

The
Midderlands
Compatible



The City of Great Lunden

A City Setting for use with any Old School Games

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Fully compatible with The Midderlands setting material

In the daylight hours, the folk of the city of Great Lunden bustle through the drizzle, going about their lives and trades. They either know to avoid those wards and streets that are alive with pickpockets, street brawls, puking drunkards, muggings, and murder – or they are picking pockets, brawling, puking, mugging, or murdering. This is the capital city of the Haven Isles and those that come here get streetwise quickly. Then, the night comes. As the barely-seen sun sets over the myriad of tiled and thatched rooftops, Great Lunden is plunged into a dangerous, dark green gloom.

In the Royal Palace, Queen Elspeth IV's mood matches the night. The Mad Queen, as she is known, is fickle and paranoid. Her hatred of gossips and enemy spies, as well as her tantrums, spread fear amongst her court. Dukes and duchesses quiver as she glowers at them through half-closed eyes. The death of one of their number is always a possibility when her ire is invoked or a whim overcomes her.

The queen and her minions are not the only danger within the city. On the cobbled streets, the corrupt city guard – known as the 'Peekers' – patrol the gloombug lantern-lit city wards looking for timid souls to bully.

Unmentionable horrors lurk in the sewers below the narrow alleys and streets. Assassins sneak across the Nightways of the precipitous rooftops above. And beyond the beryl glow, where shadows stretch, lurk things that are hungry.



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MBD027

CONTAINS

STRONG

LANGUAGE

Author: Glynn Seal.

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Guild Masters

The great midfolk listed below, backed this book and succumbed to the foulness of the Stitched Flesh. For that huge service to the guilds, and Her Royal Majesty, Elspeth IV, Queen of all Havenland, they are remembered here forever (in backer number order):

Jeff "Sage" Trisoliere,
Angus Abranson,
Todd Stephens,
Morgan Hazel,
Robin Johannessen,
Richard W. Sorden,
Patrick P.,
Argamae,
Michael G. Potter,
A J Robinson-Hamilton,
Alan Bahr,
Chainsaw,
Brian Renninger,
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James ME Patterson,
Richard Mullens,
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Richer – Scion of the
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Jeff Scifert,
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John Eternal,
Dave "Lenslo" Wright,
Mark Featherston,
Pete Day,
Turan,
Diana L. Thomas,
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Samuel "DMSamuel" Dillon,
Karen Johnson,
Zach Glazar,
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Brother Tom,
Leopold Goldimire,
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Introduction

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CREDITS

Cartography, Layout, and Project

Management: Glynn Seal.

Text: Glynn Seal.

Art: Jim Magnusson, Juan Ochoa, Steven Punter, and Glynn Seal.

Editing: Matthew Pook.

Ideas Man: Philip Owen.

Additional Trades: JK Hep, John Large, Lee Luke, and Jim Magnusson.

Immortality: Jeff "Sage" Trisoliere

Printing: Gavin Leitch.

Special Mentions: Thanks for the love and support to Catherine, Matthew, and James; Sandra and Tony; Dawn and Steve; Dan, Jake, and Hannah.

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Also, thanks to all the fans, Google+ (RIP), MeWe, Facebook, and Twitter followers who shared, posted, and spread the gloom-laced words, the respective tabletop gaming communities, and finally... Anyone I have rather embarrassingly missed...

Shout Outs!

Bud's RPG Review

(www.youtube.com/c/budsrpgreview)

D101 Games (<http://d101games.com/>)

Frog God Games

(<http://www.froggodgames.com/>)

Hobbs & Friends of the OSR

(<http://hobbsnfriends.com/>)

Lamentations of the Flame Princess

(<http://www.lotfp.com/RPG/>)

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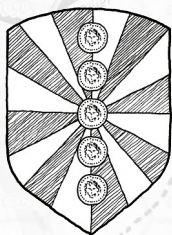
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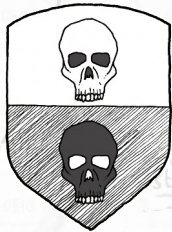


SOME HISTORY

When I was fifteen years old, I ruled a city in a well-known land originally imagined by Fritz Leiber. Well, my characters did. Elcrand and Kildrellan were my childhood overpowered, fantasy superheroes. My friend, Jamie, ran solo games for me at weekends, and we had great fun.

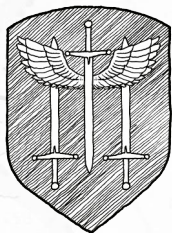
The adventures around that city specifically, and a later one from another world setting released in 1987, are rooted deep in my memories. A dungeon of alleyway corridors filled with rooms of shops and dwellings.

This book is my homage to those days, and the fascination with the myriad adventures available in a detailed urban sprawl.

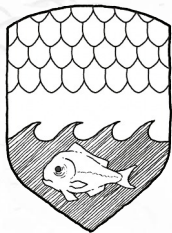


WHAT IS THIS BOOK?

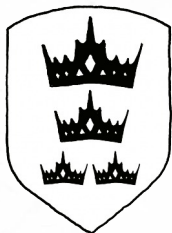
Well, it is essentially two things. First, it is a book that details the city of Great Lunden, the capital of Havenland from the pages of The Middelands roleplaying setting. Second, it is a city setting book you can drop in and use in any campaign world, not just The Middelands. So, you can use it without any other of The Middelands books or information and take the bits you want and discard the rest. For the most part, any references to the other books will be noted. The book is — more correctly — The Middelands compatible.



This is the third 'The Middelands' book. The first book detailed the small setting area known as The Middelands, the central region of a kingdom known as the Haven Isles, whilst the second book explored further by expanding out to the whole of the Haven Isles and several of the bordering countries.



Like every setting though, The Middelands needs a living, breathing, wondrous, and dangerous city in which to explore the height of civility and the depths of depravity. The city has the well-deserved reputation of being an often-violent and bloody place, but at times it can be surprisingly endearing to those that visit often and avoid the darker alleys. That is what this book is — a city setting book.



In the daylight hours, the folk of the city of Great Lunden bustle through the drizzle, going about their lives and trades. They either know to avoid those wards and streets that are alive with pickpockets, street brawls, puking drunkards, muggings, and

murder — or they are picking pockets, brawling, puking, mugging, or murdering. This is the capital city of the Haven Isles and those that come here get streetwise quickly. Then, the night comes. As the barely-seen sun sets over the myriad of tiled and thatched rooftops, Great Lunden is plunged into a dangerous, dark green gloom.

In the Royal Palace, Queen Elspeth IV's mood matches the night. The Mad Queen, as she is known, is fickle and paranoid. Her hatred of gossips and enemy spies, as well as her tantrums, spread fear amongst her court. Dukes and duchesses quiver as she glowers at them through half-closed eyes. The execution of one of their number is always a possibility when her ire is invoked or a whim overcomes her.

The queen and her minions are not the only danger within the city. On the cobbled streets, the corrupt city guard — known as the 'Peekers' — patrol the gloombug lantern-lit city wards looking for timid souls to bully. Unmentionable horrors lurk in the sewers below the narrow alleys and streets. Assassins sneak across the Nightways of the precipitous rooftops above. And beyond the beryl glow, where shadows stretch, lurk things that are hungry.

To walk the streets at night is to openly invite trouble.



The City

HISTORY

For most of the inhabitants of the Haven Isles, history is just stories that happened and not for the likes of them, whilst the great and the good are taught some of it, they either forget it or celebrate it to their own politic ends. For example, Queen Elspeth often invokes the name of Queen Boodlica when it comes to defending the realm. Much of the Haven Isles' recorded history is told in dusty old tomes confined to the libraries of the colleges and universities where they are of interest to scholars or to the libraries of noble collectors who mostly have them for show. Of Great Lunden's history, books such as *Orbis Gomani Patriae* by Mary Whimplehut (Mrs.) and *Gomans Go Home: A History of the Haven Isles* by Sir Swinston Bull, tell of settlements of the Haven peoples that existed near where the city now stands, long before the coming of the Gomans some two thousand or so years ago. The area was said to be ruled by a barbarian man-giant called, Bogamog. Eventually, he was thrown from the cliffs on the coast by an invader from the east known as Brute of the Torks. No-one remembers what happened to him.

The area around these settlements, as well as the Haven Isles as a whole, was scarred by many battles between the warring Haven tribes, and even invaders from across the seas, but the lands remained largely unchanged supporting a spread of settlements and farms under the domain of their regional tribe elders. Only one

woman seemed to be able to get the tribes under control when a larger peril threatened — Queen Boodlica, Queen of the Havens.

It was not until the Gomans arrived, that an area by the river was fortified and named Lundenium, much to the consternation of Boodlica. She, and later her descendants, united and led the Havenlanders against the vermilion menace of the Gomans. They battled often and viciously for almost half a millennium, until the Gomans realised they had stretched themselves a bit far, pissed off too many people in the process, and ultimately got a bit bored with it all and fucked off back to their homelands in Italica.

Much of the infrastructure built during their time remains in some form, whether it be crumbling sewers, worn roadways, half-buried ruins, or constantly rebuilt buildings, you do not have to dig too far down to uncover a shard of old red goman pottery, roof tile, or worked stone to be repurposed for something else.

The city of Great Lunden is no different. Its roads, inner ward fortifications, and main bridge are legacies of the Goman Empire that founded it. Only nowadays, the city has become much bigger, arguably less well-maintained, and more dangerous to the uninitiated.

DAY VERSUS NIGHT

Great Lunden suffers from the pains of any large city. During the day, the cobbled streets of the inner wards are a bustle of people making a living — legally or otherwise. Shouting, talking, whistling,

coughing, retching, hammers clanking, tradesmen banging, merchants selling, noises of animals, music, rainwater spilling from overhanging rooftops, bells tolling, clocks chiming, and wagon wheels on cobbles are among the abundance of sounds to be heard echoing between the closely packed, mostly timber-framed structures. The smells of baking bread, spilled ale, chimney smoke, cooking meat, vegetable broths, tanning leather, animal blood, exotic perfumes, vomit, shit, piss, damp, patchouli, lavender, body odour, and sweat can all be detected should anyone take the time to stop and sniff the air.

The sounds and smells of the day change when the sun sets. It is dangerous at night and most of the folk that have been creating noise and odours during the day retreat indoors. They lock their doors, shutter their windows, and pray to their gods. They bring their animals inside or securely lock them in their coops or cages. Then they withdraw to their beds, hide under their covers, and hope that the morning will come quickly.

Now, all that said, many folks still wander the streets at night. Many have business that occurs when the sun sets — ladies and gentlemen of pleasure, burglars, thieves, muggers, Peekers, gloombuggers, messengers, inn and tavern keepers, and fishermen to name but a few. Whilst many of the dangers of the nightly hours are of a 'folk' origin, there are also dread things that lurk at night. Some come to the city to hunt, but others live here. They shun the daylight hours and hide in dark recesses such as in piles of detritus at the end of alleys, in cold lofts, in warm

chimney stacks, in the sewer tunnels beneath the streets, in forgotten cellars, and in the shallow earth of herb gardens. When the darkness descends, they come to life — yawning with their spine-filled maws, stretching their sinuous tentacles, and wiping sleep from their multitude of eyes. As the night draws on, the body count and number of disappearances rises.

Games Master's Note: When running adventures in the city during the day, they can be what you would expect within a large late-medieval city. Most people stay in at night, and you can use NPCs to suggest the danger at night with things such as, *"No, I'll be staying safe indoors tonight, thank you. Night-time in the city is for crazy folk."* or *"Are you mad? Old Master Jones was murdered in Tomegate four nights ago — they only found his head and one arm! Wait 'til daylight, you maniac."*

Lighting

The main streets and thoroughfares of the Inner Wards are lined with gloombug lanterns, and reliably maintained by the Gloombuggers by royal decree. The alleyways and backstreets are less illuminated, as those tend to be the responsibility of the business and dwelling owners.

The Outer Wards only tend to have gloombug lanterns on the main streets that head in towards the main city, such as Rotten Street and Helm's Ford Road that leads north east out of Silvergate. Secondary roads and alleys are rarely lit, unless lanterns have been hung outside by the property owners themselves.

ACCENTS & WORDS

For those of you that do all the voices... The first *The Middelands* book made mention of the use of the Middelands regional accent and words used, which can be continued to be used by all those that live in the Haven Isles, and the city, if you so wish it.

Check the Internet for 'rhyming slang' or other London accents to see how to portray the city's NPCs. Most people would know how the Queen and royal court might talk, and also the more common accents of the east end, such as "Eer, Gav'na!" (Here, Governor!)

Rhyming slang makes a great language for thieves and assassins, or other secretive guilds. As an example of rhyming slang, here are some phrases that could be constructed by selecting one or more setting-relevant words and have them rhyme with a more common word or phrase. See sidebar.

Then just use the non-rhyming part (or the whole) of the setting word in the sentence to replace the common word. For example,

- "He took a sewer (gripe) at my equinian (mace)." — "He took a swipe at my face."
- "I was so feckin' netherwark (ward), I city(folk)'d a bear." — "I was so feckin' bored, I poked a bear."
- "He was well copper (hayp'nee) after that ale" — "He was well jolly after that ale."

Great Lunden Rhyming Slang

• Sewer gripe	— swipe
• Equinian mace	— face
• Netherwark ward	— bored
• Queen's Royal Guard	— petard
• City folk	— poke
• Copper hayp'nee	— jolly
• Old Man Kenny	— tin penny
• Brass tupp'unce	— once
• Silver shillin'	— filling
• Bronze florin	— borrowing
• Iron twen'ee	— angry
• Electrum haff-quid	— slid
• Gold quid	— rid (free of)
• Platinum fiver	— diver
• Middium groat	— throat
• Gloomium ingot	— slingshot
• Fullmead's Headbanger	— anger
• Wart Goblin eye	— pie

- "That'll be two Old Mans (Kennys) for the Wart (Goblin eye)." — "That'll be two tin pennies for the pie."
- "He was a bit iron (Twen'ee), so he left a Queen's (Royal Guard) outside his door" — "He was a bit angry, so he left a petard outside his door."

WARD HERALDRY

Each of the wards uses its own heraldic design to identify it, a symbol emblazoned on the tabards of the Peekers, displayed above a shop, dangling from street bunting, or waving as pennants outside the ward gates. Those that live in the wards see it as a mark of pride, a symbol that identifies them as belonging to something. Woe betide anyone that disrespects the ward or its heraldry!

Bileward (Inner)



Bishopsgate (Inner)



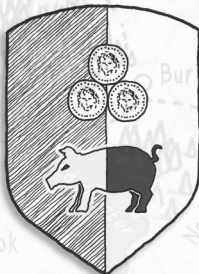
Blackgate (Inner)



Brothward (Inner)



Marketgate (Inner)



Messenward (Inner)



Queensgate (Inner)



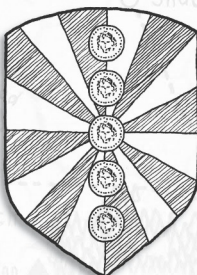
Rotterhithe (Inner)



Scalehithe (Inner)



Silvergate (Inner)



Tomegate (Inner)



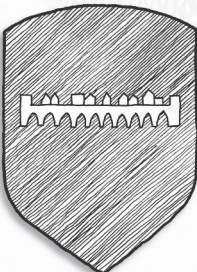
Queen's Estate



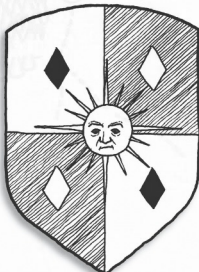
Aldersgate (Outer)



Bridgetown (Outer)



Cripplegate (Outer)



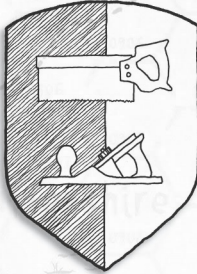
Dead Ward (Outer)



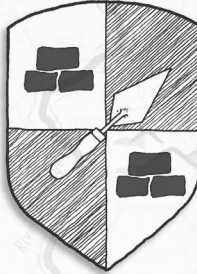
Ferry Ward (Outer)



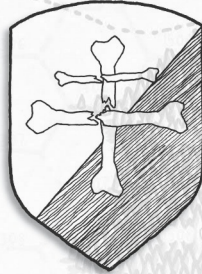
Greyfettle Ward (Outer)



Hackle Ward (Outer)



Hamlet Ward (Outer)



Harrow Ward (Outer)



Hyde Ward (Outer)



Midden Ward (Outer)



Swordsgate Ward (Outer)



Towerside Ward (Outer)



Croppenward (Outer)



Netherwark Ward (Outer)



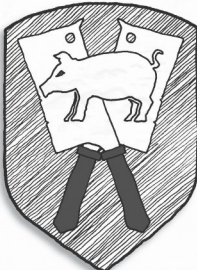
Nether Scalehithe Ward (Outer)



Scumling Ward (Outer)



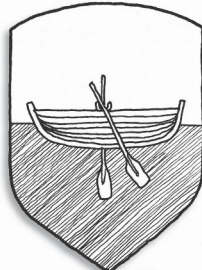
Slaughter Ward (Outer)



Swine Ward (Outer)



Wychward (Outer)



GOVERNMENT AND TAXES

Government

The Queen

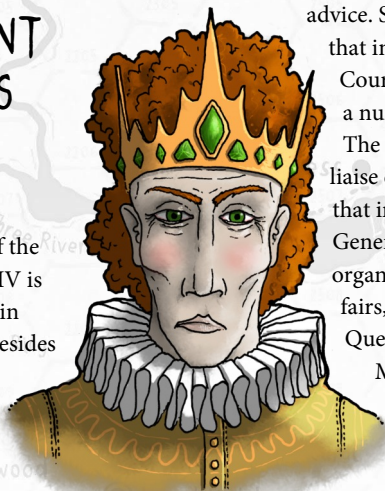
With the exception of the gods, Queen Elspeth IV is the highest authority in Havenland, and she resides predominantly in Great Lunden, switching her time between the Tower of Great Lunden and

The Royal Palace. That is of course when she is not out making heavily-guarded public appearances at executions of traitors or out in secret meeting with Lady Essenwold or Sir Longspear.

She is also known as The Mad Queen, on account of her fickle nature, vicious temper, and desire to keep her crown at all costs. That she wears her makeup too pale with rouged cheeks and has six-fingered hands is by the by, for none would dare to suggest that the queen is odd in any way.

The Ten

Queen Elspeth's Royal Court is a nest of vipers, scandal, and one-upmanship, led by those dukes and duchesses that attend, several of whom over the years have unsuccessfully vied for the Queen's hand. The Queen despairs of her dukes and duchesses and their infighting, regarding them as being outside her sphere of influence and rarely turning to them for

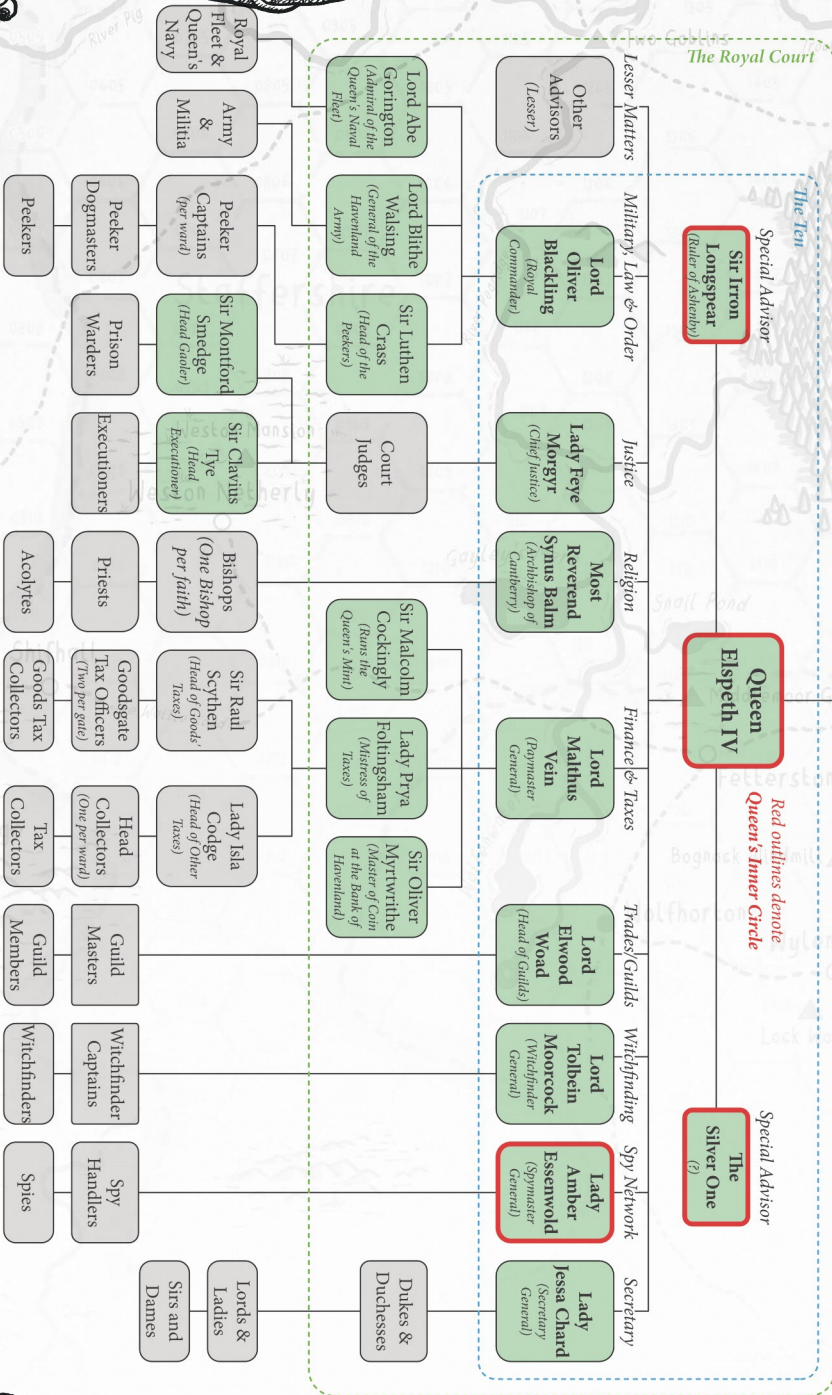


Queen Elspeth IV

advice. She jokingly calls the circle that includes them the Unroyal Court. Instead, she relies upon a number of trusted advisors — The Ten. Rarely, the Queen will liaise directly with lesser advisors that include the Tourneys General Sir Innis Loth, who organises tourneys and royal fairs, and the General of the Queen's Estate Sir Tristan Muith who manages the Queen's land and estates.

The Ten, as they are known, are as follows:

- **Lord Oliver Blackling** — The Queen's Marshal, Lord Blackling is a veteran of the wars against Gaulandia and Espaneria. White-haired, with a scar running from his ear down his neck, Blackling is never seen out of plate mail over which he wears a tabard emblazoned with a golden royal crest. Blackling is in charge of Havenlands' army and navy; he also oversees the Peekers.
- **Lady Feye Morgyr** — Lady Morgyr is the Chief Justice. She presides over the country's notoriously draconic judicial system under which even minor crimes are disproportionately punished.
- **Most Reverend Synus Balm** — The highest-ranking religious figure in Havenland, The one-eyed Most Reverend Synus Balm is the Voice of the Gods. Whilst dedicated to Gael personally, Synus represents all the faiths of Havenland, even the bad



ones — as they all have their place in the world.

- **Lord Malthus Vein** — Malthus is the Royal Treasurer overseeing the country's finances and taxes, ensuring that his underlings collect every single copper coin owed to them, and more if they can get it.
- **Lord Elwood Woad** — Lord Woad oversees the guilds of the city, and in some cases, further afield.
- **Lord Tolbein Moorcock** — Witchfinder General. Lord Moorcock is a fierce foe of witches, warlocks, and devilry. He seeks to destroy those who use arcane ways and actively pursues the followers dedicated to Mephistophael and Old Hobb.
- **Lady Amber Essenwold** — The Queen's Spymaster General. Refer to *The Middelands Expanded* (page 38).
- **Lady Jessa Chard** — The Queen's Secretary General. Handles the Queen's personal diary. Somewhat plain, yet young, intelligent, and a loyal subject, she is not beyond delivering raging torrents of abuse at the open-mouthed dukes and duchesses should



Most Reverend Synus Balm

they interfere with her or upset the Queen.

• **Sir Iron Longspear** — The ruler of Ashenby. Refer to *The Middelands* (page 34).

• **The Silver One** — A mysterious figure, who is rarely seen and even then, wears a mask of solid silver.

Their true identity is only known to the Queen, and they are almost never personally in attendance at gatherings of the Royal

Court and The Ten.

TAXES

Under the direction of Lord Malthus Vein, tax collection is the responsibility of Lady Prya Foltingsham. A miserly, mean-spirited woman, her face is thunderous and 'as unwelcoming as a turd in a tankard'.

She divides her duties between two assistants; Sir Raul Scythen, who is responsible for taxes on goods coming into and out of the Inner Wards of the city. These are collected at the Goodsgates or at the docks. As a result, goods are often traded outside of the wards to avoid paying these taxes. At the behest of Lady Foltingsham, Sir Raul relentlessly harasses the larger 'outer ward traders', if not to ensure they pay their taxes, then to drive them out of business.



Lord Tolbein Moorcock

Lady Isla Codge is responsible for collection of all other taxes from inner, outer, and beyond wards, such as property taxes, the tobacco tax, cattle tax, turnip tax, and currently the most controversial, the ale tax. This new tax levies an additional 50% of the usual cost on ale purchased and drunk within the inner wards of the city, whereas wine is almost tax exempt. This is seen by the unwashed masses as an attempt to take from the poor to give to the rich, and they really are not very happy about it.

All these taxes are collected by a small army of thugs, meatheads, sadists, and bladders. In turn they are managed by the same sort of characters, who are paid slightly more.

NEWS IN THE CITY

News spreads through the city like wildfire, becoming distorted and confused as each iteration gets relayed with additional embellishments and missing information. Quite often the news has little to do with the actual facts of a story, yet the gullible populace swallows it down like meat pies at teatime.

Those with a few coins to spare can buy an actual printed parchment or pamphlet with a summary of news and events worth knowing about, with the occasional exception of space-filling articles for slow news weeks, such as stories of ducks that got lost and now have a new home. When not printing pamphlets or flyers, the presses churn out penny dreadfuls — a sort of periodical story pamphlet of a few short pages featuring the latest escapades

of fictional characters such as Old Man Kenny or The Stinky Goblin.

The Ten authorise the printing of notifications of upcoming public executions with flyers being posted and handed out at every gate to the Inner Wards to reach the widest possible audience and so the give the widest possible warning of the crimes that are capital offences. These death notices have begun taking adverts for the stallholders and taverns who do a roaring trade on the 'hanging and chopping' days.

The current printers and news providers are:

- **The Haven Gazette** — The official weekly newspaper of the crown and certified by The Ten as propagating trustworthy and honest news. Run by Oilen Peabody.
- **The Enquirer** — A weekly publication of alternative news run by a secretive organisation thought to be funded by a prominent, anti-establishment guild. Raids frequently take place to shut it down, all to no avail.
- **Netherwork Gazette** — This regular periodical summarises all the upcoming events and acts taking place in the ward for the coming week or two. It also provides ward-specific news.
- **Lunden Echo** — This press is responsible for printing the flyers for the upcoming executions and public-shaming events.
- **Wychward Traveller** — Bringing news from abroad, this is a collation of two-page tales, from the visiting sailors from afar. Veteran article-

gatherer, Quentin Maxwell, interviews visiting folk from all over the ward to find out what's going on outside the city (and the country).

- **Old City News** — A one-page monthly financial pamphlet produced primarily for the folk of Silvergate. It focuses heavily on finance-oriented news. Run by Esther Froth.

LAW AND ORDER

Lord Blackling and Lady Morgyr handle the majority of law and order in the city and its surroundings. Lord Blackling has ultimate jurisdiction over the Peekers — the city watch, although he lets Sir Luthen Crass, a dour northern gentleman, handle their day-to-day running.

Lady Feye Morgyr is the Chief Justice. A member of The Ten, her primary task is to advise the Queen on all matters legal, but she also serves as the Crown Prosecution in cases of treason when the Queen sits as the judge. She also oversees the judiciary and the various courts in the city. These include the Star Chamber where the wealthy are tried, The Court of Chancery which handles criminal cases, and the Exchequer of Pleas which handles financial cases. Depending upon the case, Lady Morgyr has presided over cases at all three, but has never sat at the Court of Requests where the common folk can petition for cases to be heard.

The Church has its own courts for religious and moral cases which are outside of the Chief Justice's remit. Similarly, the Witchfinders tend to act outside the influence of Lord Blackling

and Lady Morgyr, having negotiated their own set of laws to enforce. Those found to be in league with deviltry, and of a more well-known status, are bought to the courts for sentencing, creating maximum impact. They prefer to deal with lesser-known souls in the Grand Malefizhaus itself. Witchfinders favour Trial by Ordeal as a means of determining guilt, and execution for anyone found guilty.

Court Sentences

Under Lady Morgyr's aegis, presiding judges decide the fates of hundreds of city folk, usually for the worse. The current rate of rulings is 12% not guilty, 21% guilty and shamed, or sent to the stocks, 35% guilty and executed, and 32% guilty and imprisoned or exiled. Unless they are of noble birth, sentences are typically carried out in the accused's home ward, both the inner and outer wards having places where criminals can be paraded, shamed, and/or executed. Once found guilty, the accused is often required to pay financial recompense to both the crown and the victims. This is in addition to the actual sentencing, which includes one or more of the following:

- **Shaming** — Usually in the form of being paraded around the streets in outlandish or demeaning attire. The city folk boo and hiss loudly and throw stuff at the shamed. Shaming is often used for petty thefts.
- **Stocks** — A wooden contraption that shackles the feet, hands, head, or all of those. The city folk kick, punch, and throw stuff at the defenceless individuals. Stocks are used for punishing assaults.

- **Execution** — The manner of execution methods in the city are as varied as the number of buildings in the city. Beheading (axe or sword), pulling apart by horses, drawing and quartering, flaying, burning, falling, boiling, pressing, to name but a few. This sentence is typically used for murders and treason, although some minor crimes are deemed worthy of warranting the sentence.
- **Imprisonment** — Often placed in the dark and foreboding dungeons of the infamous Great Lunden Gaol. This place is worse than execution because the death is slow and agonising. Space tends to be limited here, despite the depth of the underground levels, so often less-troublesome prisoners are moved to other gaols in the country. This sentence is usually reserved for spies against the crown.
- **Exile** — A soft option typically reserved for difficult cases in which imprisoning or executing the accused might stir open rebellion, or damage relationships with foreign powers. So high profile Scrotlanders and Oldenwalers in the case of the former who are sent to a distant island still governed by the Queen, and foreign diplomats in the case of the latter who are simply sent home with a flea in their ear and a letter expressing the Queen's displeasure for their master.

accused is Trial by Ordeal, treated as a great spectacle by Lunden folk. Those that survive the ordeal intact are deemed to have had intervention from the benevolent gods and are therefore innocent. Trials are handed out to those whom the powers-that-be want to be found guilty. There is no specific crime that warrants a particular ordeal, they are always at the whim of the judge. Typical ordeals include:

- **Ordeal by Hot Water** — The accused must retrieve an object placed in the bottom of a cauldron of boiling water.
- **Ordeal by Cold Water** — The accused is submerged three times in cold water for a protracted time.
- **Ordeal by Fire** — The accused carries a block of heated iron from Tomegate entrance, down Broth Road and onto Traitor Street to Traitorsgate entrance.
- **Ordeal by Combat** — The accused and the victim fight to the death in the Bear Baiting Ring in Netherwark. This the preferred option for the nobility brought before the courts, who either fight themselves, have a personal champion fight for them, or a court-appointed champion if they have none. It is not unknown for the court to appoint a bear as a champion for either side, especially if the accused is not of noble blood.
- **Ordeal by Ingestion** - The accused is given rancid meat riddled with maggots, which they must eat. Their vomit is studied by surgeons for signs of guilt, such as green/yellow

Trial by Ordeal

One of the most common and popular means of determining the guilt of the

colouration, the wrigglyness of the maggots, etc.

Other ordeals are Ordeal by Poison, Ordeal by Falling, and Ordeal by Holy Symbol. Feel free to make up some more... Ordeal by Turnip Consumption?

ARCANE LAW

The actual casting of spells through arcane means is prohibited in all wards of the city. The punishment is usually draconic and eventually fatal. Such magic-use incurs talk of witches and warlocks, and rumours of such spread like wildfire. Those of an arcane persuasion (I'm looking at you Magic-Users) are suggested to refrain from casting anything in public within the inner and outer wards. Those with items of an obvious arcane origin are not regarded as being in league with the devil, and so fare better and tend to be left alone.

GAMBLING LAW

Gambling in Great Lunden is not illegal, although bets and wagers are limited to less than fifty gold quids or equivalent value. Those not paying debts from gambling are visited by Peekers and given a good kicking. Anyone found gambling more than 50 gold quids, and not bribing the Peekers by paying the 'Gambling Tax', is sent to the courts for justice.

FIRE LAW

After The Great Fire of 666, creating, or using an unlicensed open fire in the Inner Wards is illegal. A licence is required to run a forge, bakery, or other business

requiring hot flame. All lighting in the Inner Wards must be provided by gloombug lanterns or other non-flame sources (items using inflammable arcane flames are accepted). The licences tend to be heavily-restricted and all businesses must have all hot areas treated with barbel oil (see *The Middelands*, page 78), possess an adequate water supply nearby, and have an alert system in place, such as a *Goblin Firefinder* purchased from the Guild of Firequenchers (see page 187).

Other than the Queen's Estates, the authorities do not care too much about fires in the Outer Wards, leaving the Guild of Firequenchers and the cityfolk to use the rivers and their own common sense (which is none-to-evident on occasions) to deal with the matter themselves.

RIDICULOUS LAW

There are hundreds and hundreds of laws on the statute books and quite frankly, some of them are ridiculous. Most of them were made centuries ago for reasons that, other than fusty old legal scholars, none can remember and which nobody has bothered to strike from the statute books. Here are some still-current laws that no longer make any sense, but have been used to snare those that are wanted of other crimes. Most of the cityfolk would not even know if they broke one if they did. Most Peekers do not know half of them either, but there are some, like Captain Pus Fulsome and Sergeant Jay Stacks, who do and enforce them with undisguised glee.

- No hopping anywhere on Traitor Street during a festival day.
- A carp cannot be caught between Lunden Bridge or the Tower of Great Lunden by anyone whose surname begins with the letter F.
- Hats must not be worn on boats passing through the arches of Lunden Bridge.
- A double ruff is not to be worn in Hackle Ward.
- All shoes made in Messenward by cobblers with green eyes must have a buckle made of silver.
- Mudcow faeces must be smeared on the doors and windows of any household from which a cough can be heard between midnight and sunrise.
- All property owners with properties having more than six glass windows must clean the glass every day before sunset.
- Chimney pots made of stone must be at least six inches in diameter.
- It is illegal to disturb a nest of jackdaws, unless they have thrice-pooed on your head or shoulders.

WEAPONS LAW

The law on carrying weapons in public is applied unequally and can depend on how much sleep the Peekers had the previous night. The law states: "Weapons are permitted to be carried in any number in the Outer and Beyond Wards. Inside the Inner Wards, between sunrise and sunset, one weapon may be carried openly, but should be tied to prevent quick withdrawal. During dark hours, a single weapon may be carried without a tie."

Failure to observe the law, as interpreted or bent by the Peekers, results in weapon confiscation, a night or two in the guardhouse cells, a good kicking, or all three.

THE PEEKERS (CITY WATCH)

Across the city, in both inner and outer wards alike, the Peekers lurk in their guardhouses and guardtowers. Overseen by Sir Luthen Crass, they are the city watch or police who patrol Great Lunden's streets and enforce the Queen's laws. Some of the Inner Wards have multiple guardtowers, whilst the guardhouse in Scumling Ward is abandoned and plastered in graffiti, deemed too dangerous for less than twenty Peekers at a time.

Most guardtowers usually have kennels for the mastiffs they patrol with, fed on stinking offal and dubious meat. These animals are looked after by the Peeker Dogmasters. The Peekers run regular patrols of their wards, varying in numbers depending on the time of day and the reputation of the ward.

Each guardtower is usually manned by a Peeker Captain, a Dogmaster and up to twelve Peekers working shifts. The Peekers wear tabards emblazoned with their ward heraldry over their standard issue black tunic and trousers, finished off with a hooded cloak.

PRISONS

The prime location for prisoners is Great Lunden Gaol in Hyde Ward, up against

the Inner Ward walls. This place is worse than execution. Space tends to be limited here, despite the depth of the underground levels, so some less-troublesome prisoners are moved to other gaols in the country. Refer to the entry under Hyde Ward (page 76).

DEFENCES

Like any major city or large town, the populace and its rulers need to be ready for attacks and sieges by any number of threats, domestic or otherwise. Thus Great Lunden has long been steeled against the threat of foreign invasion, rebellion from without, and riots from within.

Structural Defences

The inner wards are protected along the north, east, and west flanks by the city walls, and its stone gatehouses, called 'The Ring' by those in the know. The southern flank is protected by the width of the Great Thameswater River, with Lunden Bridge as the only crossing point by foot or carriage. The bridge is packed with explosive compounds in the event of attack. (Refer to Lunden Bridge, page 27.) The city walls and Tower of Great Lunden are heavily defended with war machines such as trebuchets, catapults, and cannons. The men and women of the Queen's Havenland Army patrol the walls, ready to spill from their barracks, close the city and tower gates, and load the war machines at a moment's notice.

Magical Defences

Whilst the Queen shows support for the ideals of Lord Tolbein Moorcock and his

disdain for open arcane practices and their associations with devilry, she is actually more inclined to secretly allow it in the defence of her realm and the city.

Most of the Inner Wards are protected with divine rituals supervised and maintained by Most Reverend Synus Balm. Without the knowledge of any of the Royal Court or The Ten, except for The Silver One, the inner wards of the city are protected by powerful arcane magicks that are difficult to detect and fathom. On rare occasions, the magicks falter, giving rise to unusual occurrences, such as a glittering green aurora or shimmering.

The magicks really affect arcane spells that allow flight or dimensional shifts into the city, such as teleporting or dimensional doors. These are still possible, but require more fixed locales and stronger magicks.

Seaborne Defences

The city is protected from attack from the sea in two ways. First, travel by large ship up the Great Thameswater River is prevented by Lunden Bridge, and second, the Tower of Lunden provides an arsenal of weaponry to deter any ship getting too close to land near the Inner Wards.

Thameswater Estuary is regularly patrolled by ships of the Queen's Naval Fleet to deter any would be maritime invader. The fleet is headquartered three miles downriver from Lunden Bridge, anchored or docked at Shiptown.

Whether on patrol or in port, the sailors of the Queen's Naval Fleet stand ready to repel Gaulandian galleons, Espanerian man-o-wars, and Serpentfolk longboats.



Dupont

Airborne Defences

Were it not for Mathias Pouke's *Wiggles on the Wing: The Flying Adventures of Jimmy Wigglesworth, Boy Griffin Rider*, little would be known about Sir Drake Whiting and his elite group of Griffon riders known as the 'Queen's Wing'. Usually only seen rushing to defend the city or carrying out a city defensive drill — a spectacle that halts city dwellers in their tracks as they gawp agog at the mythical beasts, the Queen's Marshal, Lord Blackling, has to date refused to confirm or deny their existence, but when asked, denounced Pouke's pamphlet — the first in a series, as "Codswallop, a load of blistering old tripe, like all fiction. Now bugger off!"

What is known about the Queen's Wing is that its barracks are nowhere near the city, favouring a spot on the coast east of Helm's Ford where it can practice its mounted combat and manoeuvres far from the gaze of the city folk. Located on a fortified cliffside retreat known as the 'Queen's Eyrie', the well-maintained base includes stabling and barracks for twenty trained griffins and riders, an on-site smithy, a breeding pen, and its own brewhouse, The Wing & Saddle. Sir Whiting himself is a decorated mounted veteran and when not drilling his squadron, leads them on patrols of the southeast coastline.

WASTE

The Harrow Midden

On the eastern outskirts of the city is the decaying, putrid collection of pits and

mounds known as the Harrow Midden. Sited so that the usual westerly wind blows the vile, decaying stench out downriver towards the Dog Sea, it is a mass of anything that isn't destined for the graveyards or be emptied into or thrown into the Great Thameswater.

Carts pulled by mangy horses, undernourished mud cows, and even small teams of larger goats and dogs, travel the cobbled roads of the city taking piles of collected waste to the midden. These draft animals are led by the hardy, masked men and women known as the Muck Collectors. Once at the midden, the carts are emptied of their fetid burdens by the Harrowers, cloaked folk wearing full face leather masks. The masks are sewn with cheek-bags filled with pungent-smelling plants and herbs to help avoid the noxious gases given off by the rotting mass of unidentifiable matter. The Harrowers sort through the waste and bury it in deep pits. Other rubbish piles exist in the city, such as on wasteland, especially in Scumling Ward, but most of the rubbish ends up at the Harrow Midden.

Graveyards

By far the city's biggest graveyard is on its north-western borders. Known as The Dead Ward, it is a sprawling expanse of path-lined fields dotted and bordered with trees, hedges, grave markers, and mausoleums all surrounded by a ten feet high stone wall. The Church of Souls resides within the boundary and is a place that allows all souls to be collected for passage to their next life, whether that be by Gael, Mephistophael, or The Reaper.

Refer to The Dead Ward (page 67).

WATERWAYS & CROSSINGS

Cholera Pool

Cholera Pool began as a stagnant pond of bubbling spring water, fed from deep underground. Used by many throughout the city's history as a source of drinking water, it also bought up other undesirable waters from the depths. On occasion, the water of Cholera Pool and that flowing down the Goblinspit Canal turns a murky olive green, and it gives off a faint luminescence at night. The pool is quite deep at seventy feet, even when not being fed by the tidal urges of the Great Thameswater.

In its depths, an underground passage leads to a large semi-submerged cave which is home to an enormous sewer crocodile. It eats rarely, probably once a month, but uses the Goblinspit Canal to enter the Queenswater and Great Thameswater at night, and snatch large prey, which it death rolls and drags back to its cave to digest and sleep.

Cholera Pool was previously called Phlegm Pool. It was renamed 12 years ago following a cholera outbreak caused by raw sewage flowing into the pool from a broken sewer pipe. Despite it having been cleaned up and declared safe, the many deaths it caused from cholera mean that few people get their washing or drinking water from it now.

Although the cholera has been long gone, worse things have been known to swim up the Goblinspit Canal at night and snatch

anyone brave — or foolish — enough to sit on its banks or even swim in it.

Goblinspit Canal

A man-made canal, forty feet deep, and used to take overflow water from Cholera Pool to the river via the Queenswater. Named for its green murky depths.

Great Thameswater River

The most famous river in Havenland.

This wide, moderately-flowing river is the lifeblood for many of the city's residents and folk living downriver from its source on the edge of the Aven Forest in Wilting & Avenshire. The downside of being close to the estuary, is that all the shit, rubbish, dead things, and waterborne diseases from the activities of those upstream bypass the city on its way to the sea. The sewer systems of the city also feed into the river, and with that comes all the waste of cityfolk living that goes down into the drains and gutters. This fetid water still supports a diverse ecosystem, with the things that like to eat shit, dead and bloated animals, or river flotsam coming from the salty seawater, up the brackish estuary to the disgusting feeding ground that is the Great Thameswater at Great Lunden.

Up to seventy feet deep in the middle at low tide, the tide affects the river level by up to twenty-five feet. Generally flowing from west to east at rate of 5 miles per hour, the incoming tide can effectively reduce and reverse the flow.

The bottom of the river is mud, weeds, reeds and barely recognisable detritus. All



manner of unspeakable things make the river their home, from the smallest waterborne insects and small fry to enormous Cameshire catfish, man-eating mud mussels, Lunden pike, Queen's carp, sewer crocodiles, and tentacled, spined, serpentine horrors of the sea.

Little Thameswater River

This small tributary joins the Great Thameswater River at the West Beyond. Known for its great cockles and crayfish. The waters are relatively clear, until they hit the Great Thameswater that is.

Queenswater

The Queenswater is the fifty-foot-deep moat at the base of the city wall which protects all of the Inner Wards. The water level is kept low, to allow for some spill from the tidal range of the Great Thameswater River. As a consequence, anyone thrown off the bridges by Peekers tends to have a variable falling distance before hitting the scum-covered squalid waters below. Six bridges span the Queenswater, each protected by a gatehouse. These bridges are the only way to cross into the Inner Wards and all six have mechanisms that allow the bridges to be demolished should a siege occur. Water is fed from near the outlet of the River Wart and underwater sluice gates of iron and stone in the northwest corner of Rotterhithe between the Gaol and the city wall can be raised to prevent the high tide waters from overwhelming the moat.

Queen's Moat

This two-hundred-foot-deep moat is designed to protect the Tower of Great Lunden. Giant stone bulwarks have been sunk into the moat where it meets the river on both sides. The tops of these bulwarks lie just twenty feet below the surface at low tide and are fitted with spikes which point out into the river to prevent unwanted ships from entering the moat and laying siege to the Tower. The spikes can be raised or lowered by a series of great winches, levers, and ropes in the Tower. The foul nature of the waters of the Great Thameswater mean that the spikes corrode and must be replaced every few years, a task carried out by prisoners who risk all manner of disease and underwater menace in doing so. Survivors have their sentence commuted. The stone bulwarks are also designed to slow the flow of water from the Great Thameswater and so prevent erosion damage to the Tower and the island it is built on.

Trickle, The

Another tributary that meets the Little Thameswater before it gets to its bigger brother, the Great Thameswater. The Trickle comes southwards past the edge of The Dead Ward, and as the waters wash up against its eastern banks, it picks up the remnants of old burials made before the current surrounding walls were built.

Wart, River

The only tributary that enters at the city's outer wards, the River Wart is a relatively short, but slow-flowing river that starts its life in the depths of the northern

Chillington Wolds. Fishermen in coracles and spear fishermen on skiffs make heavy use of the river for their living. No-one is allowed on the river stretch adjacent the Queen's Royal Palace estate, and anyone entering it is shot at with ballistae from the watchtowers.

Lunden Bridge

Lunden Bridge is the largest bridge in the city, and the only way to cross the Great Thameswater River without using the Thameswater Ferry or a suitable boat. The bridge itself is supported on nine sturdy stone piers submerged into the river itself, creating 10 high arches. The arches closest the banks provide access to boats with the widest beam, although the river currents tend to be more chaotic.

Although the arches are quite high, larger vessels can only pass under them after lowering their masts. Since few ships are capable of doing this with any ease, fixed mast ships either dock or anchor further downriver.

The roadway on the bridge is cobbled and allows for two carts to pass side by side with enough room for city folk walking both sides. The buildings on the bridge lean over the roadway as they get taller, almost touching in a couple of places.

Not many city folk know that as part of the city defences, the north and south Bridgegates have basements packed with explosive compounds. In the event of a siege, the South Bridgegate will be blown to prevent the easy crossing of enemy forces, whilst the North Bridgegate would be blown as a last resort.

Thameswater Ferry

Old Thameswater Ferries operates the Thameswater Ferry crossing between Ferry Ward on the north bank and Swine Ward on the south bank. The ferry consists of two large chains spanning the river allowing two large barges to connect to them through a mudcow-powered drive wheel, which engages with the chain, thus moving slowly across the river. They traverse the chain from bank to bank, stopping to let their cargoes disembark before allowing more onboard to make the return crossing. This occurs as many times a day as is required. The barges charge for each person, each piece of livestock, or per barrel or crate.

Tunnel Under Great Thameswater

Known only to a select few, a tunnel runs under the Great Thameswater connecting the Tower of Great Lunden to a safehouse in Wychward owned by the Queen's spy network. This tunnel is part of The Silverdelves network of tunnels, although not everyone that knows of The Silverdelves knows of this additional tunnel.

Built for times of emergency, The Silverdelves were constructed to be able to move the Queen and those close to her around the city, away from prying eyes. Not all of the tunnels in The Silverdelves are mapped and it is rumoured amongst those that are aware of the network that a second escape tunnel is being constructed as a backup.

THE INNER WARDS

The eleven inner wards of the city are bounded by the Great Thameswater River and the defensive city walls. Those that dwell within the inner wards are referred to as 'innards' and are considered by those in the outer wards to be stuck up and rich — at least in comparison to themselves.

Each description of a ward is preceded with an overview in the following format:

* denotes daytime

☾ denotes nighttime

- **Peeker Patrol %age:** The chance of encountering a Peeker patrol per hour. This excludes any squads of Queen's Royal Guard, army patrols, or spies that might also be wandering the wards (where mentioned).
- **Patrol Strength:** This indicates the most common strength of watch patrols in the area, both day and night. The entry represents the number of individuals in the patrol as follows: Captain/Peeker Dogmaster (plus two mastiffs)/Peeker.
Example: 0/1/4
- **Crime:** The propensity for criminal activity in the area, for both day and night.
 - 0 indicates no crime,
 - 1 indicates very little crime,
 - 2 indicates moderate crime,
 - 3 indicates rampant crime.

- **Danger:** This is the overall level of danger that the cityfolk feel in the area. This can be from crime, dangerous working activities, unspeakable horrors, etc.
 - 0 indicates no real danger,
 - 1 indicates possible danger,
 - 2 indicates moderate danger,
 - 3 indicates unrestrained danger.
- **Access to restricted goods:** This is the percentage chance of being able to obtain an item that is not readily on sale from traders or marketplaces, or available simply by discreetly asking around. Results above 25% and above indicate that restricted goods are commonplace and sold freely, albeit away from the eyes and ears of officials.
- **Structure Use:** Percentage of structures that are solely used as dwellings rather than just businesses, or combined business/dwellings. Entry stated as:
Dwelling Only %age/Combined dwelling and business usage %age/Business only %age.
Example: 50%/25%/25%.
- **Smells:** The more common smells sniffed out in the ward.
- **Sounds:** The more common sounds heard in the ward.

The following pages detail each of the inner wards.

Bileward

Peeker Patrol %: * 50% € 50%

Patrol Strength: * 0/0/2 € 0/0/2

Crime: * 1 € 1

Danger: * 1 € 1

Access to Restricted Goods: 5%

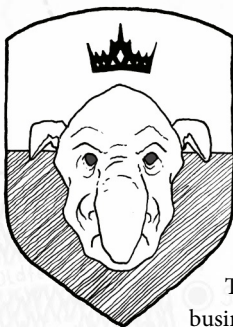
Structure Use: 0%/60%/40%

Smells: All manner of smells in this ward from cooked food to smoke from forges.

Sounds: Clanking and banging.

Ten things happening

1. A soot-covered wart goblin runs out of a forge with its leather apron on fire.
2. A wart goblin lying in an alleyway entrance, possibly drunk or injured.
3. A human merchant haggling loudly with a wart goblin blacksmith.
4. A more-fat-than-normal wart goblin rubbing her tummy in the entrance to her bakery. She's smiling at everyone.
5. A wart goblin waddling/chasing a human urchin down the street, whilst cursing in goblinspeech.
6. Two wart goblins peering down a sewer grate and pointing down with their spindly fingers. Looks like they dropped something.
7. A tilted wagon, missing a wheel, which lies beside it on the cobbles. A wart goblin wagoner scratches his head whilst rubbing the belly of the mudcow that was pulling it.



8. A well-dressed wart goblin approaches and asks if they can help him locate his favourite pig, Higgle.
9. A wart goblin chasing and catching a rat which he quickly devours alive, then belches.
10. A group of three wart goblins standing, sniffing the air slowly, with their eyes closed.

Ward Description

Although wart goblins can be found across Great Lunden, most of them reside in Bileward. This was given to them in honour of Dourgul, a legend amongst their kind, by King Oculon III. The hook-nosed wart goblin famously saved the king from an assassination attempt by a Gaulandian spy who had infiltrated the Royal Court, but suffered a mortal blow himself. As Dourgul slipped away from this life, he entered wart goblin folklore.

As a reward for saving Oculon's life, the king posthumously awarded the courageous goblin The Oculon Cross, the highest award that can be bestowed upon Havenfolk. Originally called Stankward, wart goblinkind renamed it Bileward.

Today, the ward is dominated by businesses and dwellings owned and operated by civilised and educated wart goblins. The ward is primarily known for its middium and gloomium forges and workshops which attract custom from far and wide, and the wart goblin smiths' ability to work these materials to a very high standard, much to the frustration of the human metalsmiths of Blackgate. The gloomium forges are strictly licensed and

the amount of worked gloomium items and artefacts they produce, usually under commission from the queen herself, are fairly limited. This work is secretive, and the wart goblins take their security very seriously.

Silent Forge (B44)

The Silent Forge is owned and run by Bulgeel of Helm's Ford. He came to Great Lunden almost 19 years ago as a young goblin, and now Bulgeel is regarded as one of the finest middiumsmiths in both the city and the surrounding counties. The Silent Forge is a four-storey, stone building. Bulgeel and his family live over the storage area where he securely locks up his tools and materials at night, whilst the forge and workshop are in a separate building to prevent fires from spreading. Here, exceptional items are created of middium and some silverwork. The forge is not as loud as many others, especially those in Blackgate, due to the lack of noise that middium makes when struck, hence the building's name.

Bulgeel has recently been commissioned to make a suit of middium chainmail armour. He suspects that the suit is intended for a woman by its measurements and certainly not for his client, a man by the name of Master Gillibus Sleeth. The suit is actually intended for Lady Amber Essenwold, but Sleeth has been sworn to secrecy about the commission and Bulgeel is happy to take the money and not ask any questions.

Tergol's Delicacies (B47)

Tergol of Cantberry is a wart goblin with a passion for songbirds. Considered a luxurious delicacy by wart goblins, Tergol sells live ones from his shop on Warthook Road. Inside is a dizzying array of cages on chains suspended from the ceilings. The shop windows are draped with heavy black fabrics to hide the morning light and each cage has a fabric drape which is lowered at night, all to prevent the cacophonous din of all the birds beginning their morning song in the early hours. Most of the birds in the cages are nightingales, blackbirds, woodlarks, skylarks, robins, and marsh warblers, but a few exotic birds are also found here, such as parrots, mynah birds, hummingbirds, kingfishers, and wrens. Although these are not songbirds, they still command a good price from some wart goblins.

Tergol also keeps a few rare birds in the cellar, the ones which he has permission to neither keep or sell, amongst them is a lesser-spotted woobird (see *The Midderlands*, page 79) and even a young intestinal hawk (see *The Midderlands*, page 114). He keeps these for very special clients.

Structures of Note

Dourgul's House (A7) is also in this ward. See page 124.

Bishopsgate

Peeker Patrol %: * 20% ⑈ 20%

Patrol Strength: * 0/0/2 ⑈ 0/0/2

Crime: * 1 ⑈ 2

Danger: * 1 ⑈ 1

Access to Restricted Goods: 2%

Structure Use: 5%/55%/40%

Smells: Incense.

Sounds: Bells, chimes, gongs, chanting, singing, recited mantras, and sermons.

Ten things happening

1. A glasspainter on a set of spindly ladders painting a replaced pane of stained glass.
2. Four Peekers carrying a squirming man by his arms and feet, heading towards the Bishopsgate entrance. The man is protesting his innocence.
3. A molluscwoman who approaches and sells cockles and mussels with a knowing wink.
4. A group of six monks heading towards Havenland Abbey.
5. A lithe, young woman clambers up the side of a building with a golden candlestick poking out of her backpack.
6. A massive crashing sound with an odd-sounding, dull, metallic ring as a church bell falls from its mountings.
7. A man in a capotain hat discretely standing on the corner of a street watching to see who comes and goes from a building.



8. A team of fresco painters taking scaffolding into a church.
9. A woman standing on a wooden platform preaching about her beliefs/god.
10. An old man runs around telling everyone he has seen the gods themselves. He is convinced.

Ward Description

Bishopsgate is Great Lunden's religious heart. Here, you can find a church, temple, shrine, statue, or even just a simple plinth to any god you can think of. All deities are catered for somewhere, the exception being the Watcher from the

Shore, who is believed to want to be slightly closer to the sea than Bishopsgate ward could allow, so his faithful built their church in Messenward. Many suspect other factors were at play in the decision and suggest that the coast would have been a better place for the church, or even Scalehithe or Queensgate would have been better and still within the inner wards. The decision remains a mystery.

