole bored into the wall of a tunnel into which a lamp on a special pole can be mounted. Due to the sometimes flammable nature of the gasses found in Great Lunden's sewers, Gloombug lanterns are the most commonly used choice.
- **Sewage:** Water-borne human, domestic and farm waste. It can also include run-off from trades and soil washed in by heavier rainfall.
- **Sewerage:** A system of sewers and tunnels designed to convey sewage from its point of origin to a place of disposal (generally the Great Thameswater river).
- **Stormwater:** A rise in water levels caused by heavy rainfall combined with sewage.
- **Storm overflow:** A series of grates originally designed during goman times to prevent the most ancient parts of the Lunden sewers from flooding. Unfortunately most are now clogged with years of waste and only semi-functional.

- **Surface Water:** Water that flows, or rests on, the ground or the surface of buildings.
- **The Flow:** A slang term for the vile river of sewage that flows beneath Great Lunden.

Who Can Use the Sewers?

Anyone who can gain access to the sewers can use them to move around the city unseen. The Peekers take a dim view of any unauthorised people accessing the sewers, but they seldom make the effort to patrol the smelly and foul depths — unless as a punishment. In practice, this has lead to the desperate of the city and creatures galore to make the sewer tunnels their home or their final resting place. Those of a nefarious nature are experienced in the dank thoroughfares under the city and gain a slight advantage to their check results.

Class Modifiers

- **Assassin:** -1
- **Thief:** -2

What Equipment is Useful?

Those who regularly venture into the sewers below Great Lunden often take specialist equipment with them, however such things are normally unwieldy and unsuited for high-speed chases through the foulness that runs below the great city. Below is a quick summary of bonuses that PCs might get for carrying certain equipment:

Equipment Modifiers

- **Chalk:** -1, useful for marking paths and keeping track of your location but only usable in *Careful Mode*.
- **Gloombug Lantern:** -1.
- **Normal Lantern:** -2, but there are pockets of explosive gas in the sewers, each turn there is 1 in 6 chance that the flame ignites the gas, destroying the lantern and inflicting 1d6 damage on all those within a 10 ft radius.
- **Ropes, ladders, etc:** -2, but only usable in *Careful Mode*.
- **Sewer Map (accurate):** -3, but only usable in *Careful Mode*. Accurate sewer maps are incredibly valuable, but are also quite rare.
- **Sewer Map (inaccurate):** -1, only usable in *Careful Mode*.
- **Excess Equipment:** +1 for each extra full 20 lbs of equipment carried over the first 10 lbs (excluding clothing). This means you can carry under 30 lbs of equipment before suffering a penalty.

Conditions and Miscellaneous

There are few conditional modifiers applicable to sewer adventures, however there are several crumbling areas of old goman sewer system, they are in a bad state of disrepair, making it difficult to traverse.

Condition Modifiers

- **Ancient part of sewer:** +2
- **Recent Storm:** +2
- **Darkvision capability:** -3

Summary of Check Modifiers

All the previously-discussed modifiers are applied to **[►Sewer Action◄]** and **[►Hazard◄]** checks. Once the players know that their characters are heading down to the sewers, calculate each player character's check modifier and note them down for quick reference. See the table below for a summary of these modifiers:

	Mode	Class	Equipment	Conditions	Misc
Careful Mode	-5				
Pursuit Mode	+1				
Assassin		-1			
Thief		-2			
Darkvision capability					-3
Chalk*			-1		
Gloombug Lantern			-1		
Normal Lantern			-2		
Ropes, ladders, etc.*			-2		
Map (accurate)*			-3		
Map (inaccurate)*			-1		
Excess equipment			+1 per 20 lbs †		
Ancient Sewers				+2	
Recent Storm				+2	

* Only usable in *Careful Mode*. † First 10 lbs of equipment (excluding clothing) is free.

Getting into the Sewers

Accessing the sewers is as simple as locating an entrance, there are many of them dotted throughout the city. The main entrances and exits are shown on the Great Lunden sewer map, but there are many other grates and channels not marked on the map. Player characters will be able to locate a sewer entrance/exit in whatever district they are in, however — depending on the affluence of the ward in questions — it may be a securely locked metal grate or a rusty, easily accessed pipe. If you need to randomly determine the state of a sewer entrance roll on the following table:

Roll (1d6)	Poor Ward (not near river)	Rich Ward (not near river)	Ward near river
1	Sewer exit	Sewer exit	Sewer exit
2	Sewer exit	Sewer grate	Sewer exit
3	Sewer grate	Sewer grate	Sewer exit
4	Sewer grate	Sewer entrance, unguarded	Sewer grate
5	Sewer entrance, unguarded	Sewer entrance, guarded	Sewer grate
6	Sewer entrance, guarded	Sewer entrance, guarded	Sewer entrance, guarded

Descriptions of the various sewer entrances can by be found on page 172 in ***The City of Great Lunden*** book. There is also a map available for the Inner Ward sewer tunnels. Brief descriptions are provided below.

- **Sewer exit:** A rusty iron grate through which effluence flows into the river, they are normally poorly maintained.
- **Sewer grate:** A locked gate designed specifically to prevent access to the sewers.
- **Sewer entrance, unguarded:** Secured access grates, often bolted or welded shut.
- **Sewer entrance, guarded:** Larger access points used for maintenance purposes. In addition to being difficult to break into they are generally guarded by 1d6+2 Peekers. Peekers put on Sewer-duty tend to be surly and resentful, such duties are often given as a punishment.

Gaining access through sewer gates requires either a key, an Open Doors check, or a successful Open Locks skill roll.

Inaccessible Sewers

Should your attempt to gain access to the sewers fail then the PCs will either have to make their way through the streets or climb up to the rooftops.

Sewer Actions

When using *Careful Mode*, moving around and carrying out ***Safe Sewer Actions*** are 'check free'. The following still require a **[►Sewer Action◄]** check:

1. Carrying out a ***Risky Sewer Action***.
2. 1 in 6 **[►Hazard◄]** check chance.

When using *Pursuit Mode*, all actions require a **[►Sewer Action◄]** check:

1. Carrying out a ***Safe Sewer Action***.
2. Carrying out a ***Risky Sewer Action***.
3. 3 in 6 **[►Hazard◄]** check.

Sewer Action Checks

Whenever making any of the following actions in *Pursuit Mode*, a **[►Sewer Action◄]** check is required. Roll under the applicable stat, choice of stat (STR or DEX), or both stats (STR & DEX), then apply any relevant modifiers to your roll.

Safe Sewer Actions

- Climbing over small piles of debris and rubble (DEX).
- Crossing the Flow in a place where the walkways are reasonably intact and/or there is a plank or stepping stone usable as a bridge (DEX).

Risky Sewer Actions

Whenever making any of the following actions in either *Careful Mode* or *Pursuit Mode*, a **[►Sewer Action◄]** check is required. Roll under the applicable stat, choice of stat (STR or DEX), or both stats (STR & DEX), applying any relevant modifiers to your roll.

- Balancing on narrow and precarious pathways, per 10 feet travelled (DEX).
- Climbing across large piles of detritus (DEX).
- Crossing the Flow in a place where the walkways are not-intact or where there is no bridge (DEX & STR).
- Jumping across 10 feet horizontally, standing jump (STR at +2, additional +2 for each extra 1 foot).
- Jumping across 10 feet horizontally, running jump (STR & DEX. Additional +1 for each extra 1 foot).
- Wading through the Flow to cross (STR & CON).

Sewer Hazards

The Game Master can check for hazards at any time they feel it may contribute to the tension or atmosphere of the game. Depending on whether *Careful Mode* or *Pursuit Mode* is being used, the chance of a hazard varies

- *Careful Mode* is 1 in 6
- *Pursuit Mode* is 3 in 6

Roll 1d12 on the table below, or choose a result that you feel suits the current situation:

Roll (1d12)	Sewer
1	*Slip on a puddle of effluence.
2	*Uneven/cracked ground.
3	*Partially collapsed sewer tunnel.
4	Sewervile.
5	A pack of sewer swine.
6	Sewer crocodile.
7	*Pocket of foul air.
8	Desperate vagrants hiding.
9	*A section of old goman sewer.
10	*Thick tendrils of viscous slime drop from the ceiling.
11	*Flagstones have crumbled into the main sewer channel.
12	*Rat or other vermin swarm.

Results marked with an * require a **[►Hazard◄]** check, roll 1d20 (applying all relevant modifiers) and get under your DEX attribute. Other results can either force an initial **[►Hazard◄]** check or become a standalone encounter.

Failed Checks

If you fail a **[►Sewer Action◄]** or **[►Hazard◄]** check then the hazard causes you to slip, throwing yourself off balance and may place yourself in danger of injury.

To prevent taking damage from the hazard, you may take a Saving Throw.

- If you pass, you just manage to steady yourself.
- If you fail then you slip, fall into the rivers of filth. A failed roll results in the character taking 1d6 damage from ingesting vile sludge, etc.

Why DEX?

DEX is suggested as the default attribute to test when it comes to **[►Hazard◄]** checks because your character is moving in a difficult environment, however DEX is certainly not the only attribute that could be used.

If your player suggests an alternative that seems reasonable, allow them to test using their alternate attribute (with the normal modifiers applied). For example, a pocket of gas could require a check against CON instead of DEX.

Things to Find in the Sewers

1. A dead rat.
2. The skeletal remnants of an unfortunate who got lost down here.
3. A mysterious pool of glowing green goo.
4. The remnants of a goman statue, it might once have been beautiful but much of the detail has eroded.
5. A patch of snot-green mushrooms that appear to be growing well in the dank conditions.
6. A large pile of accreted filth and cast-off material restricting the flow of sewage.
7. A skull, bleached white by the flowing slime.
8. Patches of an unhealthy looking pale moss that give off a dull luminescent glow.
9. A hole in the floor where the flow seems to drop down into a deeper area (perhaps even the Middergloom).
10. A broken sewer-grate, kicked in when someone fled to the sewers from the street.
11. A smashed and empty gloombug lantern housing.
12. A broken piece of long, thin stone that could serve as a bridge to cross the flow.

Summary of Sewer Actions

Safer Sewer Actions

Safer Sewer Action Description	Check Stat/s	Base Modifier	Comments
Climbing over small piles of debris/rubble	DEX	+0	-
Crossing the flow with walkways intact	DEX	+0	-

Risky Sewer Actions

Risk Sewer Action Description	Check Stat/s	Base Modifier	Comments
Balancing on narrow pathways, per 10 feet travelled	DEX	+0	
Climbing across large piles of debris/rubble	DEX	+0	
Crossing flow with not-intact walkways	DEX & STR	+0	
Jumping across 10 feet horiz, standing jump	STR	+2	additional +2 for each extra 1'
Jumping across 10 feet horiz, running jump	DEX & STR	+0	additional +2 for each extra 1'
Wading through flow to cross	STR & CON	+0	

The Sewer Chase

Summary

By necessity the rules for sewer chases are somewhat abstract, and we recommend keeping the amount of checks to a minimum, especially during a chase.

In order to conduct a sewer chase the following procedure is followed:

1. Establish who is the pursuer and who the pursued (referred to henceforth as the chaser and the quarry).
2. If the PCs are the quarry and are attempting to access the sewers then they must gain entry as discussed previously, should this attempt fail then the PCs will either have to flee through the streets or climb up to the rooftops. If they are unable to do either of these for some reason then they are automatically apprehended by the chaser.

Please note: Step 2 is only necessary if the PCs are attempting to flee through the sewers.

3. Compare the movement rates of the chaser and quarry, most often the quicker person will triumph in a chase. Work out the difference between the move rate per round, depending on the game rules that you are using. This difference will be gained/lost (depending on whether the PCs are chaser or quarry) each round in addition to distance gained/lost through making any dice rolls.

Please Note: Only player character's check results affect distance gained/lost when chasing or being chased by NPCs.

4. The GM determines what additional **[►Sewer Action◄]** rolls (if any) are necessary, PCs must roll and take the consequences as described below.

If the Game Master decides that it is dramatically appropriate, they may roll 1d6 to see if a hazard occurs.

There is a 3 in 6 chance of a **[►Hazard◄]** check occurring when the PCs are using *Pursuit Mode,* as they will be during a chase. When this happens the PCs must roll under their DEX check to avoid the hazard. This step is made in addition to any normal **[►Sewer Action◄]** rolls.

Chase

Chases are considered to be done under pressure and are therefore done using *Pursuit Mode*. This means that **[►Sewer Action◄]** checks are required for all ***Safer Sewer Actions***, and ***Risky Sewer Actions***.

Chasing/Escaping

When chasing a quarry, every **[►Sewer Action◄]** or **[►Hazard◄]** check result that you pass, you close the distance by 5 feet, plus 1 foot for each point you passed by. A failure means the quarry gets further away by 5 feet plus 1 foot for each point you failed by.

When escaping from pursuers, every **[►Sewer Action◄]** or **[►Hazard◄]** check you pass, you increase the distance from your pursuers by 5 feet, plus 1 foot for each point you passed by. A failure means that your pursuers have got closer by 5 feet plus 1 foot for each point you failed by.

Catching the Quarry or Escaping the Chasers

When the distance between pursuer and quarry is reduced to 10 feet or less, the pursuer can capture the quarry at the Game Master's discretion, or there can be a melee.

Optional Rule: Chase Combat

Please note that these combat rules are optional and it is down to the Game Master of your game as to whether they are used or not.

Attacking During a Chase

One of the ways to slow down the quarry during a chase is for the chaser to attack them with melee weapons (if they are near enough) or to harass them with missile weapons, however using weapons can also slow down the people doing the chasing.

Attacking in Melee

If the distance indicates that they are within range of their melee weapons then — in addition to other actions taken in the round — the chaser may make a melee attack against their opponent, this is resolved in the same way as a normal melee attack.

An attacker must make a **[►Hazard◄]** check.

A target suffering damage from an attack, must also make a **[►Hazard◄]** check with a penalty of +1 for each point of damage taken.

Attacking Using Ranged Weapons

If the distance indicates that they are within half the maximum range of their ranged weapons then — in addition to other actions taken in the chase round — the chaser may make a ranged attack against their opponent, this is resolved in the same way as a normal ranged attack.

An attacker must make a **[►Hazard◄]** check.

A target suffering damage from an attack, must also make a **[►Hazard◄]** check with a penalty of +1 for each point of damage taken. In addition, the distance between prey and quarry decreases by 1 ft. per point of damage taken by the target.

STREET ADVENTURING

Glossary

- **Alley:** A narrow lane or passageway, normally only wide enough for one or two people, that usually runs between or behind buildings. To the knowledgeable they can provide shortcuts to your destination, but can often confuse those less familiar with their surroundings.
- **Avenue:** An avenue is a long, straight road or path lined with trees and other vegetation, these tend to be fairly rare in Greater Lunden with the exception of some of the more well-to-do Wards.
- **Byway:** A small dirt-track or path that is two small to be considered a proper street.
- **Dead End:** A street with only one inlet or outlet, there are many of these scattered throughout Great Lunden. Due to various criminals favouring such shady spots when they're "teaching someone a lesson" the phrase "To get dead-ended" has become popular slang for getting beaten up.