The streets of the ward are thronged by all manner of religious practitioners and followers. Many work, or are assigned to the ward's many temples and churches, but most are the devout who come here to worship, or pilgrims who have come to marvel at the ward's wide array of church architecture. The most notable of these is of course the abbey, but there are numerous other buildings and structures throughout the ward clad in stone, gold, and silver. Those for some of the more popular deities are kept in a good state of



repair by some of the best craftsmen that the churches' coffers can afford. Not just their outsides, but their insides too, where the finest silk tapestries, religious silverware, and sacred accoutrements of pure gold are all on display just out of reach of would-be thieves. Despite the obvious display of wealth, crime is surprisingly low in the ward. It is assumed that the concept of divine retribution plays its part — something that features in almost every single sermon preached in the ward.

The other subject commonly preached about is 'care for the poor' and there are many who follow this in word and deed, but there are some among the clergy who only pay this lip service. They skim off the top of the alms for the poor, misappropriate funds and donations, and even take high value church-owned items and sell them, blaming common thieves and people they dislike.

Peekers Guardtower — Bishopgate (B1)

As you enter into the inner wards through Bishopgate, the first building on the left is the notorious structure lovingly referred to as 'Assholes Tower' by almost everyone outside of the ward. The three-storey stone tower is the main Pecker's guardtower for the ward. It has sleeping quarters for the ten Peekers stationed there, below ground cells and kennels to hold more than ten suspects or mastiffs, and numerous rooms filled with parchments containing charcoal sketches of wanted criminals. An adjoining wattle and daub structure serves as the guard barracks and mess.

The guardtower commander is the sadistic Captain Pallus Fistings. Bald, with scars all over his head, Fistings wears his Bishopsgate tabard with pride over black chain and carries a warhammer marked with a small tally scratched on its head for each of the many thieves he has 'permanently apprehended' in his service for the Peekers. These tally marks are often filled with dried blood. He is perfectly courteous and reasonable to all those that dwell within his ward, but he treats anyone from beyond its walls as would-be thieves. Sergeant Jeffrey Deerings is only slightly less sadistic than his boss, but where Fistings takes a hands-on approach to his duties, Deerings rarely engages in any fighting, much preferring to delegate anything that might do him harm to the men under his command. This means that his tabard is invariably spotlessly clean and unmarked. Deerings has an odd-looking, hawkish face topped off by a pudding bowl haircut of thick black hair and always wears an unclean, off-white ruff making him look like he has swallowed a plate. Deerings is always trying to impress his captain, with petty displays of power over commonfolk.

Havenland Abbey (B2)

The largest and most elaborate church in all of Havenland — certainly the most expensive to build, Havenland Abbey is the seat of the Archbishop of Cantberry. A smaller abbey was built here over a thousand years ago and expanded several times until the monastic orders dissolved with the rising power of the more dominant deities and it became a church to Gael. It was redesigned 222 years ago

by the master architect Sir Frederick Wrent as a place of worship for all faiths — even the less savoury ones, despite them having their own churches and temples throughout.

During the demolition and building of the new abbey, a series of long-forgotten catacombs were discovered. These sealed catacombs had been breached hundreds of years earlier by unspeakable things from the Upper Middergloom, drawn to the near-surface by the scent of the decomposing bodies. Hungry, the horrors from beneath dug into the consecrated chambers containing the remains of highly-regarded monks, feasting on some corpses and repurposing others to satiate their malign desires. The abbey-builders sealed the catacombs to prevent these disgusting, mutated things from creating mayhem in the growing city above.

Unfortunately, the catacombs are not completely sealed. During the construction of the sewer system before the new abbey was built, a worker accidentally opened a passage into the crypts. He kept his discovery a secret, aiming to return, explore, and plunder what he had found at his leisure. Each time he entered the crypts to explore, he would seal the secret entrance behind him, so no-one could follow. Sadly for him, the twisted monks ripped the intruder apart on his third exploration.

When the abbey was rebuilt, and the catacombs sealed, no-one knew about the secret sewer entrance. It is unclear if this

secret passage has been discovered by anyone or anything else since.

Structures of Note

Gael's Sanctuary (A1) is also in this ward. See page 106.

Blackgate

Peeker Patrol %: * 5% ⚔ 5%

Patrol Strength: * 0/0/2 ⚔ 0/0/2

Crime: * 1 ⚔ 2

Danger: * 2 ⚔ 2

Access to Restricted Goods: 5%

Structure Use: 0%/30%/70%

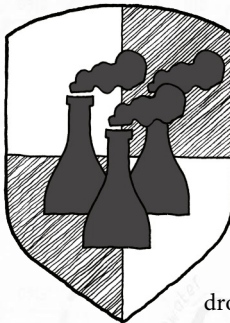
Smells: Burning coal and wood, hot metal, and burning flesh.

Sounds: Hissing of metal in quenching water, metallic banging and clanking, roaring of fire, bellows being pumped, chains being pulled, thudding of

drop forging, constant shouting

over the other loud noises, and

swearing.



Ten things happening

1. A metalworker drops a glowing hot metal cylinder which rolls down the street.
2. A cart filled with wooden crates of nails sheds its load.
3. The street is filled with a cloud of acrid smoke billowing out of an open doorway.
4. A metalworker runs into the street, screaming as blood spurts from the stump where his hand was moments before.

5. Some forge workers sitting on crates play a dice game using a barrel as a table.
6. A cart filled with coal (or wooden logs) pulls up outside a forge.
7. A man approaches and asks if you'd like to buy any top-quality solid silver tableware.
8. A man outside a bronze foundry is hitting a newly made bell to check it for quality.
9. Two men stand outside a building looking at the state of a chimney.
10. Some loose chimney stone falls on the street below.

Ward Description

Known as 'The Iron Ward' due to the many ironworking businesses that thrive here. Blackgate is also home to glassblowing workshops, dropforges, tinsmiths, copperworks, and all manner of trades that heat materials and work them into other forms. Hinges, nails, rivets, pots, pans, door handles, window bars, daggers, swords, chimney flues, brackets, bolts, chains: they are all made here. Vital trades deserving of their place in the inner wards.

The ward has two forges that work with middium, Grobber's Forge and The Black Pot, but they do not rival the quality of the Silent Forge in Bileward. There is rivalry between them both to be the best in Blackgate and both are not beyond espionage and subterfuge to get the best of the commissions.

The Glass Bottle (B42)

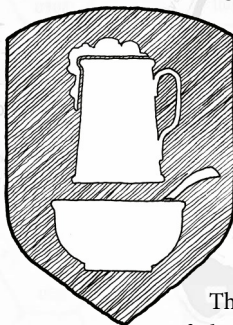
The Glass Bottle is a glassblowing works owned and operated by Shrew McConnell, originally from Man Isle. Shrew is tall and thin, with greying hair and half-rimmed spectacles. His passion and enthusiasm for glass is unequalled in Great Lunden. His hands are scarred from scalds and blisters and his leather apron is covered in burn marks. Not only do Shrew and his workers make bottles and containers, but they also make small glass panes, by blowing glass into cylinders, cutting it and reheating it into roughly flat sheets.

Shrew has been experimenting with his glass-making techniques after normal business hours in his cellar following a recent commission for a client he only knows as Orn. The commission is for a large, glass figurine with some very specific requirements: a hollow skull, open eye sockets, a recess in the centre of the torso, and engraved symbols on the arms and legs. The commission is almost finished.

Grumblewick's (B41)

Grumblewick's manufactures hinges, door handles, latches, door bolts, crude padlocks and other ironmongery for the needs of the city. The business is run by Thurse Grumblewick a portly man with a balding pate except for two tufts of white hair either side of his head, and generous salt and pepper mutton chops. He wears a pair of brown overalls at all times, although they are heavily blackened to the front.

The metalworks consists of a large stone structure with a towering chimney stack surrounded by various wooden lean-tos tacked onto the sides of the building which encroach onto the street. Here workers are found hammering metal into shape and bodging holes in hinge straps daily, come rain or shine. A narrow iron ladder runs up the side of the chimney. It reaches all the way to the top, where a small wooden platform has been installed around the chimney rim. The view from here is spectacular when the forge is not belching out acrid, black smoke from below. Thurse charges one silver shilling to climb up and take a look for ten minutes. From the top, the view encompasses all of the city's wards and the fields beyond. The view is not for the faint-hearted though, as the platform is narrow, and it can get quite breezy. It is not uncommon for 'brave' sightseers to start climbing and get stuck halfway up the ladder frozen in fear. They have to be rescued at a cost of two silver shillings. It has been known for people to fall, which has prompted Thurse to require all those climbing the ladder to sign a sworn affidavit that relinquishes him of any responsibility.



Structures of Note

Black Flag Forge (A4) is also in this ward. See page 115.

Brothenward

Peeker Patrol %: * 50% € 50%

Patrol Strength: * 0/1/3 € 1/1/3

Crime: * 2 € 3

Danger: * 1 € 2

Access to Restricted Goods: 5%

Structure Use: 5%/70%/25%

Smells: Foods such as cooked meat, baking bread, stews, broths, sweets, and spices. Alcohol such as ale and wine.

Sounds: Clatter of tankards, dropped plates and cutlery, laughing, shouting, drunken slurring, slurping, and burping.

The loud bangs and crashing noises of Blackgate drift across into this ward.

Ten things happening

1. A small urchin, clutching a pasty, running away from an angry tavernkeeper.
2. A street vendor selling mouseling on a stick.
3. A street vendor selling small pigpies — a small crusted pie filled with pork.
4. A street vendor selling mudcow tentacles on a stick.
5. A street vendor frying dead gloombugs, and selling them in rolled up pages of *The Haven Gazette*.
6. A jolly tavernkeeper beckoning folk into his establishment. He is very persistent and persuasive.
7. A plump man and woman loading freshly baked bread onto a cart, destined for Essenwold Manor.

8. A drunken man asking for help finding his way home.
9. A drunken woman asking for help finding her purse.
10. An irate maid arguing with her innkeeper boss and throwing plates at him, then storming out of the inn.

Ward Description

Brothenward is the place to go to eat, drink, rest, or stay overnight in the inner wards. The ward boasts the best inns and taverns in Great Lunden. Rich aromas waft out of its kitchens and along its cobbled streets and alleys causing many to salivate, and depending on which way the wind is blowing, can attract folk from nearby wards who have been known to follow them all the way to the source.

Depending upon the weight of your purse, almost anything that takes your fancy can be found to eat or drink in Brothenward, from the basically prepared and cheap to the expensive and flowery named. Fancy a ‘Gob Pasty’ or a ‘Delicately-spiced, succulent, pulled chicken breast lovingly wrapped in a hand-kneaded mustard seed pastry — All our chickens are hand-reared’? The cheapest dishes include House Pottage and Brothenward Broth, both served with hard bread, but Alderwych Rhubarb Pie, Bognock Gooseberry Gob’et, Waterhorton ‘nips, and Middelands carp steaks are all popular, almost every cook or chef in the ward having their own take upon these standard dishes. Foreign dishes, such as Gaulandian frogs in asparagus sauce, Espanerian sea food with rice, and Italian cheese and tomato bread wheels, can be ordered at certain establishments.

The ward is not quite as famous for its drinks as it is for its food, but ales, beers, meads, and wines from the local to the obscure can be found here. These include Wartgoblin Blood, Riverman’s Piss, Lunden Pride, Bullstopper, Fullmead’s Headbanger, Nightsight Mead, Pucia, and Jakken Valley Reserve to name a few.

As well as the places to eat, the ward is home to numerous businesses which make and sell food and drink or sell the ingredients to do so. These include brewhouses, bakers, butchers, cheesemakers, picklers, millers, and so on. All are supported by a constant flow of wagons which bring everything from base staples like parsnips, potatoes, and turnips to fancy ingredients like sweetcorn, shitake mushrooms, and bog grubs into the ward.

The downside to all of this is that the ward attracts hungry people who cannot afford to eat and so resort to begging and stealing. The Peekers lack the numbers to effectively deal with the problem, so local traders and business owners have come to accept the fact that minor criminal acts are unlikely to be dealt with and that they are free to deal with those as they please — to a degree.

The Peeker’s Tavern (B45)

In all of Great Lunden, this is the tavern to avoid if you are on the wanted list of criminals. The patrons are largely off-duty Peekers, and the owner, Dick Peel is a retired Peeker captain. Despite its owner and its clientele — or because of them — the tavern has a well-deserved reputation for having a raucous, chaotic, often-vicious atmosphere, and adhering to an

entirely different set of licensing laws to any other tavern in the city with regards to serving times, restricted goods, and violence.

In the bowels of the inn, beneath a hidden trapdoor separate to the cellar, is a dungeon in the truest sense. Here, Peel and his cohorts keep captives without the knowledge of the authorities. These prisoners, usually repeat offenders who show a lack of respect for the Peekers, have been denied the 'justice' offered to most and bought to the tavern under cover of night. Here they are tortured and beaten. Peel and his cronies show little mercy in applying their sadistic brand of justice.

Peel is a hard nut. Bald and muscular, he does not suffer fools. He has a circle of six close associates he calls 'The Brothers', albeit one is a woman, Mabel Unwin. They are the ones who go out at night and capture the criminals they incarcerate in the dungeon below the inn. With the exception of Peel and one other, Cassius Moss, they are all current-serving Peekers. Cassius is a thin, gaunt man who handles the tavern's bookkeeping. He also tends the captives who quickly learn to fear his brutality.

Mother Agatha's Bakery (B43)

Mother Agatha is a Great Lunden legend. Myths tell of a friendly and portly woman who roamed Cripplegate seven decades ago handing out bread to the poor and the deserving, not actually handing out the bread, but making it appear at their feet. The legends do say that she was investigated for witchcraft and found innocent, but not how she conjured the

bread seemingly from nowhere. The truth is that she had a magic ring called *Breadmaker*, which allowed her to point at one of the cityfolk, and if they were indeed poor or had fallen on hard times, would miraculously create a single loaf of bread at their feet. The legends also fail to tell the fact that Mother Agatha was murdered for her magic ring and her remains lie in The Dead Ward under a simple stone plinth that reads "Here lies Agatha Bunningham. She was well-bread." Almost everyone thinks the inscription is a misspelling and should say well-bred.

The actual owner and manager of the bakery is Seamus Hove. He has lived in Great Lunden all of his life, the son of Therepus Wode the notorious murderer, jailed when Seamus was only seven years old. Seamus has kept his family connection to Therepus a secret and changed his surname to avoid reprisals. He runs the bakery with his wife, Claudia Hove.

The bakery maintains a supply of fresh, hot, and delicious bread all day, yet some competitors have begun to question how the bread can be made in such numbers when the ovens are not burning all day, or when he has had a short delivery of flour or no delivery at all. The internal operations at the bakery are a secret and those that snoop get more than they bargained for.

Structures of Note

The Fetid Otter (A5) is also in this ward. See page 118.

Marketgate

Peeker Patrol %: * 50% € 50%

Patrol Strength: * 0/1/3 € 1/0/2

Crime: * 2 € 1

Danger: * 1 € 1

Access to Restricted Goods: 10%

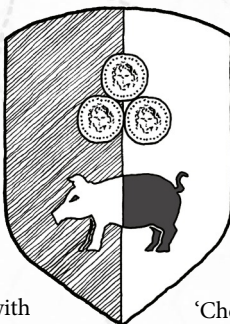
Structure Use: 5%/60%/35%

Smells: Oils, perfumes, incense, leather goods, wood, tobacco, and food.

Sounds: Shouting, haggling, music, and cartwheels on cobbles. At night it is much quieter.

Ten things happening

1. A pickpocket attempting to steal purses.
2. A pushy trader following someone up the street trying to sell to them.
3. A haggler beckoning potential customers into their shop or to their stall.
4. A woman in a thin veil and barely dressed in silk with dangling shiny metal discs, sprays perfume on folk, shakes her bare midriff, and beckons folk into her perfumery.
5. A merchant loudly shouting out his offers and flattering passers-by with compliments.
6. A thief runs off with some goods from outside a storefront.
7. Two Peekers roughly manhandling an alleged pickpocket. The man proclaims his innocence with, "*Fuck off! I didn't do it, you asshole!*"
8. One of the Queen's heralds walking through the ward proclaiming the



apprehension and execution of the notorious Gaulandian spy, Louis-Emmanuel Baptiste.

9. One of the Queen's heralds walking through the ward proclaiming a new tax on a common commodity. Someone slings an egg at him. (If this is an egg tax, it will be accompanied with a cry of, "Taxes paid!")
10. A man with a small, hand-drawn cart sweeping up rubbish off the street. He appears to be weeping.

Ward Description

It is said that 'if you can't get it in Marketgate, then you can't get it in the Haven Isles'. That is mostly true.

This inner ward is full of all manner of warehouses, shops, bazaars, stalls, and merchants. The ward is split into three distinct areas by Bridge Street and Barter Street which cut through on their routes southward. The western part of the ward is known as 'Cheapside', the central part as 'Middleside', and the eastern part is known as 'Shinyside' on account of the more luxurious wares the closer east you go. All the main thoroughfares in the ward's three areas are well-worn but adequately maintained, as any prolonged hold up of goods into and out of Marketgate is sure to cut into someone's profits.

During the day, the roads and alleys are busy with traders hawking their wares, mud cows and ponies pulling goods-laden carts, runners making deliveries of carriable goods, and the bargain-hunting, ever-haggling common folk. Small

urchins run around tugging on trouser legs asking folk to visit out of the way shops down dingy alleys, some are legitimate, others not.

Much of the goods traffic flows into the ward from the docks at Rotterhithe or from the only four gates allowed to accept incoming goods, North Bridgegate on the bridge, Traitorsgate to the west, and Silvergate and Marketgate to the east, known as the 'Goodsgates'. Any wagons attempting to gain entry to the inner wards from any other gate are diverted. There is no current plan to extend tax collection on incoming goods at any of the other gates, hence the detour. All carts entering via the Goodsgates undergo extensive checks of their cargo, with barrels and crates opened, tarpaulins removed, and ropes and tie cords unhitched. It is not uncommon for guards to take a shine to the odd bit of incoming cargo and remove some for 'quality control purposes'. All carts require proof of taxes paid, and any taxes that have not been collected are liable to a 'gate fee' paid to the guards. The exact details of this fee can be notoriously difficult to pin point in the city's extensive tax codes, but is supposed to be an additional 10%, although unscrupulous guards have been known to extract 100% on top for anyone whose face 'doesn't fit'.

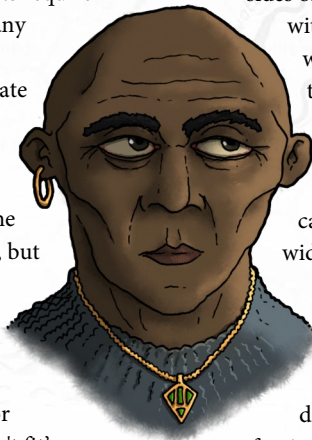
At night, the Marketgate ward is still reasonably active, and whilst little trade is done, some shops and businesses

remain open. Many that do, also tend to be dwellings for the business owners. For some, it is out of boredom, but for others it reduces the chance of burglary, although remaining open well into the evening increases the risks of theft and robbery. The lighting in Marketgate is brighter on the main thoroughfares than down the darker alleys. At night, some business owners hang their own gloombug or oil lanterns around their premises to deter would-be robbers and suggest an air of safety for potential customers.

Lucky Bazaar (B5)

The Lucky Bazaar is a large, four-storey building with a central atrium that has its own tented marketplace within the grounds. A colonnaded walkway around the inner perimeter separates the tented market area from the main merchant area. Small booths, stalls, and shops line both sides of the colonnade as well as

within the market building itself, which remains open all hours of the day and night. Businesses here sell all kinds of goods, including rugs, perfumes, clothing, cheap jewellery, carved idols, mechanical widgets, leather goods, ceramicware, cooking vessels, etc. The bazaar is owned and managed by Ullasar Mahad, a flamboyant, charismatic, diminutive, and dark-skinned foreigner from the lands to the south and east. He is often seen with Igor, his pet chameleon who likes to perch on his shoulder during deals. Ullasar is a



Ullasar Mahad

master trader and by all accounts can make a deal on anything, whether it be selling bottled wind to the scrots in Grammpshire or selling sea water to pirates off Cernwall. It is rumoured that Ullasar dines each night on spider monkey brains and drinks milk from the teats of female oxfolk enslaved from the Obben Range — a folk and place only heard of in legends and rumours. The truth is that Ullasar eats only vegetables and mushrooms, having totally given up eating meat, and drinks only water from a magical pitcher to avoid the risk of being poisoned. He discreetly deals in opium, having very powerful and influential clients, who allow him his eccentricities and ease his taxation burden in exchange for their 'fix'. Mahad is always accompanied by his entourage of six tattooed, bare-chested, and muscular bodyguards and is often difficult to see surrounded by the towering wall of meat. The bodyguards are all highly-trained and will die for their master.

Hog's Emporium (B6)

Hog's Emporium has the reputation for selling the finest travelling gear in the city. Tents, bedrolls, camping paraphernalia, rations, rope, iron spikes, ladders, lanterns, sacks, casks, waterskins, and the like can be found on the shop's hooks, counters, shelves, and stands. Essentially a hardware store, it caters for those who enjoy or are employed in outdoor pursuits, so rangers, caravan guards, gloombuggers, and seamen are common customers as well as adventurers and explorers. The owner, Hog Brandimede is half-human and half-wart goblin,

although almost everyone thinks he is simply a small and ugly human with a huge nose. He keeps a relatively tame short-horned ratdog as a guard dog. The ratdog is fiercely loyal to Hog who hand-reared the creature from a small pup, after finding it in a ditch on the outskirts of Midden Ward. The ratdog no longer craves decaying flesh and instead has an almost insatiable appetite for parsnips — and exposed ankles.

Structures of Note

White Crow (A6), and The Grey Eye (A8) are also in this ward. See pages 121 and 127 respectively.

Messenward

Peeker Patrol %: * 20% € 50%

Patrol Strength: * 0/0/3 € 0/0/2

Crime: * 1 € 2

Danger: * 1 € 2

Access to Restricted Goods: 5%

Structure Use: 5%/60%/35%

Smells: The smells of Messenward are varied. Some days it can be the wind blowing piscine scents from Scalehithe, other days it can be wafts of cooking from Brothenward, or burning wood and coal from Blackgate. Some days when there is no wind, the sewers give up their foul scents. Usually the smells are local to the crafts that are near, varnish and lacquers, paints, freshly-cut wood shavings, melting metals, wet linens, etc.

Sounds: Banging, clanking, tapping, tearing of fabrics, sawing, scraping, grinding, and scratching.

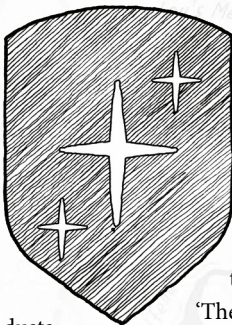
Ten things happening

1. A man working outside chiselling away at a small statue of a knight on horseback.
2. A sewershifter and sewerbaiter heading to Fishscale Junction to clear out a blockage.
3. A woman outside her workshop making small vials by glassblowing. A juvenile bottlejack 'gates' into the still molten glass and dies a screaming, hissing death.
4. A couple of Peekers looking at some new boots outside a cobblers. The boots are heavily-studded. Good for kicking.
5. A woman sitting outside her workshop weaving a tapestry. The tapestry shows a map of what looks like the sewers.
6. A man lands on the street in front of you, falling from above after having been chucked out of a window above. He dazedly dusts himself off and limps away clutching his wrist. Shortly after, a man and woman exit the same building to give chase.
7. A man runs down the road after being chased by a swarm of angry bees he has dislodged from his chimney.
8. The sound of small bells being struck inside a workshop for making small bells. One bell makes a very weird sound.
9. A shop with many mirrors outside. One mirror does not show a reflection.

10. A man lies in the doorway of an apothecary clutching an empty vial labelled 'El Vallagra'. He seems pale and unresponsive. The owner of the apothecary is nowhere to be seen.

Ward Description

Messenward is home to high-end, small craft workshops, including quality furniture makers, lace makers, silversmiths and some jewellers, candlemakers, apothecaries, enamellers, engravers, compass makers, and the like. If it is not a heavy industrial item, and it is of good quality or better, then it is crafted in Messenward.



Some of the craft workshops which work in the more valuable raw materials, such as jewellers, silver and goldsmiths, or those which the nobility favours, are to be found in the east of the ward nearer Bridge Street. They call the easternmost end of the ward 'The Coins'.

This ward, more than any, has the biggest problem with its sewers. If it is not blockages working their way down from Brothenward, it is things entering from the river. The ward even has its own — separate to the Peekers — nightly patrol of the sewer grates, especially at the usually unguarded entrances near the centre of the ward. The southernmost grate usually causes the most trouble, with at least one 'occurrence' each week.

Slugskin (B36)

Slugskin make garments and other items from dried slugskin. Epaulettes, knee pads, elbow pads, even lacquered shields and breastplates. The owner of the workshop and maker of these items is Heward Spule. Originally from Ill Faircombe in Devern, Spule and his wife, Lima, recently moved to the city after he came into an inheritance from a great aunt and set up their unusual business. They breed large slugs in their cellar, collecting the dead ones and drying their skins ready to make garments as well as collecting slug mucus which they sell to the surgeons in Hamlet Ward who use it to assist in the treatment of wounds.

Little do the cityfolk know that the name of the workshop is a play on words. 'Slug's kin' is more apt, as Heward and Lima are followers of an esoteric order that worship a long-forgotten slug deity known as Muculimax. The order, whose members wear slug headdresses with four tentacles when at order gatherings, are at odds with the Grand Monastery on Holm island and seek to covertly spread the knowledge and power of slugkind and their deity to the masses.

In the cellar, the Spules have bored a series of ten-inch diameter holes into the sewers to allow the slugs to get all the moisture they need. The small holes prevent most of the larger sewer nasties from getting in. A large black cat, named Muzzle, catches most of the rats, mice, and smaller beasties that manage to get into the cellar. The cellar proper is filled with leafy greens and slugs, some the size of an arm.

Mayweather Fine Cabinets (B37)

Floyd Burham is a master cabinetmaker and crafts cabinets large and small from the best woods. Ornate carvings, complex joints, smooth curves, hidden compartments, concealed locks and hinges, he has made them all. Now in his late 70s, he is still as sharp as his chisels, and gets around like someone 20 years his junior. The Royal Palace has commissioned numerous cabinets from him, including a pair as large as wardrobes.

Floyd has developed a technique, along with this young daughter — who is an academic working in Tomegate ward — of making pairs of cabinets with matching compartments that share space. Anything put in the compartment in one cabinet appears in the compartment at the other cabinet. Only himself, his daughter and an outside client are aware of their achievement and they are keeping it quiet for the moment.

At night, a shadowy figure has been seen watching the building, and disappearing when spotted.

Structures of Note

Watcher's House (A2) is also in this ward. See page 109.



Queensgate

Peeker Patrol %: * 50% € 75%

Patrol Strength: * 1/0/2 € 0/1/4

Crime: * 1 € 1

Danger: * 1 € 2

Access to Restricted Goods: 10%

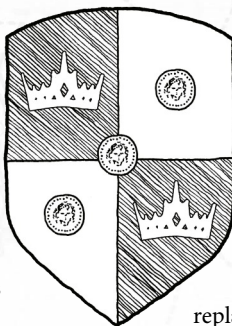
Structure Use: 70%/20%/10%

Smells: Freshly-watered plants and flowers, and fresh paint.

Sounds: Usually the ward is quiet. Occasionally noises of workmen and the distant din of the other wards.

Ten things happening

1. A beggar hiding in an alley whispers for some spare coins.
2. You see a shadowy figure up on the rooftops.
3. A four-man Peeker patrol.
4. A gloombugger filling up lanterns.
5. A worker replacing broken panes of glass.
6. A worker painting the outside of a building.
7. A beggar being hauled off by two Peekers.
8. A bodyguard guiding a noble-looking couple through the street.
9. A gardener watering a hanging basket.
10. A rat catcher trying to discreetly leave a dwelling with a sack full of dead rats or mouselings.



Ward Description

The most easterly of the inner wards and the ward closest to the Queen's official

residence, the Tower of Great Lunden, Queensgate is named after the fortified gateway to the Queen's castle. It is here that most of the city's nobility and very wealthy reside. It is widely believed that the closer you live to 'The Tower', the more favour it is thought that you carry with the Queen. This is, of course, nonsense as the Queen can count the number of people she trusts on her six-fingered hands, and everyone else is of a disposable nature. Some of the nobles that live here also have larger properties in the outer wards and further afield, but even the smallest of residences in Queensgate are worth owning and living in knowing that the Queen's castle is probably the most well-protected building in the whole of Havenland.

The buildings here are multi-storied tenements, a mixture of either all stone or half-stone, half-timber construction. Each floor above the ground floor juts out further into the neatly cobbled streets. The buildings are generally well-kept, and the daub is painted often in russets, greys, off-whites, and browns to keep up appearances with their peers next door.

During the daylight hours, noblemen and women can be seen wandering the streets discussing how to further their status. Throughout the ward, workmen carry out maintenance works; painting, replacing rooftiles, cleaning out gutters and downspouts, or replacing broken panes of glass after the previous evening's burglary. Hawkers and beggars are forbidden from being in Queensgate,

and any found wandering there are quickly hauled in by the Peekers for a good kicking and a night or two in one of the ward's four city guardtowers.

Come dusk, a small army of Gloombuggers march into the ward and set to work. They say that apart from Silvergate, Queensgate takes the longest to go around and check all the lanterns ready for the coming evening. As the Peekers step up their patrols, the noblemen and women glide back into their sanctuaries and bolt the doors, bar the windows, hide away their heirlooms, and activate their mechanical traps and arcane wards to keep intruders at bay. The ward is well-lit and only the most skilful of criminals tend to carry out their nefarious activities here. The emerald light also seems to keep most of the other dark-loving nasties away too.

Harrington House (B8)

Sir Obsten Harrington and his wife, Iaren have a sprawling property called Harrington House. At the junction of Castle Street and Crown Walk, with two overhead walkways, one across Crown Walk and the other over Milliner Alley, the building is four storeys of opulently furnished dwelling. They live here with their four unmarried children: Lester (31), James (27), Ostrelia (24), and Kitten (19). Sir Harrington has made a lot of gold from astute property investments in the northern counties of Lankershire, Darbyshire, and Yirkshire & Humbershire. He also rents several properties in Brothenward.

Sir Obsten lets his wife and children manage his affairs whilst he drinks port and nurses his frequent bouts of painful

gout which leave him almost immobile and quick to anger. His second eldest, James Harrington, is infatuated with a young lady that works as a maid in one of the properties her father rents out. The maid, Jessica Mallyon, is more than she appears — an active and promising young spy in the service of Lady Amber Essenwold. She has been tasked with the infiltration of the inner workings of the Harrington's business ventures, believing Gaulandian hands to be involved in a wider plot to destabilise the economy of Great Lunden.

Royal Seal Vintners (B40)

Between Tower Approach and the north bank of the Great Thameswater stands the Royal Seal Vintners. Granted a seal of quality by the Queen herself, many wine connoisseurs, nobles, and those with more money than sense come here to choose the best wines for their tables and guests. The Queen probably does not even know where it is, and was almost certainly not involved in the decision, leaving such matters to her lower-ranking advisors. Those advisors take petitions from businesses or organisations wanting the Royal Seal and then lobby hard to get the Queen's 'nod' and given, not necessarily to the most deserving but, to those entrepreneurs willing or desperate enough to offer backhand payments. Common inducements include 'all expenses paid' holidays to Cernwall, cases of Gaulandian wine, jewellery designed by master jeweller, Jerrold Watner, and the like. Those businesses with a 'Royal Seal of Approval' — of which there are very few — are granted certain benefits: Lower

taxation on rents, lower taxation on goods, and a friendly ear within the Royal Palace.

Master Henry Deschamps, the owner of Royal Seal Vintners, is one such entrepreneur. He knows how to suck up to those in places of power, bathing them in a vast array of compliments and showering them in rare and exotic gifts. Many jealous nobles accuse him of 'having his hand up the arse of the Palace', and to a degree they are right. Master Henry is better at furthering his causes than most dukes and duchesses.

He owns several vineyards a few miles west of the city where he makes his own brand of wine called Deschamps Valley. It's dry, it's white, and it makes you glow in the dark. An amusement amongst the young nobles, it is a bane to those that use the night to carry out mischief and need to remain hidden. Often mixed with other drinks to hide its origins, it can be given to the prey of assassins as a marker.

Deschamps stores and distributes his wine from a warehouse on Tower Approach. The warehouse proper and a showroom are located on the ground floor of this two-storey stone structure, whilst the offices and a 'tasting snug' can be found on the first floor. Below ground, there are extensive cellars lined with bottle after bottle, and finally, below that, there is 'The Vault'. Some of the most expensive wines in Havenland are stored here and it boasts formidable security, especially against bottlejacks. Master Henry, the head wine taster, is the only one of the few staff allowed in. Recently, Deschamps discovered a white, silk handkerchief with a silver thread motif of a rampant lion,

lying neatly placed on the floor of the vault. He is now paranoid and suspicious of everyone.

Structures of Note

Stockton Keep (A11), and Peeker's Guardtower — Marketgate (A12) are also in this ward. See pages 136 and 139 respectively.

Rotterhithe

Peeker Patrol %: * 20% € 20%

Patrol Strength: * 0/1/2 € 0/1/2

Crime: * 2 € 2

Danger: * 1 € 2

Access to Restricted Goods: 15%

Structure Use: 10%/50%/40%

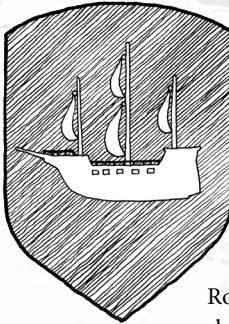
Smells: A bit fishy, freshly sawn wood, burning wood, hot tar/pitch, hops, beer, and ale.

Sounds: Thuds, bangs, hammering of nails, sawing and planing of wood, shouts of dock workers, splitting of timber, whinnying mudcows and horses, drunken talking, swearing and insults, and singing of sea shanties.

Ten things happening

1. A mudcow bolts off down the street, the contents of the partially loaded cart spilling in its wake.
2. A hoist raising a lifting net filled with heavy crates shears its mounting and topples off the dock onto the barge it is unloading. Big splash!
3. A runaway barrel. Empty or filled with heavy ale.
4. A press gang looking to find suitable victims for one of the Queen's merchant ships.

5. A tax collector inspecting goods on one side of a boat, while sailors hide stuff on the other.
6. A large barge drifts out of control into the wharf.
7. Some rivermen inspect a damaged sewer exit grate, which looks to have been ripped open.
8. A bloated body is seen floating face down in the river close by the wharf.
9. A dangerous consignment comes into dock on a small cog. The area by the dock is cordoned off with ropes and guards.
10. A containment vat in a nearby brewery ruptures and ale flows down the street.



Ward Description

Rotterhithe is home to Great Lunden's city docks where most of the cargo is bought into the inner city from upstream or from larger ships anchored further downstream towards the estuary. The regular high tides and the shifting sandbars mean large ships struggle to get up the river as far as the city, so it is easier for them to anchor downstream and transfer their cargoes onto smaller flat-bottomed barges or cogs. Any ships coming from downriver which need to dock at Rotterhithe, must be able to navigate under Lunden Bridge. Most often, this is done by lowering the masts and waiting until low tide.

A second set of docks is located downstream at Shiptown. This growing settlement is home to the Queen's Naval Fleet and its harbour includes a dockyard where ships can be built and repaired, including navy vessels. Much to the

dismay of the crews of the smaller flat-bottomed barges and cogs who unload ships in the estuary, a growing number of larger merchantmen are docking at Shiptown and unloading their cargoes directly onto carts which transport by road directly to the city proper.

As well as boat-building and a busy docks, the ward has a number of breweries that make use of the very heavily-filtered nearby water source, and easy delivery of raw materials via boat. Some fine brews

are made in Rotterhithe, some even claiming that ales like Lunden Rotter and beers like Captain's Bile are good enough to rival the great breweries, such as Fullmead Brewery up in Burnton, in the Middelands.

Away from the docks, Rotterhithe's streets are lined with warehouses and chandlers, whilst its alleys are home to taverns, dosshouses, and brothels. Its streets are filled with a chaotic dance of crates and barrels, winches, burly stevedores, sailors, and rivermen, wagons, and working animals.

Harbourmaster and Taxation House (B35)

This fortified structure was once part of the original city defences, but is now used as a Harbourmaster's Office and Taxation House. Anyone using the wharves has to pay a fee to dock a vessel, and then additional coin for each half day spent tied up at the dock. Rates vary by +/- 25% depending upon which way the wind is blowing, but there is an initial vessel

docking fee of 10 gold quids, plus 10 gold quids per half day. It costs 5 gold quids per half day to hire hoists and stevedores to unload or a ship. Again this may vary, generally more if a ship and its owner wants to avoid pilferage by the stevedores.

All goods unloaded in Rotterhithe are subject to a city import tax, which is the same as that paid at the Goodsgates of North Bridgegate, Traitorsgate, Silvergate and Marketgate. This tax is 10% of the sales value of the goods being brought into the city. 'Proof of cost' paperwork is always recommended, as the inspectors at the taxation house are notoriously bad at guessing the cost of goods for working out tax themselves. Although this tax is typically pegged at 10%, it varies depending on the Queen's Tax Inspector on duty at the time. Currently there are two; Officer Oliver Mullen and Officer Sluben Crab. Mullen adheres to the 10% rate and rarely deviates, but Crab is notorious for finding new ways to temporarily raise the rate in order to line his own pocket. Crab has even confiscated the vessels and cargos of crews and merchants who decide to argue with him or fail to pay him enough respect.

The Harbourmaster is the forthright Master Josiah King, a former, highly-honoured captain of one of the Queen's naval vessels. Tall, with a full head of grey hair, the 73-year-old lost a leg during The Battle of Five Bastards off the coast of Espaneria some 30 years ago. Some say he swam home, whilst others say he subdued a kraken and rode it home. His peg leg is made of a gnarled piece of driftwood with an iron tip. His fake leg can be heard on the cobbles long before he is seen.

Keel & Sons Boatbuilders (B34)

Tybin Keel and his two sons, Josef and Jon, build and repair river barges — the flat-bottomed vessels used on the river for moving goods between the docks at Rotterhithe and the ships anchored in the estuary downriver. If required, they can also design and build vessels capable of navigating under Lunden Bridge, either building them with masts which can be lowered, banks of oars, or extra tee posts so that the barge can be towed from the banks using working animals.

The family is currently working on a commission for the wealthy merchant and owner of the Lucky Bazaar (B5), Ullasar Mahad. He is keen to expand his operation and needs a bigger barge. This is the largest boat that the family has ever built and no expense is being spared on its construction and outfitting. Named *The Igor* and fitted with a figurehead of a golden painted chameleon, the barge is the talk of the ward, some saying it has a hidden method of powering through the water and speculating that it could be the fastest barge on the river.

Recently, someone has been sabotaging the boats in the family's boatyards by drilling neat holes through the hulls beneath the waterline. Oddly, *The Igor* has so far remained untouched.

Structures of Note

Riverman Store (A3) is also in this ward. See page 112.

Scalehithe

Peeker Patrol %: * 25% € 40%

Patrol Strength: * 0/1/2 € 0/1/2

Crime: * 1 € 2

Danger: * 1 € 2

Access to Restricted Goods: 10%

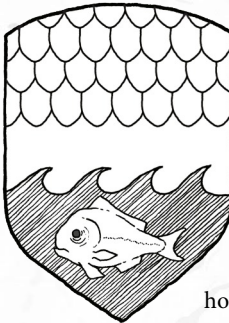
Structure Use: 5%/70%/25%

Smells: Fresh fish, rotting fish and crab meat, smoked fish, salt, blood, and tobacco.

Sounds: Singing songs, wagons and carts leading up to the bridge, the swish of casting fishing lines, the ratcheting of fishing reels, the lap of water against the wharves and boats, and haggling.

Ten things happening

1. A one-eyed riverman sits outside a tavern sipping rum and singing a shanty about the Kraken.
2. Two women sit on barrels mending nets. They talk about a monster mussel caught recently in the ward.
3. A stack of lobster pots falls over into the street followed by a man cursing with a lobster claw firmly gripping his nose.
4. A giant crab, some two feet across, runs through the street chasing a dog.
5. A man in a rowing boat filled with fish throws his rope line towards the wharf only to get snagged on a passing cart.
6. A dead and bloated mudcow floats in the river.



7. A barrel of fish guts falls off a cart.
8. A molluscman haggles with a cocklepicker.
9. A mudcrow/mudlark whoops in delight as he scoops up something on his long-handled net.
10. A Peeker with two black dogs is looking for piles of fish guts for his dogs to feast on. One of the dogs gets loose after seeing a cat and ends up in a chaotic tangle of nets and fishing line.

Ward Description

Scalehithe is the smallest of the inner wards, but it is busy and prosperous, generating more trade than several wards twice its size. Nearly all of the trade in the ward is to do with the fishing

industry. Here the daily catch of fish, crustaceans, and molluscs from the river and the sea beyond the estuary is brought ashore and sold here. The riverfolk and sailors come to buy fishing equipment such as nets, fishing rods, salt, lobster pots, rope, fishing lines, hooks, and other paraphernalia.

The ward is almost permanently active, with even the nights being a hive of green-glowing activity as crews load up their gear ready for night-fishing and boats head out with lanterns lit. Night-fishing is a risky business, so the boats rarely venture beyond the waters further downstream towards the coast.

Before dawn, the catch is brought to dock, unloaded, filleted and salted ready for the next day's market. The ward is the best place to see all manner of weird googly-

eyed fish, armour-plated vicious-looking crabs, and amorphous slimy blobs with glowing appendages. It is said that 'the only thing you won't catch out on the river is syphilis, and sometimes the only thing you will catch is a cold'.

Messy Nets (B38)

Gloria Spithy and her daughter, Flossy, are netmakers, menders, and untanglers. They make nets of all kinds and sizes, and repair nets that have been cut through by sharks, angry crabs, or jealous fishermen. Their main talent is being able to untangle things. Give them a writhing mass of eels, fishing lines, ropes, nets, cotton, wire, or even hair bound up with tight knots and other matter and they will get it all straightened out in no time.

Gloria is most famous for having untied the Staffershire Knot. Created many years ago and supposedly impossible to untie, it foiled even the strongest and most determined of folk. A prize of 100 gold guids was offered to anyone who could untie it, but it remained secure for three years until Gloria was visiting relatives in Abbots Bream and heard about the knot. Within 13 seconds of seeing the knot it was undone; within 13 hours of being awarded the prize money, Gloria was mugged and the money was gone. Gloria returned to Great Lunden with the legend of the knot and used the fame to set up her net business.

The Staffershire Knot was actually magically tied, but the magic failed seconds before Gloria touched it, hence her miraculous untying. Gloria and Flossy have no divine knack when it comes to

untangling, they are just extremely talented and practiced at it.

Gloria and Flossy recently made a net that was long enough to stretch across the width of the Great Thameswater. The rope used to construct it was provided to them by their employer and was very strong and very thin with a metallic sheen. Gloria was sure she overheard the commissioner mention that it was god hair, although she may have misheard.

The Barge & Turnip (B39)

One of the most popular taverns in Scalehithe, The Barge & Turnip is owned by 'One Hand' Wiggins, a jolly fellow in his late forties with a beer belly as big as a pregnant Thameswater carp. Everyone knows that Wiggins' left hand was bitten off by a great, green, three-finned shork, as he tells everyone, at least twice. In its place is a leather bracer around his wrist with a metal bracket attached to it. He has multiple attachments available, including a fork, a tankard, a wooden fist, and an iron ball. The last two are for when patrons get unruly.

The tavern is always full despite it being a meeting place for a group of river pirates known as the Mud Bastards. Their leader, Tuck Kane, is a squash-nosed bully covered in tattoos — mostly celebrating his street brawl victories — who has a terrible, undiagnosed allergy to rat fur. His right-hand woman is Tamara Oxingham, notoriously vicious, snarling, and foul-mouthed, she is also covered in tattoos, also celebrating her street brawl victories. In addition, she also has every swear word she knows tattooed down her

right arm, so she can reel them off in a verbal disagreement.

Wiggins tolerates the group on account of the beer they drink, and the fact that they take all trouble outside. Also, Tuck and Tamara quite like Wiggins, referring to him as a “stupid, old twat” with a smile, which Wiggins assumes is a term of endearment in their oddly-violent circles.

Structures of Note

There are no Structures of Note in this ward.

Silvergate

Peeker Patrol %: * 75% ⚔ 75%

Patrol Strength: * 0/1/4 ⚔ 1/2/6

Crime: * 1 ⚔ 1

Danger: * 1 ⚔ 1

Access to Restricted Goods: 5%

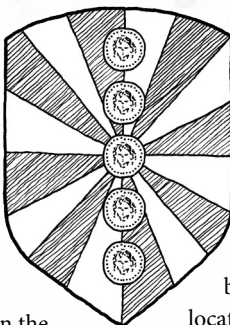
Structure Use: 0%/85%/15%

Smells: Absent of smells unique to the ward. Most often, scents from adjacent wards are blown here on the wind.

Sounds: Bells, machinery clanking, birds cawing, dogs barking.

Ten things happening

1. A snarling, black dog chasing a man down the street, followed by four out-of-breath Peekers.
2. A bell tolls, followed by several men and women rushing between buildings.
3. A heavily-guarded, armoured wagon rolls down the street heading away from the Mint,



armed riders on horseback clearing a path.

4. A gloombugger winches down ornate lanterns inside the portico of an important structure, replacing the gloombuggs.
5. Some workmen are reinforcing a sewer grate with iron plates.
6. Three men and a woman wearing robes gather to sit at the base of a fountain, one has an abacus and the others have journals filled with tabulated numbers. All are deep in conversation or looking pensive.
7. A trail of spilled copper halfpennies leads off into an alleyway.
8. A crow flies down under a portico and rests on the ledge underneath. A man and a woman exit via the building's fortified door and whisper to each other in hushed tones. The bird flies off.
9. A beggar hobbles along with a painted wooden plaque in one hand stating, “Got a penny, please?”, the other hand is held forward palm up. He smiles a toothless, tongueless grin.

10. A woman with a jeweller's loupe still in her eye exits a shop with a lady in fine attire. They look at the window as the noble-looking lady points at a large emerald ring within.

Ward Description

Outside of the Queen's estates, some of the most important buildings of Great Lunden are located in Silvergate. Regarded as the city's financial district, their grand porticos, huge doric columns, and

elaborate cornices of white marble or meticulously crafted Yirkshire stone reflect all this, for many of the buildings are towering displays of affluence and power, some being almost seven stories high. The ward's streets are well-maintained and the ward is possibly the most verdant of all the inner wards, with topiary bushes and trees, statues, and fountains decorating the open spaces between the tall structures.

The ward is home to the Queen's Mint and numerous banks as well as moneylenders, pawnbrokers, commodity traders, and money launderers. It is thought that for each 10 gold coins that pass through the hands of a Great Lunden moneylender, two times that is made by the Queen in taxes, two times that is made by the money lender, and one person dies a horrible death, giving rise to the saying, "I'll pay you back five times the amount and spare my life".

The entrance into the ward, also known as Silvergate, is also one of the Goodsgates and sees queues gathering across the Queenswater moat and up Rotten Street on busy mornings. The ward is protected by five Peeker guardtowers, filled to the brim with Peekers and their black mastiff hounds known as 'Black Dogs'. They regularly patrol the streets looking for vagrants and those who are up to no good. Any that they find are usually mauled by the mastiffs, or roughed up by a Peeker or two, and then thrown in the back of a horse-drawn Peeker cart and summarily dumped over the Silvergate approach bridge and into the Queenswater just outside the inner-city walls.

During the day, the streets throng with financially-minded men and women, many dressed in finery and carrying the leather satchels in the colours of the counting houses and merchant banks where they work, others are simply affluent people depositing money into banks, poor people going to see a moneylender or pawnbroker, or highly-guarded carts surrounded by trained and armoured guards ferrying coins and important documents across the city.

Many of the most important buildings in the ward, including The Queen's Mint and the Bank of Havenland, as well as the Tower of Great Lunden in Queensgate and several other secret locations beyond, are connected by a network of underground tunnels known as The Silverdelves. These enable important documents, money transfers, and spies to move about in secret to the world above and so avoid any risk of financial loss.

At night, the Peekers of Silvergate are as active as they are in the daylight hours. In most other wards, the Peekers hole up in the guardtowers in front of the hearth and drink ale, but not here. There are disproportionate punishments for any Peekers found sleeping on duty in Silvergate. A couple of days spent in the stocks just outside of the Silvergate entrance, next to a couple of barrels full of mouldy fruit and vegetables, is usually enough to ensure that it does not happen again. It is also the only opportunity many cityfolk have to inflict harm on a Peeker without risking death, so is often too good an opportunity to pass up.

The ward is filled with gloombug lanterns, even in dead end alleys and is the only

ward to have an active, night duty gloombugger. The Peekers have propagated the saying, “At night, from the web-filled craters of the moon, even Morgontula can see the light from Silvergate.” The ward is so heavily-patrolled by Peekers that it is actually difficult to stand anywhere in Silvergate, day or night, without being in the field of view of a Peeker or his mastiff. The downside to the Peekers’ vigilance is that they tend to focus on those not dressed in finery or the colours of the ward’s counting houses and merchant banks and so subject them to undue attention. It is common for such individuals to be the target of shouts of, “Oi, you! Stop right there.” Or “I know you are here somewhere!”, or be the target of the guttural barking of hungry dogs.



Sir Malcolm Cockingly

Espaneria who pronounces his letter ‘j’s as ‘h’s. His accent leads many to believe that Malcolm Cockingly is not his birth name, and there are many ideas as to who he actually might be, but to date, nobody — with the exception of the queen and Lady Essenwold — have identified him as the turncoat spy known in his old homeland as ‘El Diablo’. Born Juan José Alejandro Lopez, or as he once called himself, ‘Huan

Hosay Alehandro Lopez’, Sir Malcolm’s previous life and activities are a state secret and he now uses his skills to make sure that the mint is not subject to losses, and he has a clandestine network of eavesdroppers and informers working throughout the mint. He is loyal to the queen, but not entirely trusted by Amber Essenwold, who knew of him and his methods from years ago.

The Queen’s Mint (B7)

The Queen’s Mint is the largest structure in Silvergate, a sprawl of foreboding architecture, high walls, manned guard posts, tall towers, thudding dropforges, and belching chimneys. At its tallest, the Queen’s Mint is some five storeys high, and unknown to common folk, extends a further three stories below ground. All of the metallic coins in Havenland are minted here with the exception of Gloomium ingots, which are not really minted, but made by addled and short-lived alchemists from across the isles. The head of the mint is Sir Malcolm Cockingly, an olive-skinned man from

The Bank of Havenland (B4)

The front of The Bank of Havenland is an imposing white edifice with a gloriously carved portico depicting victorious battles and the stolen wealth of the enemies of Havenland. The portico is supported on great, fluted, white marble columns inscribed with text written in old goman, and engraved with depictions of old kings and queens of Havenland in poses that suggest they are holding up the portico. Sir Indigo Lomes designed the building a hundred years ago and is now buried in the catacombs beneath. The bank is the heart of Havenland’s economy and

handles the Queen's coffers, sets the taxes across the country, and helps advise on where the taxes raised should be spent to improve the economy.

The head of the bank is the Master of Coin, Sir Oliver Myrtwrithe. A trusted advisor in the Royal Court, Myrtwrithe is a fat, red-faced man with a mop of brown, bowl-cut hair. He commonly wears rich, vermilion jerkins and overgowns embroidered with silver threads, and a series of middium neck chains befitting his status as Master of Coin. He wears a necklace of small and elaborate golden keys on a chain under his garments. These are a decoy for would-be kidnappers, as only he and the Queen know how to open the locks to the Queen's Safe deep in the bank's vaults.

Structures of Note

Little Benjamin's Clocktower (A9) and Faust Coppershine Lending (A10) are also in this ward. See pages 130 and 132 respectively.

Tomegate

Peeker Patrol %: * 20% ⚔ 40%

Patrol Strength: * 0/0/2 ⚔ 0/0/2

Crime: * 1 ⚔ 2

Danger: * 1 ⚔ 1

Access to Restricted Goods: 2%

Structure Use: 10%/80%/10%

Smells: Sulphur, and other chemical compounds, and fresh ink.

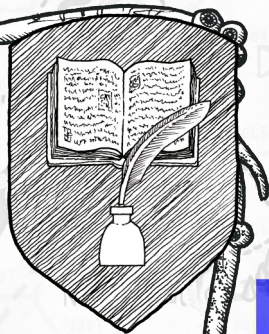
Sounds: Bells tolling, harps and other relaxing music, reading aloud, and teaching of lessons on complex subjects.

Ten things happening

1. A Witchfinder raid on a nearby building.
2. An elderly gentleman, sitting in contemplation, puffs on a clay pipe, blowing the smoke into rings.
3. An aged teacher and his adult pupils sit on the steps of a building discussing a heated topic.
4. A professor demonstrates the laws of gravity by throwing a cat out of a first-floor window.
5. Peekers escort a woman in chains to the ward's courts. A passer-by throws a tomato at her.
6. A young man hurriedly carrying a pile of journals and parchments trips and throws them all over the street. A breeze scatters them all over as he rushes to grab them.
7. A small explosion shatters the glass in a nearby building. "Ah, I might have used a little too much powder in that!" is heard from within.
8. A falling piece of worn masonry.
9. A mapmaker walks outside his office to get more light to study an old map of the Haven Isles.
10. A group of students protest about increasing study fees.

Ward Description

If there is anywhere in Great Lunden where questions about subjects both mundane and esoteric might be answered, it is Tomegate. Someone here will know the answer, giving rise to the oft-used



response by cityfolk of, “Only Tomegate knows”, an expression used when asked a question that the recipient does not know the answer to.

Beyond the Tomegate entrance, the scholarly ward is filled with libraries, schools, and other establishments dedicated to learning and lore. It is also said that the ward’s streets are where the most important lessons are learned, taught, demonstrated, proven, and hidden, for any number of academics, sages, scholars, philosophers, pupils, and professors of esoteric lore may be found meandering the worn cobbles or deep in conversation on street corners discussing matters that would spin the heads of most cityfolk. There are some subjects best not discussed or taught in the open. Thus, secreted behind moving book shelves and hidden in the secret cellars beneath this ward, arcane practitioners conduct their studies and practice their art far from the prying eyes of the Grand Malefizhaus and the legion of witchfinders that would seek to burn anyone that utters a single arcane word, makes an arcane gesture, or scribes an arcane ward. Frequent raids by the witchfinders turn up little evidence of ‘devilry’ in the ward, such is the skill with which the arcanists have learned to preserve their knowledge. Many of the buildings in the ward have ‘Mage holes’ in their walls and floors, allowing those of an arcane persuasion to hide when the witchfinders come.

Tomegate is busiest by day when its streets are filled with scholarly folk sitting outside buildings smoking pipes, reading tomes, or having philosophical discussions out in the open, but at night

the streets clear, and only those that crave knowledge venture out onto the cobbles.

Masters College (B3)

Masters College is a grand edifice. Carved with grotesques, arched windows, sinuous spires, and ornate cornices, the white stone makes it look old and important. The portico is supported by elaborate pillars, carved with scholars and images of learning.

Inside is no different. Its large entrance hall with a marble floor is decorated with statues of long-passed, learned scholars, whilst ornate wooden stairs lead up to several floors, each with a balcony, and archways lead off in all directions. The hall is always filled with students, scholars, and discussion.

Here, cityfolk with money can pay to learn and study. Some come from all over Havenland to do so, such is the reputation of some of the teachers here. The most notable are:

- **Master Scroff** — professor of natural laws,
- **Master Vestapule** — professor of animalia,
- **Master Hoggins** — professor of stone and earth,
- **Mistress Morgene** — professor of compounds,
- **Mistress Laetitia** — professor of astrology.

The dean of the college is Sir Hugo Snurt, a clever and manipulative man who holds onto college power with an iron grip. The college secretly holds arcane classes in the bowels of the college, and apart from the

students being taught, only Snurt and the professor of arcanity, Master Lester Humbolt know of it. Students and the professor are always masked and gowned so that identities are never revealed. With their red gowns and full-faced capirote hats, the lessons appear to hold a sinister tone. Numerous deceptions are in place to prevent the witchfinders of the Grand Malefizhaus from learning of the classes, and to this day, Snurt is still beyond reproach.