Who Can Use the Streets?

Anyone can use the streets, and hundreds do every day making Great Lunden one of the busiest cities in the Havenlands, but walking the streets is dangerous, especially if moving quickly through the winding byways and alleyways, or trying to give the Peekers the slip by hiding amongst the crowds. Thieves and those who have grown up in Great Lunden have a distinct advantage in this regard.

Class modifiers

- **Assassin class:** -3
- **Thief class:** -2

What Equipment is Useful?

The most useful equipment when pelting through the streets of Great Lunden is having studied a good map beforehand, although — even the most detailed map — will not show every dead end and hazard scattered throughout the streets. Below is a summary of the bonuses that a PC might get for carrying certain equipment:

Equipment Modifiers

- **City Map (accurate):** -3, but only usable in *Careful Mode*. Accurate sewer maps are incredibly valuable, but are also quite rare.
- **City Map (inaccurate):** -1, only usable in *Careful Mode*.

- **Excess Equipment:** +1 for each extra full 20 lbs of equipment carried over the first 10 lbs (excluding clothing). This means you can under 30 lbs of equipment before suffering a penalty.

Conditions

Although sheltered from the wind that can menace rooftop chases, lighting conditions and rain can still affect a chase, with pursuers stumbling in the dark or slipping on damp cobblestones. In addition the presence of other people, various businesses and festivals can also slow or aid a pursuit.

Condition & Misc. Modifiers

- **Dark:** +1
- **Wet:** +1
- **Snow:** +1
- **Icy:** +2
- **Deserted street:** +0, a street almost devoid of people with only one or two malingers knocking about.
- **Normal street:** +1, the average street in Lunden with no more than a dozen or so people in it.
- **Crowded street:** +2, a heavily packed street with a couple of dozen or more people in it.
- **Packed street:** +3, the street is packed with people jostling and nudging each other with barely room to breathe. This level of population density is rare and normally occurs when there is a religious festival or other such social occasion that draws people into the street.
- **Character was raised/grew up in Lunden:** -1, this modifier is cumulative with others.

Optional: The Lunden Mob

The crowds of Great Lunden are often drawn to the sounds of violence or a chase occurring; as curious people gather they attract like-minded souls and — before you know it — there is a huge crowd of people. These large crowds can easily become spooked, the crowd almost becoming an entity unto itself, rioting, smashing windows and generally causing trouble.

If the GM wishes to use this optional rule then — when the combat begins — use the modifier for a Deserted Street (+0), each chase round thereafter the modifier increases by one until — three rounds later — the streets are packed (with the appropriate +3 modifier).

Once the street is packed there is a 1 in 12 chance that each person involved in the chase will take 1d6 damage from thrown items, being punched or jostled by the crowd.

Summary of Check Modifiers

All the previously-discussed modifiers are applied to **[►Street Action◄]** and **[►Hazard◄]** checks. Once the players know that their characters are moving quickly through the streets, calculate each player character's check modifier and note them down for quick reference. See the table below for a summary of these modifiers:

	Mode	Class	Equipment	Conditions	Misc
Careful Mode	-5				
Pursuit Mode	+1				
Assassin		-3			
Thief		-2			
Grew up in Great Lunden					-1
Map (accurate)*			-3		
Map (inaccurate)*			-1		
Excess equipment			+1 per 20 lbs †		
Dark				+1	
Wet				+1	
Snow				+1	
Icy				+2	
Deserted Street				+0	
Normal Street				+1	
Crowded Street				+2	
Packed Street				+3	

* Only usable in Careful Mode. † First 10 lbs of equipment (excluding clothing) is free.

Getting onto the Streets

Accessing the streets is a simple matter or walking or running through the often twisting alleyways and through-fares of the Great City. No special roll is requiring to begin a chase through the streets.

Switching Your Surroundings

Chases that begin in the street or the sewers do not always stay there, a group could begin fleeing over the rooftops and drop down into the street, later they may kick open a sewer grate and seek the darkness of the stink-tunnels for shelter.

The streets serve as a middle layer of Great Lunden, with the Rooftops being the top layer and the Sewers being the bottom layer, it is possible to move to either the rooftops or the sewer from the street, but it is not possible to move directly from the rooftops to the sewers or vice-versa.

Remember that getting to/from the rooftops requires a **[►Climb Up/Down◄]** roll as detailed on page 179 in ***The City of Great Lunden*** book, and entering or leaving the sewers may require a key, Open Doors, or Open Locks roll.

Street Actions

When using *Careful Mode*, moving around and carrying out a ***Safe Street Action*** are 'check free'. The following still require **[►Street Action◄]** checks:

1. Carrying out a ***Risky Street Action***.
2. 1 in 6 **[►Hazard◄]** check chance.

When using *Pursuit Mode*, all actions require **[►Street Action◄]** checks:

1. Carrying out a ***Safe Street Action***.
2. Carrying out a ***Risky Street Action***.
3. 3 in 6 **[►Hazard◄]** check chance.

Street Action Checks

Whenever making any of the following actions in *Pursuit Mode*, an **[►Street Action◄]** check is required. Roll under the applicable stat, choice of stat (STR or DEX), or both stats (STR or DEX), applying any relevant modifiers to your roll.

Safe Street Actions

- Ducking into a shop and heading out the back way (DEX).
- Jumping over a cart or small impediment to gain ground (STR).
- Running through relatively clear streets (STR).
- Using an alleyway as a shortcut without getting lost (DEX or WIS).

Risky Street Actions

Whenever making any of the following Street Actions in either *Careful Mode* or *Pursuit Mode*, a **[►Street Action◄]** check is required. Roll under the applicable stat, choice of stat (STR or DEX), or both stats (STR & DEX), applying any relevant modifiers to your roll.

- Running through crowded streets (STR & DEX. Additional +1 per every full 10 people in the area).
- Evading Peekers (CHA).

Why Charisma?

You might be wondering why CHA is the attribute used if a PC is evading the Peekers, this is because the cityfolk tend to help folk that want to avoid the Peekers, assuming they are handled in the correct manner. A good Charisma ensures this assistance.

Street Hazards

The Game Master can check for hazard at any time they feel it may contribute to the tension or atmosphere of the game. Depending on whether Careful Mode or *Pursuit Mode* is being used, the chance of a **[►Hazard◄]** check varies:

- *Careful Mode* is a 1 in 6 chance
- *Pursuit Mode* is a 3 in 6 chance

Roll 1d12 on the table below, or choose a result that you feel suits the current situation:

Roll (1d12)	Street
1	Slippery cobblestones.
2	A riotous mob of Lundeners.
3	Peekers chasing a thief.
4	Heavy market-day crowds.
5	Escaped live-stock.
6	A run-away wagon.
7	Thick and foul smog.
8	An escaped sewer-creature.
9	Cobbles strewn with broken glass.
10	Workers carrying building materials.
11	Raucous goblin parade from Bileward.
12	Stray dogs & other scavengers.

To make a **[►Hazard◄]** check, roll 1d20 (applying all relevant modifiers) and get under your DEX attribute.

Failed Checks

If you fail a **[►Street Action◄]** or **[►Hazard◄]** check then you slip, throwing yourself off balance and may place yourself in danger of injury.

To prevent taking damage from the aftermath of the hazard, you may make a Saving Throw.

If you pass, you just manage to avoid the hazard.

If you fail then you slip, get trampled by the crowds, etc. A failed roll results in the character taking 1d6 damage from the feet of the crowds, the clubs of Peelers, bites of a dog, or whatever fits the hazard encountered.

Why Only DEX?

DEX is suggested as the default attribute to test when it comes to **[►Hazard◄]** checks because your character is generally moving quickly, ducking and weaving through the streets, however DEX is certainly not the only attribute that could be used.

If your player suggests an alternative that seems reasonable, allow them to test using their alternate attribute (with the normal modifiers applied).

For example: Sonia's character Martin Malon (a noble of some repute) is chasing a thief through the crowded streets of the city and the GM calls for a hazard check, as Martin's way is blocked by a riotous mob of Lundeners. Instead of using DEX to weave around them Martin uses his status in the city calling for the filthy peasants to move aside lest they be dragged to the tower, the GM decides to allow Sonia to roll Martin's CHA instead of DEX.

Things to find on the Streets

1. A rotten piece of fruit fallen from a market stall.
2. A loose cobblestone that has been pried up and had something secreted beneath it.
3. The broken wheel of a wagon, abandoned by its owner.
4. A large pile of animal droppings.
5. A pile of broken bottles left-over from a riotous pub-crawl.
6. A group of dirty, starving children trying to sell anything they can get their hands on.
7. An unconscious reveler lying drunk in the street.
8. A splatter of filthy water as a house-wife empties a chamber pot from a nearby window.
9. Crudely daubed graffiti covering a wall.
10. A chalked caricature of a notable noble etched on a wall.
11. The broken window of a deserted tenement.
12. A pile of smashed roof-tiles disturbed when some people fled this area using the rooftops.

Summary of Street Actions

Safer Street Actions

Safer Street Action Description	Check Stat/s	Base Modifier	Comments
Ducking into a shop and out the back way	DEX	+0	-
Jumping over a cart or small impediment	STR	+0	-
Running through clear streets	STR	+0	-
Using a shortcut without getting lost	DEX or WIS	+0	-

Risky Street Actions

Risky Street Action Description	Check Stat/s	Base Modifier	Comments
Running through crowded streets	STR or DEX	+0	additional +1 per every full 10 people in the area
Evading the Peekers	CHA	+0	

The Street Chase

Summary

By necessity the rules for street chases are somewhat abstract, and it would be tedious rolling for each back-alley. To minimise this, each roll represents a number of minutes in a prolonged chase.

In order to conduct a street chase the following procedure is followed:

1. Establish who is the pursuer and who the pursued (referred to henceforth as the chaser and the quarry).

2. Compare the movement rates of the chaser and quarry, most often the quicker person will triumph in a chase. Work out the difference between the move rate per round, depending on the game rules that you are using. This difference will be gained/lost (depending on whether the PCs are chaser or quarry) each round in addition to distance gained/lost through making any dice rolls.

Please note: Only player character's check results affect distance gained/lost when chasing or being chased by NPCs.

3. The GM determines what additional **[►Street Action◄]** rolls (if any) are necessary, PCs must roll and take the consequences as described below.

If the GM decides that it is dramatically appropriately they may roll 1D6 to see if a hazard occurs. There is a 1 in 6 chance of a **[►Hazard◄]** check if the PCs are using *Careful Mode,* and a 3 in 6 of a **[►Hazard◄]** check if the PCs are using *Pursuit Mode*. When this happens the PCs must roll under their DEX score to avoid the hazard. This step is described in further detail below and is made in addition to the normal Action roll.

Chase

Chases are considered to be done under pressure and are therefore done using *Pursuit Mode*. This means that **[►Street Action◄]** checks are required for all ***Safer Street Actions***, and ***Risky Street Actions***.

Chasing/Escaping

When chasing a quarry, every **[►Street Action◄]** or **[►Hazard◄]** check result that you pass, you close the distance by 5 feet, plus 1 foot for each point you passed by. A failure means that your quarry has got further away by 5 feet plus 1 foot for each point you failed by.

When escaping from pursuers, every **[►Street Action◄]** or **[►Hazard◄]** check you pass, you increase the distance by 5 feet, plus 1 foot for each point you passed by. A failure means that the pursuers get closer by 5 feet plus 1 foot for each point you failed by.

Catching the quarry or Escaping the Chasers

When the distance between pursuer and quarry is reduced to 10 feet or less, the pursuer can capture the quarry at the

Game Master's discretion, or there can be a melee.

Optional Rule: Chase Combat

Please note that these combat rules are optional and it is down to the Game Master of your game as to whether they are used or not.

Attacking During a Chase

One of the ways to slow down the quarry during a chase is for the chaser to attack them with melee weapons (if they are near enough) or to harass them with missile weapons, however using weapons can also slow down the people doing the chasing.

Attacking in Melee

If the distance indicates that they are within range of their melee weapons then — in addition to other actions taken in the round — the chaser may make a melee attack against their opponent, this is resolved in the same way as a normal melee attack.

An attacker must make a **[►Hazard◄]** check.

A target suffering damage from an attack, must also make a **[►Hazard◄]** check with a penalty of +1 for each point of damage taken.

Attacking Using Ranged Weapons

If the distance indicates that they are within half the maximum range of their ranged weapons then — in addition to other actions taken in the chase round — the chaser may make a ranged attack against their opponent, this is resolved in the same way as a normal ranged attack.

An attacker must make a **[►Hazard◄]** check.

A target suffering damage from an attack, must also make a **[►Hazard◄]** check with a penalty of +1 for each point of damage taken. In addition, the distance between prey and quarry decreases by 1 ft. per point of damage taken by the target.

URBAN LEGENDS AND ODDITIES

The streets of Great Lunden are layered with history, once a small primitive settlement, the Gomans then built atop it and various others have all added their own beliefs and legends, expanding and building atop the ruins of previous occupants. The result of this is a melting pot of half-remembered beliefs and superstitions, many of these are harmless, whilst others are either based on real creature and items or somehow imbue such entities with a grim half-life.

Whatever the truth may be, in Great Lunden, even folk-stories can spell death and disaster for the unwary traveller.

Urban Legends

Spring-Heeled Jock

There are numerous conflicting accounts to explain the origins of Spring-Heeled Jock, some say that he was an ancient Scrottish chief defeated by the Gomans and dragged back to the outpost of Lunden so that he could be publicly executed in-front of the people as a warning to not resist their new masters. Others say that he was actually a noble from the Havenlands who was forced into accepting a life of soldiering on the Hadreen's Wall after falling out of favour with the queen, whilst some people attribute more diabolical or supernatural origins to Jock.

Whatever the case, it is clear that Jock is no mere mortal man, since sightings of the strange, black-coaked individual go back more than a hundred years. Always encountered in the countryside surrounding Lunden — and very occasionally the darkest of alleyways — Jock is described as being roughly human in appearance with clawed hands and a face contorted into a devlish grin. He wears a tight fitting black garment that some have said seems to be more like skin than any mundane fabric, and his eyes glow the deep green of hellfire.

One of the most confusing things about the black-clad spectre are his goals, the creature appears — normally to isolated groups of people — strikes a couple of times or steals some small item and then springs away over the rooftops cackling madly.

Spring-heeled Jock

Hit Dice: 2
Armour Class: 5 [14]
Attacks: 2 claws (1d3)
Saving Throw: 16
Special: Immunities, Breath Fire, Mighty Leap
Move: 12
Alignment: Chaotic
Challenge Level/XP:3/60

A clue to the origin of Spring-Heeled jock may be gained through the fact that he shares many immunities with the undead, in particular ghouls. Although he lacks their paralysing attacks, Jock is immune to charm and sleep spells.