The Lost Quill (B46)

The Lost Quill is owned and run by Theophilus Bone, a talented scribe and manuscript illuminator. His office is orderly, with some shelves stacked with tomes, journals, and codices, and other shelves stacked with parchment, clay tablets, and scrolls. A neat desk occupies the room near the window. Above the desk, arranged in groups, are pots of ink, quills, gold leaf, pigments, paints, and lacquers.

Theophilus has illuminated some of the most important religious works in Great Lunden, such is his skill. He is also an adept writer of secret missives, for which he has adapted special inks that defy reading unless it is by the intended recipient. He is also able to employ inks that shift in the light creating a moving effect.

Structures of Note

There are no Structures of Note in this ward.



THE OUTER WARDS (NORTH)

North of the River

Aldersgate

Peeker Patrol %: * 50% ⑈ 50%

Patrol Strength: * 0/0/2 ⑈ 0/1/4

Crime: * 1 ⑈ 2

Danger: * 1 ⑈ 1

Access to Restricted Goods: 5%

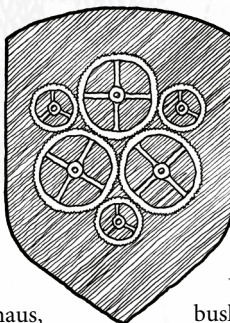
Structure Use: 0%/25%/75%

Smells: Grass, trees, and flowers. The smells of the forges of Blackgate when the wind blows in the right direction.

Sounds: Rustling of leaves in the wind, creaking of trees, jeers of a crowd, and birds flapping, chirping, or cawing.

Ten things happening

1. A witch is being dunked in Toad Pool.
2. A manacled warlock is paraded through the streets wearing a shaming mask, constructed to look like a devil and dripping with jingling bells.
3. Four hooded and cloaked figures run towards the entrance to the Guild of Esteemed Hands.
4. A group of witchfinders stand on a street corner discussing matters of devilry.
5. A mudcow-drawn cart, outside the Grand Malefizhaus, being loaded with cloth sacks



containing the bodies of dead witches and warlocks.

6. Seven dead birds in the middle of the street. They look to be magpies.
7. Witchfinders escorting a man protesting his innocence towards the Grand Malefizhaus.
8. A rowdy mob make their way towards the Guild of Harrowers shouting about a change of guild master.
9. A falconer stands with his falcon looking out for darkcrows. He has strict instructions to hunt any darkcrows near to the Guild of Esteemed Hands.
10. The Guild of Farmers is having a produce fair and all are welcome.

Ward Description

Aldersgate is also known as 'Ward of Guilds' or 'Guild Ward', for although there are many guilds found throughout Great Lunden, the ones of significance and access to the largest coffers are found in Aldersgate. Filled with the fees and dues extricated from its guild members, over the years, the monies from these coffers have funded the construction of the ward's many guild houses.

Aldersgate might not be as densely packed as many other wards, but its buildings are generally grand and opulent, rivaling the architecture of the larger buildings found in Silvergate and Tomegate. They stand on well-kept streets lined with long established trees and bushes — many of the latter pruned into topiary shapes that reflect the guild houses they stand next to.

The guilds offer their members negotiating power for better conditions, easing of taxation, improved conditions, and exclusive guild-related services. All this for a small fee, called a Guild Tax.

The ostentatious displays of wealth in Aldersgate make it the target of criminals from adjacent wards. In particular, Cripplegate to the east and the less salubrious end of Hyde Ward to the west where it abuts Great Lunden Gaol, but less so from the Inner Ward of Blackgate to the south. The guilds take great care to ensure that any criminals or burglars caught, face the full weight of the law and receive as public a punishment as is possible.

Toad Pond is feared by the populace for it is here that witches are dunked. Consisting of a wooden jetty and a crane made of timber beams with an iron cage suspended from it, suspected witches and warlocks are placed in the iron cage which is then dunked in the deep pond. This 'Ordeal by Water' begins at dawn when the accused is immersed. At noon, the cage is lifted. If the victim has survived, then they are clearly a witch or warlock and are then taken to be executed in whatever manner seems fitting to the Witchfinder General.

The Great Escaping refers to an incident four years ago when Clarissa Smearing was accused of midnight meetings with devils in the fields north of Hackle Ward. A birthmark behind her ear, which she covered with her auburn locks was deemed to be clear evidence of her Devil's mark, and her pet piglet, was deemed her familiar. She was charged with the death of a farmer from the north beyond Hackle

Ward, who was shredded across three fields. She was dunked in Toad Pond, but when the cage was lifted after several hours, the cage was intact and still locked, but Clarissa was gone, never to be found again. The Witchfinder General at the time, Lord Horobin Eggington, was ousted from his post (a pamphlet of the time, *Smearing Eggington: How a Witchfinder General failed to Find a Witch* by Oulittle Gobsheet did nothing to protect his reputation) and replaced by the unforgiving Lord Tolbein Moorcock, who has been in charge of the Grand Malefizhaus ever since.

Rivermen's Guild (B11)

Almost every man, woman, and wart goblin who works on the Great Thameswater and its tributaries is a member of the Rivermen's Guild. They include riverboat pilots, fishermen, cockle and musselpickers, and those that rely on using the river itself to make their livings. This guild is overseen by Guild Master Lennard Reedham, a driven and powerful advocate for the city's many rivermen.

Grand Malefizhaus (B12)

The witchfinders' headquarters is a large austere building of black dressed stone. Just four storeys high, deep beneath the ground floor, cells and torture chambers ring with the sounds of horrifying torture methods and screamed admissions of guilt.

Whilst not technically a guild, many cityfolk regard the Grand Malefizhaus as such, often calling it the Witchfinders' Guild. In recent years, the Grand Malefizhaus has grown in power to rival

that of any guild. This is due to the favour in which the Witchfinder General, Lord Tolbein Moorcock, is held by the queen. Given the growing influence and power of Lord Moorcock and his witchfinders, many of the other members of The Ten are secretly worried about its dominating position in the Royal Court.

Guild of Harrowers (B13)

Members of the Guild of Harrowers, most of them from the Harrow and Midden Wards, have some of the most unpleasant jobs in Great Lunden. They clear the city's many middens, transport the cleared ordure, and oversee the Harrow Midden, typically working in disgusting, unsanitary conditions. They have the right of salvage, but their poor working and living conditions have led many guild members to call for Longspear House and its parkland in Harrow Ward to be given to them so that improved housing can be built on it near to the Harrow Midden. Unfortunately, Longspear House and its grounds were a gift from the crown to Sir Iron Longspear of Ashenby, who uses the property on his short monthly visits to the city, and the Queen has so far refused to countenance the idea of taking it away from him. Consequently, many are suspicious of the Queen's favour and her

dealings with Sir Longspear. None dare mention this out loud.

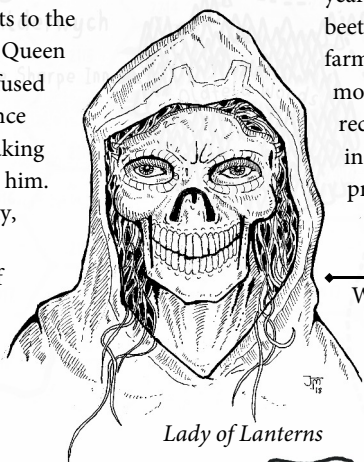
The head of the guild is Guild Mistress Essa Greywold. Her voice is oft-ignored by the other guildmasters as well as at the Royal Court, which has led many guild members to call for her resignation. The relationship between her, her members, and the Queen was recently made worse when "Iron Out!" was daubed on the sides of Longspear House in pig's blood. The Queen was furious and has demanded that Guildmaster Essa Greywold find the perpetrator or be replaced, imprisoned, or worse.

Farmer's Guild (B14)

Unlike the farms up and down the Haven Isles, the hundreds of farms in the Beyond surrounding Great Lunden are eligible for representation in the city's Farmer's Guild. The guild master is Monty Podling, who when not attending to his guild duties grows massive vegetables on his family-run farm off the Windsour Road in the West Beyond. Indeed, Podling's second term of office was cemented last year after he successfully grew the heaviest beetroot on record at 51 lb 10 oz on his farm. A rumour has spread in the last few months that casts suspicion on the record, suggesting that his wife had inserted an iron ball into the beetroot prior to weighing.

Guild of Gloombuggers (B15)

Whilst the Gloombuggers have the right to reside in Bridgetown rent free, the guild building sits in Aldersgate. An old, four-storey, timber-framed structure, it is



Lady of Lanterns

decorated with a halo of gloombug lanterns of all manner of design and manufacture. The guild mistress is known as the Lady of Lanterns, and she wears a golden skull mask and ermine-lined black robes in public as befits her status. Her real identity is known to only a few.

The Lady of Lanterns' reach is further than Great Lunden, with many Keepers of Gloombugs from towns as far north as Shaffingfield paying for the guild's services. A recent drop in gloombug numbers in the marshes south of Havenland has the guild concerned.

Armourer's Guild (B16)

Members of the Armourer's Guild include not just those that work in Great Lunden's arms and armour trades, but also anyone whose trade is working common metals. It does not include goldsmiths, silversmiths, or jewellers who instead belong to the Guild of Craftsmen. The master of the Armourer's Guild is Octavius Mann, a behemoth of a man with a cleft lip. He stoops down at every doorway and his forehead is covered in scars and bruises. Always wearing an immaculate chain shirt, he lifts people off the floor with one hand when they disagree with him, then places them down gently before patting them condescendingly on the top of the head with his paddle-like hands.

Guild of Craftsmen (B17)

Goldsmiths, silversmiths, jewellers, cabinet makers, lens grinders, filigree workers, and scale jewellers belong to the Guild of Craftsmen. Members are typically found in Messenward as well as

from the Outer Wards. Being a member is a sign of quality, and the guild vet its members constantly to ensure that they are maintaining the highest standards expected of its members. Guild membership affords its members the opportunity to raise their prices, knowing that their discerning customers will buy for quality.

The organisation is currently run by Guild Master Crispin DeJarradin, an aloof and meticulous man in his late fifties. His bald head is covered with a red velvet skullcap and he wears a white ruff embroidered with gold thread.

Guild of Esteemed Hands (B18)

The Guild of Esteemed Hands is something of a mystery. Its members are not listed in any official documents and no-one actually knows what the guild does. Its guild house is an anonymous grey stone two-storey building topped with gargoyles and grotesques that cityfolk simply see as another building to be avoided. Anyone taking an interest in the building or the guild's activities is either quickly pulled into dark alleyways by brachycephalic street brawlers or rewarded with a night-time visit by sadistic, masked, barber surgeons. To date, neither the Queen or The Ten take any interest in the Guild of Esteemed Hands, either because they do not care or they want to maintain its secrecy.

Speculation exists that the 'guild' is in some way connected to The Silver Hand in Abbots Bream in Staffershire, but no-one has any evidence other than hearsay. There is no known guild master and many of the guild's activities and comings and

goings take place after dark, with hooded and cloaked figures dashing in and out into the night. At any other time, its iron doors are always shut, with the gargoyles and grotesques atop the roof seeming to maintain a watch on the streets below.

Structures of Note

The Guild of Messengers (A13) and the Crowcote (A14) are also located in this ward. See pages 142 and 145 respectively.

Bridgetown

Peeker Patrol %: * 80% ⑆ 80%

Patrol Strength: * 1/0/2 ⑆ 0/1/2

Crime: * 1 ⑆ 1

Danger: * 1 ⑆ 1

Access to Restricted Goods: 5%

Structure Use: 55%/25%/20%

Smells: Fish, the river, and muck.

Sounds: Cartwheels on cobbles, whinnying animals, and fluttering pennants and bunting.

Ten things happening

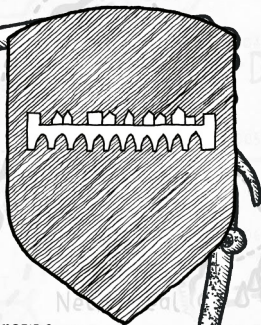
1. A gloombugger wearing their skull mask exiting a doorway with a large net and a sack.
2. A cart accident where two wheels of passing carts have tangled, spilling the load of one of the carts (carrots) onto the cobbled path.
3. A passing boat going under the bridge has forgotten to lower its mast and hits the bridge.
4. Peekers inside Fort Muck are tipping urine onto passing cityfolk below.
5. A group of riverboat pilots stand on the side of the bridge looking at the

currents swirling below discussing the dangers.

6. A trader with a laden cart argues with Peekers about his goods taxes.
7. A group of Peekers throw a scruffy looking man, who desperately protests his innocence, off the bridge.
8. A brawl spills out of The Grey Galleon Tavern and into the street causing a mudcow to bolt dragging an empty cart behind it.
9. Some workers on long ladders hanging up bunting and pennants, when one falls and desperately grabs the bunting for dear life, hanging precariously. Some Peekers below start chanting, "Fall, fall, fall!"
10. A group of onlookers on the bridge point at something in the water about to pass under the bridge. Possibly a corpse, someone who can't swim, an animal, or a giant fish.

Ward Description

Also known as Bridge Ward or The Bridge, Bridgetown consists of the myriad defensive structures, dwellings, and businesses fighting for dominance on the cramped space that is Lunden Bridge. The ward starts and ends at two guarded gates at either end of the bridge, imaginatively named North Bridgegate and South Bridgegate. North Bridgegate is also one of the Goodsgates and goods crossing here from the outer ward of Nether Scalehithe into the inner ward of Scalehithe are scrupulously checked for any taxes that are due. Coloured bunting and pennants hang between the buildings



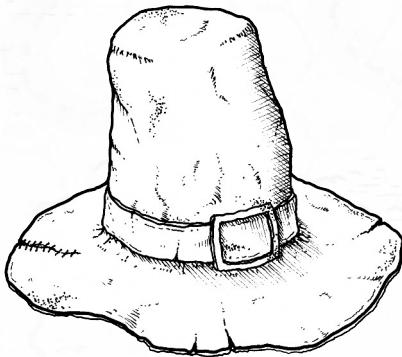
on opposite sides of the bridge and there are strict ordinances as to what colours — and when — can be hung throughout the year. The colours are regularly checked by the ward's Peekers who levy fines for the wrong colours. Consequently, any Peeker posted to Bridgetown is known as a 'Bunty'.

The Peekers of Bridgetown hole up in Fort Muck, a dominating red brick structure. When not out checking flags and bunting, they can often be found hacking up phlegm and spitting on boats passing under the bridge. Occasionally they throw someone off the bridge not caring to see what is in the water below.

Gloombuggers can live rent free in Bridgetown by royal decree, and as such, there is a high concentration of them living here. When not out servicing the lanterns of the city, they are usually to be found drinking in The Grey Galleon Tavern (C45).

Structures of Note

There are no Structures of Note in this ward.



Cripplegate

Peeker Patrol %: * 20% € 20%

Patrol Strength: * 0/0/2 € 0/1/2

Crime: * 1 € 1

Danger: * 2 € 2

Access to Restricted Goods: 25%

Structure Use: 60%/30%/10%

Smells: Body odour, human waste, and stale ale.

Sounds: Whistling, shouting, cursing, and urchins playing.

Ten things happening

1. A Peeker patrol with two mastiffs wanders the streets looking for something for their dogs to munch on.
2. A shifty-looking young girl calls over, "Hey, my master's got some good items ya can't get from Marketgate!"
3. A young man stands on the corner and starts loudly whistling a tune whilst furtively looking at the party.
4. Peekers chase a man through the alleyways shouting, "Come here, you little bastard!"
5. Two men, one carrying a large knife and trying to be discreet, lead a mudcow down an alley.
6. A cloaked figure runs across a rooftop above the party before leaping from one roof to another. The pursuing Peeker slips and falls through the tiles.
7. A lady (or man) offer their 'services' with a promise of discretion.
8. A bunch of urchins steel a sack of coal off the back of a cart.

9. A drunken man spills out of a tavern into the street and claims that the party are spies from Gaulandia.
10. A cry of help emanates from a side alley.

Ward Description

Cripplegate is one of, if not the, poorest of wards in the city. Its buildings are either wholly timber or timber-framed with wattle and daub walls and mostly rundown and in need of repair. Although many have chimneys, most of the occupants struggle to afford coal to burn for a fire. Many in the southern half of the ward are covered in the grime and soot of Blackgate that has blown north and the ward's main thoroughfare, Black Street, is named for the appearance of these buildings, grubby and black. Some of the folk in the ward are house-proud though, and do their best to make their homes and businesses stand out with brightly coloured drapes and pennants.

Unfortunately, this can only hide the shabbiness of the buildings underneath the drapes. Black Street runs the length of the ward, from north to south. Just north of the Goodsgate into Blackgate is a large open area known as Bastards Square. Markets, executions, and public shamings are held here regularly — sometimes all on the same day.

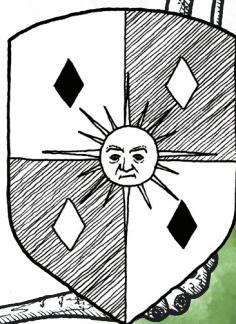
Cripplegate has a thriving black-market, although a potential customer is as likely to find almost anything for sale down an alleyway through a series of doorways and arches, as he is to get mugged. Lookouts stand on street corners and whistle varying tunes to alert their masters of looming trouble.

The ward is home to Olivia Issington, the only surviving crew member of *The Queen's Sword*, the ship that sailed to the Serpentlands 42 years ago (see *The Middlerlands Expanded*, page 112). Now old and haggard with unkempt, grey hair and sunken eyes that tell of terrible things (well, she has seen serpentfolk!), Olivia's life is now one consumed by the bottle and drunken tales of her past sea voyages. Most in the ward think her an oddity and her tales an amusement, whilst the few old enough to remember her in her youth believe that the rumours of her being a spy for foreigners and her talk of serpentfolk is made up. Despite her drunken blatherings, Olivia's stories about her encounters with serpentfolk are true and since the capture of serpentmen prisoners from the wreck of the Sshrack'ssh Gall (see *The Middlerlands Expanded*, page 114), some people in powerful positions believe her. Lady Amber Essenwold herself has met with Olivia and promised her a better life, but Olivia stubbornly rejected her offer.

Olivia possesses one item from her time in the Serpentlands — the three-eyed amulet she took from the serpentfolk city, H'sst Akal. It was confiscated from her after she was found adrift off Watcher's Point, but strangely slipped out of its new keepers' hands and found its way back to Olivia. The Queen's spies have been looking for it ever since.

Structures of Note

There are no Structures of Note in this ward.





Dead Ward, The

Peeker Patrol %: * 20% ⚔ 10%

Patrol Strength: * 0/0/2 ⚔ 0/1/2

Crime: * 1 ⚔ 2

Danger: * 1 ⚔ 2

Access to Restricted Goods: 1%

Structure Use: 0%/0%/100%

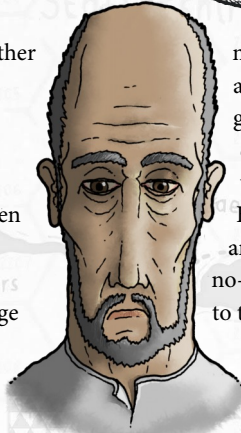
Smells: Dead things, fresh soil, and freshly picked flowers.

Sounds: Swaying of leaves in trees, digging, bell tolls, and sermons.

Ten things happening

1. A priest preaching a sermon at the graveside.
2. A distraught woman lying on the ground at the foot of her husband's grave.
3. Gravediggers digging a grave.
4. A funeral procession walking towards a freshly dug grave.
5. A ratdog with a severed hand in its mouth
6. A stoatfondler with a cage containing stoats. He is preparing to let them

- loose to catch rats and other vermin.
7. A dislodged door to a mausoleum or lid on a tomb.
 8. An old grave that has been dug up and the previous occupant removed.
 9. (Night) A series of strange wispy lights.
 10. (Night) Quiet and strange chanting in the darkness, followed by groans.



Father Oscar Pendlebury

man of Gael, he not only acknowledges the many faiths and gods worshipped throughout the city, he treats every one of them with equal fervour in his sermons. His stern demeanour, long face, and soul-searching eyes ensure that no-one leaves without contributing to the upkeep of the church, half of which he pockets to spend on his debauched proclivities in Nethermark.

Ward Description

The Dead Ward is where most of the folk of Great Lunden are

buried. Those with money get the nice tombs and mausoleums and funerals attended by family, friends, and paid weepers to bolster the perceived popularity of the deceased and their family. Others get a simple grave and marker of wood or stone, sometimes inscribed with

their name, age and a sentimental sentence or two. For those with no money, their bodies are often unceremoniously dumped in larger pits along the ward's northern edge away from the cemetery's nicer tree-lined spots.

The Church of Souls (B23)

The Dead Ward's sole church is the Church of Souls. From here, Father Oscar Pendlebury administers to all of the souls who are interred or buried in the ward. A

Structures of Note

There are no Structures of Note in this ward.

Ferry Ward

Peeker Patrol %: * 20% € 20%

Patrol Strength: * 0/1/2 € 0/1/2

Crime: * 1 € 1

Danger: * 2 € 2

Access to Restricted Goods: 25%

Structure Use: 30%/40%/30%

Smells: Hops, beers and ale, ground flour, and the manure of working animals.

Sounds: Loading/unloading of crates and barrels, working animals whinnying, cartwheels on cobbles, shouts of workers, rattling chains, and rope rubbing across canvas tarpaulins.

Ten things happening

1. Mudcows panic on a ferry mid-crossing and begin jumping in the river.
2. An offended woman hurls abuse at the driver of a Green Cart Company cart and its passengers.

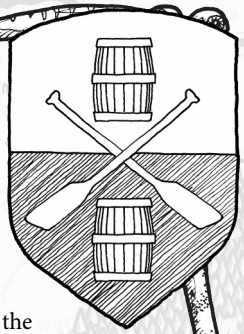
3. A fire starts amongst some barrels stored on the quayside.
4. A large fish leaps out of the water onto the quayside, followed by another. In the river, a much larger fin can be seen.
5. A long tentacle reaches out of the river and grabs a barrel of mead, dragging it into the river.
6. An out of control boat, its crew missing, crashes into a wharf.
7. A group of burly, tattooed and bare-chested men fight with another group of burly, tattooed and bare-chested men over who's next on the ferry.
8. A naked man runs and jumps into the river shouting, "Take me, River Devils!"
9. A naked man runs and jumps into the river shouting, "Woo hoo!"
10. An elderly man runs out of a brewery building and clutching a tankard, goes from person to person, exclaiming, "Taste this! It's bloody amazing!"

Ward Description

Ferry Ward stretches along the northern bank of the Great Thameswater River. Although the ward is home to many mills and breweries, the majority of its businesses are concerned with the transportation of goods, livestock, and cityfolk, such as wheel and cartwrights, coopers, crate makers, rope weavers, chainmakers, and canvas makers. The two companies of note in Ferry Ward are Old Thameswater Ferries and The Green Cart Company.

Old Thameswater Ferries operates the Thameswater Ferry and owns the largest

structure in the ward, a magnificent, timber-framed building standing six floors tall and crowned with a large, billowing red and white chequered pennant (for more information on the ferry itself, refer to page 27). The Green Cart Company operates open-topped carts painted green and pulled by mudcows wearing green quarter sheets and hoods to transport cityfolk, who cannot be arsed to walk, on various pre-planned routes around the city. To hop onto a cart, whatever the journey, costs a brass tuppence paid to the driver. The carts tend to operate hourly, although they are notoriously unpunctual, and their cart drivers badly-mannered and borderline reckless. They have been dubbed 'The Shite Cart Company' by many unsatisfied cityfolk.



Structures of Note

There are no Structures of Note in this ward.

Greyfettle Ward

Peeker Patrol %: * 25% € 25%

Patrol Strength: * 0/0/2 € 0/1/2

Crime: * 1 € 1

Danger: * 2 € 1

Access to Restricted Goods: 5%

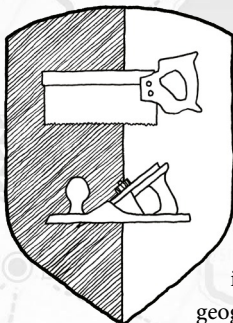
Structure Use: 30%/40%/30%

Smells: Freshly sawn wood, burning wood, and burnt charcoal.

Sounds: Sawing, drilling, splitting of timber, shaving wood, knocking in nails, snapping of wood, and clattering of logs.

Ten things happening

1. A man sitting on the doorstep outside his dwelling carving small statuettes.
2. A cart spills its loads of logs which roll down the road.
3. A group of men and women erecting the timber frame of a new dwelling.
4. A charcoal pile being tended by a charcoal burner and his pet watchdog.
5. A small collection of stalls selling wooden crafted items.
6. A woman runs into the street shouting for help. She has accidentally cut off her husband's arm with an axe.
7. A building catches fire and folk run to the River Wart to fetch water to help douse it.
8. A sign nailed to a woodworm-infested wooden post asks for help in eradicating an outbreak of woodworm.
9. A fire can be seen in the woods to the north of Greyfettle Ward.
10. A giant tree wanders into the street. It's the mechanical creation of a renowned craftsman, Septhumus Urkle.



Now the woods that once sprawled into the North Beyond are sparse and intermittent having been mostly thinned down by over felling, though some of the thicker copses are protected by royal decree and any that fell trees in those areas are punished harshly. Many of the clearings are also protected by royal decree and regular craft fairs are held here. At other times of the year, the area is given over to fairs and tournaments in honour of the Queen.

The common trades conducted in the ward are divided geographically. Hunters, charcoal burners, and others making their living from the woods tend to live and work in the ward's northern end, whilst those who craft wood, live in the southern end where they can more easily sell their wares. Several guilds have their guild houses in Greyfettle rather than in Aldersgate. They include the Guild of Charcoal Burners and the Esteemed Fellowship of Broomdashers and Brushbinders. There is plenty of hustle and bustle up and down the ward as carts laden with logs, charcoal, wooden furniture, or wooden statutory traverse the length of Greyfettle Ward.

Structures of Note

There are no Structures of Note in this ward.

Ward Description

Life in Greyfettle Ward is dominated by timber and trades that fell trees and work wood. A few centuries ago a thick forest ran south from what is now the North Beyond to the walls of Great Lunden.



Hackle Ward

Peeker Patrol %: * 25% € 25%

Patrol Strength: * 0/0/2 € 0/1/2

Crime: * 1 € 1

Danger: * 2 € 1

Access to Restricted Goods: 10%

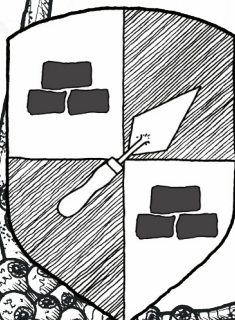
Structure Use: 30%/30%/30%

Smells: Baking clay, burning wood, and worked stone.

Sounds: Tapping of stonemasons, banging and knocking, shovelling, and mixing of render.

Ten things happening

1. A large pile of bricks topples, crushing a man.
2. A stonemason offers a good deal on a headstone.
3. An overloaded cart, wheels akimbo sits in the middle of the road or lane, the weight of its load too much for it to bear.
4. An oven used to bake bricks has caught fire.
5. A large, wooden vat of mortar is being transported on a cart, when the vat breaks, spilling its mortar into a nearby shop entrance, and over the player characters.
6. A howling, hopping mason, accidentally knocks into the player characters after dropping a stone on his foot.
7. Children throwing stones at the player characters.



8. Children throwing stones at a shop window.
9. Roof tiles smash down on the street in front of the player characters, thrown or dislodged from a roof above.
10. A scornful woman runs down the street throwing clay tiles at a worried man and a younger woman.

Ward Description

Located on the edge of the Outer Wards, much of Hackle Ward is comprised of open countryside with fields to the north and then waste ground, businesses, and dwellings to the south close to Cripplegate and Hamlet Ward. The areas of waste ground are slowly giving over to new buildings as the population expands and consequently, the ward is home to carpenters, bricklayers, stonemasons, plasterers, and roofers, all trades related to building construction. In addition, brickmakers make small quantities of bricks here using clay gathered in the claypits beyond the ward in the North Beyond and the Guild of Brickmakers, which has an office in the ward, is seeking to expand the brickmaking kilns into the public park on the western side of the ward. This is currently in negotiation with the Royal Court who are warming to the idea, but is now meeting resistance with some of the more vocal members of Greyfettle Ward who want to see the public park remain. Trouble between the factions is brewing.

Structures of Note

There are no Structures of Note in this ward.

Hamlet Ward

Peeker Patrol %: * 20% ⑈ 20%

Patrol Strength: * 0/0/2 ⑈ 0/1/2

Crime: * 1 ⑈ 1

Danger: * 1 ⑈ 1

Access to Restricted Goods: 2%

Structure Use: 25%/70%/5%

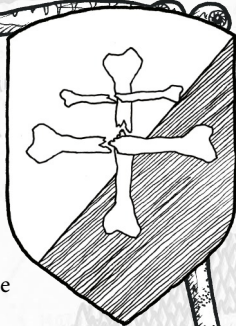
Smells: Washed cloth, blood, and burning flesh.

Sounds: Screams from patients, singing flesh, and sawing of bone.

Ten things happening

1. A scream emanates from inside a building bearing the sign 'Wooden Teeth here'.
2. A man walks out a building, covered in blood spatter, throws a severed, gangrenous hand into an outside wooden barrel swarming with flies. He smiles and goes back inside.
3. A trickle of blood runs out of a doorway into the street.
4. Drying sheets of cloth suspended on a line above the roadway come loose, and fall onto a horse-drawn cart startling the horse, which promptly goes nuts.
5. A covered body is semi-ceremoniously carried out of an important-looking building and placed/dumped onto a waiting cart with two other corpses.
6. A flock of birds harassing a roofer, who looks decidedly precarious.
7. A woman runs out of a barber surgeon's premises with blood pouring from her mouth shouting "He 'urt me and my tooofs!"

8. A dazed and confused man in a white gown staggers around the street asking about the 'flying machine and the man from the stars'.
9. An old man stand on a street corner selling medical implements consisting of an array of bizarre and painful-looking iron pliers, pokers, stretchers, saws, and knives.
10. A young woman walks the streets selling miracle ointments from her basket, professing that she is 96 next week, and she has been taking the ointment all her life.



Ward Description

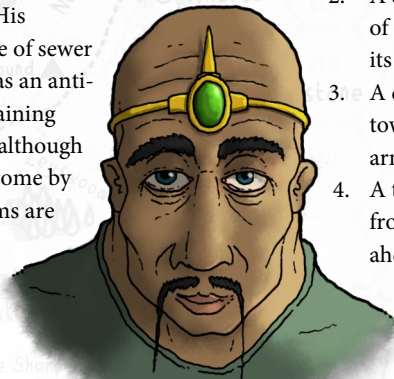
Hamlet Ward is home to those who make their living from the human body and its ailments, including apothecaries, barber surgeons, physicians, dentists, and doctors. Most profess possession of either lost medical knowledge — particularly of the gomans, or the very latest medical knowledge from places as far away as Espaneria and Italica, but whatever the source, they have a way of dealing with almost any medical matter, including the benefits of varying animalia as healing aids, bloodletting, trepanning, and miracle oils and ointments. They apply pretty much the same range of treatment to livestock too.

The other trade to be found in Hamlet Ward is the rag trade. Tailors, seamstresses, dressmakers, and clothiers, turn out tunics, trousers, leggings, cloaks, jackets, dresses, stockings, coifs, and ruffs of all shapes, sizes, and styles, usually at

cheaper prices than in the inner wards, though quality of the needlework and material varies widely.

The Queen's Infirmary (B25)

The largest building in the ward, the once-white granite walls of The Queen's Infirmary are now greying and its once-grand portico is crumbling. The poor state of the building can be put down to being funded by a gift from the Queen's purse and that gift not having been continued in years. Despite the lack of funds, its principled doctors and physicians do their very best to look after the sick and injured sent to the hospital's wards. The head of the hospital, Master Physician Soloman Zune is considered to be the finest physician in the south of Havenland. His medicinal use of sewer gripe spittle as an anti-bacterial is gaining recognition, although it is hard to come by and large sums are offered for any that can get hold of it.



Soloman Zune

Structures of Note

Morgrick House (A21), and S. Toad Barbers (A22) are also in this ward. See pages 166 and 169 respectively.

Harrow Ward

Peeker Patrol %: * 20% ◄ 20%

Patrol Strength: * 0/0/2 ◄ 0/1/2

Crime: * 1 ◄ 1

Danger: * 1 ◄ 2

Access to Restricted Goods: 3%

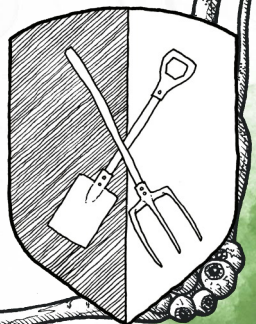
Structure Use: 30%/65%/5%

Smells: Generally, the ward is smell-free, other than a stinky midden worker passing by, or when the breeze blows down from the Harrow Midden.

Sounds: Grunting and bleating of deer.

Ten things happening

1. A group of midden workers covered in grime and muck approach.
2. A deer darts across the road in front of the party, having leapt the fence of its enclosure.
3. A cartload filled with rubbish, heads towards the midden. A pallid, grey arm sticks out from the rubbish.
4. A trail of rubbish presumably spilled from a passing cart leads up the trail ahead.
 5. A section of fencing from Longspear House's boundary has been knocked down and animals are escaping.
 6. A heavily-guarded coach pulled by horses, passes by on its way to Longspear House.
7. A fallen tree blocks the road or path, a bubbling green ichor seeping from its exposed roots.



8. A body of what looks like a poacher is slumped against a tree, a crossbow bolt lodged in their back.
9. A harrowing scurries into a burrow in the verge.
10. A large, slightly deformed, and angry badger runs down the trail towards you.

Ward Description

Harrow Ward is home to the gongfarmers, shitpickers, dungmongers, and recyclers who collect and deliver the city's ordure and other rubbish to the Harrow Midden — Great Lunden's huge dung and rubbish dump — by night, and work it over by day. Many of the worst tasks on the Harrow Midden are taken — and relished — by wart goblins, so a large number of them also reside in Harrow Ward. Unfortunately, all of the workers' homes are crammed into the southern end of the ward, resulting in poor living conditions and a relatively long walk to work. The reason for this is the immovable and protected expanse of Longspear House and its grounds.

Longspear House (B26)

Over two thirds of Harrow Ward consists of deer-filled private parkland managed by the household staff at Longspear House. Trespassing on this land is a considerable criminal offence, but poaching or killing any animal from the estate is punishable by death, so when deer and other animals escape and stray onto land adjacent to the estate, the local inhabitants know well to leave them alone. Likewise, when their own livestock

stray onto the estate, they have learned to give them up as lost.

Once part of the Queen's Estate, the former Grimfrith House was granted to Sir Irron Longspear, special advisor to the Queen, three years ago. Whilst Sir Irron is usually away attending to his own matters in the town of Ashenby in the county of Lesternshire, he returns frequently to meet with the Queen. His visits and the granting of Longspear House have aroused certain suspicions about his relationship with the Queen, but no-one openly questions her about it.

The four-storey manor house is made of red and blue bricks with window arches of worked stone, all filled with leaded glass panes. The roof is black slate tiles, and slender towers adorn its corners. The gardens surrounding the house are well-kept. The head gardener, Cecil Pillary, has planted a few carnivorous and entangling plants in the grounds to delay would-be trespassers. The recent daubing of "Irron Out!" in protest about the refusal of both the Queen and Longspear House to give up land for better housing for Harrow Midden workers seemed to circumnavigate the house's horticultural defences.

A few perceptive folk in Ashenby have begun to wonder how Sir Irron manages to get to Great Lunden and back quite so quickly and regularly. His enemies have wondered whether it might be worth reporting Sir Irron to the witchfinders, but his close relationship with the Queen persuaded them that it may not be wise.

Structures of Note

There are no Structures of Note in this ward.

Hyde Ward

Pecker Patrol %: * 20% € 50%

Patrol Strength: * 0/1/2 € 1/1/4

Crime: * 1 € 2

Danger: * 1 € 1

Access to Restricted Goods: 5%

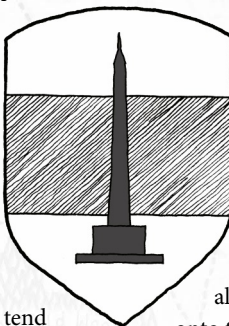
Structure Use: 25%/50%/25%

Smells: East: Freshly washed cloth and linen. West: Flowers and herb gardens.

Sounds: Horse's hooves clopping, and carts trundling along.

Ten things happening

1. You spot a shifty-looking, bedraggled man with a month's growth of beard hop onto the back of a cart and get under the tarpaulin. The cart is heading west away from the gaol.
2. A patrol of the Queen's Royal Guard make their way down the Queen's Road.
3. Several gardeners trim and tend a nice-looking garden. One is clipping a hedge into the shape of a mudcow.
4. A small demonstration by a rowdy mob at The Needle about the justice given to some people they know. They wave pitchforks, and hold crude, badly-spelled banners which read "Three the Hakklewoord Too".



5. A maid being berated by her mistress in the middle of the street, all over a cold pudding.
6. Two women selling dresses in the street, have a variety of green hued garments from which to choose.
7. A cartload of parsnips heading to the Inner Wards along the Queen's Road.
8. A prison cart with a captive inside, is being escorted to the gaol.
9. A riot is taking place at the gaol, and the surrounding roads, streets and watercourses are in lockdown. Salivating guard dogs roam.
10. A road or trail has collapsed into a sinkhole, and a number of properties are on the verge of falling into it along with the residents, unless someone does something quickly.

Ward Description

Notoriously home to Great Lunden Gaol, Hyde Ward is roughly split in two by a line that runs south from just east of the entrance onto the Royal Walk where the Queen's Estate boundary wall turns north, down through the alleyways and market and through onto the Great Thameswater Road.

The built-up area to the east of this imaginary line is the less respectable end of the ward, more so the closer to the gaol you get. It is known as 'Cloth End' because of the yards and yards of cloth that are produced here each year.

Anything to the west of the imaginary line is called 'Posh End' and is home to more affluent dwellings and properties whose owners are happy to have homes opposite

the Queen's Palace despite the number of blood-spattered, severed heads gawping at them from spikes atop Traitorsgate.

Great Lunden Gaol (B19)

Arguably the most notorious gaol in the Haven Isles, Great Lunden Gaol houses some of the most depraved criminals in Great Lunden and beyond. Although there are many who serve their sentences in the prison, few survive them, and the souls that exist here are tormented daily by the callous guards. As a consequence, it is said that any sentence served in Great Lunden Gaol is worse than execution.

The gaol stands five-stories tall, its almost black stone walls occasionally broken by tiny barred windows. It is surrounded by a moat which over the years has become the ideal habitat for zapper fish (see *The Midderrlands*, page 79) and is filled with the little bastards. It is amusingly called 'Dead Man's Lake' by the wardens. The surrounding walls and watchtowers rise to an equal height. The gaol extends another seven levels below ground, each more wet, dank, and cold than the one above. The inmates on the lowest level have escaped their cells and run riot, forcing the wardens to shut off all access to that level. Occasionally, the wardens throw food to the inmates down the access stairwell from behind heavy iron doors before quickly locking and barring them again, but this is less food than when they were locked up in their cells and they have begun to feed on each other.

There are a few small sewer tunnels that connect to a main administration building and barracks to the east of the gaol walls, this leads out to the River Wart, and is

currently being prepared for an ambitious escape attempt by Jeremiah 'The Eel' Waite.

Structures of Note

Clopetra's Needle (A20) is also in this ward. See page 163.

Midden Ward

Peeker Patrol %: * 0-10% ◁ 0%

Patrol Strength: * 0/0/0 ◁ 0/0/0

Crime: * 1 ◁ 1

Danger: * 2 ◁ 3

Access to Restricted Goods: 10%

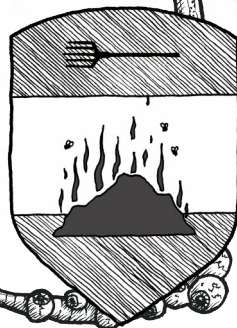
Structure Use: 90%/5%/5%

Smells: Nauseating, putrid, and decaying waste of all types.

Sounds: Squawking birds and growling dogs.

Ten things happening

1. A group of Harrowlings swarm out of an adjacent roadway or path and attack.
2. A flock of birds attacks the party.
3. A massive pile of detritus slips, and buries, the party or a group of midden workers.
4. Some methane is ignited at the edge of the midden and pandemonium breaks loose to put it out before it spreads.
5. The stench from the midden becomes so overbearing that people nearby are vomiting and then passing out.
6. A buried creature (Game Master's



discretion) emerges from under part of the rotting midden. Possibly a golem made of rubbish.

7. A group of midden workers, dressed in full worker apparel, begin a brawl over a brass statue.
8. A pile of dead birds. Some half-eaten, some gnawed clean.
9. A swarm of rats.
10. Midden workers flee from part of the midden shouting, as a huge tentacle breaks out of the detritus, flails around, grabs a worker, and disappears back into the rotting filth.

Ward Description

Lying to the northeast on the very edge of the city, Midden Ward is the home to Great Lunden's massive rubbish dump, the Harrow Midden (see page 23). All of the city's ordure, rubbish, and waste is bought here and left to decay. Originally, it was a large quarry that was mined too deep in some parts, allowing easy access to the surface world for various denizens and creatures of the Middergloom. City officials ordered the quarry be sealed, and used as the city's new refuse dump, the aim being to bury the entrances to the Middergloom under tons of waste. Forty years later and this huge pit is now almost overflowing.

When the wind is in the right direction, a 'Midden Wind' will waft the stench from the midden across the city. The vomit-inducing smell is worse in the summer, and responsible for folk fainting all over the city.

Although technically part of the City of Great Lunden, the Peekers treat Midden Ward as one of the Beyond wards — that

is, beyond their jurisdiction — and only visit it on occasion and in daylight. They regard being assigned to patrol the ward as a punishment as the stench lingers on their clothes for days after.

Workers in the Harrow Midden wear heavy leather protective suits and protruding birdlike masks to breathe the more fragrant heather and lavender stuffed into the beak, rather than the other nauseating smells of the midden. Their primary task is to make sure that the rubbish is evenly distributed, but they also rake through the rubbish looking for anything of interest they can reuse, sell, or repurpose. It is said that there is nothing that they have not found dumped in the midden at one time or another. The combination of the midden's foul nature and the lack of Peeker patrols also makes it easy for the industrious midden workers to hide black market goods in certain areas of the ward. Consequently, Midden Ward is actually a good place to pick up something that cannot be got elsewhere, if you do not mind the smell, of course. Goods without the smell cost extra.

There are relatively few standing buildings in Midden Ward. The most prominent is Midden Manor, a complex of offices and workshops home to the midden's management and overlooking the midden itself, but to the southeast where Middenstench Lane and Midden Road meet is a cluster of dwellings and small businesses known as 'Vile Village' by everyone except those that live there. All of the folk that live here either work in the midden or run a business serving the workers and their families. Most of the folk thriving here are happy to live with

the danger that might near the midden brings, as well as the dizzying stench. It is said that 'a man with no nose, knows to work at the midden'.

Buildings of the Midden Manor

In the forty years since its requisition as the city's dump, the buildings of the former sprawling manor are all mucky, grubby, and poorly-maintained and have been added onto in a haphazard fashion as befits the largest rubbish dump in Havenland.

Offices (B27)

The main administration offices for the operations at the Harrow Midden are housed in the manor's old stables, three floors of crumbling stonework and broken grotesques. The entirety of the midden's operation is run from here by the harsh Dame Clester Koth, a woman whose looks befit her surroundings. She swears like a riverman and is not above brawling with some of her unruly underlings if required.

Unusual Finds Building (B28)

The Unusual Finds Department is housed in a surprisingly secure two-storey building containing examination rooms and storage facilities, which was one of the first additions to the sprawling old manor. Anything unusual, unexplained, or even downright dangerous is brought here to be examined, often by its curator, Amos Terrenly. He is a tedious man, always fussing over details and he is never seen without a cracked monocle always perched over his left eye. No one is quite sure when he last cut his nails — his

hands like claws. He is known as 'The Squinting Bird' behind his back. The latest find to crop up that has aroused particular interest is a set of 13 polished black cylinders, each made of an unknown material. They measure two inches in diameter and are 12 inches long. They make a haunting sound when tapped together.

Toolhouse (B29)

This two-storey building — another curious add-on to the original manor — houses an array of tools for use by those that work the midden. Rakes, shovels, grabbers, ropes, crowbars, wedges, and anything else you can think of that might be of use. There is even a locked room where arms and armour are housed should the midden be hiding something dangerous. Another room inside that one, called 'The Room' is said to contain an emergency weapon capable of dealing with anything which could work its way up out of both the Middergloom and the midden. What that weapon might be and what it does is known only to Dame Koth.

Workers (B30)

Facilities for the workers at Midden Manor are housed in one half of the old manor, including dining areas, kitchens, bathhouse, and changing rooms. Food is basic and the ale is watered down. The two floors above ground have been converted into large common rooms where those that travel from outside the city to work can rent a mattress for a few weeks, or as long as they can stand the smell. Little maintenance is done to the old building and its stonework is

crumbling, its window panes are grime-smearred and cracked, and its two towers are in imminent danger of toppling onto the building below. The current site foreman, a bear of a man named Obos Manneril, has his office here.

Hands of Healing (B31)

Harrow Midden's infirmary, the Hands of Healing, is in the same state of repair as the workers building, but it is here that anyone who is injured or falls sick whilst working the midden is brought. It is a dangerous occupation and common injuries include gangrenous infections, severed limbs, septic bites, and harrowing beak piercings. As well as obvious diseases like diarrhoea and yellow fever, workers in Harrow Midden fear catching the dreaded Midden Rot and Midden Fever or 'Rubbish Rash', where the victim is covered in green boils that burst and ooze their rank lime-green pus. The Hands of Healing's head surgeon, Sir Arthur Kyroness is trying to find out what is causing the fever, and has so far isolated the problem to the north-western part of the midden, opposite the fields of Farmer Restus Grick, and his new crop of 'Honey Barley' which he imports from Oldenwale.

House of Gael (B32)

The House of Gael is the newest addition to Midden Manor and despite it only having been erected last year, the church is grubby and already beginning to look shabby. Still, its relatively clean walls means it stands out like a boil on an arse. Its construction funded by the Church of Gael, it has a lofty spire that can be seen from the inner wards, if you stand in the

right position, though you are likely to get a waft of the Midden Wind if you do. Father Theodore Mulb sees to the religious needs of the workers. It is his first posting and he is currently in a race with Sir Arthur Kyroness to discover the cure for the Midden Fever. The few times they have discussed their theories and findings, they have escalated into shouting matches and each regards the other to be a fool.

Middenhome (B33)

Midden workers who retire through injury caused whilst working the midden or retire and have no family to look after them, are entitled to live out their days at the Middenhome. Many midden workers say that after a few years, you can't go back to fresh air — it hurts the nostrils, and so are happy to live in the retirement home. They pay for their upkeep by making and recycling things pulled out of the midden's detritus, and then selling them in the city wards. The rooms are small and dingy, and meals are simple and slightly portioned, but there is a feeling of being valued here — something not found often in the busy, selfish city.

Structures of Note

There are no Structures of Note in this ward.

Queen's Estate (Palace Area)

Peeker Patrol %: * 75% < 75%

Patrol Strength: * 1/1/5 < 1/2/4

Crime: * 0 < 1

Danger: * 1 < 1

Access to Restricted Goods: 0%

Structure Use: 90%/5%/5%

Smells: Flowers and pungent scents being wafted about.

Sounds: Guards being shouted at, dogs barking, digging, pruning, and snipping.

Ten things happening

1. A coach and horses approaching or leaving the palace.
2. A duke or duchess walking the grounds with Lady Jessa Chard.
3. A unit of the Queen's Royal Guard, patrolling the grounds.
4. Royal gardeners meticulously tending to the hedges, trees and herbaceous borders.
5. Royal armourers delivering a cannon to the palace on a heavily-guarded cart draped with a tarpaulin.
6. A new traitor's head being mounted to the walls.
7. A cart full of apples from the orchards being delivered to the palace kitchens.
8. A screaming man being dragged by his hair towards the palace by three bulky Royal Guards.



9. A fleeting glimpse of the Queen in an upper floor window.
10. A Royal Guard being harshly punished for napping on duty.

Ward Description

This part of the Queen's Estate is referred to as Palace Ward. The entire estate is surrounded by a 15-foot high wall interrupted by towers, each manned by four members of Queen's Royal Guard and their hounds, at regular intervals. The towers are connected by a narrow walkway which runs right round the wall. There are four entrances to the estate, two in the south wall off Queen's Road — Palace Gate and Hydegate — as well as Eastgate in the east wall and one through The Needle, the main guard barracks in the ward's southwest corner. The Needle is a sprawling building almost as big as the

palace itself. When not patrolling the grounds or posted to one of the towers, the Queen's Royal Guard eat, sleep, and train here. The Queen's Royal Guard is an elite military unit under the command of Lord Blackling sworn to protect the queen. It also ensures that all trespassers are dealt with according to the law — which is death by mudcow trampling. The Queen's Royal Guard even has a mudcow mascot, Lulu, who is trained to carry out this sentence.

The western-most gate, Palace Gate, is notorious for the severed heads displayed from the towers that flank the gate. Traitors and those who would seek to undermine the Queen are reserved this honour. The latest traitor was Lord Poe



Spunwick, a spy for the Gaulandians, although some believe the charges were highly suspect. Just inside Palace Gate, two large foreboding structures decorated with terrifying grotesques remind visitors that whilst this is a place of impressive opulence, it can quickly become a place of unwelcoming hell.

Whilst Palace Gate is the public entrance, Hydegate and Eastgate are usually used by palace staff and groundskeepers. Security is high at all four gates, ranging from frequently changing passwords and practised recognition of individuals to discreet mind reading and other kinds of thought detection undertaken without the Grand Malefizhaus' knowledge.

The grounds of the estate includes a farm where crops are grown and cattle are raised, as well as orchards, vineyards, and ornamental gardens. Many buildings support the upkeep of the estate, including lodges for groundskeepers, a winery, and various maintenance sheds. It is thought that some of these buildings are linked via underground tunnels, some even connecting to the palace itself. Halfway between Palace Gate and the palace itself is a fountain in which stands a verdigris-covered, bronze statue of King Oculon clad in plate armour on a magnificent rearing stallion.

The Royal Palace (B24)

The single most impressive building in Great Lunden, this enormous, five-storey edifice is a mass of brickwork, ornate stonework, impressively clear windows, and lofty towers. Much of it is covered in gold leaf, and the Queen's Royal crest is above every door, gate, window, and

archway. The palace has rooms too numerous to count, whilst below ground there are basements, cellars, escape tunnels, and cells. The rooftop is patrolled by lookouts with specially-trained hawks to hunt darkcrows that stray over the grounds.

The palace is where The Ten and the Royal Court meet, audiences with the Queen are held, royal banquets eaten, and important foreign dignitaries and emissaries received and hosted.

The closest most folks gets to seeing the Queen is the Queen's Secretary General, Lady Jessa Chard, and even that can be quite an achievement. When the Queen is in residence, a huge flag bearing her crest is hoisted from the palace rooftop.

Structures of Note

There are no Structures of Note in this ward.

Queen's Estate (Tower Area)

Peeker Patrol %: * 75% € 75%

Patrol Strength: * 1/1/5 € 1/2/4

Crime: * 0 € 1

Danger: * 1 € 1

Access to Restricted Goods: 0%

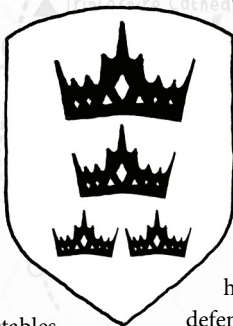
Structure Use: 90%/5%/5%

Smells: The smells of the river, and livestock manure.

Sounds: Tower: Guards shouting. Fields: Horses and mudcows neighing and whinnying. Essenwold Manor: pruning, digging, and other gardening sounds, Docks: shouting and ships being loaded/unloaded.

Ten things happening

1. Cannons being fired from the Tower at a target practice vessel on the river.
2. Large falcons circling overhead.
3. A duke or duchess arriving at the Tower in a heavily-guarded carriage.
4. Queen's Cavalry mounting a patrol around the ward.
5. Three heavily-guarded coaches being pulled by barded horses heading into Essenwold Manor.
6. A cart of food supplies being rigorously checked by guards at Queensgate.
7. The Queen's newest flagship, *The Golden Rose*, surrounded with a fanfare and escort vessels, heading into the docks after an engagement with the Gaulandians in the Havenland Channel.
8. A number of horses escape from the confines of their stables and run amok.
9. Some of the Queen's men and draft animals haul a large mud-covered metallic artefact from the mudflats towards the eastern end of the ward.
10. A griffon and its rider flying up the Great Thameswater river at low level, before swooping into the Tower.



not contained by a perimeter wall, other than the Tower and Essenwold Manor, anyone that enters the boundary is quickly intercepted and interrogated by the Queen's Royal Guards stationed at the Red Barracks by the docks. The docks are also home to The Thirsty Devil Inn, run by the cantankerous old goat, Violet Heeing.

Tower of Great Lunden (B9)

The impressive defensive structure known as the Tower of Great Lunden dominates the river approach to the city. It

is a square tower keep, surrounded by a double curtain wall bristling with towers, turrets, catapults, ballistae, and cannons currently under the command of Sir Oliver Flagstaff. As well as the Tower Barracks which houses over 100 men ready to defend the tower at a moment's

notice, the Tower of Great Lunden has its own stables and falconry. Horsemaster Joseph Ubstull looks after ten chargers, and The Master of Birds, Timotheon Klack is responsible for four huge trained falcons that ensure that any suspicious flying menaces are dealt with. The falcons are called Blackclaw, Vylebeak, Greyfeather, and Stormtalon. Blackclaw is actually fully sentient and talks to Klack in the secrecy of the falconry. Klack has a magical item that allows him to polymorph into falcon form and they often take to the sky at dusk looking for signs of dragons.

Ward Description

The Queen's Estate to the east of the inner wards is known as the Tower Estate. It encompasses the Tower of Great Lunden, The Queen's Moat, and then a swathe of land eastwards which includes the grounds of Essenwold Manor and some docks for royal vessels. Whilst the estate is



Essenwold Manor (B22)

When she is in the city, the Spymaster General, Lady Amber Essenwold, resides at her family home of Essenwold Manor. Although she would prefer to be at her secret headquarters at Blettingly House in Buckshire, Lady Essenwold is a close confidante of the Queen and a member of The Ten, so has to report to the Queen regularly. Essenwold Manor is often used for secret meetings between the Queen, Sir Iron Longspear, Lady Essenwold, and The Silver One. Lady Essenwold goes to extraordinary lengths to ensure that the security for these is as tight as possible. This includes preventing any bird from being able to fly over the manor grounds — all birds are repelled by a strangeness only they can sense, something which Timotheon Klack from the Tower has experienced — and even replacing many of the household staff with incredibly life-like automatons, each a capable warrior and loyal to the bitter end. It is rumoured that a set of tunnels runs from under the manor to a farmhouse in the East Beyond.

Structures of Note

There are no Structures of Note in this ward.

Swordsgate

Peeker Patrol %: * 20% € 20%

Patrol Strength: * 0/0/2 € 0/1/2

Crime: * 0 € 1

Danger: * 1 € 1

Access to Restricted Goods: 7%

Structure Use: 10%/70%/10%

Smells: Burning coal, hot metal, horse manure, and leather.

Sounds: Clanking of metal, clashing of swords, fighting, shouting of orders, and horses neighing and whinnying.

Ten things happening

1. A large group of fighting men undergoing training.
2. The player characters are approached by a greying veteran asking if they have any need of an extra sword for hire.
3. A huge brawl between two large groups of mercenaries erupts out of a large tavern.
4. The player characters are approached by a man selling cheap weapons (half of market price, 25% chance of breaking after each successful hit).
5. The player characters are approached by a man selling cheap armour (half of market price, 25% chance of a cumulative reduction in AC benefits by 1 after each successful hit) Once armour reaches 0, it becomes useless.
6. A group approaches asking if the player characters are available for hire.
7. Lord Blithe Walsing administering a beating to one of the soldiers on the parade ground.

8. A group of horsemen practising their lance attacks against stationary straw-filled dummies.
9. A collection of siege engines (ballistae, catapults, trebuchets, etc.) being gathered in one of the training grounds for artillery teams to be taught how to load, aim and fire these large weapons. They have a variety of test targets arranged, from some old barges out in the river, to piles of straw bales marked with pig's-blood-painted targets.
10. A large wicker man is being erected on the training ground. Penny dreadfuls are being handed out informing that a number of army deserters will be burned alive in two days hence.