Jock may breathe a gout of white-green flame from his mouth at a single opponent, if the attack hits then it does 1d6+1 fire damage, once used this ability takes two turns to recharge. This fire-breathing is accompanied by a groaning, wheezing sound akin to the bagpipes played by many Scrottish bards, and it is from this sound that Spring-Heeled Jock gets his name.

Jock may also spit smaller amounts of fire at will, this is not enough to damage an opponent but could be used to light a lantern or set flammable materials on fire.

One of the most shocking things about Spring-Heeled Jock is his ability to leap huge distances without requiring a run-up. Jock seldom walks anywhere, whenever he moves he leaps from his starting point, clearing an intervening obstacles and lands at his destination. On a number of occasions the Peelers have pursued a fleeing figure that they believed to be the mysterious urban-legend, only to lose him on the rooftops as he clears a ridiculous wide drop with comparative ease.

The Beast of Hackney Marsh

Despite Lunden being a huge and old city there are still areas where greenery survives amidst the brick and wooden buildings, one such case is Hackney Marsh, an area of clay-like soil that several minor tributaries of the sewer-system dribble into. It is in this mossy area of slow-drifting, visculent mists that two young children first claimed to have encountered the Beast of Hackney.

Describing the creature as giant, great, growling, hairy thing the testimony of the two children was paid little heed at first, until a well-off noblewoman taking a shortcut across the marsh also reported seeing a similar looking beast. According to the legends that have grown up around the creature, it was originally a Peeker Mastiff (see ***The City of Great Lunden*** book, page 195) that was horribly mistreated by its violent owner, after years of abuse the animal slew its master and — after tasting human blood — became a feral creature roaming the marshes.

The Beast of Hackney Marsh

Hit Dice: 5+2
Armour Class: 6 [13]
Attacks: Bite (1d8)
Saving Throw: 12
Special: Shake Head
Move: 14
Alignment: Neutral
Challenge Level/XP: 5/240

When the Beast makes a successful bite attack, they shake their heads violently, the victim must make a Saving Throw or be off balance and fall prone. There is a 50% chance they drop whatever they were holding.

The Murder Pool

Believed to have originated when a young couple in love were murdered by the side of a pond by a disapproving and scandalised father, this inky black/green pool of water has been reported in various locations around Lunden, drawing people towards it through a

mental compulsion and then drowning them within its dark jade depths. No-one in Lunden seems to no exactly where this pool is located, nor does it show up on any map, however occasionally a person will be found drowned in a location where there is no water and the locals whisper that the Murder Pool has claimed another victim.

Murder Pool

Hit Dice: 6
Armour Class: 8 [11]
Attacks: Drowning strike (3d4)
Saving Throw: 22
Special: Watery Camouflage, Attack from Surprise
Move: 3
Alignment: Neutrality
Challenge Level/XP: 6/400

The Murder Pool is a dark black/green semi-liquid creature that lurks in bodies of water, in such surroundings it is virtually invisible and — when first encountered — heroes have only a 5% chance of spotting it before it moves.

When a Murder Pool strikes from surprise it gains a +4 to hit and inflicts double its normal damage. The attacks of the creature involve parts of its liquid form smothering and drowning their prey, anyone slain by such a creature will appear to have drowned if their body is examined, the creature having fed on the air drained from their lungs.

Creatures who do not breath are immune to damage from a Murder Pool, although those that breathe water only take half damage from its attacks.

Marquis de Door

Once a highly placed nobleman in the court of Queen Elspeth's predecessor the Marquis de Door was known for his outspoken criticism of the Church and was — if rumours are to be believed — a sorceror of some repute who spent time dabbling in the dark arts of alchemy. The Marquis had lost his most prized possession, his beautiful young daughter who was stolen away one evening as she walked through the cobbled streets of the great city.

The Marquis searched high and low for his daughter, roaming the streets at night and peering into the doors of every building that he passed, hoping for some sign of his lost child. Perhaps it was the loss that drove him to madness and making a shadowy pact with demons, or perhaps the darkness lurked in his breast all along, merely seeking the right door to break free, who knows? When the witch-hunters came to break down the Marquis' door, although all claimed to have seen him through the windows of his home, the back door was open and no sign was found of him, despite a thorough search of the area.

Since that night the Marquis has appeared sporadically throughout the city, always searching for his lost child. There is still a price on his head and many have sought to collect it, but the Marquis always ducks through a doorway and eludes his pursuers.

Marquis de Door

Hit Dice: 1
Armour Class: 7 [12]
Attacks: Weapon (1d8)
Saving Throw: 17
Special: Doorway Delver
Move: 12
Alignment: Chaotic
Challenge Level/XP: 3/60

Although armed with a sword the Marquis is not a great warrior, however his demonic pact does give him one useful ability that has — thus far — enabled him to elude his pursuers, his Doorway Delver ability. When the Marquis moves through any doorway in Great Lunden, instead of emerging on the other side he can emerge through any other doorway in the city.

This ability only works on doorways, not sewer grates or other portals.

Once the Marquis has passed through a doorway it will remain linked to the chosen destination for 1d3 rounds, anyone passing through the doorway during that time emerges in the same location as the Marquis. When that period has elapsed people pass through the doorway normally.

Lunden Deathganger

Whispers about these strange duplicates and heralds of death began when a civil servant claims to have saw himself walking across the other side of the square, he attempted to give chase but his doppleganger had vanished. Later than year a noblewoman gave an account to the Peelers — following the death of her sister — that she had seen a vision of her sister crossing a bridge serenely whilst her actual sibling was two miles away dying in bed.

Deathgangers seem to be an offshoot of the more "common" doppleganger, and there are numourous similarities between the two, the main being that they can change form to resemble the appearance of someone else. Whereas dopplegangers have control of this ability, Deathgangers seem drawn to people who have been close to death and are compelled to assume their form as a warning.

Deathganger

Hit Dice: 4
Armour Class: 5 [14]
Attacks: Fist (1d4) or as changed form.
Saving Throw: 13 (5 against magic)
Special: Death mimic, immune to sleep and charm spells
Move: 9
Alignment: Chaotic
Challenge Level/XP: 5/240

Deathgangers are immune to sleep and charm spells, and are considered magic resistant for purposes such as breaking through Wizard Lock and similar spells.

When in their natural form Deathgangers resemble pale but unremarkable human male or females, however when in the presence of someone who has recently come close to death they are compelled to assume their form, becoming an ill-omen.

A Deathganger will assume the form of someone:

- Who has been reduced to 0 or less hit points in the last week.
- Someone who has killed a person in the last week.
- Someone who has witnessed a death in the last week.

The circumstances above are listed in order of preference, if there are multiple candidates then a Deathganger will choose the form of a person reduced to 0 hit points over that of someone who has killed a person in the last week.

Once a person has witnessed a Deathganger wearing their form, for the next day they roll an additional 1d6 with any roll they make. If the d6 roll is 2–5 then nothing happens, a roll of 1 means that random bad luck and chance causes their action to fail or go badly, regardless of what the other dice might say. Once this has occurred the effect is ended.

Oddities

Leather Apron

The people of Lunden consume a vast amount of food and drink everyday, this demand keeps both brewers and butchers with a steady stream of employment. With demand for low price meat higher than ever before there have long been rumours of unscrupulous butchers turning to rats and other domestic animals as cheap sources of easily obtaining produce for their customers. None of these is more notorious than the one owned by the — once well regarded — butcher Thom Cutbush.