Ward Description

Known as War Ward, Swordsgate is the main military base for the Queen's Army. With its military barracks, training grounds, army headquarters as well as smithys for forging weapons and armour *en-masse*, stables, and leatherworkings, few members of the public spend any time in Swordsgate. Even its public parks are avoided as fights and brawls are common, tempers often spilling out of the training grounds and onto the muddy grass where the scores are settled. That said, a thriving market takes place most days off

Sharp Street and swords for hire can also be found here in abundance — retired veterans looking to earn some extra coin, young men looking to prove themselves, or

brash brawlers looking to vent their anger, they are all to be found here.

The Peekers consider Swordsgate a plum assignment, calling it 'landing a gig in Cushy Ward'. After all, the army can look after its own — and does, in addition to protecting the ward. The Peekers tend to stay out of soldiers' brawls and turn a blind-eye to misdemeanours of soldiers engaging in 'rambunctious behaviour'.

When not conferring with his generals or devising some new strategy to defeat the Gaulandians, Lord Blithe Walsing, General of the Havenland Army, can sometimes be seen wandering the training grounds looking for soldiers to beat with his 'Improving Stick'. He does this until they fall to the floor, where he kicks them repeatedly until he is bored and the rest of the watching soldiers get the message. Most recruits quickly learn to fall and roll with the blows.

Structures of Note

There are no Structures of Note in this ward.

Towerside

Peeker Patrol %: * 20% € 20%

Patrol Strength: * 0/0/2 € 0/1/2

Crime: * 0 € 1

Danger: * 2 € 2

Access to Restricted Goods: 5%

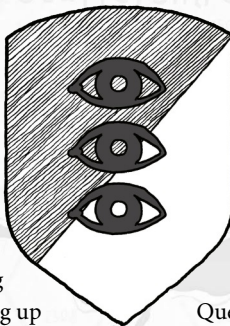
Structure Use: 20%/50%/30%

Smells: Flowers, burning coal, and hot metal.

Sounds: Clanking of metal, and hushed conversations.

Ten things happening

1. A patrol of young men being trained for the army. They are led by a harsh instructor.
2. A couple of athletic-looking men sit by the side of the roadway leading into the city, casually eyeing up strangers entering the ward heading towards the city.
3. A strongly-guarded wagon delivers goods to the Royal Armoury.
4. A black bird seems to be following the player characters through the ward.
5. A fire to burn debris is started in a property on Market Street, which quickly grows out of control, and the men of the Royal Armoury begin to panic.
6. The Royal Armoury test fires cannons into a large banked mound in the fields of the Royal Testing Ground, showering dirt everywhere.
7. A group of two men and one woman huddle together talking in hushed tones, and pointing towards the Royal Armoury.
8. The player characters are stopped and questioned by two darkly-garbed men who quickly show them their rings bearing the Queen's royal crest. They want to know what their business is in the ward.
9. A detachment of the Queen's Royal Guard supported by a mounted knight, patrol the ward.
10. A group of three darkly-garbed men, apprehend two unkempt urchins who have been hiding in a tree.



Ward Description

If Swordsgate is home to the Queen's Army, then according to the Spymasters, Towergate is home to the army's brains. Great Lunden's cityfolk say that, "A conversation in Towerside is like telling the Queen", often glancing about them as if the Queen's eyes and ears are everywhere in the ward. There is an element of truth to this, but members of the Spymasters do not collect intelligence intended directly for the Queen's eyes, instead reporting to Amber Essenwold. The ward is also the headquarters of the Royal Armoury and the sound of cannons being fired is a regular occurrence. Should anyone actually want somewhere for a quiet conversation away from inquisitive ears, the gardens especially around the Fountain of Silence near Earwig Street are said to be a good spot.

Royal Armoury (B10)

This is where the arms and armour for the Queen's Royal Guard are manufactured and stored. An impressive amount of cannon balls and gunpowder are stored here too, and the land in front of the Queenswater moat and city wall is steeply banked so that if the unexpected should happen and the powder is ignited, the blast debris will hopefully tend to avoid the city walls. The Mistress of Arms is Lady Utoria Slander, a strict woman with a fear of naked flames.

Structures of Note

There are no Structures of Note in this ward.

THE OUTER WARDS (SOUTH)

South of the River

Croppenward

Peeker Patrol %: * 20% Ⓒ 20%

Patrol Strength: * 0/0/2 Ⓒ 0/1/2

Crime: * 1 Ⓒ 2

Danger: * 1 Ⓒ 2

Access to Restricted Goods: 5%

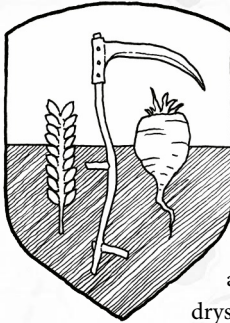
Structure Use: 50%/40%/10%

Smells: Fresh and rotting vegetables.

Sounds: Cutting and chopping, and scrubbing.

Ten things happening

1. A market stall collapses, spilling a load of vegetables onto the street.
2. The largest parsnip the characters have ever seen is being wheeled on a cart into the ward by a grinning farmer, surrounded by an amazed throng.
3. Urchins stealing fruit and vegetables, then being chased by a farmer's wife.
4. A building that looks as if it was attacked or assaulted by some unspeakable horror in the night. The wooden doors and shuttered windows are covered in talon scrapes and blood splatter.
5. A farmer and his wife putting down their favourite, but lame, mudcow.
6. A wagon being loaded with produce destined for Brothenward.



7. A man selling pumpkins carved with faces, which you can place over your head.
8. A hawker selling a miracle plant feed, guaranteed to increase yield and size of any plant by an extra 50%.
9. A farmer looking into a field, growing increasingly angry and puzzled at the disappearance of his crop.
10. A fight erupts between two market sellers over who has the largest vegetables, and whether size or weight is the most important criteria.

Ward Description

Located on the southern edge of Great Lunden, Croppenward can be roughly divided into two. The northern half — adjacent Netherwork and Wychward — is home to many gardeners and small produce growers whilst the southern half is home to many farmhands, herders, and farmers. Between them all, they tend a patchwork of fields and gardens separated by drystone walls. The ward is littered with barrels, crates, sieves, hand carts, and piles of waste from produce such as rotting cabbage leaves or the discarded tops of carrots. Outside, folk sit on their doorsteps cleaning and washing turnips, cabbages, lettuces and the like, or selling fresh eggs and all manner of fresh produce by the pound. The ward is also home to several blacksmiths dedicated to repairing farming implements and artisans who repair the drystone walls. The market off Goodsoil Road is an excellent source of fresh produce and



merchants and chefs from Brothenward are regular customers here. At night the ward can be dangerous with things that stray in from the direction of the fields and gardens. The dwellings on the south side of the ward tend to have thicker doors and shutters than those in the north and heavier bars of stout oak or iron to keep them shut until morning.

Structures of Note

There are no Structures of Note in this ward.

Netherwork

Peeker Patrol %: * 20% Ⓞ 50%

Patrol Strength: * 1/1/2 Ⓞ 1/1/4

Crime: * 2 Ⓞ 3

Danger: * 1 Ⓞ 1

Access to Restricted Goods: 15%

Structure Use: 40%/40%/20%

Smells: Food being cooked, perfume and heady scents, body odour, tobacco, and strange and thick smokes that make you giddy.

Sounds: Singing, musical instruments, drunkards, rowdy taverns and inns, passionate screams, acting, and crowds cheering and clapping.

Ten things happening

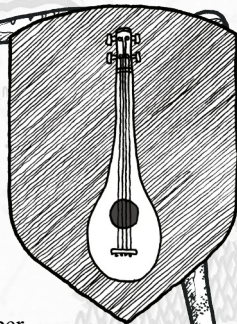
1. A courtesan propositions the player characters.
2. Some muggers block off the player character's path.
3. A thoroughly annoying bard starts dancing around the player characters singing a song about chickens.
4. A greasy, one-eyed man discreetly asks the player characters if they

want to play some high stakes gambling, and winks his only eye... well, they think it was a wink.

5. "Oi! Need any magic stuff?" comes a whisper from a dark alleyway.
6. A man stands on a crate in front of an assembled crowd and performs an amusing poem about Lord Blithe Walsing, which from the reactions of the crowd is considered to be risqué and either stupid or brave.
7. A massive roar as a crowd cheers from within the Bear Baiting ring.
8. A woman approaches the player characters wearing heady scents and asks if they would like to smoke some of her magical tobacco from the east.
9. A man playing a flute with a chained bear dancing beside him. The bear looks malnourished and badly-treated.
10. Peekers and their mastiffs run through the streets chasing three men. The crowd is pushed out of the way as they run, old and young alike. The Peekers urge the onlookers to help them stop their quarry, but the cityfolk try to hamper the Peekers.

Ward Description

If you want to be entertained in Great Lunden, then Netherwork is the place to go. Whether you want to attend a play at the theatre, watch some bear-baiting, listen to a famed minstrel, relax in a bathhouse, play games of dice or cards for cold hard coin, or enjoy the company of a



courtesan, all of these pastimes and more, can be found in Netherwark.

The ward's streets are lined with stalls and hastily-erected tents, hawkers prowl the streets touting for business or offering samples, and food is readily available, whether a large and reasonable meal at The Pouke's Arms or mouseling-on-a-stick on the corner outside the Queen's Theatre. Besides taverns and inns, you can find bathhouses, gambling houses, houses of pleasure, playhouses, wrestling and fighting rings, theatres, and blood sport venues around the ward.

Netherwark's wardfolk are used to the constant din, which continues even after dark. Many are workers in the ward anyway. There is a belief that this is the safest ward at night, as the lights and noise keep things from the darkness beyond, at bay. This is partly true, although some darker things are not scared off by the continuing racket and well-lit streets.

Netherwark is the most popular ward in Great Lunden, people coming from far and wide to enjoy the sights or partake of its pleasures. With so many folk visiting with coin to spare, it should be no surprise that the ward is home to ne'er-do-wells who work the crowded market places and the streets thronged with gawkers, stealing, picking pockets, and mugging the unsuspecting. Many of the ruffians don't come from far, as Scumling Ward is just down the Blood Road.

The Silver Coin (B48)

The Silver Coin Gambling House stands at the far end of the alleyway deep off

South Road. Its front is that of a simple timber-framed, wattle and daub, two-storey building, the walls not long freshly — if roughly — painted in grey paint. Even its large windows of barely translucent glass are still spattered with paint, making it even more difficult to peer inside. A solid-looking oak door with iron banding prevents entry. In the centre of the door, is a huge iron knocker in the shape of a goblin with its tongue sticking out. The only external sign of what goes on inside the building is a playing card pinned to the lintel above the door.

Inside, the property looks like any other dwelling in the ward. The ground floor consists of a front room, a hall, a dining room, and a kitchen, while upstairs there are three bedrooms. The furnishings are plain, but of good quality. The house is actually a front for a gambling den. The den is accessed via an old trapdoor which is hidden beneath a moveable cupboard in the kitchen. Well-worn steps lead down from the trapdoor into what was once the cellar filled with foodstuffs and barrels, but is now a central corridor off of which gaming rooms furnished with green-felted tables, upholstered chairs, and cupboards filled with poker chips and decks of cards.

While gambling in Great Lunden is not illegal, bets are limited by law to less than fifty gold quids. In the dim light of The Silver Coin cellar, no-limits betting takes place. This small gambling establishment has a reputation for discretion and decent wine — depending upon the client — and is popular with certain nobles in the know, and even a few lords and ladies. Its popularity is in large part due to the

entrepreneur behind the operation, Jurrin Ostenwarl.

The Queen's Theatre (B20)

This open-air theatre, opened by the Queen twelve years ago, sits on the south bank of the Great Thameswater River. It is primarily used for plays — all censored by the Royal Court's advisors, of course. As a result, the theatre's playwrights write propaganda pieces which support the monarchy, Havenland, and its burgeoning overseas influence and possessions. Whenever a villain is called for in a play, they are always and obviously Gaulandians, Espanerians, Scrots, or Oldenwhalers.

As well as plays, the theatre puts on performances by orators and scholarly lecturers, as well as performances by reputable bards, jesters, and comedians. In recent months, a hypnotist — vetted by the Grand Malefizhaus as being not in league with devils — has begun doing shows where the audience obey his commands *en masse*. The Great Xavier has gained the notice of 'The Ten' and his methods and motives are under their scrutiny. The theatre is managed by Lady Victoria Velling.

Bear Baiting Ring (B21)

The best place in Great Lunden to watch — and bet on — blood sports of all types is at the Bear Baiting Ring. Although originally built as an open-air structure for bear-baiting, it has been extended and added to so that now it hosts dogfighting, cockfighting, bullfighting, mudcowfighting, and even gladiatorial combats to the death by convicted men.

Fight nights — and it is a fight night six nights a week — are popular and it can often be dangerous to get caught up in the baying, jeering, desperate for blood audience. Get too close to the front and no animal or human is safe from ending up catching the end of a stray sword swing or being crushed into a gristly mess of blood and pulp by an enraged bear or mudcow. The host of these barbaric entertainments is current Master of Ceremonies, Jeremiah Thwaite, a black-haired, mean-spirited, and emotionless brute who has never shed a tear in his life. The more outlandish the creatures he can obtain for his callous ends, the better for his business. Illegal gambling here is frequent and most of the money finds its way into Thwaite's pockets.

Structures of Note

The Red House (A15) and Pisskin's Gambling House (A16) are in this ward. See pages 148 and 151 respectively.

Nether Scalehithe

Peeker Patrol %: * 20% ⚔ 50%

Patrol Strength: * 0/0/2 ⚔ 0/1/2

Crime: * 2 ⚔ 3

Danger: * 1 ⚔ 2

Access to Restricted Goods: 10%

Structure Use: 30%/50%/10%

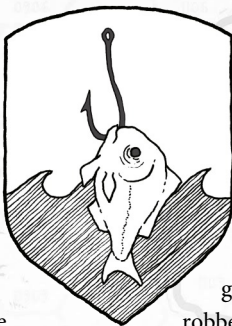
Smells: Fresh fish, rotting fish and crab meat, smoked fish, salt, blood, and tobacco.

Sounds: Songs being sung, wagons and carts trundling up to the bridge, the swish of casting fishing lines, the ratcheting of fishing reels, the lap of water against the wharves and boats, and haggling.



Ten things happening

1. A blind sailor sitting outside an inn sipping ale and singing a slurred song about snakes.
2. A group of men exaggerating about the size of the fish that they have caught. One seems very furtive.
3. A woman sits on the docks filleting pike and throwing the bones into the water, where a growing shoal of hungry fish has gathered.
4. A large barge barely enters the docks half submerged and sinking, its load steadily toppling into the river and floating away on the steady current.
5. A dead piscacean washes up in one of the docks.
6. A fisherman wrestles with a rod having hooked a fish of huge proportions.
7. A fishing vessel beaches on the shore at the south end of the ward, the crew stumble off into the waist-deep water, covered in blood.
8. A stray cannon shot misses a target practice barge in the river and goes straight through a dockside building.
9. A cart and horses, spooked by a toppling wooden loading structure, runs uncontrollably off the docks and into the river.
10. A weird-looking, freshly-caught fish with luminous green eyes, hangs from the side of a building captivating onlookers.



Ward Description

Almost identical in nature to Scalehithe, north of the river, and involved in the same trades, Nether Scalehithe is about five times the area and about five times the population, with seemingly five times the crime. Of the two wards, it is regarded as a better source of freshly caught fish and molluscs, but with a greater chance of being mugged, robbed, or having your pockets picked.

Nether Scalehithe was the first recognised ward south of the river. As the Inner Wards north of the river competed for space, they impinged upon Scalehithe and forced many of the original inhabitants to settle on the other side of the river.

Structures of Note

House of Eels (A17) is in this ward. See page 154.

Scumling Ward

Peeker Patrol %: * 0% Ⓒ 0%

Patrol Strength: * 0/0/0 Ⓒ 0/0/0

Crime: * 3 Ⓒ 3

Danger: * 3 Ⓒ 3

Access to Restricted Goods: 50%

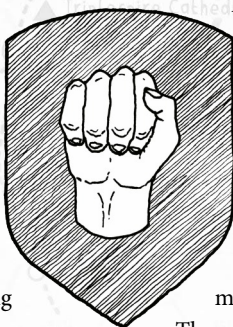
Structure Use: 90%/18%/2%

Smells: Rotting vegetables, urine, faeces, and burning wood.

Sounds: Moans of pain, shouting, and arguing.

Ten things happening

1. A man is getting a beating on the street.
2. A clash between rival districts on the wasteland.
3. Thieves running into the ward from Slaughter Ward with squealing pigs under their arms. Peekers stop at the ward boundary, whilst the thieves make rude gestures at them.
4. Vandals smashing a derelict building.
5. Vandals painting rude symbols on the walls of a building.
6. A large bonfire around which many folks gather for warmth.
7. Shady characters making some kind of discreet exchange.
8. The player characters are approached by several rough-looking thugs, asking about their business.
9. A man slumps in a disused doorway, either drunk or intoxicated after having consumed some kind of exotic drink, tobacco, or fungi.
10. A stolen cannon is smuggled into the ward via the river.



monitor those going in and out of the ward, ready to pounce on any fugitive or wanted criminal and bring them in for question or justice. Surprisingly, 'The Ten' is happy to let this equilibrium continue, reasoning that it is better to know where all the bad eggs are rather than disperse them. Who knows, if war comes, they might all be needed. The Queen refers to the riff-raff of Scumling Ward as 'her dogs'.

The old Peeker guardhouse in Scumling Ward is now derelict and covered in rude, phallic daubs. It is home only to a few squatters who live there amongst the missing tiles and broken rafters.

Most of the ward is now a wasteland, in small part due to it being decades since any proper repairs were carried out on the ward's buildings, but mostly due to 'The Night Of A Thousand Burning Men'. This was a concerted effort by the Queen's predecessor to 'cleanse the ward' and teach its inhabitants a lesson. The army was sent in to set fire to every building in the ward, but the effort to raze the ward to the ground with fire resulted in as many deaths of the soldiers as it did cityfolk, and when the flames settled, much of the ward had been reduced to ashes. In the days that followed, there was rioting in other wards across Great Lunden and it was all that the authorities could do to stop the cityfolk from rising up in open rebellion.

The army remained on guard around the ward for years, but that changed when Queen Elspeth IV came to the throne. She

Ward Description

If you are a stranger to Great Lunden, then Scumling Ward is the most dangerous ward in the city. It is home to the desperately poor, degenerates, and criminals of all types. This is the ward where those hunted by the Peekers go to hide, for they never enter the ward unless it is for a very specific reason, and only then in significant numbers. Instead, they

vowed to leave the folk of Scumling Ward alone provided they would never commit any crimes in the Inner Wards or Queen's Estates and would fight for the Queen and country if the need ever arose. To this day, those born in Scumling Ward are oathbound to fight for the Queen if war comes to Havenland.

The ward is divided into three distinct gang territories, each controlled by a boss.

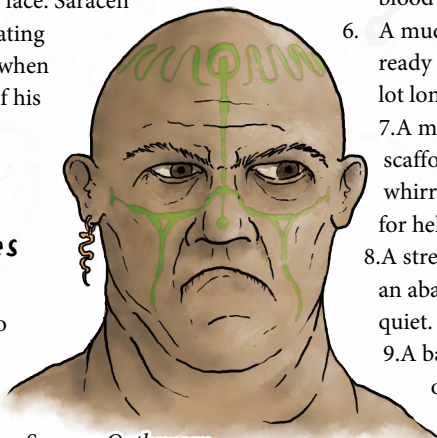
The three gang territories are:

- Blood Road District to the east, controlled by 'Salty' Mac Rothen.
- Muttercurse District to the south, controlled by Saracen 'Nutsack' Oathsworn
- Bleachskull District to the north, controlled by Matricia Salop.

Saracen 'Nutsack' Oathsworn is the most notorious person in the ward, being a large man with a nasty, vindictive mean streak. Taunted and bullied as a child, he learned to hate almost everyone. He is infamous for the bandolier he wears which is made from the scrotum skin of his enemies and the green tattoos that decorate his face. Saracen has a captivating personality when not in one of his frequent murderous rages.

Structures of Note

There are no Structures of Note in this ward.



Saracen Oathsworn

Slaughter Ward

Peeker Patrol %: * 50% ⚔ 50%

Patrol Strength: * 0/0/4 ⚔ 0/2/4

Crime: * 2 ⚔ 3

Danger: * 2 ⚔ 2

Access to Restricted Goods: 5%

Structure Use: 30%/50%/20%

Smells: Scent of copper (blood), fresh meat, rotting meat, and flies buzzing.

Sounds: Nervously bleating sheep, squealing pigs, and panicked animals.

Ten things happening

1. An abattoir worker is chased by a huge swarm of flies.
2. A swine herder coaxes his suspicious and untrusting herd of pigs towards the holding pens.
3. A cow escapes from one of the holding pens and the owners shouts for help to recapture it.
4. A particularly ferocious pig begins attacking the rest of the animals in the pen.
5. A holding tank filled with congealed blood bursts from an abattoir's yard.
6. A mudcow, having had its throat cut ready for slaughter, runs amok for a lot longer than expected.
7. A man falls off some wooden scaffolding suspended above a whirring bone crusher, screaming for help.
8. A stream of green blood runs out of an abattoir that seems suspiciously quiet.
9. A bare-knuckle brawler practices outside a butcher's shop punching a side of mudcow.

10. A cart load of severed animal heads, tongues sticking out, eyes crossed, pass by on its way to Swine Ward.

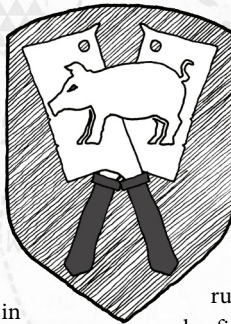
Ward Description

Slaughter Ward reeks of death — animal death that is. The scent of copper hangs heavy in the air for the ward is home to countless abattoirs, butchers, skinners, animal pens, and the like. Blood trickles down gullies and onto the streets where it mixes with the mud and shit of the animals being driven to slaughter — thankfully most of it is animal blood. Animals baying and squealing can be heard throughout the ward, day and night, and those in their the enclosures look frightened, either because they fear the night and the precariousness of their location in the southern pens, or they have some idea of their fate. The ward is also rife with flies buzzing around the animal corpses, the cuts of meat hacked from the animal carcasses, and the ordure in the animal enclosures. Almost every business or dwelling in the ward has all manner of cuts of meat, carcasses, game and poultry hanging from hooks outside their premises.

There is often a consistent Peeker patrol presence in Slaughter Ward since the ward supplies the city with nearly all of its meat. In particular, the Peekers regularly patrol Knackerman's Road and Blood Road at night on the lookout for Blood Road District thieves from Scumling Ward who are always making clandestine trips into the ward to steal meat and animals. The rustlers and thieves know

that the Peekers will not chase them back over the Scumling Ward boundary. Any meat they bring back, they sell or eat, any animals they try and keep, breeding most for more meat, chickens for their eggs, cows and goats for their milk, and so on.

The Blood Road District thieves of Scumling Ward are not the only dangers incurring into Slaughter Ward. There are unmentionable things which make their way into the ward from the South Beyond



that steal animals in the shadows or leave animal carcasses strewn in the fields. The Peekers on night-time patrols tend to find that their routes take to the northern half of the ward when the strange howls and calls occur to the south. Unfortunately, the rustlers of Scumling Ward have also figured this out, crafting small wooden pipes to make unearthly noises with.

Scurvy Brothers Abattoir (B49)

Located on the northern edges of Slaughter Ward stands one more grubby warehouse and yard among the many found throughout the ward. This is the Scurvy Brothers Abattoir, which specialises in the slaughter of mudcows and there are baying mudcows waiting nervously in pens in the yard. Workers in blood-smeared leather aprons carrying knives and cleavers wander between the pens and rear of the warehouse, some leading animals to their destiny.

The abattoir would be one among many were it not for the nature of its owners. Usually found in the office area at the

front of the warehouse, the Scurvy brothers are the only known conjoined twins working in Great Lunden. They share a body, legs and arms, and the only evidence of their conjoined nature is their two heads. Werrem and Borrin Scurvy, known around the ward as 'The Ettin', are bald-headed and unkempt and at just under six feet tall, would be taller were it not for their curved spine making them hunch over slightly. The brothers are hard workers and in good shape despite their physical difficulties.

Werrem — on the left — does most of the talking, whilst Borrin's head leans to the right and stares with one of his eyes wide open, peering inside the soul of whoever is before him. As well as making people uncomfortable, Borrin has a habit of finishing all of Werrem's sentences, which Werrem has learned to live with, although occasionally snaps and shouts at his brother.

When Werrem is awake, he has control of their limbs, but as soon as he falls asleep, Borrin comes into his own and takes control. It transpires that Borrin is a talented playwright, and while Werrem snores, Borrin writes masterfully-crafted plays. Under the cover of darkness he leaves these anonymously at the Queen's Theatre — who have now put on two plays he has written to rapturous receptions. He remains uncredited.

Structures of Note

Stabb's Meats (A18) is in this ward. See page 157.

Swine Ward

Peeker Patrol %: * 50% € 50%

Patrol Strength: * 0/1/3 € 1/1/4

Crime: * 2 € 3

Danger: * 2 € 2

Access to Restricted Goods: 5%

Structure Use: 20%/40%/40%

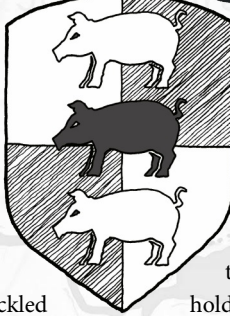
Smells: Tanning stench, bleach, and the coppery scent of blood.

Sounds: Just like Slaughter Ward — nervously bleating sheep, squealing pigs, and panicked animals.

Ten things happening

1. A dead man, arrow in his back, is found lying face down on Tannery Road, a squashed (and now dead) piglet underneath him.
2. A warehouse storing barrels of glue has a serious leak, and not only will the doors not open, the glue has begun to seep down into the basement.
3. A new, strong glue has been devised by an inventive tanner, he just needs a more reliable source of wart goblin nasal mucus.
4. A thief runs off having stolen some valuable hides.
5. Rumours of a fabulous jacket made of intestinal hawk hide and feathers which allows the wearer to fly is circulating.
6. A shadowy figure calls out from a narrow alley, "Best hides in the city here, guv'nor".
7. A sheep becomes possessed by some unnatural force. Witches are suspected.

8. A cete of rabid badgers rampages through the holding pens.
9. Bodies of unidentifiable cityfolk are found in the vats at a tannery whose owners cannot be traced.
10. A shop selling glass jars filled with all manner of pickled animal eyeballs is burgled. Many of the eyeballs are found sewn onto animals in the holding pens.



vulnerability has led the cityfolk in the western part of the ward to take protective measures against the thieves operating out of Bleachskull District. They now station crossbowmen and archers on the rooftops to protect the holding pens from theft should they spot any thieves.

Ward Description

On a daily basis, almost as many animals are driven into Swine Ward as they are into Slaughter Ward. Although Swine Ward has its own abattoirs and slaughter sheds, and pens for holding animals, the majority of its businesses are tanneries, leatherworks, fleece gatherers and baggers, parchment makers, essentially any that make use of animal products, but not meat. The ward is also home to cloth bleachers and paper pulpers and several paper sellers can be found in the northeast corner of the ward.

Given their proximity and similar businesses, no-one is surprised to learn that the cityfolk of both wards have a good relationship with each other. Indeed, both trade the parts of animals that their businesses do not use or do not want with businesses in the other ward.

Due to its proximity to Scumling Ward, the ward's holding pens are more vulnerable to forays of rustlers, especially along the Tannery Road border with the Blood Road District. Here, the holding pens on the roadside are mostly left empty, especially at night. This

Structures of Note

There are no Structures of Note in this ward.

Wychward

Peeker Patrol %: * 20% € 20%

Patrol Strength: * 0/0/2 € 0/1/2

Crime: * 1 € 1

Danger: * 1 € 2

Access to Restricted Goods: 20%

Structure Use: 40%/30%/30%

Smells: Tobacco, fish, rum, and body odour.

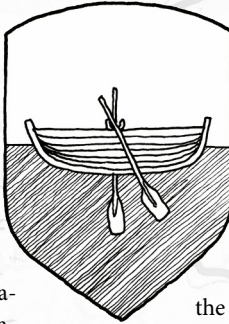
Sounds: Sea shanties, shouting, brawling, and laughing.

Ten things happening

1. A pressgang approaches the player characters. They are persistent, and ultimately aggressive.
2. A withered sea captain is looking for hardy adventurers to help him and the crew of the *Sturdy Gudgeon* on a mission off the Gaulandian coast.
3. A drunken sailor tells of a hoard of gold lost in a sunken carrack which sank off Mermaid Isle.
4. A map is found under the table in a raucous tavern. Its cryptic

instructions lead to a secret cove further up the east coast.

5. A veteran-looking sea captain, with a wooden-leg approaches the table the player characters or another group sit at inside an inn or tavern, and politely asks if they have seen a parchment he might have dropped under the table. After a few suspicious glances, he turns nasty.
6. You see a woman with a sea-faring demeanour get into a barrel and hide, then a group of sailors surround it whilst looking nonchalant. A group of Peekers enter the area looking for someone.
7. A shadowy figure sits on a rooftop overlooking a busy junction.
8. A merchant wanders around selling a selection of curios from foreign lands. Strange coins, odd-looking desiccated lizards, model ships, etc.
9. A woman walks around asking for work onboard any sea-going vessels. She looks like she can handle herself, and punches out cold a male sailor that tries to touch her.
10. A man wearing the uniform of the Queen's Navy asks the player characters if they would like to purchase a cask of authentic and exotic Jaerm Rican Rum for 50 gold quids.



Ward Description

Although there is no harbour to be found in Wychward, it is home to the very many that work at sea or on the Great

Thameswater. Sailors, pirates, rivermen, mariners, and bargemen all make Wychward their home on account of it being 'the closest ward to the coast, and you can smell the salt wafting up the estuary'. It is the best place in the city to hire a ship or ship's crew, from the most venerable of captains to the lowliest of cabin boys, to charter a boat to go up or down the river, or simply to hear the latest tales and happenings in lands other than Havenland.

The mudflats on the eastern riverside of the ward are usually home to mudlarks and mudcrows, scavenging the shore looking for that one discovery that will see them bathed in riches. Mostly they find shells, broken bottles, driftwood, smooth stones, and fish bones. Occasionally, a significant find turns up: a corpse, a strange fish, or an old goman coin.

The market in Wychward, Seafarer's Market, is a great place to overhear a tale, or pick up an odd find from overseas. Surrounded by taverns, it is also the perfect place to find a crew, or be pressganged into a crew.

Structures of Note

There are no Structures of Note in this ward.

BEYOND THE OUTER WARDS

All Beyond Wards

Peeker Patrol %:	* 0%	⊂ 0%
Patrol Strength:	* 0/0/0	⊂ 0/0/0
Crime:	* 1	⊂ 1
Danger:	* 1	⊂ 3
Access to Restricted Goods:	2%	
Structure Use:	3%/90%/7%	

Smells: Rotting vegetables, manure, some fresher air than the city.

Sounds: The neighing and whinnying of working animals.

Ten things happening

1. Someone attempting to steal a pig.
2. Someone hiding in a bush.
3. A farmer resting on a gate watching the lane. He chews on a stalk of barley.
4. A dead horse lying in the road, its entrails spilled.
5. A fog lies over the fields and shadows can be seen up ahead.
6. A sinkhole opens up in the middle of a field and swallows up several cows.
7. A toppled scarecrow in a field.
8. A farmer scaring off a flock of birds which are eating the new seeds he has just spent days planting.
9. A farmer is attacked by his own pigs. He's screaming for help as they eat him alive.
10. A group of brigands appear and ask for all the player characters' money and weapons.

East Beyond Ward Description

East Beyond extends a few miles beyond the Outer Wards in a swathe of farms and fields as far as the east coast. All manner of livestock is raised in East Beyond, but mostly in the western half, crops and vegetables being grown in the eastern half. The fields are lined with makeshift fences, drystone walls, and hedges of gorse and bramble, occasionally interrupted with gates marked with wooden signs that state "Keep Fucking Shut!" And "No Trespassing!"

The ward is busy during the day. Carts travel along the lanes, herds of animals are moved between fields, and farmers and tenants work the fields. The Peekers do not patrol East Beyond, it being deemed an unnecessary expense, so some of the locals bring their livestock into sheltered outbuildings or fields closer to the city for security before retiring to the safety of their farmhouses at night. All the gates are checked, and all manner of superstitions are evoked and displayed to keep things safe until morning.

The farmers who reside here are hardy folk, having to deal with the horrors that lurk in the dark after sunset. It is not uncommon for them to keep bonfires going all night to deter those that fear light and flame.

Structures of Note

There are no Structures of Note in this ward.



North Beyond Ward Description

The fields, farms, and farmhouses of North Beyond are interspersed with patches of woodland. The further north you travel, the more frequent the trees until there is nothing but trees. Much of the woodland has been thinned, both to clear the land for more farms, but also for the building materials it supplies. The folk of Greyfettle Ward often work the woods, gathering branches and lumber to make their livings. In addition to the woodlands, the ward has several mudpits which supply the clay needed for brickmaking and pottery, especially in Hackle Ward.

A recent trend in the ward has been to build farmsteads below ground or into the banks of North Beyond's many hills. These 'Underfarms' are particularly common amongst the mushroom growers who favour the darker, colder conditions below ground. Many do not see the wisdom of below ground dwellings, as the horrors beneath the ground are arguably worse than those above it.

The most notable of the underfarms is owned by Sage Dagamoore a specialist in recreational toadstools and herbal teas. He makes frequent trips into the inner wards of the city where he owns a small shop in Marketgate called 'Sage Teas & Fungi'.

Structures of Note

There are no Structures of Note in this ward.

South Beyond Ward Description

South Beyond Ward is also known as The Lost Ward. It is considered a lost cause and the most dangerous of the Beyond Wards because of its proximity to the city's nastier, more dangerous wards and because there are 'things' that come from the hills to the south. Beyond these hills lie dangerous marshlands where much of the city's gloombug harvest comes from with which to illuminate the night-time streets.

Structures of Note

Oddlin's Tower (A19) is in this ward. See page 160.

West Beyond Ward Description

Considered the safest of all the Beyond Wards, West Beyond does not suffer from the night-time goings on that the other wards endure. Livestock seem safer and less skittish as dusk approaches.

On quiet nights, the sounds of thumping can sometimes be discerned, coming from the ground below. Farmers have often told tales of their houses shaking in the night as if the earth shifted. Farmer Cheg Bulthrew once had a large sinkhole appear in the middle of his field, before it was quickly sealed off by the Queen's men and guarded until it had been filled in. No one has any explanation of what might be causing the subterranean thumping — or if they do, they are not talking.

Structures of Note

There are no Structures of Note in this ward.

STRUCTURES

Materials

Great Lunden is how a medieval town would look if you dialled up the odd and gave it a green tinge.

Many of the buildings in Great Lunden have been standing in some form or other for centuries, especially closer to the centre of the city.

The Great Fire of 666 destroyed a swathe of the city to the east, and as a consequence, many of its buildings, constructed from timber, were destroyed and later rebuilt.

The buildings tend to be made using the materials available outside the city and the surrounding counties.

In general, the main types are:

- Timber-framed with wattle & daub walls
- Mudbrick
- Fieldstone
- Worked stone (various types, some imported)
- Wooden
- A mixture of all of the above.

Windows and Glazing

With a few exceptions, most of the structures in Great Lunden have windows. These are generally for letting in daylight, receiving fresh air — although that's debatable, emptying out bedpans of piss and shit, or throwing people out of. Whatever the purpose, they fall into a few different types with the wealth of the owner determining the type. In ascending order of wealth, they are as follows:

- Open (no glazing or shutters)
- Open, but shuttered from the inside
- Timber mullions and shuttered from the inside
- Low quality, opaque glazing with lead beading
- High quality, transparent with lead beading
- High quality, stained glass with lead beading.

Roofing

Roofing consists of several types:

- Clay tile
- Slate tile
- Thatch
- Open terrace

Buildings on the Bridges

The only bridge that has structures built upon it is Lunden Bridge. With the exceptions of the Bridgegates and Fort Muck at the ends, which are built of brick and stone, all other structures on the bridge are timber-framed, wattle and daub constructions from the ground up, with all tiles being shingles. This is to reduce the total weight on the bridge structure, especially as a few cracks have begun to appear in two of the archways.

Buildings Over Streets

In some areas of the city, the roadways are spanned by overhead walkways, or narrow rooms/galleries. These are generally built matching the construction of the buildings they join (this is in addition to the buildings which lean so close across the street that it is possible to climb from one side of the street to another). Many of

these walkways arch slightly, being raised up in the middle of their spans.

Some are constructed from ornate stonework, others are simple timber-framed bridges. Some have rows of windows; others are devoid of openings on their sides. All usually have sloped rooftops with tiles and slates as befits their adjoining structures.

If the walkways or galleries do have windows and their owners have children of a certain age, such offspring often have great fun spitting or throwing things down upon the passers-by below. These children call such activity, 'Phlegm Parties'. The particularly educated children call them, 'Quanquam enim pituita Natus'.

Structures of Note

Quick Reference

In order of appearance;

- **A01** - Gael's Sanctuary (page 106)
- **A02** - Watcher's House (page 109)
- **A03** - Riverman Store (page 112)
- **A04** - Black Flag Forge (page 115)
- **A05** - The Fetid Otter (page 118)
- **A06** - White Crow (page 121)
- **A07** - Dourgul's House (page 124)
- **A08** - The Grey Eye (page 127)
- **A09** - Little Benjamin's Clocktower (page 130)
- **A10** - Faust Coppershine Lending (page 133)
- **A11** - Stockton Keep (page 136)
- **A12** - Peeker's Guardtower (page 139)
- **A13** - Guild of Messengers (page 142)
- **A14** - Crowcote (page 145)

- **A15** - The Red House (page 148)
- **A16** - Pisskin's Gambling House (page 151)
- **A17** - House of Eels (page 154)
- **A18** - Stabb's Meats (page 157)
- **A19** - Oddlin's Tower (page 160)
- **A20** - Clopetra's Needle (page 163)
- **A21** - Morgrick House (page 166)
- **A22** - S. Toad Barber (page 169)

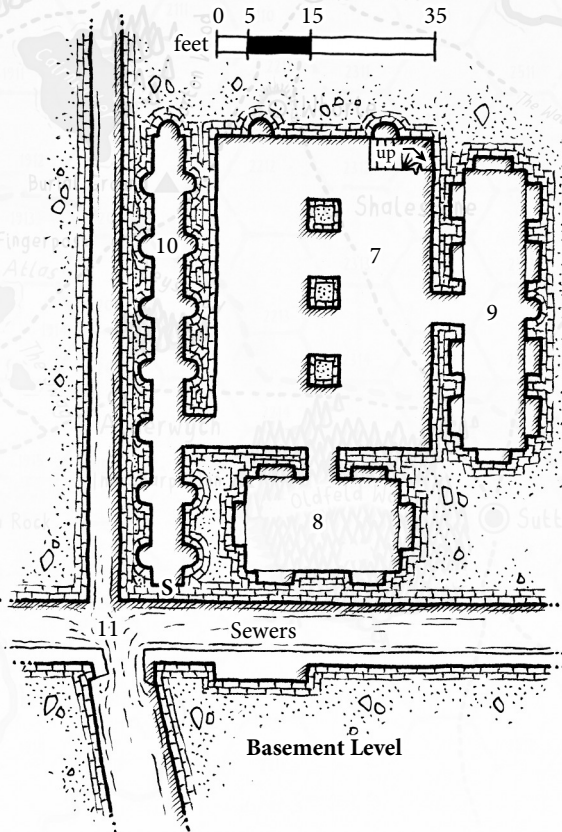
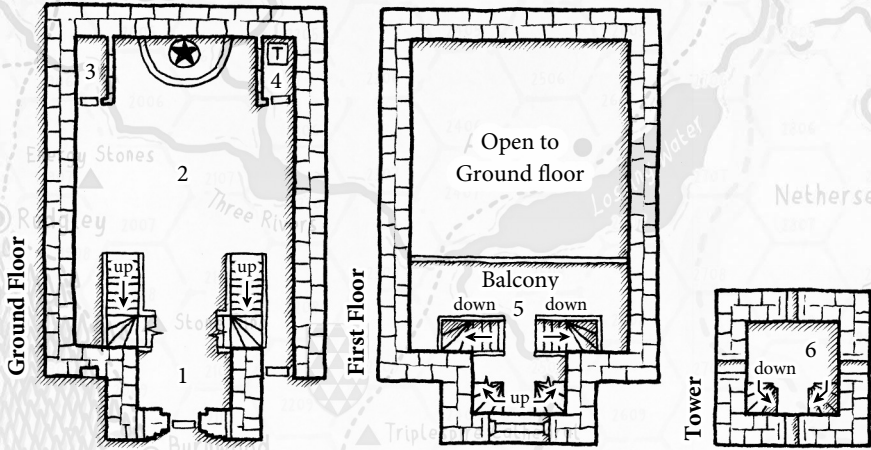
In alphabetical order;

- Black Flag Forge (A04) (page 115)
- Clopetra's Needle (A20) (page 163)
- Crowcote (A14) (page 145)
- Dourgul's House (A07) (page 124)
- Faust Coppershine Lending (A10) (page 133)
- Gael's Sanctuary (A01) (page 106)
- Guild of Messengers (A13) (page 142)
- House of Eels (A17) (page 154)
- Little Benjamin's Clocktower (A09) (page 130)
- Morgrick House (A21) (page 166)
- Oddlin's Tower (A19) (page 160)
- Peeker's Guardtower (A12) (page 139)
- Pisskin's Gambling House (A16) (page 151)
- Riverman Store (A03) (page 112)
- S. Toad Barber (A22) (page 169)
- Stabb's Meats (A18) (page 157)
- Stockton Keep (A11) (page 136)
- The Fetid Otter (A05) (page 118)
- The Grey Eye (A08) (page 127)
- The Red House (A15) (page 148)
- Watcher's House (A02) (page 109)
- White Crow (A06) (page 121)

Gael's Sanctuary



Tradoor opens to steps down to Area 7



Room Key

1. Narthex
2. Nave and Altar
3. Bishop's Chamber
4. Storeroom
5. Balcony
6. Bell Tower
7. Church Archives
8. Crypt of Bishops
9. Crypt of Gael's Angels
10. Cremation Urns of Prominent Priests of Gael
11. Sewers

Gael's Sanctuary

Map Reference: A1

Ward: Bishopsgate Ward (Inner Wards).

Who Owns It: The Church of Gael.

Who Occupies It: Run by Father Broben Fester III.

Occupier Information: Father Fester answers to Bishop Ostenwald of the Church of Gael in Great Lunden (C56). Many think the archbishop is a corrupt old man like many of the clergy, but he is actually as honest as he is devout.

Services or goods available: This is primarily a place of worship. Low level clerical spells (up to Level 3) are also provided at a cost of 100 gold quids per Spell Level. Holy water can also be provided at twice the usual rate, sold as 'special holy water'. Used when turning undead, it adds +2 to Turning Undead checks.

Features

External Walls: Worked stone, rendered and painted.

Internal Walls: None.

External Door(s): Heavy oak.

Internal Door(s): Heavy oak.

Roof: Slate tiles.

Heating: None.

Glazing: Stained glass for major windows, and simple timber mullion-type with shutters for minor windows.

Lighting: Gloombug lanterns.

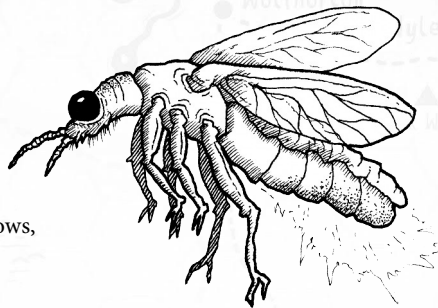
Floors Above Ground: Two.

Levels Below Ground: One.

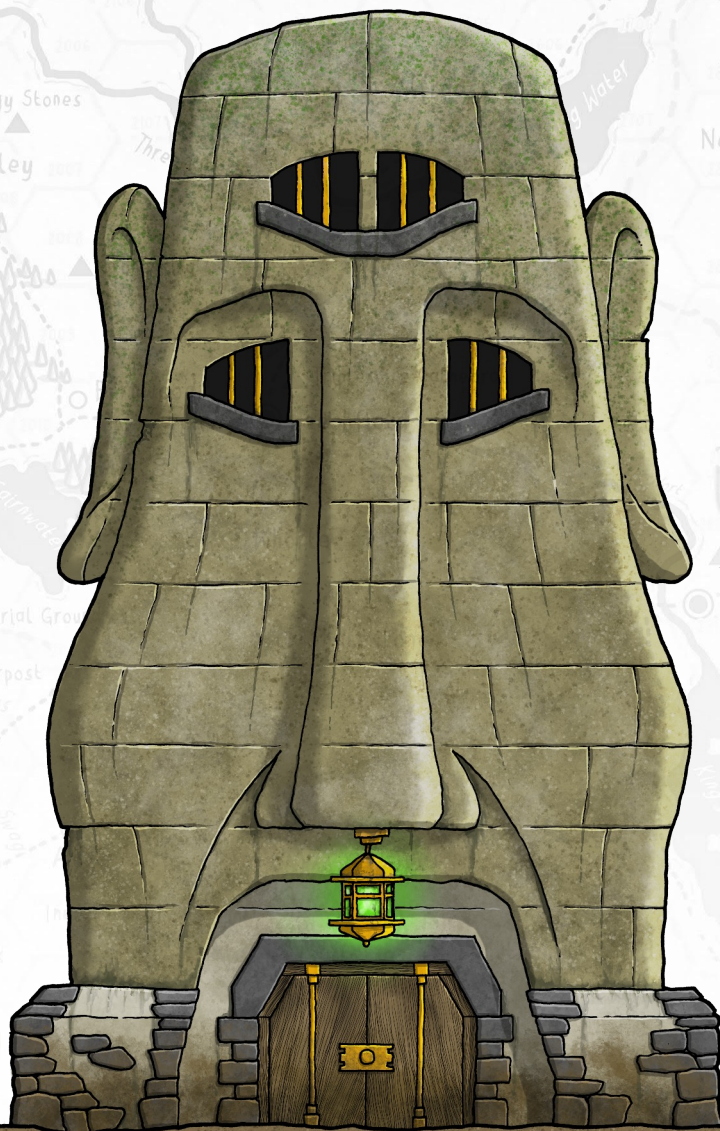
Notable Features: The stained-glass window is beautiful. Depicting an abstract sun.

Secrets:

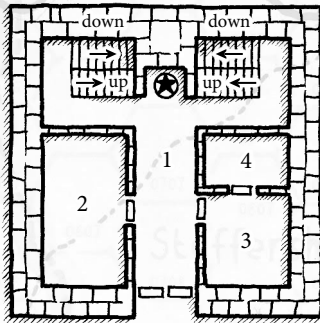
- The bell in the clocktower is magical. When struck, anyone in the church is affected as if a *Protection from Evil* spell had been cast by a cleric. The effects only last whilst inside the church.
- Unknown to the clergy, a lone thief with no guild affiliation called Yavus, has his lair hidden in the bell tower roof. He has recently stolen a box of jewellery that he has hidden in the rafters until the heat has died down, and he can pawn it.
- Amongst the bookshelves of the church archives, buried in a bundle marked 'Boring' is a *Manual of Intelligence*. It forms the inner pages of another book on the subject of maggots, pupae, and flies of Espaneria — *Espanerian Fly, or what I did on my holidays* by Mathias Pouke.



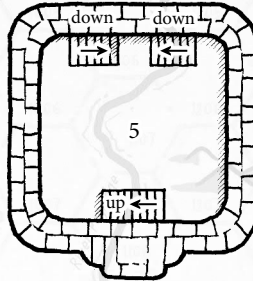
Watcher's House



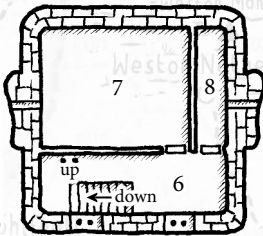
Ground Floor



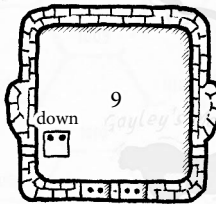
First Floor



Second Floor



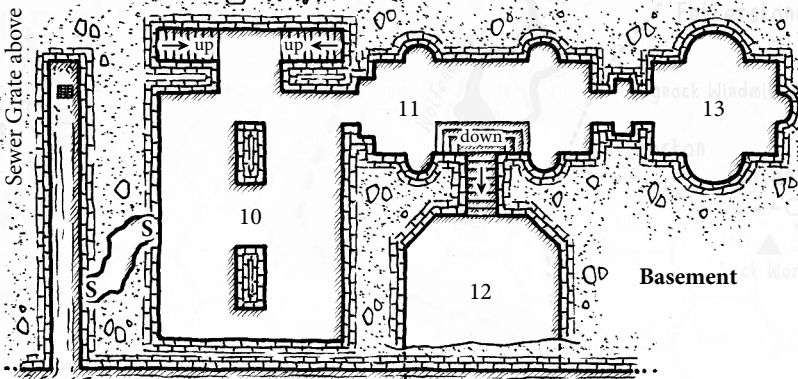
Third Floor



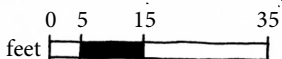
Room Key

1. Entrance Lobby
2. Priests Quarters
3. Bishop Magrim's Office
4. Religious Regalia
5. Chapel
6. Hall
7. Meditation Chamber
8. Store Room
9. The Watcher's Audience Chamber
10. Meeting Chamber
11. Gallery of Statues
12. Crypt of The Vigilant Watchers
13. Tomb of Bishoppess Moa Moa

Sewer Grate above



Basement



Watcher's House

Map Reference: A2

Ward: Bishopsgate Ward (Inner Wards).

Who Owns It: The Church of the Watcher from the Shore.

Who Occupies It: Bishop Devon Magrim, and three priests.

Occupier Information: Bishop Magrim is a jolly fellow with rosy cheeks. Carrying a little extra weight about his middle and with the bushiest eyebrows ever seen on a man, he performs his sermons wearing a thin stone mask in the shape of a Watcher idol, eyebrows poking over the top.

Services or goods available: This is primarily a place of worship for the priests of the deity. It offers all manner of services for those priests whether they are local, or from distant churches. These services include higher level spells and rituals. The bishop holds sermons on a weekly basis, but they are not at the church, but rather a spot down the coast on top of a rocky promontory with a stone idol of the deity overlooking the sea.

Features

External Walls: Large stone blocks of green basalt.

Internal Walls: Rendered fieldstone.

External Door(s): Thick and sturdy oak with brass fittings.

Internal Door(s): Oak.

Roof: Stone block (as walls).

Heating: None (The Watcher stands in all weather).

Glazing: None. Simple, brass bars.

Lighting: Gloombug lanterns.

Floors Above Ground: Three.

Levels Below Ground: One.

Notable Features: The structure is in the shape of the deity venerated by the clergy, The Watcher from the Shore.

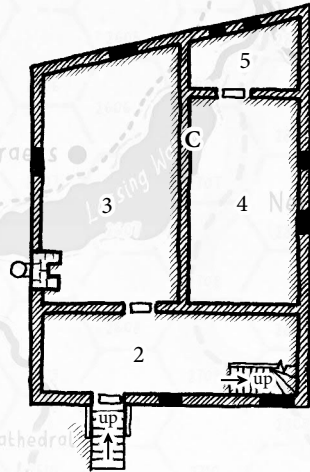
Secrets:

- Bishop Magrim uses the secret sewer entrance to have meetings with ambassadors of the Piscaceans from Mermaid Isle (see *The Middlerlands Expanded*, page 29). The bishop wants to ensure that the dangers posed by the Piscaceans are managed. He is acting without any official permission. The Piscaceans are looking to double-cross him. They have 'gifted' him a necklace with a large pearl and asked him to wear it at all times to show his dedication to the allegiance. Little does the bishop know that the necklace is one of a matched pair which allows the wearer of the second necklace to listen to the wearer of the second.
- The bishop has an unpaid gambling debt of 600 gold quids. He has so far resisted selling the church's golden regalia.
- One of the priests that supports the Bishop, Sister Ella Ochring is an informant for Lady Amber Essenwold's spy network and is attempting to learn about the bishop's secret meetings with the Piscaceans.

Riverman Store



Ground Floor

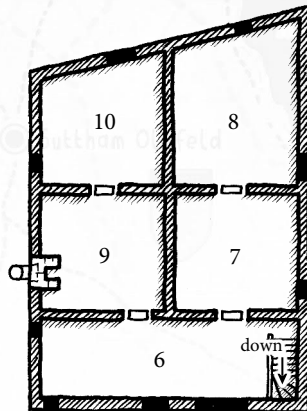
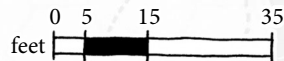
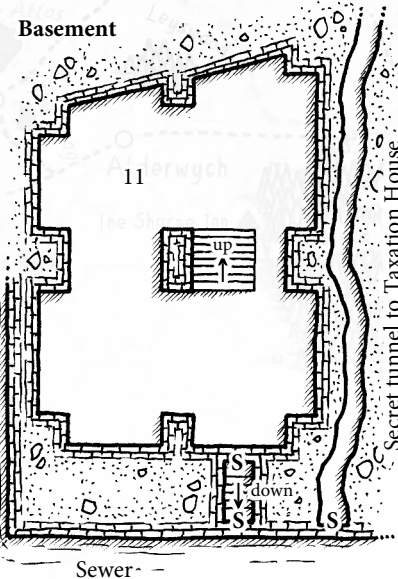


First Floor

Room Key

- | | |
|-------------------------------------|-------------------------|
| 1. Storage Area Underneath Building | 7. Study |
| 2. Entrance Hall | 8. Bedchamber |
| 3. Main Office | 9. Kitchen |
| 4. Records/Archive (concealed door) | 10. Living Area |
| 5. Coffers | 11. Underground Storage |
| 6. First Floor Private Landing | |

Basement



Second Floor

Riverman Store

Map Reference: A3

Ward: Rotterhithe Ward (Inner Wards).

Who Owns It: Rivermen's Guild.

Who Occupies It: James Venn.

Occupier Information: James is a fast and efficient operator of the store.

Services or goods available: Sells storage for goods entering or leaving the city at the docks. He also handles any import and export taxes due — for a small commission.

Features

External Walls: Timber-framed wattle and daub.

Internal Walls: Wattle and daub.

External Door(s): Heavy oak.

Internal Door(s): Oak.

Roof: Grey tiles.

Heating: A small hearth with iron flue (unlicensed, but rarely lit).

Glazing: Poor quality glass.

Lighting: Gloombug lanterns.

Floors Above Ground: Three (including ground floor storage area).

Levels Below Ground: One.

Notable Features: The structure is mounted on a raised platform, to allow easy access to a storage area beneath. Salivating dogs are tied to the pillars on long chains, barking when anyone gets to within ten feet of the structure. They can't quite reach the stairs but will try to take a bit out of anyone that is under the

structure unless commanded to leave them alone by Venn.

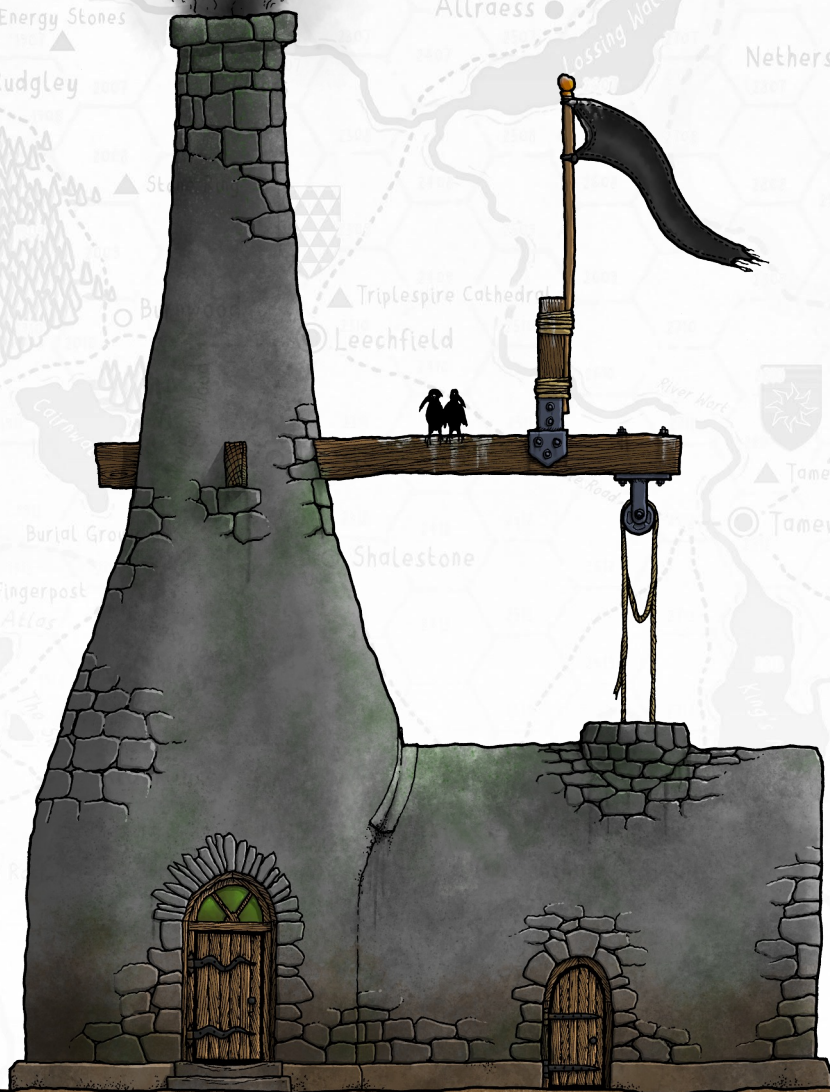
Secrets:

- A secret tunnel has been dug by James, which leads to a so far undiscovered secret entrance into the Taxation House basement. No-one knows about this other than James, and he uses it to steal goods that have been confiscated by the authorities. He sells them on the black market.
- A consignment of crates stored under the structure containing 'dried fish' — according to the documents — is awaiting collection by someone known as Mr. Smith. One of the barrels contains a sedated juvenile sewer gripe which is still large enough to cause significant chaos in the city if it escapes (or wakes).



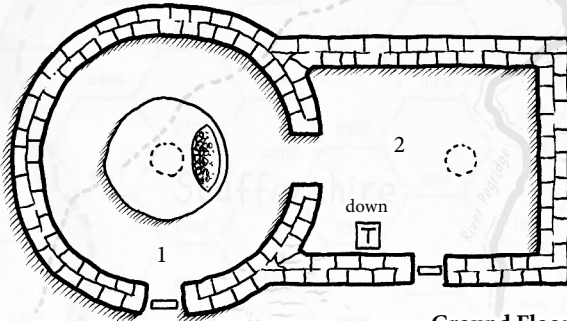
James Venn

Black Flag Forge

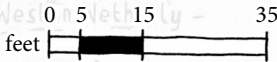


Room Key

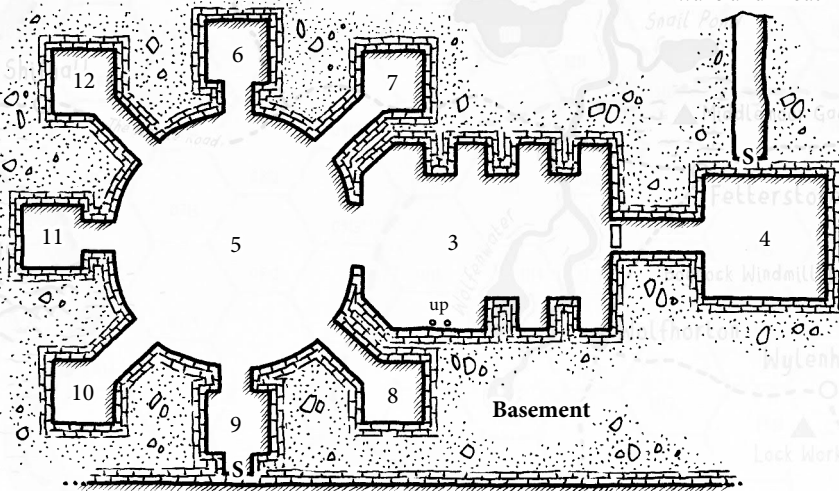
1. Furnace
2. Workshop
3. Storeroom
4. Grugsmith's Office
5. The Bowels
6. Copper Chamber
7. Tin Chamber
8. Brass Chamber
9. Silver Chamber
10. Bronze Chamber
11. Iron Chamber
12. Electrum Chamber



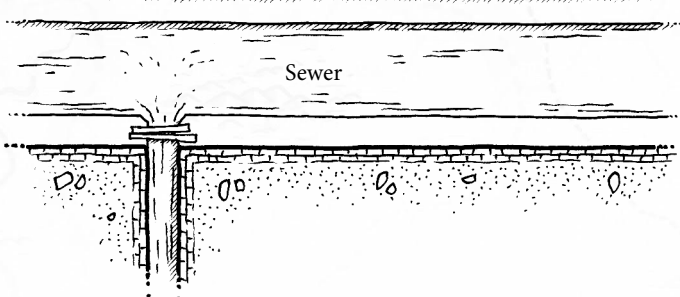
Ground Floor



Tunnel under city walls and moat



Basement



Black Flag Forge

Map Reference: A4

Ward: Blackgate Ward (Inner Wards).

Who Owns It: Islen Hitchlock.

Who Occupies It: Lester Grugsmith.

Occupier Information: Islen is a young woman with a fiery temper. When not covered in soot and grime from working in the forge, she can be found dressed respectfully in or around her actual dwelling in Hyde Ward. She leaves the day-to-day running of the forge to Lester Grugsmith, a short man with a bald head and a long auburn beard tucked into his leather apron. Some believe he has dwarven blood, but the truth is that he is diminutive by birth. Lester is the talented smith, whilst Islen is the entrepreneur.

Services or goods available: Lester can craft almost any items from tin, copper, brass, silver, bronze, iron, or electrum. They are currently contracted to make pieces for the Guild of Firequenchers and their Goblin Firefinder devices.

Features

External Walls: Worked black stone blocks.

Internal Walls: as external.

External Door(s): Heavy oak.

Internal Door(s): Thin, makeshift planks.

Roof: Worked black stone blocks.

Heating: The forge provides all necessary heat.

Glazing: None.

Lighting: Oil-filled lanterns (with a valid Fire Law licence).

Floors Above Ground: None.

Levels Below Ground: One.

Notable Features: The black flag that flies from the structure is actually a family heirloom belonging to Islen Hitchlock. Once part of a larger piece of material that formed the sail of a strange ship that crashed on the rocky coast near her parent's home in Cernwall. The material billows and flutters even without a breeze.



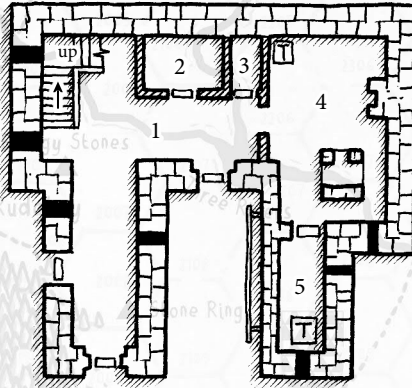
Islen Hitchlock

Secrets:

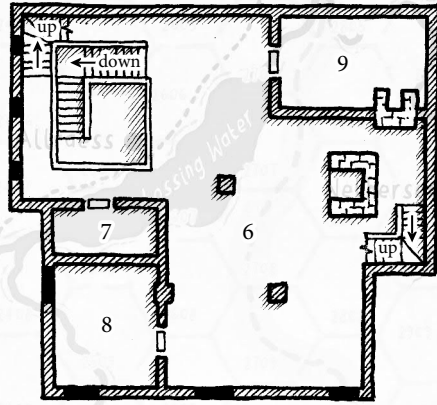
- The contract to provide parts for the Goblin Firefinders has not gone down particularly well with the wart goblin smiths in Bileward. They believe that the devices should be crafted by wart goblins on account of their shape. Dourgul's House are currently debating what to do about the situation, and so far, foul play is the most popular response.
- Unbeknownst to Islen, Lester has created a secret tunnel that leads under the city walls and the Queenswater, emerging into the basement of a property in the south of Cripplegate. This allows Lester to craft items, which he can smuggle out of the Inner Wards and thus avoid paying taxes on them.

The Fetid Otter

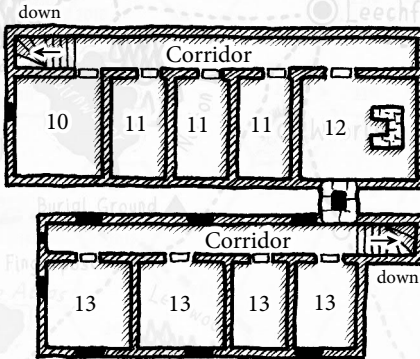




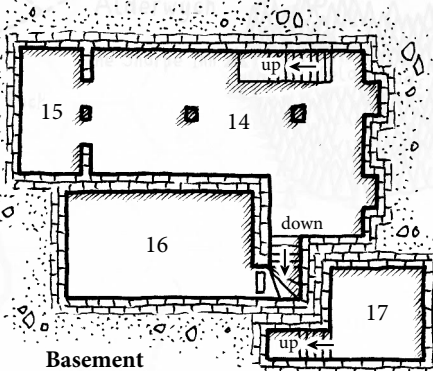
Ground Floor



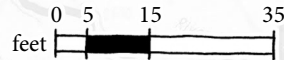
First Floor



Second Floor



Basement



Room Key

1. Entrance Hallway
2. Toilet
3. Storeroom
4. Kitchen
5. Pantry
6. Taproom
7. Bouncer's Room
8. Member's Room
9. Private Meeting Room
10. Large Bedchamber
11. Small Bedchamber(s)
12. Owner's Bedchamber
13. Rooms for rent
14. Main Cellar
15. Wine Store
16. Private Worship Room
17. Hidden Cellar

The Fetid Otter

Map Reference: A5

Ward: Brothenward (Inner Wards).

Who Owns It: Sir Clavius Tye (Head Executioner).

Who Occupies It: Roger Pilkington (Landlord).

Occupier Information: Roger Pilkington is a friend of Sir Clavius, and although the two don't see much of each other, Roger continues to run the inn and pay the fees charged by Sir Clavius. Roger is a timid fellow, much preferring to let his wife, Amelia, to do the muscle work.

Services or goods available: Food, drink and lodging at one and a half times the usual list prices. Quality is mediocre, although the chicken pies are delicious. The eel soup, when mixed with mead, is known for its ability to evacuate the stomach.

Features

External Walls: Ground floor is fieldstone; first floor is timber-framed wattle and daub.

Internal Walls: Wattle and daub.

External Door(s): Sturdy oak.

Internal Door(s): Thin oak.

Roof: Terracotta tiles.

Heating: Chimneys burning whale oil (with a valid Fire Law licence).

Glazing: No glass. All windows are barred or mullion-type, with shutters on the inside.

Lighting: Gloombug lanterns.

Floors Above Ground: Two.

Levels Below Ground: One.

Notable Features: An archway almost divides the inn in two, providing a place for horses or other beasts to be tied up while their owners down an ale or three.

Secrets:

- The current bouncer, Derken Shanks, is a serial killer who fled from Coalford. He chooses his victims by rolling a six-sided dice he keeps in his pocket. When anyone tells him to "Fuck off!", he rolls the dice, and a result of a one means that they are his next victim.
- Beneath the inn, Roger has a private worship room which is kept locked at all times. The small shrine is dedicated to Morgontula.
- A hidden cellar in the inn is used to keep anything that Roger has acquired without paying the necessary taxes. It also doubles as a hiding place for anyone that pays him enough money.



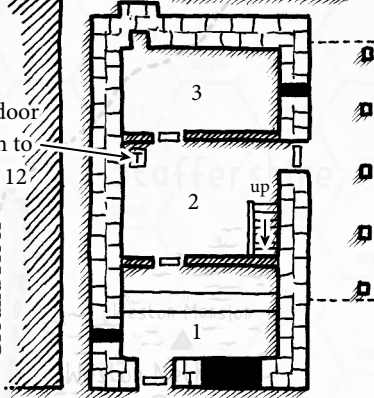
Roger Pilkington

White Crow

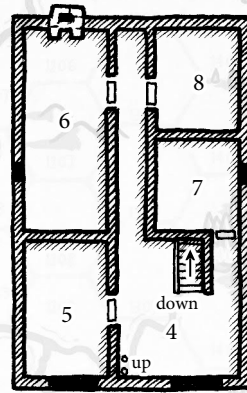


Trapdoor
down to
area 12

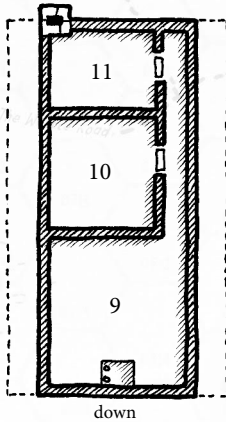
Ground Floor



First Floor

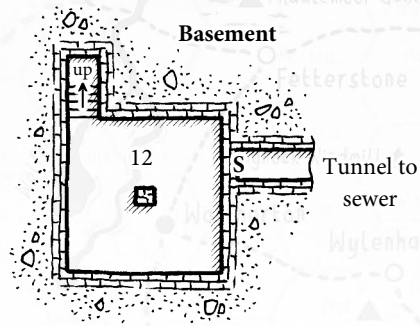


Second Floor



0 5 15 35
feet

Basement



Room Key

- | | |
|------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| 1. Shop | 9. Stuffed Bird Room |
| 2. Workshop | 10. Darkcrow Breeding Room |
| 3. Storeroom | 11. Midderlands Magpie Breeding Room |
| 4. First Floor Landing | 12. Rare Specimen Aviary and Store |
| 5. Bedchamber | |
| 6. Master Bedchamber | |
| 7. Private Aviary | |
| 8. Bedchamber | |

White Crow

Map Reference: A6

Ward: Marketgate Ward (Inner Wards).

Who Owns It: Habius Berkins.

Who Occupies It: Habius Berkins.

Occupier Information: Habius is a strange individual. He has a large scar across his nose caused when trying to capture an intestinal hawk, and mystical bird-catching tattoos on his forehead. His head is shaved apart from an unkempt clutch on top, which he calls his 'nest', and often lets small birds rest on it. He can converse in avian songs, whistles, beak taps, screeches, and tweets.

Services or goods available: Habius sells live birds and parts of birds. If you need crow skulls, magpie wings, hawk beaks, or buzzard feet, then Habius has you covered.

Features

External Walls: Ground floor is rendered fieldstone. Upper floors are timber-framed wattle and daub.

Internal Walls: Wattle and daub.

External Door(s): Sturdy oak.

Internal Door(s): Oak.

Roof: Terracotta tiles.

Heating: A hearth which gets magically hot, but emits no flames.

Glazing: Low quality glass on ground floor,

mullion-type and shutters on first floor.

Lighting: Gloombug lanterns.

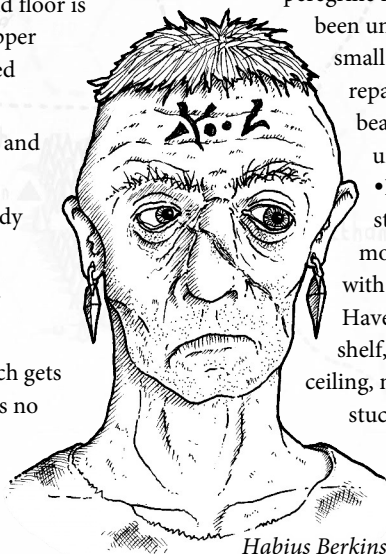
Floors Above Ground: Three.

Levels Below Ground: One.

Notable Features: The weathervane always points to the nearest darkcrow and seeing as Habius breeds darkcrows, his weathervane spins round on its own accord without much interference from the wind. The lean-to at the side of the structure is often lined with trestle tables containing bird-oriented goods to lure folks into the shop.

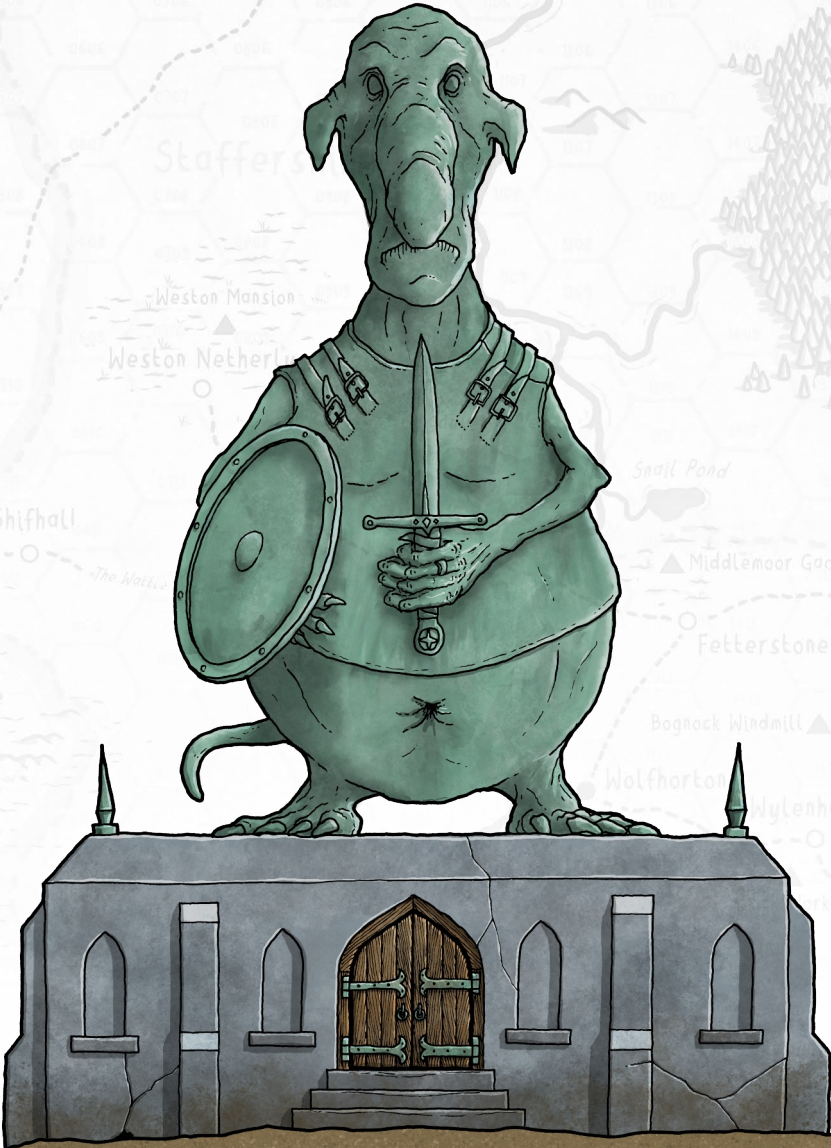
Secrets:

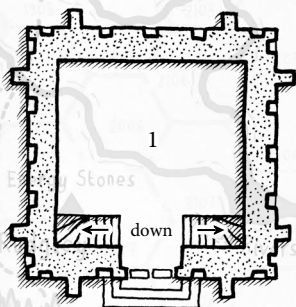
- Habius is breeding darkcrows in his loft, which he sells to the Guild of Messengers (A13). He also uses them to eavesdrop on a number of gambling houses in Netherwark to try and gain a gambling advantage.
- In his basement, Habius is trying to breed rarer birds — darkcrows with peregrine falcons, but has so far been unsuccessful. His uses of small clockwork parts to repair bird wings, feet and beaks makes for some unusual-looking avians.
- Habius' collection of stuffed birds is one of the most diverse in the city, with almost every bird in the Haven Isles wedged on a shelf, hanging from the ceiling, mounted on the wall, or stuck on branches and perches of dead wood about the premises.



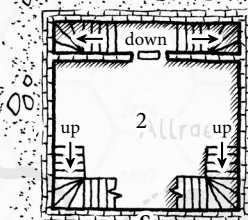
Habius Berkins

Dourgul's House

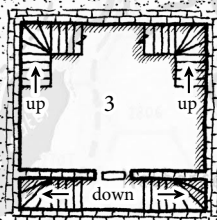




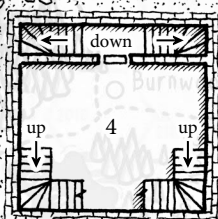
Ground Floor (G)



Basement (-1)



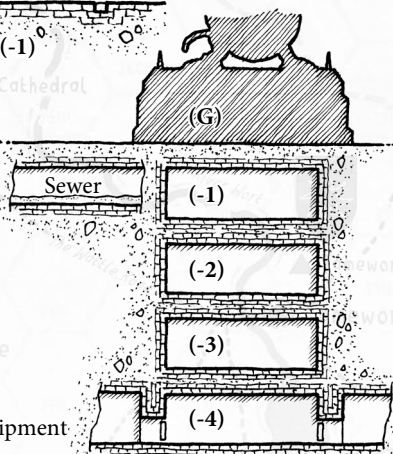
Lower Basement (-2)



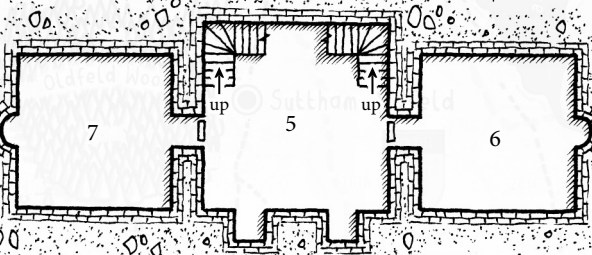
Much Lower Basement (-3)

Room Key

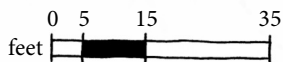
- | | |
|--------------------|-------------------------------|
| 1. Entrance Hall | 6. Armoury |
| 2. Dourgul Museum | 7. Mining Equipment |
| 3. Offices | 8. Route to Upper Middergloom |
| 4. Guard Station | |
| 5. Ore Preparation | |



Section Through Ground



Really, Really Deep Basement (-4)



Dourgul's House

Map Reference: A7

Ward: Bileward (Inner Wards).

Who Owns It: The Dourgul Trust, a board of six wart goblins.

Who Occupies It: Phabbul of Great Lunden.

Occupier Information: Phabbul, born in Great Lunden, is from a long line of brave wart goblins and is related by blood to Dourgul. Phabbul is now getting old, and as head of the Dourgul Trust — which seeks to preserve the name of Dourgul and the reputation of wart goblins in the city — he is passing on all his knowledge to his son, Juggal of Great Lunden.

Services or goods available: Dourgul's House serves as a museum to the public, dedicated to the memory and courage of their beloved ancestor, but deep beneath it are passages to the Upper Middergloom via a series of working middium and gloomium mines. These are used to extract small quantities of the finest ore and store them for selling to the smiths of the ward, thus enhancing their status as the best workers with the finest materials.

Features

External Walls: Carved granite plinth.

Internal Walls: Worked stone.

External Door(s): Sturdy oak.

Internal Door(s): Sturdy oak.

Roof: Worked stone.

Heating: None. The wart goblins don't mind the cold, and it serves to keep the public from spending too much time snooping around the museum.

Glazing: None.

Lighting: Gloombug lanterns.

Floors Above Ground: One.

Levels Below Ground: Four.

Notable Features: The statue — in the image of Dourgul — is copper-clad over an oak frame, and is now covered with verdigris.

Secrets:

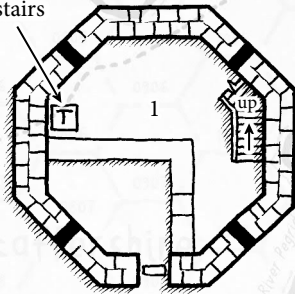
- The mining operations being carried out beneath Dourgul's House are not permitted by the government, and consequently, the operations are carried out in strict secrecy. Only the Trust knows what is happening in the bowels of the earth beneath. It tells everyone that the ores they extract are obtained by panning the mudflats down the coast, and they often send wart goblins down the coast to pan for ore as a cover.
- The wart goblins working in the mines beneath have recently encountered members of The Silver Hand exploring the caves near their mines, and are tracking their movements with interest.
- A tentacled horror recently killed two miners.

The Grey Eye



Trapdoor opens to stairs
down to basement

Ground Floor

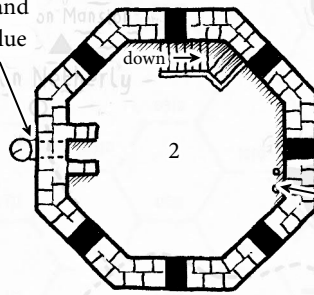


Room Key

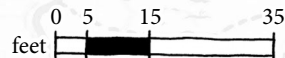
1. Shop
2. Living Quarters
3. Bedchamber
4. Storeroom (Jars of Pickled Eyes)
5. Hall of The Eyeless Ones

Fireplace and
chimney flue

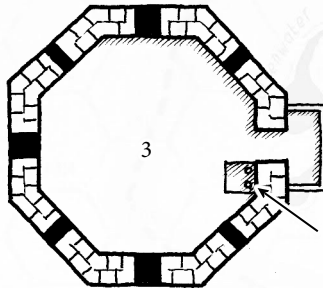
First Floor



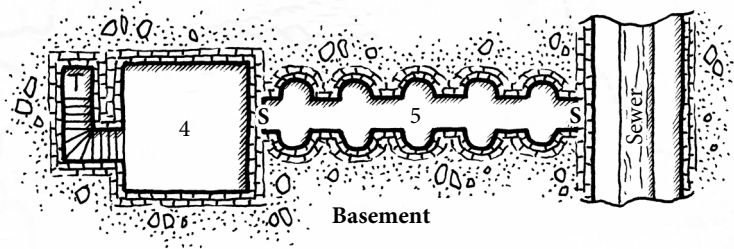
Ladders up



Second Floor



Ladders down



Basement

The Grey Eye

Map Reference: A8

Ward: Marketgate Ward (Inner Wards).

Who Owns It: The Silver Hand, based in Abbots Bream, Staffordshire.

Who Occupies It: Lassiter 'One Eye' Crumb, Purveyor of Eyes.

Occupier Information: Lassiter is a hunched man in his late forties dressed in dirty, unwashed and smelly clothing. His salt and pepper hair is unkempt and his manner is eccentric. He only has one eye, the socket of the other being empty and uncovered. On occasion he pops in a fake eyeball to show prospective clients, whilst looking around feverishly with the other.

Services or goods available: Eyes. All manner of eyes. Big eyes, small eyes, animal eyes, human eyes, creature eyes, fake eyes.

Features

External Walls: Rendered fieldstone.

Internal Walls: None.

External Door(s): Sturdy oak.

Internal Door(s): None.

Roof: Clay tiles.

Heating: A hearth on first floor (unlicensed).

Glazing: Open and shuttered. First floor has low quality glass.

Lighting: Candles (unlicensed).

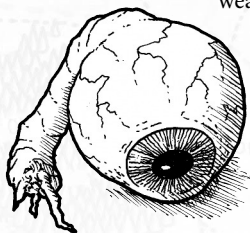
Floors Above Ground: Three.

Levels Below Ground: One.

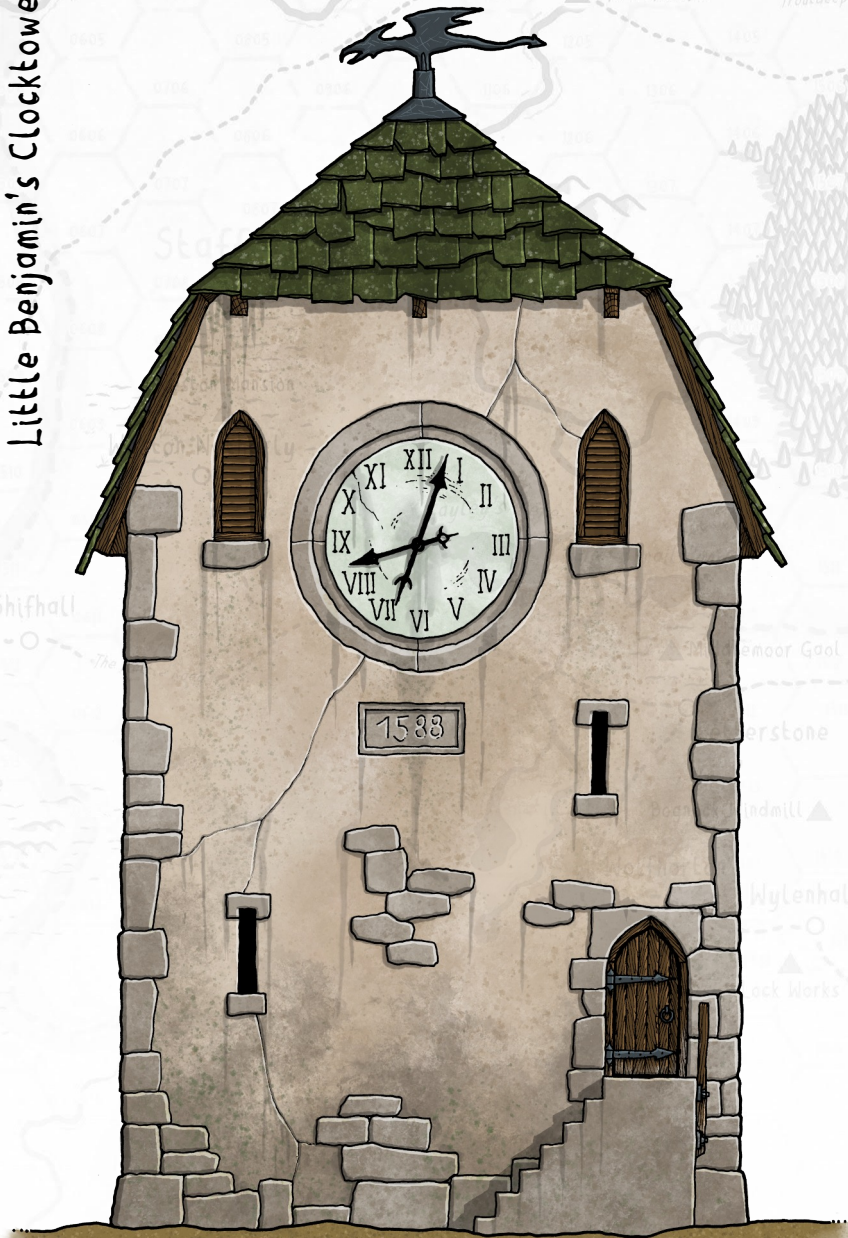
Notable Features: The second floor has a balcony overlooking the street leading from Lassiter's bedroom. It is his habit upon awakening each morning to stagger naked from his bed onto the balcony, yawn and stretch before pissing into the street below. Typically ignoring the protests from below, he returns to his chamber to find something disgusting to wear.

Secrets:

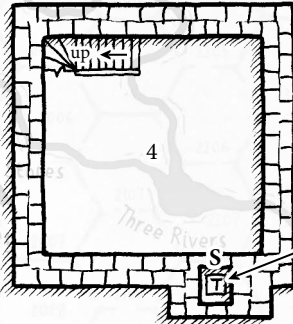
- Lassiter keeps a cockatrice eye in a small locked chest behind his counter. He has used this to stop burglars and thieves in the past, selling the resulting statues to a sculptor on the outskirts of the city known for his lifelike statues.
- Lassiter rents the property from his contact at The Flapping Pike tavern, named Tomlas. Tomlas has not collected rent for the last four months and Lassiter believes that he has gotten away with it.
- One of the eyes stored in the shop is actually a magic eye. Stolen from a wealthy nobleman who lives in desert lands to the south, he can actually see through the eye as if it was still in his head. To counter the often conflicting images coming from his good eye, and the one of the inside of a dark drawer filled with other eyeballs viewed by his magic eye, he wears an eye patch. He is desperate to find out where his magic eye is, and knows it has ended up somewhere in Great Lunden.



Little Benjamin's Clocktower

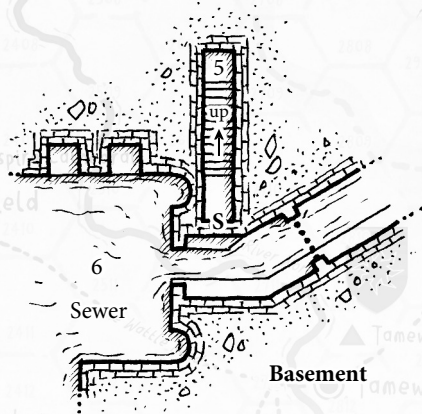
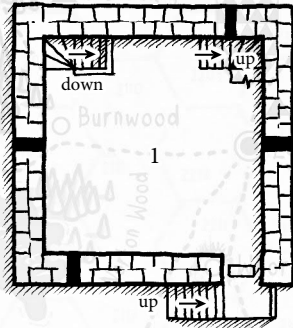


Ground Floor

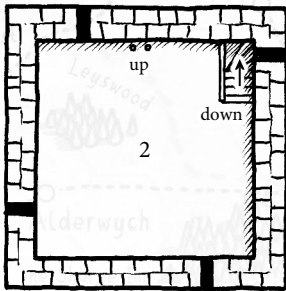


Trapdoor opens to stairs
down to basement

First Floor



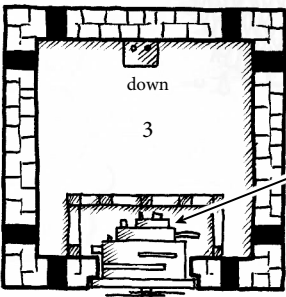
Second Floor



Room Key

1. Clockmaster's Office
2. Clockmaster's Bedchamber
3. Clock Room
4. Basement (Above Ground)
5. Stairs down to Sewers
6. Small Sewer Chamber

Third Floor



Clock mechanism
and framework

Little Benjamin's Clocktower

Map Reference: A9

Ward: Silvergate Ward (Inner Wards).

Who Owns It: Guild of Horologists.

Who Occupies It: Clockmaster Horatio Greenwich.

Occupier Information: Horatio is a master clocksmith whose father, Ignatio, also a master clocksmith, built the clockface in Little Benjamin's Clocktower. He has spent years studying horology and maintaining the clocktower which keeps accurate time for the city's inner wards.

Services or goods available: Horatio can be found here and commissioned to make clocks, sundials, and other devices for time measurement. Horatio uses the basement as a workshop.

Features

External Walls: Rendered fieldstone.

Internal Walls: None.

External Door(s): Sturdy chestnut.

Internal Door(s): None.

Roof: Green clay tiles.

Heating: None.

Glazing: Small opening or shuttered.

Lighting: Gloombug lanterns.

Floors Above Ground: Four (including ground floor).

Levels Below Ground: One.

Notable Features: The clock installed on the southeast face. The clock works perfectly and strikes one chime every hour with its bronze bell and clapper. It can be

heard across all inner wards and is used by the Peekers to change shifts.

Secrets:

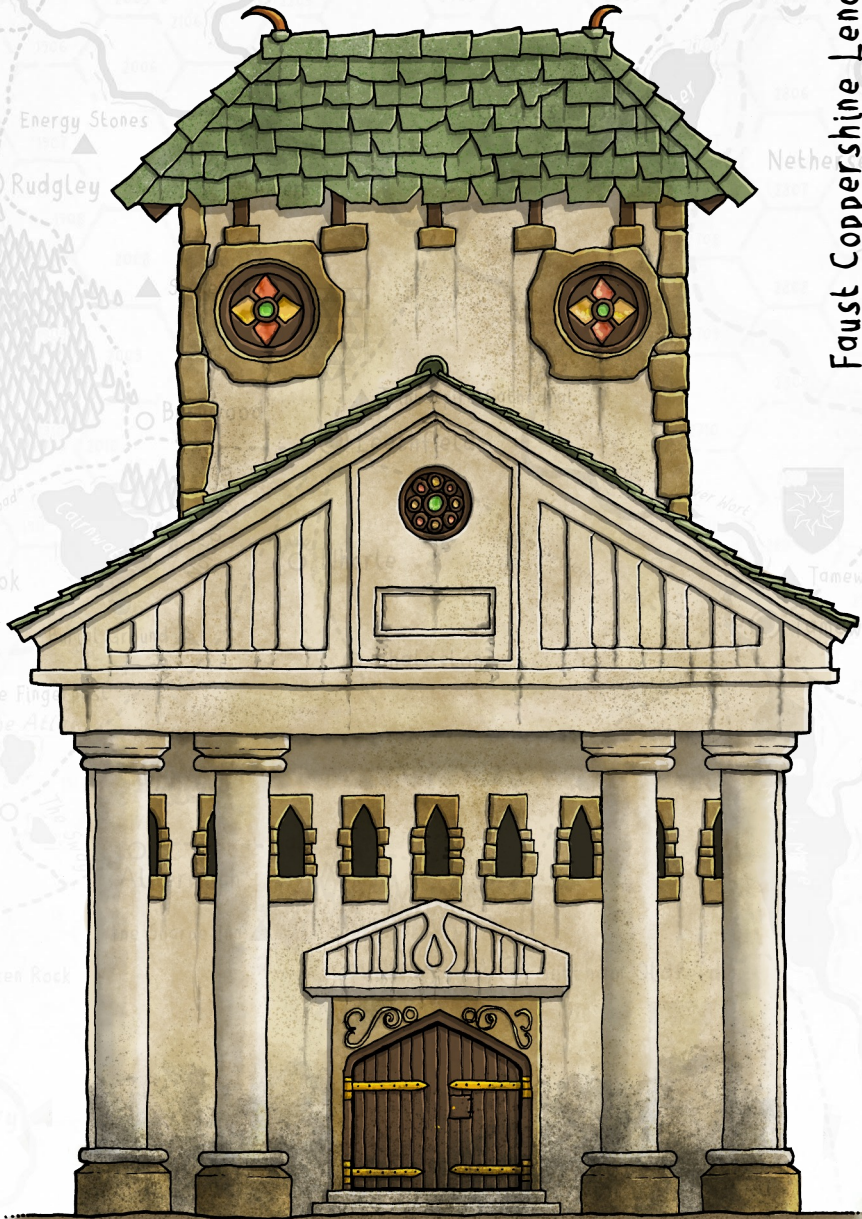
- Horatio is not aware of the underground passage to the sewers within the basement. It was installed by his father who used it for an illicit affair. His father entered the clocktower one day and never returned. His body was never found.
- The clock mechanism is highly-valuable. It is made from middium with small parts made from gloomium, gold, silver, platinum, and other rare and precious metals.

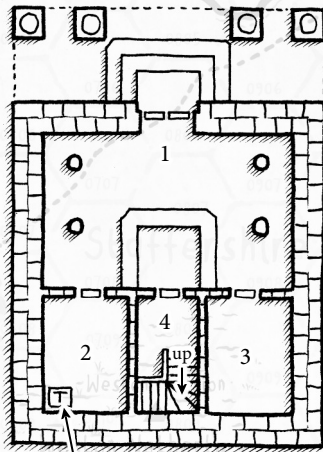
In its heart is a diamond worth 2,000 gold quids. No-one is allowed to see the mechanism, and its value is a tightly-guarded secret. The clock room is protected by a life-threatening trap which only Horatio knows how to disarm.

- The wyvern weathervane is made of middium painted to look like iron. It never creaks when it spins.

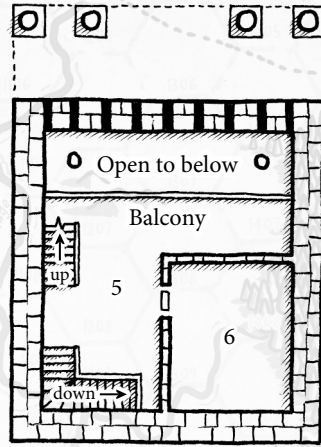


Horatio Greenwich



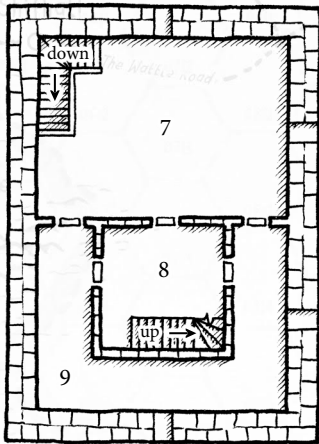
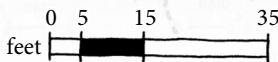


Ground Floor

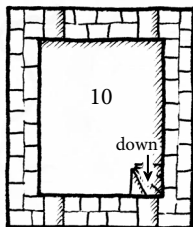
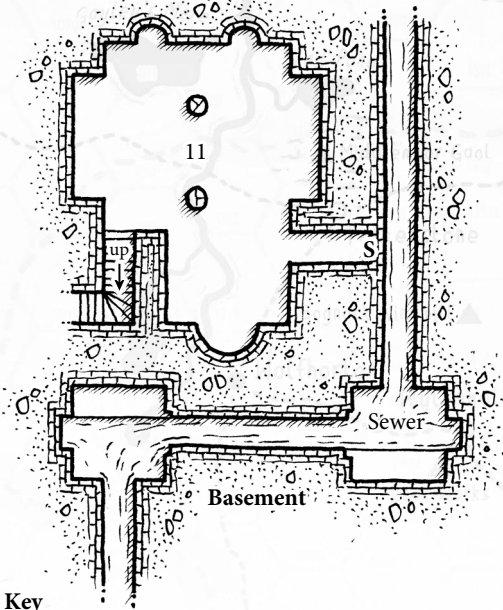


First Floor

Trapdoor opens to stairs down to Area 11



Second Floor



Third Floor

Room Key

- | | |
|------------------------------------|--|
| 1. Reception Hall | 6. Faust's Office |
| 2. Shift Manager's Office | 7. Guard Station |
| 3. Security Guard Room and Armoury | 8. False Vault |
| 4. Stairwell | 9. Automaton Patrols and Trap Corridor |
| 5. Meeting Room | 10. Real Vault |
| | 11. Archives |

Faust Coppershine

Lending

Map Reference: A10

Ward: Silvergate Ward (Inner Wards).

Who Owns It: Faust Coppershine.

Who Occupies It: Faust Coppershine.

Occupier Information: Faust is a man of dubious morals. Outwardly, to those that he wishes to lend money to, he is an amenable, seemingly-charitable man. Once the very-confusing contracts are signed, his demeanour changes, and his entourage of heavies make sure that payments — or goods to the value of the payment — are made along with a variable interest payment depending on any number of random factors.

Services or goods available: These are the offices of Faust's money-lending operation. The maximum amount typically lent per person is about 2,000 gold guids. This can be raised significantly if the lender has much more valuable collateral to offer.

Features

External Walls: White sandstone blocks.

Internal Walls: White sandstone blocks, with marble floors.

External Door(s): Ornate oak with gold-plated hinges and handles.

Internal Door(s): Ornately-engraved elm.

Roof: Green clay tiles.

Heating: Small braziers with non-flammable arcane flames.

Glazing: A mixture of opaque glass and stained glass.

Lighting: Gloombug lanterns with yellowed glass panes.

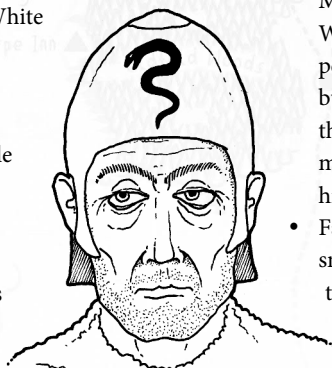
Floors Above Ground: Four.

Levels Below Ground: One.

Notable Features: The portico is magnificent, if a little grubby. Supported on four massive columns imported from Italica.

Secrets:

- Faust has many clients in Queensgate and Hyde Ward living beyond their means. He is often looking for money collectors to recover payments and debits.
- In the vault, is a twelve-inch gold statue of a horned man belonging to Lady Hannara Meddlehurst. The idol is an automaton that is taking small amounts of gold coins from the vault each night and delivering it to Meddlehurst's dwelling in Hyde Ward. Faust suspects that a guard, or perhaps Uriah Oldhill, is responsible, but as yet has not alerted anyone to the fact that monies have gone missing, preferring to catch the thief himself and wreak a callous revenge.
- Faust's business logo is that of the snake, implying his ability to slither through the tricky business of money lending or deliver a nasty bite. Secretly, he is a serpent cult member.

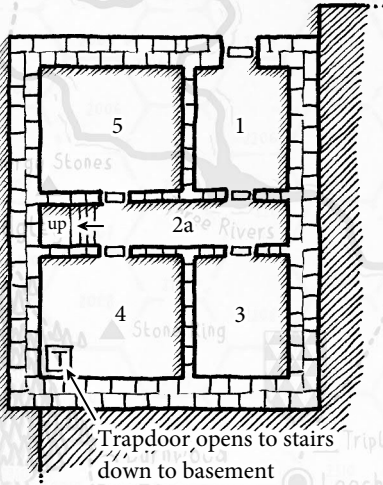


Faust Coppershine

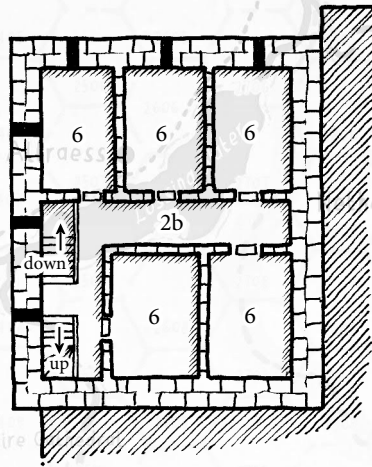
Stockton Keep



Ground Floor



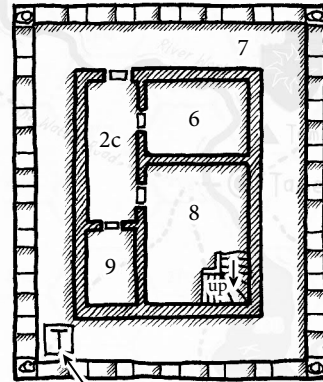
First Floor



Room Key

- | | |
|-----------------|--------------------|
| 1. Reception | 9. Storeroom |
| 2. Hallway | 10. Trophy Room |
| 3. Meeting Room | 11. Guardroom |
| 4. Study | 12. Master Bedroom |
| 5. Lounge | 13. Private Study |
| 6. Bedrooms | 14. Wine Cellar |
| 7. Balcony | 15. Vault |
| 8. Library | |

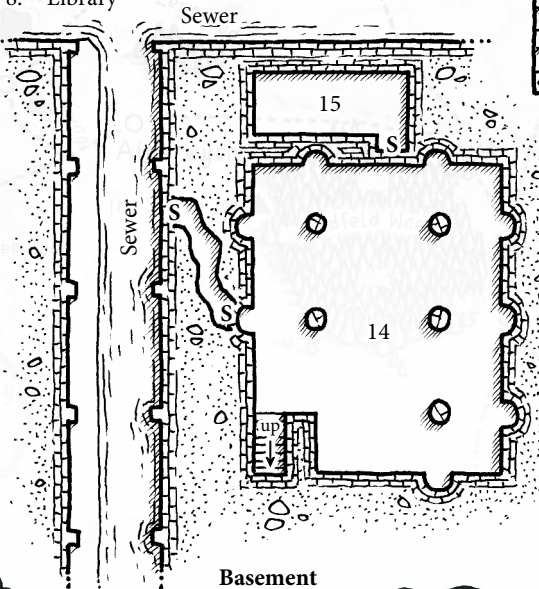
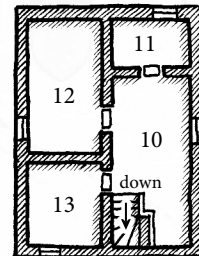
Second Floor



Trapdoor opens to stairs down to Area 2b

0 5 15 35
feet

Third Floor



Basement

Stockton Keep

Map Reference: A11

Ward: Queensgate Ward (Inner Wards).

Who Owns It: Sir Malwer Stockton.

Who Occupies It: Sir Malwer Stockton and his family.

Occupier Information: Sir Malwer is a former soldier who rose to the rank of captain in the Havenland Army before retiring. The former officer now runs a clandestine safehouse for the shady organisation called The Silver Hand.

Services or goods available: Smuggling operation and safehouse.

Features

External Walls: Ground and first floor are worked stone blocks, second and third floor are timber-framed wattle and daub.

Internal Walls: Same as external, although tending to be thinner.

External Door(s): Heavy oak.

Internal Door(s): Oak.

Roof: Flat stone roof on first floor, with grey slate roof on the third floor.

Heating: Non-flaming braziers.

Glazing: No windows on ground floor. Small arrowloops on first floor, with mullion-type and shutters on floors above.

Lighting: Gloombug lanterns.

Floors Above Ground: Four.

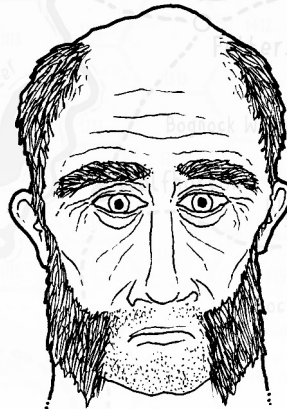
Levels Below Ground: One.

Notable Features: The structure has a guarded balcony with battlements. On

each corner is a verdigris-covered statuette of a guardsman.

Secrets:

- Sir Malwer hides his ill-gotten gains in his secure vault room in the cellar. It is also a hiding place for stolen goods awaiting fencing.
- The safehouse mainly uses the sewer as an entry and exit point for those wishing to remain hidden from view.
- The wine cellar contains a case of twelve bottles of Nightsight Mead.
- A stuffed oorgthrax head can be found in the trophy room.
- One of Stockton's guards is an operative working for the Queen's spy network.

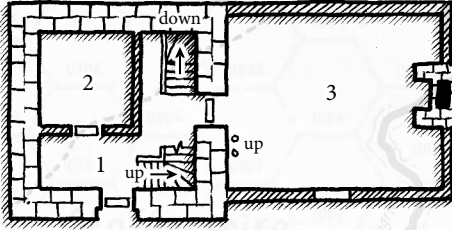


Sir Malwer Stockton

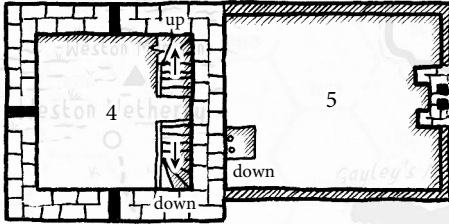
Peeker's Guardtower



Ground Floor



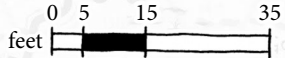
First Floor



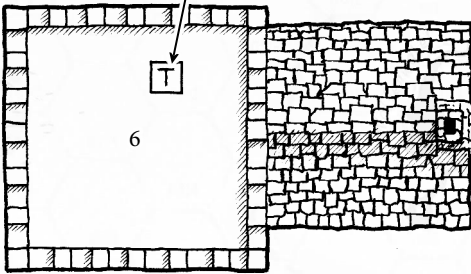
Room Key

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

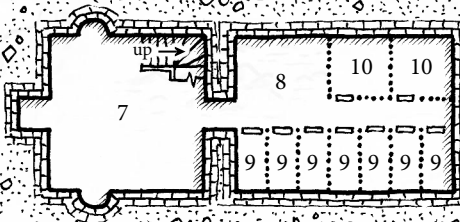
Trapdoor opens to stairs
down to basement



Second Floor



Basement



Peeker's Guardtower

Map Reference: A12

Ward: Marketgate Ward (Inner Wards).

Who Owns It: The Government.

Who Occupies It: The Peekers.

Occupier Information: The Peekers that occupy this structure are the most-hated of all those that control the Goodsgates. Captain Lucifer Hobble is a grumpy, old man with little respect for anyone. His understudy, Sergeant Alik Swype is not much better, although younger and fitter. The men here lack morale, with the exception of the dogmaster, Seth Woodhouse, who along with his favourite mastiff, Fang, is always desperate to get out and amongst the fists and shins of the local populace.

Services or goods available: Law enforcement. They also accept bribes for reducing tax on incoming goods, or relaxed checks.

Features

External Walls: Both worked stone, and timber-framed wattle and daub extension.

Internal Walls: Wattle and daub.

External Door(s): Heavy oak.

Internal Door(s): Heavy oak and iron bars.

Roof: Black slate tiles to extension and battlements with flagstone floor atop the tower.

Heating: Stone chimney with hearth to ground and first floor of the extension (no Fire Law licence needed as Peeker buildings are exempt).

Glazing: Small openings or mullion-type with shutters.

Lighting: Gloombug lanterns.

Floors Above Ground: Three.

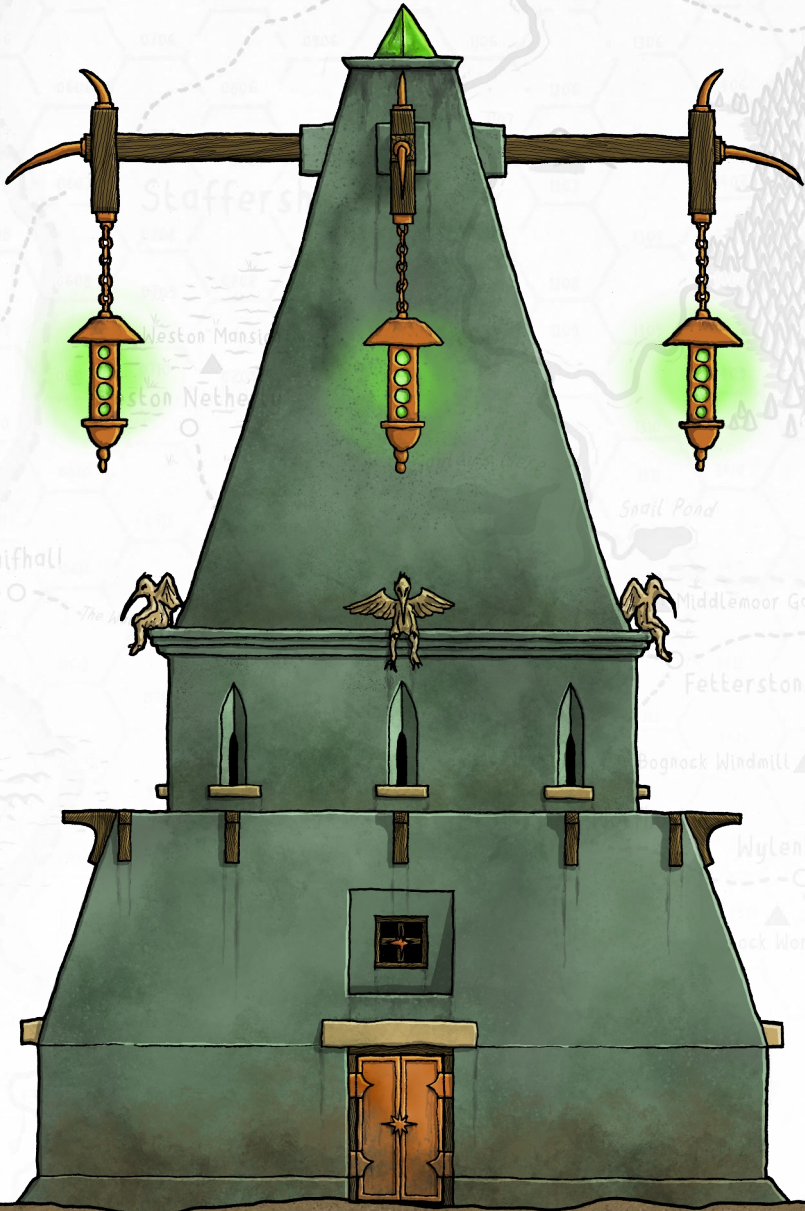
Levels Below Ground: One.

Notable Features: The battlements on the tower are most often populated with the bobbing heads (usually a straw-filled sack with a helmet on top) of Peekers pretending to be on lookout whilst playing dice or card games. The losers of such games have to keep the heads moving in order to keep up the pretence.