Growing up on the streets of Great Lunden, Thom was lucky enough to become apprentice to a master butcher; the lad showed a great deal of natural talent and quickly rose to become a staple of the Great Lunden meat industry. No-one is certain what first caused Thom to turn his attention away from animals and towards people as sources of meat, some say that his affections were spurned by a potential lover, whilst others say that the landlord of his butchery attempted to raise the rent higher than Thom was willing to pay.

Whatever the reason, once Thom had claimed his first victim he realised that he could use his shop to dispose of the evidence in a most ingenious manner, cutting up the bodies and selling them as meat. Eventually he was discovered when a customer found a tattoo on what they had assumed was a piece of pork

and Thom was dragged to be executed, still wearing his leather butchers apron.

Some of Thom's malevolent spirit and his death agonies were absorbed into the leather apron as he died along with the blood dribbling from his corpse. The apron was spirited away from the scene afterwards by a greedy spectator at the execution and has since passed hands half a dozen times, living wreck and ruin in its wake.

The apron is cursed and — once donned — cannot be removed without magical assistance, a person wearing it gains the following benefit:

- +1 bonus and 1d6 damage in melee attacks once blood has been split in a combat.

However — should the wearer of the apron be left alone with a member of the opposite sex — they must make a saving throw or the spirit of Thom Cutbush rises within them, causing them to attempt to slay the other person.

If the Saving Throw is failed then the wearer of the apron must attack their target to the best of their ability, attempting to kill them either until they succeed or they are rendered unconscious. Should the target manage to kill their attacker then the apron falls free and the target must make a Saving Throw or be compelled to put on the apron, becoming the next bearer of the curse.

Shroud of the Corpse Road

It is rumoured that — at the height of the Witch-hunters powers — so many people were being burned that — in order to prevent the spread of disease — an underground path was cleared through the sewers, allowing them to ferry the ashen bodies of the burnt safely to paupers graves outside the city. Whatever the truth of this, occasionally a Shroud of the Corpse Road surfaces. Always appearing as a dull, grey, shroud splattered with dark, vile liquids along its hem the shroud must be worn to be effective, a thoroughly unpleasant experience given the rank odour that permeates most of these vestments.

When it is worn a Shroud of the Corpse Road gives the following bonuses:

- The shroud-wearer always counts as being in *Careful Mode* for the purposes of modifiers, even when in *Pursuit Mode* (see page 167 (for sewers), and page 176 of this book (for streets), and page 177 of ***The City of Great Lunden*** book for rooftops).
- Grates and gateways into and out of the sewer automatically open for the shroud-wearer. No key, Open Doors, or Open Locks rolls are required (see page 168 for details).

Frozen Duck Head

There is an old story about a famous explorer returning from oversea who was greatly favoured by the Queen, named Sir Francis Duck the explorer sought a way to preserve the poultry that he was so enamoured of. Sir Francis hit on the idea of packing the poultry in the winter snows that fall on Lunden, unfortunately he was caught outside during a freakishly heavy snowstorm and — if the rumour is correct — frozen to death with a preserved duck tucked under one arm. Since then a number of withered, frozen duck heads (that seem to resist thawing regardless of the weather) have shown up, granting strange properties to the person carrying them.

A person carrying a frozen duck head gains the following benefit:

- They are at no risk of tripping or falling on snow or ice.
- Condition modifiers for snow or ice can be ignored during rooftop, sewer, and street chases.

Frozen duck heads are notoriously difficult to damage and stubbornly refuse to thaw regardless of the ambient temperature, however, if they are deliberately exposed to actual fire (or the person carrying them takes more than a point of damage from fire) then the ducks head will melt away to nothing.

OGL

Product Identity: The following items are hereby identified as Product Identity, as defined in the Open Game License 1.0a, Section 1(e), and are not Open Content: All trademarks, registered trademarks, proper names (characters, deities, etc.), dialogue, plots, storylines, locations, characters, artworks, and trade dress. (Elements that have previously been designated as Open Game Content are not included in this declaration.)

Open Content: Except for material designated as Product Identity (see above), the game mechanics of this game product are Open Game Content, as defined in the Open Game License version 1.0a Section 1(d). No portion of this work other than the material designated as Open Game Content may be reproduced in any form without written permission.

OPEN GAME LICENSE Version 1.0a

The following text is the property of Wizards of the Coast, Inc. and is Copyright 2000 Wizards of the Coast, Inc ("Wizards"). All Rights Reserved.

1. Definitions: (a)"Contributors" means the copyright and/or trademark owners who have contributed Open Game Content; (b)"Derivative Material" means copyrighted material including derivative works and translations (including into other computer languages), potation, modification, correction, addition, extension, upgrade, improvement, compilation, abridgment or other form in which an existing work may be recast, transformed or adapted; (c) "Distribute" means to reproduce, license, rent, lease, sell, broadcast, publicly display, transmit or otherwise distribute; (d)"Open Game Content" means the game mechanic and includes the methods, procedures, processes and routines to the extent such content does not embody the Product Identity and is an enhancement over the prior art and any additional content clearly identified as Open Game Content by the Contributor, and means any work covered by this License, including translations and derivative works under copyright law, but specifically excludes Product Identity. (e) "Product Identity" means product and product line names, logos and identifying marks including trade dress; artifacts; creatures characters; stories, storylines, plots, thematic elements, dialogue, incidents, language, artwork, symbols, designs, depictions, likenesses, formats, poses, concepts, themes and graphic, photographic and other visual or audio representations; names and descriptions of characters, spells, enchantments, personalities, teams, personas, likenesses and special abilities; places, locations, environments, creatures, equipment, magical or supernatural abilities or effects, logos, symbols, or graphic designs; and any other trademark or registered trademark clearly identified as Product identity by the owner of the Product Identity, and which specifically excludes the Open Game Content; (f) "Trademark" means the logos, names, mark, sign, motto, designs that are used by a Contributor to identify itself or its products or the associated products contributed to the Open Game License by the Contributor (g) "Use", "Used" or "Using" means to use, Distribute, copy, edit, format, modify, translate and otherwise create Derivative Material of Open Game Content. (h) "You" or "Your" means the licensee in terms of this agreement.

2. The License: This License applies to any Open Game Content that contains a notice indicating that the Open Game Content may only be Used under and in terms of this License. You must affix such a notice to any Open Game Content that you Use. No terms may be added to or subtracted from this License except as described by the License itself. No other terms or conditions may be applied to any Open Game Content distributed using this License.

3. Offer and Acceptance: By Using the Open Game Content You indicate Your acceptance of the terms of this License.

4. Grant and Consideration: In consideration for agreeing to use this License, the Contributors grant You a perpetual, worldwide, royalty-free, non-exclusive license with the exact terms of this License to Use, the Open Game Content.

5. Representation of Authority to Contribute: If You are contributing original material as Open Game Content, You represent that Your Contributions are Your original creation and/or You have sufficient rights to grant the rights conveyed by this License.

6. Notice of License Copyright: You must update the COPYRIGHT NOTICE portion of this License to include the exact text of the COPYRIGHT NOTICE of any Open Game Content You are copying, modifying or distributing, and You must add the title, the copyright date, and the copyright holder's name to the

COPYRIGHT NOTICE of any original Open Game Content you Distribute.

7. Use of Product Identity: You agree not to Use any Product Identity, including as an indication as to compatibility, except as expressly licensed in another, independent Agreement with the owner of each element of that Product Identity. You agree not to indicate compatibility or co-adaptability with any Trademark or Registered Trademark in conjunction with a work containing Open Game Content except as expressly licensed in another, independent Agreement with the owner of such Trademark or Registered Trademark. The use of any Product Identity in Open Game Content does not constitute a challenge to the ownership of that Product Identity. The owner of any Product Identity used in Open Game Content shall retain all rights, title and interest in and to that Product Identity.