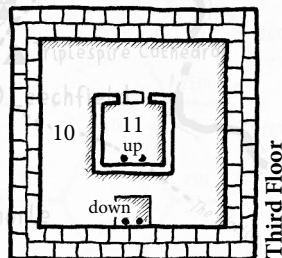
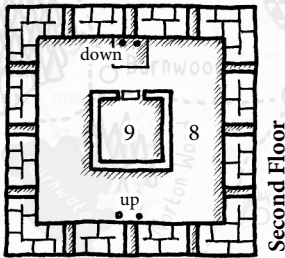
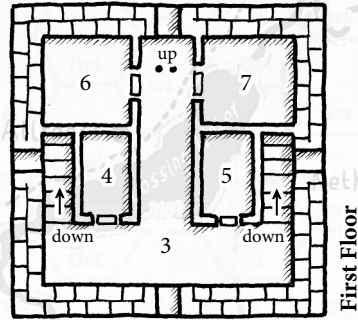
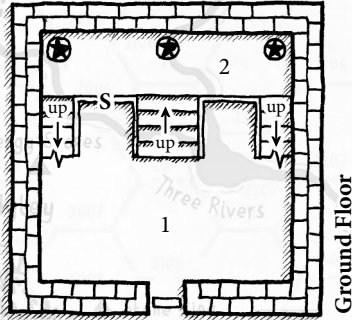
Secrets:

- Captain Hobble has been keeping a prisoner in the basement cells for eight months now. This is Bartholomew Greep, the captain's former neighbour. When Greep and the captain got into a border dispute, the captain abducted Greep and has detained him ever since. No-one knows what happened to Greep, except Hobble and Swype. Greep is in a malnourished state, fed porridge once a day, or any of the dog bones that fall through the bars which he breaks and gnaws for marrow. He is treated badly by the captain. The captain's men ignore Greep, and Greep does not talk to any other prisoners that come in. Seth Woodhouse feels sorry for Greep.
- One of the dogs, Claw, is a permanently-polymorphed cat, preferring to use its claws to rake its victims rather than bite them. It is mostly left in the kennels as it's not as voracious as the other mastiffs.

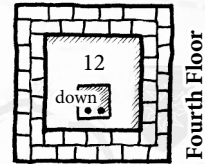
Guild of Messengers



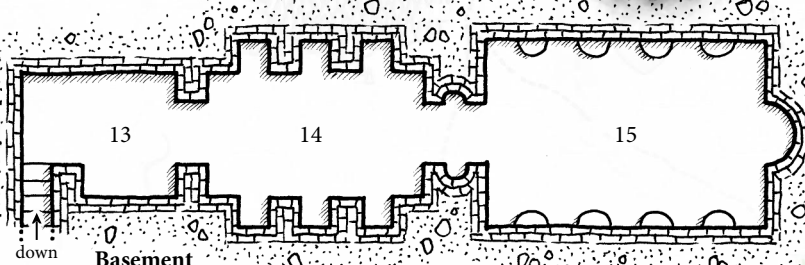
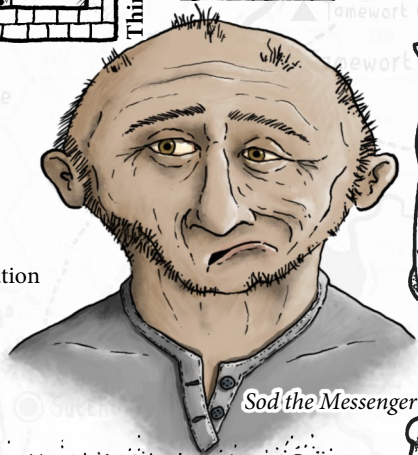
Secret door down to 13



0 5 15 35
feet

**Room Key**

- | | |
|--------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 1. Entrance Lobby | 9. High Security Storage |
| 2. Statue Balcony | 10. Library |
| 3. First Floor Landing | 11. Guard Room |
| 4. Master Harris' Office | 12. VIP Teleportation Chamber |
| 5. Mistress Eccleshaw's Office | 13. Guard Station |
| 6. Records Office | 14. Aviary |
| 7. Parchment and Ink Store | 15. Teleportation Chamber |
| 8. Bird Release Room | |



Guild of Messengers

Map Reference: A13

Ward: Aldersgate Ward (Outer Wards).

Who Owns It: The Guild of Messengers.

Who Occupies It: Master Simion Harris.

Occupier Information: Simion Harris is a man of his word. If a message is to be sent, it is sent. Messengers in the city can become part of the guild but they must pass stringent checks to ensure their honesty and integrity. The test, devised by Master Harris, involves the candidate delivering a test note under the guise of a real assignment. Once back at the guild, the candidate is sat in a particular chair in Harris' office and casually questioned about the assignment. Should the candidate give false statements or replies, a distant bell chimes.

Services or goods available: Messages delivered anywhere in The Haven Isles. Within Great Lunden, this costs 10 gold quids, within the county it costs 20 gold quids, within an adjoining county 50 gold quids, and anywhere in Havenland 50 gold quids per county passed through. Sending a message to Oldenwale costs 200 gold quids, to Scotland costs 300 gold quids, and any islands involving a sea crossing costs 500 gold quids. For messages requiring high secrecy the prices are double those listed and five times those listed if the sender requires same day delivery, multiply costs by five. For both services, the prices should be multiplied by ten.

Features

External Walls: Rendered stone blocks, painted green.

Internal Walls: Worked stone.

External Door(s): Iron clad in copper.

Internal Door(s): Oak.

Roof: None, although a glass pyramid rests atop the structure which glows with a green hue at all times, and is part of the teleportation system.

Heating: Braziers.

Glazing: Plain glass or small openings.

Lighting: Gloombug lanterns.

Floors Above Ground: Five.

Levels Below Ground: One.

Notable Features: The structure is adorned with four ornate gloombug lanterns, which are constantly glowing. The gloombugs inside are artificially created and glow with an arcane light. Eight bird-like gargoyles adorn the cornices, each one made of gold and capable of animating to attack any non-guild-owned darkcrows that attempt to rest on or enter the structure.

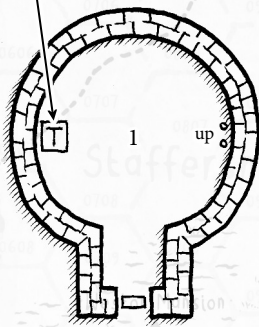
Secrets:

- The teleportation devices in area 12 and 15 are linked to locations in The Haven Isles and only known to trusted messengers.
- Sod the Messenger is the guild's smallest and most-trusted messenger. Sod is a human although often confused with being a dwarf or a halfling. He can run quickly over long distances, talks nasally, and is a master horseman.

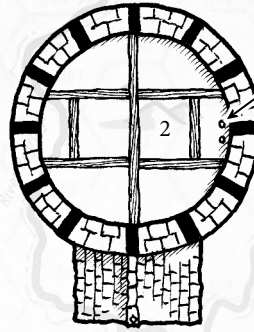
Crowcote



Trapdoor opens to stairs down to Area 3



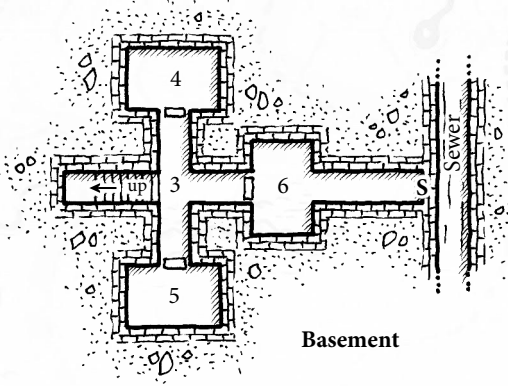
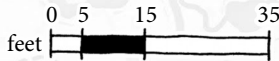
Ground Floor



First Floor

Room Key

1. Crowcote
2. Rafters
3. Basement Junction
4. Crypt of the Crow
5. Crypt of the Jackdaw
6. Crypt of the Raven



Basement

Crowcote

Map Reference: A14

Ward: Aldersgate Ward (Outer Wards).

Who Owns It: The Guild of Messengers.

Who Occupies It: No one lives here according to the current census. It is occupied by crows, ravens, jackdaws, and rooks.

Occupier Information: The birds that roost here are used for carrying messages by the Guild of Messengers. Perrington Hawkins comes each day to feed the birds, collect any eggs, and remove any dead birds that have fallen to the floor.

Services or goods available: Nothing is for sale or trade here, although a sign inside reads, "It is an offence to steal a bird from this Crowcote and is punishable by the removal of one or more limbs. If you wish to purchase a bird, please make enquires at the Guild of Messengers opposite (the green, pointy building)!"

Features

External Walls: Worked fieldstone.

Internal Walls: None.

External Door(s): Oak.

Internal Door(s): None.

Roof: Slate tiles.

Heating: None.

Glazing: None.

Lighting: None.

Floors Above Ground: One (rafters).

Levels Below Ground: One.

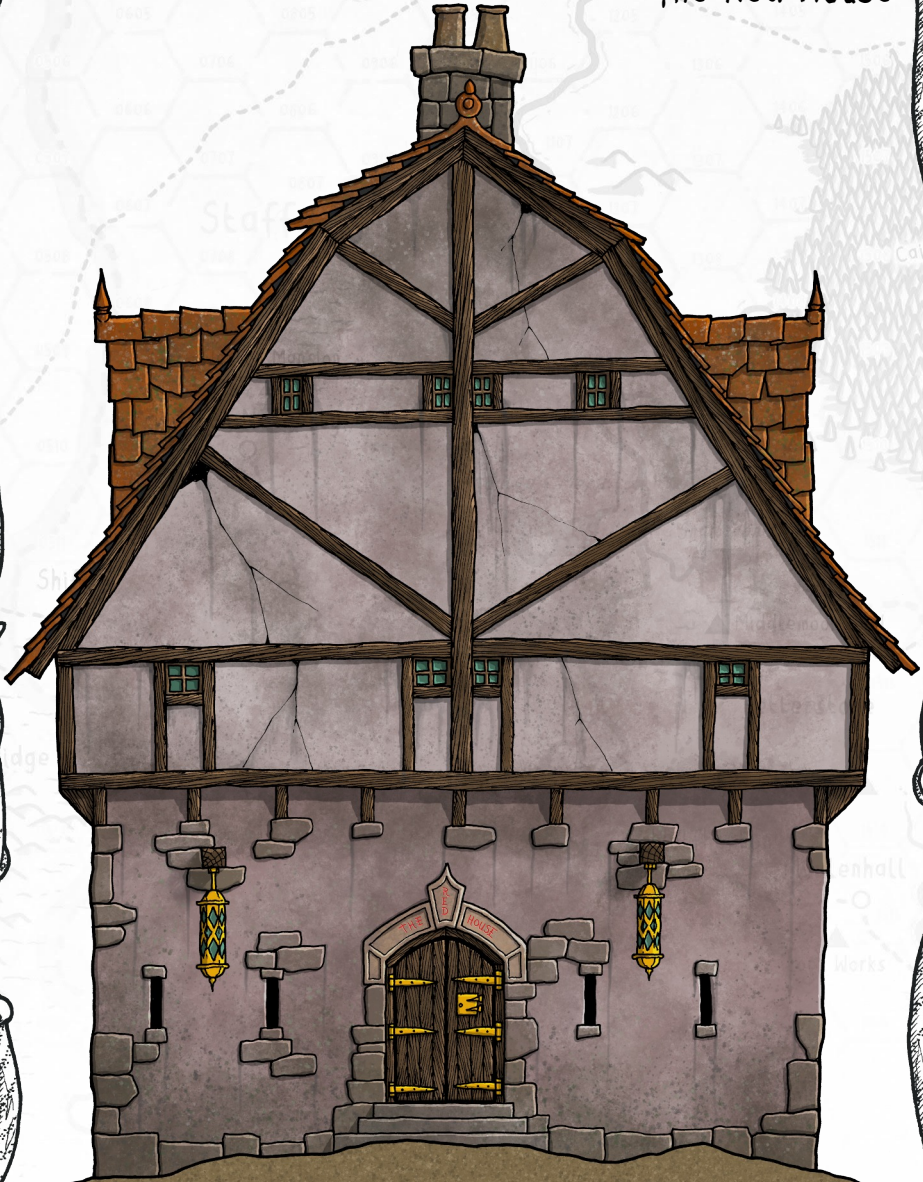
Notable Features: The inside of the Crowcote is open all the way up to the

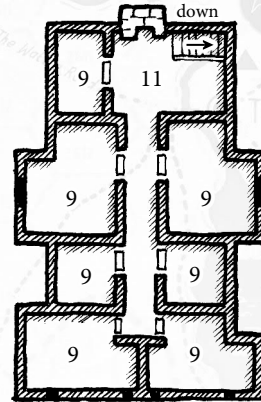
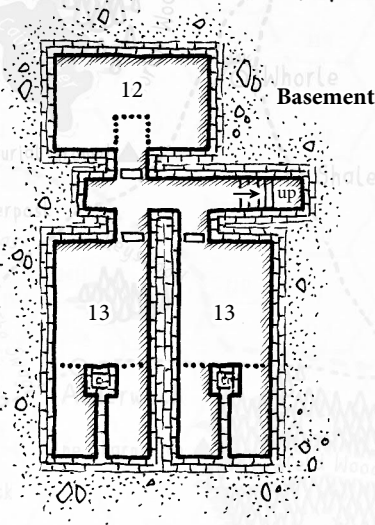
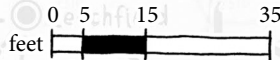
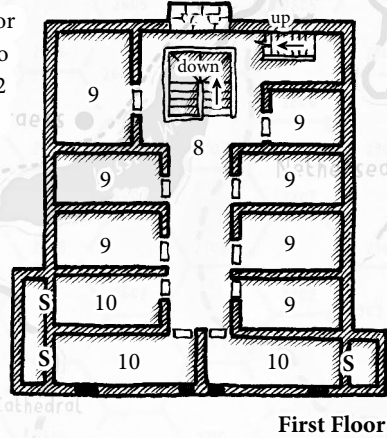
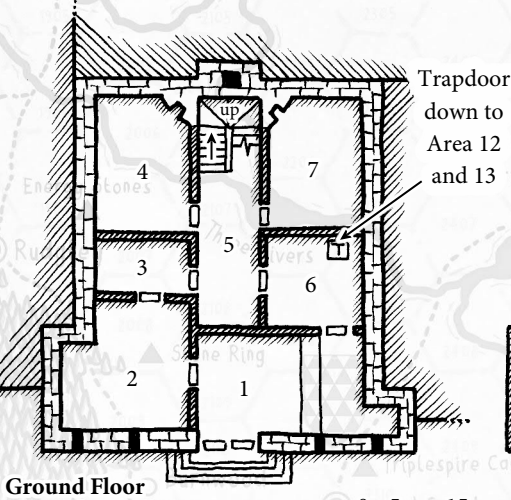
rafters, where small holes allow the birds to enter and leave as they wish. Nests are built all throughout the rafters. A set of ladders leans up the wall allowing someone to get up to the nests and remove any eggs. The flagstone floor inside of the Crowcote is usually covered in bird poo and bits of straw and twigs. At mid-morning each day, Perrington attends and scoops all the poo into a bucket. This bucket is purchased by one of the local gardeners to use as a fertiliser for clients in Queensgate.

Secrets:

- A young, urchin girl named, Cattlin hides here at night when the birds are roosting. She finds their company comforting. She sleeps each night under a pile of straw left in here for the birds to use to build nests. She hides a blanket underneath it. She never knew her parents and has travelled from Barth to get here. She is very stealthy and streetwise, despite her ten years. Cattlin spends her days wandering Brothenward looking for free food and trying to avoid recruiters for thieves' guilds and the other urchin groups — especially The Bratlings — who would seek to turn her to criminality.
- A long-left undisturbed flagstone in the floor of the Crowcote reveals a passageway that leads down to the sewers.
- There are a pair of Darkcrows nesting in the Crowcote that report back to the Guild of Messengers. They know of Cattlin's use of the structure but have decided to leave her be... for now.

The Red House





Room Key

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| 1. Reception | 8. First Floor Landing |
| 2. Viewing Room | 9. Client Bedchambers |
| 3. Negotiating Room | 10. Important Client Bedchambers |
| 4. Patricia Blackwater's Quarters | 11. Second Floor Landing |
| 5. Hallway of Hedonism | 12. Pain Chamber |
| 6. Preparations and Assessment | 13. Client Pleasure Cells |
| 7. Meeting Room | |

The Red House

Map Reference: A15

Ward: Netherwark Ward (Outer Wards).

Who Owns It: Merkin Plunk.

Who Occupies It: Patricia Blackwater.

Occupier Information: Patricia is the madam of the establishment. Looking after the male and female courtesans that work for her, Patricia Blackwater is a woman of the world. She has seen it and done it. She is smart, streetwise, mostly unflappable but fierce when needed.

Services or goods available: The erotic proclivities and needs of the cityfolk. All desires and fetishes are catered for.

Features

External Walls: Ground floor is worked fieldstone, above is timber-framed wattle and daub. All are painted with a red tinge, almost pink.

Internal Walls: All wattle and daub.

External Door(s): Sturdy oak double doors.

Internal Door(s): Oak.

Roof: Terracotta roof tiles.

Heating: A stone chimney with hearths on the ground and second floors.

Glazing: High quality glass.

Lighting: Oil-filled lanterns with reddened glass.

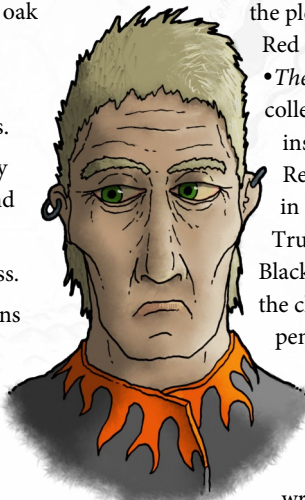
Floors Above Ground: Three.

Levels Below Ground: One.

Notable Features: At night, the light coming from the windows is red-tinged. The polished brass gloombug lanterns on the external walls still emit green glows, which mixes with the red through the windows forming a brown murk when it's misty.

Secrets:

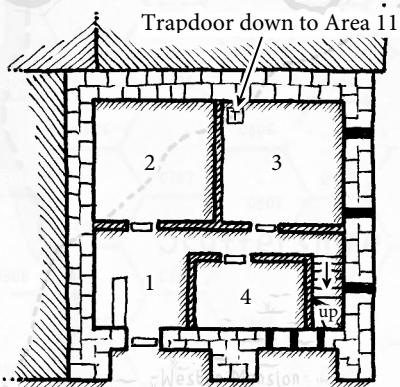
- In the basement, there are dungeon-type pleasure cells for clients that want them. Mostly, they are used by the rich, the high and mighty, sometimes both. Patricia is discreet and will not share what she knows about her clients' proclivities with anyone, except with her business partner, Merkin Plunk of Pisskin's Gambling House. He is equally as discreet, but together they enjoy a laugh at what they know about her clients, such as the Most Reverend Synus Balm.
- Sir Montford Smedge is the latest high-profile client that makes use of the pleasure cells. Always asking for Red Bess, and a tub of duck butter.
- The Red House Letters* is a collection of erotic tales supposedly inspired by multiple visits to The Red House, the author indulging in a different activity each time. True to her word, Patricia Blackwater denies all knowledge of the client and although some say it penned by notorious sage, Mathias Pouke, he strenuously denies it. This is one of the very few books or pamphlets he has ever denied writing.



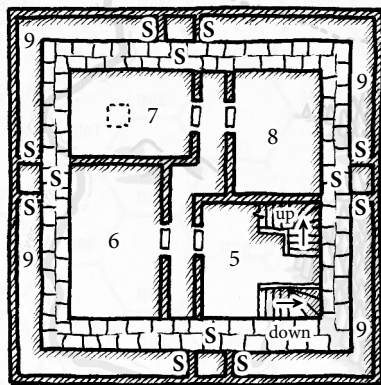
Patricia Blackwater

Pisskin's Gambling House

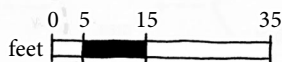




Ground Floor

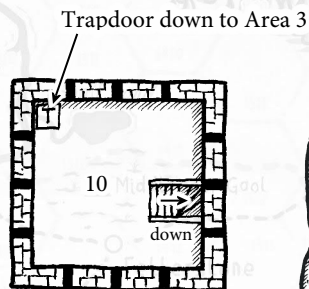


First Floor

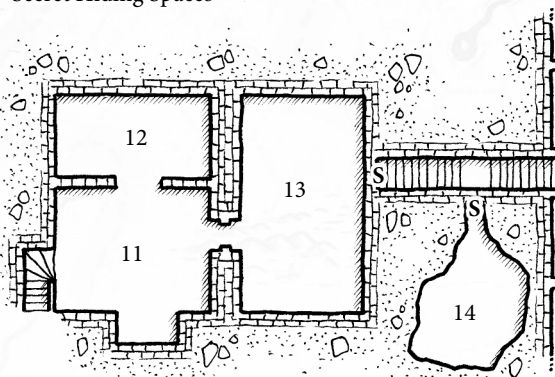


Room Key

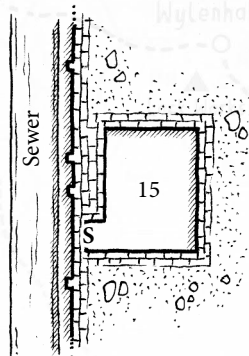
- | | |
|--------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 1. Reception | 10. High Stakes Gambling |
| 2. Guard Room | 11. Cellar and Storeroom |
| 3. Merkin Plunk's Office | 12. False Vault |
| 4. Storeroom | 13. Counterfeiting Coin Presses |
| 5. First Floor Landing | 14. Unknown Chamber |
| 6. Gambling Room 1 | 15. Hidden Vault |
| 7. Gambling Room 2 | |
| 8. Gambling Room 3 | |
| 9. Secret Hiding Spaces | |



Second Floor



Basement



Pisskin's Gambling House

Map Reference: A16

Ward: Netherwork Ward (Outer Wards).

Who Owns It: Merkin Plunk.

Who Occupies It: Merkin Plunk.

Occupier Information: Merkin is a wide-eyed, but skilled businessman of questionable integrity. An amiable host at his gambling venue, Merkin plies his high rollers with as much free liquor as they can handle, until they run out of credit of course.

Services or goods available: Any form of gambling, providing the stakes conform to the gambling laws. For games that do not adhere to the gambling laws there is always the second floor.

Features

External Walls: Roughly-worked and rendered stone.

Internal Walls: Wattle and daub.

External Door(s): Heavy oak.

Internal Door(s): Oak.

Roof: Terracotta tiles.

Heating: None.

Glazing: Good quality glass.

Lighting: Oil-filled lanterns.

Floors Above Ground: Three.

Levels Below Ground: One.

Notable Features: Not many folk know what Pisskin's actually is. Some assume it's a shop of some kind, but never see who goes in or go in themselves, as it is always locked.

Secrets:

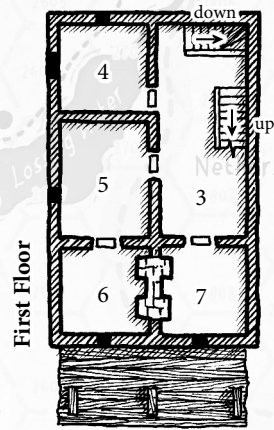
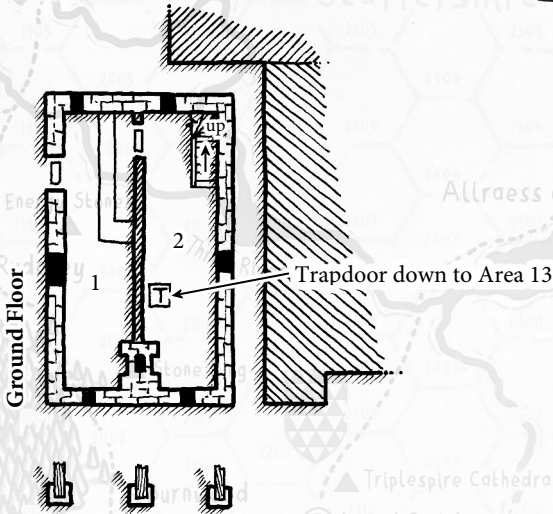
- Merkin Plunk runs a coin counterfeiting operation in the basement. Patricia Blackwater at The Red House — Plunk's business partner — is in on the operation too. They make gold quids and silver shillings and launder them through the gambling operation.
- All of Plunk's wealth is stashed in a hidden vault (area 15) across the sewer from his basement. He keeps a false vault too (area 12), which is kept full of the forged coins.
- A hidden chamber exists in the gambling house basement which Plunk doesn't know about. It contains an old goman hoard and a +2 gladius (shortsword), named *Gaulsplitter*. It is +4 versus true Havenlanders.



Merkin Plunk

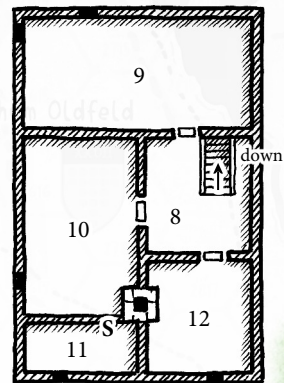
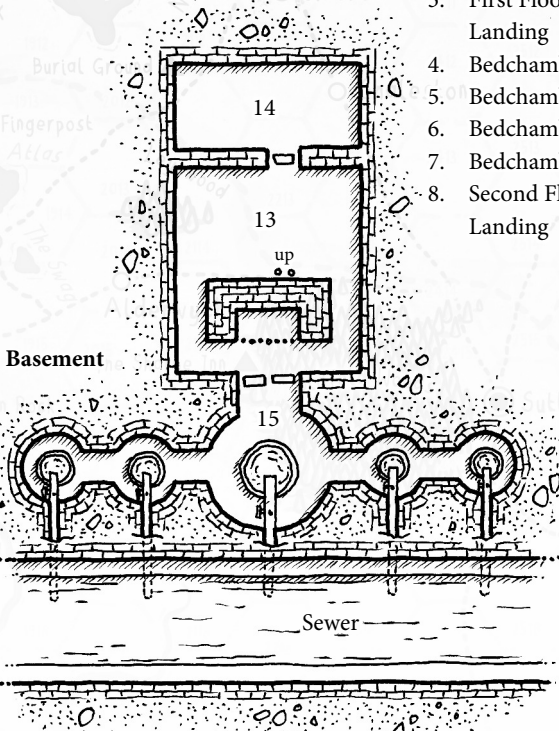
House of Eels





Room Key

- | | |
|-------------------------|----------------------------|
| 1. Shop | 9. Chesserton's Bedchamber |
| 2. Storeroom | 10. Chesserton's Lounge |
| 3. First Floor Landing | 11. Hideout |
| 4. Bedchamber | 12. Study |
| 5. Bedchamber | 13. Preparation Room |
| 6. Bedchamber | 14. Recipe Room |
| 7. Bedchamber | 15. Eel Breeding Vats |
| 8. Second Floor Landing | |



House of Eels

Map Reference: A17

Ward: Nether Scalehithe Ward (Outer Wards).

Who Owns It: Aalia Chesserton.

Who Occupies It: Aalia Chesserton.

Occupier Information: A fisherwoman of repute, her skills at catching the most delicious eels are unquestioned by all except her competitors. She can be found on her small river barge, *The Wriggling Eel*, during the dawn hours. Aalia is a captivating and confident young woman with an air of mystery about her. She favours striking eye makeup which adds to her enigmatic persona.

Services or goods available: Eels. Live, dead, or ready to eat. Her 'hot eels on a stick' is a bestseller. She also sells jars of eel jelly.

Features

External Walls: Timber-framed wattle and daub.

Internal Walls: Wattle and daub.

External Door(s): Sturdy oak.

Internal Door(s): Oak.

Roof: Straw.

Heating: Open hearth fire. The hay on the roof is treated with barbel oil.

Glazing: Low quality glass.

Lighting: A mixture of gloombug lanterns and oil-filled lanterns.

Floors Above Ground: Three.

Levels Below Ground: One.

Notable Features: The structure looks to be on the verge of collapse and is buttressed by oak supports. The previous owner, a peculiar man with druidic skills, had a habit of sleep-walking and casting spells in his sleep. His warp wood spell was cast one night during a sleep battle with a branchspite golem.

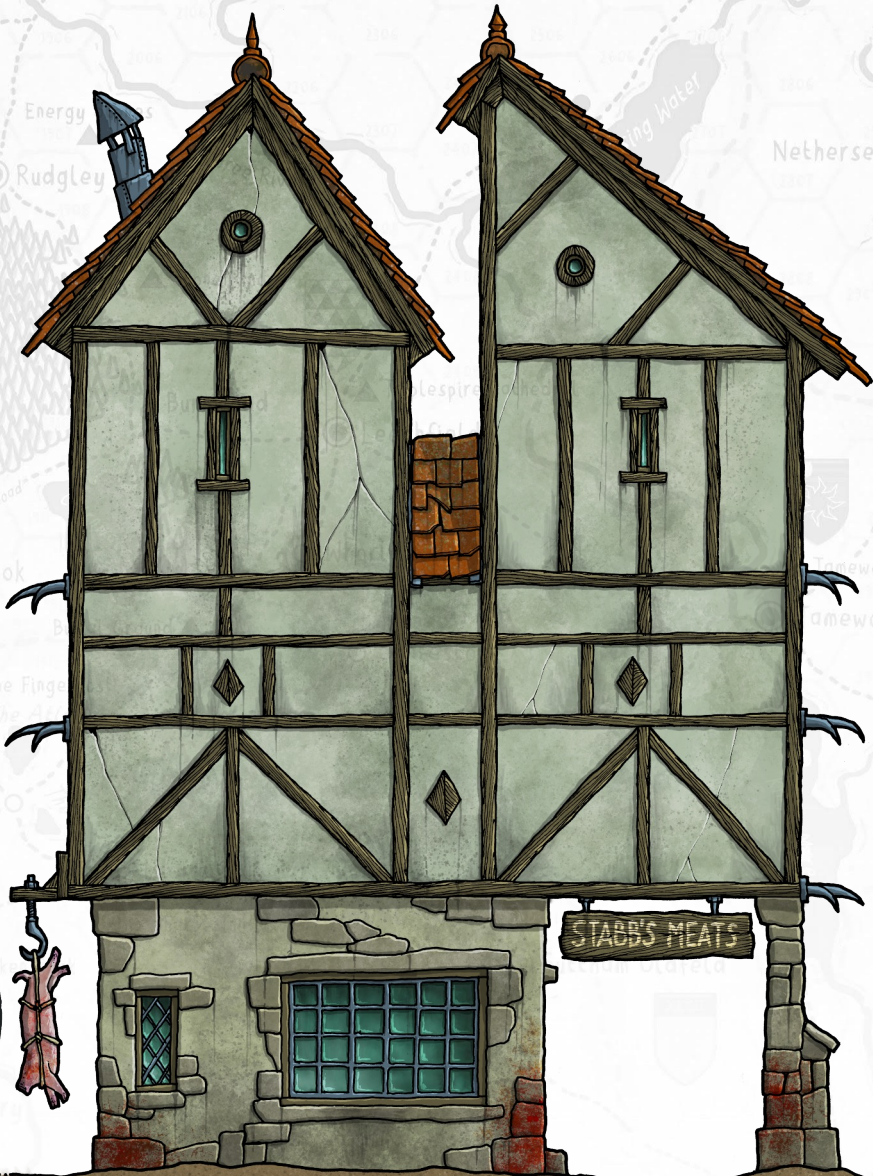
Secrets:

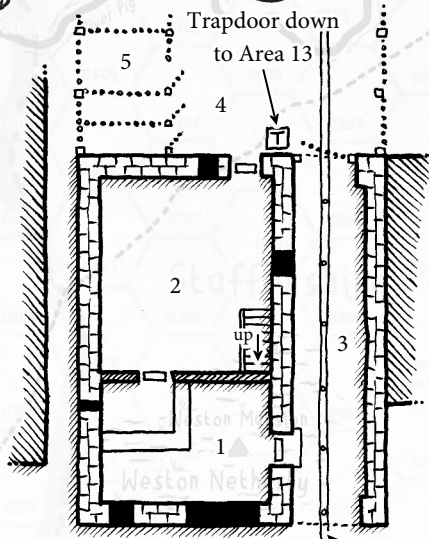
- Whilst many believe Aalia is catching eels during the dawn hours, she anchors and sleeps in the barge's sleeping quarters. She has no need to catch eels, as she breeds them below the House of Eels in vats fed from the sewer water — giving them their distinct and strangely delicious taste. She chooses the worst places to anchor, so that her competitors — choosing to steal her fishing grounds — will catch barely anything.
- On occasion, she lets out the rooms above the shop to her friends. Her best friend, Jemima Rose, looks after the shop when she is not there. She is aware of Aalia's eel breeding in the basement and ensures no-one enters through the trapdoor hidden beneath the cupboard.



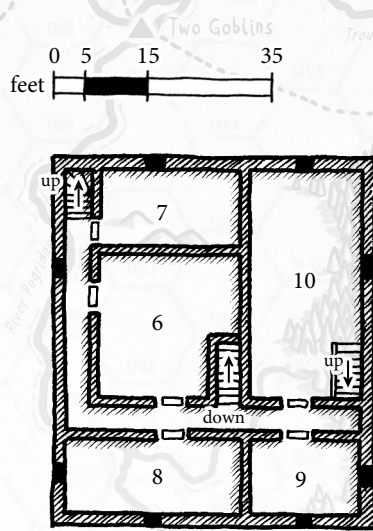
Aalia Chesserton

Stabb's Meats

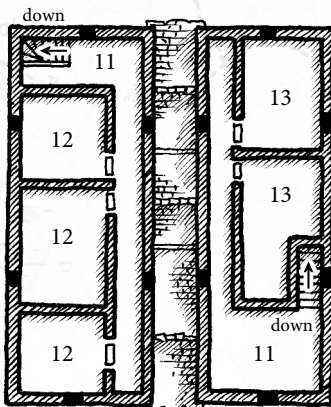




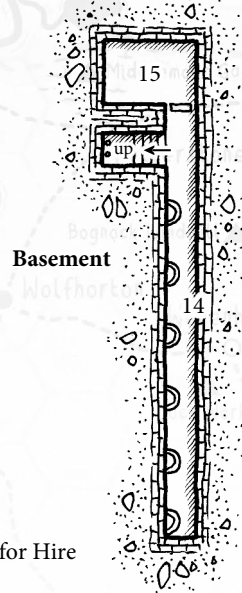
Ground Floor



First Floor



Second Floor



Basement

Room Key

- | | |
|--------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 1. Shop | 9. Bone Collection |
| 2. Meat Preparation Area | 10. Common Room for Hire |
| 3. Alley | 11. Landing(s) |
| 4. Slaughter Yard | 12. Rooms for Hire (Poor) |
| 5. Animal Pens | 13. Rooms for Hire (Standard) |
| 6. Owner's Lounge | 14. Blood Collection Corridor |
| 7. Owner's Bedchamber | 15. Cask Store |
| 8. Study | |

Stabb's Meats

Map Reference: A18

Ward: Slaughter Ward (Outer Wards).

Who Owns It: Duke Nile Oakhamstead of Norfolkshire.

Who Occupies It: Gorbin Stabb.

Occupier Information: Gorbin is a not-too-bright sort, with the strength of a mudcow and the patience of a caged ratdog. Evidence of his all-too-short fuse can be found in his animal pens and slaughter yard. When his incandescent rage strikes, he takes it out on animals awaiting slaughter, refusing to use a weapon, cleaver, hammer, or anything else except his strength and his fists, resulting in butchering animals with his bare hands until he calms down. For the most part, he has learned to contain his temper, but sometimes a sideways glance can be all it takes.

Services or goods available: Meat of all kinds. The best black pudding in Great Lunden.

Features

External Walls: Ground floor is worked fieldstone, above is timber-framed wattle and daub.

Internal Walls: All wattle and daub.

External Door(s): Sturdy ash.

Internal Door(s): Oak.

Roof: Terracotta roof tiles.

Heating: A badly installed chimney flue over a small hearth.

Glazing: Low quality glass.

Lighting: Oil-filled lanterns.

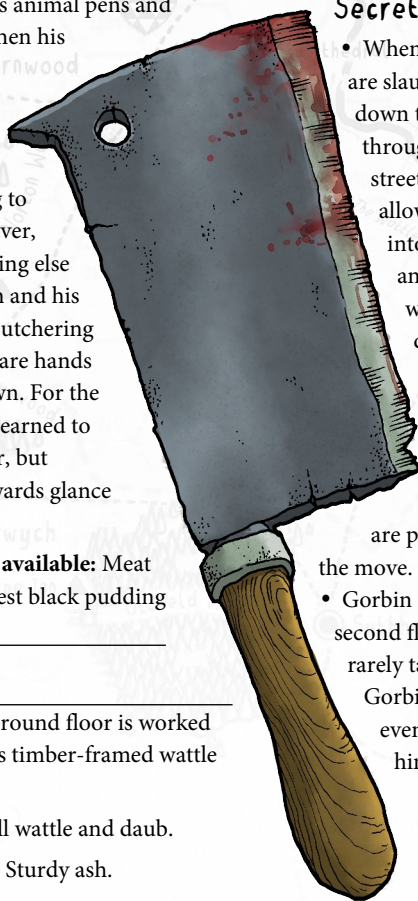
Floors Above Ground: Three.

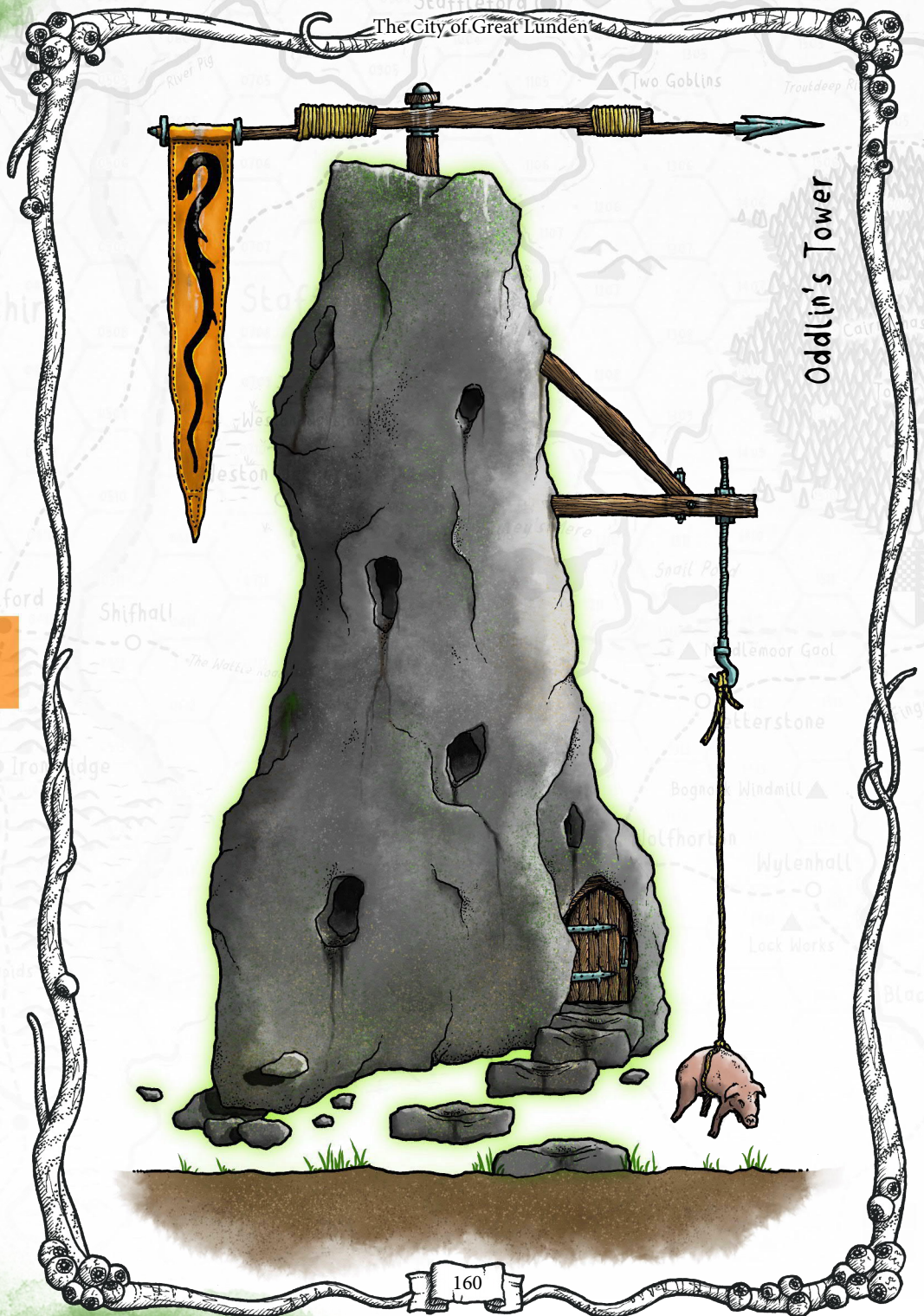
Levels Below Ground: One.

Notable Features: The latest slaughtered offerings are usually hanging up outside the dwelling on a series of hooks.

Secrets:

- When the animals in the yard are slaughtered, the blood runs down the gully which passes through the alley and into the street. Small holes in the gully allow the blood to drip down into the passageway below, and into bowls set into the wall. These are emptied daily, put into casks and the blood is congealed to make into 'black pudding', a sausage made of blood and gristle. These delicacies are perfect snacks for those on the move.
- Gorbin rents out rooms on his second floor, although they are rarely taken as most folk know of Gorbin's dangerous temper, and even his neighbours avoid him.





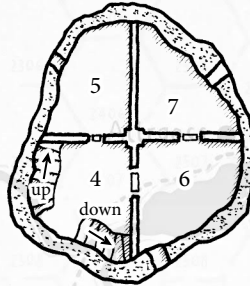
Oddlin's Tower

Structures

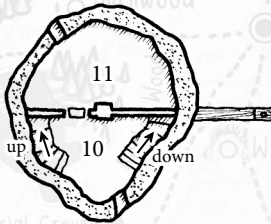
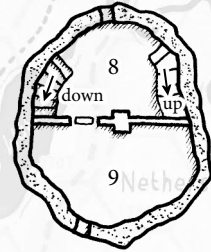
Ground Floor



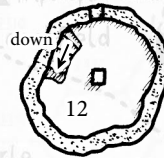
First Floor



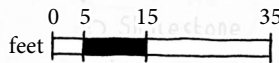
Second Floor



Third Floor



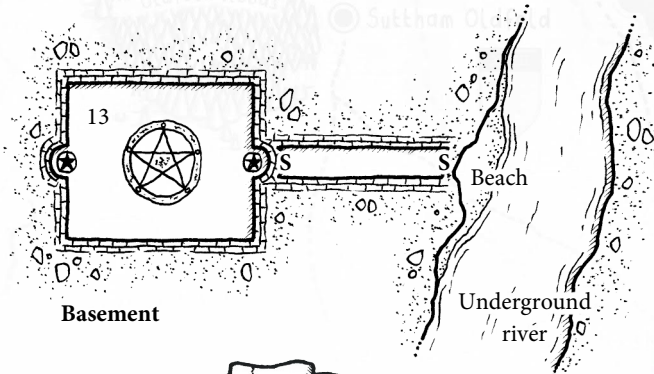
Fourth Floor



Muld Olstock

Room Key

- | | | |
|-------------------------|-------------------------|-------------------------|
| 1. Entrance Hall | 7. Oddlin's Aviary | 12. Teleport Room |
| 2. Oddlin's Living Room | 8. Second Floor Landing | 13. Destination Chamber |
| 3. Guest's Quarters | 9. Weather Observations | (Beneath Cairn Chase |
| 4. First Floor Landing | 10. Third Floor Landing | Forest, Staffordshire) |
| 5. Oddlin's Bedchamber | 11. Arcane Room | |
| 6. Oddlin's Study | (Disguised) | |



Oddlin's Tower

Map Reference: A19

Ward: South Beyond Ward

Who Owns It: Muld Olstock

Who Occupies It: Muld Olstock

Occupier Information: Muld is a deformed man with a sloping face, milky-white eyes and a green-ish tinge to his skin. These deformities are caused by the tower itself and those that spend too much time within it. Originally owned by a woman named Cresta Oddlin, the tower used to be a regular-looking granite tower, but over time it changed. In her youth, Cresta went into the caves in the countryside looking for treasures, she found a beautiful glowing green stone and squirreled it away at her home near the river on the south side of the city. This piece of gloomium was somehow even more corrupted than usual, and over time, her tower twisted, as did she. Eventually, the tower rose from the ground and began levitating, the stone and Cresta disappeared leaving the floating tower. Abandoned for seven years, Muld moved in three years ago, and over time his once-normal features have been mutated, but he refuses to leave the tower.

Services or goods available: None. Muld is very knowledgeable about birds, the weather, and gloomium, and can be paid to teach folk what he knows. The top of the tower, where the gloomium stone used to be kept, has become an arcane teleportation chamber which Muld has figured out how to use. It takes folks to a subterranean cave system beneath Cairn Chase Forest in Staffershire.

Features

External Walls: Worked natural granite

Internal Walls: Wattle and daub

External Door(s): Sturdy oak

Internal Door(s): Thin oak

Roof: Granite

Heating: An iron flue exhausting smoke from a ground floor hearth.

Glazing: Small openings unsuitable for a human to fit through.

Lighting: A mixture of gloombug lanterns and oil-filled lanterns.

Floors Above Ground: Five

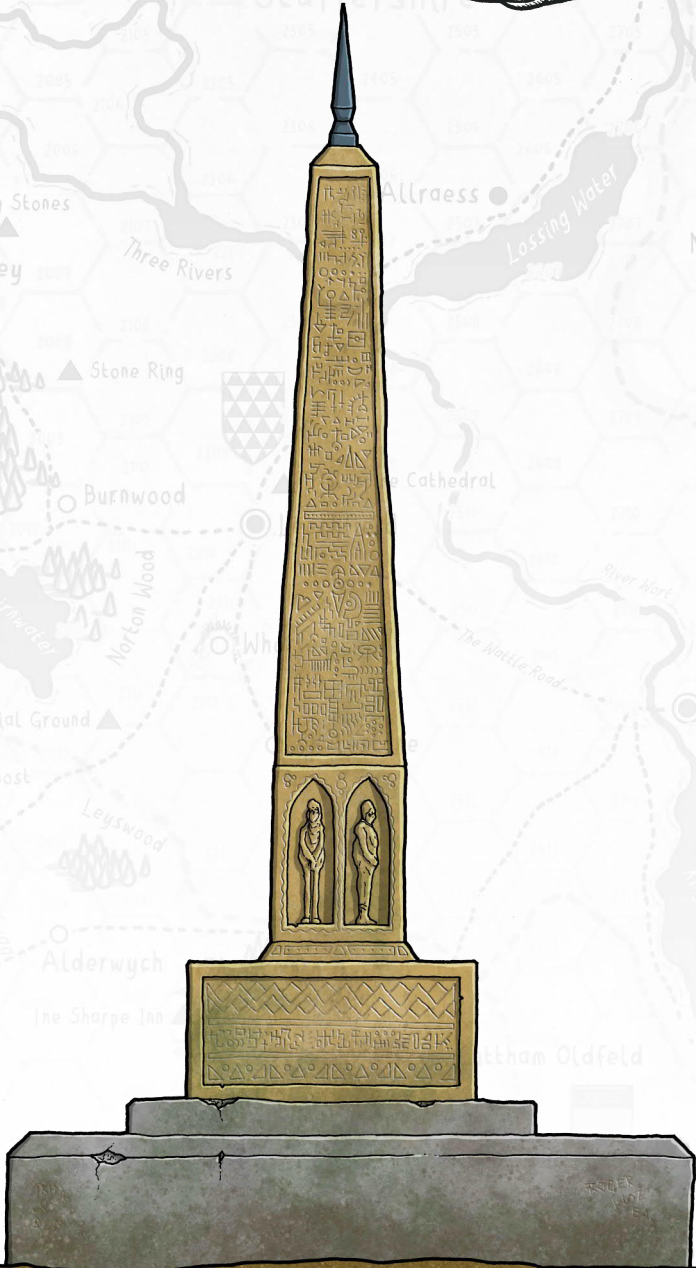
Levels Below Ground: One (although not in close proximity)

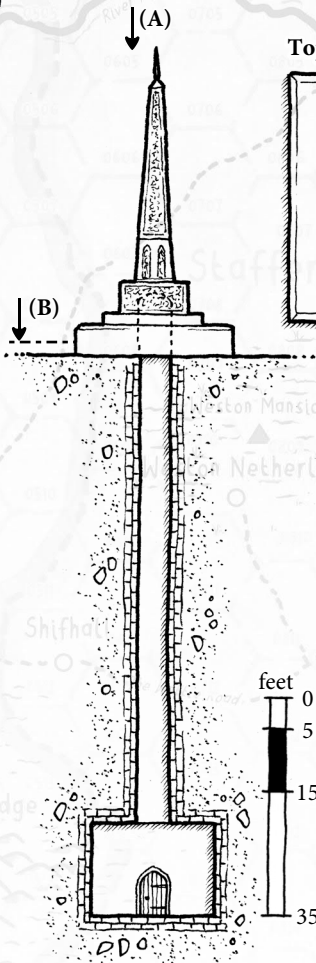
Notable Features: A pig is left hanging overnight to entice any night-time horrors to make do with a pig rather than the owner. A large wooden weathervane, comprised of a ballista spear, and a large, orange pennant decorated with a serpentine symbol.

Secrets:

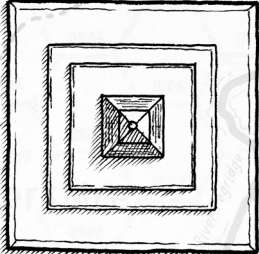
- Muld Olstock is paid very handsomely and bribed to keep his mouth closed about the teleportation chamber. Grey-cloaked men often come to use it.
- The orange pennant that flutters from the large weathervane was washed up on the river bank whilst Muld was outside walking in the early hours one day.
- Muld has a knack of predicting the weather for the next several days, and even predicted the Great Storm in the Year of Bleeding Lungs.

Clopetra's Needle

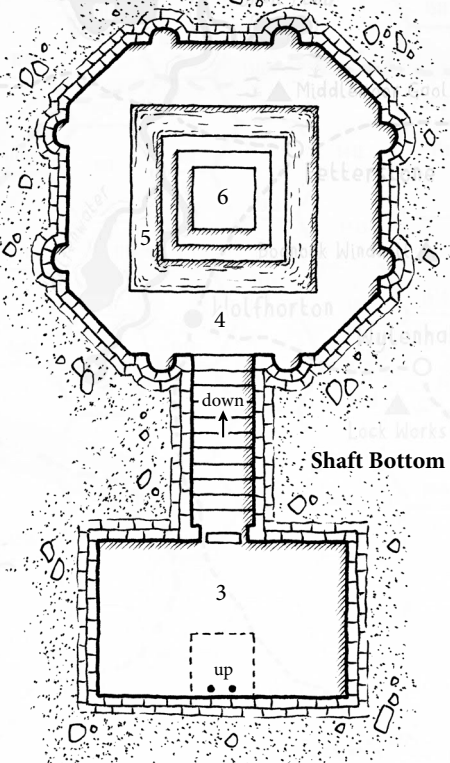
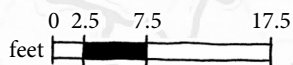
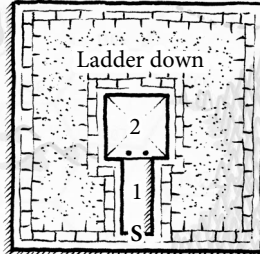




Top Down View (A)



Section through at Base (B)



Room Key

1. Secret Crawlpace
2. Ladder Descent (90 feet)
3. Black Chamber
4. Clopetra's Chamber
5. Mercury Moat
6. Clopetra's Sword

Clopetra's Needle

Map Reference: A20

Ward: Hyde Ward (Outer Wards).

Who Owns It: Queen Elspeth IV.

Who Occupies It: The cremated remains of Pharoah Ak-Tuth and his harem, although it's actually Sir Harold Carver-Montcastle and his crew.

Occupier Information: Pharaoh Ak-Tuth's remains and the needle itself were stolen from the hot desert lands far to the east where it is said the beautiful and legendary Clopetra herself rules the lands. The Queen, angered by the legendary beauty of another, commissioned a mission to enter her lands and steal an artefact that would please her. Sir Harold Carver-Montcastle was that man. Leading a ship and its crew, thousands of miles, he managed to bring back the huge stone obelisk as well as an urn filled with cremated remains, telling the queen that the urn belonged to the Pharaoh Ak-Tuth, Clopetra's grandfather, and the obelisk stood at the entrance to his tomb.

Unfortunately for Sir Harold, his bullshit didn't wash with the queen and he went 'missing'. The Royal Court decided that the populace were more gullible and fed the story to the masses, explaining that Sir Harold died of a nasty case of midden rot.

Services or goods available: None.

Features

External Walls: The needle is made from arcane sandstone; the base is constructed from stone blocks rendered with grey lime.

Internal Walls: Natural.

External Door(s): Stone, concealed.

Internal Door(s): Oak.

Roof: None.

Heating: None.

Glazing: None.

Lighting: None.

Floors Above Ground: None.

Levels Below Ground: One.

Notable Features: The needle is covered in strange symbols which to this day remain undecipherable. Anyone who can decipher the meaning will be ennobled and awarded both castle and land.

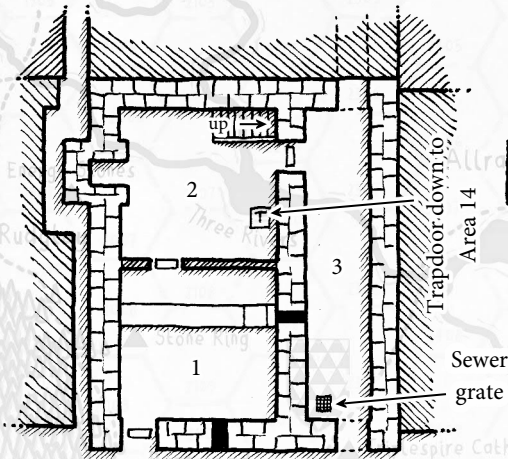
Secrets:

- It's not clear where the needle actually originated from, but it is suspected that it is from much closer to Havenland than the eastern deserts. The Royal Court believe it to be from Espaneria, which might explain why the Espanerians are spreading rumours about its 'true' origins.
- Inside the eight niches are burial urns, each filled with cremated remains. These contain the remains of Sir Harold and seven of his crew.
- The liquid around the base of the needle is mercury, and the air in the room is poisonous. On the pedestal is Sir Harold's rusting sword with the inscription; "Clopetra's Sword? Here Lies a Liar."

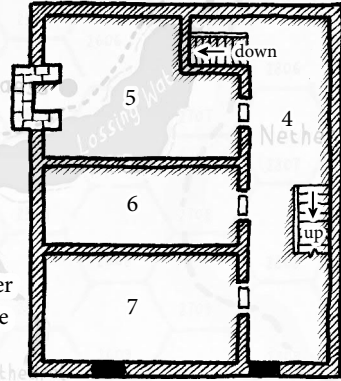
Morgrick House



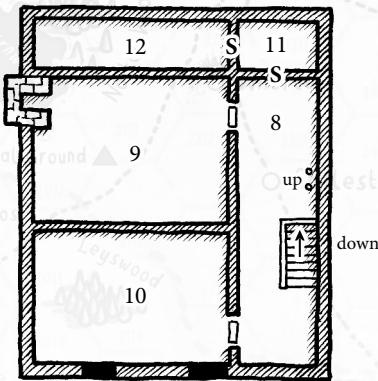
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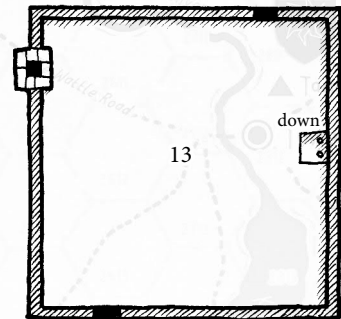
Ground Floor



First Floor



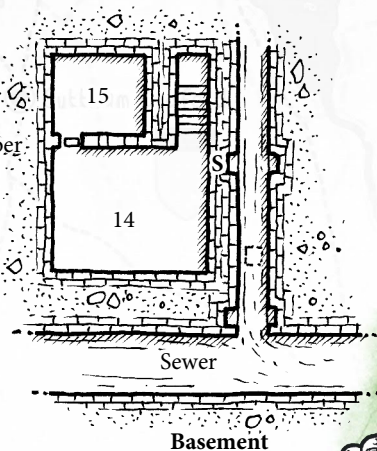
Second Floor



Third Floor

Room Key

- | | |
|---------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1. Reception | 11. Witchhole |
| 2. Back Office | 12. Witch Chamber |
| 3. Alley and Coffin Store | 13. Loft |
| 4. First Floor Landing | 14. Body Storage |
| 5. Study | 15. Autopsy & Golem Room |
| 6. Embalming Room | |
| 7. Visiting Room | |
| 8. Second Floor Landing | |
| 9. Master Bedchamber | |
| 10. Second Bedchamber | |



Basement

Morgrick House

Map Reference: A21

Ward: Hamlet Ward (Outer Wards).

Who Owns It: The Nightways Runners.

Who Occupies It: Stanley Morgrick.

Occupier Information: Stanley Morgrick is a gaunt-looking fellow. He speaks in low monotones and his pallid look matches those of the folk he looks to make his living from.

Services or goods available: All rituals and ceremonies involving burial of the deceased, including, embalming, coffins, urns, and such like.

Features

External Walls: Ground floor is worked fieldstone, above is timber-framed wattle and daub.

Internal Walls: All wattle and daub.

External Door(s): Sturdy oak.

Internal Door(s): Oak.

Roof: Black slate roof tiles.

Heating: A stone chimney with hearths on the ground, first, and second floors.

Glazing: Low quality glass on all floors except, second floor which has mullion-type with shutters.

Lighting: Oil-filled lanterns.

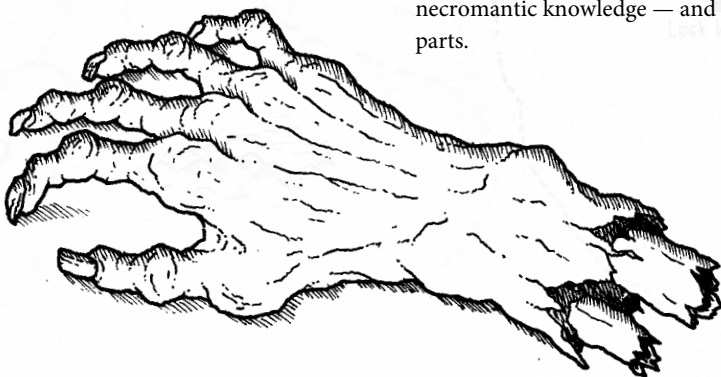
Floors Above Ground: Four.

Levels Below Ground: One.

Notable Features: The most noticeable feature of Morgrick House is the smell of the dead as you approach. The wilted flowers and scents wafted around do nothing to help hide it.

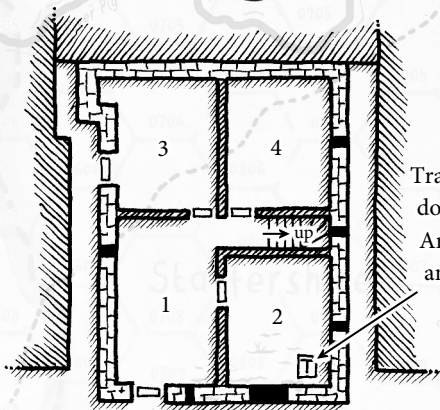
Secrets:

- In his basement, Morgrick takes body parts and things folk wont notice are missing and builds horrific-looking monsters in the form of men. He uses humans, pigs, and anything he can get his hands on, then stitches them together and uses ancient rituals to bring them to some semblance of life. He also takes forays into the sewers to see what gets washed up in the detritus. Dead pig-newt flesh is something he greatly desires.
- Morgrick is an ally of witches and arcane folk and goes out of his way to aid them. His only payment is necromantic knowledge — and body parts.

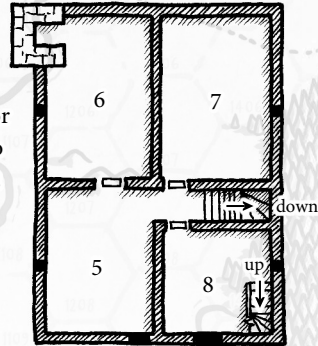


S. Toad Barber

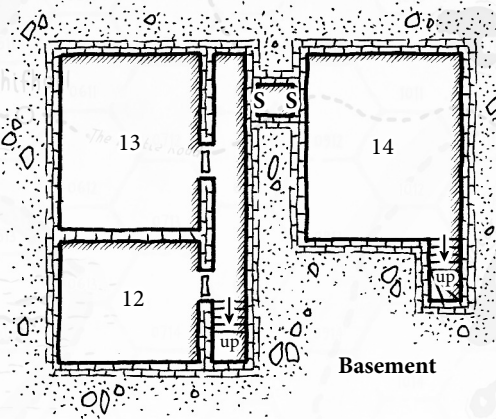




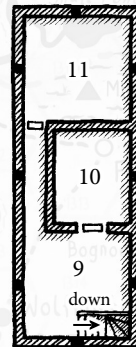
Ground Floor



First Floor



Basement



Second Floor

Room Key

- | | |
|--------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| 1. Entrance | 10. Implement Room |
| 2. Hair & Shave Room | 11. Operations Room |
| 3. Kitchen and Storeroom | 12. Stitching Room |
| 4. Sweelin's Office | 13. Flaying Room |
| 5. First Floor Landing | 14. Neighbouring Property's Basement |
| 6. Sweelin's Lounge | |
| 7. Sweelin's Bedchamber | |
| 8. Study | |
| 9. Second Floor Landing | |

S. Toad Barber

Map Reference: A22

Ward: Hamlet Ward (Outer Wards).

Who Owns It: Sweelin Toad.

Who Occupies It: Sweelin Toad.

Occupier Information: Lundfolk born and bred, Sweelin grew up on the southeast shores of the Great Thameswater. He makes his living as a barber surgeon. He cuts the hair and shaves the facial hair of noblemen and those with more gold than they know what to do with. He also pulls out problem teeth too.

Services or goods available: Haircuts, shaves, dental extractions, and minor surgery.

Features

External Walls: Ground floor is worked fieldstone, above is timber-framed wattle and daub.

Internal Walls: All wattle and daub.

External Door(s): Sturdy oak.

Internal Door(s): Oak.

Roof: Terracotta roof tiles.

Heating: A stone chimney with hearths on the ground and first floors.

Glazing: Low quality glass.

Lighting: Oil-filled lanterns.

Floors Above Ground: Three.

Levels Below Ground: One.

Notable Features: None.

Secrets:

- Sweelin is a serial killer and slits the throats of some of those that grace his chair. He ventures into the cellar and in his grisly cells, uses the skin and remains of humans and pigs to craft macabre statues. He uses any removed teeth to construct his macabre plaything - what he calls a Tooth Golem.
- He is also a Gaulandian spy, and delivers any gossip that starts with the phrase, "Don't tell anyone, but..." straight to his handlers on the south coast.
- Sweelin also has a secret passage into his neighbour's property, whose entire household were his victims. They reside in his stitching room now as horrific monuments to his craft.

BELOW THE STREETS

Sewers

The sewers underneath the city are ghastly. Some parts of it date back to the period of the Goman Empire, and are lined with crumbling, faeces-caked mosaics and decorated with ornate pillars. The sewer poster map is marked with the names of key junctions, named by the Sewer Guards, Sewerbaiters, and Sewershifters that navigate or plan to enter the system. These locations are often used in conversation in the same way that street names and landmarks are used.

The maps of the sewers show the mainly-used tunnels, but there are many unmarked grates, connections, pipes, channels, and chambers that do not exist on any maps, or only on certain maps.

Entrances/Exits

- **Sewer Exit:** Effluent flows out from these locations into the river. The stench here is usually one that causes retching. Somewhere near will be an iron grate to prevent things getting in.
- **Sewer Entrance, Guarded:** These large access points are guarded at all time, and allow access for maintenance. Big enough for a couple of people with equipment to get down.
- **Sewer Entrance, Unguarded:** These are secured access grates, sometimes bolted or welded closed. They tend to be just large enough for a person to squeeze down when opened up.
- **Sewer Entrance, Small:** These are small access points covered with

small grates, which are not big enough to allow access for anything larger than a cat.

- **Sewer Grate:** These are locked gates to prevent further access into the sewers. They often get blocked with all manner of rubbish (dead animals, human waste, etc.) and need clearing.

Tunnels

Main Sewer Tunnel: These tunnels are large, and a party of adventurers can walk down them and fight. Ceiling heights are generous, and they often have ledges both sides so that anyone going into the sewers can avoid getting too wet.

Secondary Sewer Tunnel: These tunnels are narrower allowing just two people to walk side-by-side and fight, often with a ledge to one side for when the sewage level is high. Ceiling heights allow for a person to stand upright with comfort.

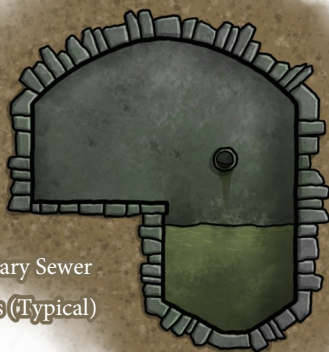
Tertiary Sewer Tunnel: These tunnels are narrow and confined with only enough room for one person, often stooping in places due to reduced height, to pass along.

The Silverdelves: These tunnels are a secret network of tunnels separate to the sewer network, which allow for the movement of VIPs and highly important items. The tunnels are managed by Lady Amber Essenwold, the Queen's Spymaster.

There are many sewer tunnels which link cellars and waste from buildings to the main, secondary, and tertiary tunnels. These are not shown on the maps, but are



Secondary Sewer
Tunnels (Typical)



Main Sewer Tunnel (Typical)



Silverdelves (Typical)



Tertiary Sewer Tunnels (Typical)

typically so narrow that anyone using them will be reduced to crawling along on their belly (at best). Some undesirables have even got stuck and died in there causing a blockage until their bloated carcass has rotted away sufficiently to allow flow to resume. Stubborn blockages are either eaten away by rats or mouselings, or worse, or have to be dissolved using acids, a task that every sewer worker hates.

Flow

- **Sewage Flow Direction:** This is the direction in which the water, urine, faeces, dead bodies, etc., flows.

The water and sewage in the sewer system will always flow to the lowest point. The Great Thameswater is the lowest point (unless the tide is unusually high), where ultimately, all the crap and effluent in the sewers washes out to — unless blocked by rubbish or other detritus in the system, especially at grates in the sewer tunnels themselves.

All flows generally tend to go from north to south if north of the river and from south to north if south of the river and try to reach the closest sewer exit into the river via the shortest route possible.

Other Tunnels

Other than the sewer tunnels noted south of the river, at the Tower of Great Lunden, and at the Gaol, there is not much in the way of recorded sewer engineering in Great Lunden's outer wards and beyond. Some sections exist, but they tend to get blocked often, and for long periods. It is common to see the waste of the common folk of Great

Lunden in the streets trickling along the cobbles or in muddy cart tracks to amass in stagnant, foul-smelling pools.

ABOVE THE STREETS

As dangerous as the cavernous chambers, slime-clad tunnels, gut-wrenching stench, and polluted effluent of the sewers are beneath Great Lunden, the rooftops are just as dangerous to the uninitiated. Thieves, assassins, and other — more nefarious — characters and creatures use the 'Nightways', as they are known, to traverse the city between safe houses, meet at hidden temples, and rendezvous for assassinations, burglaries, kidnappings, and spying.

Nearly, but not all this activity takes place on the Nightways when the sun has set below the green-tinged backdrop of tiled valleys and gutters, where the gloombug lantern light cannot reach up high enough. That is not to say that the rooftops are empty by day. Chimney sweeps, tilers, roofers, pest controllers, nest removers, and all manner of trades concerned with building and roof maintenance, can be found up here. For the most part, these daytime workers belong to one of the trade guilds, such as the Guild of Roofers and Tilers, the Vermincatchers Society, the Nestbreakers Guild, Soot & Sweepers Guild, to name but a few. Often, they are repairing damage caused overnight by the faceless 'Nightsneakers' — as those that use the Nightways are sometimes known.

It is common for those sleeping soundly in their beds to be abruptly awoken by the clattering of broken tiles sliding down the

roof as a thief pursues his quarry across the roof ridges, or by a window being forced open and a shadowy shape slipping in and running downstairs to evade capture.

Those with wealth at their disposal often pay to have rooftop gloombug lanterns installed and kept operable by the Guild of Gloombuggers. Also, the artificers or clockmakers guilds will make and install high-pitched wailing devices which serve to deter all but the most organised and determined of thieves and miscreants.

It is visions of chases across the night-clad rooftops that stir the imagination and provide a great backdrop for a climactic pursuit to capture the thief who stole a Player Character's magic weapon, or get to the other side of the Inner Wards before the assassin takes out the visiting duke, or maybe even the Player Characters attempting to break into the heavily guarded residence of the corrupt Guild of Undertakers by using the Nightways to aid their entry and escape. Rooftops can be wondrous places to explore.

Exploring the Rooftops

Rooftops can be complicated places. Precarious ridges, mossy gutters, crumbling chimneystacks, precarious dormers, steep roof pitches, and cracked or missing tiles. There is much to put the uninitiated in danger.

The following is a glossary of terms for the rooftops often found in Great Lunden. This will help you describe the area your players and their characters are exploring:

Roof: A roof is the the tiled, thatched, or covered part of a building/structure. Often sloped in parts, there are many different variants: flat, gable, catslide, ridged, gambrel, clerestory, saw-tooth, hip, half-hip, tented, gablet, conical, spire, butterfly, barrel, flying gable, rhombic, etc.

Courtyard/Atrium: Whilst not technically a roofing term, a courtyard or atrium is an open area of a building encircled by a roof. In Great Lunden, these are often found to contain small gardens, livestock, or outdoor eating and relaxation spaces for city living.

Dormer: A window that projects out from a sloping roof.

Downspout: Found running from gutters, down the walls, and into sewer grates or rainwater channels in the street below. Found on more elaborate structures.

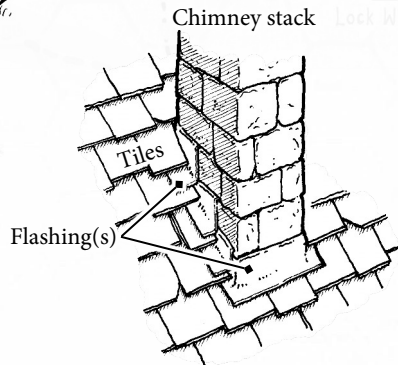
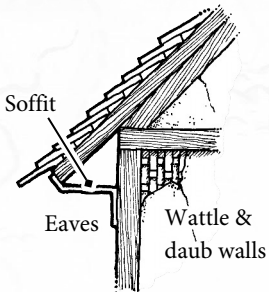
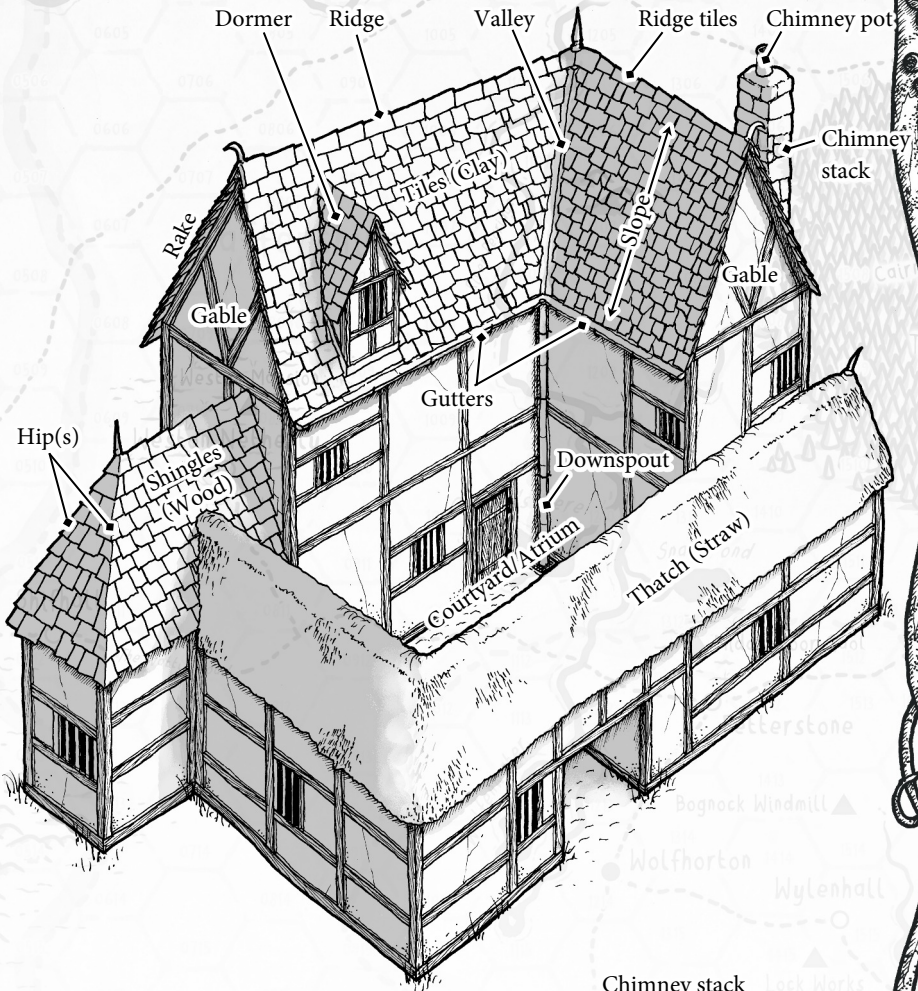
Eaves: The bottommost edge of a roof, most commonly this overhangs the edge of the building to allow rainwater run off.

Flashing: A flashing is usually made of lead (or other non-ferrous metal) and formed into a valley, or used to help rainwater run onto the tiles rather than getting under the roof covering material (tile, shingle, or thatch).

Gable: The triangular wall at the end of a pitched roof.

Gutters: These are usually found around the edges of the more elaborate buildings in the city. They take rainwater off the roof and divert it into a downspout.

Hip: This is the external join where two sloping roof sections meet at greater than 180° to each other. Often, the tiles here



are shaped to suit the hip angle, or a shaped flashing is placed underneath the tiles to prevent water ingress. If the sloped sections join at less than 180° , it becomes a valley.

Pitch (or Slope): This is the angle at which a non-flat roof is sloped.

Rake: The sloping ends of a gable.

Ridges: This is the horizontal ridge at the top of two sloping sections of roof.

Shingles: As tiles, but made of wood.

Slates: As tiles, but made from actual slate.

Soffit: The area underneath the eaves. Sometimes covered to prevent 'things' getting into the roof from the eaves.

Thatch: A covering on a roof commonly made of straw.

Tiles: Often made of clay, these are typically laid in an overlapping manner to cover a roof.

Valleys: This is the internal join where two sloping roof sections meet at less than 180° degrees to each other. Often, lead or other non-ferrous metal flashing is found here to allow rainwater to run down the valley and off the roof. If the sloped sections join at greater than 180° , it becomes a hip.

ROOFTOP RULES

Many of the buildings in Great Lunden are built touching each other at higher levels, especially in the Inner Wards where space is at a premium. Much of the exploration of these areas tends to involve clambering up and down. Getting across the other side of the street can be tricky and often involves courageous leaps or

finding a 'bridge' in the form of washing ropes or an over-road connecting walkway.

In order to explore the Nightways, many common skills are needed by would-be Nightsneakers. Player characters who venture up onto the heights of the city, will often need to employ one or more of the 'Rooftop Actions' described later.

There are two methods used for exploring the rooftops: *Careful Mode* or *Pursuit Mode*.

Game Master's Note: Please note that the tests are **roll under** statistic tests, so any minuses to the roll result are beneficial. The lower the total result, the better.

Careful Mode

This method is used when there is no pressure, and as much time can be taken as possible. This method requires fewer checks and is the most cautious, reducing the risk of harm.

All rooftop checks when employing *Careful Mode* are made at a -5 modifier.

Pursuit Mode

This method is used when there is pressure to move quickly, such as when being chased or pursuing quarry. As such, the risks are higher and the chance of being injured or even dying is elevated (forgive the pun).

All rooftop checks when employing *Pursuit Mode* are made at a 0 modifier.

The Map

This book should have come with a poster map showing a section of the city rooftops. It shows the rooftops in a more

detailed manner, with building heights and roof slope directions. This is how typical buildings are shown:

The numbered circles are how many floors tall the building is, usually to the apex on pitched rooftops. Assume one storey or floor to be 10 feet high. So, a (4)



is four storeys or floors tall or 40 feet tall;

0 = Ground, 1 = First, 2 = Second, 3 = Third, 4 = Fourth, etc.

This is simple for flat rooftops, but with sloping rooftops with a high ridge, the top floor is often the peak of the ridge with the loft being the next floor down.

Arrows indicate which direction the roof slopes to the ground. Most sloping rooftops usually slope down one arrow (one floor). So, a building with a one arrow sloping roof with a ridge of (4), will slope down to the eaves at (3). A fall from here would be 30 feet. Two arrows denotes a steeper slope of 2 floors. Triangles indicate a flat roof.

A gloombug lantern post is 10 feet tall.

Using this information, you can design your own chase maps easily.

Who Can Use the Rooftops?

Anyone. As long as someone can get up there, anyone can utilise the rooftops to get around the city. Some are much better at it than others (anyone with a Climb Walls skill) for example. Here is a quick summary of modifiers received based on what Class a character is:

Class Modifiers

- **Monk Class:** -1
- **Assassin Class:** -2
- **Thief Class:** -3

What If I Use Equipment?

Some equipment is better suited than others for clambering about the rooftops of Great Lunden. Carrying additional unnecessary equipment and wearing armour won't help much. Here is a quick summary of the modifiers you get based on what equipment you use:

Equipment Modifiers

- **Ropes and grapples:** -2, but only usable in *Careful Mode*.
- **Climbing Wear:** Grippy climbing shoes and gloves/climber's chalk: -1. Note that climber's chalk leaves a trail.
- **Excess Equipment:** Each extra full 20 lbs of equipment carried over the first 10 lbs (excluding clothing): +1. This means you can under 30 lbs of equipment before suffering a penalty.

Conditions

The conditions of day or night and weather can play a part too. No-one wants to be up there when it's dark and windy.

Conditions Modifiers

- **Dark:** +1
- **Windy:** +1 (Breezy) to +5 (Gale/Storm) at Game Master's discretion.
- **Wet:** +1
- **Snow:** +1
- **Icy:** +2

Summary of Check Modifiers

All the previously-discussed modifiers are applied to

[►Climb Up/Down◄], [►Rooftop Action◄], and [►Hazard◄] checks.

Once the players know that their characters are heading up to the rooftops,



calculate each player character's modifier to their checks and note them down for quick reference.

See the table below for a summary of these modifiers. All these modifiers stack together.

Getting Up There

The first hurdle is getting up to the rooftops. For climbing/clambering up, the best way is to find somewhere low to avoid the risk of a high fall. Thieves, and any other classes with the Climb Walls skill, can always opt to use that if their chance is higher.

Game Master's Note: *If a player wants to use the character's own Climb Walls skill, then any modifiers for Mode, Equipment, and Conditions (only) apply to the percentile roll, equating to -5% on the percentile roll for each -1 modifier, and +5% on the percentile roll for each +1 modifier.*

Modifier Type	Mode	Class	Equipment	Conditions
Careful	-5	-	-	-
Pursuit	+0	-	-	-
Thief	-	-3	-	-
Assassin	-	-2	-	-
Monk	-	-1	-	-
Ropes/Grapples	-	-	-2 ¹	-
Climbing Wear	-	-	-1 ²	-
Excess Equipment	-	-	+1 per 20 lbs ³	-
Dark	-	-	-	+1
Windy	-	-	-	+1 to +5 ⁴
Wet	-	-	-	+1
Snow	-	-	-	+1
Icy	-	-	-	+2

¹ Only usable in *Careful Mode*. ² Climbing chalk leaves a trail

³ First 10 lbs of equipment (excluding clothing) is free. ⁴ At the Game Master's discretion

There are numerous ways to get up to the rooftops:

Safe

(No checks required)

- Access the rooftop via a hatch or window from inside the building.
- Climb up an external ladder.
- Spells such as *Dimension Door* or *Teleport*. Although the City of Great Lunden's arcane protections of the inner wards make this nigh on impossible.

Climb

([>Climb Up/Down<] check needed)

- Drain pipes
- Chimney flues
- Grappling ropes
- Rough stone walls
- Stone chimney stacks.

[>Climb Up/Down<] check: Roll 1d20 applying all relevant modifiers and get under either your DEX or STR attribute for each multiple of two floors you want to ascend.

A roll of natural 20 is always a fail. Also, if using a Climb Walls roll, a 96-00% is also a fail.

Rooftop Actions

So, you made it up here. The view is lovely isn't it? Moving across the Nightways can be tricky, especially if you are moving fast. There are many potential hazards.

When using *Careful Mode*, moving around and carrying out any **Safer Rooftop Actions** do not require any checks. However, the following will still require checks:

1. Carrying out a **Risky Rooftop Action**.
2. 1 in 6 [>Hazard<] check chance.

When using *Pursuit Mode*, all of the following require checks:

1. Carrying out a **Safer Rooftop Action**.
2. Carrying out a **Risky Rooftop Action**.
3. 3 in 6 [>Hazard<] check chance.

Rooftop Action Checks

Whenever carrying out the following actions whilst in *Pursuit Mode*, a [>Rooftop 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.

Safer Rooftop Actions

- Breaking in through dormer or windows below eaves (DEX and STR)
- Climbing down or climbing up two floors in height (STR or DEX)
- Dropping down one floor in height (DEX)
- Sliding down or walking up roof slopes with a 'one arrow' (10 feet) slope (DEX)

Risky Rooftop Actions

Whenever carrying out the following actions whilst in *Careful* or *Pursuit* mode, a [>Rooftop 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.

- 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 and DEX. Additional +1 for each extra 1 foot).
- Leaping up one floor, standing leap (STR)
- Leaping up one floor, running leap (DEX and STR)
- Leaping up 10 feet and across 10 feet, from standing (DEX and STR at +2. Additional +2 for each extra 1 foot up and across)
- Leaping up 10 feet and across 10 feet, with run up (DEX and STR at +1. Additional +1 for each extra 1 foot up and across)
- Leaping down 10 feet and across 10 feet, from standing (DEX and STR. Additional +1 for each extra 2 foot down and across)
- Leaping down 10 feet and across 10 feet, with run up (DEX and STR at +2)
- Narrow and precarious ridges, ropes across streets, tightropes, per 10 feet (DEX)
- Landing on soft landing target below - such as a haycart (DEX)
- Sliding down or walking up roof slopes with a 'two arrow' (20 feet) slope (DEX)

Dropping down from more than two floors without choosing a soft-landing target is considered to be falling, with appropriate damage.

How Far Can I Jump and Leap?

As far as you like. You just might not make it. The further you attempt to leap or jump, the more penalties to the check, as mentioned in the previous Rooftop Actions section.

Hazard Checks

The Game Master may check for hazards at any time that they want to add tension. Depending on whether in *Careful Mode* or *Pursuit Mode* the chance of a hazard varies (*Careful Mode* is 1 in 6, *Pursuit Mode* is 3 in 6). These should only be done to add drama to your chase. A hazard will require a **[►Hazard◄]** check.

Roll 1d12 or pick one that's relevant.

1. Trip over
2. Cracked, broke or missing tile
3. Soggy, slippery bird poo
4. Nesting birds or bats swooping/attacking
5. Weak roof (falling through into room or attic below, or getting stuck)
6. Angry resident
7. Gust of wind
8. Spinning, pointy weathervane
9. Black smoke from chimney
10. Fluttering flag, pennant, or loose bunting
11. Vertigo
12. Bees/wasps nests

[►Hazard◄] check: Roll 1d20 applying all relevant modifiers and get under your DEX attribute.

Fighting

Fighting on rooftops will always require a **[►Hazard◄]** check for each round you fight. Take the check after your attacks. Note that no modifier for *Pursuit Mode* or *Careful Mode* is applied when fighting.

Failed Checks

If you fail a [►Climb Up/Down◄], [►Rooftop Action◄], or [►Hazard◄] check, then you slip and off-balance yourself.

To prevent falling, you may take a Saving Throw. If you pass, you just manage to grab a gutter, flag, window ledge, or your clothing snags on a nail. Whatever the reason, you save yourself in an heroic way. If you fail, you plummet to the ground or next floor down depending on what's below (see Falling). You will take falling damage. Exclude roof slope heights when estimating fall height.

Rolling a natural 20 on any check is a critical failure, and you are unable to catch yourself at the last minute. No Saving Throw allowed.

Falling

Falling is the biggest danger. You take 1d6 per 10 feet fallen. If you need it in 5 feet increments, then roll 1d6 halved and rounded up, per 5 feet fallen.

The Chase

So, you want to chase or are being chased. Firstly, compare Move rates. You will always tend to catch someone that moves slower. Work out the Move rate difference per round, depending on your game rules. This difference will be in addition to the *closing distance* — the distance between chaser and quarry — for that round.

Only player character's check results affect the *closing distance* when chasing or being chased by NPCs. There are no effects on *closing distance* from checks by NPCs.

The actual distance covered in a round is relatively unimportant. The Game Master can rule that 20 feet has been covered or 100 feet. Only the change in distance between prey and quarry is relevant.

Chasing

When chasing prey, for every [►Climb Up/Down◄], [►Rooftop Action◄], or [►Hazard◄] check result that you pass, you achieve a *closing distance* decrease by 5 feet plus 1 foot for each point you passed by. A failure means the *closing distance* has increased by 5 feet plus 1 foot for each point you failed by. Don't forget to add the Move rate difference too.

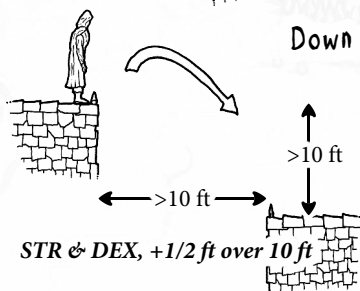
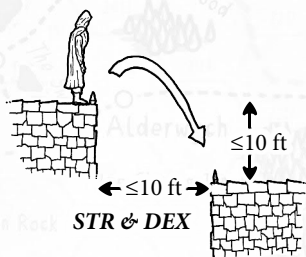
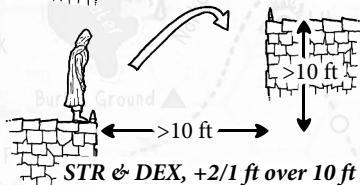
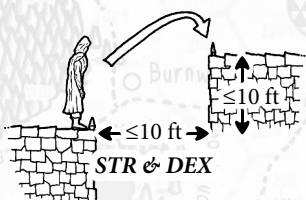
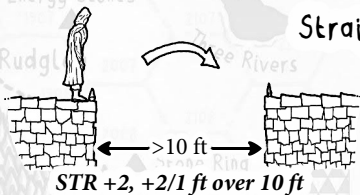
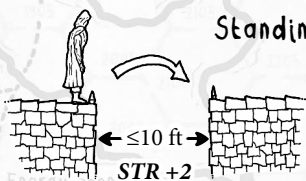
Escaping

When escaping, for every [►Climb Up/Down◄], [►Rooftop Action◄], or [►Hazard◄] check result that you pass, you achieve a *closing distance* increase by 5 feet plus 1 foot for each point you passed by. A failure means the *closing distance* has decreased by 5 feet plus 1 foot for each point you failed by. Don't forget to add the Move Rate difference too.

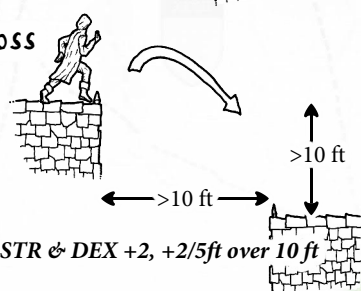
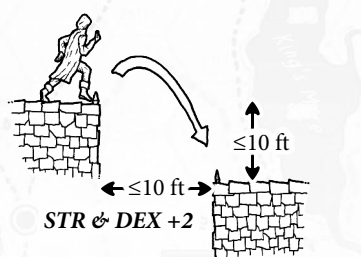
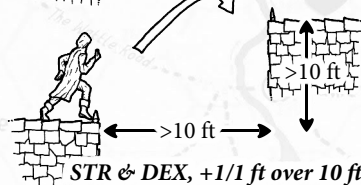
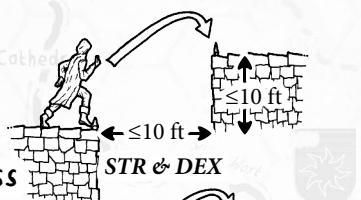
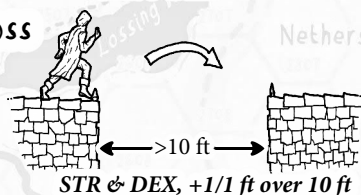
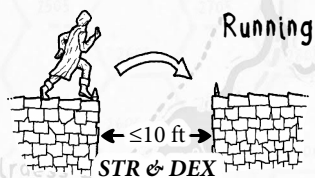
Seven Things to Find

1. A small roof light that is slightly ajar.
2. A loose roof tile that hides a thief's stash.
3. Dead bird (rotten and maggot-infested, recently dead, head bitten or ripped off, or skeletal).
4. Hole in roof from missing tiles.
5. Rotten roof starting to give way.
6. An unconscious or dead thief.
7. A slide rope attached to between two chimneys, which goes down onto an adjacent building.

Standing



Straight Across



Down and Across

SUMMARY OF ROOFTOP ACTIONS

Safer Rooftop Actions (No checks required in *Careful Mode*)

Description	Check Stat	Base Modifier	Comments
Dropping down to street from one floor up	DEX	0	-
Breaking in through dormer windows or windows below eaves	STR or DEX	0	-
Climbing down two floors in height	STR or DEX	0	-
Clamber up two floors in height E.g. Getting from a (3) roof to (5) roof	STR or DEX	0	0
Dropping down one floor in height	DEX	0	Drop, not climb.
Shimmying down walls/downspouts one floor	STR	0	-
Sliding down or walking up roof slopes with a 'one arrow' (10 feet) slope. ↑	DEX	0	-

Risky Rooftop Actions

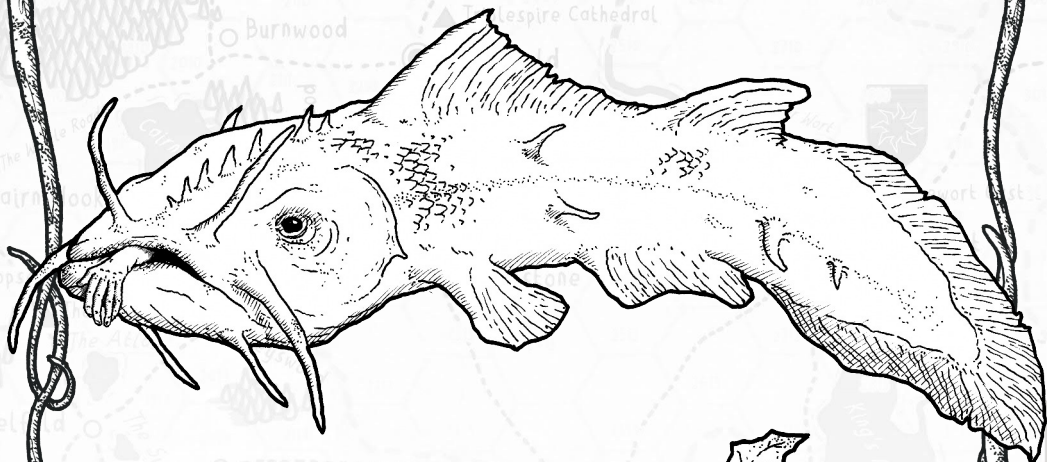
Description	Check Stat	Base Modifier	Comments
Jumping 10' horizontally, from standing	STR	+2	+2 for each extra 1'
Jumping 10' horizontally, running jump	STR & DEX	-	+1 for each extra 1'
Leaping up one floor, from standing	STR	-	-
Leaping up one floor, running leap	STR & DEX	-	-
Leaping up 10' and across 10', from standing	STR & DEX	-	+2 for each extra 1' up and across
Leaping up 10' and across 10', with run up	STR & DEX	-	+1 for each extra 1' up and across
Leaping down 10' and across 10', from standing	STR & DEX	-	+1 for each extra 2' down and across
Leaping down 10' and across 10', with run up	STR & DEX	+2	+2 for each extra 5' down and across
Narrow and precarious ridges, ropes across streets, tightropes, etc.	DEX	-	Check for each 10' moved
Landing on soft target below — such as a haycart	DEX	-	-
Dropping down from two floors	DEX	+2	+2 for each extra floor in height
Sliding down or walking up roof slopes with a 'two arrow' (20 feet) slope. ↑↑	DEX	-	-

Oddities

FLORA AND FAUNA

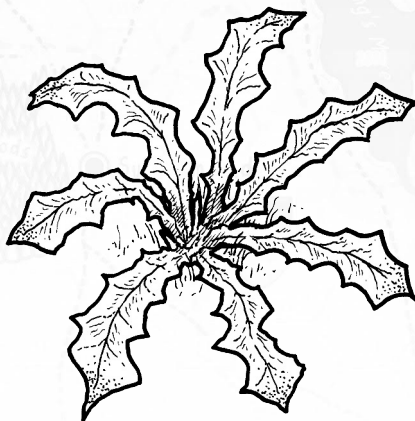
Cameshire Catfish

The Cameshire Catfish can grow up to 15 feet long, and easily consume a swimmer whole. They live in underground water-filled burrows in the river banks. Delicious to eat, sailors preparing for a long voyage, use terrified cabin boys as lures to catch them. Dried and salted, the catfish fillets can keep for months. The feelers around the mouth of the catfish are a delicacy which certain restaurants in Brothenward are willing to pay 10 gold quids per inch if the feelers are fresh.



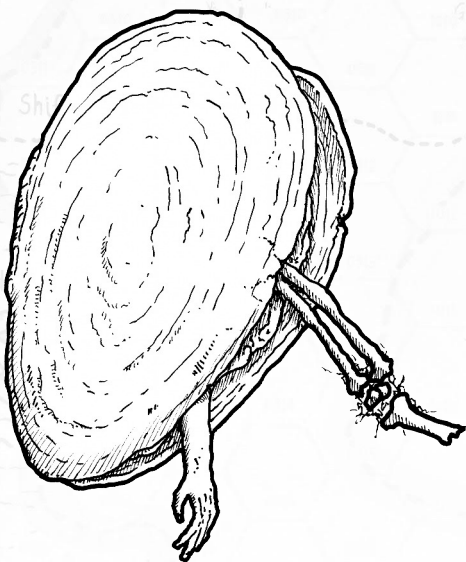
Harrow Weed

A relentless weed found growing near the Harrow Midden where it thrives on the nutrients it draws from the heaps of rotting matter. When cooked into a broth it acts as a pain-reliever. Anyone drinking a broth of pungent harrow weed will have all damage dice rolled against them, reduced by one point, to a minimum of one. The effect lasts 1 hour.



Man-eating Mud Mussel

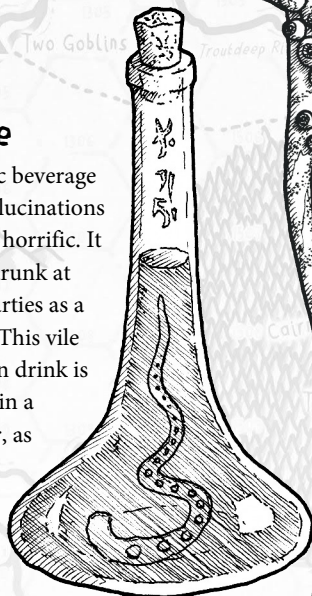
These four-foot-long mussels are usually buried in the mud at the bottom of deep river water. While they are called ‘man-eaters’, they actually close shut on swimmers and envelop them. Unable to escape, the unfortunate swimmers drown, their skeletal remains usually found around where these ancient mussels have worked themselves back into the mud. The shells of the larger mud mussels can be crafted into unusual shields which are treated as +2 *shields*, but shatter when struck by an attack roll of a natural 20.



ITEMS

Abscythe

A vile alcoholic beverage that causes hallucinations verging on the horrific. It is most often drunk at high society parties as a test of loyalty. This vile luminous green drink is generally kept in a ship's decanter, as is proper for this drink of maritime origin. 1d6 turns after drinking one glass of absycythe, the drinker must make a Saving Throw. The die roll is reduced by 1 for each additional glass drunk in between that time.



On a successful Saving Throw, the drinker sees an imaginary scene of indescribable horror dug from the recesses of their mind and then passes out for 1d6 hours.

On a failed Saving Throw, the drinker appears frightened beyond belief and riveted to the spot, eyes wide in fear for 1d6 hours. After that, the imagery increases in horror and, to the drinker, becomes real, requiring a further Saving Throw. If this is failed, the drinker's Hit Points drop to 0, and blood begins to leak from their ears reducing their hit points by a further one each round. If the drinker's hit points drop to a negative number equal to their Constitution score, they will die of fright.



Goblin Firefinder

Developed by the Guild of Firequenchers, a *Goblin Firefinder* is a two-part device.

The first part is a small, iron statuette in the shape of a wart goblin, with a smooth, polished, green glass bead for its belly button. This is matched with an iron necklace from which a single smooth, polished, green glass bead hangs. The statuette is placed in location and is able to detect any fire within a 30-foot radius. As soon as it does, the necklace emits a high-pitched squeal until the fire is either extinguished or moved out of range.

Lunden Bollock Dagger

The hilt of this weapon is shaped with two ball-like lobes, making the hilt a bit phallic-looking. The blade is usually long and slender — perfect for sticking in the backs of the unaware. The favoured

weapon of the Nightways Runners.

The pommel unscrews and usually contains the following:

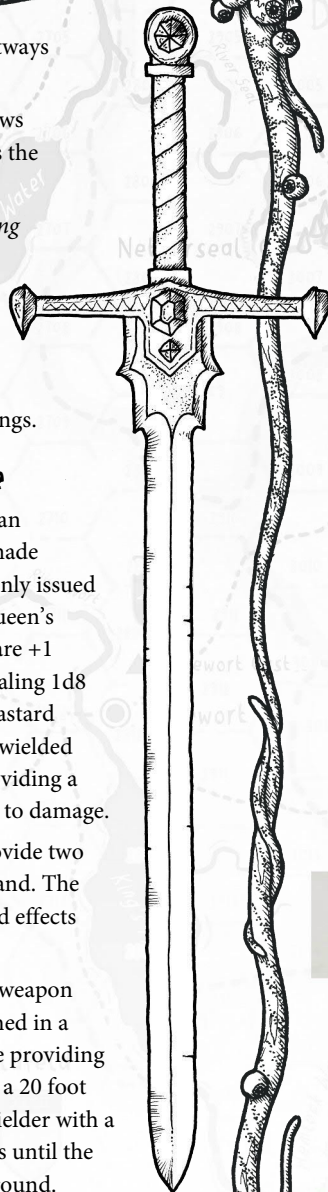
- *Potion of Healing*
- A dose of poison
- climbing chalk
- A garotte
- 1d6 silver shillings.

Royal Blade

Each *Royal Blade* is an exceptionally well-made bastard sword and only issued to captains of the Queen's Royal Guard. They are +1 magical weapons dealing 1d8 damage. As for all bastard swords, they can be wielded with both hands providing a additional +1 bonus to damage.

The weapon can provide two functions on command. The command words and effects are:

- **Verdefyr:** The weapon becomes sheathed in a black-green fire providing all allies within a 20 foot radius of the wielder with a +1 attack bonus until the wielder's next round.
- **Kalscarr:** The weapon glows with a bright green-hue providing all allies within a 20 foot radius of the wielder a +1 Saving Throw bonus until the wielder's next round.



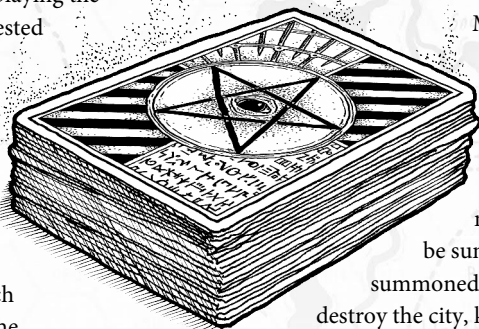
WitchPig Deck, Mephistophael

WitchPig is a card-based gambling game whose popularity has of late spread across the Haven Isles despite — or likely because of — warnings from the Grand Malefizhaus of its dangers. The card game is said to be esoteric and shrouded in hidden mysticism, so is frowned upon by those of a theological persuasion. The Witchfinder General, Lord Tolbein Moorcock of the Grand Malefizhaus in Great Lunden has deemed it a ritual device of devils, witches, and warlocks. He has also issued an order to all witchfinders that anyone found playing the game should be arrested and investigated for their possible allegiances to devily.

What both concerns 'The Ten' and the Grand Malefizhaus so much about WitchPig is the *Mephistophael WitchPig Deck*. As yet there is nothing to distinguish this deck from any other ordinary WitchPig deck, but it is believed by the Grand Malefizhaus that the undead angel-demon himself, Mephistophael has crafted these devices. Mephistophael craves evil souls, and the City of Great Lunden is a mass of corrupted souls all in one place, which he simply cannot ignore. His towering astral shadow has been seen fleetingly in the dark night sky by cityfolk, seeming to hover over certain locations where

WitchPig is supposedly played, most often in Nethermark.

Mephistophael desires to reach the material plane of existence and needs to have enough worshippers summon him. Which is what the *Mephistophael WitchPig Deck* facilitates. Over time, the decks change the behaviour of their owners, shifting their attitude in favour of the Church of Mephistophael, and eventually making them worshippers. Since the release of the *Mephistophael WitchPig Deck*, the Church of Mephistophael has seen a spike in interest. Once he has enough worshippers converted, through automatic suggestions and mind control,



Mephistophael can manipulate the deck holders into laying out their decks in the exact pattern needed for him to

be summoned, and once summoned, he intends to destroy the

thousands of cityfolk in the process and harvesting their souls. This will ultimately elevate Mephistophael from angel-demon into a true god, something that the Grand Malefizhaus is beginning to become aware of, but it might possibly be too late for anything to be done about it. The Grand Malefizhaus is even loathe to shut down the Church of Mephistophael, fearing it would go deeper underground and become hard to monitor.

This effect is left to the Game Master to interpret in play as they see appropriate.



Bestiary

DEVIL LUREFISH

Hit Dice: 5

Armour Class: 8 [11]

Attacks: Bite (2d4) or Tail Barb (1d8 plus poison)

Saving Throw: 12

Special: Snatch, paralyzing barb

Move: Swimming 24

Alignment: Neutral

Challenge Level/XP: 6/400

Description: The fast-moving, serpentine devil lurefish is a sea creature that occasionally makes its way up the coastal brackish waters into the Great Thameswater estuary and towards Great Lunden. Over 20 feet in length and around 2 feet in diameter at the head.

They have a lure suspended from their forehead which emits a soft glow of pulsing viridian light which attracts the curious, and a bony, paralyzing barb at the end of their tail to immobilise prey. Almost translucent in deep water, the devil lurefish's body turns an off-white as the pressure reduces in the shallows. They can survive in both fresh or

salt water, and deep or shallow depths, but prefer the deep, where it is dark.

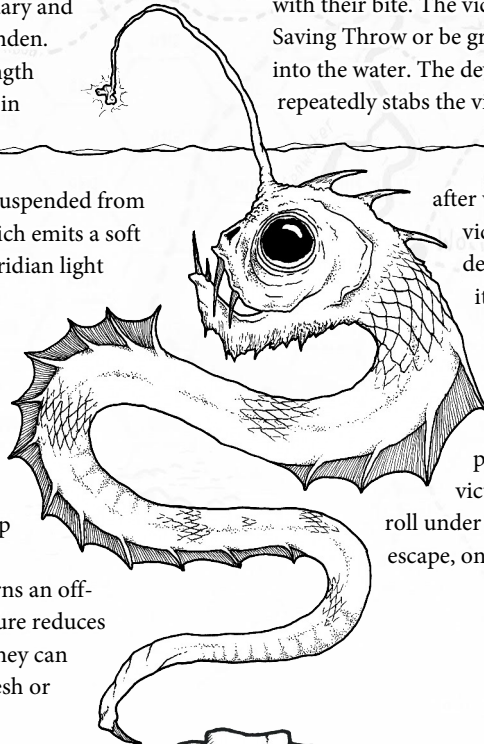
When food is scarce in the sea, they make their way up the estuary and into the Great Thameswater where they are large enough to overturn small boats or even pierce a hole in a vessel with their bony tail barb. They then wait for the vessel to sink, and its occupants to enter the waters, or for an unfortunate seaman to dive in to fix the leak. The tail barb injects an immobilising venom requiring a Saving Throw or the victim becomes paralysed.

They have also been known to snatch night workers off the edges of the docks. They coil themselves and spring their heads up and out of the water to grab the victim in their razor-filled maw. They must make an attack roll to hit the victim with their bite. The victim must make a Saving Throw or be grabbed and dragged into the water. The devil lurefish then repeatedly stabs the victim with its barbed

tail until it is paralysed

after which it drags the victim down into deeper waters to hide it until the flesh has softened and the devil lurefish can more easily digest it. Unless

paralysed, a grabbed victim can attempt to roll under their STR score to escape, once per round.



FATBERG

Hit Dice: 1, 4, 7 or 10

Armour Class: 4 [15]

Attacks: 2 Greasy Pseudopods (1d6 plus nausea)

Saving Throw: 17, 13, 9, 5

Special: Nauseating puke, half damage from weapons, immune to fire damage, vulnerable to acid.

Move: 1

Alignment: Neutral

Challenge Level/XP: (1HD) 2/30, (4HD) 5/240, (7HD) 8/800, (10HD) 11/1700

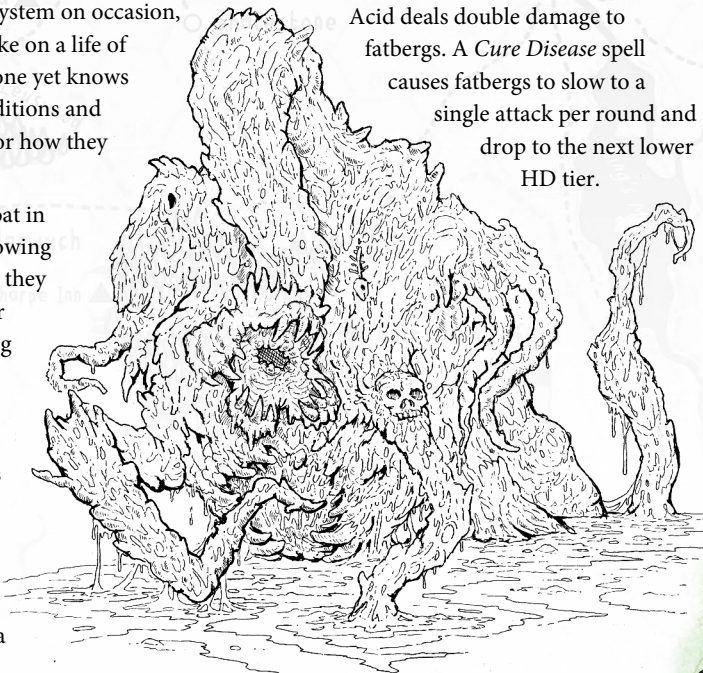
Description: Fatbergs are colossal, sentient piles of fat and other food waste that have been washed down the sewers. Here, the piles coalesce and, when mixed with gloomium, other minerals, and the alchemical residues that are washed into the sewer system on occasion, they begin to take on a life of their own. No-one yet knows exactly the conditions and precise recipe for how they form.

They tend to float in large water following the current, but they can move under their own rolling motion. They can grow to 40 feet or more in size. Sometimes they can even block off an entire sewer tunnel or grate where they are a

danger to anyone sent to clear the blockage. When that happens, fatbergs lash out with their stinking, greasy pseudopods. When the creature hits, the smell of the rotting matter requires the victim and all within 10 feet to make a Saving Throw or be hit by a wave of nausea and begin to retch. Those that fail, start to puke, and are at -2 to all attack rolls, AC, and Saving Throws. This is not cumulative.

All weapons do half damage against fatbergs, and every melee hit requires a Saving Throw by the attacker to avoid the nausea. Fire causes fatbergs to burn very well, although this does not actually harm the fatberg. A fire attack will ignite the fatberg and cause a raging flame 5 feet around it. Attackers standing next to a flaming fatberg will take 1d6 fire damage per round.

Acid deals double damage to fatbergs. A *Cure Disease* spell causes fatbergs to slow to a single attack per round and drop to the next lower HD tier.



GOLEMS

Golems are most often constructed for use as guardians, or servants to carry out tasks for their makers.

Stitched-Flesh Golem

Hit Dice: 8

Armour Class: 9 [10]

Attacks: Bite (1d8) or Trample (1d10 plus special)

Saving Throw: 6

Special: Only affected by magic weapons of +1 or better.

Move: 12

Alignment: Neutral

Challenge Level/XP: 9/1,100

Description: Made of pigskin (or other suitable alternatives), these golems are built to resemble bald or shaved livestock, such as sheep, pigs, cows, mudcows, etc. Instead of biting, they can trample opponents for 1d10 damage and knock them prone on a failed Saving Throw.

Tooth Golem

Hit Dice: 6

Armour Class: 2 [17]

Attacks: 4 Bites (1d6 each)

Saving Throw: 8

Special: Enamel Shards, Only affected by magic weapons of +1 or better.

Move: 12

Alignment: Neutral

Challenge Level/XP:
7/600

Description: Built from collected teeth, these rock-hard golems attacks with maws that emerge randomly from their bodies. When reduced to 0 hit points, they shatter in a blast of enamel shards causing 3d6 damage to all within 10 feet of the golem. A successful Saving Throw results in half damage.

HARROWLING

Hit Dice: 2

Armour Class: 8 [11]

Attacks: 2 Claws (1d3) or Beak (1d4 plus Midden Rot)

Saving Throw: 16

Special: Squawk for help, Midden rot

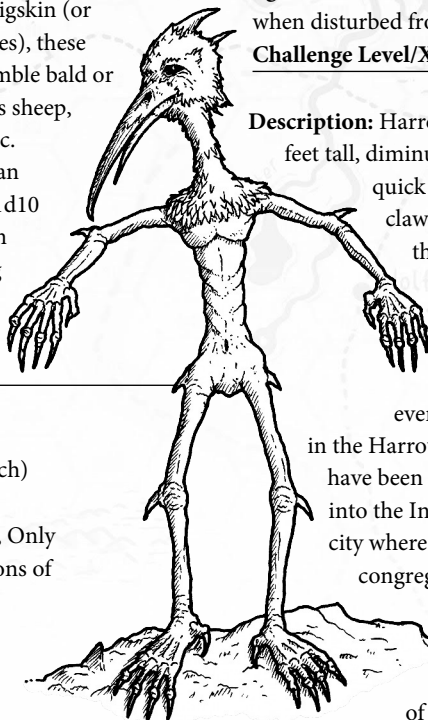
Move: 12

Alignment: Neutral, tending to Chaotic when disturbed from foraging.

Challenge Level/XP: 3/60

Description: Harrowlings are three feet tall, diminutive and lightning-quick terrors with sharp claws, pointy beaks, and the ability to smell rotting food matter for miles. They are the bane of midden workers everywhere, especially in the Harrow Midden, and they have been known to venture into the Inner Wards of the city where rubbish congregates.

Once Harrowlings have found a pile of rotting food, they



penetrate the layers of detritus with their long beaks, drawing nourishment from the decaying food or the juicy maggots that thrive within such mounds of rubbish. If they are disturbed or prevented from searching, they grow angry and attack, using their sharp claws or stabbing with their pointy beaks. Because the end of their beaks are bacteria-laden from all that pecking about in horrid piles of unidentifiable matter, any successful hit with a beak requires the victim to make a Saving Throw or become infected with 'Midden Rot'. This vile disease causes blindness in 1d6 hours. A *Cure Disease* spell reverses the blindness.

Harrowlings can also let out a shrill squawk which attracts other harrowlings to harass those who disturb them. This squawk attracts an additional 1d3 harrowlings which arrive the following round. They can do this once per day.