8. Identification: If you distribute Open Game Content You must clearly indicate which portions of the work that you are distributing are Open Game Content.

9. Updating the License: Wizards or its designated Agents may publish updated versions of this License. You may use any authorized version of this License to copy, modify and distribute any Open Game Content originally distributed under any version of this License.

10. Copy of this License: You MUST include a copy of this License with every copy of the Open Game Content You Distribute.

11. Use of Contributor Credits: You may not market or advertise the Open Game Content using the name of any Contributor unless You have written permission from the Contributor to do so.

12. Inability to Comply: If it is impossible for You to comply with any of the terms of this License with respect to some or all of the Open Game Content due to statute, judicial order, or governmental regulation then You may not Use any Open Game Material so affected.

13. Termination: This License will terminate automatically if You fail to comply with all terms herein and fail to cure such breach within 30 days of becoming aware of the breach. All sublicenses shall survive the termination of this License.

14. Reformation: If any provision of this License is held to be unenforceable, such provision shall be reformed only to the extent necessary to make it enforceable.

15. COPYRIGHT NOTICE

Open Game License v 1.0a. © 2000, Wizards of the Coast, Inc.

System Reference Document. Copyright 2000-2003, Wizards of the Coast, Inc.; Authors Jonathan Tweet, Monte Cook, Skip Williams, Rich Baker, Andy Collins, David Noonan, Rich Redman, Bruce R. Cordell, John D. Rateliff, Thomas Reid, James Wyatt, based on original material by E. Gary Gygax and Dave Arneson.

Swords & Wizardry Core Rules. Copyright 2008, Matthew J. Finch

Swords & Wizardry Complete Rules. Copyright 2010, Matthew J. Finch

The Midderlands. © 2017, Glynn Seal (MonkeyBlood Design/MBD Publishing); Authors: Glynn Seal, Edwin Nagy and Mark Nolan.

The Midderlands Expanded. © 2018, Glynn Seal (MonkeyBlood Design & Publishing); Authors: Glynn Seal, Edwin Nagy and Mark Nolan.

The Midderlands - Rivers & Lakes. © 2018, Glynn Seal (MonkeyBlood Design & Publishing); Authors: Glynn Seal, Edwin Nagy and Mark Nolan.

Midderzine Issue #1. © 2018, Glynn Seal (MonkeyBlood Design & Publishing); Authors: Glynn Seal, Edwin Nagy and Mark Nolan.

Midderzine Issue #2. © 2018, Glynn Seal (MonkeyBlood Design & Publishing); Authors: Glynn Seal, Edwin Nagy and Mark Nolan.

The City of Great Lunden. © 2019, Glynn Seal (MonkeyBlood Design & Publishing); Authors: Glynn Seal.

Adventures in Great Lunden. © 2019, Glynn Seal (MonkeyBlood Design & Publishing); Authors: Peter Day, John Large, Richard Marpole, Edwin Nagy, Mark Nolan, and Phil Owen.

Index

A

abscythe... 3
Alchemicals... 61
Alley... 174
Amber De'Gerys Shop... 66, 69, **85**
Aqua Fortis... **44**
Assassin... 166, 167, 174, 176
Avenue... 174
Avenue of Joy... 94, 151
Aye, Rob... 38, **46**

B

Bank of Havenland... 21, 24
barge... 111
Barry the Bastard... 115
Beast of Hackney Marsh, The. **183**
Bell, Amelia... 80
Berlam, Lady Hieronyma... 3
Big Bob... **159**
Black, Mr. 142, 144, **145**, 155-158, 161, 162
Bladder Road... 96
Bleachskull Road... 111
Bob... **83**
Bodyguards... 69
bonnet... 154, 155
Borderlands... 150
Broggel of Yawmouth... 3
Byway... 174

C

Cairndyff... 151
Captain's Ring... 74
Careful Mode 166-169, 174, 176-178, 180, 187
Ceremonial Guard... **26**
Cesspit... 165
Chalk... 166, 167
Charles' Shop... 66, 69, **90**
Church of Gael... 47
City Map... 174
Clan Krumpbell 141, 155, 160, 162
Clan Stubvert... 141, 160, 162
Clan Stubvert Bodyguard... 161
Clopetra's Needle... 101
Credits... **1**
Cultist's Safehouse... 66, **77**, 90
Cultists... **79**
Cutbush, Thom... 186

D

Dark, Darwen... 147, 148
Darkvision... 166, 167
Dave the Dip... **149**
Davies, Jillian... 130
De'Gerys, Amber... 64, 76, **86**
Dead End... 174
Deathganger... **185**
Deerings, Sergeant Jeffrey.. 41, 128
deNork, Travis... 107
Devern... 153
Dogmaster Jenna... 135
Door Street... 117
doppelganger... 127, 131
doppelgangers... 140
Dourgul... 39
Dourgul's House... **100**, 104
Drunken Mob... **148**
DuLaine. Patricia... 126
Durward Street... 150, **154**

E

Earring of Command... 103
Entombed Priest... **140**
Excess equipment... 167, 176
Excess Equipment... 166, 175
Eye of Morpheus... **160**, **161**

F

Fairbarn, Silas... 3
Fanatic
  Transformed... **80**
  Vile Transformed... **84**
Fang... 145
Farthing, Miles... 21, **30**
Faruch... 63
Festival of the Six-fold Gods 129, 140
Fetid Otter, The... 115
Filth Fever... **51**
Fistings, Captain Pallus 41, 125, 127
Foulwater... 165
Fullmead's Beggar's Downfall... 29

G

Gael... 57
Gael's Sanctuary... **114**
Garbett, Jarsen... 3
Gardeners of Walshale, The... 3
Gaulandia... 157
George's Yard... **154**
Ghostly Gripe, The... **50**
Ginger Clipper, The 141, 142, 144, 147, 155, 158-160, 162
Glass Bottle, The... **113**
Glass Mastiff... **130**
gloombug lantern 29, 35, 76, 165-167, 170
gloombugs... 28
gloomium 94, 105, 125-130, 134, 138
Gloom-touched Ghouls... **137**
Goblinspit Canal... 102
Golden Bar of Clopetra... 23, **35**
goman... 104, 165, 166, 169, 170
Goman... 10
Good, Ellen... 38, **43**
Good, Mary... 59
Great Thameswater Estuary... 7
Great Thameswater River 93, 111, 165
Great Thameswater Street... 64
Green Dragon Inn... 147, **158**, 159
Green-crested bottlejack... 81
Green-crested Bottlejack... 32
Greywall Street... 102
Grinder, The... **48**
Guards... 116
Gunthorpe Street... 154

H

Hanbury Street... 151, 153
Harris, Lilly... **151**, 154
Harrow Midden... **110**
Havenland Abbey... 125, 126, 136
Healy, Charles... 64, **79**
Hearts Bane... **80**
Henrique Street... 154
hexicallia 125-131, 133, **134**, 135, 136, 140
Highland Ranger... 155
Hog's Emporium... 69
Humbolt, Master Lester... 126

I

Ich'thal... 127, 130
Illingsford, Martha... 129

J

Jade Mandolin Inn **142**, 143, 149, 155-157
Jim... **83**
Jock the Clipper... **160**

K

Kev... 98, **99**
Key of Truth... **68**
King Oculon III... 39
Kneecap Brothers... 23
Knockers... **112**

L

Lady Bess... **103**
Lady Bess's Urchins... **103**
Lamphole... 165
Larizzo, Marcus... 135
Lesser Havenland Night Goblins **46**
Liquid Spider... **34**
Little Thameswater River... 107
Little Tim... **146**, 158
Little Warker Gang Member... **147**
Little Warkers, The... 147
Longspear House... 96
Lucky Bazaar... 65, 69, 71, 91
Lucky Turnip Inn... 66, 73, **75**
Lunden Mob, The... 175
Lunden Pride... 159
lycanthropes... 140

M

Mackabuty, Eston... 126, 129
Mackey, Barry... 93, 114, **115**
Mackey, Michael... **92**
Mahad, Ullasar... **68**
Mallory, Bishop Vincent... **42**
  Dwelling... **56**
  Guards... **58**
Margret... 65, **70**
Margret's Room... 65, 70
Marquis de Door... **185**
Masters College... 126
mastiffs... 106
Maurais, Bernard... **40**, **42**
May, Maggie... **156**
McAlwayne, Seer... 126, **128**, 136
McConnell, Shrew... 113

mephistophael witchpig deck.... 31
Messen Road..... 24
Midden Lane..... 96
midderfog..... 151, 157, 162
Midnite Jack..... 110, **111**
Miles Farthing Lending..... 21, **26**
Miles' Guards..... **26**
Millers Court..... 150, 155, **156**
Miss Munging's Boarding House 150
Mitre Street..... 151, **154**
Moorcock, Lord Tolbein..... 40
Morgan, John..... **153**, 154
mouseling..... 150
Mr Elvett..... 89
Mrs Elvett..... 69
Mrs Elvett's Room..... 66, **89**
mud cow..... 92, 159
Murder Pool..... **184**

N

Netherwark Gazette..... 158
Nightsbane, Sandra..... **101**
Nightways Runners..... 149
Nook, Thespin..... 3

O

Oddities..... 186
Frozen Duck Head..... **188**
Leather Apron..... **186**
Shroud of the Corpse Road 187
OGL..... **189**
Old Graveyard..... **107**
Old Mother Jane. 66, 70, **87**, **88**, 90
Oldenwale..... 151
oorgthrax..... 138
O'Rourke, Molly..... **150**, **154**

P

Peeker..... 6, 68
Peeker Dogmaster..... 21
Peekers 21, 38, **41**, 75, 89, 90, 106, 112, 126, 142, 154, 157, 166
Peekers Guardtower..... 125, 127
Periwinkle Museum..... 104
Periwinkle, Christopher..... 105
Phabbul..... 100
Pig-Newt..... 9
Pirett Cart Hire..... **109**
Pirett, Miles..... 109
Piscacean..... 3
Pisskin's Gambling House..... 31
Polk Lenses and Fine Glass..... 65
Pursuit Mode 167-169, 172, 176-178, 180, 187

Q

Queen..... 31
Queen's Road..... 101
Queen's Theatre, The..... **116**

R

ratdogs..... 108
red herring..... 93, 96, 113, **120**
redlure stickleback..... 138
Riffendom, Matthew..... 128
Rill, Jadon..... 99
Ring of Blending..... 101
Royal Court..... 141, 162
Royal Palace..... 101

S

Salty Crust..... 38, 48, **59**
Scantling, John..... 75
Scrappers Guild..... **45**, 49
scratchings..... 144, 153
Screep, Master Sweep Jeremiah. 25
Scrotland... 141, 150, 154, 155, 158
Secret Garden, The..... **96**
Sewage..... 165
Sewer Actions..... **168**
Risky Sewer Actions..... 169
Safe Sewer Actions..... 168
Summary..... 171
Sewer Chase..... 172
sewer crocodile, two-headed..... 10
Sewer Gripe..... 38, 47
Sewer Hazards..... **169**
sewer map..... 167, 174
Sewer Map..... 166
Sewerage..... 165
Sewershifter's Union..... **51**
Sharp Street..... 105
Shortwright, Jim..... **32**
Six-fold Gods.... 127, 129, 134, 140
Skeleton..... **108**
Slugskin..... 24
Smith, Mister..... 23
Smith, Ray..... 84
South Road..... 94
Spiedding, Sir Avid.. 144, **145**, 162
Spring-heeled Jock..... **182**
spugmunch jasper..... 96
Squires, Verity..... 3
Star Rooms..... 143, 153
Storm overflow..... 165
Stormwater..... 165
Street Actions..... **177**
Risky Street Actions..... 177
Safe Street Actions..... 177
Summary..... 179
Street Chase..... **180**
Street Hazards..... **178**
Sunrise Alley..... **117**
Syples, Alicia..... 128

T

tartan..... 154-157, 159-162
Tennant, Tessa..... 3
The Mad Queen, *See* Queen Elspeth IV
thief..... 178
Thief..... 166, 167, 174, 176
Thundercrack..... 153
Tiburst, Boris..... 92
Trader's Captain..... **74**
Traders, The..... **71**
Trask, Fred..... 93, 95, **96**, 115
Trickle, The..... 107

U

Ullasar's amulet..... 64, 68, 83, 90
Ullasar's Amulet..... **84**
Ullasar's fake amulet..... 68, **87**
Undead Shark..... **139**
Urban Legends..... **182**

W

Wainwright, William 'Bill'..... **106**
Wainwright's Scrap..... 105
Wainwright's Smeltery..... 105
Wards
Bileward..... 38, 49
Bishopsgate..... 114
Blackgate..... 49, 113
Brothenward..... 38
Ferry..... 156
Greyfettle..... 117
Marketgate..... 6
Nether Scalehithe..... 65, 71
Netherwark..... 142, 146
Silvergate..... 7, 21
Tomegate..... 126
Wart Goblins..... **39**
Warthook Road..... 87
Welcome Hole, The..... **98**
witchfinder..... 3
witchfinders..... 110
Witchfinders..... 40
WitchPig 150, 151, 153, 155, 157, 158, 161
Wulsi..... **43**, 56
Wychward Misfits..... 147
Wynegard, 'Tubs'..... 128
Wythinghall, Joseph..... **40**, **44**

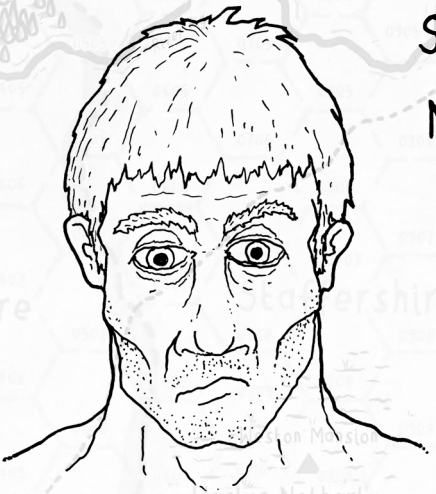
Z

Zal'Ferou..... 65, 71, **73**
Zal'Galin..... 65, 71, **73**





Some Quick NPC Faces













Notes


Blithen Dam
Energy Stones
Rudgley
Three Rivers
Allraess
Lassing Water
Netherseal
River Seal
Stone Ring
Burnwood
Triplespire Cathedral
Leechfield
Norton Wood
Whorle
The Wattle Road
River Wort
Tamewort Cast.
Tamewort
Cairn Nook
Burial Ground
Shalestone
The Fingerpost
The Attax
Leyswood
Shelfold
Alderwych
The Sharpe Inn
Blacken Rock
Suttham Oldfeld

Notes


Staffleford
Two Goblins
Troutdeep River
River Pig
Staffershire
River Pagridge
Weston Mansion
Weston Netherly
Gayley's Mere
Snail Pond
Shifhall
Middlemoor Gaol
Fetterstone
Ironbridge
Bognock Windmill
Wolfhorton
Wylenhall
Lock Works

Notes