MIDDEN HORROR

Hit Dice: 6 or 10

Armour Class: 6 [13]

Attacks: 2 Tentacle Lashes (1d6), Beaked Maw (1d8) or 4 Tentacle Lashes (1d6), Beaked Maw (1d12)

Saving Throw: 11 or 5

Special: Midden Rot

Move: 3 or 6

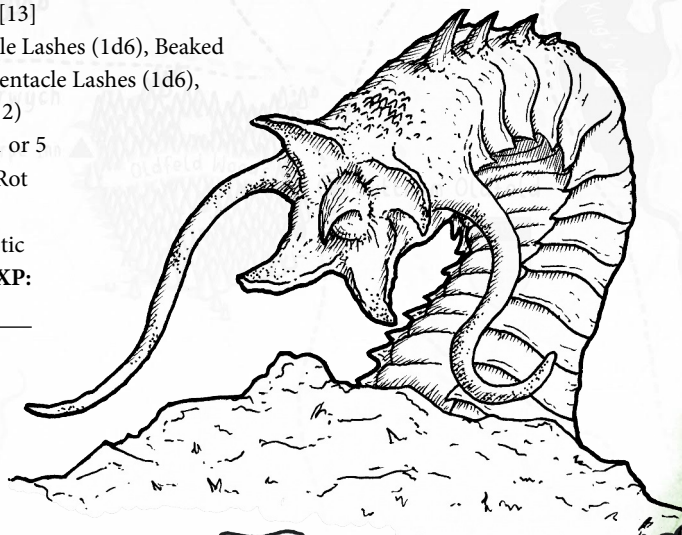
Alignment: Chaotic

Challenge Level/XP:

6/400 or 11/1,400

Description: Midden horrors are worm-like creatures from the Upper Middergloom with beaked maws surrounded by sharp-ridged tentacles. Lured by the smell of decay, they have burrowed upward through the layers and layers of compacted detritus that is the Harrow Midden in search of food. In the process, they create tunnels and burrows that are sometimes disturbed by the midden workers. When this happens, they poke their tentacles above the surface and lash them about while their body and head remain in their rubbish-encrusted burrows. Occasionally (20% chance), they lunge upwards and snap at whoever disturbed them with an extra bite attack.

Midden Horror's tentacles end in sharp ridges, which are covered in all manner of disgusting bacteria. A successful hit from a tentacle requires the victim to make a Saving Throw or become infected with 'Midden Rot'. This vile disease causes blindness in 1d6 hours. A *Cure Disease* spell reverses the blindness.



PEEKERS

The city watch are known as the Peekers. Stationed in guardhouses and guardtowers all over the city, they look for unwary and timid souls to menace and extort bribes from.

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

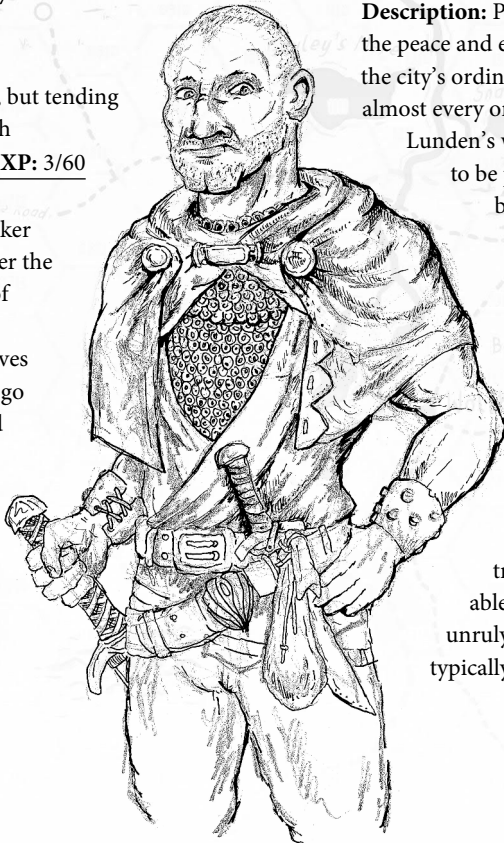
Special: None

Move: 12

Alignment: Any, but tending towards Assholish

Challenge Level/XP: 3/60

Description: Peeker Captains are either the mouthy leaders of patrol groups, or consider themselves too important to go out on patrol and therefore stay in the warmth of the guardtowers.



Peeker or Peeker Dogmaster

Hit Dice: 1

Armour Class: 6 [13] Ring with cuirass tabard bearing the ward heraldry

Attacks: Short sword (1d6), Polearm two-handed (1d8+1)

Saving Throw: 17

Special: None

Move: 12

Alignment: Any

Challenge Level/XP: 1/15

Description: Peekers maintain the peace and enforce the law and the city's ordinances across almost every one of Great

Lunden's wards. They tend to be poorly educated, but eager to argue and bully, and happy to collect taxes and on-the-spot fines.

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

Description: These black (occasionally dark brown) mastiffs are always hungry and salivating. They growl at anything and are always straining at the end of their thick leather leashes attached to their tough leather collars. These collars are lined with generous spikes and have a badge bearing their ward emblem dangling from them. When the Peekers see trouble, they let their dogs off the leashes and yell things like, “Kill him, Rex!”, “Maul ‘em!”, And “Bite his bollocks off!”

When a Peeker Mastiff makes a successful bite attack, they shake their heads violently whilst dangling off their victims. This shaking requires the victim to 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.

QUEEN'S ROYAL GUARD

Royal Guard Captain

Hit Dice: 5

Armour Class: 3 [16] Plate emblazoned with the Queen's Royal Crest

Attacks: *Royal Blade* (1d8+3 plus special)

Saving Throw: 12

Special: Bark Orders

Move: 12

Alignment: Neutral but aggressive.

Challenge Level/XP: 5/240

Description: These skilled fighting men and women are trained to command ten or more royal guards. They fight with *Royal Blades* and can Bark Orders at their men to boost their confidence and morale once each turn. The captain also benefits from the orders:

- **Get At ‘Em** — This order can be used whilst attacking, and all those under a Royal Guard Captains' command receive +1 to attacks and Saving Throws that Round.
- **Don't Let ‘Em In Lads** — All those under a Royal Guard Captains' command hunker down, forfeiting their attacks in favour of a +2 bonus to their Armour Class that Round.
- **For The Queen!** — This order can be used whilst attacking, and all those under a Royal Guard Captains' command charge their opponents that Round. They gain +2 to attack rolls but take a -2 penalty to Armour Class.

Royal Guard

Hit Dice: 3

Armour Class: 3 [16] Plate emblazoned with the Queen's Royal Crest

Attacks: Polearm (1d8+1), Spear (1d6+1), or Light Crossbow (1d4+1)

Saving Throw: 14

Special: Phalanx

Move: 12

Alignment: Neutral

Challenge Level/XP: 4/120

Description: Fiercely loyal to the Queen, these well-trained, elite soldiers are found at either of the Queen's estates in Great Lunden or in the company of the Queen when she travels. They never operate in squads of less than ten men commanded by a Royal Guard Captain and at a moment's notice can employ a well-drilled Phalanx formation. A minimum of four guards are needed to form this phalanx which imposes a penalty of -2 on all melee attack rolls made against them. This is cumulative with any modifiers from a Royal Guard Captain's orders.

QUEEN'S SPIES

Hit Dice: 3

Armour Class: 7 [12] Leather under cloaks

Attacks: Short sword (1d6), *Middium Ear Dagger* (1d3+2) (see *The Midderland*

Expanded, page 120)

Saving Throw: 14

Special: Slip of the Tongue

Move: 12

Alignment: Neutral

Challenge Level/XP: 4/120

Description: The common perception is that the queen's spies are either darkly clothed and cloaked, urbane and charismatic nobles, or wily adventuresses — and sometimes they are. Most dress in ordinary clothing to blend into wherever they have been assigned throughout the city, carefully listening and watching for whatever intelligence, signs of dissent, and pertinent gossip they can gather. Their reach and their remit is far greater than just the city, covering the whole of the Haven Isles.

Due to their training in human psychology and habits, if anyone is questioned by a queen's spy, the suspect has a 25% chance (-1% per Level of experience of the suspect) of letting a detail slip that they are trying to keep a secret. Thieves and Assassins reduce the chance by an additional 5% due to their nature. Queen's Spies wear a silver ring bearing the Queen's Royal Crest to identify themselves. Of course, this is not worn when they are working on an undercover mission and most spies wear it on a chain around their necks rather than openly on their fingers.

SEWERVILE

Hit Dice: 6

Armour Class: 6 [13]

Attacks: Head-bang (1d8 plus venom)

Saving Throw: 11

Special: Venom

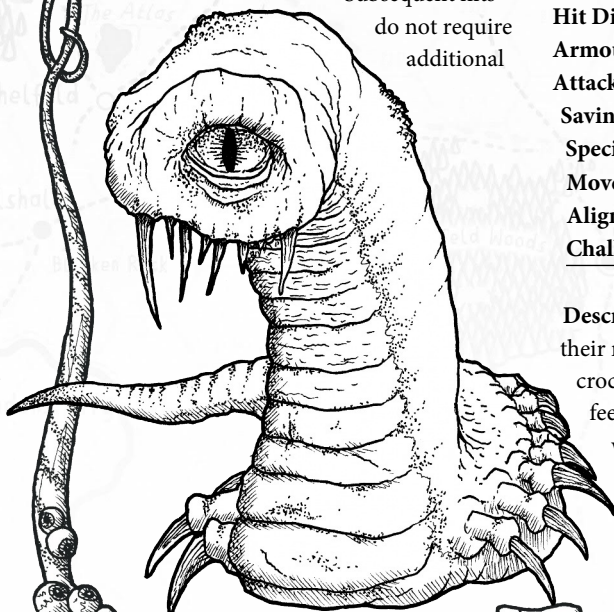
Move: 12, Swim 12

Alignment: Neutral

Challenge Level/XP: 7/600

Description: Sewerviles hunt in the foetid waters of the sewers beneath the city, looking for anything that moves. They are eight-feet long centipede-like creatures with a single eye above a set of venom-dripping fangs. They have no lower jaw, so instead of biting their prey, they swim straight at them in a head-banging attack which will enable them to sink their fangs into the victim and inject their poison. If successfully struck by a sewervile, the victim must make a Saving Throw. On a failed result, the victim is infected with the venom. On the first round after being struck, the victim feels light-headed and suffers a -1 to all attack rolls and Saving Throws. This increases to -2 on the second round as the victim begins to feel nauseous and then -3 as they begin to vomit. When this happens, the victim also suffers a -2 penalty to their Armour Class. On the fourth round, the victim keels over unconscious reduced to 0 Hit Points.

Subsequent hits
do not require
additional



Saving Throws. A *Neutralise Poison* spell will reverse the effects of the venom. Once a victim has succumbed to the sewervile, it is dragged away and left partly submerged in the rank sewer water, where the foetid nature of the water combines with its venom to liquefy flesh. As it liquefies, the sewervile can suck up the liquid flesh with its small proboscis hidden behind its fangs.

SEWER CROCODILES

All sewer crocodiles have a bite that causes infection. When they make a successful bite attack, the victim must make a Saving Throw or get an infected wound. These are not cumulative so only one Saving Throw needs to be failed. An infected wound causes an additional 1d4 points of damage per hour until a *Cure Disease* spell is cast on the victim.

Lesser

Hit Dice: 3

Armour Class: 4 [15]

Attacks: Bite (1d6)

Saving Throw: 14

Special: Infected Bite

Move: 9 (12 Swimming)

Alignment: Neutral

Challenge Level/XP: 4/120

Description: Looking almost exactly like their normal-sized cousins, lesser sewer crocodiles rarely grow larger than six feet in length. Their eyes glow green with any reflected light and their hides are not as calloused and scarred as that of their larger cousins.



Giant

Hit Dice: 7

Armour Class: 3 [16] or 5 [14] when Death Rolling

Attacks: Bite (4d6) and tail (3d4)

Saving Throw: 9

Special: Infected Bite, Surprise, Death Roll

Move: 6 (9 Swimming)

Alignment: Neutral

Challenge Level/XP: 8/800

Description: These behemoths are up to 20 feet in length and are generally very old and less agile. Their hides are malformed with calluses, growths, and tumours. Their eyes shine like the lesser variants, but are much bigger. Due to their size, they are ambush predators, preferring to lie in wait, moving very, very slowly underwater, then grabbing their prey suddenly in their colossal jaws and performing a death roll. They surprise on a 1-4 on a d6.

In addition to their infected bite, a separate Saving Throw must be made to

prevent being grabbed by a giant sewer crocodile's powerful jaws. Any character grabbed in this fashion must roll equal to or under their STR score on 1d20 to escape the jaws. Grabbed victims suffer a -2 penalty to all attacks, Saving Throws, and ability tests. With a grabbed victim in its jaws, a giant sewer crocodile can then do a death roll each turn instead of any other attacks. This inflicts 2d6 damage on the victim, but also exposes the softer underbelly of the beast reducing its effective Armour Class to 5 [14].

Two-headed

Hit Dice: 6

Armour Class: 4 [16]

Attacks: 2 Bites (2d6 each)

Saving Throw: 11

Special: Infected bite, tear apart

Move: 12 (12 Swimming)

Alignment: Neutral

Challenge Level/XP: 7/600

Description: These terrible creatures are not quite as large as the giant sewer crocodiles, only growing up to 12 feet in

length, but these crocodiles make up for it with an extra head. They have evolved to the sewer conditions with longer legs that can support their weight, allowing them to run on the sewer ledges and piles of detritus as fast as they can swim in the fetid, sewer water.

When attacking, two-headed sewer crocodiles do not perform death rolls or tail slaps, instead preferring to try to rip their prey apart by grabbing it with both heads and pulling. With a successful bite attack, a victim suffers bite damage and the victim must make a successful STR test. If they fail, the victim is grabbed by one head and the crocodile gets a +4 to its next remaining bite attack against the victim as long as the victim remains grabbed. The victim suffers a -2 penalty to all attacks, Saving Throws, and ability tests. If the second head successfully bites, the victim takes the bite damage, (no STR test required for the second head) and the crocodile attempts

to tear them apart. The victim must make a Saving Throw or take 2d8 damage. The victim can avoid further Tear Apart attempts by making STR tests for each head independently.

SEWER SWINE

Viridian Swine

Viridian swine are heavily-mutated, giant pigs which flourish in the sewers beneath the city. They are highly territorial creatures, occupying a few tunnels centred on a large main chamber where they nest in large piles of detritus surrounded by their offspring. Always female, these sows mate with male gloomnewts and give birth to the vile pig-newts.

There are two types of Viridian Swine: The large porcine Hell Sows that can grow up to 30 feet in length and patrol their territory, and the colossally greedy, capable-of-eating-anything hulks that are Snort Mothers that rarely move as they are so enormously fat. Both hell sows and male gloomnewts bring food to the snort mothers, who will also eat them if necessary.



Hell Sow

Hit Dice: 8

Armour Class: 4 [15] Tough, bony hides

Attacks: Bite (2d8) or Four Tentacles (1d4)

Saving Throw: 8

Special: Anus Stink

Move: 6, Swim 6 (assuming they leave their nests).

Alignment: Chaotic

Challenge Level/XP: 9/1,100

Description: The hell sows are terrible horror pigs, usually 20 feet in length with tentacles extending out of their anuses. Voracious and unrelenting, the diet of the hell sow results in some of the most noxious gases known to Havenland, which are emitted from hell cow's anus. Once per hour, the hell sow can release a cacophonous fart that takes one further round to take effect. Anyone within a 20 feet radius of the beast must make a Saving Throw each round they remain in the cloud — which lasts 1d6 rounds. On the first failed Saving Throw, the victim is at -2 to all attacks and Saving Throws. On a failed second Saving Throw, they pass out for 1d6 rounds.

A Hell Sow is always surrounded by her offspring of 1d6 pig-newts, and 1d2 potential gloomnewt mates.

Snort Mothers

Hit Dice: 15

Armour Class: 1 [18] Fat acts as effective armour.

Attacks: Grab and bite (3d8)

Saving Throw: 3

Special: Offspring, Sewage Surge

Move: 1 (if at all)

Alignment: Chaotic

Challenge Level/XP: 16/3,200

Description: Snort Mothers use their small arms ending in grabbing, three-fingered trotters to snatch prey and bite it in their disgusting mouths. Anyone attacking a Snort Mother with a melee weapon is considered to be a target for grab and bite attacks. Those so attacked by the Snort Mother are grabbed in a vice-like grip, bitten for 3d8 damage and thrown on the ground in rage up to 1d6 × 5 feet away.

A Snort Mother is always surrounded by her offspring of up to 1d10 pig-newts and 1d4 gloomnewt mates, all of who are ordered — in a series of bass snorts and grunts — to neutralise those using spells and missile weapons to target the Snort Mother.

Snort Mothers can roll off their nests and cause a surge of sewer water that pushes attackers back up to 1d100 feet away from their original position, no with saving throw.



Males & Offspring

Gloomnewts

Hit Dice: 3

Armour Class: 7 [12]

Attacks: Bite (1d6)

Saving Throw: 14

Special: Mucous

Move: 12, Swim 12

Alignment: Chaotic

Challenge Level/XP: 3/60

Description: The sewer-dwelling gloomnewts are 6 feet long and look like giant great-crested newts. Their skins are deep-green and covered in a thick mucus. They are often deformed, with odd and extra appendages (refer to the Gloom-touched Deformities table in *The Midderrlands*, page 11 for ideas). Viridian swine treat them as both breeding stock and tasty snacks. Viridian swine mate with male gloomnewts with the vile pig-newts being the resulting offspring, while male gloomnewts mating with female gloomnewts result in more gloomnewts. Once the female gloomnewts have given birth, they are fed to the ravenous pig-newts or swallowed whole by the viridian swine. Male gloomnewts are only eaten if

there are too many or they have been crushed by the massive viridian swine.

The heavy, slimy, sticky mucus covering a gloomnewt is corrosive and gets on anything that touches them. This includes weapons, which when used to strike a gloomnewt, suffer a cumulative -1 penalty to hit and damage the following round, unless a round is spent cleaning the weapon with alcohol. This effect is not part of the creature's bite attack.

Anyone attempting to grapple or grab a gloomnewt has a 5% chance each round of becoming so covered in the sticky mess as to become prone and unable to do anything as is affected by a *Web* spell, although instead of using fire to burn the webs, alcohol is used to dissolve the mucus.

Pig-Newt

Hit Dice: 2

Armour Class: 7 [12]

Attacks: Bite (1d8 plus special)

Saving Throw: 16

Special: Paralysing Bite

Move: 9, Swim 9

Alignment: Chaotic

Challenge Level/XP: 3/60



Description: Up to five feet in length, pig-newts are the twisted half-swine, half-newt offspring of viridian swine mothers and gloomnewt fathers. On rare occasions, some of these abominations can enter a pupal stage, later to emerge as a viridian swine.

The grinding and piercing bite of the pig-newt has a nasty, slow-acting paralysing saliva, against which the bitten victim must make a Saving Throw or be paralysed. The saliva only takes effect after 2d6 rounds and lasts for 1d6 rounds. Once the Saving Throw has been made, it does not need to be made again unless the victim is bitten by a different pig-newt.

Pig-newts have a limited understanding and ability to converse in the common tongue.

Scaled Swine

Hit Dice: 5

Armour Class: 5 [14]

Attacks: Bite (1d6)

Saving Throw: 12

Special: Knock Down

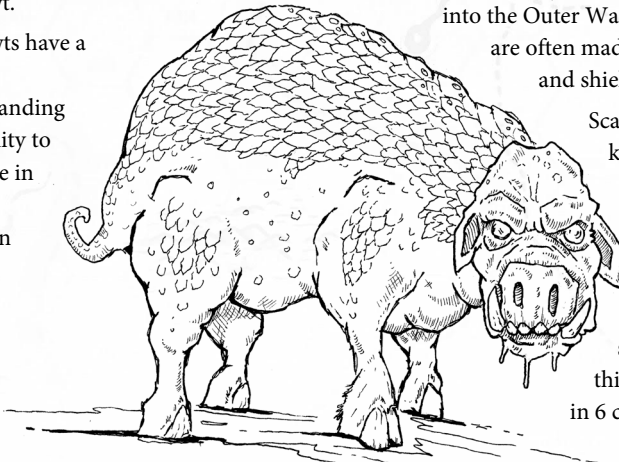
Move: 9

Alignment: Chaotic

Challenge Level/XP: 5/240

Description: On occasion, perfectly normal pigs double in size, and change into scaled swine overnight. They proceed to eat anything in sight, including other animals, and break through fences and hedges to rampage through fields and into the Outer Wards. Their hides are often made into armour and shields.

Scaled Swine can knock down doors, fences, walls and most structures less than a single stone wall in thickness on a 1-5 in 6 chance.



Organisations, Guilds and Groups

THE QUEEN, THE TEN & THE ROYAL COURT

Refer to the Government and Taxes section on page 13.

THE GRAND MALEFIZHAUS

Refer to the Outer Wards (North), Aldersgate section on page 60 (See location B12 on poster maps).

NIGHTWAYS RUNNERS

There are several guilds in Great Lunden which engage in nefarious activities. The largest is the Nightways Runners which controls much of the night-time criminal activity across the city. It is known that its members favour communicating with each other in a rhyming slang unique to them. Their base of operations is thought to be in Cripplegate, although this remains unproven.

The head of the guild is the mysterious, Three-fingered Jack. He is said to wear a magical mask which conceals his face with the features of anyone whose heart he has consumed — an urban myth that is false. One true fact is that his three-fingered left-hand is an illusion as he has all his fingers.

THE GARDENERS OF WALSHALE

The Gardeners of Walshale are exactly what their name suggests — gardeners. They are also something more, for although well-versed in horticultural matters, gardening is actually a secondary endeavour for them. Their primary activity consists of seeking out adventure and the weirdness of the Haven Isles, especially in Great Lunden where they currently reside. Apart from Broggel, who befriended them on the road south to Great Lunden, all of the Gardeners are originally from Walshale in the Western Midderlands and have been friends for many years now, any tensions between them dispersing as quickly as they arise.

Although the Gardeners of Walshale have no appointed leader, when the need arises for a spokesperson or someone who will make the right decisions, Tessa Tennant steps forward. She is the most popular in the group as well as being respected for her physical prowess and her determination. The majority of the group seeks to preserve the word of law, but many a blind eye is turned to the actions of some of its members.

Tessa Tennant

'Spokesperson' of The Gardeners of
Walshale.

Human, female, 3rd Level Fighter

STR: 17 +2 to hit/damage, Open
Doors 1-4 in 6, +30 lbs weight allowance.

DEX: 10

CON: 14 +1 HP/Level

INT: 11 Languages: Goblin, Elven.

WIS: 12

CHA: 14 Max. 5 special hirelings.

Armour Class: 5 [14]

Hit Points: 23

THAC0 [Base Attack Bonus]: 18 [+1]

Attacks: two-handed sword (1d10)

Saving Throw: 12

Special: 3 attacks per round versus
creatures with 1HD or less.

Move: 12

Alignment: Lawful

**Max. weight without move
penalty/carried:** 105/79

Equipment: Chain mail, two-handed
sword, backpack, flint and steel,
waterskin.

Wealth carried: 13 gold quids, 72 silver
shillings, and a garnet worth 25 gold
quids.

Description: Tessa is in her mid-thirties,
5'-11" tall and powerfully built. Her dark
red hair flows down onto her chain mail.
Hidden under her tunic, she wears a
tabard which bears an obscure crest with a
crow motif. She found the tabard and
liked the design but is unaware of its
origins. She wields her two-handed sword
with ease, its pommel a piece of polished
gold.



Rooftop Exploration

Equipment Carried	Careful Mode	Pursuit Mode
All listed	-2	+3
Under 30 lbs	-5	+0
Roll Under Statistics	STR: 17	DEX: 10
Check modifiers to [►Climb Up/Down◄], [►Rooftop Action◄], and [►Hazard◄].		

Jarsen Garbett

'Religious conscience' of The Gardeners of Walshale.

Human, male, 3rd Level Cleric. Follower of Gael.

STR: 14 +1 to hit, Open Doors 1-2 in 6, +10 lbs weight allowance.

DEX: 9

CON: 12

INT: 10 Languages: Goblin, Elven, Dwarven, Thorned Briarling.

WIS: 15 Additional +5% XP award.

CHA: 10 Max. 4 special hirelings.

Armour Class: 5 [14]

Hit Points: 14

THACO [Base Attack Bonus]: 18 [+1]

Attacks: +1 heavy mace (1d6+1)

Saving Throw: 13

Special: Spells: *Cure Light Wounds*, *Light*, and *Protection from Evil*; Turn undead.

Move: 12

Alignment: Lawful

Max. weight without move

penalty/carried: 85/73

Equipment: Chain mail with plate tabard bearing a painted yellow angel with wings spread (*holy symbol* of Gael), a +1 heavy mace, backpack, waterskin, belt pouch, an over-shoulder belt holding 2 vials of *holy water* and 2 *potions of healing*.

Wealth carried: 8 gold quids, 26 silver shillings, and a golden pendant he often carries for good luck worth 25 gold quids.

Description: Jarsen is about forty winters old. He has a bald head but a bushy, salt and pepper beard. He is slightly overweight but carries it well, being just under 6 feet tall. His plate tabard bears his

holy symbol, the yellow angel with wings spread that is the symbol of Gael. Jarsen wears an over-shoulder belt from which vials of holy water and green liquid hang.

Rooftop Exploration

Equipment Carried	Careful Mode	Pursuit Mode
All listed	-2	+3
Under 30 lbs	-5	+0
Roll Under Statistics	STR: 14	DEX: 9
Check modifiers to [►Climb Up/Down◄], [►Rooftop Action◄], and [►Hazard◄].		



Verity Squires

'Sage of Horticultural Lore' for *The Gardeners of Walshale*.

Human, female, 3rd Level Magic-user

STR: 8 Open Doors 1-2 in 6
DEX: 13 +1 to AC, +1 to hit with missile weapons.
CON: 10
INT: 16 Languages: Goblin, Elven, Conus Ogre, Equinian, Nobblin; Max. spell level 8; Understand new spell 75%.
WIS: 11
CHA: 12 Max. 4 special hirelings.

Armour Class: 7 [12]

Hit Points: 9

THAC0 [Base Attack Bonus]: 19 [+0]

Attacks: Dagger (1d4)

Saving Throw: 13 (+1 *Ring of Protection*, +2 versus Spells, including from magic wands and staffs).

Special: Spells: *Charm Person*, *Shield*, *Magic Missile*, and *Web*.

Move: 12

Alignment: Lawful

Max. weight without move penalty/carried: 75/19

Equipment: Wavy-bladed dagger, belt pouch, a weird silver fish pendant on a chain hidden under her robe which acts as a +1 *Ring of Protection*, spellbook.

Wealth carried: 72 gold quids hidden in a secret belt around her midriff. The deeds to a small keep on the Scrottish borders which she hasn't told anyone about.

Description: Verity is a pretty, slim, 5'-6" tall blonde-haired woman in her late twenties. She wears a grey hooded mantle, edged with embroidery and finely made

clothing that is a little worn. She hides her arcane ways as much as possible, favouring discreet protective magics rather than offensive castings, which she always has ready. She has a tattoo of a thorned bramble winding up her left leg — this was apparently 'all the rage' amongst her friendship group in her late teenage years.

Rooftop Exploration

	Careful Mode	Pursuit Mode
Equipment Carried		
All listed	-5	+0
Under 30 lbs	-5	+0
Roll Under Statistics	STR: 8	DEX: 13

Check modifiers to [►Climb Up/Down◄], [►Rooftop Action◄], and [►Hazard◄].



Thespin Nook

'Indoor Garden Specialist' for The Gardeners of Walshale.

Half-elf, male, 3rd Level Thief

STR: 13 +1 to hit, Open Doors 1-2 in 6, +10 lbs weight allowance.

DEX: 16 +1 to AC, +1 to hit with missile weapons.

CON: 10

INT: 11 Languages: Goblin, Nobblin.

WIS: 13

CHA: 9 Max. 4 special hirelings.

Armour Class: 6 [13]

Hit Points: 11

THAC0 [Base Attack Bonus]: 19 [+0]

Attacks: 2 short swords (1d6)

Saving Throw: 13 (+2 versus against Devices, including traps, magical wands or staves, or other magical devices).

Special: Backstab (+4 to hit and double damage); Read normal languages;

Thief skills: Climb walls 87%, delicate tasks and traps 25%, hear sounds 4 in 6, hide in shadows 20%, move silently 30%, open locks 20%;

Half-elf Traits: *Darkvision* 60 feet, Find secret doors 1-4 in 6 when searching.

Move: 12

Alignment: Neutral

Max. weight without move penalty/carried: 85/53

Equipment: A backpack, grey studded leather armour, 2 short swords, thieves tools and lockpicks in the various pockets and pouches of his armour, soft 'footpad' shoes.

Wealth carried: 32 gold quids, 33 silver shilling, platinum necklace worth 72 gold quids, 5 rubies worth 10 gold quids each.

Description: Just 5'-6" tall, Thespin is slim with a pale face and unkempt, greasy hair. He has a scar running from his brow to his cheek and a milky white eye. He wears a dark-coloured cloak, hood always down unless it is raining or he is trying not to be noticed.

Rooftop Exploration

Equipment Carried	Careful Mode	Pursuit Mode
All listed	-6	-1
Under 30 lbs	-8	-3
Roll Under Statistics	STR: 13	DEX: 16
Check modifiers to [►Climb Up/Down◄], [►Rooftop Action◄], and [►Hazard◄].		



Silas Fairbarn

*'Smeller of Witchly Garden Diseases' for
The Gardeners of Walshale.*

Human, male, 3rd Level Witchfinder

STR: 15 +1 to hit, Open Doors 1-2 in
6, +10 lbs weight allowance.

DEX: 9

CON: 11

INT: 12 Languages: Goblin, Elven,
and Giant.

WIS: 14

CHA: 10 Max. 4 special hirelings.

Armour Class: 5 [14]

Hit Points: 15

THAC0 [Base Attack Bonus]: 18 [+1]

Attacks: Longsword (1d8)

Saving Throw: 13 (+2 versus Spells cast
by chaotic Magic-Users and Clerics)

Special: Extract information 64%; spread
anxiety; *Detect Magic* 1/day; *Detect Evil*
1/day; *Protection from Evil* 1/day.

Move: 12

Alignment: Lawful

**Max. weight without move
penalty/carried:** 85/73

Equipment: Longsword, lantern, chain
mail under his white tunic, devilry book.

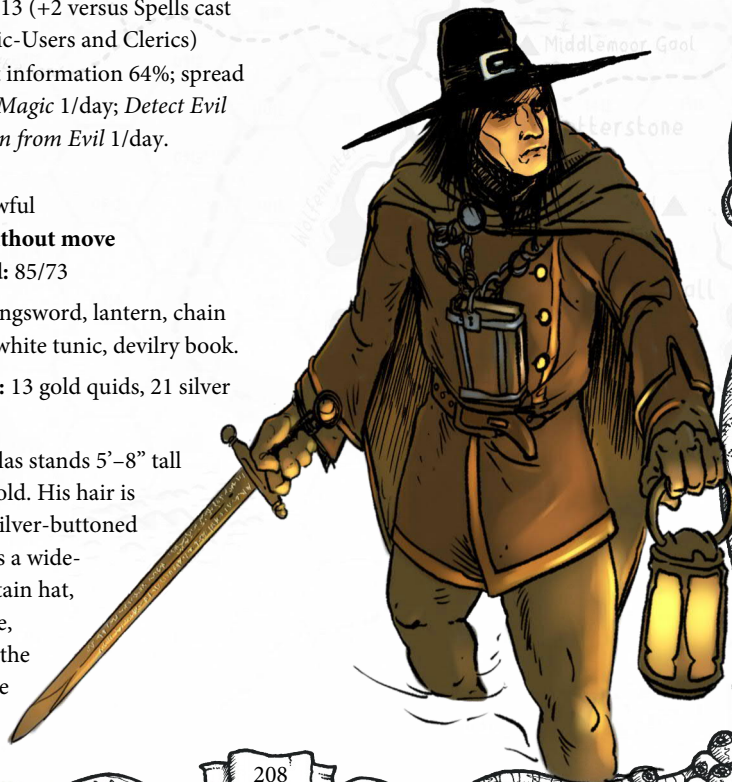
Wealth carried: 13 gold quids, 21 silver
shillings.

Description: Silas stands 5'-8" tall
and is 35 years old. His hair is
black, as is his silver-buttoned
jacket. He wears a wide-
brimmed, capotain hat,
but with a single,
silver buckle in the
band around the
base. A small,

worn, old book hangs from a chain
around his neck. This is his book of
protections against devilry. In combat and
dangerous situations, Silas typically holds
a lantern in one hand and his long sword
in the other. This longsword is inscribed
down the one side of the blade with
passages from a witchfinders book which
tell of a witchfinder's unyielding power
over devils and demons.

Rooftop Exploration

Equipment Carried	Careful Mode	Pursuit Mode
All listed	-2	+3
Under 30 lbs	-5	+0
Roll Under Statistics	STR: 15	DEX: 9
Check modifiers to [►Climb Up/Down◄], [►Rooftop Action◄], and [►Hazard◄].		



Broggel of Yawmouth

'Potter, and Soilshifter' for The Gardeners of Walshale.

Hook-nosed Wart Goblin, male, 3rd Level

Tasker: Stones

STR: 16 +1 to hit Open Doors 1-3 in 6, +15 lbs weight allowance.

DEX: 10

CON: 13 +1 Hit Point/level, +1 to AC

INT: 9 Languages: Goblin, and Human/common.

WIS: 11

CHA: 8 Max. 3 special hirelings.

Armour Class: 4 [15]

Hit Points: 20

THAC0 [Base Attack Bonus]: 19 [+0]

Attacks: Pitchfork as spear (1d6)

Saving Throw: 12 (+1 *Ring of Protection*, +2 on any roll against being dragged or knocked prone)

Special: *Slow Metabolism*:

surprised on a 1 in 8;

Carefulness: Delicate Tasks and Traps 45%, Open locks 40%; Unarmed combat as a Level 4 combatant.

Move: 9

Alignment: Lawful

Max. weight without move penalty/carried: 90/27

Equipment:

Pitchfork, leather satchel over his shoulder filled with

Rooftop Exploration

Equipment Carried	Careful Mode	Pursuit Mode
All listed	-5	+0
Under 30 lbs	-5	+0
Roll Under Statistics	STR: 16	DEX: 10

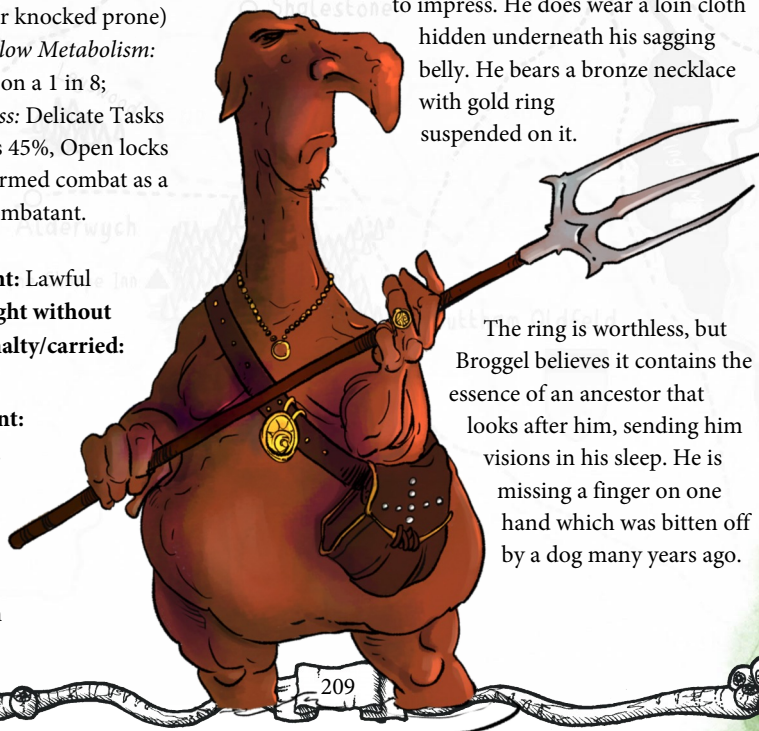
Check modifiers to [►Climb Up/Down◄], [►Rooftop Action◄], and [►Hazard◄].

junk and parchment/messages, waterskin, +1 *Ring of Protection*, a glass vial filled with earth from Yawmouth (where he was born).

Wealth carried: 52 gold guids, 20 silver shillings.

Description: Broggel is a touch over 4 feet tall. His skin is russet-coloured, and his nose runs almost constantly. He wears no armour, favouring bare skin to proudly show off his prodigious girth, which he sticks out and rubs when he feels the need to impress. He does wear a loin cloth hidden underneath his sagging belly. He bears a bronze necklace with gold ring suspended on it.

The ring is worthless, but Broggel believes it contains the essence of an ancestor that looks after him, sending him visions in his sleep. He is missing a finger on one hand which was bitten off by a dog many years ago.



THE CHURCHES OF HAVENLAND

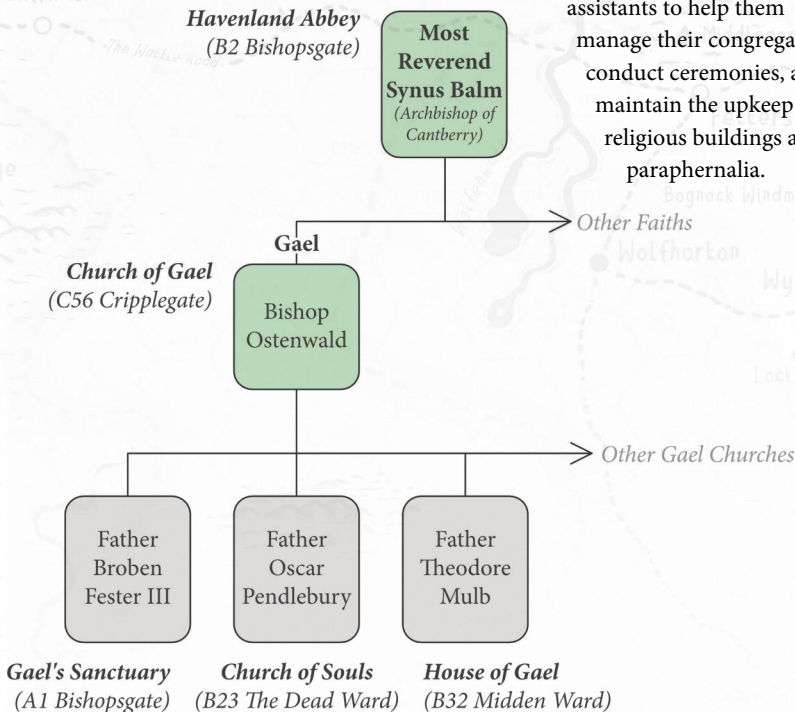
The highest religious authority for the churches and faiths in all of Havenland is the Most Reverend Synus Balm, the Voice of the Gods. The only person to outrank him is Queen Elspeth herself, although that is primarily in matters temporal rather than spiritual. Nevertheless, the Queen, as Defender of the Faiths, along with members of 'The Ten' does want to be kept informed of the church's activities and politics. Balm prefers not to share such information, typically replying with

a deferential, "That would be an ecumenical matter, your majesty."

Personally dedicated to Gael, the Most Reverend Synus Balm actually represents all the faiths of Havenland, even the bad ones for they all have their place in the world. From his seat at Havenland Abbey, he officiates at all of the great religious events in the city, tends to his flock, and administers the various churches through the ordained bishops for each of the faiths in Havenland. They have their seats at the main churches and temples in the larger towns and cities across Havenland, and they in turn have priests who they administer within their dioceses. The

Most Reverend Synus Balm, the bishops, and the priests each have their own attendants and assistants to help them manage their congregations, conduct ceremonies, and maintain the upkeep of the religious buildings and paraphernalia.

The Clergy of Gael



Despite the Most Reverend Synus Balm representing all the faiths, there are some churches and faiths which prefer to worship and operate away from both his gaze and that of 'The Ten', such as Morgontula and Mephistophael. Their churches and temples are not as obvious as Great Lunden's or the rest of Havenland's many churches, and they tend to be more furtive about their operation. Despite this, they have large followings, and places of worship can be found in the larger towns and cities if you know where to look.

THE SILVER HAND

A criminal organisation from Abbots Bream in Staffershire. The reach of The Silver Hand (see *The Miederlands*, page 32) extends far beyond the borders of the county from which it originates such that it is currently competing with the Nightways Runners for territory and business with Great Lunden. Already, The Silver Hand has launched several raids against The Nightways Runners in order to seize control of Great Lunden's blackmarket.

OTHER MINOR GUILDS

Although dominated by the headquarters of some of Great Lunden's largest and richest guilds, it is also home to numerous minor guilds such as the following. The references in brackets identify their locations on the poster maps:

- Armourer's Guild (B16)
- Esteemed Fellowship of Broomdashers and Brushbinders
- Farmer's Guild (B14)
- Fishermen's Guild
- Gongfarmer's Guild
- Guild of Brickmakers
- Guild of Charcoal Burners
- Guild of Craftsmen (B17)
- Guild of Esteemed Hands (B18)
- Guild of Firequenchers
- Guild of Gloombuggers (B15)
- Guild of Harrowers (B13)
- Guild of Horologists
- Guild of Link Men
- Guild of Messengers (A13)
- Guild of Muck Collectors
- Guild of Roofers and Tilers
- Guild of Undertakers
- Rivermen's Guild (B11)
- Scrapper's Guild (C59)
- Sewerkeeper's Guild
- Slaughterer's Guild
- Soot & Sweepers Guild
- The Bratlings
- The Nestbreakers Guild
- The Vermincatchers Society

Adventure Hooks

SILVER HAND OF DECEIT

In an unmapped part of the old goman sewer system, The Silver Hand has occupied an old crypt as part of its expansion plans into Great Lunden. The Silver Hand team has extended some of the tunnels and in the process, broken through into some subterranean caves that form part of the uppermost reaches of the Upper Middergloom.

Two days ago, an unspeakable monstrosity killed half of the Silver Hand team based here and transformed their bodies into half-man, half-horrific

abominations. The survivors need to seal the chambers quickly and are trying to recruit swords for hire for a clandestine mission under the guise of helping the authorities to clear a section of sewer. Once the mission is complete, they will ensure that no one lives to tell the tale either by killing them once the chamber is sealed or by sealing them in the Upper Middergloom along with whatever lurks down there.



MISSING CATTLE FROM BEYOND

Master Surgeon Filbus Sharrow, a known practitioner of anatomical studies upon human cadavers, has recently turned his skills to a darker agenda. He has been stealing and killing working animals from the farms in the North Beyond and in the cavernous basement of an abandoned farmhouse in the East Beyond, created a large 'herd' of horrifying zombie-like cattle-men who obey his commands. He intends to send them to storm the Royal Palace and kill the Queen. Filbus is not mad, but is being poisoned with a new mind-altering substance made from a rare

fungus that is being slipped into his favourite wine by his estranged wife — all part of a Gaulandian plot to dethrone the Queen.

THE BIG SHOW

The Bear Baiting Ring in Netherwark has had some unusual beasts on occasion, including a lion and an elephant, but the latest unmissable event is a giant sewer crocodile pulled from the Great Thameswater eight days previously. Despite having already eaten seven of its captors, and two Peekers, the beast is now in the large holding pen at the venue. Or it was. It has just managed to escape its cage as the crowd was filling the ring. Dead cityfolk, smashed timbers and chaos now ensue, and Peekers are running around asking for swords to help kill the rampaging beast before it gets back into the river.

THE GHOSTLY GALLEON

In the middle of the night, a ghostly Gaulandian galleon sails up the Great Thameswater River blasting its spectral cannons at the Tower of Great Lunden. The garrison returns fire and two ships are deployed to attack and board it, but the galleon and their crew are just phantoms and they sail straight under and through the bridge towards the docks where the spectral crew leap off and run amok, running through walls, and frightening the cityfolk. After half an hour, the ship and its crew disappear.

How did this happen? Was it a premonition, an elaborate hoax, or actually the ghosts of a lost Gaulandian crew?

PRISON BREAK

The notorious murderer Bolten Scarrsdale, also known as ‘The Finger Eater’, has escaped incarceration in Great Lunden Gaol. In the process, he managed to open a number of other cells and cause total chaos, using it as cover for his audacious escape. The gaolers have lost not only Bolten, but also control of a subterranean level of the gaol. Sir Montford Smedge is urgently looking for brave souls to help regain control of the gaol’s lower levels — except the lowest one, as that is always left uncontrolled — and also recapture Scarrsdale. Bolten was last seen running west down Queen’s Road towards the Royal Palace.

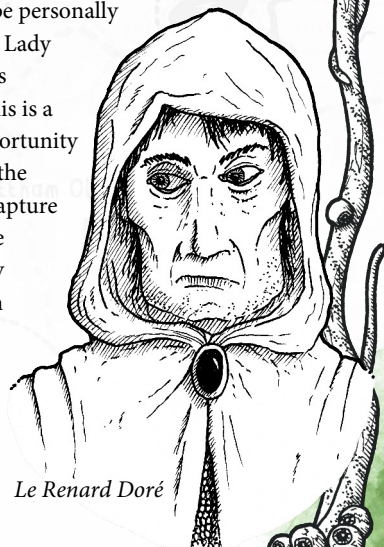
A BRIDGE TOO FAR

When the Gaulandian spy known as ‘Le Anguille Glissante’ was uncovered and executed by the Queen, the Gaulandian spy network reeled at the loss of such a prominent one of their number.

In the weeks that followed, they have concocted a plan to capture Lady Amber Essenwold, bring her to the Gaulandian capital city of Paree, and have her executed on King Louis XXVII’s orders, hopefully sparking another war.

The plan involves sailing a recently captured Queen’s Navy vessel, *The Iron Mace*, up the estuary loaded with explosive alchemical concoctions and ramming Lunden Bridge, before igniting it. The resulting chaos and confusion would be used as a decoy for the capture attempt of Lady Essenwold at her manor.

Luckily, Havenland’s counterintelligence network and Lady Essenwold know of the plan, and that another highly-prominent Gaulandian spy, Le Renard Doré, will be personally involved in Lady Essenwold’s capture. This is a golden opportunity to scupper the plan, and capture and execute another key Gaulandian asset.



Le Renard Doré

Appendices

QUICK GENERATORS

Alley Names

Any unnamed passageway between named roads can be randomly generated. Roll 1d30, 1d20, and a 1d10 together.

Roll	First Part (1d30)	Second Part (1d20)	Description (1d10)
1	Bargeman's	Alley	Smelly and dank
2	Burnt Tree	Alley	Narrow and enclosed
3	Crest	Close	Dark and foreboding
4	Cutthroat	Cobbles	Damp and echoing
5	Dark	Court	Overcrowded with passersby
6	Dead	Crescent	Wet and slippery
7	Essenwold	End	Covered in graffiti
8	Gloom	Lane	Beggars sleeping
9	Goblintoath	Lane	Blocked with litter
10	Gorington	Mews	Bloodspattered and macabre
11	Greyfettle	Passage	
12	Harrow	Passage	
13	Havenlander	Passage	
14	King's	Place	
15	Kraken	Rise	
16	Leviathan	Row	
17	Lost Purse	Row	
18	Middium	Street	
19	Murder	Turn	
20	Oculon	Way	
21	Palace		
22	Peeker		
23	Queen's		
24	River		
25	Royal		
26	Saint's		
27	Shilling		
28	Silver Coin		
29	Thameswater		
30	Tower		

Quick Merchant or Street Vendor table

50% of sellers are male, 50% are female. There is a 20% chance they are children.

80% of sellers are human, 10% of sellers are wart goblins, and 10% are other races.

Roll	What are they selling?	How are they displayed?	Seller Features	Seller Manner
1	Carved wooden idols	A parchment with a list/menu/rates	Bald	Accusatory
2	Cooked mouselings or rats on a stick	Back of a wagon	Bearded	Aggressive
3	Costume jewellery	From a large backpack	Bird-like	Complimentary
4	Dice and game pieces	Hand cart	Bleeding nose	Condescending
5	Dried fish	In a crate on wheels	Blind	Confident
6	Gloombugs	In a sack	Cauliflower ears	Crying
7	Grain	In leather satchels	Dark-skinned	Depressed
8	Hats	Inside a barrel	Deaf	Drunken
9	Lucky talismans	Inside a long coat	Fat	Empathic
10	Masks	Laid out on a sheet in the street	Greasy	Faking a personal tragedy to empathy
11	Mead or ale	Large stall	Moustached	Foolish
12	Mice or rats	On belts around their person	Mute	Funny
13	Penny Dreadfuls	On shelves outside a shop	One hand	Humble
14	Pies	On the end of a long pole	One-eyed	Intimidating
15	Scented oils	On the side of a mule	One-legged	Loud
16	Shoes and boots	Shop window	Pale-skinned	Persistent
17	Small birds in cages	Small display around neck	Porcine	Pushy
18	Spiders or beetles	Small stall	Scarred	Saddened
19	Toupees	Thrown at passers-by	Tattooed	Smarmy
20	Wonder cures	Under a hat	Thin	Timid

Quick Tavern or Inn Patron

Roll	Quick Tavern or Inn Name	Quick Patron Feature	Quick Patron Profession	Quick Patron Action
1	The Pompous Ass	Wears an eye patch	Gloombugger	Staring blankly into a tankard
2	The Cask and Cockle	Dressed in fine clothes.	Barge pilot	Laughing with a group of tradesmen
3	Riverman's Hands	Has two bodyguards	Riverman	Trying not to be sick.
4	The Lost Catch	Covered in blood	Dock worker	Arguing with the tavern/innkeep
5	The Soldier's Sword	Smells badly of body odour	Merchant	Asking for directions or information from someone
6	The Sewerman's Arms	Annoying laugh	Off-duty Peeker	Casing the joint/patrons
7	The Rising Sun	Picks nose and rolls bogeys	Blacksmith	Whispering quietly with a group
8	The Mudcow and Herder	Food around mouth	Farmer	Looking to hire someone
9	The Red Galleon	Scratches their crotch	Farmhand	Drunkenly knocking into other patrons
10	The Golden Key	Has a walking stick	Cartman	Dancing on a table
11	The Midden Find	Has one leg	Sailor	Singing soberly
12	The Green Pike	Has one hand	Soldier	Singing drunkenly
13	The Lurefish	Blind	Spy for Havenland	Playing a gambling game (lawfully)
14	The Thirsty Sailor	Deaf	Spy against Havenland	Organising a high stakes gambling game
15	The Queen & Crown	Shakes nervously	Priest	Looking to see who to mug
16	The Royal Gate	Sunburnt and peeling	Pickpocket	On the lookout for revenge against someone
17	The Alemaster's Tankard	Soaking wet from rain	Beggar	Being amorous
18	The Assassin's Quarry	Strange accent	Entertainer	Eating ravenously
19	The Missing Tile	Wears an unusual hat	Stonemason	In a drinking competition
20	Five Weathervanes	Swears a lot	Courtesan	Arm-wrestling

LIST OF UNUSUAL TRADES

Trades	Notes
Birdmonger	Someone who sells live and dead birds, bird carcasses, skeletons, and bird parts for use in dealing with various superstitious matters.
Bodyscraper	Someone who removes all things of use from the dead. Usually deceased prison inmates, they take out all the teeth, pull out all the hair, eyeballs, knucklebones and anything they can sell. They even remove the heads and bleach them to get skulls to sell to medical practitioners. They need a licence to carry out this work.
Bodysnatcher	Like a Bodyscraper, but they work in secret and without a licence.
Bottlejacker	Someone who is paid to make their property or business bottlejack-resistant.
Catswinger	Someone who professionally throws cats.
Chucklemonkey	Someone who can be paid to distract city watchmen or provide alibis.
Clockworker	Someone who makes automatons.
Cocklepicker	Someone who collects cockles on the mudflats. There is a fierce rivalry between the cocklepickers and the musselpickers.
Cornerporker	A seller of the smoked pork sausage, often your urchins. They are usually set up with a cart and small stove on the corner of the streets usually outside the city walls. "Fancy a corner porker?" is a common saying.
Corpsebagger	These folk spend the early morning hours combing fog-shrouded streets in search of corpses.
Dolmencrafter	Someone who makes standing stones, and engraves them with runic symbols and wards. Often used by the superstitious to ward off night-time creatures.
Dungmonger	A seller of dung and faeces. Very useful for gardeners and alchemists.
Earwax Gatherer	Someone who collects earwax from commonfolk. The wax is used to prepare pigments for illuminating manuscripts. Pale earwax is prized by unscrupulous folk who sell fancy tins of it to gullible members of the nobility as expensive lip balm. They also make it into candles which are highly-prized by the nobles, who see it as a sign of power over the peasants.
Eelfiddler	Someone who fishes for eels to be sold to the courtesans of Netherwerk Ward for their client's pleasures.
Gloombugger	Someone who collects live gloombugs and replaces the dead gloombugs in lanterns around the city.

Trades	Notes
Gloomsmith	Someone who forges and makes items from gloomium. This work is dangerous and lifespans are short and full of mutations.
Goblincounter	Someone who owns a number of worker goblins within Bileward.
Gonglaunderer	Someone who cleans the dirtiest of linen and also cleans up crime scenes.
Grave-guard	A Grave-guard is a servant and warrior hired to accompany the deceased until they are buried and then to guard the grave-side at the times when theft would be most common. This reduces grave-robbing. The rich often employ teams of guards working in shifts to protect their family crypts.
Krakenner	Someone who keeps a lookout downriver for any sign of larger sea creatures swimming up the Great Thameswater and getting close to Great Lunden.
Loft Catcher	Someone who clears out lofts and attics spaces.
Middiumsmith	Someone who forges and makes items from middium.
Millstone Crafter	Someone who re-uses old mill and grindstones to make into faces called a Muggins. They gouge out recesses in the stones and glue in old teeth, glass eyes, and all manner of odds and ends to make a simple face. These Mugginses are often suspended around a tree trunk to ward off those that would bring harm to the flowers and crops in their gardens or fields.
Molluscmen	These folk are men or women that wear clothing decorated with mollusc shells. They wander the inner Wards, selling cockles and mussels to the commonfolk.
Mudcrow	Someone who scours the mud flats at the river edges when the tide recedes looking for valuables. Also called Mudlarks.
Mudherd	Someone who looks after a herd of mudcows.
Musselpicker	Someone who collects mussels on the mudflats. There is a fierce rivalry between the cocklepickers and the musselpickers.
Nest Remover	Someone that removes the nests of whatever pests have taken up residence. Jackdaws, bees, mouselings, or even centidemonpedes are common.
Nightway Runner	Someone who can be paid to run errands and messages across the rooftops. Also a thief that uses the Nightways.
Nightway Watchman	Someone who is paid to keep watch on things from the rooftops.
Ocularist	Someone who deals in eyes. Human or animal. Fake or real.
Peeker	A member of the city watch.
Pigstretcher	Someone who rears pigs for length. A Pigstretcher breeds pigs to be the longest possible. The record holder is Long Bob at 10' 6". There is big money to be made in breeding large pigs.

Trades	Notes
Pissyman	Someone who collects urine for use in the tanning process. Also known colloquially as 'Doggers'. These are handlers of the barely-domesticated short-horned ratdogs (see <i>The Middelands</i> , page 134). These dogs are used to find dead bodies on account of their desire for rotting and decaying flesh. It is often possible for a ratdog to track the lingering scent of death on a killer long after they have fled the scene.
Ratdog Patrolmen	
Scale Jeweller	Someone who makes jewellery out of fish scales.
Sewer Guard	Someone who guards a sewer entrance, especially if there has been any recent instances of things entering the Inner Wards from the sewers, or indeed anyone using the sewers to gain access into the Inner Wards, especially around Silvergate Ward.
Sewerbaiter	Someone sent down into the sewers to act as a lure to bring out any unwelcome creatures.
Sewershifter	One of the most dangerous trades in the city. A Sewershifter is sent down to clean sewer blockages, they are usually trained mercenaries, or skilled soldiers. Many blockages are usually caused by the activities of large creatures than have taken up residence in the stinking, slimy faecal soup.
Shitpicker	Someone who rummages through other people's faeces on the off chance they swallowed something valuable or important.
Shroomer	Someone who grows fungi for medicinal purposes. They also sell hallucinogenic mushrooms to folk in Nethermark Ward.
Spiderwranglers	Someone who eradicates spiders, cockroaches, woodworm and other insect infestations.
Stoatfondler	A keeper of stoats. Often used for hunting rats, mouselings, or other small pests.
Watchbog	Someone who keeps watch/lookout for a small fee, usually an urchin referred to as a 'Bog'.
Whoreplumber	Someone who attends to problems down in the nether regions, whether it be lice, warts, or unsightly discharges.
Witchfinder	Someone who seeks out signs of devilry and witches.
Witchhider	Someone who — for a very large fee — hides users of arcane magic and those suspected of witchcraft.
Witchpigger	Someone that makes a living by gambling in high stakes WitchPig games. A high-stakes gambler.
Witchsniffer	Someone who believes they can sniff out witches. They offer their services to witchfinders, who view them with scepticism. They are shooed out of Tomegate as pests.
Wobblerman	Someone who escorts a drunken person to their home, acting as a bodyguard. It is often cheaper for the person paying to get robbed.

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